



After a car ride of flirting, petting, and giggling (by me), we pulled into a fucking four seasons hotel. I gaped at Ryan.

"Here!?" I asked "This place is like thousands a night!"

He just winked at me, and my heart fluttered. He pulled into valet parking and got out to open my door for me.

God he was being such a gentleman, I thought, smiling at him, that is until he held up the clasp of the leash to me.

"Wait...really?" I asked, nervously glancing around. "Here too?" He had taken it off when we got in the car.

"Janie..." He said impatiently.

"Can't we just...when we get into the room..." I trailed off under his steady gaze. After another moment, I took the clasp obediently and clipped it to my own neck.

"Do...uh...you need me to take any bags up?" I glanced up, realizing that a young nerdy doorman had watched our whole exchange. I looked down again, embarrassed. "Wait...Ryan?" the doorman asked.

"Oh...hi Jakey." Ryan turned to me, explaining. "Jakey is another senior at my high school." I glanced between them, disoriented and nervous. Fuck Jakey seemed so so young. Ryan was so big, commanding and authoritative but...his classmate was just a little nervous kid. A kid who seemed awestruck as he checked me out and stared at the leash attaching me to Ryan.

Ryan continued smoothly to Jakey "We have everything we need, thank you.", as if nothing was wrong. He handed him the keys and, to my slight relief, put an arm around me as we walked in instead of pulling me along on the leash. His hand fell on my ass though, and he squeezed hard. I heard Jakey squeak behind me. I suppressed a nervous giggle.

As we approached the hotel check-in desk, I clung tightly to Ryan's muscular arm, my heart racing. His large hand squeezed my ass possessively, sending tingles through my body. The elegant receptionist, who looked to be in her 40s, took in the sight of us, eyes widening - me in elegant red dress and black collar and Ryan looking devastatingly handsome in his tailored shirt and bowtie.

"Welcome to the Four Seasons," she said, her gaze flicking nervously to the thin leather leash attached to my collar. "Your, uh, dress is lovely, miss."

I felt my cheeks flush hot with embarrassment and arousal. "Thank you," I whispered.

Ryan flashed her a smile. "Hello Elizabeth, how are you tonight?"

"I'm good R..sir, and yourself?" She replied, blushing slightly.

"I've never been better." Ryan answered, squeezing my ass again - this time even harder - and generating a soft squeal from me before I could stop it. "I assume our room is ready?" he continued smoothly.

"Y-yes sir, Suite 1412 on the top floor" the receptionist stammered, handing over the keycards. "Enjoy your stay."

As we walked to the elevator, I was acutely aware of every eye on us. My nipples hardened against the silky fabric of my dress as I glanced at Ryan, who strode confidently down the hallway, in his element. In the elevator, a young couple joined us. The woman's eyes widened when she saw my leash, while her husband tried not to stare at my legs.

Ryan struck up a casual conversation with them about their background and hotel's amenities. As he chatted, his hand slid up under my dress, fingers teasing my hole. I bit my lip to keep from moaning.

Ryan's fingers continued their teasing exploration as he chatted easily with the couple. "So what brings you two to the hotel?" he asked, his voice smooth as silk.

"Oh, um, it's our anniversary," the woman replied, her cheeks flushing as her eyes darted between Ryan's handsome face and my leash.

"How wonderful," Ryan said smoothly. "Any special plans?"

The husband - a small skinny man - cleared his throat. "We, uh, have reservations at the rooftop restaurant."

"Excellent choice," Ryan said, leaning in conspiratorially. "The views are spectacular, I'd love to show you around."

"Oh...we...um...I don't know if..." The husband stammered.

"Tell you what," Ryan continued, "Janie and I have some urgent business we need to take care of, if you know what I mean." He winked at them and everyone on the elevator other than Ryan blushed. "But maybe we'll meet you at the bar up there later on? To celebrate your anniversary!"

The couple looked at each other, seeming conflicted and confused. "Yeah...yeah okay...I guess we'll see." The husband answered after another moment. The wife nodded along as well.

"Great. Hey, isn't this your stop?" Ryan asked, as we were stalled at a floor with the doors opened.

"Oh...yeah. Well, see you later, maybe?." The wife said and they scurried off.

