

Chapter 91 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

Kent stares at me, frozen, for a moment. A little shiver passes through me as I see him looking at me, see his lips part minutely, see the shock run through him like a wave.

And then, before I can blink, he's in motion, crossing the room in four long strides and slamming the door shut behind me. I jump a little at the snapping sound of it, anxious to see Kent move with such determination. He's a big man – a very big one – and when he moves gracefully like that – with deft movements and perfect control, when other men his size would plow through like a rhinoceros –

Well, it's unnerving, sometimes.

But very, very sexy.

"Fay," he growls, grabbing me suddenly by the waist and pulling me against him. "What the hell are you doing, walking around the house like that?"

"What?" I say innocently, feeling that sweet defiance sweep through me like the drug it is. "Was I not supposed to?"

"No," he snaps, giving me a little shake that makes me laugh, because even as he scolds he can't keep his hands off me, the one on my waist roving lower so that his fingers brush against the pearl details of my panties, his other hand sinking deep into my hair, taking a controlling handful at the back of my neck. "God damn it, Fay – anyone could have seen you –" he snaps.

"So what," I reply, staring up into his deep green eyes. "They wouldn't have touched me – they wouldn't have dared –"

He growls again, spinning me so that my back is to him now, and then taking a moment to turn the lock on the door so no one can get in. That done, Kent puts one hand roughly on my waist and another on my shoulder, moving me briskly forward towards his desk.

"Oh, come on, Kent," I say, laughing and turning my head to look at him again. "You don't like your present? I thought you would – you picked it out just for me –"

"No, Fay," Kent replies, his voice even and in control now that he's over his shock. As we come to stand behind his desk, Kent still behind me, he takes the hand from my shoulder and raises it to my cheek, firmly pressing his fingers against my face until I'm fully turned away from him,

facing into the room. I can feel him standing close behind me, though. I can feel the warmth of him.

“This has nothing to do with how you look,” he continues, and my skin shivers as I realize that I can’t see him at all. I have no idea what’s going to happen next. And then I flinch, a little, in surprise and excitement when both of Kent’s hands settle on my waist and he begins to slide them upward, his palms and his fingers running lightly across my ribs. My breath catches at his next words. “Because you look amazing in that set,” he murmurs, his voice close to my ear now. “Just how I imagined you’d look in it. And trust me, Fay,” he continues, “I have spent a long time thinking about how you’d look dressed just. like. that.”

His hands brush delicately against the underside of my breasts, making my breath deepen, and then he moves his hands downward, his touch feather-light as his palms slide past my waist and move down towards my hips.

“But,” he whispers as his hands settle right on top of the sides of my panties, “you’ve gotten too bold, Fay.” His voice deepens as his grip tightens against me. I feel my pulse speed up as I realize that he’s...he’s angry with me. “You think you can do whatever you want in this house,” he continues. “But there are rules. And consequences, when those rules are broken.”

My breath comes faster now and I realize that I’m beginning to pant as he pulls my hips sharply backwards, dragging my ass against the hard mass of him. I gasp as I feel his cock hard and ready, as I squirm against him and suddenly realize that he’s not going to let me go -

I had come down here, thinking that I was going to be in control but –

My eyes fly wide as I realize that right now? This is on Kent’s terms. Not mine.

And then, as Kent leans his body forward and I feel the fabric of his shirt against the sensitive skin of my back, as I feel him move one of his hands across the plane of my stomach and up across my torso to clasp my breast, using that grip to pull me even harder against him so that I can feel the hard muscles of his stomach and chest against my back –

I groan, a shiver running through me, closing my eyes and submitting to it. Because this, I realize...this is exactly what I want. I just didn’t know how bad I wanted it.

“I’m going to teach you how to behave, Fay,” Kent murmurs, releasing the grip on my hip to free his hand and using it to move the hair back from my shoulder, revealing the tender skin of my neck. Even without his hand on my hip holding my ass against him, I keep it pressed there, moving my hips harder backwards against him. “Do you want me to do that?”

“Yes,” I breathe, my eyes closed and my mouth falling open with the word. I feel his cock pulse then at my admission, wanting me. Bad.

“Yes...what,” Kent demands, his voice taking on a dangerous edge.

Yes, Daddy, flashes through my mind, forcing a tiny giggle from my mouth at the thought of it – but I know he won't like that –

Kent shakes me a little, just one little angry pulse, forcing me back to the moment, making me take this seriously.

“Yes, sir,” I breathe, my little moment of defiant thought spurring me forward. Because I know – I really do know – that Kent doesn't want me obliging and obedient, always saying yes. He wants me precisely as I am. And I'm -

“Good girl,” Kent murmurs, interrupting my thoughts, and then to my shock I feel the long length of his tongue tracing the line of my shoulder and up my neck. I moan a little, my head falling back towards him. I turn my face towards his – wanting his mouth –

But Kent pulls away from me before I can kiss him, standing up straight and moving both hands quickly back to my hips, keeping my ass pulled against the throbbing mass of his dick, grinding against me as he issues his next orders. “Face forward,” he commands. “Hands on the desk.”

I pause for a moment and then decide to play his game, even though what I want to do is twist around and pull him against me – feel his mouth against mine –

But I deny myself this and, instead, slowly lean forward, placing my hands on the desk, looking forward straight across the room. Just as I've been told. Like a good girl.

I hear a harsh little sound from Kent as I use the leverage of the desk to push my ass harder against him. Then, I wait for my next command, which comes a moment later.

“Spread your legs for me, Fay,” Kent whispers. Slowly, I comply, moving first one foot and then the other, using the movement to torture him as best as I know how, rotating my ass against his cock and letting him feel every inch of me.

Then, when I've finished moving, my legs now parted for him, I feel Kent groan as he pulls himself reluctantly away from me. And then, my eyes fixed on the wall across from me, I hear him go to one knee behind me, moving his hands down as he goes, taking the panties with him until they hang loose around my ankles.

Chapter 92 – Punishment

Chapter 92 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

My whole body starts to shake now – just a little bit – and I'm a little bit at a loss as to why. I'm not scared, I know that. It must be anticipation – or the completely new experience of knowing

that Kent Lippert is keeling behind me as I bend half naked over his desk – and that he’s looking at –

At me –

I blush, then, totally undone by it – not knowing whether to feel embarrassed or – or excited – Kent Lippert, kneeling for me –

But then there’s a soft touch at my thigh – the inside of it – as Kent brings his face close to me –

And I suddenly feel the stubble of his cheek against the crease of my ass before he drags the length of his tongue up my center –

I groan, suddenly, my whole body shaking harder now at the sensation of it – of Kent’s broad, firm tongue tasting me, slowly working his way up through me –

He doesn’t do it again, instead letting his upward momentum carry him to his feet, settling behind me again in the place he was before. His hands are again on my hips as he presses himself against my ass, his dick thick against the wetness that he just tasted –

I moan again, my head falling forward as I shudder hard against Kent, who again grinds himself against me. I feel the deepest parts of me begin to clench and flutter, aching for him more now than they have before –

I didn’t know – didn’t know I could want someone like this –

“Can you feel what you do to me, Fay?” Kent growls, thrusting his hips against me sharply, punishing. “Do you see how hard you make me? It is incredibly...frustrating. To lose control like this. Every single. fucking. time. you walk into the room.”

Another moan escapes me and I’m hardly able to handle it now, loving – absolutely loving - the idea that I do this to him. Kent presses himself against me again, enjoying, I think, seeing me writhe –

And as he does so, my hand slips – moving just an inch forward –

And suddenly I feel a sharp pain snap through the right side of my ass, accompanied by a thick thwapping sound –

I stand straight up, gasping loud, my eyes flying wide as I realize that Kent –

Kent just fucking spanked me –

I start to turn to look at him, appalled, but he does it again, a little harder this time.

“Eyes front, Fay,” Kent snaps, though I can hear the undercurrent of pleasure in his voice. “Hands on the desk. Don’t move them.”

I freeze. Absolutely freeze for a few moments. And Kent lets me – he lets me process this, decide what to do next. And then I realize that it – it didn’t actually hurt – not really. That Kent smacked my ass precisely at its meatiest part, which absorbed the blow –

And that while it stung, certainly, and shocked me to the depths of me –

God damn it, that it felt good. That I liked it – something about the snap of pain in combination with all the intensity of this moment, the pleasure –

I liked it a lot.

And so I face front again, placing my hands precisely back where they were, reassuming my position, glad that Kent can’t see the smile spreading across my face.

