



Addicted to Him
TRILOGY

IF MY BEST FRIEND FINDS OUT
I'M DATING HER DAD,
I COULD LOSE MORE
THAN JUST OUR FRIENDSHIP.

Excite
ME

EMILIA ROSE

EXCITE ME

FREE FIRST FOUR CHAPTERS

EMILIA ROSE

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“**Y**our pussy’s so fucking tight, baby,” Mason mumbled into my ear. His forearms were posted on either side of my head, and he pulled me close to him as he pumped into me. Locks of his blond hair stuck to his sweaty forehead.

“Oh, Mason,” I whispered, closing my eyes. I wrapped my thighs around his waist, pushed a hand between my legs, and rubbed small circles around my clit to try to get off.

But before I could even get myself close, Mason pinned my wrists above my head with one hand, refusing to let me touch myself when he could be the one to do it himself. He pushed his hand between my legs, his fingers hitting my dry clit and making my legs jerk up.

All I wanted to do was scream out in pain, but I didn’t say anything to him about it because the last time I did... he refused to touch me like this for months. He told me that he knew exactly what he was doing and that me pointing this out to him was me *ridiculing* him.

I squeezed my eyes closed, trying to think of something that could make me the slightest bit wet as his cock slammed into my raw pussy over and over again. My mind wandered from Mason’s best friend to the cute guy at the Mickey’s Coffee Shop to my own damn college professor, yet none of them made this any better.

My pussy was dry, stinging, and raw. And I just wanted this night to be over.

So I said what I always did when I didn't want to have sex with Mason anymore. "Cum inside of me, Mason." I dug my nails into his back, pretending like I was enjoying him. "Fill my tight little pussy with all of your cum."

Mason grabbed my waist, his thumbs digging harshly into my side. I clenched on him—I *made* myself clench on him—and sucked in a breath. "Oh, just like that. Please, I need it," I begged. After a couple moments, he tensed, his hips seizing, and groaned into my ear. I grasped onto his shoulders, feeling his thick cum pump inside of me.

I laid on the bed, stared up at the plain boring ceiling, and felt Mason roll off of me and onto his side. With one forearm over his face and the other limp by his side, he muttered, "Damn, baby."

"Wow," I said, lips set in a tense line. "That was amazing." My words sounded so lifeless because, well, they were. Another night of sex with Mason only to be disappointed. I didn't know why I continued to get my hopes up that one day I wouldn't have to perform in bed. After five years with him, I had only cum from him a handful of times and... I blew out a deep breath... I couldn't even remember when the last time was.

Despite all the bad things about Mason in bed, there was a bright side to this mess. He'd be snoring in three... two... His breathing evened out, and he let out a throaty snore. I sighed and pushed a hand under the sheets. If Mason couldn't get me off, I knew what could.

My body relaxed against the bed, and I did what I did every night. I closed my eyes, letting the dark consume me, and thought of the hottest man I knew.

My best friend's father.

It was wrong. It was so wrong, but God, did it feel right. Thinking of him always felt right.

Yesterday, when he was fixing up the yard, dressed in one of his grey v-necks, his sleeves tight against his biceps. I took a deep breath, my pussy clenching. When he tugged his shirt over his head... A wave of pleasure rolled through me. It was... it was enough to drive me wild.

All I wanted was for his face to be buried deep between my legs, his eyes gazing up at me, his hot mouth all over my pussy, eating me until I had cum more than once. I knew that he'd do it too. I knew that he'd finish me over and over again. That man wasn't a quitter. He'd fuck me until I couldn't walk, and... I would let him, if I ever had the chance.

I had thought about Mr. Bryne way too many times. It was embarrassing to think that my best friend's father could affect me more than my boyfriend ever had. And hell, Mr. Bryne had never even touched me.

Two of my fingers slipped into my pussy, sliding in and out so easily. I pounded them deeper, imagining that it was Michael Bryne's big cock jamming into my tight hole, imagining him above me, imagining my fingers curling into his back, my back arching, my pussy pulsing all on him.

My palm hit my clit with every thrust, making the pressure build higher and higher in my core. I arched my back, pinched my nipple between two fingers, and bit my lip hard so I wouldn't scream his name.

Wave after wave of pleasure pumped through me, and my whole body tingled. Another earth-shattering orgasm, lying in Mason's bed, fantasizing about an older man. I pulled my fingers out of my pussy, wiped them across my thigh, and turned onto my side to look at my very *lovely* boyfriend.

Mason was turned away from me with drool dripping from his lips. Even in his sleep, his muscles were tense. I frowned at his back, a wave of guilt washing over me. Part of me wished Mason had given me the orgasm so I wouldn't feel this bad about cumming to a fantasy about my friend's father.

But what was even worse was that part of me didn't care at all. Every night he didn't try to make me cum, I cared less and less about him. I even toyed with the idea of breaking up with him, but—I shook my head and

turned to my side—I couldn't.

Mason turned toward me, wrapped an arm around my waist, and brushed his nose against my neck, snoring into my ear. I closed my eyes. I couldn't break up with him. We'd been together for almost five years. So many memories. So many good times. So much I had to make up for.

My phone buzzed on the dresser, and I hopped up to see a goodnight text from Mom. I smiled at the little <3 instead of a heart emoji and promised her that I'd come see her at the hospital early Monday morning. She texted me back quickly with, "*Hope you and Mason are good xx You two seemed off today.*"

I sighed and put my phone back down, climbing back into our bed. We had been off for the past two years, but I never told Mom that, not when she was in her state.

At least I could relax for the next couple of days at Melissa's for our girls' weekend. There would be booze, boyfriend-free conversation, a pool to go skinny dipping in at four in the morning, and of course—the only reason I was really going—Mr. Bryne.

