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**FORBIDDEN DADDY
GIVES ME A RAISE**

"**Y**ou're Kendra, right?" asked one of the pool dads who had been sunbathing while watching their kids splash around in the shallow end of the pool. "Can I ask you something?" Taking a deep breath, I turned to smile at the man, immediately stopping short as soon as I saw his face.

I had been bothered all day by different pool dads who had been coming up to me and trying to get my number or trying to ask me to watch their kids for them while they ran off to the snack bar or back to the car, and I was about to lose my temper, even though I knew that doing so could cost me my job. If it had been anybody else, I probably would have lost my temper regardless of the fact that I would have lost my job.

However, this wasn't just any pool dad that I was facing. This was Gregory Smith, an old friend of my parents who had married his childhood sweetheart straight out of high school and had a few kids. He was one of the hottest men in town and the fact that he was paying

attention to me was absolutely mind-blowing. I always expected him to ignore me just like most other cool dads did when it came to dealing with the lifeguards, but I never pegged him as the type of person who would actually ask me for a favor.

"That depends on what it is," I said as I crossed my arms across the tight-fitting red swimsuit I was forced to wear along with my gym shorts that said "lifeguard" on them. "If it's anything to do with watching your kids while you run off to the car or wherever, I can't do that as all children must be supervised by an adult at all times." Much to my surprise, he burst out laughing and I found myself doing everything I could not to melt in the summer sun as he shook his head at me.

"Oh, it's nothing like that," he reassured me as he put his hands on his hips. "Your dad told me about how you were looking to start babysitting when summer ends, and I wanted to ask if you'd be interested in starting early with my kids." My jaw dropped as I stared at him in disbelief, trying to determine if he was serious or not.

It was officially my senior year and I had been looking for ways to earn money so I could start saving up for college and everything else I would need by the time I moved out the following year. One of the many ideas I had come up with was babysitting, but nobody ever accepted my help babysitting. Instead, they always hired either older siblings or people who were much younger than me yet didn't have as much experience as I did. I always assumed it was because I was older and therefore had many more responsibilities than most people who were younger than me, but it was a bit discouraging to see fifteen-year-olds who were babysitting even though they didn't have any younger siblings.

"Yeah, of course," I said as I brushed some hair away from my face in order to get a better look at the pool so that I didn't get in trouble for letting anybody get hurt. "Did you have a specific date in mind, or was it just so you knew when you needed a babysitter the next time?" He was about to respond when a much younger blonde woman in a bright red bikini approached him, looking disgusted as she looked from me to him and back again.

"Your kids are making a mess and are refusing to leave me alone so that I can sunbathe," she informed him, her voice full of disdain as she spoke. "Maybe instead of flirting with the lifeguard, you should be watching your kids." She then looked at me up and down and smirked as if she had smelt something very unpleasant. "Also, might I add that you need to work on your taste in women if you're going to flirt with the help. This one isn't even that cute." It took every ounce of self-control I had not to respond back or swing at her as soon as the words left her mouth. Instead, I just looked over at Mr. Smith and gave him a polite smile as I waited for his response.

"I guess I'll have to tell your dad about it later," Mr. Smith said with an apologetic smile. "I'll talk to you later, maybe." I started to nod when the blonde grabbed onto his arm and started yanking on him, trying to get his full attention.

"Hurry up," she whined, as she tried to pull him away from me. "If they soak my Vogue magazine, you're going to have to buy me a new one and it's a limited edition one." I waved goodbye to them and watched as the two of them made their way back over to the spot where she had been sitting, my curiosity threatening to get the better of me the entire time.

Who in the world was she, and why was she such a

prick? While I would admit that I thought that she was very pretty and probably came from a lot of money. The fact that she treated me the way she did really got my blood boiling. If it hadn't been for the fact that I was working and around Mr. Smith, whom I had a huge crush on ever since I was in middle school and just barely starting to discover boys. I would have told her off a through z and not let her get in the way with her rude behavior. Not even the Queen of England would have gotten away with that type of behavior if it were just the two of us in the streets.

"I bet you that's his new girlfriend," said Alexandria as she strolled over in my direction, her eyes set on Mr. Smith and the woman who had been bothering me. "My mom said that he ended up with someone much younger than him after his wife divorced him, but I didn't expect him to be with somebody that young." I frowned as I turned to look at her.

"He's divorced?" I asked, unable to imagine somebody like Mr. Smith getting divorced, especially since he was so handsome. "What in the world happened?" Alexandria smiled as she waved a hand dismissively at me.

"Switch out and go to the front desk in order to check guests into the pool," she instructed me as she crossed her arms across her chest. "When the pool closes tonight, I'll call you up and tell you everything I know." As much as I wanted to find out the truth about what was going on with Mr. Smith and who the woman was, I knew that being at work I needed to maintain a professional appearance at all times and immediately did as she said.

She had better keep her promise. After all, her mom was known as the town gossip for a reason, and I wasn't

going to let this juicy piece of information escape me so easily. I was going to find out what happened, even if I had to pry every detail from Alexandria.

Every single part of me knew that this was a bad idea, but I knew I didn't really have much of a choice at this point. I had agreed to go into the belly of the beast long before I knew the truth about the situation I was walking into and I was already starting to regret it despite the fact that babysitting would give me a competitive edge as far as trying to find a job after almost all places didn't really hire until you were eighteen and fresh out of high school, so most people still babysat in this town.

At the time, Alexandria told me that Mr. Smith's divorce was not yet final, but he still had his secret mistress because Mrs. Smith was already living with her new man. It was completely unexpected, especially given all of my memories of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, but over the years I did notice that there was something driving them apart. I just knew better than to say nothing than point it out in front of people.

So why was I still on the doorstep of Mr. and Mrs. Smith's house when I knew that I was about to walk into a

world of trouble? Normally I would have said it was because I had made a promise to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, but that wasn't even true at this point. After all, my dad was the one who promised that I would be able to babysit for them on this particular night and made me cancel all my plans for a sleepover at Alexandria's house. As much as I tried to convince myself that it was for the money, I had to remind myself that they weren't even paying me much more than one hundred dollars for the entire night. Well, it seems like a lot to most people, but I wasn't fully sure that it was worth what I was about to walk in on.

According to my dad, it was an overnight gig that included me watching the kids for at least half the day the following morning. It wasn't exactly what I was used to as I usually waited until the parents got home and were able to go straight home afterwards regardless of the hour, but it's part of the reason why the amount for the night was so high. Taking a deep breath, I braced myself for the worst and pressed the button to ring the doorbell. Within seconds, Mr. Smith opened the door and smiled as soon as he saw me.

"Thank you for coming so quickly, Kendra," he said as he opened the door a bit wider so that I could come into the house. "You have no idea how much this means to me." I smiled politely as I followed him into the house and found myself face-to-face with the pretty blonde woman from the pool as well as his two sons, Jake and Eric.

"What is the lifeguard doing here?" The blonde woman asked as soon as she saw me, and I saw the familiar look of disdain cross her face as she looked me up and down, as if I were nothing more than dog poop on the bottom of her high-heeled shoes. "Last I checked, this was your house and you don't need a lifeguard at your house

unless you have a pool." I grinned sarcastically at her as I offered her my hand to shake, enjoying the way she backed away from me as soon as I did so.

"You must be Mrs. Smith," I said in a proud voice, and I could see Mr. Smith doing everything he could to not laugh out of the corner of my eye. "I'm Kendra, your babysitter." The blonde woman snorted as she pulled her hand as far away from me as she could, looking even more disgusted by the second.

"You're not my babysitter and I am not that old hag," she retorted in a sarcastic voice as she flipped her hair. "I'm Rachel, Mr. Smith's girlfriend, and you are not babysitting me, you're babysitting those little rugrats." Behind her, Jake and Eric exchanged looks, and I saw the mysterious smile on Jake's face as he walked up to her and put his arm around her waist.

"Call me whenever you want, toots," he said as he leaned over and rested his head on her shoulder, despite the fact that she was already trying to escape him. "Why would you want to be with somebody like my dad when you could be with somebody like me? I'm closer to your age than he is, and I can do so much more for you." She cringed as she pushed them away and he fell backward onto the couch, laughing hysterically as his brother punched his shoulder.

"That's gross!" commented Eric in a teasing manner. "Why would you want to be with somebody made out of so much plastic? You're ten years old and you've got more life in you than she does." It was at that moment that Mr. Smith seemed to have enough and motioned for everybody to settle down.

"Thanks again for doing this, Kendra," he said before pulling out his wallet and producing a one hundred dollar

bill. "I know that my wife is going to pay you as soon as she gets home tomorrow, but consider this a down payment for tonight. You're free to order them pizza or get them anything they need tonight." Seeing that Rachel had already started towards the car, he lowered his voice to a whisper. also, if you can refrain from mentioning Rachel to Mrs. Smith whenever she gets home tomorrow, I would greatly appreciate it and will pay you to double." My jaw dropped as he placed the money in my hand, and I slowly started to nod my head up and down.

"You got it," I agreed, and he began walking towards the door, gently closing it behind him as soon as he was outside the house.

So that's what this was. He actually trusted me enough to not mention the girlfriend, who mistreated their sons to Mrs. Smith, and make things even worse between the two of them before the divorce was even final. Part of me felt guilty for agreeing to be part of this drama, but the other part of me was grateful at the fact that he was paying me to double what I had already been promised for the night. If what Alexandria said about Mrs. Smith was true, there was even a chance I might even get triple what I was supposed to get that night.

"Who wants pizza?" I said as I turned to the boys and held up the cash that their father had given me. "My treat..."

"**W**here in the world did you get so much money?" Alexandria asked the following day as the two of us walked around the mall. "Yesterday you were so broke you couldn't even buy a hot dog from the concession stand at the pool. Did you finally get a raise or something?" I looked around carefully to make sure nobody could possibly hear us before motioning for her to sit down on one of the benches nearby.

Any other time, I would have refrained from telling Alexandria the truth about what had happened the night before while I was babysitting, but it was also juicy that I knew that she wasn't going to give up until she found out, even if it was from other sources. She was well known for digging for information from the depths of depravity. The last thing I wanted was for somebody to assume that it was me who told her everything when it truly wasn't. If I was going to get accused of telling anybody, I was going to be the one to tell them in the first place.

"First of all, you have to promise me right here right now that everything I'm telling you stays confidential," I

told her, keeping my voice low just in case anybody happened to walk by. "You can't tell your mom or your dad or anybody. This stays just between the two of us." Alexandria raised an eyebrow as she crossed her arms at me.

"All right, I promise," she said as she tilted her head to the side at me. "I had a feeling that it had to do with Mr. and Ms. Smith anyway and didn't plan on telling us all, but this just tells me just how serious it all is." Already I was regretting my choices, but I decided to take the risk anyway.

"Mr. and Ms. Smith both paid me extra in order to keep me quiet about what happened last night and this afternoon," I told her, and her eyes widened as she leaned forward. "It turns out that the rumors are true. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith are dating other people, and they both brought their secret dates to the house while I was babysitting the boys." Alexandria looked like she was going to burst with excitement from the news.

"Oh my God," she breathed before looking around the mall to make sure nobody was within earshot of us. "So, the rumors are true? There's no way the two of them are going to be together for too long?" I nodded my head and she leaned back as she processed the information I had just given her. "It's too bad Mr. Smith moved on to this so-called Rachel. It would have been the perfect opportunity for you to be with him." I froze as I stared at her in shock, and she immediately burst into laughter. "Oh come on... You didn't think I didn't know about your crush on Mr. Smith, did you? You've been raving about him ever since middle school." I sighed as I shook my head and rolled my eyes at her.

"Mr. Smith and I never had a chance in the first place,"

I reminded her as I crossed my arms. "Not only that, but that was a stupid childhood crush that was never going to amount to anything in the first place, and you know it." She laughed even louder, shaking her head at me.

"Then why are you getting so offended over a joke?" she asked, catching me off guard when I realized that I had fallen for her trap. When I didn't say anything right away, she continued. "Look, I know there's a chance that you guys never would have gotten together in the first place, but I can tell this actually bothers you more than you want to admit. You don't have to hide it from me." I sighed and buried my face in my hands, not even sure what to say at that point.

Of course, Alexandria knew about my crush on him ever since we were kids. She had been my best friend since preschool and we told each other everything. Not only that, but being the daughter of the town, gossip tended to rub off on people and she had developed many of her mother's habits as she got older. Even if I had never told her in the first place, she would have found out eventually, and then she would have been even more upset than I hadn't told her in the first place. Either way, I was in a lose-lose situation.