“Good girl, Fay,” Kent whispers, his voice thick now – with emotion, or need, or – god, I don’t know what, who cares –

Because Kent pulls away from me and the next thing I hear is the jangle of his belt being undone, the sound of the fabric of his pants moving and then falling hard against the floor. And I jump a little, my breath coming fast again, as Kent puts one hand back on my hip, bringing his body close. I close my eyes, imagining his other hand working himself, priming his cock, running over the thick head of it as he looks down at my ass, thinks about plunging into me –

“Are you going to be good for me, Fay?” Kent asks now, still holding himself back, not giving me what I want until I agree to do it on his terms.

“Yes, sir,” I breathe, while in my head the true answer reverberates: no fucking way.

“Good,” he murmurs, and I inhale a sharp little breath as I feel him press that throbbing cock against the dark core of me. He pushes the thick tip into me, letting me feel the breadth of him, and I groan, my elbows shaking and then giving out beneath me at the sensation of him stretching me. Kent’s there in an instant, his hand moving from my hip to my chest to support me as my body wavers, undone by the feel of him entering me –

But then I feel him groan, hear him give in to what he really wants – and suddenly he slides the entirety of himself into me in one long thrust.

The moan that rips from me then is sharp and feral as I squeeze my eyes shut, turning my head to the side as I take all of him – all at once –

Yesterday, he had been slow, for me –

But today – on his terms -

“Oh, god, fuck – Fay – “ I hear Kent gasp as he begins to pulse in me, every hard thrust shaking my body and the desk against which I’m pressed. And like a good girl – like I’ve been commanded – I stand for him, my hands precisely where he told me to put them, taking that long dick with my legs spread apart –

I feel Kent fuck me just the way he wants to – the way he’s wanted to do it for weeks, maybe months – hard, and fast, and ferocious. And my body responds to it, to his wanting me, to his need. Every plunge of his cock inside of me builds something in me until I’m gasping, my hips pressed backwards, meeting his every thrust so that I can take him deeper – I want him deeper – want him so fucking deep inside of me that I can taste him in my throat –

And then, just as I feel Kent start to lose true control of himself, a little smirk comes to my mouth.

And with perfect deliberation I move my right hand. Just an inch. Just a...smidge. To the right.

Kent freezes immediately, but he doesn’t pull out of me.

Instead, after a moment’s pause, Kent slowly sinks himself fully into me, pulling my hips harshly back onto him, forcing a shaky moan from me as I feel the entire length of him seated deep within me. He stops, then, letting me squirm against him, wanting that frantic pulse, wanting more of him but deliberately not moving my hand back to its place on the desk.

Kent may have stopped, but I can still feel his cock throbbing inside of me, and I can hear the ragged pace of his breath as he holds back from giving me what I want, demonstrating his complete control.

“You’re going to regret that, Fay,” Kent growls, his fingers digging into the flesh of my hips.

“Make me, Kent,” I gasp in reply, running my tongue over my lower lip and then biting it in anticipation of what I know is coming next.

I’m panting with eagerness, my eyes shut, as Kent releases one hands from my hip and, his cock still buried deep inside of me, slowly raises that hand into the air.

Chapter 93 – Swept Away

Chapter 93 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

Kent’s open palm slaps hard against my ass, making me pitch forward as I gasp and then deeply moan, shuddering as the pain resonates through my body, sharp and sweet. My elbows start to buckle again, unable to take my weight, as Kent does it again –

One more sharp thwack, one more sweeping sting of pleasure – I feel my entire body tighten, feel those inner muscles clamp around Kent’s cock like a vice.

Kent growls and shudders at the feel of me clasped tight around him and he falters a little as he raises his hand again for another smack. I can almost picture him, his eyes closed, undone by the feel of me squeezing him tight. I feel his hips pulse a little, despite his determination to stay seated within me until I move my hand back –

“Do it,” I gasp, my words hardly more than a whisper, wanting more. “Do it, Kent,” and then I slide my hand further to the right.

The slaps come thick and fast for a moment – three sharp smacks on my ass, each one a stinging blow that makes me rock forward, leaning down low over the desk as I gasp, my eyes pressed tightly shut, my mouth open and my head tilted back at the insane feel of it, my whole body shaking at the dual sensation of sharp pain and sweet, deep pleasure.

But Kent doesn’t let me lean forward to lay flat on the desk. Instead, he slips his palm – red, itself stinging – underneath my arm to lay flat against my chest, pulling me back upwards until I’m standing with my arms straight again. Just how he likes me.

“Hands back in position, Fay,” Kent growls. “Or you wont like what I do next.”

I comply, breathing hard – mostly because I need a break, not because I actually want to obey him. Whatever he’s threatening me with...honestly, I think I’d probably like it. Kent’s still in control – whatever I push him to, in this little game of ours, I know it would be designed to deepen pleasure for one of us, not break me.

“Good, Fay,” Kent says, watching my hand slip back into its spot. Then, he shifts his hips, drawing almost completely out of my tight pussy, letting me feel every inch of his dick as he slowly withdraws. I shudder against the endless length of him. “You’ve disobeyed me twice now,” he continues. “Now you’re going to do as I say. Or I’ll make you pay for it.”

And then he slams into me again, making me cry out, demonstrating precisely how he’ll make me pay. He slides out slowly again, as if in preparation.

“Yes,” I pant, nodding a little with my eyes closed and my face tilted up towards the ceiling. “Yes, Kent. I’ll do whatever you say.”

“Good girl,” Kent breathes, pressing the hand on my chest harder, obliging me to stand almost completely straight, just tilted forward, slightly, at the waist. Then, he does...something. I can’t quite tell what – I’m distracted, and my eyes are closed –

But he shifts his hips, somehow, so that his cock presses into me at –

At some kind of different angle –

His body is pressed close to mine now, so that I can feel the warmth of his body behind me, his breath against my neck, my ear.

And then, slowly, he slides the hand on my chest upwards until his fingers wrap around my throat. Not – tight. Not restrictive, not at all punishing.

But letting me know that, if he wanted to...he could...

I groan at the feel of his hand on my throat, at the knowledge that I'm at Kent's complete mercy. Just how he wants me. I pant at the thought of it, loving it, wanting to be precisely here, like this, obedient for him.

"I want you to cum for me now, Fay," Kent demands, beginning to pulse his cock slowly into me again.

I gasp at the new sensation that this elicits in me, my head pitching forward but stopped by the hold of his hand against my neck – I choke, just a little bit, against his hand, and I –

I fucking love it -

My whole body starts to shudder at the way his dick presses against some new point in me that makes my stomach clench, makes something deep and rich and hot build low within me.

"Did you hear me, Fay?" Kent demands, shaking me a little, still thrusting into me, faster now. "I told you to cum."

"I –" I stutter, shaking my head a little, "I don't know how –"

"Yes, you do," Kent counters, his thrusts sharp and commanding now, and I shake my head, but he just moves faster, every thrust a little deeper, more insistent.

And I feel it, then – feel the sensation growing within me, warm and liquid and thick, as Kent pounds himself into me, his own breath coming fast now. And as that feeling comes to its tipping point, as it builds until I almost can't contain it anymore, I can feel Kent's breath hot on my neck as he loses control of himself.

"Do it, Fay," he commands, panting, pounding into me at a frantic pace, his words hot against the curve of my ear, "fucking cum for me. Right. Now."

And as he says it, as he says those final two words, his fingers tighten – just a little bit – around my neck –

And I. Fucking. Explode.

The world goes black for a moment as I cry out towards the ceiling, my whole body clenching and then going loose as waves of sensation sweep through me, release pounding through me

from my core outwards, to my stomach, and my chest, my arms – my legs – my toes – I’m gasping, and crying –

And there are actual tears on my cheeks –

Some part of me feels Kent give three more hard thrusts as my orgasm rocks through me, and I can feel him cum as well, the hot, wet feel of him against my inner walls like a balm against his punishing rhythm. And he shudders too, and groans, and suddenly his weight collapses against me a little and I fall forward, hard, onto the desk –

I catch myself against the wood, the heels of my palms stopping our forward motion for a second as we both rock forward, out of control, but then my hands and arms slide forward and I almost collapse onto the desk itself, still gasping, still – still cumming, if I’m being honest, the rolling sensation of it still ricocheting off every part of me – duller now, but still carrying through –

But Kent catches me, the hand that was around my throat again against my chest, his other hand sliding from my hip to my stomach, holding me steady.

“Whoa, whoa, Fay,” I hear him say, his voice rough, his body still itself twitching with the aftershock of it all. “Are you all right?”

I try to form words but...god damnit, I just don’t have any – some part of me wonders if I should maybe be embarrassed about that – but...fuck it, who cares –

Kent, gentle but firm, pulls me back against his chest, wrapping his arms around me, holding me steadily there while I find my breath, which shudders oddly through me –

And then, as I start to come back to myself – I realize that I’m weeping – quite softly, but distinctly, little baby sobs shaking my shoulders –

“It’s all right, Fay,” Kent says to me gently, holding me tight, his cheek rough against the skin of my neck and ear. “It’s all right, sweetheart.”