I bounced up and down on my toes, pulling Mason up the white-paved sidewalk toward Melissa's house. The house was bigger than the average home, two floors, about five thousand square feet, surrounded by acres of woods.

"You're really excited," Mason said, a tinge of jealousy in his voice. The wind blew softly, his golden locks falling onto his forehead. "Why don't you ever get this excited for me?"

After plastering a fake smile on my face, I looked over at him. "I always get this excited for you," I said. He grimaced and even rolled his eyes. "And besides, I haven't hung out with Melissa and Serena in so long. I've been working and visiting Mom. It's about time I got to spend a couple nights gossiping about you." I playfully poked his stomach, trying to get him to smile.

"Talk about me or all the guys in my frat you want to fuck?"

My eyes widened, and I stopped just before we walked into the house. "What're you talking about?" I asked, brows drawn together.

He stared at me, nostrils flared and jaw clenched. What was his problem? He shook his head and grasped the door handle. "Forget it."

I pulled his hand away and stared at him. "Forget what? What did I do?" I asked, reluctantly leaving out the *this-time* part that I desperately wanted to

add.

His jaw twitched. “You don’t remember?” he asked, glaring down at me. “You fucking mumble their names in your sleep. Every night I wake up to you moaning about someone else.”

Mumble people’s names in my sleep? I barely slept last night. After narrowing my eyes at him, I crossed my arms over my chest. “Whose name did I say?” I asked, testing him. Mason was a deep sleeper. If he didn’t wake up when I turned my vibrator on full blast, he wouldn’t wake up from me mumbling names in my sleep.

“Victor.”

I raised my brows. “Victor? As in Melissa’s boyfriend?” That man was a total man-whore who only got girls because he had money. If that boy was poor, he’d have to beg for a woman’s attention. A disrespectful sleazeball. Not my type. “I wasn’t dreaming of him last night,” I said, placing my hand on my hips. “Why would you even think that, Mason? He’s your best friend and my best friend’s boyfriend.”

He shook his head again, one of his many annoyed expressions crossing his face. “Forget it,” he said. Then he walked into the house, not bothering to hold the door open for me, leaving me behind.

I stared at the glass door, lips pinched into a tight line, foot tapping against the concrete sidewalk. This fucking man. I had done nothing. Absolutely nothing. And he thought he could—

“The door isn’t going to open itself,” someone said from behind me. I stood up straighter, my cheeks tinting red, and turned on my heel to meet the piercing gaze of the one and only Mr. Bryne.

He twirled his car keys around his index finger and raised his brows at me as he walked up the sidewalk to the front door. Dressed in a fitted dress shirt, he had his suit jacket slung over his shoulder and his briefcase hanging off the other.

My cheeks flushed even more as I watched his biceps flex through the

thin material. I smiled awkwardly at him, all my hazy fantasies dancing through my mind. *God, Mia, keep it together. Your boyfriend is just inside the house. Don't want him thinking you have a crush on Melissa's father now.*

"Good evening, Mia," Mr. Bryne said, my name rolling off his full lips like it had a million times since high school. He grasped the door handle and pulled the door open, gesturing for me to enter.

I grasped the handle, my fingers brushing against his long ones. "Hi, Mr. Bryne." My fingers tingled at the contact, and I gulped. It felt like years since I had seen him, but it only had been a few weeks. In high school, I'd see him every day, but now that we were in college, I only saw him when Melissa wanted to use his pool for a few days. So I hopped on any chance I had to come over.

We stepped into the foyer. "You're staying over this weekend?" he asked, lips parted ever so slightly as he stared down at me.

I clenched, imagining those full lips trailing down my neck, his fingers slipping into my underwear, his cock pressing against my entrance. "Yep," I said, hiking my backpack up my shoulders.

He curled his lips into a small smirk, his eyes growing wide and... playful. "Well, I hope you girls have fun." His gaze flickered down my body for a mere moment, and my cheeks flushed. *Stop it, Mia. He's probably just... looking at the carpet.* He leaned toward me. "If you need me for *anything*, Mia, you know where to find me." Then he hiked the strap of his briefcase higher up his shoulder and walked up the stairs, his hand briefly brushing against mine as he passed.

His suit pants were tight against his as—

"Mia!" Melissa called from downstairs. I took a deep breath, pushing away my dirty thoughts, and walked downstairs where Melissa was talking to Victor, Damien, and Mason on the couch. When she saw me, she hopped up from her seat and grabbed my hand. "I'm so excited for this weekend! We

can finally relax and not in the danky old apartment.”

Serena pulled a couple bottles of tequila off Mr. Bryne’s downstairs bar and walked to the couch, sitting next to Damien. “You guys staying for a drink?”

Victor looked at his phone. “Party doesn’t start for a few hours. Pre-game?”

Victor, Damien, and Mason were all part of the same college frat, Sigma Alpha Elision or whatever the hell it was called. They threw ridiculously huge parties every weekend where everyone either got smashed, got fucked, ended up in the hospital, or a bit of all three. I had been to one too many and was getting tired of it.

The guys stayed for an hour, finishing a whole bottle of tequila by themselves. I watched Mason drink one drink after another and thanked the gods above that I wouldn’t have to deal with his ass after the party tonight.

I sipped on my glass, the alcohol making me woozy. Mr. Bryne walked downstairs, still in his damn suit. He grabbed a glass, sighed through his nose, his back muscles relaxing, and poured himself a drink.

Damien stood up from the couch, placing the bottle on a side table and checking his phone. “You guys ready to get fucked up?”

I rolled my eyes, taking a deep breath through my nose, and watched Damien kiss Serena goodbye and Victor hug Melissa. Mason nodded his head at me like I was one of his friends and squeezed my shoulder.