"It doesn't matter," I said as I sat up, refusing to cry here in public. "As soon as his divorce is final, it's clear that he's going to end up marrying Rachel. Not only that, but he never saw me as anything more than his friend's child in the first place. So, there's no point in pretending I even stood a chance with him in the first place. The best thing I can do is just spend the money that he gave me." Seeing my favorite pizza place just a little way down the food court, I rose to my feet and offered her my hand. "How about we go get a slice of pizza before we hit up the

movie theaters? There's a new animated movie I've been dying to see." Even though I could tell Alexandria wanted to talk more about Mr. and Mrs. Smith, she smiled and took my hand in hers before rising to her feet as well.

"You think this time we can actually share a large popcorn?" she asked as we started towards the food court. "I don't know about you, but I'm tired of always having to share the smallest amount of popcorn humanly possible." I laughed as I nodded my head in agreement.

"Of course," I said as we stood in line for the pizza stand. "If you want, we can even have our own popcorn. Every dollar that they give me is one less dollar they can spend on their so-called significant other."

"Oh you're here," Mr. Smith said as soon as I arrived on his doorstep the following Friday evening. "I didn't think you were coming tonight. Your dad didn't tell you?" looked up at him, puzzled, trying desperately not to think about Rachel or Mrs. Smith, who might be nearby and between Mr. Smith and me.

The only thing my father had told me was that I was supposed to be babysitting for Mr. and Mrs. Smith again and that I was supposed to get another one hundred dollars for the entire night. Supposedly, it was supposed to be an overnight thing just like the weekend before, but that was all the information he gave me. Seeing Mr. Smith standing there looking like a nervous wreck with a five o'clock shadow worried me more than I wanted to admit.

Had Alexandria told people and worked back to Mr. and Mrs. Smith? Was I about to get replaced because they thought I wasn't responsible enough to watch the boys and keep their secret? A million thoughts were running through my mind as I started to shake my head.

"He didn't say anything before I left the house," I said

as I crossed my arms, trying not to panic as I did so. "Is everything okay?" Mr. Smith smiled and nodded his head, waving a hand dismissively as he leaned against the doorway.

"Oh, everything's fine," he reassured me with a friendly tone that indicated my worries were all for naught. "Mrs. Smith is still out of town on a business trip, but I canceled my plans for tonight. It turns out that Rachel had other things going on tonight, so I figured I'd stay home with the boys." I didn't know whether to be relieved or excited by what he had just told me, so I decided to play it cool.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," I said before putting my backpack down on the floor. "So does that mean you're going to want to reschedule or is this a permanent thing?" Mr. Smith chuckled and took a step aside in order to let me into the house.

"How about you come in?" he suggested before nodding towards the kitchen. "We can talk where it's a little less open about all this." I forced myself to smile and picked up my backpack before stepping into the house, almost certain that I was about to get yelled at because I had ruined his life.

The house was a lot messier than it had been the last time I was here, and the boys were upstairs arguing over what video game they were going to play next on their Xbox, which was practically unheard of since they never got to play it while they're parents were home. When we got to the kitchen, I noticed a lot of takeout boxes were piled up on the counters, and it looked as though nobody had done any cleaning since I had been there. This worried me a bit as I sat down at the table, and he offered me a cup of coffee from a cracked mug.

"Rachel dumped me," he said as he sat down with his

own cracked mug of coffee. "It turns out that she was into me only for the money, and when she found out that I was losing about fifty percent of my assets to the divorce, she lost her temper and said that she was never going to be seen with a broke man ever again." The last I heard she was in the city bar hopping with some millionaire. "As much as I hated Rachel for mistreating Eric and Jake the way she had, this just made me hate her even more.

I always knew there was something wrong with Rachel, especially since she was a snobby mean girl that you expected to see at some private school, but I never thought she was capable of hurting Mr. Smith like this, and that was the part that hurt me the most. I would have killed for an opportunity to be with Mr. Smith, especially whenever the divorce was final and now she may have ruined that for me as well. Instead, he was this heart-broken shadow of the man he had been before, and I was certain he would never trust another woman again. Before I could stop myself, I reached out and placed a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"At least you found out she wasn't for you long before she was legally able to take whatever you had left," I said with a reassuring smile, hoping that it was helping him feel better. "If it were me, I would never have cared if you ended up losing half your assets in the divorce. I would have been willing to stay with you even if we were both poor and on the streets." He looked up at me a bit confused, and I realized I might have crossed a line as I pulled my hand away from him. "I'm sorry, I don't think I should have said that." Much to my surprise, Mr. Smith smiled and shook his head at me.

"I appreciate you saying that," he said as he reached over and took my hand in his before I could stand up. "I

knew I was with the wrong woman the moment I saw you at the pool the other day. I just didn't know how to break things off with her." Confused, I tilted my head to the side and was about to ask him what he meant when he suddenly rose to his feet, made his way around the table and wrapped his arms around me, holding me close to him.

He was buried in my hair, and his entire body was trembling, almost as if he was doing everything he could not cry. I stood there perfectly still and completely shocked by what was going on, too terrified to even breathe for the longest time. It wasn't like Mr. Smith to be this emotional over something this severe. He was always so well composed and always maintained complete control of every situation he found himself in. Now, he was weak and vulnerable and it worried me a little.

"You should let me think of you properly for everything you've done," he said as he let go of me and took a step back. "Mrs. Smith will be back tomorrow afternoon, which means that she'll be able to babysit the kids while I take you out to dinner and show you my appreciation for everything you've done for us." I felt my cheeks turn red in embarrassment as I pushed away from him, trying to escape his bear hug.

"There's no need for that," I reassured him awkwardly. "If anybody were to see us, they'd assume that we were on a date." He chuckled as he nodded his head.

"I mean, as long as you're comfortable with it being a date, I'd like to assume that it was going to be a date," he replied, sounding a little unsure of himself as he shrugged his shoulders. "But if you're not comfortable with it being a date, I completely understand." It was at that moment that I experienced the ultimate lapse of judgment that

made me wonder if maybe I didn't have any business dating in the first place.

"Oh, I want it to be a date," I told him, the words rushing from my mouth before I could even think to stop them. "How does tomorrow at six sound?"

"Don't worry about anything!" Alexandria called out to my dad as he drove away down the street. "We'll both behave ourselves." With that, we were all alone at my house and I immediately pushed her inside, hoping that none of the neighbors heard her and got suspicious.

"What in the world are you doing?" I demanded as soon as we were inside the house and shut the door. "I told you not to call attention to us or make anybody suspicious of what's going on." Alexandria crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow at me, almost as if she was surprised that I was a bit annoyed at her.

"That was me acting casual and not calling attention to us," she told me as she tilted her head to the side, looking a bit hurt by my outburst. "You said you wanted my help, and I'm giving it to you in every way I can." Immediately, I started to feel guilty and sat down on the couch, wishing I had been a bit less cross with her.

It wasn't her fault that I hadn't told her just yet what we were doing or what the plan was. In fact, she was convinced that she was here for a sneaky sleepover that

was going to end with me sneaking out and coming back towards the end of the night. I had yet to explain everything to her, so I couldn't blame her for the fact that she was acting so weird when she didn't even know what she was up against.

"I'm sorry," I said as she sat down next to me on the couch, leaving all her overnight gear on the ground beside me. "I guess I'm just a bit nervous, especially considering what's going on tonight." She nodded her head as she leaned forward, visibly excited at the mention of my plans for the night.

"Speaking of what is going on tonight?" She asked, growing even more excited as she spoke. "You called me up and invited me over for a sleepover only to tell me that you needed me for an alibi, but I don't even know what's going on, so spill it already. I'm dying to know." I laughed as I shook my head at her, wishing I had somebody else I could trust with this type of secret besides her because of how excited I was myself.

"Mr. Smith asked me out on a date tonight," I told her, cringing as soon as the words had left my mouth in case she started yelling or screaming. After a long moment of silence, I opened my eyes and saw that she was staring at me in shock. Her head was slightly shaking to the side as she stared at me.

"Okay, now you have to tell me everything," she said as she got up and knelt down in front of me, taking my hands and hers in order to make sure I didn't get away. "Well, go on..." Taking a deep breath, I plunged into my story, the words sounding just as unbelievable to my ears as they had to sound to hers.

I told her how my dad had sent me over to the Smith's house so that I could babysit Jake and Eric and how Mr.

Smith met me at the door looking like a complete wreck. I told her about what Mr. Smith had told me about Rachel and how he ended up admitting that he had feelings for me by asking me out on a date. The more I told her, the more unbelievable it sounded and it made me want to stop talking even though I had promised to tell her everything.

Alexandria never said a single word while I told her everything, and, by the time I finished, it looked as if her jaw had completely unhinged and hit the floor as she tried to swallow a full-grown human being like an anaconda. It was a bit terrifying, especially since her silence was never a good thing, but I patiently waited for her to come to her senses and react before attempting to say anything else.

"Oh my God, I'm so happy for you!" she squealed that she held me close, practically squeezing the air from my lungs. "You have no idea how lucky you are. With Rachel out of the way, you can now be with Mr. Smith as soon as the divorce is over." I smiled as I nodded my head and carefully pried her off me so I could breathe again.

"I know that," I said once I finally caught my breath. "I'm just scared of what might happen if my parents find out. Thankfully, they said that they were going out tonight and wouldn't be back until tomorrow because they had a meeting in the city, but this is my dad's friend we're talking about. What am I going to do if he finds out?" Alexandria waved a hand dismissively at me.

"Did you forget that you're eighteen years old?" she asked, sounding amazed at how dense I was being. "You're practically an adult, and you can do whatever you want. So, go out there and be happy with the man that you want to be with. If your parents get mad at you, you can easily

leave the house. There's nothing stopping you. I'm sure that Mr. Smith would love to have you move in with him if anything goes wrong." She then looked at her watch and shook her head at me. "Anyway, you do know it's about five thirty, right?" My heart sank as I looked down at my phone and realized that she was

"I have to hurry," I said as I leaped to my feet and started towards the stairs. "There's no way I'm going to be ready in time." Alexandria was already bounding up the stairs after me.

"Luckily for you, I'm a professional," she said as she followed me up the stairs. "I'll have you ready in no time."

"Dinner was amazing," I said as we drove back to town in his sleek black vehicle. "Thanks for everything." Gregory raised an eyebrow as he risked a glance over in my direction and shook his head, clearly not done with the night.

"There's still one more thing I want to do tonight, and it's something I've wanted to do for a very long time now," he said as we turned down the exit ramp and headed towards the outskirts of town. "Is there anybody at your house who would hear us?" I winced and nodded my head.

"My friend Alexandria is there," I informed him, and I wanted to sink into the thick leather of the seat as soon as he gave me a stern look. "It was the only way I could convince my parents to leave town so that I could go out with you tonight. I hope you're not mad at me." Gregory smiled as he shook his head at me, and I heaved a sigh of relief.

"I can't be mad at you," he said before reaching over and placing a gentle hand on my lap. "I completely under-

stand the situation you found yourself in and I'm sorry it took so much to get your parents out of the house so that you could go out with me. I hope you know that I do appreciate it though." Before long, he pulled over to the side of the road, and I noticed a clump of trees concealed the vehicle from the view of the street.

"So what are we doing here?" I asked as soon as he turned off the vehicle. "Are we going to be stargazing or something?" Before I could say anything else, he reached over and pressed his lips against mine, catching me in his warm embrace, and I felt my heart skip a beat.

He tasted like sweet red wine and marinara sauce, an interesting combination that actually worked out a lot better than I anticipated it would. His hand moved from my thigh up to my waist and teased my clit from the outside of my underwear. I moaned loudly into his mouth as I surrendered to his embrace, and it took a lot before I could breathe again, despite the fact that he had pulled away shortly after the moan escaped me.

"I thought the two of us might get to spend some time together," he said before unbuckling a seatbelt and climbing into the back of the vehicle, carefully maneuvering around the seats. "I know it's not a room at the fanciest five-star hotel in the city, but it's better than nothing, right?" I followed him to the back of the car with a wide grin on my face.

He wanted to deflower me in the back of his vehicle. It was a bit shocking, especially since it was a very old-school idea, but I didn't mind it at all. In fact, I thought it was the most romantic thing anybody had ever done for me, especially since no one had even kissed me before the way he had. As soon as I was in the backseat, I climbed into his lap and wrapped my arms around his neck.

"Are you sure we're not going to get caught?" I asked with a mischievous smile as I rubbed up against him, teasing him with my body. "Shouldn't we wait until we have some place a little more private to be as loud as we want?" He raised an eyebrow as he grabbed onto my butt cheeks, teasing me with his touch.

"I mean, we are back here already," he said as he looked down at himself. "So what are you suggesting?" I thought for a moment before climbing down off of his lap and reaching for the zipper of his slacks.

Even though I had never done this before, it didn't come across as rocket science. All I had to do was free his cock from the confines of his pants and I would be free to do whatever I wanted. It seemed risky, but I definitely wanted to give it a try. Just because I had him didn't mean I had him locked down.

