

# SHAMELESS WITH MY FATHER'S MAFIA BEST FRIEND

## - CHAPTER ONE by Lessybrie

### CHAPTER ONE

HER FANTASIES....

"Please don't stop," she moaned, tugging at her restraints. The two cold metal rings dug into the soft skin around her wrists. The man laying shirtless between her wide open legs chuckled softly at her futile attempts to free herself. Hooking both of his inked arms around her milky thighs and forcing her body back down on the soft mattress before going back to abusing her core with his warm mouth.

Teasingly flicking his wet tongue around her nub before harshly sucking it in his mouth.

Her toes curled and her hips jerked up into his mouth at the pleasant pain just as he rolled his tongue soothingly around her swollen nub before repeating the action.

"Daddy please" the girl cried, unable to stand the pleasurable torture anymore. The man had been doing this for quite some time now without letting her cum, just teasing her to the brink and stopping just when she was about ready to disobey him.

"Patience little flower" he mumbled into her core, the vibrations of his every word resonating on the girl's sensitive button. With her legs hiked up on either side of the man's head, she did the opposite of what she was told and impatiently grinded her core on his mouth chasing after her release. She was close ...too close but the man didn't seem to notice or even care.

"please" a whimper escaped her pink swollen lips when he suddenly stopped her hips, wrapping his hand across her stomach and once again forced her body flat on the mattress.

He looked up from between her thighs and gave her a warning glare "careful little flower, you don't want to sleep with an aching pussy do you??"

Her eyes widened at the possibility and head moved frantically from side to side to indicate her reluctance. Her teeth painfully clenched around her lower lip as she tried to remain still, which proved hard to do with his warm breath fanning over her wet folds. Satisfied with her reaction, the man let go of one of her thighs and sucked two of his fingers in his mouth all the while maintaining eye contact with the girl. Her vaginal walls clenched, anticipating the pleasure and a sultry mewl escaped her lips at the sight. It wasn't everyday that she got to see a man suck on his fingers in such an exotic manner.

He chuckled softly bringing his now wet fingers down on her core and put pressure on her overly stimulated nub. "Don't cum" he growled, adding more pressure. His authoritative tone forcing the

girl to obey and be at his mercy. She closed her eyes and bit her lip harder once again trying not to move while simultaneously scrambling her brain for things to think of other than the amazing feeling between her thighs.

His fingers glided down her lower lips to her desperate hole and drew slow circles around her opening "daddy.." she moaned, feeling more of her wetness drip out of her core coating the man's fingers. He groaned aroused by the sight and pressed his fingers inside but not the whole way in, he was still teasing the poor needy thing. Her chest rose and fell as she felt herself get closer at the slight intrusion, to the man's delight. He chuckled, pulling his fingers out and bringing them up to her mouth.

He rubbed them on her lower lip, coating the pink flesh with her wetness. The girl greedily opened her mouth to welcome them and moaned at the taste, rolling her tongue around them like she would his manhood. He groaned, feeling himself get even more aroused by the action and pulled them out before smashing his lips on hers for a hungry lip bruising kiss, and moved his hand back down between their burning bodies to her aching core.

She gasped into his lips when he ...without any warning, shoved his fingers inside her opening and moved them around searching for her g-spot before grinding on it "Oh fuck" she moaned, breaking the kiss to look him in the eyes with hers silently begging him to make her cum. He got up and placed his free hand on her lower stomach to keep her in place before quickening his fingers. Her vision blurred at the intense pleasure, her insides contracting around his thick long fingers, warning him of her upcoming orgasm.

"Daddy please..." she begged, one more time with a shaky breath as her thighs began to shake. He looked down at her face as it contorted in pleasure, his dark eyes dilating in lust as he watched her writhing bare in his arms. He brought his thumb down to join in on the assault on her core and rubbed on her nub.

"Cum" the impatient girl didn't need to hear that twice. Her hips lifted up from the bed as she did as she was told, screaming his name and cutting the last string of control the man was clinging on to. He quickly unbuckled his pants with one hand while the other continued its abuse on her over stimulated nub and with one swift move of his hips thrust his manhood inside her without letting her calm down.