I lean back against him, needing his steady presence for a minute or two, but as I come back to myself, to blink open my eyes and take deep breaths, I’m suddenly horribly embarrassed –

God, who cums so hard the first time that they cry –

“Um,” I say – and a new wave of mortification runs through me – is that all I can say? Um? “I’m okay – I think I –“

And then I get my feet steadily under myself, standing up straight, pushing away from Kent just a little – not to move away from him, but so that I can get control. I lean against desk for a second, my body still shaking, tremors running through me. I’m catching my breath, blinking softly as I try to remember my own god damn name –

Behind me, I feel Kent dip down and then hear the sound of fabric moving, of his zipper and his belt, and I realize that he's getting dressed. I turn then, thinking maybe I should do the same, looking for my panties on the floor –

But suddenly, as I turn, my damn knees give out on me, functioning as Jello instead of the bones that they are –

“Oo!” I gasp, unable to stop myself as I head straight for the floor, but suddenly Kent is there, catching me, a steady arm under my shoulder and another beneath my knees.

“Whoa, girl,” Kent says, laughing a little as he makes sure his grip is steady on me, that I'm all right. And then he stands up with me in his arms. “Guess you're not as steady yet as we thought.”

“Don't you 'whoa girl' me,” I mutter, disgruntled, embarrassed and not quite meeting his eyes. “I'm not a horse.”

“Come on, pony,” Kent murmurs, dipping his head to mine and saying the words against my hair, “let's get you someplace comfortable, where you can recuperate.” Then he laughs lightly, turning away from the desk, me still clasped tight in his arms. I lean my head against Kent's chest, closing my eyes, still feeling those tremors pass through me.

Chapter 94 – Bedroom

Chapter 94 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

I open my eyes when I realize, quite suddenly, that Kent is not walking me towards the office door that I came through. Instead, he heads to the back of the office towards where he keeps a shelf full of leather-bound books that I've never really thought much about before.

“Where are we going?” I ask, a little shocked and more than a little curious.

“The door,” Kent replies, and I hear something in his voice that's a little smug.

I frown up at him, confused, wanting to be in on the secret.

“That one,” he says, bringing me close to the bookshelf and nodding towards it, not looking at me. “The green one. With the gilt title.”

Hesitant, I reach out a hand and touch the book he indicated, pulling it towards me. The book tilts in my hand, but instead of sliding off the shelf it pivots forward and clicks. Then, I gasp as the whole bookshelf swiftly spins away, revealing...a corridor.

“Oh my god,” I whisper, looking up at Kent, shocked. “You – you have secret passages?”

Kent smirks down at me and begins to walk through, kicking the shelf a little behind him in a way that makes it swing shut as we pass. “I have lots of secrets. Some of them architectural. Some of them...otherwise.”

I narrow my eyes at Kent, suddenly wanting to know all of them, and he laughs at me before focusing his eyes on our destination. I turn too, desperate to know where we’re going –

But the corridor is a short one, and suddenly – quite suddenly – we’re in a gigantic bedroom, dimly lit by the light that peeks around drawn white shades. My jaw drops open as I realize that I’m – I’m in Kent’s bedroom – and that we got here from a secret entrance from his office –

Kent swiftly carries me over to the bed as I take in the room. It’s a huge space that’s – predictably – sparsely but tastefully furnished and impeccably organized. The entire thing is decorated in shades of grey with cool wood accents, and it’s dark and moody – just like Kent.

He walks me over to his bed and slowly lowers me down onto it, letting me rest against the pillows that are propped against the plush headboard.

“How are you feeling?” Kent asks, pulling down the blankets and sheets a little so that my bare bottom is caressed by the softest sheets I think I’ve ever felt. I blush as I realize, suddenly, that I’m basically naked except for my bra – how did I forget that?

“Um,” I say, trying to take a mental assessment of myself as Kent pulls the blankets up over my knees and tucks them in around my waist. I lose my train of thought as I look up at him, though, surprised that he’s being so gentle with me – coddling me, really.

“Well?” Kent asks, sitting next to me on the bed and leaning forward to study my face, lifting his gigantic hand to gently brush my cheek. “Are you all right?”

“Was that – um, was that...” I hesitate, biting my lip, again embarrassed. But I force myself to ask, needing to know. “Was that normal? Like – is that how it feels every time –“

Kent laughs a little, pulling his hand back from my face and resting it on my knee. “I think you could consider that an extreme reaction, Fay,” he says gently, kind. “You came really hard. It won’t always be like that. There are other kinds of orgasms that are...simpler. That will still make you feel great, but won’t make you lose control of your body like that.”

“Oh,” I say, suddenly curious. I honestly didn’t know – I had thought all orgasms were built equal. I mean, all of the ones I’ve ever given myself had been pretty much the same – but...well, it’s true, none of them came even close to what Kent did to me today. I stare off into space, wondering about it – thinking of all the possibilities –

Kent brings me back to myself, though, with a little laugh. “So,” he says, and I blush a little in apology for drifting off. “Do I finally get an answer?”

“To what?” I ask, tilting my head.

“My question. Are you all right?”

“Oh!” I say, and then I laugh, leaning back against the pillows and covering my face with my hands. “I’m fine, Kent,” I say, meaning it. My body feels mostly back to normal now – well, better than normal in some ways, amazing, really – but I’ve certainly got my strength back. “I’m sorry – I don’t know what happened to me.”

Kent laughs along with me and suddenly I feel his weight shift on the bed. I slide my hands down my face a little to watch him come to my other side, leaning back against the pillows with me. He slides an arm around my shoulders and pulls me tight against his chest. “Did you like it?” he asks, serious.

I blush, but then I look up into his face, my expression sincere. “Does it make me...strange? Like, a freak? That I liked it a lot? When you spanked me, and then wrapped your hand around my throat?”

I hear a purr build in Kent’s chest as he slips a finger under my chin and tilts my face up to his. “No, Fay,” he assures me. “It doesn’t make you a freak if you liked it. It just makes you very, very sexy.”

And then he kisses me, soft but urgent. And I let him. I let him pull me tight against him as he moves his mouth on mine, opening my lips, letting his tongue slide against them. I feel another little shudder pass through me as I lean into him, wanting him again, even though my poor body probably can’t take it –

Suddenly, we both feel a vibration, and Kent leans away from me, cursing softly. He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his phone. I watch him closely, my arms still wrapped around his neck, as he cancels the call on his phone but then flips through some messages he apparently missed when his pants were in a pile on the floor.

“Shit,” Kent murmurs.

“What,” I ask, drawing back from him. “Is everything okay?”

“No,” he replies, sighing and looking at me. “I have to go, Fay.”

“Oh,” I say, pulling back further from him and leaning against my elbows. “Is everything okay?”

Kent gives me a look and shakes his head, and I’m able to intuit that his implied “no” has two meanings: first, that something is indeed wrong, and that it’s none of my business. I hesitate, turning my body to climb out of the bed so that I can offer to help, but Kent interrupts my movement.

“No,” he orders, putting a commanding hand on my hip to stop me. “I want you right here, Fay.”

“What?” I ask, turning back to him, surprised. “You want me to...wait here? For you?”

“Yes,” he says, his expression hungry now. “I have some business to take care of, but the entire time I’m gone, I want to think of you here, in this bed. Waiting for me.”

“Oh,” I say, leaning back against the pillows and looking at him in surprise. But, despite that surprise, my traitorous little body betrays me, and I get a little bit wet at the thought of him wanting me the entire time he’s gone. “Um, okay...”

Kent nods, and then climbs out of the bed, striding over to a mirror against the wall to check his appearance. He begins to straighten his clothes, re-tucking his shirt into his pants.

“Um, Kent?” I ask. He glances at me in the mirror and nods, brusksly inviting me to ask my question. “What’s wrong? Is it...is it the war with the families?”

Chapter 95 – Treasure Trove

Chapter 95 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

Kent glares at me a little in the mirror and doesn’t say a word, shaking his head and letting me know – again – that it’s not any of my business. I curl my back a little in disappointment, wanting to know but...

Well, if he won’t tell me. Then there’s nothing I can do. And with that expression on his face, I don’t think Kent wants to be pushed.

“Well,” I continue, “what am I supposed to...do all day? When you’re gone?” I ask, sitting up and wrapping my arms around my knees.

“You can do whatever you want, Fay,” Kent replies. He nods to the bedside table on the other side of the bed – his side, apparently. “There are remotes there. You can watch TV. Or there are tablets in the drawers, if you want to look at the internet. Or,” he says, gesturing to the far wall by the windows, which has tall shelves covered in books. “You can read.”