"How about I provide you with some much-needed relief and we can make it so that I get pleasure next time?" I said as I took his cock in my hand and started to tease him. "Maybe you can get the house all to yourself." He smiled as he leaned back and allowed a soft groan to escape him.

"Alright then," he exhaled after a while. "Let's see what you can do."

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

Poor Alexandria... Senior year is about to start, and she's still a hopeless virgin. It's not from a lack of trying,

either. Being the daughter of the town gossip just gives her the worst reputation. So, what happens when her mom's boyfriend turns out to be more interested in her? To join Alexandria on her quest of love, order the second book in the series "Teasing and Tormenting My Forbidden Daddy" by clicking [HERE](#).

Happy reading!

**TEASING AND
TORMENTING MY
FORBIDDEN DADDY**

"**Y**ou think you can cover my shift today?" asked Kendra when I finally answered the phone after three rings. "Greg wants to take me somewhere special today and I can't get anyone to cover for me." I groaned in annoyance as I looked at the clock on the wall, wishing I could think of some excuse.

Ever since Kendra started secretly dating Gregory Smith, she had been asking me to help her keep her secret. While I would admit that I had encouraged her to pursue a relationship with him, this was starting to get out of hand, especially since our boss was threatening to fire her if she didn't show up for work at least once.

Part of me was happy that she was so happy with her new relationship, but the other part of me was tearing at the seams. It wasn't fair that everyone around me was finding love when I couldn't even find someone to take my freaking virginity. Even my mother had recently gotten a new boyfriend.

"Pretty please?" Kendra begged through the phone. "I

promise to make it up to you." With a deep sigh, I shook my head while a smile started to spread across my face.

"Fine," I agreed reluctantly as I sat down on the couch. "You better make good on that promise though. None of that paying you back with the pizza bologna you pulled the last time." Kendra giggled, and I knew she was likely nodding her head on the other end of the line.

"I promise," she reassured me. "Thanks for everything, Alexandria. I really owe you one." I scoffed and rolled my eyes.

"You owe me ten," I reminded her, but she had already hung up the phone, leaving me sitting alone in my house, feeling completely useless.

This was the summer before senior year, and it was supposed to be the best summer ever. However, it was actually getting worse by the day and I was slowly losing hope. First, Bethany started working at the local dental office rather than at the pool with Kendra and me. Then Kendra started dating Mr. Smith and making even less time to spend with me. While I knew I could always make more friends, it was easier said than done.

"Is someone there?" called out the familiar voice of Ralph, my mother's newest boyfriend. I frowned as I looked up just in time to see him walk into the living room.

Ralph was a strong handsome man who worked at the only gym here in town. Plenty of the women in town had a crush on him, including several girls from school, yet, somehow, my mom was the one who ended up with him. It didn't make a lick of sense to anyone, including myself, but it was good to have her out of the house most of the time.

Ralph made his way across the room and over to the

couch with a look of concern painted on his face. It was rare he paid any attention to me outside of when my mom was talking to me, and I tended to do my best to avoid him out of respect for my mom, despite the fact I was one of many women who had a crush on him.

"Is everything okay?" he asked, tilting his head to the side at me as he tried to wrap his arm around me as he spoke. "I thought you were excited about going to lunch with your mom and me." Even though I wanted to feel his comforting arm around me, I pulled away and shook my head.

"I'm fine," I reassured him before getting up from the couch. "I got called in for work today, so I won't be able to go to lunch after all." He looked confused as he stared at me.

"Can't you tell them no?" he asked. "I thought they had to give you a certain amount of time every week." I chuckled and shook my head, amused that he had forgotten the one thing that happened over the summer that could change everything for me.

"Actually, since I turned eighteen in May, they can have my work as much as they want, as long as they follow overtime compensation laws," I informed him, and he fell silent.

So, he had forgotten that I was eighteen now. The way he bit his lip made me wonder if he was contemplating something other than the fact that, because he was not with Mom at the time, he never would have known my age. I almost wondered if Mom had never told him my age or if she even lied about it when he asked. It wouldn't have surprised me in the slightest, and it took every ounce of self-control I had to wait until Ralph responded to determine what had happened.

"What time do you go to work?" he asked, his voice low and husky as he spoke. I glanced down at the clock on my phone before shrugging my shoulders.

"At ten," I told him. "I don't think I'll be off until six either. Kendra always works the full day, and, normally, Harry doesn't mind who works as long as someone is covering the shift." Ralph nodded as he rose to his feet and placed his hands on his hips, almost as if he were a super-model posing for Men's Magazine.

"I guess you better get ready for work," he told me, sounding a bit disappointed yet distracted at the same time. "I'll talk to your mom and let her know what happened so we can make it up to you." I nodded in appreciation, but he didn't stop there. "You're not just saying all this because you have some secret boyfriend that you don't want your mom to know about, right?" I was caught off guard by the question, but it seemed harmless enough, so I decided to answer.

"Of course not," I reassured him, a bit confused by the question. "Come by the pool today if you don't believe me." He raised an eyebrow as he nodded his head, a small smirk forming in the corner of his mouth.

"Maybe I will," he replied, and I felt the chills travel up and down my spine, exciting me with their touch.

"Alex?" asked Bethany as she stepped out of the shade by the concession stand and made her way over to the poolside where my station was set up among all the sun chairs everyone used for sunbathing. "What are you doing here?" I raised an eyebrow as I maneuvered around my rescue tube so I could turn my body just enough to look at her.

Between the three of us, Bethany was the prettiest, and seeing her in her hot pink bikini with her long blonde hair tied back in a ponytail so that her matching pink sunglasses were visible just proved it to me. Even Kendra, who was tanned with darker brown hair, looked like a plain Jane in comparison to Bethany, and she was much prettier than me.

"I thought Kendra was working today," she continued as she stood by the lifeguard chair which was considered against the rules. "Did something happen?" I sighed and shook my head.

"Something came up so she asked me to cover her

shift today," I informed her as I started scanning the swimming pool. "It's okay, though. Harry says he likes having me around and offered me overtime for today." Bethany sighed as she shook her head at me.

"She's never around it seems," she complained, looking as upset as I felt. "Ever since she started babysitting for the Smiths while they go through their divorce, she's been skipping work here and never makes time for us anymore." She then looked down at the ice cream in her hands. "She doesn't even meet me for ice cream every week like she used to." Seeing the look of sheer disappointment on her face, I felt as though my heart would split in two.

So not only was Kendra secretly dating Gregory Smith, but she was cutting everyone from her life, including Bethany, and they had been best friends since they were born. Anger burned inside me, and I really wanted to call up Kendra and give her a piece of my mind.

"I'm sure it's because she's been busy looking at colleges," I reassured Bethany. "She's got to decide where she wants to go so she can make sure she meets all the requirements." Immediately, Bethany shook her head.

"But Kendra already decided to go to college with her sister," she informed me and I felt a twinge of jealousy as I stared at her in disbelief. "She said that after her parents separated she wanted to stay as close to family as possible." Betrayal reared its ugly head inside me as I leaned back in the chair, trying to process everything that Bethany had told me.

Kendra's sister, Nicole, had been going to college in New York City for the last two years now, and, from what I understood, she never planned on coming back either. Did this mean that Kendra wanted to leave town and

never look back either? Was she going to leave me behind the way my dad had when I was a little? I started to shake my head when I saw Harry approaching the lifeguard chair.

"You shouldn't be chatting with the pool guests, Alexandria," he warned as he crossed his arms at me. "If anyone ends up drowning it's going to be your fault." Bethany snapped out of it and turned her attention towards him, giving him a gentle smile as she tilted her head to the side.

"I'm so sorry for distracting her," she said in a polite tone that caught Harry off guard. "I was just asking about what it was like to be a lifeguard and what kind of training she had to go through. I've actually been thinking about applying for quite some time and wanted to know more before I applied." Something seemed to change inside of Harry as he went from the tough mean man that didn't really like me to the type of man who would flirt with women like Bethany.

"Well why didn't you just say so," he said as a smile started to spread across his face before he turned to look at me. "What have you told her so far?" Panic rose up inside me as I struggled to think of what to say when Bethany replied instantly to his question.

"She was just telling me how I had to get my lifeguard, first aid, and CPR certification before I applied, but that you were willing to help qualified applicants get their certification after hiring them," she informed him with a polite smile as she tapped a finger against the side of her forehead. "I memorized all the instructions she told me." Even though it was clear Harry wanted to call me out and test me to see if it was true, he was so distracted by the

way Bethany looked that he immediately gave up and shook his head.

"Make sure you're paying attention to the other visitors," he said after a minute. "Also, some guy dropped off something for you at the front desk. I suggest you go pick it up as soon as you go for your break here in the next thirty minutes." I frowned as I tilted my head to the side.

"I thought you were coming to relieve me for my break since I was supposed to go after Jennifer," I pointed out, and he waved his hand dismissively as he looked back at the pool.

"I'm sending Lacey on break next," he told me with an evil smile on his face. "At least she didn't spend the last ten minutes talking to one of the patrons, even if it was about how to apply for the job." He then turned and gave a genuine smile to Bethany making me a bit jealous. "If you have any more questions about applying for the job, you can always come to talk to me. I'm sure we can figure out something in my office." Without missing a beat, Bethany shook her head at him.

"Thanks, but, after seeing the way you treat your employees, I don't think I want to apply here," she said as she crossed her arms at him. "I hope your corporate office doesn't come by and see you treating them like that. It would be a real shame to see you get fired." With that, she turned and walked away, leaving me alone with a rather angry-looking Harry, and I knew that something was wrong from the moment he sighed and shook his head at me.

"Go for your break already," he snapped angrily as he finally looked back up at me. "When you're done, you better go let Lacey on break and explain to her why she didn't get to go right away." Not wanting to poke the bear

any further, I immediately jumped down from the life-guard chair and took off towards the front desk, making sure to keep my pace at a fast walk rather than a run in order to avoid getting yelled at any further. All the while, I made a mental note to thank Bethany later on for what she did for me.

When I got home from work that night, I didn't even notice the knocking on my door until the door cracked open and I immediately yanked my headphones out, wondering who was intruding on the sanctum that was my room. To my relief, it was Kendra, who was smiling as she slipped into my room and closed the door behind her.

"Hey," she said as she made her way to my bed and sat down. "Bethany told me what happened today. Are you okay?" Despite the fact that I was still feeling betrayed at the fact that she was planning on moving to New York and didn't tell me, I forced a smile and nodded my head, not wanting to ruin our short time together.

"Me?" I asked, trying to sound as surprised as possible. "I'm fine, but how are you? Did anything exciting happen while you were out for the day?" Kendrick giggled as she tucked her knees up to her chest, sitting across my bed.

"I found out that Greg's divorce will be final by next summer," she informed me with a gentle smile. "He wants me to elope with him as soon as the divorce is official.

After I graduate college, he's going to bring me back so we can have a proper wedding with our friends and family." I winced as I struggled to keep the smile on my face.

So that's what all this was about. She wasn't running away so she could be with her sister and leave me behind. She was running away with her secret boyfriend until it was considered proper for the two of them to be together. It made a little more sense. Even if it didn't exactly make me feel better, the least I could do was make the most of it.

"So you're not leaving because of your parents?" I asked and she shook her head.

"Of course not," she reassured me before reaching into her pocket and producing a beautiful diamond ring. "He already proposed this too. Isn't it just darling?" My jaw dropped as I stared at the ring.

The ring was a small and simple golden band that was hardly noticeable, but the diamond was marvelous. It stood out on the ring, giving it an elegant appearance without seeming extravagant. It was the type of diamond ring any girl who wasn't into material things dreamed of having, and I found myself growing even more jealous by the second.

"It's beautiful," I managed when I finally found my voice. Congratulations..." Kendra smiled as she put the ring back in her pocket

"This one is only temporary," she explained as she settled down on my bed. "After I graduate, he's going to buy me a bigger and better one than this, and that will be the real engagement ring. This one is so no one gets suspicious until after the divorce." It confused me why they would want anything that looked like a real engagement ring for the time being, especially since Mrs. Smith was

about to destroy Greg in the divorce, but I knew better than to ask.

"It's still beautiful," I told her, finding it easier to keep my smile now that I knew the truth. "I'm a bit jealous..." She frowned as she tilted her head to the side.

"Why are you jealous?" She asked, sounding confused as she spoke. "Aren't you and Ralph together?" My jaw dropped as I stared at her in disbelief, and my cheeks burned red in embarrassment.

Why on earth would she believe that Ralph and I were together? Had someone said something to her to make her believe it? Or was she just messing around like she tended to do? Either way, we had to be careful about such rumors, especially since my mom was the one dating Ralph, not me.

"Excuse me?" I asked as I crossed my arms at her. "Who said Ralph and I were together?" A mischievous smile spread across her face as she crossed her arms at me, mimicking my every movement.