The moment the couple exited, I turned to Ryan and began kissing him hungrily. His fingers were driving me wild. He grinned into my mouth and pressed me against the elevator wall, his tongue plundering my mouth as his hands roamed my body. When we reached our floor, he led me to our room by the leash, flushed and panting with need.

Ryan pulled me into the room and kissed me forcefully, his hand wrapping around my neck. The pressure of his fingers sent shivers down my spine as his tongue explored my mouth. He finally broke the kiss, leaving me breathless.

I turned and my eyes widened. The room was enormous, with a foyer, a large luxurious living room off to the right, and a beautiful bed room to the left. It was decadent. And, laid out carefully on the plush king-sized bed, was a stunning white lingerie set and a delicate light blue nightie.

"Wait...those...are for me? How did you..." I turned to Ryan in shock.



My mind reeled as I realized how much thought and planning Ryan had put into this. He had known I would come here with him. He had arranged everything in advance, choosing everything for me.

In part the realization intimidated and scared me. How could he exert such knowing control over me? How could he dictate events exactly as he wanted all the time? But in larger part, I was in lustful awe. His dominance and power thrilled me.

"Get yourself ready for me, baby," he commanded, his voice low and husky. He swatted my ass as I turned to comply. "Don't keep me waiting."

Flushed with excitement and eager to please, I hurried to grab the delicate clothing and then to the bathroom to freshen up. The bathroom, of course, was opulent and gorgeous. On the counter, I found an array of high-end makeup products arranged on the counter.



Ryan wanted only Janie to step out of the bathroom today. And that's what I'd give him.

First I took a shower, cleaning every inch of myself for him. I had to fight against the urge to pleasure myself in my excitement.

After drying myself, I slipped into the lingerie, admiring my reflection. The delicate bra pushed up my breasts enticingly, giving me a small bust, while the panties accentuated my ass and curves beautifully. Unsurprisingly, the set Ryan had gotten for me fit me better than the set I'd purchased for myself.

I slipped on the nightie over it all, which ended just above the crease of my ass and offered tantalizing glimpses of skin.

Finally, I took my time applying eyeliner, blush, and making my lashes long and lush. Careful application of red lipstick completed the look.

My heart pounding with anticipation, I emerged from the bathroom. I found him lounging on the couch across from the bed.

Ryan's eyes darkened with lust as he took in the sight of me, clad in sheer blue fabric that barely concealed. "Turn around for me." I spun slowly for him, trying to remember all of Princess's tips - keeping my back arched and ass pressed out. Heat rushed over my body wherever his gaze fell.

He stood up slowly and walked towards me. I blushed...waiting for him to say something, anything, nervous as a girl on her first date. Which, I realized, this kind of was.

He stood in front of me and I looked up into the gorgeous face of my 18 year old dominator, my body tingling in anticipation. As always, Ryan's complete confidence and control over the situation sent shivers down my spine, making me want him even more.

"Janie - you're fucking stunning," he said, standing up and moving towards me.

My heart swooned, my face breaking into a wide grin. "Thank you, Daddy." I said quietly. I looked up at him, taking in his body. He had removed his tie. And, without needing to be told, I stepped close to him and started unbuttoning his shirt. This little action felt so intimate, so sensual. I looked up at him doe-eyed and blushing. He put a hand on my cheek and we kissed gently. Whatever this was, whatever we were doing - it felt amazing, it felt right.



I looked down again, refocusing on unwrapping Ryan. My hands were trembling slightly so it wasn't easy, but I managed it - he was patient with me. The lustful tension built as we stood silently, the only sound the slight rustle of my hands on his shirt buttons.

Finally, I opened his shirt to reveal the muscular perfection beneath. I leaned in to kiss Ryan's god-like chest. He flexed his pec as I did so and I giggled, resting my hands on his abs as I kissed and licked his muscles.

"Mmm" Ryan growled softly. I was so small pressed up against him. I felt almost an instinctual desire to bask in the warmth of his protection. It was as if my evolutionary survival instincts were telling me that if I made Daddy happy, he'd take care of me, he'd protect me.

I didn't fight these feelings, I embraced them.

I needed - to my very core - to make Ryan feel good. To please this man. My alpha.