“Where’s the TV?” I ask, curiously looking around the room and not seeing it. Kent casually points to a painting on the wall directly across from the bed and I blink, realizing that it’s digital, not oil on canvas. “Oh...cool,” I say, peering at it curiously. Kent nods, agreeing.

I sit for a moment longer while Kent grabs a brush off of a small table by the mirror and begins to comb his hair back.

“Um,” I say again, a little chill passing over me. “Kent, do you have anything I can wear? It’s...cold in here.”

Finished with his hair, Kent puts his brush down and begins to cross the room back to me, pointing to a door on the wall closest to me. “That’s the closet,” he says, coming close and sitting on the edge of the bed next to me. “There are some women’s clothes in there. Wear whatever you want.”

“Really?” I ask, surprised. But then I realize, quite suddenly, that they’re Fiona’s clothes, leftovers from his last girlfriend. My stomach twists a little, jealous, at the thought.

“Really,” Kent replies. He reaches forward and I stare at him as he brushes my cheek with his fingers, taking another moment to simply look at me. Then he stands, striding back down the corridor to his office.

“I’ll have dinner sent!” Kent calls over his shoulder, but then I hear the creak of the office door, and then the click of its closure, and suddenly I’m alone.

Alone, in Kent Lippert’s bedroom. Half naked. Awaiting dinner.

“I have to call Janeen,” I murmur, shaking my head at myself. “She’s not going to believe this.”

I take a moment to simply stare around the room, taking it in without Kent around to distract me. It’s less sparse, I realize, than I had originally thought – it’s just so big that the little nooks that Kent has created look minimal in comparison to the size of the place. For instance, on the other side of the mirror, there’s even a little fireplace with two wing-back chairs pulled up to it, perfect for reading on a cozy winter night.

I breathe peacefully as I look around at the little cavern that Kent has created for himself, more relaxed than I thought I’d be in his little refuge away from the world. It is at once...precisely what I would expect from him, and also so completely surprising. It’s incredibly lux, organized, and neat – but also, who knew Kent had hobbies? There’s even a little chess board set next to one of the wingback chairs. And who knew he had so many books?

I find myself drawn to them and slip out of the bed, wandering over to the bookshelves, but then I blush as I realize that – well, I’m still naked. I grab a throw blanket off the end of the bed, eager to cover up, but then I realize again that I’m alone. So, I awkwardly drop it on the floor and turn towards the closet, shivering a little. Kent keeps his room quite cold.

I move over to the closet and pull at both of the double doors at once, incredibly curious about what I’ll find. As I open them, the recessed lighting in the closet turns on, suffusing the space with a pretty golden glow.

I shouldn’t be surprised at the size of Kent’s personal closet – Fiona showed me his other closet, after all, where he keeps his spare stuff – and that’s two stories high. But still, I can’t help but gape a little as I realize that Kent’s personal, everyday closet is bigger than my bedroom. Then I

scowl, realizing that he really was holding out on me all this time, giving me that little bedroom as if it was a gift when he has all this for himself.

Slowly, I walk around, looking at everything, running my hands over his pristine collection of fine wool suits and his perfectly shined shoes. I smirk a little, thinking that Kent is kind of a dandy...but...that I'd probably never be brave enough to say that to his face.

"He just likes to look good," I murmur to myself, considering that he certainly accomplishes that goal with gusto. As I wander deeper into the closet I come on Kent's accessories – watches, chains, cufflinks, and I huff out a deep breath as I realize that I'm probably looking at hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stuff.

Unable to wrap my head around it, I hurry on and find myself suddenly looking at things that are much...softer. There are colors in this section of the closet that aren't black, grey, brown, cream, or navy. Instead, there are baby blues and deep purples, soft pinks and rich yellow silk. My mouth falls open a little as I realize that these are the women's clothes Kent mentioned. And there are so many of them, and they're all so pretty.

I move forward, drawn by the variety and the vibrancy of the clothing, touching everything, sorting through it. And, as I pull out a soft pink velour sweatsuit that looks like it will feel like butter against my skin, I realize that...it's my size.

I blink at this, surprised. Because Fiona – she's bigger than me in the places that it counts, particularly the breasts and hips, and taller. So then why was this...

And then I'm suddenly rifling through everything – every piece of clothing in front of me, quickly shaking them out so I can read the sizes on the tags and then hastily dropping them to the ground at my feet. And as I pick up my twentieth item, I realize that everything here is my size, and that absolutely none of it matches Fiona's taste. That, instead, it's all precisely what I would wear. Or, precisely what Kent might like to see me wearing.

"Oh my god," I say, looking around at the pile of clothes around me. "This is all for me..."

And then I sink down into the pile, looking around at it. When the hell had Kent stocked his closet for me?

I stay there on the floor of Kent's closet for a long time, staring around at all of the stuff, thinking deeply about the significance of all of this. What did it mean that Kent made space for me in his room? What did it mean...that he left me here, with apparent free reign, to explore? I could, if I wanted, take all of those diamond watches and make a run for it. Run to the garage – take a car - go anywhere I wanted.

But suddenly, I realize...that there's nowhere else I want to be.

My mind flicks suddenly to Ivan, playing devil's advocate. Is that true, Fay? My mind asks me, unbidden. Is this really where you want to be?

But I wave my hand in the air, dismissing the thought, not letting myself go there. Because honestly, in this moment? It feels right.

And then I laugh at myself, realizing that it feels right to me to be sitting, in just a bra, on Kent's closet carpet. And so I pull myself up and start to put the clothes away as neatly as I can, keeping the pink sweatsuit out for myself.

As I start to pull it on, though, my eyes fall on a set of drawers in the corner. Thin, shallow drawers, the sort of drawer that isn't going to be holding much. Slowly, I wander over to them and – my fingers hesitant – slide the top one open.

I gasp, a little, at what I see. The drawer contains one, just one, complete set of lingerie. A lacy black bra and panty set with a slinky little garter belt and fine silk stockings. I blush as I consider it, thinking about what I'd look like with it on. Next to it is a polaroid of some shoes with a number on it. I glance to a set of boxes beside the drawer and my jaw drops open to realize that these are full outfits – complete with footwear.

How Kent would react if he saw me in one of these when he comes back? I move through the rest of the drawers quickly then – each set of lingerie different from the next, each a different mood, a different vibe. A veritable trove of sexual kinks stacked one on top of each other, each waiting to be experimented with.

I lean back a little and stare at the drawers, a finger tapping against my lip as I consider my options.

Chapter 96 – Midnight Visitor

Chapter 96 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

Deciding that none of the first seven drawers are right for me – and honestly, feeling a little like picky little Goldilocks at this point saying “too hot” or “too cold,” I move to the eighth drawer.

My hands slow when I pull it open and see the silkiest little nightgown in gunmetal grey. I gasp a little, pulling it out by its spaghetti straps and holding it up. Unlike some of the other drawers which had...accessories...this little nightie sits by itself. There's not even a shoe polaroid next to it, suggesting it should be worn barefoot.

Unable to stop myself, I quickly unclasp my bra and tuck it in the empty drawer, and then pull the nightgown on over my head, loving the way that it slides over my chest and comes to rest just at the top of my thighs. It's simple but, somehow, just so incredibly chic.

I spin around in it, biting my lip and enjoying the slide of the silk against my skin, excited. My choice made, I quickly fold the little pink sweatsuit and tuck it neatly away before I leaving the closet and close the doors behind me.

Eager to get back to my first curiosity – the books – I move swiftly across the room to the fireplace, which is luckily electric. I flick it on, hoping to warm up a little, and then go to the first bookshelf.

To my chagrin, all of the books are turned spine-backwards. The result of this is aesthetically pleasing, but...damn it, I have no idea what the books are. So, frowning, I spend the next hour or so finding out what Kent is hiding here, pulling the books out one by one and looking them over. I making a little pile of those I want to read and put back those which are uninteresting to me, getting excited about my afternoon plans.

Overall, I have to admit that I'm...impressed by Kent's collection. When I first saw the books, I assumed his decorator put them all here as part of the room's design. But, as I flick through them, I realize that many of them have notes in the same tiny, neat handwriting. He has quite a variety here too – some classics, some military strategy, some contemporary texts and some pieces of fiction of which I've never heard.

I have to admit, I didn't think had it in him. I don't think he'd strike anyone, ever, as a bookworm like me.

After I get through about a quarter of the shelves, I carry my little pile over to the fireplace and spend the next few hours reading, the little throw blanket tucked neatly around me. At some point food appears, but I only notice it because the smell of roast beef creeps across the room to me and I turned my head towards the scent, spying a little tray by a door in the corner of the room.