"So it's true then," she replied, completely ignoring my question as she stared me down. "I had a feeling that it was, especially since nobody really knew about it, but to think that you would steal your mom's boyfriend..." She held up a finger and wagged it at me like a parent rebuking a child. "Even I wasn't that bad." I rolled my eyes, growing even more annoyed by the second.

"It's not true," I told her, as I gave her a stern look. "I would never do that to my mom, despite what people think. Now, I want you to tell me who told you that load of lies before I run downstairs and start yelling to all the neighbors that you're engaged to Gregory Smith." Of course, I would never betray her trust like that, but she didn't need to know that.

"I overheard Ralph and your mom talking at the restaurant this afternoon," she admitted, looking panicked as she held her hands up in surrender. "They were talking about how things weren't working between the two of them and how your mom was going to go to the city to see some old friend of hers. Ralph apparently wanted to stay at the house and mentioned that he wanted to be with you anyway." My jaw dropped as I stared at her in disbelief.

There was no way she was serious. Mom and Ralph had just been bragging about how well everything was going between the two of them and had been looking forward to lunch this afternoon to prove it. Suddenly, Mom has some friend she wants to go stay with within the city, and Ralph is using me as a rebound. I felt as though I was going to pass out thanks to the immense amount of stress I was suddenly under.

"You do still have a crush on him, right?" Kendra asked as she tilted her head to the side at me. "Or did you move in already?" I winced as I lowered my gaze.

"I don't know anymore," I admitted as I hugged myself. "I thought I did, but, after what you just told me..." I shook my head as I looked back up at her. "I don't know what to say."

"Hey," Ralph said as he knocked on my door while gently prying it open. "Your mom's going to be out of town for the whole weekend. Do you want to watch a movie or something with me?" I barely looked up from the book I was reading as I shook my head in response.

Why on earth would I want to spend time with him after he assumed that I wanted to be with him? For all I knew, he only said it to get back at my mom almost a full week ago when Kendra overheard them at the dinner, but I didn't want to take any chances. I was a woman who was about to set off into the world, not someone who was to be used the way Ralph was trying to use me.

I hated how I felt at this exact moment, and I wanted nothing to do with him or mom for that matter. That's why I had been avoiding them both all week since Kendra's visit. I knew that there was a chance that Kendra was getting back at me for something I did or was trying to get some dirt on me in case I ever told anyone about her and Greg, but the way everyone, including Kendra, was

acting around me was bothering me more than the possible rumors.

"Still not talking to me?" Ralph asked, cutting off my train of thought. "Is something actually bothering you? Did I do something to upset you or is it something else?" When I didn't respond right away, I saw him push my door open and make his way over to the edge of my bed before sitting down. "I'm not going anywhere until you say something." Taking a deep breath, I looked up and forced a smile, knowing that the best way to get him to go away was to give him what he wanted.

"I'm fine," I lied as I tilted my head to the side, trying to convince him. "I'm just a little tired from working all week in the sun, and Harry hasn't been making it any better for me the last couple of days. I just want to sit and read my book and listen to music for now." Just when I thought I had him convinced that I was telling the truth, he reached over, took the book out of my hands, and placed it in his lap.

"This is more than just summertime exhaustion," he said as he crossed his arms, waiting patiently for me to respond. "Are you really going to keep lying to me or are you actually going to tell me what's going on?" Realizing that he wasn't going to just drop it like I wanted him to, I took a deep breath and shook my head, knowing that it would be better to address the rumors up front rather than let them go on any longer.

"Are you splitting up with my mom?" I asked and he leaned back, seeming surprised by my question.

"Excuse me?" he asked, sounding as surprised as he looked. "Why on Earth would you ask such a ridiculous question?" I raised an eyebrow as I sat up on my bed and rested my hands on my lap.

"You didn't answer my question," I pointed out, and he fell silent instantly as he stared at me in disbelief. "Are you splitting up with my mom?" At first, he continued to stare at me in disbelief, but, after realizing that I wasn't going to give up anytime soon, he took a deep breath and lowered his gaze, looking a bit ashamed as he did so.

"I don't know," he finally admitted, and I scoffed as I rolled my eyes.

"What do you mean you don't know?" I demanded, growing even more impatient by the second. "It's a simple yes or no question. Just answer it." Taking a deep breath, he shook his head.

"Your mom and I haven't come to an official agreement on it," he finally admitted, and my jaw clamped shut as I stared at him expectantly. "Your mom said that she didn't love me the way that she used to and that she needed some time to figure out what she wanted. I found out last week that she had been seeing an old friend of hers from the city and took that as her official answer, but I haven't made things official with her yet. Instead, all we managed to talk about was what would happen if the two of us did break up." He looked back up at me and I took some time to process before responding.

"And what would you do if Mom broke up with you?" I asked. "Where would you go?" He shrugged his shoulders at me as he stared off at the far corner of the room.

"Move on with someone new, I guess," he admitted, sounding a bit defeated as he spoke. "Truth be told, I don't know. I could always go home to my house, which I planned on sharing with her one day, but I would have lost two of the most important people in my life." I paused for a moment, waiting for him to backtrack, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he stared at me patiently.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, hoping that he would say something to deny what I already suspected. "My mom is only one person." Rather than giving me the sliver of hope I had been begging for, he sighed and shook his head.

"And you're the second person," he informed me, and my heart started to sink as I realized that everything I had been fearing was true. "Between the two of you, you're the only person I can't possibly lose." As if to prove his point, he laced his fingers through my hair and pulled me into his lips, pressing firmly to mine as soon as I was within reach.

"Good morning," Ralph said the next morning as soon as I walked into the kitchen. "I made some breakfast." My cheeks burned red in embarrassment as I made my way over to the coffee maker and tried to ignore the memories that kept flooding my mind from the night before.

No, we hadn't slept together or anything. When he kissed me, he left me hanging and said that I was welcome to join him downstairs for a movie. Rather than joining him for the movie, I locked my bedroom door and turned off all the lights, making it seem as though I had gone to bed for the night. Of course, I hadn't gone to bed. I simply stared at the ceiling and let the music drown out the world around me.

Ralph liked me more than he wanted to admit. There was no way the two of us could be together, especially since my mom was going to be his ex. Anyone in town would have had a field day if they knew that not only did my mom have a secret lover in the city, but I was dating her ex the summer before my senior year. Not only was it

considered inappropriate due to the fact that he was twice my age, but they would also tear all three of us to shreds and go for anyone else who found love in unexpected places.

"You didn't have to make me breakfast," I told him before pouring myself a cup of coffee. "I don't usually eat breakfast during the summer, especially if I work that same day." He scoffed as he watched me make my way across the kitchen floor and over to the table.

"You really should eat something," he prompted me with a gentle smile before nodding at the stovetop, which was smelling better and better by the second. "Just eat something... I promise it'll do you some good." Even though I wanted to retreat to the safety of my room, I saw the look on his face and found myself entranced by the look in his eyes.

The plate he set before me was piled high with pancakes, scrambled eggs, bacon, and hash browns, and it smelled heavenly. After slathering the pancakes with butter and syrup, I cut into the steaming cakes and took a bite, doing everything within my power to not moan due to how amazing it tasted. After a few bites, I set down the fork and took a sip of the hot, bitter brew in my coffee cup.

"So?" Ralph asked as he sat down in the chair next to me. His plate was piled higher than mine with his spread of food. "What do you think?" This time I didn't have to force a smile.

"It's really good," I said as I put the coffee cup down and reached for my fork again. "It's my favorite." Before I could bring the fork to my mouth, he reached over and took my hand in his, keeping me from bringing another bite to my mouth.

Even though I wanted to ask what he was doing, I

found myself mesmerized by the warmth of his touch and how delicate I felt in his hands. It was as if I was nothing more than a doll ready to bend to his will and do as he commanded. It both excited and terrified me, and I felt the chills run up and down my spine.

"I think we should talk about last night," he said as he pulled my hand to his chest and held it there, ignoring the bit of syrup that threatened to drop onto his shirt. "You didn't join me for the movie." I swallowed hard as my hand started to tremble.

Was he mad at me for not coming down to watch the movie with him? Or was he just curious about what was going through my mind? Either way, it was clear he wasn't going to let me go until he got the answers he wanted and I didn't have any for him.

Truth be told, I didn't know what to think. He was still technically my mom's boyfriend, and, while I would have done anything to make him mine on any other occasion, this seemed a bit much. I was already second-guessing all the times I had imagined how I would seduce him and make him leave my mom for me.

"I was planning on it," I began, trying to think of a practical lie that would appease that hungry look in his eyes. "I just got really tired and fell asleep." He didn't budge, and his eyes bore holes into me, making me want to squirm to escape his touch.

"I don't believe you, Little One," he said as he pulled me closer, forcing me out of my chair. "I don't like being lied to and I especially don't like not knowing why you ignored me last night. Were you scared of me?" Knowing there was no way out, I took a deep breath and lowered my gaze.

"Please," I begged in a low voice, not sure what else to

do. "I'm sorry... I panicked and didn't know what would happen if I went downstairs with you, so I stayed upstairs." I felt embarrassed and ashamed of my behavior, and the way I was blushing was making me feel worse. "I've always had a bit of a crush on you, but I didn't know how to go about telling you after you started dating my mom." He stared at me for a long time, and I felt his grip tighten on my arm the longer he stared at me.

"Then let's do something about that," he suggested as he pulled me into his lap and nuzzled his sandpaper face against the extremely sensitive skin on my neck. "I'll show you what it's like to be with me, and you can decide if you want to be mine or not." Before I could say anything in response, he had gotten up from the table and was pulling me towards the stairs.

His grip on my arm tightened with every single step he took and I grew more nervous by the second. This was payback for not watching the movie with him last night or for all those times I used to tease him. He was going to punish me and I was going to have to endure it as long as possible. I had no choice.

He stopped as soon as he reached the bedroom he shared with my mom and tugged me inside, making me feel even more nervous. I already knew what was coming, and I was sure that I was going to regret every decision I had made up until this point. As soon as the door was shut and locked, he turned to look at me with a hungry look in his eyes.

"Strip down and get on the bed," he ordered as he nodded towards the bed. "I don't like to be kept waiting." I whimpered as I pulled my shirt over my head.

This is what I wanted from the start, but he was starting to scare me more and more. I was sure there was some safe word I could use if things got too out of hand,

but I didn't know how to go about asking for that. Instead, I simply did as he said under his watchful gaze.

By the time my panties were on top of my pile of clothing, a newfound sense of confidence took hold of me and made me do something I never thought I would do. Rather than climbing into the bed like he wanted me to, I strolled up to him and pressed my naked body against him while I clung to his shirt, holding him close.

"What should we do now, Daddy?" I asked as I stood on my tippy toes and smiled up at him. "Are you going to make me scream your name?" He grumbled something under his breath before lifting me into the air.

"I told you to get onto the bed," he rumbled, and I felt his swift steps close the distance between us and the bed. "If you know what's good for you, you'll do exactly as I tell you to. I don't want to have to punish you because you won't listen to me." With that, he slammed me down onto the form mattress and I felt myself bounce up as if I had been dropped onto a trampoline.

By the time I had recovered from being dropped, he had pulled down his pants to reveal his thick, massive cock. My jaw dropped and drool collected in the corner of my mouth as I stared at him in disbelief. He smiled as he grabbed onto my ankles and yanked me towards the edge of the bed, the thrill of being handled so roughly coursing through my veins.

"Sit up," he ordered as he reached down and grabbed me by the hair. "It's time to punish you for misbehaving." Before I could even react he stuck his cock in my mouth, and I gagged a little before settling down and allowing it to glide naturally in and out of my mouth as he thrust it in my mouth.

He tasted clean with a funny aftertaste, but I tried to

ignore it as best as I could. My biggest concern was the fact that he had laced his fingers through my hair and was holding my head in place as he worked in and out of my mouth. Saliva ran down my chin as he did so, and it made a mess as it dropped into my lap and soaked into my jeans, placing both my hands on his hips I slowed down his motions and slurped gently at his cock, sucking in the excess saliva before it could drip onto my jeans any more.

"Good girl," he groaned softly as his head lulled back so he could enjoy the way it felt. "Keep going just like that." His free hand laced through my hair, and I whimpered ever so slightly as he kept going in and out of my mouth at an alarming rate.

Before too long, he gave a final thrust inside my mouth, and I felt something sticky and warm start to drip down my throat, making me gag ever so slightly as I tried to pull away. However, he refused to let me go for even a second, and I whimpered as I was forced to swallow despite the fact that I was choking a little.

"God damn," he breathed as he pushed me down onto the bed. "That was good..." His head dipped down towards my stomach, and I watched as he started towards the valley between my legs. "It's Daddy's turn to do all the work now."

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

Poor Bethany... Her two best friends are too busy for her, and she has no one to care for her. The only thing she has to look forward to is working at the dentist's office until school starts. So, what happens when it turns out

that her boss has a crush on her? To join Bethany on her quest of love, order the third book in the series "Forbidden Daddy Makes Me His Assistant" by clicking [HERE](#).