No kiss on the lips. Just a measly shoulder squeeze and a half-hearted goodbye. I stared at his departing frame, a frown stretching across my face. The front door shut behind the guys, and Melissa laughed. “They’re going to get plastered tonight.” She grabbed her glass and a bottle of wine, nodding toward the stairs to her bedroom. “Come on. Let’s go.”

Serena popped up after her, following her toward her bedroom. I sighed, feeling bad that Mason showed absolutely no ounce of affection toward me anymore, and stood up.

Mr. Bryne glanced over at me, his biceps flexing. I looked at him for a moment longer than I should've. He didn't break eye contact with me, just turned around and leaned against the bar.

Grabbing my drink from the table, I begged myself to look at his face and his face only. *Nowhere else, Mia.* Not at those lips curled into a smirk. Not at his biceps still flexing. Not at the bulge in his pants.

I sipped my glass and stared over at him. His eyes were deep, blue, and playful again. "Is there something wrong, Mia?" he asked, voice low. I parted my lips, unable to form any coherent words.

Mason. Think about Mason.

But all I could think about was Mr. Bryne placing me on the bar counter and fucking me senseless. His full lips all over my body. His teeth biting softly into my neck. His fingers—those long fingers—rubbing my clit the way I did every night.

"Mia!" Melissa shouted from the bedroom. "Are you coming?"

I blinked a few times and stepped to the side, trying to think clearly. Then, without another word, I walked past him.

"It's not my place to say anything," Mr. Bryne said before I walked up the stairs. I stopped and looked back. He paused for a moment and stared back at me. "Your boyfriend."

"What about Mason?"

His tongue glided against his teeth, his jaw clenching. "He should treat you better."

After staring at him for a few moments more, I nodded my head and walked up the stairs, taking deep breaths to calm myself down. "He should," I whispered to myself.



MELISSA ROLLED ONTO HER STOMACH, typing about a million miles an hour

on her phone with her lips curled into a small smile. It was almost three in the morning, and Serena was passed out on the couch in Melissa's room, and I was trying to sleep.

Her phone brightness must've been turned all the way up because I could see it through my damn closed eyes. I opened one eye, squinting so I didn't go blind, and stared at the door. Maybe if I got something to drink or went to the bathroom or told her I couldn't sleep, she'd get the hint and turn it off.

The hallway light suddenly turned on, and I opened my other eye, listening to Mr. Bryne's footsteps out in the hallway. *Control yourself, Mia. You don't have to go out there. Just tell Melissa that you're tired and hope that she'd turn off her phone.*

"Jeez, Victor is still awake?" I asked.

Melissa's blue eyes widened, and she dimmed her phone screen. "Sorry. Yeah, that boy can drink until sunrise."

I gave her a half-hearted smile and turned onto my side, gazing at my phone that had zero—and I mean zero—messages from Mason. I texted him earlier—quite a few times—only for him to ignore every single one of them. After sighing to myself, I gazed back out at the light blaring under the door from the hallway.

Relax, Mia.

Melissa continued typing away, her blue manicured nails clacking against the screen. "I'm going to the bathroom," I said, scrambling out of bed and sneaking into the hallway. I closed the door and wandered down the hallway, past the bathroom, and over to the living room sliding glass door.

I walked out onto the deck and sat on one of the plush blue patio seats. A slight breeze blew through the woods, giving me goosebumps on my exposed legs. I rested into the seat and gazed down by the pool where Mr. Bryne was sitting by the fireplace. His back was turned toward me, his muscles rippling against his white t-shirt.

"God," I whispered, taking a deep breath. What was I even doing out

here? It was late.

So damn late.

With his phone pressed to his ear, I listened to him sigh softly. My heart pounded against my chest, all those dirty little fantasies coming to my mind. I closed my eyes. *Control, Mia. Remember what we were talking about earlier?*

For the first time tonight, I listened to him speak to the person on the other end, his voice deep and gruff. I squeezed my knees together and rubbed my palm against my thigh. *Don't think about it.*

I grinded my thighs together, hoping for some kind of friction. He paused for a few moments, said a couple more words, then stood up. "Fuck," I whispered under my breath, bucking my hips against the patio chair. "Fuck me."

He walked around the pool, the moonlight bouncing off his tan skin. I stared down at him, slipping a hand between my legs. This was the one and only time I'd touch myself at his house. It wouldn't happen again. I was just really, really stressed and horny and... God, he looked so damn good in those sweatpants.

I rubbed myself through my shorts. I'd only do it for a few moments. Not any longer. Not... my fingers brushed against my clit... fucking... a wave of pleasure shot through me... longer...

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and rubbed my fingers even faster against my core. The pressure was rising inside of me, and all I could imagine were his rough hands all over my body, his soft lips brushing against mine as he told me all the things he had been wanting to do to me. I stifled a moan, so close to cumming.

When I reopened my eyes to gaze at him—knowing it would tip me over the edge—he had turned in my direction, but he hadn't looked up. At least, I hope he hadn't.

Though I wanted to stop myself so he couldn't have a chance to catch me,

I continued. My pussy was pulsing, aching for a sweet release because I hadn't felt this good in so long. But when Mr. Bryne glanced up at the deck, I froze. Quickly, he gazed back down at the pool, watching the moonlight glimmer off of it, and I rubbed my pussy faster, hoping I could cum in the .02 seconds when he looked away. Maybe he didn't see me.

But... he clicked the phone off and looked back up. "Mia," he said, staring up at the deck. "What're you doing up? It's almost three in the morning."

I leaned forward, trying not to make it obvious that I was indeed touching myself to him out here. "I... uhm..." I stood up; my nipples pressed hard against my crop top. I leaned over the edge of the deck, resting my forearms on the ledge. A slight wind blew again, my loose orange crop top blowing with it. "I couldn't sleep."

