

# **Shhh! Don't Let Her Find Out**

## **Chapter 1 Sleepless Night - Shhh! Don't Let Her Find Out - FearGod Prince**

I was in a dead sleep when a loud scream from across the hall jerked me awake. For a heartbeat, I panicked, thinking my mom was in trouble, until the reality hit me: My mom and my stepdad were having sex. Loud, intense sex.

My mom was moaning, her cries punctuated by the wet, rhythmic sound of skin slapping against skin. I lay there in the dark, eyes wide, staring blankly at the ceiling. The rhythm was relentless. I tried to bury my head under the pillow, but the muffled thumps only made my imagination run wilder. From the angle of the sound, I knew he was taking her from behind.

This was the first time I'd ever heard them. He married my mom when I was ten, and I was turning twenty-one soon. I'd just returned from school for a few weeks' break, making this my first night back in the house after three months away.

Had they forgotten I was here? The way she was screaming and the way he was pounding into her, it was like they thought they were the only two people on earth.

"Ohhh! Fuck yes!" My mom screamed, her voice cracking with pleasure as the slapping sounds didn't miss a beat.

"Fuck! You love it when I fuck you hard! You're so tight!" My stepdad grunted.

Smack.

The sharp sound of a spank echoed through the wall, sending chills down my spine. Fuck. I was getting turned on. My body was reacting to him in a way I couldn't control.

I clenched my thighs together, trying to push down the dangerous heat building inside me. But the more I heard his dirty talk and the loud spanks, the harder it was to resist. My nipples hardened against my nightgown. I was soaking my panties. His voice was a deep rumble that seemed to settle right between my legs.

It was a voice I'd known since I was a child, but it had never sounded like this. I'd always known him as a gentleman. I never knew he could be this rough, this dominating.

He'd been my best friend since he married my mom. He was the one who woke me up for school, the one who knelt to tie my shoes. I never took the bus; he always drove me, adjusting my collar at the gate and telling me I was the smartest girl there.

He never forgot a birthday. When I got my first period, he was the one I ran to, too terrified to tell my mom. He didn't make it awkward. He just tucked my hair behind my ear, told me I was growing up, and went to the store himself. He'd pampered me, protected me, and made me feel like the center of his world.

But things shifted the moment I turned eighteen. The veil lifted. I'd grown into a woman, filled out in all the right places. Boys stared, but the only eyes I cared about were his. I'd caught him stealing glances, especially when I wore short skirts or shirts that showed off my cleavage.

I knew I was his weakness, just as much as he was mine. I'd spent countless nights fantasizing about him, but the crushing guilt kept me paralyzed.

I still remembered the day he accidentally spanked my ass in the kitchen, thinking I was my mom because I was wearing her pajamas. It was a playful swat, but it sent a jolt straight to my core. He apologized profusely, and I acted embarrassed. But deep down? I loved it. I wanted him to do it again, harder, and without the apology.

Now, hearing him fuck my mom was turning me on more than I could handle. The hands that used to hold mine were pinning my mom down, gripping her hips, driving into her with a ferocity that made my blood boil with jealousy. The man who had been my hero was a predator in the next room, and I desperately wanted to be his prey.

I shouldn't have been surprised by my arousal. I'd been fantasizing about him for two years. The hunger spiked the moment he welcomed me home with a hug this morning. I'd spent the afternoon avoiding him, terrified he'd read the desire written on my face.

I'd noticed the thick outline of his cock straining against his pajamas during that hug, wondering how big he was when fully hard. Listening to my mom scream, I didn't have to wonder anymore. He was definitely endowed.

These weren't the sounds of gentle lovemaking. They were the sounds of a woman being thoroughly filled and stretched. I squeezed my eyes shut, picturing his large, tanned hands gripping my waist.

"Ohhh! Fuck! Please, slow down!" my mom cried out.

Jealousy and lust twisted in my gut. I wished I was the one under him. I wouldn't tell him to slow down. I'd beg him to go harder.

I expected him to show mercy, but the slapping only grew more frantic. He drove into her with raw power, punctuating every heavy thrust with words so dirty they made my entire body throb. My sweet stepdad had a dominant side I never could have imagined.

I couldn't take it anymore. I grabbed my pillow and squeezed it between my legs, grinding against it. I could practically feel the heat radiating through the wall.

The dirty talk was the breaking point. He sounded so in control, owning her pleasure. Every "Good girl" or "Take it" felt like it was directed at me.

I pulled my nightgown up, spread my legs, and shoved my soaked panties aside. I let out a shaky breath and began to rub myself, desperately wishing it was his hand, his cock. I knew I shouldn't, but I was past the point of no return.

Forbidden or not, I imagined him pinning me to his bed, fucking me exactly the way he was fucking her.

My breath hitched as I slid my middle finger deep inside. I arched my back, trying to match my rhythm to the heavy, rhythmic clapping from the other room. In my mind, it wasn't my finger. It was him. I fingered myself faster, mimicking the brutal pace of their sex.

"Yes! Oh fuck, yesss!!" My mother's voice rose into a shattered scream.

His movements turned frantic, the sound of skin on skin becoming a blur of violent collision. He was going harder now, his low grunts sounding like an animal going in for the kill.

I increased my pace, desperately chasing my own release. I wanted to scream just like she was, but I had to stay silent, biting my lip until it tasted like iron.

"Fuck! I'm coming!" My stepdad's guttural roar erupted from his throat.

He was finishing, and I wasn't there yet. I felt the rhythm change as he gave those last few desperate thrusts, grinding deep.

"Yesss! Take it, baby!" he grunted.

I pushed myself harder, chasing that elusive peak, but it was no use. The spark died the moment the sounds from the other room faded into heavy, satisfied breathing. My body went cold, unsatisfied, the empty ache inside me screaming for the real thing.

I could hear them whispering softly to each other—a low, intimate murmur that made my stomach twist with jealousy. My finger felt small and useless inside me. I was empty, and no amount of imagination was going to fix the ache throbbing in my bones.

I didn't know what had come over me. It was forbidden to crave the man I was supposed to call "Dad." But sadly, it seemed I was destined to only fantasize and touch myself in the dark, never having him.

Frustrated and aching, I finally pulled my hand away and collapsed into a restless sleep.