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**FORBIDDEN DADDY
MAKES ME HIS
ASSISTANT**

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."

"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."

"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."

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.

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.

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 [HERE](#).

Happy reading!

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RETURNING HOME TO MY FORBIDDEN DADDY

"Isn't it great?" Mom asked as she turned to look at Maya and me. "We can finally get you both out of that tiny rundown town and into the city where you'll both have a future in our new family business." My jaw was hanging by a thread as I looked from the large luxurious dining room to Mom, trying to determine if she was serious or not.

I thought she was joking when she told me that she went to the bank and withdrew all the money I had saved for college and bought a shop where she planned on opening a bakery and coffee shop. Now that I was standing in the building that she had bought with the money, the reality hit me harder than a ten-ton semi-truck on the highway. The fact that she claimed that this was "our future" and "our dream" made me sick to my stomach, and I felt as though I was either going to explode or faint.

Maya was standing next to me, and, if looks could kill, our mother would have been nothing more than a pile of dust on the ground. It was good to know my sister was on my side. Even though this wasn't exactly something that

affected her, it made me proud and a bit more confident. Maybe even confident enough to confront Mom for stealing my future away like the selfish jerk she was...

"I don't hear a thank you," she said as she crossed her arms at us. "Don't you guys like it?" Taking a deep breath, I braced myself for the storm ahead.

"I can't believe you stole my tuition money to buy this dump," I said, my voice trembling as I spoke. "Why did you think I would be okay with you stealing my future away from me and forcing me into a career you wanted, not what I wanted?" Mom placed a hand on her chest, looking offended as she stared at me in disbelief.

"I didn't steal your tuition money," she said as she tilted her head to the side with an innocent expression on her face. "You have that scholarship paying your tuition. You didn't need the money that you saved in our account for college." I narrowed my eyes at her and shook my head, my anger flaring inside me.

Why in the world was she lying to me like this? I told her in my freshman year of college that the scholarship failed me at the last possible second and that I was going to have to work my way through college. She was the one who helped me get the job at the call center that was helping me pay my bills and make sure tuition was paid. The fact that she was playing stupid now was infuriating, and I knew it was going to get worse.

"Besides, you don't need college now," Mom continued as she looked around the dining area. "Now that I own my own company, we're moving up in the world. Pretty soon, we'll be doing whatever we want and won't have to worry about anything." I did everything I could to keep my breathing as I shook my head.

"You know I hate baking," I reminded her, and I saw

the way she winced as she realized just how much I was struggling to keep my temper in check. "Why would you think this is okay? Are you really so selfish that you would steal your daughter's hard-earned money and waste it on something this stupid?" With each and every word, my voice grew louder and louder until I was practically screaming in her face, and I didn't care how it looked.

I was on the road to being a teacher! All I had to do was complete one more year of college, and I would have had my teaching degree. I even had a job lined up for the next school year as long as I could get my degree. Now, everything was ruined and school started in less than a month. Hopelessness overtook me, and I fell to my knees right there in the middle of the dining room, not sure whether to scream or start crying because of how frustrated I was.

"What's going on here?" asked Paul as he walked into the dining room. He paused immediately when he saw me, and I saw the frown crease his brow. "What's the matter, Rachel?" Before I could say a single word, Mom burst into tears and ran to Paul, burying her face in his chest as soon as she reached him.

"She's so ungrateful!" she cried into his chest as she shook her head, allowing her tears to soak into his white T-shirt. "She expected to use my hard-earned money to pay her college tuition for the school year and started yelling at me because I withdrew it in order to pay for this place I told her it wasn't her money in the first place and she should have just applied for a scholarship, but she demanded that I be the one to pay for it." Anger rose inside me, and I stood up immediately, unable to compose myself any longer.

"She's lying!" I snapped as I stared the two of them

down. "She knew that the money in the account was mine, and I can prove it by pulling up my pay stubs and everything. She shouldn't even be in the bank account in the first place. I took her off three years ago when I first started having to pay my own college tuition. She stole my money from my account that I needed for my college tuition and I put it in with my checks and bought this place, saying that it was my dream as well as hers!" Paul sighed as he looked from me to my mother and back again, looking torn between whom to believe and who not to believe as well as what to do.

"I don't know what to tell you," he told me, sounding completely lost for words. "Do you think maybe you can take a year off, and I'll help you pay your tuition for next school year so that you can finish your degree? It's the only way I'll be able to pay you back for what your mother did, especially since I already know she can't get the money back." I whimpered as I looked over at Maya, who looked just as upset as I was.

So this was it. I had to go home for a year and risk losing my future career all because of my mother's selfish choices, and there was nothing I could do about it. There was always the chance that the university would hold my credits and allow me to graduate the following school year as long as I completed the last of my classes, but I wasn't counting on it. After all, life never worked out for me. The fact that Mom had married Paul, the man of my dreams despite the hefty age difference, was more than enough proof.

"I'll talk to my school counselor and make sure I'm not going to lose my college credits," I relented, knowing that, out of everyone in the building, Paul was the only one on my side, even if he couldn't do anything about it. "It means

I'll have to come home since dorms are meant only for college students." Immediately, Mom's tears disappeared, and I found myself regretting my compromise as soon as I saw the smile on her face.

"I knew you would see things my way," she said as she crossed her arms at me. "Just wait... When you move back home and work full-time at the bakery, you'll never want to go back to school for that pointless degree. "

Good God, help me not murder her...

"Things could be a lot worse," Maya said as she sat down at the table next to me. Even though I knew she was trying to cheer me up, I wasn't exactly in the best of moods, but I decided to hear her out. "At least the school is saving your credits so you can graduate as soon as you finish your remaining classes next year. That's got to count for something, right?" It took every ounce of self-control I had to not snap at her at that exact moment.

Yes, it did help that they actually did save my credits so that, when I returned to school the following school year, I didn't have to start all over, but it didn't make up for what Mom had done, especially since the business was failing, and she was refusing to pay me for the hours I worked at the bakery against my will. She even guilt-tripped me into quitting my job at the call center when I moved here in order to help her out at the bakery, which wasn't going to look too good on my resume, which was starting to fall apart now that I had lost the position at the school for the following year. At the rate I was going, my career would be over before it even began.

Out of everyone in the house, Maya and Paul were the only ones who actually seemed to care about the fact that I was miserable, and they did everything in their power to make it up to me. Usually, it was by buying me coffee that actually tastes good on the way to work or reminding me that, as bad as things were, things were only going to get better from here. Paul had even promised to pay my tuition for the following year and told me that the only reason why I had to wait the year was because that was how long it would take to save it all up. All in all, despite the way Mom was behaving, things weren't one hundred percent miserable.

"At least you don't have to go to school and deal with the fact that everyone thinks Mom's a lunatic," Maya said before grabbing her school bag and rising to her feet. "I've been made fun of ever since school started because everyone hates the bakery so much. They say it won't even last until Christmas thanks to how bad she is at everything." She gave me a hug from behind. "I'll see you after school. Don't forget to pick me up on your way home." I nodded and gently patted her arm, not really sure what to think of the situation.

"See you after school," I told her, and I smiled as I watched her walk out the door.

Before everything happened with Mom, she had been working with the local veterinarian in order to learn what she could before graduating high school. In fact, Dr. Rogers, her boss, promised her that if she got her degree she was more than welcome to come back and work for him as his associate, not his assistant. I knew that she would be able to do it, especially since she was smart enough to open a bank account online and have him

deposit her checks into that account as soon as she turned eighteen.

"Hey," Paul said, as he walked into the kitchen and made his way over to the coffee maker. "What are you still doing here? I thought you were working with your mom today." I forced a smile as I shook my head, debating on whether I wanted another cup of coffee.

Paul was a fitness instructor at the gym, and he was a sexy hunk with the body of a model from *Sports Illustrated*. It felt weird knowing that, up until Mom married him over a year ago, I would flirt with him every time I came home for the summer. Sometimes, I thought that Mom knew I had a crush on him and married him to spite me, but I was sure that was giving her too much credit. For all I knew, Paul didn't know I liked him and thought I was nervous when we would work out one on one at the gym.

Today, he was wearing a plain black T-shirt, despite the summer heat, and some faded blue jeans that were strategically ripped by the designer. I still wasn't sure if he didn't know just how sexy he was or if he was just playing dumb, especially when he leaned against the kitchen counter with his coffee cup in hand. Either way, it took everything in me to not drool and stare at him for too long.

"Well?" he asked after his first sip of coffee. "What happened?" I cleared my throat and shook my head, trying to clear my thoughts.

"Mom hired some new employees at the coffee shop and closed it down for the day," I told him before getting up to refill my coffee cup. "That gives me plenty of time to go to the bank and demand to know why they gave her the money in the first place and go to a few local businesses to see if I can apply there since Mom is refusing to pay me."

He took a step back and watched as I poured myself another cup of coffee, and I noticed that his eyes were raking up and down my body.

Was he checking me out? Ever since I stumbled across him at the gym in my senior year of high school, he was all I could think about, but I never had the words to say. So, instead of following through on those feelings like a normal person, I buried them away deeper and deeper while I watched my mom marry the man of my dreams.

"I have a counter offer," he said before putting his coffee cup down on the counter. "Why don't the two of us spend the day together? Take your mind off everything going on and let it help you relax." He reached out and gently brushed his hand against my arm, teasing me with his touch while chills ran up my spine. "I don't think you really had a chance to try out the new pool in the backyard this summer since you were so focused on getting ready for the school year." Much to my surprise, he winked at me, and I frowned a little as I stared him down.

What was going on? Was he flirting with me? Was this how he felt when I used to flirt with him? At this point, I didn't care anymore. He was offering me a chance to forget about Mom and have some fun. I could wait until the following day before arguing with the bank or looking for a new job.

"I guess it wouldn't hurt," I said with a gentle smile as I moved my arm away and grabbed onto his, squeezing his bicep ever so slightly. "I did buy a new bikini that I never got to try out."

The cool water felt good against my sun-kissed skin, and the sun was bright and warm. Even though it was the middle of August, the days were sweltering hot and typically pretty miserable even when I wasn't subject to Mom's bad decisions. Allowing my body to float aimlessly through the water was even more relaxing than I had anticipated, and it made me realize just how wise Paul truly was.

"Mind if I join you?" I heard Paul ask and immediately opened my eyes.

He was standing on the edge of the pool staring down at me while the sun glared down on his perfect body. He looked like an angel in one of those illustrations where they are bathed in a golden light as they tell people to not fear them because they come bearing great news. Normally, I wasn't religious, but seeing him standing there made me think that there was a God and he was humoring himself at my expense.

"Your house, your pool," I said as I started to swim away just a bit so that I was out of his way. "You're free to

do whatever you want." He chuckled as he sat down on the edge of the pool and effortlessly eased himself into the water, and I simply stared in amazement as I looked on with my jaw hanging open.

How could someone be so perfect and so sexy? I didn't know if it came naturally for him or if he did everything he could to be this perfect. Either way, even though he was married to my mom, it didn't mean I couldn't enjoy the show.

"What the hell is that?" he asked when he finally noticed my blood-red bikini with the golden rings on it. "Why the hell would you wear something like that? Are you trying to get yourself carried away by some frat boy?" I frowned in confusion as I looked down at my bikini.

"I thought it was cute," I protested as I looked back up at him. "Besides, who said that swimsuits had to be modest? The whole point of a swimsuit is to cover up the main part of your body without weighing you down and making it impossible to swim." Before I could say anything else, his arm lashed out and snaked around my body, pulling me close to him while we swam closer and closer to the shallow end of the pool.

"There's no way I would ever let you get caught dead outside of the house or something like that," he informed me as he made his way over to the pool wall, dragging me along with him. "That suit makes you way too much of a distraction, and I don't need some boy coming along and taking you away from me. I should see you in that suit." I giggled nervously when I felt my back hit the pool wall.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, growing even more nervous when he pinned me against the wall with his body. "You married my mom, meaning you have a say in what she wears but not what I wear." It was at that

moment that I felt something stiff and heavy poking against my leg and realized what was going on.

"Did it ever occur to you that I only married your mom to get to you?" he asked while he looped a finger around the strap of my bikini top and toyed with it. "I knew what you were doing all those years that you came to the gym and asked me to train you so that you could get in shape. I was just waiting until the perfect opportunity to ask you out, but, when you moved to the city and stopped coming to the gym last year, I realized there was no point in waiting for you to come back to the gym. So, I decided to do something that would make you pay attention to me." He was smiling at me the whole time, and I felt my body longing for him to do something about it.

"So what if I did?" I asked as I smiled at him, trying to tease him the same way he was teasing me. "You married my mom, which means that we can't be together." He raised an eyebrow and tilted his head to the side at me.