I took his nipple into my mouth and felt it harden against my tongue. Yesss. I quickly moved to the other and did the same. Meanwhile my hands moved down his body to his massive bulge, and I started rubbing him through his pants.

I continued my reverent exploration of Ryan's body, dropping to my knees before him. My hands caressed his muscular thighs as I planted soft kisses along his defined abs. I traced the v-line of his hips with my tongue, savoring the salty taste of his skin.

I stood again, kissing and licking back up his body, and reaching for his belt. I fumbled slightly in my eagerness. Ryan chuckled softly, his hand teasing my nipple and causing me to moan and become even more distracted. I managed to undo his pants, tugging them down over his briefs. His thick manhood pressed out in his white boxer briefs, creating a massive mound that presses against my tiny girlhood. I gasped at the contact, feeling so small and feminine compared to his dominant masculinity. I kissed him passionately, wrapping my arms around him and pressing my pelvis into his crotch.

As I moved to slip my hands under his briefs, wanting nothing more than his cock in my hands and my mouth once again, Ryan gently pushed me back. "Not yet, baby," he said, his voice calm and controlled.

He leaned down and scooped me up with ease, his strong arms cradling me as if I weighed nothing. As he carried me to the bedroom, I couldn't help but giggle in nervous



excitement. I showered his thick shoulder and neck with soft, playful kisses, feeling the warmth of his skin against my lips with each peck.

“Where are we going, Daddy?” I teased, whispering in his ear before nibbling it. God I loved this role.

“To finish this, Janie.” Unlike my tone, his was dead fucking serious. A moment later he dropped me onto the bed unceremoniously.

I gasped, looking up at him shocked and hurt.



He looked down at me, a contemptuous sneer on his face. “You can flirt with me Janie, joke with and tease me. I’ll even play along sometimes. But don’t forget that collar on your neck.”

He let the tension sit as I whimpered before continuing. What...why was he doing this?

“Who is in charge here, slut?”

Nervous and desperate, I didn’t hesitate. “You, Daddy. You are in charge. Always.” I answered obediently.

He got on the bed, straddling me. I looked up at him in fear and lust as his muscular weight settled onto me, locking me in place. “Let’s get that slutty mouth of yours ready.” He said before prying open my mouth with both his hands. “Suck” he commanded, sticking 3 fingers deep onto my tongue. I obeyed, closing my lips around his fingers and fighting my gag reflex as he pushed his fingers deeper into me.

“You’ve got a lot of work to do if you want to be one of my girls, Janie.” He said, exploring my mouth with his fingers. I nodded, fighting back tears as I breathed heavily through my nose.

“I want you practicing your depththroating every day.” He said as he shoved fingers to the back of my throat. “Buy a massive dildo or something, use a banana, I don’t care. But I want to see progress, got it?”

I nodded emphatically. Finally he pulled his fingers out and I gasped for air. "Got it?" He repeated.

"Yes Ryan. I'll practice for you, Daddy." I answered emphatically between gasps.

He looked from one eye to the other, and I tried to express my earnestness through my gaze. I would do it. I would do anything he wanted me to.

He nodded, putting his hand behind my neck and drawing me into a deep and dominating kiss that left me breathless.

He got off the bed and paced slowly around, settling onto a leather chair behind me. I stared over my shoulder at him. Slowly, tantalizingly, he started lowering his boxer briefs. I moaned as his cock came into view, imagining all the things he'd do to me with it tonight.

"Take off that nightie for me. Nice and slow." He ordered, stroking himself slowly from base to tip. I shuddered, then obeyed, still sitting on the bed, I dropped it to the floor, looking back at him in a way I hoped was seductive.

As I arched my back to accentuate my curves, Ryan's eyes raked over my body, drinking in every inch of exposed skin. The intensity of Ryan's stare made me feel both vulnerable and incredibly sexy.



Our gazes met, and his expression hardened. "Do you think you've earned this, Janie? Do you deserve my cock?" He stopped stroking himself as he arrived at a glorious full mast.

My mouth watered and I trembled as I stared at his incredible manhood.



"Please, Daddy," I whispered. "I'll make you feel good. I can earn it."

Ryan's dark eyes held mine.
"Show me how badly you want
this cock."