He paused for a moment, his jaw clenching so slightly. He stood directly below, looking up at me. And there wasn't a doubt in my mind that he could see right up my shirt. My pussy clenched even harder at the thought of Mr. Bryne seeing me naked and actually enjoying the view.

"Neither could you, huh?" I asked, trying to ease the tension.

He paused for a moment. "Come down here," he said.

"Me?" I asked stupidly, my cheeks flaming. "I don't know—Melissa will probably come looking for me."

"Come down here," he said again without giving me room to argue.

I hurried back inside, leaving the deck sliding door ajar, and walked down the stairs to the pool. Mr. Bryne met me at the bottom and handed me a glass of wine. I grabbed it from him, brushing my fingers against his. The mere feeling of his fingers on mine drove me wild, and I scurried to the patio to sit across from him.

My gaze landed on the pool as I sipped my wine and tried to stop my cheeks from flushing. When I glanced over at him, his gaze flickered to my tits. His jaw clenched, and he looked away, taking a deep breath.

Was Mr. Bryne... checking me out? I shifted in my seat, trying to suppress the ache between my legs, but with every moment, that ache was intensifying. Maybe he was just wondering why I wasn't wearing a bra or how I must be so damn cold out here.

His phone buzzed on the chair next to him. He gazed down at it and sipped his wine, sighing through his nose. "You should get that," I said quietly.

He turned his phone over and shut it off. "I can't talk to her again."

"Her?" I asked.

"Melissa's mother," he said, rubbing his forehead. Melissa spent tons of time at her mother's house, but she never brought me, and she never told me what had happened between them years ago. All I knew was that one night Mr. Bryne and Melissa's mother got into a huge fight, and Melissa came over to my house crying.

I frowned and sipped my wine, pressing my knees together. His gaze dropped to my legs, and my breath caught in the back of my throat. I took another gulp of my wine, bucking my hips. It happened almost instinctively, and my pussy clenched even harder.

Mr. Bryne pressed his lips together, sipped his drink, and stared at the ground near my legs. I moved my hips against the chair again, grinding them back and forth, not being about to stop myself. It was three in the morning, this wine was strong as hell, and I was horny.

"Mia," he said quietly.

"Yes, Mr. Bryne," I said, grasping the sides of the chair.

His gaze drifted to my tits again and to the way my nipples pressed hard against the material. He clenched his jaw and rubbed his leg with his hand. "You should probably go to bed," he said quietly.

I stared at him with wide eyes, my cheeks flushing. My lips parted, then I pressed them back together. "But..."

"But?" he asked, struggling to keep eye contact with me.

“But I’m not tired,” I said before I could stop myself. His jaw twitched, his eyes hardening. The way he was trying not to stare only made me more excited. I couldn’t resist moving my hips harder against the seat.

“Well...” He swallowed hard, placed his glass on the table, and stood. “I’m going to head up.” He walked over to me, squeezed my shoulder from behind—his touch inviting—then said, “Don’t worry about staying quiet out here.”

I tensed and stared down at my thighs. What did he mean by that? Wh—

“Goodnight, Mia.” He opened the sliding glass door then disappeared behind it. My eyes stayed glued to my thighs, brows drawn together. When I knew he was out of sight, I pushed my hand down my pants and rubbed my aching clit.

The pressure had built so high in my core that I didn’t need much to get me going. What... did Mr. Bryne... Fuck, I was so close to letting him watch me touch myself, so close to letting *him* touch *me*.

He was tempted. He was staring. He wanted it. And all I wanted was for him to come over. My pussy clenched harder. For him to strip off his pants. The pressure rose in my core. For him to fuck me senseless. I arched my back lightly, my legs starting to tremble.

I bit my lip hard, trying to be as quiet as I could. I slipped my hand under my shirt and pinched one of my nipples, and a loud moan escaped my lips before I could stop it. I slapped a hand over my mouth, threw my head back, and rode out my orgasm.

And when I had finally come down from it, I listened to the sliding glass door on the deck close and watched Mr. Bryne walk deeper into the dark house.

I yawned and turned onto my side. The sunlight filed in through the window. I blinked my eyes open, smelling the bitter scent of coffee drifting into the room. Melissa and Serena were gone, the bedroom door ajar. I pushed the blankets off of me and padded out into the hallway, following the sweet scent of breakfast.

“It’s about time,” Melissa said from the kitchen table. She and Serena were chatting over a box of donuts. Mr. Bryne was leaning against the counter with a coffee mug in his hand and a pair of tight gray sweatpants around his hips.

He gazed over at me, lips curled into the smallest of smirks. I gulped and avoided eye contact with him, my heart racing in my chest. Something about that damn gaze of his made me think that he really did watch me from the deck last night and that he *enjoyed* it.

I hurried around the granite kitchen table and sat in a chair, snatching a donut. I yawned again, tiredness washing over me. “What time is it?”

“Almost eleven.” Melissa broke a jelly donut over a napkin and stuffed it into her mouth. “You were up late.”

My eyes widened, hoping that she wouldn’t ask what I was doing. I snuck a glance at Mr. Bryne, who was licking cream from his Boston Cream donut off his lips. He raised a brow at me. “I heard you out by the pool, Mia. What

were you up to?”

I narrowed my eyes at him for a moment, watching his brow arch ever so slightly. If he heard me, then he knew what happened. I pressed my legs together, feeling heat pool between them.

“Were you texting Mason?” Serena asked, gazing down at her phone then staring up at me and waiting for my answer.

“Uhm... yeah.” I bit into my donut. “He wanted to talk last night.”

“Did you two get into a fight?” Mr. Bryne asked, taking another sip of his coffee. “You were being awfully loud.”

My heart raced. Was Mr. Bryne flirting with me... right in front of his daughter?