My mouth falls open – how the hell did that get there? And then I blush to think that someone must have quietly brought it through another door, and they must have seen me sitting mostly naked in this nightgown lost in my book and decided to leave me alone. I sigh, bringing the tray over to my warm chair, deciding not to worry about it. And then I eat as I read, losing myself in a book of military strategy that – by Kent's frequent annotations – he apparently liked as well.

A few hours later, I find myself yawning, my eyes drooping. I look around, hesitant, realizing that the whole day has passed without word from Kent. But...he did tell me not to go.

So, with a little shrug, I make my way back to the bed, leaving the little fire on to light the room a little bit while I sleep. And then I curl up in the bed where Kent tucked me in a few hours before, trying to keep my eyes open to read a little more of the book, but eventually falling asleep with my cheek pillowed on the page.

I'm awoken, I don't know how much later, by the feel of something heavy on the mattress next to me. Surprised by the sudden change, I gasp a little turning towards the movement, but I

quickly realize that it's him, warm beside me. Kent, his body stripped down to his boxer-briefs – his skin and hair a little damp, apparently from a shower –

Wait, where was his shower? The little bathroom I used through a door next to the fireplace was just a little half bath –

“Shhh,” Kent says apologetically, working to put me at ease after he woke me. He slides his body close to mine and his hands are instantly on me, one sliding behind my head so that my head is pillowed on his arm, the other slipping down over the silky grey nightgown and then flipping it aside, moving upwards again up the length of my thigh to my stomach.

I press my back into the warmth of his chest, grumbling a little at having been woken but pleased to have him near again.

“Where did you find this flimsy little thing,” Kent murmurs, lowering his face to my shoulder and running his lips across my skin. I smile, yawning a little.

“Oh, this old thing?” I reply. “I’ve had it for years. Practically a rag.”

Kent gives me a punishing little nip on my shoulder for that. “This is watered silk, Fay,” he murmurs, nudging my shoulder with his nose so that I turn away a bit, giving him the freedom to drop kisses along my shoulder blades and down the length of my spine. “You call it a rag again, and you’ll pay for it.” He moves his hand to my ass, cupping it a little, reminding me of my “punishment” this afternoon.

I laugh a little, but then wince as he squeezes a bit.

“What?” he asks, pulling away from me and looking down at my body. “Does it hurt?”

“Just a little tender,” I mumble, which is true. I had looked at my butt in the mirror this afternoon, curious to see it pleasantly pink where Kent had smacked it so fiercely. I had blushed – of course – but...I had also liked it. A little souvenir for me to remember that moment.

That really, really hot moment.

I’m remembering it now as I press my hips backwards against Kent, wanting him close to me. He complies, moving his free hand upward again across my stomach to clasp one of my breasts in his palm, purring a little deep in his chest as he feels the way I fill his hand, as he shifts his hips to curl against my ass.

I moan a little at his touch, at the way his thumb flicks over my nipple, at the way I can feel him growing stiff against me. It’s a feeling I’m starting to get used to, which makes me feel aroused now, rather than shocked and embarrassed.

Things move quickly then, with none of the games or repartee that we’ve engaged in before. Kent and I – we both simply want each other, fast, now. Kent takes his hand away from my

breast to pull his shorts down, and then he's still kicking them off as he dips that hand between my legs, touching me softly. But when he feels how wet I am – already soaking for him – the purr in his chest turns to a growl and he shifts again so that his cock is pressed swiftly against my entrance.

I shift myself, lifting my hips so that he can fit himself in, and then Kent swiftly slides into me, shuddering as he does. I press my eyes closed, gasping a little at the sudden force of him, at the sudden fierceness with which I want him. Kent tightens his arms around me, pulling me close against his chest as he thrusts himself deep and deeper into me, and then he moves one hand down, slipping between my thighs to find me slick, pressing his fingers against me just where I want to be touched.

I cum quickly, almost gently this time, under his expert hands. It's nothing like how it was this afternoon – an experience that shook me to my core, exhausted me, baffled me. While that was an explosion, this is like a cup spilling over, the sensation splashing through me and filling me with its warmth. I'm still shuddering, Kent's fingers softly guiding me through it, when I feel him cum as well, his thrusts turning hard and thorough before his body goes still behind me as he gasps against my neck. And then we both lay still for a long while, panting quietly, Kent still buried inside of me as he clasps me to his chest, one hand on each of my breasts.

I think we both almost fall asleep a little bit, just like that, when Kent twitches awake and groans, pulling away from me and sitting up, running a hand through his hair.

"Come back to sleep," I murmur, reaching out for him. And he nods to me, letting me know that he will, before he reaches over for an alarm clock sitting on his bedside table and expertly winds it, pressing the buttons so that it will ring at the proper hour.

"An alarm clock?" I ask, my surprise waking me a little. I sitting up on my elbows, watching him. "Um, Kent," I say, a little derisive, "you know that they have phones now. Phones that have those built in."

"I'm an old man, Fay," Kent scolds, putting the clock back in its place on the table and turning back to glower over me. "Leave me to be set in my ways. Besides, that," he says, gesturing over his shoulder with a thumb to indicate the little metal clock, "would wake the dead. And it doesn't turn off if it fails to charge overnight."

"Oh, and shall I light your lantern for you, my lord, so that you may see in the dark?" I tease, laughing a little. "And in the morning, we shall tie a message to the foot of your swiftest pigeon, so you can communicate with those you love who live afar –"

"Shut up," Kent growls at me, but he's laughing too as he gathers me into his arms before laying on his back.

"And one day, you shall throw out your abacus, because they shall invent a mighty machine called a calculator which will add great sums –"

“Enough!” Kent snarls, though his implied threat is ruined, a bit, by the fact that he’s also laughing. I pillow my head on his chest, my body still shaking a little bit with a fading giggle as I close my eyes. “Go to sleep, Fay,” he orders, grumpy. “It’s late.”

“Don’t boss me ‘round,” I murmur, rubbing my face against him until I’m settled just how I like. And then, within moments, we both fall asleep.

Chapter 97 – Good Morning

Chapter 97 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

The noise runs through me like a gun being shot off in the room and I’m suddenly, instantly, gaspingly awake, looking around for whatever horrible apocalyptic thing is shrieking for us to run, to hide, to flee –

But then, almost in the next instant, I realize that it’s just that fucking alarm clock –

Kent groans beneath me, hardly moving at all, apparently used to it. He opens his eyes, though, which I smack him hard in the chest.

“Ooof,” he says, frowning at me and rubbing his pectoral where I hit him. “What the hell was that for?”

“Turn that thing off!” I shriek, pointing to the alarm clock. “Before I have a heart attack!”

Kent just laughs and rolls over towards the clock, grabbing it off the nightstand and pressing the button on top. It instantly goes silent and Kent drops it on the bed before he turns back to me.

“Told you it would wake the dead.”

“It woke me!” I growl, hitting him again, which just makes him laugh more. “And I almost died from fright!”

“Why is it,” Kent asks, grabbing me by the waist and pulling me back down to the sheets, twisting so that he pins me there with his body on top of mine, “that you can stand up to me without a second thought, but a little alarm clock you say is nearly the death of you?”

“Because,” I growl, wiggling against him, pretending I want to get away when really...well, actually, it feels rather nice to be pinned under Kent’s fit body, getting to feel the weight of him pressing me into the mattress. “I can’t seduce the clock into doing what I want.”

“Is that what you did,” Kent murmurs, dropping his head and kissing the space between my collar bones and then shifting his body to drop another kiss lower, and then another kiss lower. “And here I thought that I was the seducer.”

“What did you have to gain,” I murmur, smiling as I watch him and sinking my fingers deep into his hair. “I got a horse and a knee-shattering orgasm and a whole closet full of clothes. What did you get?”

Kent looks up at me and smirks before flicking his eyes lower on my body. Taking his meaning - that my body is his now, and his alone – I laugh, wiggling so that I’m down next to him, our faces aligned.

“Kent,” I say, putting my hand on his cheek, working hard to hold back the full extent of my sly smile as I ask the question that’s been burning in me for hours. “Why are all of the clothes in the closet my size?”

“Are they?” he asks, pretending to look at the closet and consider it. “And here I was, thinking they’d fit me...”

I laugh and smack him on my shoulder. “The women’s clothes, Kent. I thought they’d be Fiona’s leftovers. But they’re...”

Kent’s mouth lifts in a little smile at me, as if he’s pleased I noticed but a little chagrined that I’m inquiring. I think he’d prefer it, honestly, if I just accepted his little gifts and stopped asking what they meant.

“I had it stocked,” Kent murmurs, leaning forward to rest his forehead against mine, “weeks ago.”

“Weeks ago?” I gasp, shocked. I had assumed he’d had it done yesterday, at best –

Slowly, Kent nods, closing his eyes and letting me put the pieces together.