Heart pounding and maintaining
eye contact, I slipped off the edge
of the bed and sank to my knees.
As I crawled towards him, I
couldn't keep a small smile off of
my face. I would be sucking
Ryan's cock again. I couldn't
fucking wait. I didn't want to fuck
this up. I swayed my ass behind
me as I moved, putting on a
show.

I stopped at his feet, kneeling
before him, my breath catching in
my throat as I stared up at his
handsome face, perfect body and
glorious cock looming over me.
Time seemed to slow as I took in
every detail of Ryan's godlike
form. The sharp line of his jaw,
the playful yet dangerous glint in
his eyes, the way his sandy
brown hair fell slightly across his
forehead—it all combined into a
vision of masculine perfection
that made my insides flutter.





A towering god of masculinity, his muscular chest rose and fell slowly with each measured breath, the defined ridges of his abs casting subtle shadows in the dim hotel lighting. His broad shoulders tapered down to a narrow waist. My eyes hungry took in the defined lines of his abs that flowed into magnificent cock. It jutted out proudly, thick and veined along its incredible length. It stood gloriously over me, dominating my vision.

"Well, Janie?" he prompted, his voice rumbling through me like thunder. The corner of his mouth twitched into that cocky half-smile that made my heart race.

Jolted from my reverie by his words, I sank low to start kissing his feet, knowing my utter submission is what he wanted to see.

Sure enough he spoke up, sounding impressed. "MMMM...good girl, Janie."

I continued kissing up his ankles and then kissed and licked along his inner thighs, the heightening smell of his arousal overwhelming my senses.

I pressed my forehead against his cock as I pressed my nose into his ballsack. He was rock hard and radiating heat, and his powerful scent made me lightheaded.

I extended my tongue towards his large balls and licked them gratefully, feeling privileged to taste this glorious teenager's salty, manly flavor. I breathed him in, closing my eyes and reveling in Ryan, Daddy. Then I started pumping his shaft with both hands as I continued to lick and suck his balls, amazed at their imposing size - I could only fit one in my mouth at a time.



Finally, I opened up for his cock, wrapping my lips around the thick head. The taste of his pre-cum filled my mouth as I began to worship him with my tongue. I swirled it around the sensitive tip before taking him deeper, sealing my lips around his shaft as I sucked.

Ryan's low groan of pleasure sent shivers down my spine. "That's it, take it deeper," he commanded, his hand tangling in my hair.

I relaxed my throat, taking more of his impressive length. Just like every time I'd tried this, the stretch was difficult, bringing tears to my eyes, but I was determined to please him. I bobbed my head, sucking his shaft a little deeper with each pass. I moaned around him, the vibrations making him twitch against my tongue.

I focused on breathing through my nose as I pushed myself. The head of his cock hit the back of my throat and I fought against my gag reflex. Tears prickled the corners of my eyes but I didn't stop, wanting desperately to make him proud.

"Choke on it," Ryan growled. He stood and I leaned up to keep him inside of me. Then he started thrusting his hips. "Your throat was made to be fucked by me, Janie."

The feeling of his cock sliding into my throat was overwhelming. My girlhood twitched and throbbed with need. As Ryan began to fuck my face in earnest, I felt an orgasm building deep inside me.

"Mmm...you love this. I knew from the second I saw you that you would, Janie. This is where you belong."

His thick shaft stretching my throat, the musky scent of his arousal, his filthy words - it was all too much. Wave after wave of pleasure crashed over me and I felt myself gush into my panties. My thighs trembled as I came untouched, just from the feeling of Ryan using my mouth for his pleasure.

Ryan laughed at me. "Did you just cum from sucking my cock? Damn you've really embraced your inner slut, Janie. Getting off just from having your throat stuffed by Daddy's cock."





I whimpered around his shaft, utterly humiliated yet impossibly turned on. Ryan's mocking laughter and cruel words only intensified the aftershocks of my orgasm. I could feel my arousal dripping down my thighs as Ryan continued to use me.

“Okay, Janie. You’ve fluffed me enough I think.” Ryan said, sliding his length out of my throat and slapping me with his shaft, still wet with my saliva, against my face. I gasped, staring up at this fucking stallion of a teenager.

“Take those off.” He ordered, glancing at my bra and panties. My heart began beating fast but I readily obeyed. I turned around, making a show of first removing my bra, then my panties. I looked over my shoulder at Ryan, nervous.