I clenched at the thought. The nerve this man had excited me, more than it should have. He didn’t care who saw or who heard. “I... we...” I didn’t know how to respond with Melissa and Serena sitting right at the table with me. And, hell, I didn’t know what kind of response he expected from me. Did he want me to flirt back?

I glanced at Serena and Melissa, who were both too occupied with their phones, especially Melissa. “Yes, we did.” Lie. I sat up in my seat, pressed my breasts softly against the table, and gazed over at him. “Was I too loud for you, Mr. Bryne?”

His lips curled into a smirk, eyes growing wide and playful again. For a moment, his gaze dropped to my nipples pressing against the table, then he looked back up at me. “No,” he said, dropping his hand so his coffee mug covered the bulge forming in his sweatpants. “I wanted you to be louder.”

My pussy clenched hard, and I glanced at Serena and Melissa, who seemed to be in their own little worlds. My cheeks flushed, my nipples aching. God, he really was flirting with me.

I leaned back in my seat, the pressure rising in my core. Just like last night, I had the urge to rub one out... but I couldn’t do it now. Not here. Not when Melissa and Serena were sitting at the table with me.

All I wanted was for him to move that coffee mug so I could see what I have been aching to see for a long time now. I furrowed my brows, watching him smirk at me and bring the coffee mug to his lips to sip.

I clenched even harder, my pussy pulsing. God, it was so fucking big. I wanted it inside of me, trying to thrust it into my tight, little hole. Filling me all the way up. Stuffing me full. Making me cum over and over again.

Control, Mia. Control yourself.

Melissa placed her phone face down on the table and stuffed another piece of her donut into her mouth. “What do you guys want to do today?”

Your father.

She finished chewing. “I scheduled a matching mani-pedi for twelve, then the pool?”

Serena agreed, and I just nodded my head along with her. Hell, I didn’t care what we did as long as we came back here. I wanted Mr. Bryne, and I wanted him bad. I hadn’t wanted anyone like I wanted him in a long time... like since Mason and I had started dating.

Melissa hopped up from her seat. “I’m going to take a shower.” She finished her coffee and put her mug into the dishwasher.

Serena sighed and stood, pressing her phone to her ear. “Damien, what do you want? I said it was a girls’ weekend.” She walked right out of the room and left me to stew in front of Mr. Bryne.

After a couple moments, he placed his mug down on the counter and walked over to me. Every step he took, I pressed my knees closer and closer together. His blue eyes were locked onto mine, his lips curled into a smirk.

My pussy was clenched hard when he reached me, my nipples pressing against my top. “Can I help you?” I asked, staring at my bare thighs.

He reached for my chin. “Look at me when you talk,” he said. I stared up at him, my heart pounding in my chest. With one hand grasping onto my chin, he reached his other hand lower, drawing his fingers up the inside of my thigh.

Almost instinctively, I parted my legs for him. I curled my feet around the legs of the chair and hoped that he would feel how wet I was for him. It was beyond wrong. I knew that, but I did it anyway.

Inch by inch, his fingers moved higher up my thigh, and then they hovered right over my wetness. I gulped, my pussy aching, and stared up at him. I parted my lips and tried to get out the word “*please*,” but nothing would come out. I could feel the heat radiating from his fingers.

Please. Please. Please. It was one simple word.

Then, almost as if he wanted to hold himself back, he released my chin and pulled his fingers away from my pussy. I swallowed hard, all those dirty little fantasies escaping me.

“Did you sleep well last night, Mia?”

I leaned forward a couple inches, letting my breasts graze against his bulge. “Is that really what you wanted to ask?”

He chuckled, regaining his composure. “No.” He brushed his fingertips against my inner thigh again, this time rubbing them back and forth in soothing circles, and then... he pressed them hard against my shorts. “I wanted to ask how wet you were for me.” Pushing my shorts to the side, he slipped his fingers under them and rubbed my clit through my underwear. “But I thought it was inappropriate.”

My eyes widened, and I stared up at him. The pressure rose in my core. I grasped the sides of the seat, fingers digging into the wood. Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. He started to rub my pussy, his fingers moving fast against the fabric.

“So I thought I’d see for myself.”

His gaze drifted from my pussy to my tits to my eyes, rubbing me faster. This was wrong. This was so wrong. I clenched, wishing he’d slip a finger under my panties and push it right inside of me.

“Is this what you did last night?” he asked lowly, fingers moving faster. “Touched your wet little pussy out by the pool when I left?”

I gulped and licked my lips, brushing two fingers against my nipples. “You watched me, didn’t you?” I asked.

He chuckled, his lips curling into a smile. “It’s not like you didn’t want me to.” He drew a finger around my nipple, then grasped it between his fingers and tugged on it, shaking my breast up and down. Pleasure rushed through me, and he leaned down, brushing his lips against my ear. “I bet you were thinking about me.” He continued to rub my pussy harder, making the pressure rise in my core. “I bet all you could think about was my cock thrusting inside of you instead of your fingers.”

My gaze dropped to the bulge in his pants, and I furrowed my brows. It was so fucking big. All I wanted was to—

“Go ahead, Mia.” He chuckled lowly into my ear. “Touch it.”

The pressure drove me higher and higher. I reached out, brushing my hand against the front of his pants, and as soon as I did... I came hard.

“Mia!” Melissa yelled. I sighed through my nose, trying to keep quiet and to stop my legs from shaking.

“I’m coming, Melissa.” And I really was.

We got our nails painted, drove two hours both ways to get this dairy-free ice cream that Melissa had been dying for, stopped at a farm on our way home so Serena could take pictures with five little ducklings, and then almost got into a car accident because Melissa phone was buzzing in her lap while she was driving.