“So, you knew,” I say quietly as he pulls away to look at me. “You knew you’d get me in your bed at some point.”

Kent looks at me seriously for a moment, as if deciding what to tell me. Then, he surprises me with his answer.

“I knew, Fay,” Kent says, leaning forward towards me. “I was so sure of it I didn’t even have the shoppers stock the autumn line. Everything in there is spring or summer fashion, because I knew I wasn’t going to be able to wait.”

“Oh,” I say, my eyes going wide at this revelation. That Kent...Kent has wanted this for a long time. Prepared for it. Expected it. Knew that it was going to happen now, not months from now. Whereas I...

My mind flicks to Ivan, suddenly, and how much emotional energy I've been putting his way, at how split I've been between the two of them...

While all the while, Kent's been...making space for me. Here. In his super cozy secret lair.

I bite my lip as my smile fades from my lips, as I look seriously at him and consider...well, what that means.

Kent gives me a brash little smile and leans forward, planting a quick kiss on my lips. "Don't overthink it, Fay," he says softly when he pulls away, giving me a swift little smack on the ass. I yelp, but it doesn't hurt – luckily, it was the fresh side. "Time to get up."

He does just that, then, leaving me to sit up and watch him as he moves, naked, to the closet to get dressed. I sigh as he opens the doors and disappears through them. I glance at the clock, then, and blanch at what I see.

"Four!?" I shout towards the closet. "You got me up at four in the morning!?"

Kent's face, incredibly handsome under his rumpled hair, appears through the doorway again as he frowns at me. "What time did you think I got up?"

"I didn't think about when you got up, Kent," I say, glaring at him. "Because this," I say, gesturing towards the clock, "is unthinkable."

Kent laughs at me, shaking his head. "I have to get up early, Fay," he calls to me as he goes back into the closet, "if I have to pick out your wardrobe as well as mine."

My mouth falls open at that little dig and I'm about to protest that I never asked him to pick out my clothes – that he just did it for me –

But then I snap my mouth shut. Let him pick out my clothes, I think, giving a little shrug. More sleep for me.

Then, I quickly climb out of the bed and move to the closet, leaning against the door. "Um, Kent?" I ask, watching him button up a white shirt over his undershirt, his boxer briefs curving prettily around the muscled swell of his ass.

"You don't have to say 'um, Kent,' every time you have a question, Fay," Kent says, turning to glare at me a little. Not glare in a mean way, I realize, and I smile at him. Just a very precise, efficient, Kent sort of glare. "You can just ask without a preamble."

"Ummmmmm," I say, dragging out the word and leaning more languidly against the door, "Kennnnnnnt," I continue, and he laughs at me, turning away and shaking his head. "Do you mind, actually, if I go up to my room?" I ask. "All my...stuff is there."

“Sure, Fay,” he says, finishing with his shirt and coming over to me, pulling me close for a second. “I understand. Just, breakfast at 6:30, as usual, yes?”

“Mmhmm,” I say, standing on my tiptoes and lifting my face to his for a kiss. He obliges me, wrapping an arm firmly around my waist and pulling me up against him so tightly that I feel my toes start to lift off the ground. The kiss is a deep, good one, but I’m getting a little squished –

So I laugh, and pound my little fists against him, and yell for him to put me down. He does, laughing with me, and then I smile at him and plant a little passing kiss on his shoulder and flit towards the secret door to the office.

“Put your robe on before you go into the house, Fay!” Kent calls after me as I pull open the bookcase door. “I don’t want anyone seeing you as the indecent minx you are.”

“Yes, daddy,” I call back, my voice bored and annoyed like a petulant teenager, knowing that he’ll hate it. Kent’s little snarl in response has me laughing as I pull the bookcase closed behind me. But I stop to pick up my little pink underwear from last night and pull my robe over my shoulders anyway, shoving the panties into the robe’s pocket.

If Kent wants me wrapped up, then wrapped up I’ll be.

Smiling, I untwist the lock and pull the door open, spinning happily through it.

And then, as I turn into the hall, I slam directly into Jerome.

Chapter 98 – Is he Good to You?

Chapter 98 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

Jerome and I each give a little shout of surprise as I smack bodily into him. I stumble back a few steps, wheeling my arms a little to find my balance. Jerome is there, luckily, catching me by the shoulders and holding me steady.

“Well, Miss Fay,” he says, his voice hardly more than a whisper as he glances towards the office door. “And where were you last night?”

“Nowhere,” I say, smug, shaking my hair back from my shoulders and gathering up my dignity as I find my balance. Jerome releases me, crossing his arms smugly over his chest as he grins at me. “I was just...getting a pen. From the office.”

“Fay,” Jerome says, his face breaking out into a wicked smile. “If you think I don’t know whose bedroom is through the bookcase in that office –“

“What!” I hiss, my face dropping. “Does everyone know the secrets of his house except me!?”

Jerome just laughs, shaking his head. “So, how was he, Fay? Come on. I’m dying to know.”

“Ew,” I say, wrinkling my nose at him. “You’re seriously asking this about your boss?”

“My hot boss,” Jerome whispers, raising his eyebrow at me. “And I’m just asking – you’re the one taking action with your maybe-father-in-law –“

My mouth drops open at Jerome’s gall and then I realize something, glancing at the stairs. Jerome – he was coming down them. At four in the morning. I don’t actually know where Jerome sleeps, but it’s certainly not in one of Kent’s guest rooms.

“And where were you, Jerome?” I ask, crossing my arms and blinking up innocently at him. “Speaking of taking action within the Lippert family – did you happen to see my maybe-fiancé last night?”

“Actually,” Jerome replies, hesitating, his whole demeanor changing as he glances around to make sure we’re alone. Then, making a quick decision, Jerome grabs my hand and pulls me towards the kitchen. Confused but curious, I follow without protest as Jerome pushes open the door and leads me towards the fridge in the empty kitchen.

“What are we doing here?” I whisper.

“Getting orange juice,” Jerome murmurs in reply, dropping my hand to pull the juice out of the fridge and grabbing two clean glasses off of the rack next to the sink. “So that we have a reason why we’re talking, if anyone comes across us. We both just came down here, independently, and happened to be thirsty at the same time. Okay?”

“Ooooookay,” I say, agreeing to it even though I think this story is a little unnecessarily elaborate. Jerome pours me a glass and hands it to me and then begins to whisper to me as he pours his own.

“Actually,” he says, picking up where he left off, “Daniel is really pissed at you.”

“What?” I breathe, looking up at Jerome with wide eyes. “Why?”

“That’s why he called me up to his room last night,” Jerome continues. “He usually doesn’t...I mean, he doesn’t let me come up to his room with him unless he’s feeling a little reckless. He knows we’d both be fucked if we got caught. We usually go to my place, or –“

“Really?” I ask, my eyes still wide, tilting my head to the side. “Where’s your place?”

“Seriously, Fay?” Jerome asks, twisting his lips at me a little. “All of this – and that’s what you ask?”

I shrug, still wanting to know. He just rolls his eyes and moves on.

“Listen,” he continues, taking a brisk drink of his juice, “apparently Kent said something to Daniel last night – about – about knowing. That Daniel is...” Jerome hesitates and looks around the empty room, not even wanting to say it aloud even though it’s just us.

“Really?” I breathe, shocked. Kent hadn’t said anything to me last night about a fight – hadn’t even given a hint that there was any discord – “Oh my god. I thought he...he hadn’t guessed.”

“I think Kent’s known for a while,” Jerome sighs, shaking his head and looking down at his juice. “But he either didn’t want to face it, or...who knows, Fay. Actually, you probably know him now better than most of us.”

I frown at this, shaking my head a little and thinking that Kent is still an enigma to me. Jerome, oddly, has the most connections in this house that feed him information. I consider this for a moment, realizing that despite Jerome’s boyish, almost golden-retriever personality...that he’s actually kind of a great spy. People trust him without thinking twice about it – I mean, I do. Daniel does. And Kent hasn’t kicked him out yet.

I take a deep breath in through my nose, realizing suddenly that even though I’ve written him off a bit, Jerome is kind of a player in this game. Young, not with a lot of power yet, but that he could make moves, if he wanted to.

“What?” Jerome asks, seeing me study him. “What are you thinking?”

“Nothing,” I say, blinking and coming back to the present moment, folding my arms and tucking my glass of orange juice tightly in the crease of my elbow. “So, why are you telling me this? That Daniel called you up because he was pissed, or upset?”

“Because, Fay,” Jerome says, shaking his head a little. “He went to you first.”

My mouth falls open at this news and my stomach sinks with guilt. “He – he went to my room?”