"Who said that she had to know about it?" he asked, his voice growing huskier by the second. "We should always just give it a try and keep it our little secret." Before I could say anything, he pressed his lips to mine, and I whimpered as my body quickly betrayed myself and gave in to the kiss.

He tasted like bitter coffee and chlorine, which was a strange combination that actually worked well for him. Not only was he warm and comforting, but I could feel the passion behind his kiss, which made me want him even more. Before I knew it, my arms and legs had wrapped around him and pulled me impossibly close to him.

"So is that a yes?" he asked, and I sighed as I opened

my eyes and did everything I could to not lose sight of what was really important.

"I never said that," I said, as I started to smile at him. "I don't exactly think it's the best idea, but I'm willing to let you convince me otherwise." He chuckled as he guided me over towards the steps of the pool.

"Well, we have the entire day to ourselves," he reminded me. "How about we make a deal? You let me do everything I can to prove to you that I have feelings for you, and, if by the end of the week I manage to come into you to be mine, you let me have you anytime I want. Deal?" I thought for a moment before nodding my head, excited by the idea of being romanced by the man of my dreams.

"Deal," I agreed. "Don't expect it to be easy though. I plan on making you run yourself ragged trying to win me over."

"Do you mind heading to the back end and checking to see if Mom has any more chocolate chip cookies in the oven?" Maya asked as she continued to wipe down the front counter where the cookies were all displayed. "Those are the only things that are really selling outside of coffee, and we're almost out." Even though I had been in the middle of wiping down a few tables after we had the high school volleyball team come through, I didn't mind putting it on hold and helping my sister out, especially since we were practically dead by now.

In the beginning, the weekends were the only times that we were really busy, and that was just because nobody in town seemed to have anything better to do besides supporting the local businesses and sports teams. It seemed as though they were forcing themselves to support my mother and her business, but there were at least a few people who actually seemed to be enjoying the place. In my opinion, it was just because it was new and something different.

"Sure," I replied with a smile, as I took the washcloth over to the counter and placed it in the sanitary bucket. "You're still cleaning up the coffee machines, right?" Maya nodded her head, and I stopped by the display counter to check on the other cookies and baked goods that we had on display.

The chocolate chip cookies were almost gone, and we were missing several blueberry muffins, another popular treat that most people seemed to enjoy. I quickly made a mental list of everything I needed to restock and quickly made my way back to the kitchen in order to see if Mom had any more items coming out.

The kitchen was completely empty and sparkling clean, yet Mom was nowhere to be seen. It made me worried that something had happened to her until I saw the light on in her office and realized that she must be going through her inventory so that she could order supplies and ingredients. Because she was always telling us that we needed to tell her when we needed more items for the display counter, I immediately went over to the office door and knocked, not even thinking anything of it.

"Mom!" I called out when she didn't respond right away before knocking on the door again. "Mom!" Again she didn't respond, and I jiggled the handle only to find the door was locked which was even worse.

What is going on here? Mom never wanted to be off the store during business hours. Maybe when she was closing up and needed some time to finish with the inventory list, but that was usually when Maya and I were leaving to go home. Something wasn't sitting right in me, and I immediately made my way over to the counter to get the spare key from the drawer.

As soon as the door opened, I thought my stomach

dropped to the ground as my head started to spin. Mom was bent over her desk with her naked butt fully exposed and in full view of everybody in the room, including the man who buried himself deep into her backside. Neither of them seemed to notice until I accidentally dropped the key on the ground, and they both looked up at me as soon as they heard the clatter from the key.

"Rachel!" Mom shouted as the man jumped off her and backed into the corner, making sure to cover himself so that I didn't see anything. "What the hell are you doing back here? I told you not to bother me when I'm in the office!" I shook my head as I tried to make sense of the situation I had found myself in.

"Never mind that!" I explained as I pointed at the man in the corner of the office. "Who in the world is that? Does Paul know about him?" The man looked confused as he looked from me to Mom and back again.

"Who the hell is Paul?" he demanded as he turned his full attention towards Mom. "You told me that you were single." Mom rolled her eyes as she looked over at him.

"And you told me that you grabbed the spare key so that this sort of thing wouldn't happen, yet here we are," she snapped back before looking over at me while she pulled up her pants. "Look, this has nothing to do with you in the first place. Whatever it is that needs to be done, you can go do it yourself. Give me the key, close the door, and don't bother us again." She then held down her hand, and I shook my head as I took a step away from the door, feeling both hurt and betrayed.

"Screw you!" I told her before crossing my arms at her. "All you ever do is ruin people's lives and I'm not dealing with this anymore. I quit." With that, I took off towards the

front of the bakery, completely ignoring the way she was yelling at me to stop and listen to her without leaving the office.

"Hey, is everything okay?" Maya asked as I hurried towards the door. "Is Mom getting those treats out?" I stopped and put my hand on the door before turning to look at Maya looked confused as she stared at me.

"No, she's not getting them out," I informed her, trying to calm her down as I spoke. It wasn't fair to take my anger out on her, and I knew it was better that she found out from Mom and not me. "I wouldn't recommend restocking the display counter anytime soon. Mom had more important things to worry about than the business she forced on us, especially since I just quit." Before Maya could ask any more questions, I rushed out of the bakery and down the street, allowing my legs to pump me as far away from my problems as possible.

Not only had Mom stolen my college tuition, but she had stolen the man of my dreams only to cheat on him with some complete stranger. My life could not get any worse, even if my body was already screaming for me to stop. Normally, I wasn't the person who liked to run or do anything physical except swim, but I didn't care. It was better to physically run away from my problems rather than just drive home and risk getting into a car accident because I wasn't thinking straight.

By the time I got home, I realized that I was completely alone and felt the relief wash over me. It was too soon to deal with Paul, especially since I was still having trouble processing what had just happened. Now that I was alone, I was finally able to sit down and think about what I wanted to do.

If Mom was going to cheat on Paul with some scumbag, then Paul deserved to be happy with someone who actually wanted to be with him, and that someone was me.

"What are you doing here?" Paul asked as he walked in the front door and found me sitting on the couch in the living room. "I thought you weren't going to be here until this evening." Rather than answering his question, I rose to my feet and raced towards him, my exhausted body screaming in protest as I threw myself into his arms and pressed my lips to his, catching us both off guard.

I had officially made up my mind when I got home and realized that Mom didn't deserve a man like Paul just like he definitely didn't deserve someone like her. It took a lot to not cry at that moment, but I steeled my nerves and continued to hold him in my arms while I tried to let my cares melt away. When I finally let go, I took a step back and stared up at him, taking his reaction in.

"What was that about?" Paul asked, seeming completely confused by the way I was behaving. "I thought you weren't planning on being so easy to get to." I took a deep breath and smiled at him.

"I don't see the point in pretending any longer," I told him,

the words pouring from me before I could stop myself. "I always thought that you weren't interested in me, especially since I was so young. So, when you seemed to ignore the way I was flirting with you, I thought I didn't stand a chance and let you slip through my fingers." I started to shake my head, and he smiled as he guided me toward the couch.

"Take it easy," he told me before wrapping his arms around me in an attempt to calm me down. When I finally took a deep breath to calm down, he continued. "Now what happened at the bakery that has you so riled up?" Despite the fact that I was still processing everything from the day, I was amazed at how easily he was able to see right through me.

"What do you mean?" I asked, the panic rising back up inside me once more. "I never mentioned anything about the bakery..." Paul raised an eyebrow at me as he let go and crossed his arms.

"Just like you never mentioned something happening at the homecoming dance in your senior year of high school, but I still knew that something was wrong?" he pointed out, and I winced as I remembered just how easily he had seen right through me over the years. After realizing there was no way out of this without telling him the truth, I took a deep breath and lowered my gaze, bracing myself for the chair that was about to ensue.

"While I was at the bakery, I walked in on Mom getting plowed by some guy in her office," I admitted, knowing that it sounded much worse than I intended it to be. "She locked herself in the office and didn't respond when I knocked on the door to let her know that we needed some things up front, and I found her..." I looked back up at him, not sure what else to say at that exact moment.

Paul was staring at me with a stoic expression on his face, and I realized that things were much worse than I had anticipated. There was no way to tell if he was upset or angry, and I wanted to cry when I saw his lack of reaction. After what felt like an eternity, Paul took a deep breath and shook his head.

"I'm sorry you had to witness that, Little One," he said, before allowing a gentle smile to spread across his face while he pressed a hand to my cheek. "I had a feeling that she was doing something like that, but I never thought that she would let you catch her like that, especially since she was doing so well hiding it from me, despite the fact that I was trying to learn the truth myself." He sighed before nodding towards the stairs. "Why don't we go upstairs and get you to relax a little? I think it would do you some good to really let loose and have some fun. " Even though I normally would have been embarrassed by the idea of sneaking around with my stepfather, despite how attracted I was to him, I was already acting impulsively and didn't mind burying myself in a deeper grave than I was already in.

"I have a better idea," I told him as I scooted closer to him, enjoying the way he tensed up as I approached him. "Why don't we go to the city and forget about Mom for the day? Tell her what you want, but I can't stay here while she continues to ruin my life. " When he hesitated, I leaned forward and lowered my voice. "If you thought that bikini was sexy, just wait until you see the rest of my wardrobe." A mischievous smile spread across his face as he tilted his head to the side.

"Is that so?" he asked, and I nodded my head. "Did you plan on showing off to the whole world? Or were you

going to keep that for just me as I told you?" I smirked as I shrugged my shoulders at him.

"That depends on if you're with me or not," I told him before kissing his cheek. "I'm going to go call Maya and ask her to bring my car home. The last thing I need is for it to get towed away because Mom decided to get back at me for getting upset with her. " With that, I got to my feet and started towards the stairs, wondering if he planned on coming with me.

"Well, it's official," Paul said as he hung up the phone and sat down on the bed next to me, and I smiled when I saw just how relieved he looked. "Your mom and I are getting a divorce. I just got my lawyer and everything." At this point, I didn't care if they got divorced or not. I just wanted him to come back to bed.

"What did they say the chances were that you were going to get more money in the settlement than she was?" I asked as I gently wrapped my naked body around him. "If we have to, we can bring up the fact that she stole money from my bank account to open up her bakery." He chuckled as he leaned back and kissed the sensitive skin of my neck.

"He said that because she cheated on me, I have a better chance of coming out on top," he informed me. "He did say that you would have to testify to what you witnessed in the bakery just so the judge would believe us rather than your mother." I giggled and nodded my head.

"Whatever it takes to make her pay for what she did to us," I agreed before kissing his cheek. "I take it we

shouldn't mention the part about the two of us being together, should we?" He thought for a moment before giving an embarrassed smile.

"Yeah, that would probably be for the best," he agreed. "We don't want her trying to say that I was cheating on her first, especially since we weren't even together until after she was discovered and I left her." Even though I wanted him to climb back into bed so that we could go a couple more rounds, I let him go when he decided to rise to his feet. "Give me just a second. I need to go take care of something real quick." I nodded my head and watched as he made his way over to the bathroom and shut the door, leaving me alone in the hotel room we were staying at.

For the first time since Mom had stolen my tuition money, I was actually feeling pretty good about the situation I was in. I was finally with somebody who truly cared about me just like I cared about them, even if I had technically stolen him from my mom. Of course, I didn't feel bad about it, especially considering the fact that I knew she was sleeping with somebody else. Normally, I wouldn't have springboarded off a situation like this and moved on as quickly as possible, but, just like everybody else in the world, I deserved to be happy too, and Paul made me happier than anybody had ever made me in my life.

"I have a bit of a problem," Paul said when he finally opened the bathroom door and made his way back over to the bed. His cock was in his hands, and I smiled when I saw how erect it was. "I can't get it to go down..." I smirked as I lay back on the bed and spread my legs, exposing myself to him.

"Then let's do something about that," I told him. "I'm at

your disposal, Daddy." He chuckled as he climbed into the bed and positioned himself between my legs.

"Are you sure about this?" he asked, sounding a bit unsure of himself. "We've been at it all day. Aren't you tired?" Despite the fact that I was sore and tied from the countless times we had been together, I waved a hand dismissively at him.

"Of course not," I reassured him. "I could never get tired of being with you." I felt him press his cock to the opening of my sex. I bit my lip and stared up at him with a seductive gaze. "Go ahead, Daddy." He smiled as he entered his body with a rough thrust, and I let out a loud moan as my body allowed him to overcome me with the shock and pleasure of his intrusion for the fifth time that day.

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

Poor Maya... Even though her mom stole from her sister to open a business only to end up getting a divorce with her stepdad after getting caught with her lover, she finally settled down for her senior year. Heck, she even got a boyfriend, but things aren't all that they seem. As fate would have it, someone has a secret crush on her, and he seems willing to get between her and her boyfriend. To join Maya on her quest of love, order the fifth book in the series "My Forbidden Daddy Breaks Up My Relationship" by clicking [HERE](#).