It was almost two in the morning when we got home, and both Serena and Melissa were hyped up tonight. They were lying on the bed, kicking their legs back and forth and gossiping. I laid on the couch and stared up at the ceiling, starting to think that maybe a weekend was too long.

“Victor is sooo good! He literally makes me cum every time,” Melissa said, fanning herself. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.

“Damian is just the same way!” Serena said, eyes wide with excitement. “He does this thing with his tongue, and oh my god, I can’t handle it!”

I had been listening to them talk nonstop about their boyfriends for the past ten hours. Which one was better in bed. Which one had a bigger dick. Which one ate pussy better. It was getting damn annoying because Mason, my *lovely* boyfriend, was shit.

“Must be nice,” I said, chiming in for the first time tonight.

“Oh, come on,” Melissa said, sitting up and throwing a pillow at me. “Mason can’t be that bad.”

I raised an eyebrow at her. “We’ve been together for five years and he’s made me cum like five times,” I said, annoyance in my voice. It wasn’t that I cared all about the sex... but I just wanted some effort.

“Are you serious?” Serena asked in disbelief. “I thought you said he always ate you out.”

“He does, but that doesn’t mean he’s good at it.” I rubbed a hand over my face. “I have to fake an orgasm just to get him to stop because it’s so bad.”

Mason wasn’t completely terrible. Sometimes he would hit a spot on my clit and I’d moan.

“You could always find yourself a new man who’ll do you right. What about Victor’s older brother?” Melissa winked at me. “He’s hot.” She fanned herself. “I’ve thought about him way too many times.”

I shook my head in her direction. I didn’t need her trying to set me up with anyone. I needed Mason. He had been with me through all the heartbreak, through Mom’s accident, when Dad left. All of it.

Someone knocked on Melissa’s door. “Yeah?”

The door opened, and Mr. Bryne stuck his head into the room, giving her a pointed look. “It’s almost two in the morning.” He glanced at me, and I tore my gaze away from him and stared at the ceiling. *Don’t think about earlier, Mia. Don’t get yourself into more trouble. You have Mason.* What happened earlier couldn’t happen again. Ever again.

“Sorry, Daddy. We’ll be quiet,” Melissa said.

After he left the room, they turned back to me. “So, should I call Victor’s brother and talk to him for you? Or do you just want me to give you his number and you can do it yourself?”

I bit my lip, making it seem like I was contemplating. “I’ll pass for now, but I’ll keep that in mind,” I said. I wasn’t going to keep that in mind, but I knew if I didn’t tell her, she’d keep bothering me about it.

“Oh, okay,” she said.

They turned back to each other and started back up with the constant *my*

boyfriend is better, no mine, no mine battle they were having. “I’m going to go get something to drink. Do you want me to get you anything?” I asked.

They shook their heads at me and continued to talk about their boyfriends. *Mine’s better. No, mine’s better. Well, mine does—*

I walked out of Melissa’s room and down the hall toward the kitchen. Mr. Bryne was sitting at the table and holding a drink in his hand. I innocently smiled at him and walked over to the cupboard.

I said I wasn’t going to do anything tonight with him, and I wasn’t going to. I just needed some water. That’s all.

I stood on my toes to reach for a glass on the top shelf. My shorts rode up my legs as I stretched out. My fingers just barely grazed against it. I sighed and reach for it again.

Mr. Bryne placed his hand on my lower back, and I jumped. “I’ll get it for you,” he said. Goosebumps darted across my skin at his touch, remembering the way he touched me earlier. His hardness brushed up against my backside as he reached for the cup.

I closed my eyes and clenched. He pushed himself against me harder and finally grabbed the cup. When he placed it on the counter in front of me, he brushed his fingers against mine.

“Thanks,” I breathed out.

“Not a problem,” he said. I could just feel his lips on my ear, his cock slowly pressing itself into my tight pussy, clenching around him. He walked back over to his seat, and I took a deep breath—hoping to regain control of myself. I walked to the sink, swaying my hips just enough to keep his attention, and filled the glass. He sighed. “Mia, we have to stop playing this game.”

I shut off the sink and looked at him. “What are you talking about?”

“You know what I’m talking about,” he said. When I pursed my lips in his direction, he closed his eyes and placed his hand under the table.

I shook my head and smirked. “No, I don’t actually.”

He swore under his breath as his eyes travelled down my body, lingering on my curves. His gaze met mine once more, then he walked over to me. "Let me show you, then." He took the glass out of my hand and placed it on the counter next to us. My heart raced as he roughly pushed me up against the counter and lifted me so I sat on it. He pushed himself between my legs and rubbed his hardness against my throbbing core.

I placed a hand on his chest, feeling the muscle underneath his shirt, and clenched. "Mr. Bryne, I have a boyfriend." But that didn't stop me before... and as bad as it was, it wasn't going to stop me again.

He grabbed the glass of water I had poured, his finger tracing the edge of it. "A boyfriend who can't make you cum," he said. My cheeks flushed. He must've heard the conversation we were having earlier. He pushed his hips closer to mine. "A boyfriend that doesn't excite you anymore." He took one of his hands off of the glass and rubbed it against my shorts like he had this morning. "I bet your boyfriend doesn't make you this wet anymore," he murmured against my ear. I gently squeezed my legs as his fingers brushed against my clit. "You need a man, Mia, not a boy."

My nipples hardened from underneath my shirt as the pressure built in my core. I reached up and pinched them lightly, letting myself enjoy the moment. He kissed below my jaw, and I whimpered.

"I can excite you, Mia," he breathed, placing another kiss on my neck, his fingers toying with my pussy.

"Excite me, then, Mr. Bryne."

"Whatever you say." He smirked then brought the glass of water to his lips and sipped it. I raised an eyebrow at him as he watched me. He licked his lips and moved the glass to my lips, wanting me to take one as well.