With my hand on the bed, I pressed out my ass and arched my back, trying to present myself for him. But my heart froze as I felt my tiny dicklett flop pathetically down between my legs.

He stood looking at me, and he was fucking glorious. His muscles were powerfully pumped, and his massive cock waited for my attention. Once again. He nodded appreciatively at me, scanning my body up and down, even pausing on my tiny package.

I turned to him, kissing him tentatively, nervous.

Thankfully, he did not, as I feared he would, push me away. So I sunk into the kiss, savoring the taste of his tongue.

He slapped my ass hard as I kissed him, causing me to gasp then giggle. I felt his smile against my lips which made me even happier. God I loved this. I felt the need to show my gratitude, so I reached down and grasped the impossibly thick tool of this teenage Adonis.

I groaned. "Ahhhh....Thank you for showing me what a real man is, Daddy." I whispered, pausing my sucking on his tongue.

"Mmmm..That lesson isn't over yet, Janie." He replied. "On the bed, chest down, ass up."

My heart beat wildly now as I did what he asked. I was scared, anxious, thrilled, curious....The feelings went on and on. But, as I felt the collar at my neck as I settled onto the bed - I knew I was his to order around. And that fucking turned me on even more.



Laying down, I looked back over my shoulder at Daddy, smiling, my excitement and giddiness at being here with him overcoming my nerves.



He stood over me, imposing and incredible. His muscular body was pumped and full and his cock, even somewhat softened, was a glory to behold. I could not fucking imagine doing anything other than submit to this man - to this simply superior being.

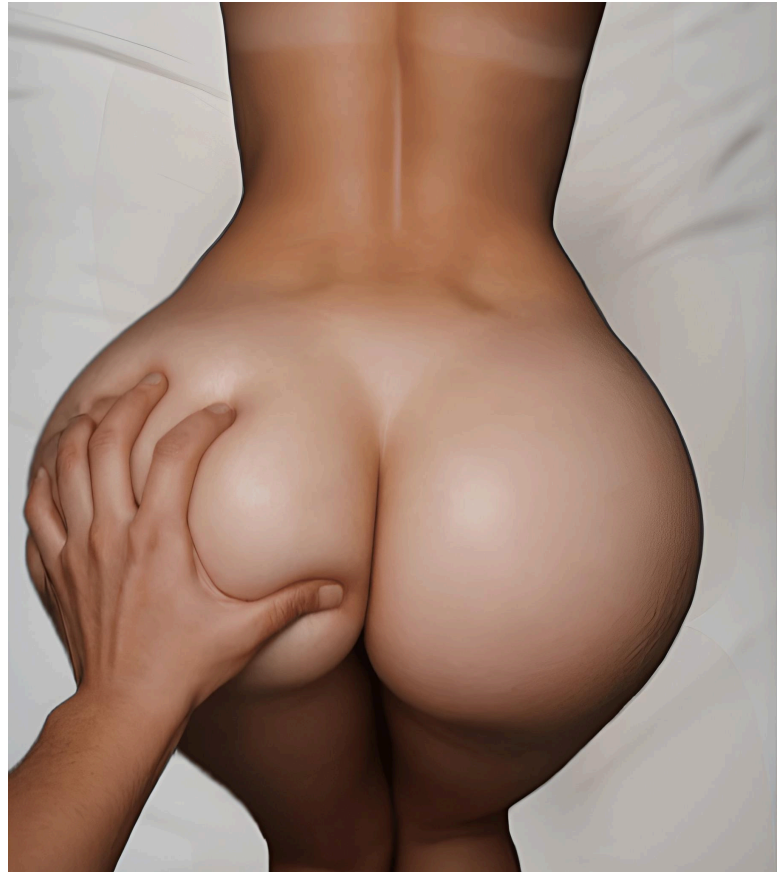
My heart raced with anticipation as Ryan slowly approached the bed, my eyes following his sculpted physique and massive member inch by tantalizing inch. I lifted my ass for him, wanting to make myself look as appealing as possible.



Daddy's heavy weight settled onto the bed behind me. He straddled me, his muscular thighs pressing against my outer legs, deliciously pressing me into the mattress.

