

Chapter 2 Sitting On My Stepdad's Laps - Shhh! Don't Let Her Find Out -

The next day, I was still lying in bed, scrolling through my phone, when a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in," I called out, stretching lazily before sitting up on the edge of the bed.

The door opened, and my mom walked in.

"Morning, Mom," I said, tossing my phone aside.

"Morning, sweetie. Sleep well?"

I stared at her. Was she joking? I definitely would have slept well if she hadn't woken me up in the middle of the night with her screams.

"Yeah, I did," I lied after a beat. I wasn't about to tell her I'd heard everything. I caught my reflection in the mirror—dark circles under my eyes, a reminder of how frantically I'd touched myself while she shrieked his name. My body still ached with frustration.

"Good. Get dressed. We're moving to the new house today."

I blinked, confused. "New house?"

"Yeah. Sorry I didn't mention it yesterday. We're moving into your stepfather's newly built place. Pack your bags. We leave in an hour."

"That's... sudden," I said. "What about all our stuff? It won't fit in the car."

"Just take your clothes and personal items. He hired movers for the rest. Hurry up—it's a long drive." She turned and left before I could argue.

I wasn't thrilled about a road trip, but I didn't have a choice. Besides, a bigger house meant thicker walls. Maybe I'd finally get some peace.

I dragged myself out of bed and into the bathroom. I washed my face, brushed my teeth, and stepped into the shower. The hot water slicking over my skin felt too much like the phantom touch of his large hands. I lathered up, sliding my soapy palms over my breasts and down my stomach, imagining the friction of his rough palms instead of my own.

Knowing that touching myself would only make the ache worse, I rinsed off quickly. I dried off, lotioned up, and picked out an outfit. I needed to feel unrestricted. I pulled on pink cotton panties and a short skirt, then threw on a T-shirt without a bra.

My nipples poked against the thin fabric, dead giveaways that I was braless, but I didn't care. Mom wouldn't say anything; she knew I hated feeling restricted. The soft cotton brushed against my sensitive peaks, which hardened instantly at the mere thought of seeing him.

I grabbed my bags and dragged them into the living room. I could hear their voices outside; they'd already loaded most of the car. When I hauled my bag out the front door, my stepdad looked up and smiled. He wore a tight polo shirt that stretched across his chest, the definition of his abs visible through the fabric.

"I was just coming to check on you. What took so long?" He waited for me to get close, then took the bags from my hands.

Mom's stuff took up almost the entire car. He tossed my bags in the back like they weighed nothing, wedging them into the last bit of free space. The front seat was piled high with boxes. That left only one seat in the back.

I frowned. "Mom, the car is full. There's only one seat left. Where am I supposed to sit?"

"You'll have to share with your dad," Mom said casually. "You can sit on his lap."

My heart nearly stopped. Blood rushed to my face. The idea of being that close to him for hours was almost too much to process.

"Wait—he's not driving?" I asked, panic rising.

"No, his eyes have been bothering him, so I'm driving." She turned to him. "Honey, you don't mind holding Vicky, do you?"

"Why not? She's not that heavy," he replied smoothly.

He didn't even hesitate. It was almost like he wanted this. My nerves spiked. Sitting on his lap—the lap of the man I'd been fantasizing about all night—felt like walking into a trap. I didn't trust myself. I was equal parts terrified and turned on.

He looked at me, his gaze dropping to linger on the outline of my hard nipples through my T-shirt before flicking away. I didn't say a word.

Once everything was packed, he went back to lock up the house. My heart raced. How was I going to control myself? My panties were damp just thinking about it.

He returned and climbed into the back seat first. Mom was already behind the wheel, waiting for us.

He patted his thighs. "Come on. Come sit on Daddy's lap."

"Are you sure about this, Dad?" I asked.

He smiled. "I know you're a big girl now, but I can still carry you. You're still my pretty little princess. Come on."

I hesitated for a second before climbing in. As I lowered myself, his thighs felt rock-hard beneath me. He adjusted, spreading his legs slightly to give me a stable base, which only sank me deeper into the cradle of his lap. Heat radiated off him in waves. As I settled, my ass pressed right against the zipper of his jeans.

I let out a shaky breath, trying to keep my back straight so I wouldn't lean into his chest, but the car was packed tight. I had no choice but to rest against him. His arms came around my waist to steady me, large hands resting dangerously close to my thighs. My heart hammered against my ribs, and I wondered if he could feel it against his chest.

The long drive was just beginning, and I was already losing my mind.