“Yup,” Jerome says, nodding slowly. “Apparently, he and Kent were having a fight when Kent dropped the bomb about knowing that Daniel is...Daniel. And that fight was largely about you, and wherever you went with Ivan, and Kent letting you go. And Daniel went to his room for a little bit to cool down, and then he looked for you all day and he couldn’t find you.”

“And I didn’t have my phone,” I say, groaning as I realize that I really was unreachable, like a princess locked away in the dragon’s lair. “I left it in my room...”

Jerome shrugs a little, taking a deep breath and studying me seriously. “Listen, Fay,” he says quietly. “I don’t know...what’s going on with you. And I don’t want to tell you what to do. But Daniel – he’s important to me – do you think that you could try, a little harder, to be good to him?”

“Is he good to you, Jerome?” I blurt out instead of an answer. Because, quite suddenly, it’s all I really want to know. Here Jerome is, clearly at Daniel’s beck and call, nursing him through his fight with his dad and his inability to contact the girl he’s begging to be his fiancé, fighting for him. But who is fighting for Jerome?

Jerome’s mouth drops open a little bit in shock.

“I mean,” I continue, lowering my voice so that it’s barely audible. “Does it bother you that Daniel went to you for comfort only after he couldn’t find me? That he keeps you a secret? That he – he is pushing really hard to marry me, and not you?”

Jerome shocks me, then, by visibly collapsing a little bit, emotionally. His face falls and he leans back against the kitchen counter, setting his glass of juice down hard and covering his eyes with his hand for a moment. A little sympathetic squeak works its way out of me and I’m quickly at his side, placing my juice down next to his and putting what I hope is a comforting hand on his arm.

“I knew what I was getting into, Fay,” Jerome murmurs, still not looking at me. “I...I knew. Okay?”

“Okay,” I whisper, beginning to pet his arm a little, looking up into his face as he moves his hand away and looks down at me.

“But – can you just try to be nice to him, Fay? He’s having...a really hard time with this.”

“Okay,” I say, nodding eagerly. “I promise, Jerome. I will.”

“Thanks,” Jerome says, twisting his mouth in a little smile and covering my hand on his arm with his. I smile back, very glad, suddenly, of his friendship. Together, perhaps, we can take care of Daniel as best we can.

There’s a noise at the back entrance to the kitchen – where the deliveries are made. I jump a little and Jerome turns towards it. “I’ll handle that,” he sighs, distracted. “You...go on with your day. I’ll see you later?”

“Breakfast at six-thirty,” I say, giving his arm one more squeeze and then heading for the door. “See you soon.”

Chapter 99 – Breakfast Served Cold

Chapter 99 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

I make myself a little espresso before heading up the stairs because, if I'm going to be up at 4:30 in the morning, I'm at least going to be caffeinated. And then the hours pass more quickly than I thought they would. I shower, fix my hair, and change into the clothes that are delivered promptly at six. I look curiously at the blue-and-white flowered dress and sweet pair of strappy tan sandals that Kent selected for me today, a little disappointed that it's not riding clothes. He's certainly not sending me to the stables, but where on earth am I going in this?

I'm ready for the day a little before 6:30, though, and so I grab my phones – both of them – and flick through the messages from Janeen, Daniel, and Ivan. Janeen's are the most cheerful, just little updates on her life and pictures from the shore house. I'm a little jealous when I see those, wanting to be there with her and hoping I get to go soon.

The ones from Ivan...I just skim, not wanting to address the feelings they rise in me. There's nothing big there anyway – just casual greetings and asking if I'm okay. I close them quickly, not wanting to reply. Not now, at least.

Daniel's texts, however...I grimace a little when I see all fifty-eight of them. They start casually enough, but by the end I can see that he's flipping out a little bit, anxious to know where I am but then also...well, a little mean when he figures out that I'm with his dad instead of with him. I sigh, tossing the phone back onto the desk and wondering what the hell I'm going to do about it.

But then the little clock down the hall gives a tiny chime, as it always does at the half hour, and I head downstairs, ready to meet my fate.

I'm surprised at how much the kitchen has filled in the past two hours, but not displeased. I'm starting to like the buzz and the energy of the place in the morning. I move quickly to the espresso machine, wanting another little jolt to start my day, and the trio of older gentlemen in the corner all give me friendly smiles and raise their cups to me. I smile at them and wave back, pleased that they're starting to know and acknowledge me now.

My espresso in hand, I head to me and Daniel's little table. He's not there yet, but I know I can wait for him. Jerome, doing dishes in the kitchen, gives me a little wink to say hi and I smile at him as the kitchen door opens and Daniel enters the room.

My smile falls a little as I get a look at him when he sits down across from me. He looks – well, he looks like shit, quite frankly, unwashed with dark circles under his eyes. I lean forward a little and sniff, realizing that he smells like...whiskey? I don't know. Some kind of strong spirit.

“What,” Daniel snaps. “Do you have a problem with the way I look?”

“Ew, Daniel,” I say, leaning back in my chair and raising my espresso cup to my lips. “That's a nasty little tone for so early in the morning.”

Daniel glowers at my response, a little pissed – I realize – that I don't gasp and apologize as I would usually do. I glance quickly at Jerome, who watches us from the corner of his eye,

suddenly grateful for his warning. Because if I hadn't had his little tip, I'd certainly be thrown off and probably bowled over by Daniel's anger. But now? I can stand my ground, just a little.

"Where were you yesterday, Fay?" Daniel growls, changing the subject so that he's on more solid ground in this fight he's determined to have. "I was so worried – I looked everywhere for you."

"Daniel," I say, sighing and looking down at my cup as I place it down on the table, trying very hard to walk the fine line between refusing to be ashamed of my choices and wanting to be kind to him. I sigh and look up evenly into his eyes. "Don't you know where I was? Didn't you figure it out?"

Daniel stares at me, then, his whole face going red as he clenches his teeth. I freeze in my surprise, my eyes going wide. Never – ever – have I seen Daniel lose his temper like this. He's usually so even – controlled, in his own way, like his dad. But as he glares at me, shaking his head a little bit, his hands splayed wide and tense on the table. I can see that he's about to burst.

I open my mouth, desperate to say something, to break the tension, looking around a little frantically, when I suddenly see Kent striding over to us.

Daniel looks up at his father, transferring his rage to him now, but Kent just looks evenly down at his son. Not angry, not responding to his son's temper, just perfectly calm.

"Get it together, Daniel," Kent says, his tone unwavering but also not unkind. "Don't air your dirty laundry at the breakfast table."

And, to my shock, it works. I watch Daniel reel himself back in, almost physically, tucking his emotions away somewhere deep inside of myself, his face turning back to its normal color and becoming again passive. And while I'm glad that he's not going to flip out on me, the therapist within me wails, a little, to see how practiced Daniel is at tucking those emotions away.

Because it looks like it's something he does on the daily. And one day, all of those emotions are going to come out. I reach forward, then, taking his hand, looking at him with a great deal of empathy in my eyes. And Daniel leans back in his chair, staring down at himself, looking...just, so defeated.

"Good," Kent says, patting him on the shoulder and turning back to the galley. "I'll get you two some breakfast." And then he walks away.

"Daniel," I begin, as soon as he's out of earshot. "I never meant to –"

"But you did, Fay," Daniel says, looking up at me, and my heart breaks to see that his eyes are lined with tears. "Like everyone else – you took his side."

"I'm still on your side," I try to assure him, shaking my head earnestly. "I can do both –"

“No,” he sighs, slipping his hand from beneath mine. “You can’t. Because his side is not my side.”

I sigh, nodding, wanting to listen rather than correct. But Daniel doesn’t say anything else, just stares down at himself while we wait in silence for Kent to bring our food. When Kent does bring our food, I smile up at him, eager to break the tension at the table, but he just looks impassively at us as he slides the plates onto the table.

“All right?” he asks, slipping his hands into his pockets and looking between us.

Daniel just nods, not moving or saying anything otherwise, and I nod too, still looking up at Kent.

“Okay then,” Kent says, turning swiftly away from us. I blink at him a little in shock and then call his name out after him. Kent pauses for a second and then comes back to stand at the table, looking down at me, his face blank.

“Um,” I say, suddenly awkward under his stare. Where was the man I was laughing with this morning? Who held me tight in his arms all night? “What am I supposed to do today?”

“What?” he asks, apparently confused.

“You sent this dress,” I say, gesturing towards it. “I mean – if you don’t have anything planned, you usually send riding clothes so I can go to the stables. So, am I going somewhere today...?”

Kent stares at me for a second and I feel...well, I feel a little stupid under his gaze. And I absolutely hate it. I’m starting to frown up at him when he replies.

“Do whatever you want, Fay, I don’t care,” Kent says, giving me a bored little shrug. “I have no tasks for you. If you want to go to the stables, you have spare riding clothes in your room. Wear those.”