"Look at this..." He said wonderingly. And slapped my ass. I moaned for him, not holding back - knowing that he wanted it from me. "I'm going to fucking stretch you out, Janie." He squeezed me so hard it hurt.

I whimpered helplessly.



Ryan slapped his heavy cock down into the cleft of my ass and I moaned, reveling in the feeling and anticipation. The weight of it, the heat radiating from his shaft, sent shivers through my body. He ground against me, his impressive length sliding up and down between my cheeks. I could feel every vein, every ridge of his manhood as he teased me mercilessly.

"Oh god, Daddy," I whimpered, pressing back against him. "You're so big."

Ryan chuckled darkly, his large hands gripping my hips firmly. "Such a needy little slut," he taunted, positioning himself at my entrance. The blunt head of his cock pressed against my tight hole and I panted quickly in nervousness.



"Relax for me, baby," Ryan cooed, one hand stroking soothingly down my back. "It's going to hurt a bit. But once you get used to it, Daddy's going to make you feel soooo good."

I took a deep breath, trying to calm my racing heart as I felt the pressure increase. In my nervousness, I told him "I've never done this, Daddy."

"Oh I know, Janie." He replied simply.

He left his cock pressing against me, causing me to squirm, rubbing my entrance against the end of his spear. God it was soooo close.

"...Daddy?" I asked tentatively, looking back at him. He was looking at me, smirking, his arms crossed over his broad muscular chest.

"Yes?" He asked innocently, not moving a muscle. God there was so much pressure, waiting to be released.

Ryan's huge hands gripped my ass hard, making me moan, anticipating how he'd pull me onto him.

But he didn't move.

I whimpered. "P...please Daddy..." I whispered desperately.

"Please what, Janie?" His eyebrows raised expectantly.

I looked away, my cheeks burned with shame and lust. "Please take me...fuck me, Daddy."

Silence.

I looked back at him.

His cocky grin grew even wider. This fucking teenager, this 18 year old stud, this high school kid - he knew he fucking owned me.

My tormenter and master said: "Who's stopping you, Janie?"

I realized. In this final step, I'd have to do it to myself. The ultimate submission.

It...was so relentless...so domineering...so depraved...

It made me want him even more.

I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and pushed backwards, my tightness warring against his hardness, with no question which would win.

My body held fast for a moment. Then, unable to resist the powerful insistence of Ryan's cock, I opened up for him. Slowly, deliciously, the thick head of his cock breached me.

"Oh my goddddddd" I moaned, my eyes open wide.

Was this how it was supposed to feel? This was...primal and intense. The sensation was overpowering, raw, and animalistic. As I stretched open for Daddy slowly, every nerve ending in my body lit on fire with the intensity, making my body arch and tremble in response.

The skin of his cock was rough against my sensitive flesh, each ridge and vein causing small shifts of pleasure and pain as it pressed deeper into my body. His size was almost too much to handle - it WAS too much to handle. I...I couldn't...this wouldn't...

Ryan's calm and controlling voice broke through my panic.

"That's it, Janie. Take it. This is the cock you've waited for all your life. This is your entire purpose. The reason for everything you've ever done. It's going to make you feel so good I promise."

His words were like a cool river flowing over my burning hot panic. I nodded my head silently.





He pushed a bit further into me.

“Mdngfhmmaaa...” I grunted, fighting through the pain, intensity, and delirious lust overwhelming my senses.

The pain mounted and mounted then, pop. “Ahhhhh” I moaned, feeling a momentary relief as his cock head cleared into me and I constricted around his shaft. Fuck, that was just the head?

I took a deep breath. I was afraid to look back. The pain was so bad I was sure something would be wrong if I did. But...now that I’d started. I had to keep going. I closed my eyes and pressed further onto him.

I felt the details of every single millimeter of his godly shaft as I impaled myself further and further, filling me slowly but steadily. The thickness and hardness of his cock were overwhelming and almost too much to handle. My fingers dug into the sheets as I arched my back, trying to find some relief from the sensations, to angle my body to be more accommodating.

Then, Ryan gripped my hips hard. He brought me to a halt. “Beautiful, Janie. I’m proud of you.”

I shuddered, pleased at his praise.