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**MY FORBIDDEN DADDY
BREAKS UP MY
RELATIONSHIP**

"I need you to work an extra shift tonight," Mom told me as soon as I walked into the bakery that afternoon. "I need to meet up with my lawyer and figure out what I'm going to do next." I looked from Mom to Jake and back again, trying to process what she had just told me.

Ever since Rachel caught Mom cheating on Paul over a year ago, Mom was doing everything she could to make sure the business was still running so that she had something to fall back on now that Paul was out of the picture. Of course, it meant that she was having me pick up the slack while she struggled to keep up with the lawyer and the business, and it was already taking a bigger toll on me than I wanted. I was about to respond when Jake shook his head, looking disappointed at my mom as he did so.

"Sorry, but she's got plans with me tonight," he said as he wrapped his arm around me in front of her. "We have a dinner meeting with the wedding planner in order to make sure everything is set up for the wedding next month. You're going to have to find somebody else to cover for you so that you can go meet with your divorce

lawyer." Mom looked at him with a look of disdain, and I already knew that World War Three was going to break out before she even said anything.

The funny thing is that he hadn't even done much to earn her hatred. The only thing he had done was take up more of my time outside of school and make it harder for me to work at the bakery, especially since I didn't want to in the first place. It was the perfect excuse to get out of the bakery and as far away from mom as possible before she ruined my life the same way she ruined Rachel's the previous year.

Last I spoke to Rachel, she was already in school and on track to graduate the following summer so that she could finally become a teacher like she always wanted. It still struck me as a bit weird that she ran off with Paul, but I wasn't one to judge. For the first time since she was forced to come home after Mom stole her money, she was actually happy and had a bright future ahead of her, and I was proud of her for that.

"Just reschedule your meeting with the wedding planner," Mom said that she crossed her arms at me and gave me the same look that she always gave whenever she was going to try to guilt trip me into doing something I didn't want to do. "I really need you to focus on helping me run this bakery since it's part of your future now that your sister's abandoned us." My jaw dropped as I stared at her in disbelief, trying to do everything within my power not to lose my temper, especially in front of Jake.

"Your bad business decisions are not my future," I reminded her as I crossed my arms at her, not wanting to give in to the way she was trying to guilt-trip me into doing what she wanted. "You're the one who ruined everything by stealing from Rachel, cheating on Paul, and firing

almost everybody that worked for you because they kept complaining that you wouldn't pay them. You made yourself the laughingstock of the town, and you're trying to get me to clean up your mess. It's time that you started being a responsible adult and cleaning up after yourself rather than expecting everybody else to clean up for you." Mom stared back in disbelief, and I could already tell she was having a hard time processing everything I just said.

It was clear this was the first time anybody had ever told her no, and she actually realized they were serious. The fact that it was me she was taking seriously made it even more special, and I couldn't believe that she was not arguing back right away. Instead, after a long moment, she took a step back and rolled her eyes at me.

"Whatever you say," she said as she leaned on the counter. "However, when everything crashes and burns around you, don't expect me to be here when you get back. It's clear that you hate me just as much as your sister does, and I don't need your negativity in my life." She then motioned towards the door in a dismissive manner. "Get out of here, you're no longer welcome in my bakery." I laughed as I shook my head at her amazed at the fact that she was trying to recover the way she was from being rejected.

"Gladly," I said before turning to Jake. "Come on, Jake, your parents aren't expecting us before we go back to the city for dinner with the wedding planner." With that, the two of us marched out of the bakery and out onto the street, and my chest felt a lot lighter than it had for quite some time.

"Are you going to be okay?" Jake asked as soon as we were free from the bakery and heading out to the car. "That seems like a pretty intense moment with your

mom." Practically giddy with glee, I waved a hand dismissively at him and got into the car.

"I'm fine," I reassured him. "It feels good to be free of her destructive behavior and able to make my own decisions for once." With that, I started up the car, and we started towards his parents' house while I tried to think of what to do when his stepdad confronted me about whatever it was he wanted to talk to me about.

"Do you mind waiting out here with Sean?" Jake asked when he came out of the kitchen with his mom. "Mom needs my help with a few things at the office." I frowned as I tilted my head to the side of him, trying to figure out why he was acting so weird all the time.

Normally, whenever his mom needed help at the office, she always got Sean, his step-dad, to do it, so it seemed a bit weird that she was asking Jake to take care of things for her. I almost wondered if there was something going on between the two of them, but I decided that it was none of my business. If it was something I needed to know, they would have told me. Otherwise, it was none of my concern, so I had no business asking.

"Of course," I agreed with a gentle smile as I tried to hide just how uncomfortable I truly was. "Try not to take too long. We have to be back in the city by seven." Jake waved to me dismissively and followed his mom out of the kitchen and out the front door, not even bothering to wish me good luck or anything before leaving. As soon as I was

alone in the kitchen, I looked over at Sean, who was sitting in the living room watching TV.

Dr. Sean Rogers was my boss and soon-to-be father-in-law, which made it incredibly awkward between the two of us. Even though I would never admit it out loud, I always had a crush on him and always wished that we could have been together. However, thanks to the fact that I was his assistant and still in high school, I never got to act on it. Of course, marrying his stepson wasn't the smartest move, but, if Jake could help me out while I was still under my mother's control, I couldn't say no, even if it meant I could no longer want to be with Sean.

I kept thinking back to what he had said the other day while I was at work and about how the two of us needed to talk. As scared as I was that he was going to tell me that he had changed his mind and didn't want me working at the clinic anymore, I knew it was better to face the situation head on and not waste any more time. So, after taking a minute to compose me and gather my courage, I rose to my feet and made my way over to the living room to face him.

"Football?" I asked as soon as I saw the game playing on the TV. Of course, Dr. Rogers didn't say anything, so I shrugged my shoulders and sat down on the couch opposite him. "I don't really have a favorite team since I don't usually watch football, but I'm willing to cheer for the same team you are." Finally, after what felt like an eternity of awkwardness, he took a deep breath and looked over at me. I could tell that something was bothering him.

"I take it you want to know why I said we needed to talk," he said before reaching over for the remote to mute the game. When I didn't respond right away, he continued. "Can you promise me that no matter what I tell you,

you'll at least hear me out rather than just get upset and walk away? This is something pretty important that I think you should know." I frowned in confusion as I tilted my head to the side.

Why was he acting so strangely? The last time anyone acted this way around me was when Rachel found out that Mom was cheating on Paul and ran off with him. I felt the panic rising up inside me, threatening to blow me away in the wind of chaos. After taking a second to process his request, I shrugged my shoulders.

"Of course," I agreed with a gentle smile, forcing myself to remain calm. "So what is it?" He sighed and shook his head, looking a bit uncertain of himself.

"Jake is thinking about canceling the wedding," he blurted out, making my jaw drop as I stared at him in disbelief.

"What?" I asked, and he nodded his head in response. "What are you talking about? How do you know? Is it something I did?" Sean sighed as he motioned for me to slow down, and I could tell he was struggling with the conversation more than I anticipated.

"I came home early the other day and found Jake sitting in his old room with some girl," he explained, sounding a bit embarrassed as he spoke. "I guess she was supposedly her ex, but they were doing things..." When I didn't say anything, he sighed and shook his head. "Please don't make me spell it out. He was cheating on you." My heart dropped in my chest, and I lowered my gaze, trying to process what he was saying.

Normally, I would have called him crazy and refused to believe a single word of it, but, after everything that happened between Mom and Paul, I knew I couldn't rule it out. After all, no one ever thought that Mom would

cheat on Paul, and look what happened. After what felt like an eternity, Sean waved a hand in my face.

"Are you okay?" he asked, sounding concerned as he spoke. "You don't look so good." I shook my head as I looked back at him, wishing I could disappear off the face of the earth.

"I'm fine," I said before rising to my feet. "Please forgive me, but I think I should get going. When you see Jake, will you tell him I went home?" Sean frowned as he stared at me in confusion.

"Shouldn't you wait for him?" he asked. "There's still more I want to tell you." I narrowed my eyes as I stared him down.

"Like what?" I asked. "Please don't tell me she's pregnant because I would never be able to handle it." He shook his head, and I saw the hint of a smile on his face.

"Of course not," he reassured me. "I just wanted to tell you that he was already telling me he didn't want you working at the office anymore because he thinks that you're cheating on him with me." It was at that moment that I officially lost it and sank to the couch, doing everything within my power not to scream in rage.

So that's how things were...

"Is something wrong?" Jake asked later on when we finally got to the car after a long, boring dinner with the wedding planner. "You hardly touched your food and you seemed pretty distracted. What's going on?" As much as I wanted to tell him what his stepdad said, I took a deep breath and shook my head, forcing a smile.

"I'm just tired," I lied, trying to sound as convincing as possible. "It's been a pretty long day." At first, I was afraid that he was going to call me out for my life, but after a long awkward silence between the two of us, he shrugged and turned on the vehicle.

The entire ride back to the apartment, I kept staring down at his phone waiting for it to go off. I wanted to believe that he would never cheat on me, but I couldn't shake the feeling that maybe Dr. Rogers was right. It wasn't exactly something that he would lie about, but I always cared about Jake. I was too conflicted to really think about it, and I found myself completely lost in thought until we got back to the apartment.

"Do you mind going inside for a bit?" Jake said as soon

as he put the car in park. "I need to make a few important calls for work, so I'm going to need some time alone." My heart sank as I stared at him for a moment, trying to figure out whether he was serious or not, and I couldn't help but wonder if it was truly work-related or if it had something to do with what Dr. Rogers had told me.

"Of course," I said as I forced myself to smile, too tired to argue at that moment. "I think I'm going to go to bed early. I'll talk to you as soon as you get inside." He smiled and pulled me in for a kiss, but rather than going for the lips, he placed his lips on my forehead, making me feel even worse than I had before.

I wasn't even to the front door of the apartment complex when the tears started streaming down my face, and I hurried to unlock the door before somebody saw me and mentioned something in front of Jake. The last thing I wanted was for Jake to know that I was upset over something that most likely didn't even happen in the first place and then get mad at me because I was overreacting. Even though it was a little hard to do at first, I eventually got the door unlocked and hurried to the elevator, hoping that nobody would catch me on my way to the apartment.

What if Jake was cheating on me with his ex? Why would he still plan on marrying me in less than a month if he was still interested in his ex? Even worse, what was I going to do if he changed his mind and decided that he didn't want to marry me? So many questions were running through my mind that I couldn't focus on just one and I ran up to the apartment as quickly as I could, deciding that the best way to hide the evidence of my feelings was by taking a shower before crawling into bed and going to sleep before Jake came in.

The apartment was calm and quiet, and it felt like a

safe space from what I was going through. However, as soon as I walked into the apartment, my phone started to ring, and I looked down to see Dr. Rogers's number on my phone. I wasn't quite sure why he was calling me, especially at this particular time of night, but I knew it couldn't be that important. If it was, he would leave a message.

Before I even finished gathering my clothes for a shower, my phone was buzzing once more, this time to let me know that I had a voicemail. It still showed Dr. Rogers's number, and it made me wonder what could possibly be wrong. Pulling up my voicemail, I braced myself for the message that was waiting for me.

"Hey, it's Dr. Rogers," repeated the recorded message. "I just wanted to follow up on our conversation that we had before you left. If you would please give me a callback, I would love to clear up the air between the two of us. Thanks, and I guess I'll see you tomorrow at work." The phone beeped, indicating the end of the message, and I sighed as I shook my head, not sure what I was going to do.

What if he was telling the truth? What if Jake was truly cheating on me and he was trying to tell me as politely as possible? I was touched by the fact that he was looking out for me, but I was still hurting and scared. Why did everyone in my life betray me in this way?

The shower was enough to take my mind off everything, and I sighed as I sat down in the bathtub, allowing the water to pour down onto my body. It was comforting and made me forget all about my pain until I felt the water grow cold and knew that I had been in the shower too long. With nothing better to do, I turned off the water and reached for my towel until I noticed my phone was waiting for me.

My phone was blinking with a text message, and I sighed when I saw it was Jake. He said that he had to meet up with a colleague and wouldn't be home until later that night. This was all the confirmation I needed to know that there was something wrong with Jake, and I decided that I was going to go to Dr. Rogers the following morning to tell him the truth about everything, including my feelings for him. It would be better than letting Jake play me the way he was.

"**Y**ou're early," Dr. Rogers said when he opened the door the following morning and smiled at me. "I was almost afraid that you wouldn't come after what happened yesterday." I winced as I stared at him in confusion, trying my best to not feel offended by the way he was behaving.

"Of course I came," I replied, unable to help the soft chuckle that escaped me. "This is my job, and I kind of have to come to work." When he didn't respond right away, I quickly made my way over to the desk, hoping that the conversation was over even though he said it was like there was a lot more that we needed to talk about.