This wasn't what I was expecting when he said he was going to excite me. I furrowed my brows. His smirk widened as he pushed the glass closer to my lips. I guess I would go along with it.

I parted my lips and moved them closer to the cup. He tilted the glass,

letting the water spill out of it. He purposely missed my mouth, and the coldness of the water ran down the front of my thin white tank top, making it see through.

“Oops,” he said, gazing down at my chest with hungry grey eyes. “Sorry.” The shirt was plastered up against my hard nipples. His fingers crawled up my body, and he took my nipples gently between his fingers and pulled on them.

I gripped the edge of the counter and threw my head back as heat rushed to my core.

“I’ve been waiting to see these for so long,” he murmured. He dipped his head and grazed his teeth against my wet shirt while he snaked his hands under my shirt to grope my breasts.

He pressed his lips to mine. I dug my fingers into his shoulders and pulled him closer to me, loving the feeling of his hardness against my shorts. “I need you,” I said against him. I didn’t want to fucking wait anymore. I didn’t want to be disappointed night after night after night. I grasped his thick hair in my hand and pulled back just enough to look him in the eyes. “Fuck me, please.”

He undid the button on his pants, unzipped them, and pulled them down just enough to take out his dick. I pushed down my shorts and underwear. He positioned himself at me entrance, rubbed his cock against my wet pussy, and groaned.

And, within a moment, he had thrust into me. My pussy wrapped around his cock, like it had never felt anything so big inside of me, and clenched on him each time he pumped into me.

His gaze traveled from my swollen clit to my wet t-shirt, and he watched my tits bounce as he fucked me. “Harder,” I begged. He wrapped his arms around my knees as he pounded harder inside of me.

I bit my lip to muffle my moans. My legs began trembling in his hands. He tugged on both of my nipples, harshly, and my back arched. I threw my head back and moaned.

“Mia! How long does it take you to get a glass of water?” Melissa yelled from her room. My eyes widened, and I tightened around Mr. Bryne’s hardness.

He covered my mouth with his hand as he continued to thrust into me. Pressure was building in my core again. A few moments later, I heard footsteps down the hall.

I tried to stop Mr. Bryne, but he stayed inside of me. He wrapped my legs around his waist as he picked me up off of the counter, bringing us to the next room—the living room. There wasn’t a door, only a doorway. He kept the light off and placed me down gently behind the couch. Even though the room was dark, I could still see the smirk on his face.

He knelt, lifted my legs in the air, and placed them on his shoulders. My eyes widened. “What are you doing?” I whisper-yelled at him.

“Giving you a damn good time,” he said. He shoved himself into me harder than before, and I arched my back, trying to hold back my moans.

“Mia! Where are you?” Melissa’s footsteps patted around the kitchen. Mr. Bryne pressed his hand to my mouth as he fucked me harder. I moaned into it and gripped the rug underneath me. His fingers teased my nipple through my wet shirt, and I tightened around him.

“Mia?” Melissa called out through the doorway to the living room. Fuck, she was going to find us. Mr. Bryne thrust harder inside of me, his hand trailing down my body to my swollen clit. His fingers massaged circles around it. I bit down hard on my lip, desperately trying to keep quiet.

“Mia?” she said again.

My legs shook as the pressure between my legs became unbearable. She walked out of the kitchen, and I threw my head back and moaned into Mr. Bryne’s hand.

My lips parted. Oh my God. Wave after wave after wave of pleasure pumped out of me. He smirked down at me and pulled himself out.

When I had finally come down from my orgasm, he laid down next to

me, pulled me on top of him—placing my pussy near his face—wrapped his hand in my hair, and forced my head onto his cock.

I swirled my tongue around his cock, tasting my juices, and slowly took him all the way down my throat. He pressed my head down further for me to take more of his huge dick. I bobbed my head up and down on his length, and he began thrusting his cock into my mouth.

“Mia!” Serena yelled.

“Mia! Where’d you go?” Melissa called.

My eyes widened, and I stopped sucking.

“Don’t fucking stop,” Mr. Bryne mumbled against my pussy. He flicked my clit with his tongue and forced me back down onto him. “I wanna see your tits bounce as you suck my cock.”

He bobbed my head up and down on his cock, harder than before.

Their footsteps approached the kitchen.

I gagged on him as he hit the back of my throat. He brushed one of his hands against my breasts, took my nipple between his fingers, and twisted. Holy—

“Mia!” Serena yelled.

I sucked harder on his cock as he continued pleasuring my clit and nipple. His tongue made quicker circles on my clit, and I knotted my eyebrows together, unsure if I would be able to hold myself together.

“Do you think she left?” Melissa asked from the kitchen.

“Why would she leave without telling us?” Serena answered.

They quieted down, and then their footsteps approached the living room. “Did you check in here?” Serena asked.

My eyes widened, but I continued sucking on Mr. Bryne’s cock like he wanted me to. I forced him deep down my throat and gagged quietly on it. His hand pushed my head down further on him and forced me to stay there.

I tried to breathe out of my nose and gagged once more. I needed to breathe.

The light turned on, and I froze. Fear and excitement stirred within me at the thought of getting caught. As long as I kept quiet, we wouldn't be.

"I already checked in there," Melissa said.

Mr. Bryne's tongue massaged my clit faster as his fingers thrust hard and deep inside of me. The sound of my wet pussy being thrust inside of me over and over overwhelmed me. There's no doubt that they couldn't hear it.

He continued thrusting inside of me with his fingers, and his tongue lightly flicked the top of my clit. I clenched and released myself onto him. I forced him deeper down my throat, hoping that his cock would muffle my moans.

"Did you hear that?" Serena asked.