My mouth falls open a little as Kent turns without another word and walks away.

“Not so great, is he,” Daniel murmurs, looking at me from beneath lowered brows. “Once you’ve given him all he wants and he no longer has any reason to be nice to you.”

I stare sadly at Daniel as I realize what he’s saying. And that, frankly, he might be right.

But I dismiss the thought, squaring my shoulders and sitting up to look down at my breakfast. “Let’s just eat, okay?” I say, picking up my fork and starting to scoop up some eggs. “Can we just be kind to each other? And have a nice breakfast?”

Daniel takes a deep breath then and sits up as well, grabbing his own fork. “Whatever you say, Fay,” he murmurs, digging in as well.

Chapter 100 - Fall For My Ex's Mafia Dad

Daniel and I eat quickly and in silence, but as we do I can sense a shift in the energy between us. I know, somehow, that after a few minutes we're on the same team again, despite our differences. I smile at Daniel, unseen, as he pops a slice of bacon into his mouth, newly determined to do better at making sure he's okay.

Once I'm finished eating I stand and move around the table, leaning down to give Daniel a kiss on the cheek. "Have a good day, Daniel," I say quietly to him, my hand on his shoulder. "We'll hangout tonight?"

Daniel looks up at me and gives me a little smile and I wrinkle my nose at him before I leave the room. As I pass through the kitchen door, though, I let my face fall, no longer needing to put on a happy expression for him. Instead, I feel my face settled into worried, anxious lines.

What the hell was that, from Kent, telling me this dress had no purpose, and I could do whatever I wanted, and he didn't care? I'm fully steamed about it as I stomp up the stairs and go to my room, closing the door behind me. I immediately peel off the dress, leaving it in a bitter little heap on the floor, and move to my wardrobe, pulling out some riding clothes and quickly changing into them, deliberately choosing the tight two-tone riding pants that particularly highlight my ass.

Because Kent can kiss it, for all I care, after what he did to me at breakfast. I'm going to the stables to hang out with my horse, who never lets me doubt his affections. And I'm going to have a nice day, damn it.

As soon as I pull on my boots I'm out my bedroom door, clopping down the steps with my mind on the garage, wondering if I can convince Jerome to give me the keys to the Bugatti – Kent will have a fit to know that I'm driving it - when suddenly I hear my name.

I pause about two steps from the bottom of the staircase as I hear it, my head whipping up to see Kent standing at his open office door, looking at me with his arms folded, his face serious.

"So, the stables then, Fay?" he asks, impassive.

I can't help the little sneer that crosses my lips then. "I thought you didn't care, Kent," I throw at him, and then I start walking again, more deliberately this time, my steps angry. He grabs my arm as I pass him, pulling me backwards off balance. Stopped in my tracks, I glare up at Kent, trying to pull my arm away, but he doesn't relent.

“What is this attitude?” he asks, glaring at me, his voice angry but low so that he won’t be overheard.

“What attitude,” I snap, glaring back and playing dumb, trying to pull my arm away again, harder this time.

Kent frowns and tightens his grip, pulling me closer. “This,” he hisses, looking me up and down. “You’re being a brat, Fay, and I –“

“Oh, whatever, Kent,” I sneer. “Like you’re the only one who gets to have a whole change of personality between four and seven am?”

“What are you talking about,” Kent snarls, his grip tightening, perhaps guessing that if he lets me go I’m going to leave without another word. Which, to be fair, is my plan so...well done, Kent.

“I’m talking,” I answer, still mad, “about you being all nice and pleasant early this morning, and then treating me like trash at breakfast! Telling me that you don’t care what I do today, treating me like some weird kid Daniel had over for a sleepover instead of your -”

“Shut your mouth,” Kent snaps, quick, his eyes glancing around the hall. I look with him, realizing that there are people around. And then my eyes go wide as I realize that – that I’m a secret.

My mouth drops open as I stare up at Kent. I mean, I knew that we were being discreet because Daniel didn’t know and it would certainly impact him, but I didn’t know that he was keeping me secret from everyone – like he’s ashamed of me –

After all, he let Fiona walk around in her skimpy little robes, and everyone knew she was his girlfriend -

“Oh my god,” I whisper angrily through my teeth, fury pulsing through me now as I take a step closer. “Are you serious Kent? I’m your dirty little secret?”

“What the hell did you expect, Fay?” Kent whispers back, giving my arm a little shake. “That I was going to shout it from the rooftops that I’m fucking my son’s ex-fiancé? Do you know what would happen to me – to all of us - if word got back to your father!?”

“My father?” I choke out, aghast. “Seriously, you’re bringing my father into this? Now?”

“God damn it, Fay,” Kent growls, pulling me closer again. “We have got to be more discreet – and yes, I’m going to treat you coldly in public spaces because if I don’t – if people find out about this – then –“

“Then what, Kent?” I ask, shaking my head at him. “You’ll lose business? Have to renegotiate your ties?”

“We’ll go to war, Fay,” he corrects, his own teeth clenched now as he looks furiously down at me.

My jaw drops open at this answer. War? Seriously, war? I’m important enough of a player – or object, really - that who’s fucking me is serious enough that people will go to war over it?

Kent sees me process this and nods slowly, opening his mouth to give me some other kind of order when, to both of our surprise, the front door swings open. We both turn towards it, blinking in the bright sunlight that streams through, and I see two figures standing there, two suitcases next to them.

As my eyes adjust, I notice that it’s a man and a woman standing side-by-side. And I realize two things about them at once: first, that I’ve never, ever seen them before, but that there’s a certain...familiarity about them. And second, that they’re both incredibly good looking.

“Ah, Kent,” the woman says, her voice thick with an incredibly charming Italian accent. “So nice of you to greet us at the door.” She smirks at him then, the corners of her perfectly-lined red lips turning up at the corner. I can’t help staring at her – she’s so beautiful, and so incredibly chic in her tight camel pants and crisp collared shirt. I glance down at her pointed leather boots, which probably cost more than my education.

Kent doesn’t say a word in response and, surprised, I glance up at him. My surprise turns to shock when I see how white his face is as he stares, open-mouthed, at his two visitors. I realize suddenly that he knows them, and knows them well, and further that he does not want them here.

“What’s wrong, Kent,” the man laughs, a sly smile creasing his gorgeous tanned face, his accent even more pronounced than the woman’s. “The cat – ah, how do you say it,” he says, taking a hand out of his pocket and snapping his fingers as he tries to remember the English words. “It stole your tongue?”

This snaps Kent out of it, somehow, and he drops my arm, taking a step away from me. Both the man and the woman note this action and twin smiles grace their lips as they turn their attention to me, clearly wondering who I am. I go pale under their united gaze, realizing that I’m in the presence of two very, very dangerous people.

Kent opens his mouth to speak but someone beats him to it.

“Uncle Alessi!” I hear from the landing above, and suddenly Daniel is pounding down the stairs, a huge smile on his face. “Natalia!”

The man grins proudly up at Daniel, who has showered and looks much fresher than he did at breakfast, opening his arms. The moment he reaches the landing Daniel wraps the man – his uncle, apparently - in a tight hug. I glance at Kent, seeing that he still hasn’t moved, as Daniel moves on to greet Natalia just as warmly, taking her hands and placing two kisses on both of her cheeks. “It’s so good to see you!” he exclaims.

The two newcomers say something quickly to him in Italian, and I'm shocked to hear Daniel reply in the same tongue – I didn't know he spoke it – and then Kent is moving forward, shaking the man's hand warmly and leaning forward to place a fond kiss on the woman's cheek. She laughs up into his face, clearly pleased to see him, and raises a hand to smack his cheek gently, familiarly.

All four of them chat pleasantly in Italian for a moment before the man – Alessi – turns to me. "And who is this one?" he asks in English, gesturing towards me, "with the beautiful red hair?"

"This," Kent says, turning towards me slowly and putting a hand out towards me in invitation for me to approach. I accept, doing my best to give them a little smile as I walk over to the group, my hand extended to take Kent's. "Is Fay Alden. Daniel's fiancé."

My steps falter as I hear Kent utter the words that place me, squarely, back in the box I thought I'd gotten out of. I don't take Kent's hand and just stare at him instead. Kent lowers his brow, shaking his head almost imperceptibly at me to let me know not to protest. Luckily, Alessi steps forward and takes my hand instead, lowering himself in a charming little bow and pressing his lips warmly to my knuckles.

"Ah, the new Donna of the Lippert Family," Alessi says, straightening up and studying me anew. "It is a pleasure to meet you, my dear."

I take a beat, but then give him my most charming smile in return. Because, after all, if I'm going to be part of this world?

I'm going to have to learn how to play the role assigned to me. And use it to my advantage.