"Oh my God" her head tilted back when his thickness brushed up against her sensitive spot pushing her deeper into the dark pool of lust. He grabbed both her legs and pushed them up. Wearing them around his neck like a necklace to get more access to her core before slamming his manhood balls deeper in her dripping greedy hole. Her eyes rolled back into their sockets at the dizzying pleasure and her head fell back on the pillow in bliss as he moved in and out of her, massaging her wet walls with his rod.

**KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!!**

The illusive dream faded, Liliana's eyes snapped open at the loud hurried banging on her bedroom door and looked around. She sighed in disappointment when she realised she was still

in her room... alone and fully clothed with the man gone. It was one of those mornings again when she'd wake up wet and bothered, covered in sweat from a wet dream about a man she knew she couldn't have.

"Lilliana you're going to be late for school" her father said from outside her door, she groaned rolling out of bed and slouched to her bedroom door while putting on her nightgown. Leave it to her father to ruin a good dream. She took a couple of deep breaths in to calm down before opening the door and raised an eyebrow at the man. He was twenty-five years her senior but he was still in great shape, he exercised regularly and dressed to impress... even had tattoos from his teenage years.

Scowling at his daughter, he reached out his hand to touch her forehead and check her temperature level. Her face was a little pale making him think she was sick.

"Are you okay princess?? You seem a little flushed and hot??" he asked worried, Lilliana rolled her eyes moving his hand away from her face and assured him.

"I'm fine dad, I just woke up but thanks for the compliment" he nodded, still worried but didn't pry further.

"I made you breakfast, get ready for school ...I'm leaving"

"Thanks dad" he kissed her forehead before walking away. The girl slammed the door shut and walked back to her bed. Taking off her nightgown, she snaked back under the covers and checked her phone to see how many hours she still had of sleep before it was time to get ready for school. The time on the screen read 05:30 making her sigh in delight, school didn't start until 08:30 giving her an hour and a half to catch up with her dreams. She buried her head back in the cotton pillow and closed her eyes, quickly falling back to sleep.

An hour later, she's woken up by the sound of her alarm. Groaning, she hesitantly reached out her hand to turn it off and slowly sat up straight. Yawning, she stretched her limbs before getting out of the king-sized bed and lazily made her way toward her joint bathroom to start with her every morning routine. She brushed her teeth clean and washed her face before getting in the shower. She moaned standing under the manmade rain, the warmth of the water washing off the last bit of sleep in her eyes.

She grabbed her candy scented hair shampoo and applied it on her hair before massaging it into her scalp. Washing the foam off, she proceeded to wash her body to her satisfaction and stepped out of the shower onto the fuzzy silver grey bathroom carpet. She got her bathrobe from behind the bathroom door and slipped it on before grabbing a towel from the towel rack. She wrapped her hair in it to dry while she got ready for school.

Leaving the bathroom, she walked into her walk-in closet and got her school uniform from one of the cabinets and lingerie from one of the drawers. She put everything on the leather sofa in the middle of the room and undid the belt of her bathrobe. She left it to drop on the floor and applied body lotion on her skin first before putting on her underwear then the rest of her clothing.

She walked out minutes later with a pair of Jordans in her hand and stopped in front of her vanity mirror. Pulling the chair back a little, she sat down and put on her sneakers before starting with her make up that always included a little bit of concealer to hide the dark spots on her face, a black mascara to keep her long lashes out of her eyes and a nude lip gloss. Smacking her lips together, she smiled up at her reflection satisfied with the results on her face and undid the tightly wrapped towel still on her head to do her hair.

Not bothering with a hair dryer, she ran a brush through the now clam hair. Put it all up in a high ponytail and decorated it with scrunchies matching the colours of her school uniform. With one last look at her reflection, she got up and walked to her study desk to get her backpack. She then went to her nightstand table to get her phone, turning it on to check its battery life and grabbed a phone charger when it read below 50% before leaving her room.

She walked down the long flight of stairs, heading straight to the kitchen in search of that breakfast her father mentioned earlier. Walking in, she halted in her tracks and placed a hand over her chest to keep her heart from jumping out of her chest from shock. When to her surprise the kitchen wasn't empty, a man sat in one of the kitchen stools with a newspaper in one hand and a sandwich in the other... her father's best friend, affectionately known to her as her uncle, Damon Arnold Michaelson.

Looking handsome, calm and collected in his black three piece suit. Brandishing a golden rolex watch on his wrist. The man was a business tycoon... owned a chain of hotels, clubs and casinos and only ever seemed to speak when he felt it was of utmost necessity except when he was with his niece. Well, that was until recently. Everything changed after the girl's sixteenth birthday about two years ago.