"Hear what?" Melissa said back as she walked back into the kitchen. It was quiet for a moment, and I forced my lips harder on his cock so I wouldn't make a noise. The pleasure continued to course out of me.

His warm cum hit the back of my throat and slid down it. I almost gagged. He smirked against my pussy.

She turned off the light. "Nothing. I must be hearing things."

Their footsteps retreated out of the kitchen, and I gasped for air and moaned at the same time. I slid off of him and onto the ground. He pulled me closer to him and smirked.

"You ready for more?" he asked.

My eyes widened at him. "How can you ask that?! We almost got caught, twice, by your daughter and my best friend!"

"Only two more times, and I would have made you cum the same amount of times in one night that your boyfriend has in four years."

I closed my eyes, considering his words, and then sighed. I climbed back on top of him. "Excite me, Mr. Bryne."

I straddled Mr. Bryne's waist, placed my hands on his chest, and closed my eyes, letting him thrust into me over and over. My shirt clung to my tits

as they bounced with every thrust. His gaze flickered from my eyes to my lips to my breasts, and he lifted his head. Through my wet shirt, he latched his teeth onto my nipple and sucked. His tongue moved around it in circles, flicking the sensitive bud every so often.

The pressure rose in my core, and I dug my fingernails into his chest, a wave of pleasure shooting through me. "Harder, Mr. Bryne... please."

He thrust harder up into me and bit down on my nipple only slightly. But it was enough for me to tip over the edge. My pussy pulsed over and over on his cock, the pleasure coursing through every single one of my veins and getting me high.

"Did you just cum?" he asked, brows arched, teeth biting down softly onto my nipple again. I whispered out softly and collapsed onto him until my breasts were pressed against his chest.

God, I didn't know what it was about this man... but this was more than I ever fantasized.

He rolled me onto my side, turned me over so my back was against his chest, and pulled one of my legs high up in the air, slipping his cock back into me again. It slid in with ease, his size just creating more pressure in my core. He slipped his arm around my waist and rubbed my clit as he thrust into me. "Tell me, Mia..." he said into my ear. "Tell me everything that you think about when you touch your sensitive little pussy."

I pressed my lips together, bucking my hips back and forth and meeting his. I didn't want to admit it aloud. I didn't want to tell him that I had been thinking about fucking him for years now.

"Do you think about me?" he asked, slowing down his thrusts. When I clenched hard on him, he chuckled. "You do." He paused for a moment, his fingers moving faster against my clit. "I bet you think about me when Mason fucks you." My pussy clenched even harder, the pressure rising too quickly in my core for me to stop it.

"Mr. Bryne..."

“I think about you,” he said, and it was enough for me to tip over the edge for a second time. “I’ve been thinking about what I’d feel like inside of you for longer than I should admit.”

Wave after wave of pleasure rushed through me. “I think about you,” I said breathlessly. “Every night... every fucking night.” Pleasure coursed through my veins, my legs and arms tingling. “Every night when Mason goes to bed, I rub my pussy and imagine you inside of me, thrusting hard.” He thrust harder into me, lifting my leg and giving him better access. “I imagine you sucking on my tits, your hands roaming all over my body. I think about... about...”

“About what, Mia?”

“About you cumming inside me.”

Mr. Bryne tensed behind me, groaning loudly into my ear. He pulled his cock out of me, pushed me onto my chest, and pressed his cock against my ass. When I felt his warm cum squirt out on me, I curled my toes. God, this couldn’t be real.

After a few moments, his body relaxed behind me, but he didn’t fall asleep like Mason always did. Instead, he brushed his fingers against my hip bone in small smoothing circles and breathed deeply into my ear.

Something about it was so calming, even though it really shouldn’t be.

He grasped my hip, fingers digging into it lightly, and hopped up, grabbing a paper towel from the kitchen and wiping his cum off my ass then throwing it away.

When he came back into the room, swinging my shorts around in his hand, I stood up and pulled my underwear up my thighs. “Well...” I started. The moonlight flooded in through the window, hitting his face almost perfectly. I could see almost every sharp feature of his face, from his jaw to his piercing blue eyes. I readjusted myself and looked at him. “Uhm... thank you?”

Those were the only damn words that came out of my mouth. Because...

well... what was I supposed to say to my best friend's father after he had given me the best sex of my entire life?

"You shouldn't have to thank a man for pleasing you," he said, handing me my shorts. Though I expected to see a lightness in his eyes, there was nothing but pure seriousness.

I gazed at the ground, taking a deep breath, then looked back up at him. Part of me wanted to ask him to bring me back to Mason's apartment. I didn't want to see Mason after that—my guilty conscience hadn't set in yet—but I couldn't go back into Melissa's room without an excuse, without her asking me a million and one questions about where I had been.

"So you can lie in his bed feeling satisfied for once?" He laughed lifelessly. "No."

"I can't go back into Melissa's room," I said, voice hushed. "She's going to ask what I was doing and why I ignored her. What am I supposed to tell her? That I just slept with her father?"

He smirked at me, his eyes playful again. "You could."

"No." I sucked my lips between my teeth. "Please..."

"It's almost three in the morning," he said, crossing his arms over his chest. "You either go back into my daughter's room and act like I didn't just fuck your pussy raw or you come lie down in my room and I'll do it again."

My eyes widened, and I swallowed hard. Again? He wanted to do it again? I wanted to do it again, too... but I couldn't. I couldn't allow myself to do it again, no matter how much I wanted it.

"Goodnight," I said to him, hurrying toward Melissa's room before I changed my mind. I quietly opened the door, hoping that she wasn't awake and that she wouldn't wake up.

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Emilia Rose is an international bestselling author of steamy paranormal romance. Highly inspired by her study abroad trip to Greece in 2019, Emilia loves to include Greek and Roman mythology in her writing.

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