"So how was your meeting with the wedding planner?" he asked, sounding genuinely curious since he spoke. "The way the two of you were talking yesterday made your meeting sound pretty important." I frowned as I stared at him in confusion, trying to figure out what he was talking about.

Technically speaking, yes, the meeting with the wedding planner was pretty important, but that was by

definition. It didn't exactly feel like a meeting with my mom's divorce lawyer or anything else along these lines. Instead, it felt like we were just trying to finish up last-minute details before the wedding in a month. After considering all this, I shrugged my shoulders, still trying to figure out what exactly he was doing.

"It was pretty good," I replied after a long silence. "We were just confirming a few final minute details for the wedding, but it wasn't anything too stressful or important. Why do you ask?" Dr. Rogers shrugged his shoulders and gave a gentle smile.

"Just asking," he reassured me. "Though I did find it a bit weird that Jake came back to town at three in the morning and ended up staying over for the night." My jaw dropped as I stared at him in disbelief, trying to process everything that he had just said.

Of course, I didn't intend to stay up all night, especially since I had work the next morning. I was in bed by ten o'clock at night, and, when I woke up that morning, it was six, long after Jake usually left for work, and I hadn't given it much thought. At least not until Dr. Rogers brought it up just then...

Everything seemed to be falling apart around me, and I didn't have anyone I could turn to. Rachel was still off with Paul, and we weren't exactly on speaking terms at that time. Jake was possibly sneaking around behind my back, and I had no way of confirming it, with the exception of Dr. Rogers's words. I could possibly talk to Mrs. Rogers and Dr. Rogers about it, but it didn't seem right to ask them if their son was cheating on me, especially not Mrs. Rogers, who was always sticking up for her son and telling me how to live my life. The only one I could possibly talk to was the one feeding me rumors

and driving the stake through the heart of my relationship.

"I know you probably don't want to hear about it from me, but I already know his mom is working with him to try to hide it from you," he said as he leaned against the front desk, and he sounded sympathetic as he spoke. "I don't like what they're actually trying to do to you, and I wanted to help you, even though I wasn't exactly sure how." I nodded my head as I lowered my gaze, wishing that I could disappear and never look back.

"That's a lot to take in," I said as I tried to process everything he had told me. "I don't even know what to say." He sighed as he clasped his hands in front of me and shook his head.

"I'll tell you what," he said, as he allowed a smile to spread across his face. "Why don't you take a paid day off and go home? I don't think it's fair to make you work while all this is going on." As much as I wanted to agree and just go back to the apartment so that when Jake got home, I would be ready for the conversation. I found myself shaking my head, unable to control myself.

"I don't want to be alone right now," I told him, the words rushing from my mouth before I could even stop them. "If I'm going to be dealing with the fact that my fiancé is cheating on me, then I want to be with somebody that I actually like and care about." He looked confused as he raised an eyebrow at me, and I realized it was a bit too late that he may not even know what I was talking about.

"And just who are you referring to?" he asked, sounding as confused as he looked. I giggled as I shook my head, realizing that it was better to not drag things out any longer than I already had.

Rather than responding with words, I rose to my feet,

closed the distance between us, and pressed my lips to his, capturing him in my desperate embrace. Despite the fact that I felt that it was a bit too soon to be doing anything along these lines, especially since Jake and I were still technically together, everything felt right, and I couldn't help but sigh as I gave him the kiss, both embarrassed and amazed at how bold I was being when admitting that I had a crush on him.

He didn't try to push me away or anything along those lines. Instead, he actually gave him a kiss and wrapped his arms around me, holding me closer than I even thought possible as a soft groan escaped him. Before too long, he finally released me and stared into my eyes with a look of satisfaction.

"Well, I wasn't expecting that," he admitted with a gentle smile. "Was it everything you expected? Or do you regret doing that?" I scoffed and shook my head, amazed that he was being so calm about the fact that, even though I was engaged to his stepson, I was clearly in love with him.

"It was even better than I imagined," I reassured him. "I just don't know how I'm going to break things off with Jake."

By the time Jake arrived home that night, I had paced around the apartment so many times that I felt like an animal in a tight cage, aggressive and ready to burst at any second. I had completely made up my mind that I was going to call things off with Jake, but I didn't plan on telling him anything about what had happened between his stepdad and me. After all, if he found out that I had a crush on his stepdad, he would have assumed that I was cheating on him as long as he had been cheating on me, and I didn't want that, especially since it wasn't true.

I knew that it wasn't going to be easy, especially since Jake was the type of person who wasn't easily persuaded to give up. I knew that I was going to have to tell him that I knew about him being with his ex, and I knew that I was going to have to tell him that his stepdad was the one who told me. It was already going to be awkward enough explaining why his stepdad had told me about his secret affair with his ex, but I wasn't going to give into any arguments that he started because of it all.

"Oh you're up," he said, a bit surprised when he

showed up at midnight that night. "I thought you would have been in bed by now since you had work in the morning." I took a deep breath and forced myself to smile as I rose up off the couch and stared him down, bracing myself for the worst of the conversation yet to come.

"Actually, I don't work tomorrow," I reassured him as I crossed my arms, trying to build up the courage that I had just moments before he walked through the door. "That's not the point, though. I wanted to talk to you about something pretty important." I saw a look of panic on his face and he immediately shook his head.

"Can we talk about it tomorrow?" he asked, sounding a bit worried as he spoke. "I have some things that I have to do before I go to work tomorrow morning." I raised an eyebrow as I stared him down.

"You mean meeting up with your ex and staying out all night?" I asked, and I watched the color drain from his face as my worst fears were confirmed.

The look on his face said it all and I felt bad for having ever doubted Dr. Rogers. It was clear that he had only been looking out for me from the start, and the guilt from having wanted him to be wrong was more than I could bear at that exact moment. I felt stupid for thinking that Jake had never cheated on me and that there was a logical explanation for it all, but now that I had received my confirmation, I was overcome with emotion.

"How did you know about Claire and me?" he asked, not even bothering to deny it the way I thought he would. "The only one who knew was mom and..." He paused as the realization dawned on him, and he gave me a dirty look. "Did Sean put you up to this?" I scoffed as I started to shake my head, tears already streaming down my face.

"I don't think that's the question you should be

asking," I corrected, surprised that he was already trying to turn the conversation around on me. "How long have the two of you been going on it? Since we got together? Or was it only recent?" He started to reply, but he stopped halfway, letting the words die on his lips as he stared blankly at me.

"I want to know how you found out," he insisted, as he crossed his arms, staring at me like a defiant child. "Who told you about Claire and me?" I narrowed my eyes as I stared at him, growing even more annoyed by the second.

"Wrong answer," I replied stubbornly, refusing to let him play me the way he was. "You've been cheating on me and I deserve to know for how long and why." He continued to stare blankly at me for a long time when he finally shrugged his shoulders and shook his head in defeat.

"Six months now," he finally admitted, and my jaw dropped as I stared at him in this belief, but the bad news had only just begun. "She came to me and told me that she was pregnant with her ex's baby, but she didn't want anything to do with him. So, I started supporting and comforting her until eventually, she asked me to help her with the baby. I felt guilty because breaking up with her put her in the situation with her ex, and I decided that it was the least I could do considering everything I had done to her." Tears were streaming down my face before I could even stop them, and there was no point in trying to stop them once they started.

"So rather than talking to me about it and getting my input as your fiance, you decided that it was okay for you to just start screwing your ex so that everybody assumed that the baby was yours?" I asked the words, leaving a sour taste on my tongue as they left my mouth. When he didn't

say anything, I shook my head once more, still trying to process everything he had just admitted to. "Did you ever think about what I would say about the situation? Did you ever consider my feelings?" He scoffed as he rolled his eyes, and I saw the mocking smile spread across his face before the words left his mouth.

"You didn't need to know because it was none of your business," he snapped angrily, and I felt his words cutting deeply into my soul as he spat at me. "This had nothing to do with you in the first place, and the fact that you're making this more about you and how you're the victim in this situation is exactly why I didn't talk to you in the first place. I knew that you were going to blow everything out of proportion just like you are right now, and I couldn't have you putting Claire through that much stress because, if she had lost the baby, I would have sued you." It felt as though my heart had turned to stone as I stared at him in disbelief.

"What's this wedding being planned for you and me or for her?" I asked, finally giving in to the hopelessness that was washing over me. He paused for a moment, seeming completely caught off guard by my question, and I had my answer without having to hear it. "Well, congratulations... I hope she wrecks your life the same way you wrecked mine." With that, I picked up the suitcase I had packed, put my engagement ring on the counter, and started towards the door, pausing for the briefest of moments before opening the door. "Goodbye, Jake." The door slammed shut behind me, leaving me broken and alone in the hallway of the apartment complex, and I let the tears stream down my face as I headed towards the lobby to wait for the taxi that would be taking me away from here.

"Who is it?" I called out when I heard the knock on my hotel room door. On the other hand, I heard a faint chuckle.

"It's your boss," called out the voice of Dr. Rogers from the other side of the door. "Who else are you expecting?" I giggled as I shook my head and opened the door, allowing Dr. Rogers to walk into my hotel room with the box of pizza he was carrying.

Truth be told, I wasn't expecting anybody. I didn't think that Dr. Rogers cared enough whenever I called out of work that morning and told him that I wasn't able to come in because of the argument I had gotten into with Jake. The last thing I wanted was to be around anybody, so I had taken a decent amount of money from my bank account, which, thankfully, didn't have Jake's name on it, otherwise he probably would have pulled exactly what my mom did with Rachel the previous year, and checked into a hotel room while I waited to hear back from Rachel and Paul.

The only other person I had told about the situation

was Nancy, one of my best friends since elementary school. She was the one who had set me up with Jake shortly after Rachel ran off with Paul, and she had been supportive every step of the way as I tried to deal with my mom and everything else going on. The last thing I expected was for her to be so supportive when I told her that Jake was cheating on me with Claire, especially when she decided that she was going to help me get out of the apartment and move in with her if need be.

"I brought you dinner," said Dr. Rogers, as he held up the pizza box that he had been carrying. "You still like pineapple on your pizza, right?" I smiled sadly as I nodded my head, amazed at how calm he was about the situation, especially since I was certain that Jake had confronted him about telling me about his affair with Claire.

"You didn't have to do that, but I do appreciate it," I replied as I sat down on the bed. Seeing that he had paused after putting the pizza box down on the bed next to me, I patted the soft mattress. "Go ahead and have a seat, make yourself at home. It's the least I can do for you after you helped me realize I was about to make the biggest mistake of my life." He sighed and shook his head, and I had a feeling that something worse was going on for him.

"Actually, you're going to have to eat the pizza on your own," he said, with a sad smile on his face. "I need to go figure out what I'm going to do from here since I can't really go home right now." Immediately, I knew what he meant and lowered my gaze, feeling even more embarrassed than I already was.

"You got into a fight with Jake and his mom, didn't you?" I asked before looking up at him just in time to see him nod his head in response. Immediately, I felt terrible

for having ruined his relationship with his wife and stepson. "I'm so sorry for everything. If you had kept your mouth shut, I'm pretty sure you wouldn't be suffering the same way I am." He scoffed as he waved a hand dismissively at me.

"Don't worry about it," he reassured me. "Truth be told, things weren't exactly going to work out with Jake's mom and I. She found out that I had a crush on somebody else and kept getting insecure and thinking that I was going to run off with them and leave her behind. This was just a straw that broke the camel's back." Tilting my head to the side, I stared at him in confusion.

"Do I know who this person is?" I asked, teasing him a little with the high-pitched sound of my voice. "Or should I be jealous of somebody I haven't even met?" He laughed and sat down right next to me, the heat radiating from his body as he pressed his lips to my forehead.

"Does that answer your question?" he asked, sounding genuinely curious as he spoke. "Or do I need to strip you down to ravish you here on the bed just to prove how much I care about you?" I giggled and nodded toward the pizza box that was sitting off to my right.

"How about, rather than worrying about where you're going to go tonight, you sit down and join me for dinner?" I asked, unable to help myself. "I don't know about you, but I can't finish a whole pizza by myself. Not only that, I think it's the least I can do after everything you've done for me." When he didn't respond right away, I laid my head down on his shoulder and whispered gently into his ear. "You don't even have to worry about where you're going to go tonight. You can stay right here in the hotel room with me until you make up your mind on what you're going to do next." Before I could finish my sentence,

he wrapped his arm around me and drew me into his lap, almost pulling me into his lap as he smiled at me.

"I guess there's no harm in staying one night," he agreed, with a husky voice. "I wouldn't expect to get any sleep tonight, though I've had way too many cups of coffee today and I don't think I'll be able to sleep at all." With that, the two of us started laughing, and I felt his hand rest gently on my lap before slowly making its way up toward my hips to tease the rest of my body.



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