The man had suddenly turned cold toward her and kept his distance. His cold demeanour though never failed in enticing a lot of women hence he was well known for breaking hearts unknowingly including Liliana's. He looked up at the sound of approaching footsteps, his lips stretching into a lopsided cocky smile when his eyes landed on the girl timidly walking past the door into the kitchen "Morning" he said in his baritone voice.

Licking her suddenly dry lips, the girl composed herself and said "good morning" walking around the kitchen counter to get to the oven where her father usually left her food and pulled the door open looking for her breakfast. She frowned, when she was greeted by the delicious smell of grilled cheese and ham but no sandwich and turned to the man. With an accusatory tone in her voice, she asked "Damon where's my breakfast??" just as the man was about to take a bite of the other half of the sandwich.

Caught red handed, the man said "I can explain" and put the sandwich back down on the grey plate. Rolling her eyes at the familiar words, the girl moved closer to the counter and leaned forward to drag the plate toward herself.

She took the half eaten sandwich in her hands and took a big bite of the toasted bread before saying "I'm listening" with her mouth full staring at Damon. This used to be a normal occurrence

between the two and if it was two years ago, they'd be bickering at the moment but things were different now.

"It's simple really" Damon started, shrugging his shoulders as if to say it was obvious and pushed his half drank coffee toward the girl too before adding "...I was hungry and you know I hate food served in planes" he had just returned from a business trip in France.

"You say it like you don't fly in a private jet"

Lilliana scoffed, not buying into his excuse and took another bite of her sandwich. All he had to do was order someone to restock the plane full of everything he liked.

The man disagreed, folding his newspaper close and said "a plane is a plane little flower" little flower ...the nickname replayed in the girl's head. A smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she tried not to but couldn't control the heat that rushed to her face, turning her cheeks a tinge of pink at the sweet nickname. Hearing him call her his little flower was the one thing she could never get used to even though the man had been calling her that since he first found out her name was Lilliana ...Lily like a flower when shortened, it was the only thing that hadn't changed about him.

"Do you need a ride to school??" Damon snapped her mind back to reality and effectively changed the subject.

"Well.." the girl hesitated, her eyes moving to the blazer atop the table in the welcoming hall where her phone was ...deep in one of its pockets. She had already sent a text to her best friend asking her to come pick her up, but it wasn't everyday that Damon Michaelson took a minute out of his precious time to drive her to school so she made up her mind.

"...actually I do," she said, making a note to herself to not forget to stop her friend from coming to get her. Surely she would understand.

"Great, let's go then... I have an early meeting," the man said, grabbing his car keys from the counter and getting up to leave. Lilliana gulped down the rest of the coffee in the mug and put the mug in the sink before rushing out of the kitchen after him. Grabbing her backpack and blazer from the table, she followed Damon outside to his car parked in their driveway. He opened the passenger door for her before walking around the car to get in the driver's side and sat behind the wheel.

He pushed the start button to start the car's engine and waited for the girl as she locked the house. Jogging down the porch, she sat inside the car and dropped her backpack on the passenger floor before putting on her safety belt and smiled at the man to drive. Damon drove out of the Barnette residence and got on the road heading straight to Lilliana's school.

Taking out her phone, Lilliana sent a quick text to her friend telling her not to pick her up anymore and waited for her reply to be sure she saw the text before turning it off and putting it on a charger. The two drove in silence for a few minutes until the girl couldn't take it anymore and leaned forward to turn on the radio. Seeing this, the man frowned taking his eyes off the road

for a second to ask "what are you doing??" Just as Lilliana switched from station to station searching for her favourite. He loved his peace hence never used the radio in his car or allowed anyone to use it either.

"What do you mean??" The girl asked, confusedly.

"...It's too quiet in here so I'm playing some music" she added, her hand never moving away from the radio button.

The frown on the man's face turned into a disapproving scowl "well I like the silence so stop" he said, stealing a quick glance back at the road before removing the girl's hand from the button. Replacing it with his, he turned the radio off himself. The seriousness in his tone let the girl know he won't like it if she insisted.

"Okay, I'm sorry" she mumbled, leaning back in her seat and turned her head toward the window instead with one question in her mind. Why did she even accept his offer??