“I’ll take over now, though.” With that, he pushed into me, feeding me more and more of his cock.

Evidently his patience was running low.

“Aaahhhhh” I moaned in pain and ecstasy.

Ryan was physically and metaphorically pushing past my resistance and invading me completely — a physical and emotional assault.

I couldn't deny the excitement and pleasure that coursed through me at this rough and forceful intrusion. There was a delicious quality to this intense discomfort - an electrifying feeling that shot through my entire body. My body felt as if it was on the point of breaking. But the thought of Daddy breaking me was intoxicating, and the feel of his utter domination was the most arousing and electrifying feeling I'd ever experienced.

His progression into me was methodical, inexorable. I could no more stop him than I could stop a 5 ton boulder rolling slowly downhill. The best I could do was to submit to its progression.

Then he stopped.

W..what?

I could barely think.

“You’re doing fine, babe. But I’m afraid of breaking your delicate little body. So let’s give you a moment to get used to half of me for a bit.”

Half...Half!? My body felt like it was splitting in two around him and he'd only put in half? How was that possible...

But all thought fled me as Ryan began pulling out gain. I moaned at the sensation of him sliding against me. “Oh godddd.....” Then again as he pushed back into me slowly.



Godddd...Every inch of him felt harsh against my sensitive walls, but the harshness left an...almost slick pleasure in its wake. Pain persisted, but it started to be accompanied by...something wonderful.

Pushing in and out of me, his movements became regular.

I released a low and primitive moan, my instinctual submission to the alpha releasing as Ryan slid in and out of me.

And...through my delirium...it occurred to me.

I was being fucked by a man.

Ryan was fucking me.

Yeeeeessssssssssssss.

A psychological barrier seemed to shatter and I found myself somehow able to transcend the pain, and feel the absolute pleasure and joy that struck through it.

"Oh good Ryannnn. Daddyyyyy." I moaned at the realization. I still felt mostly pain, but the elation of my submission matched it.

"Such an obedient girl." Ryan said, slapping then squeezing my plump cheeks hard as he fucked me steadily.

"Yessss.....Keep going," I gasped out, even as tears pricked at my eyes. "Please, I want to be yours." It still didn't quite feel good yet. Still very painful.. But I was intoxicated with this position - being bent over and fucked by a real man. And I trusted Ryan that it WOULD feel good.

Ryan groaned, pushing forward steadily. "That's it, take it like a good girl," he praised, his voice becoming more intense, less playful. He was getting into it now.

"Fuck, you're so tight," Ryan growled. "Squeeze those legs together for me." He ordered.

I complied right away, prioritizing Ryan's pleasure and command over everything.

The burn was exquisite, a delicious ache that made me feel utterly claimed. I panted heavily, my whole body trembling as Ryan filled me more and more with each thrust.



My euphoria mixed with the growing pleasure from the slick friction of Ryan's cock - and it WAS growing - began to dominate my senses.

"Such a perfect little hole for Daddy's cock." His fingers and thumbs pressed into my soft waiting ass cheeks, as he pulled me back and forth along his thick muscular cock, stretching me out.

"Yes Dadddddyyyy." I moaned.

Everything began to click into place.

I felt my body slowly start to accommodate his thick girth. I found myself naturally pressing my chest down and raised my butt even more, angling my tunnel so it aligned perfectly with Ryan's shaft. I started moving in rhythm with him. Like we were one.

"How is it, Daddy" I begged, desperate for his approval.
"How do I feel to you?"

Ryan's hands tightened on my hips as he slowly withdrew, dragging his thick shaft along my sensitive walls. I moaned at the sensation, pushing back against him needily. When just the tip remained inside, he pushed forward again, burying himself more than any time prior with one powerful thrust.

I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure coursing through me as Ryan impaled me.

"Not bad, baby. You're doing fine."

Fuck, that's all? Ryan's cock was like a stick of TNT completely blowing up my world but I was just...fine...to him?

"H...how much...is in?" I asked as he continued pumping in and out of me slowly.

"Hmmm...maybe a bit less than 3/4s at this point." He paused, evaluating.



I moaned in amazement and disappointment. His hands were off me now, and I tried pushing more onto him.

FUCK. It hurrtrttt.

“You want more Janie? You want it all?” He asked.

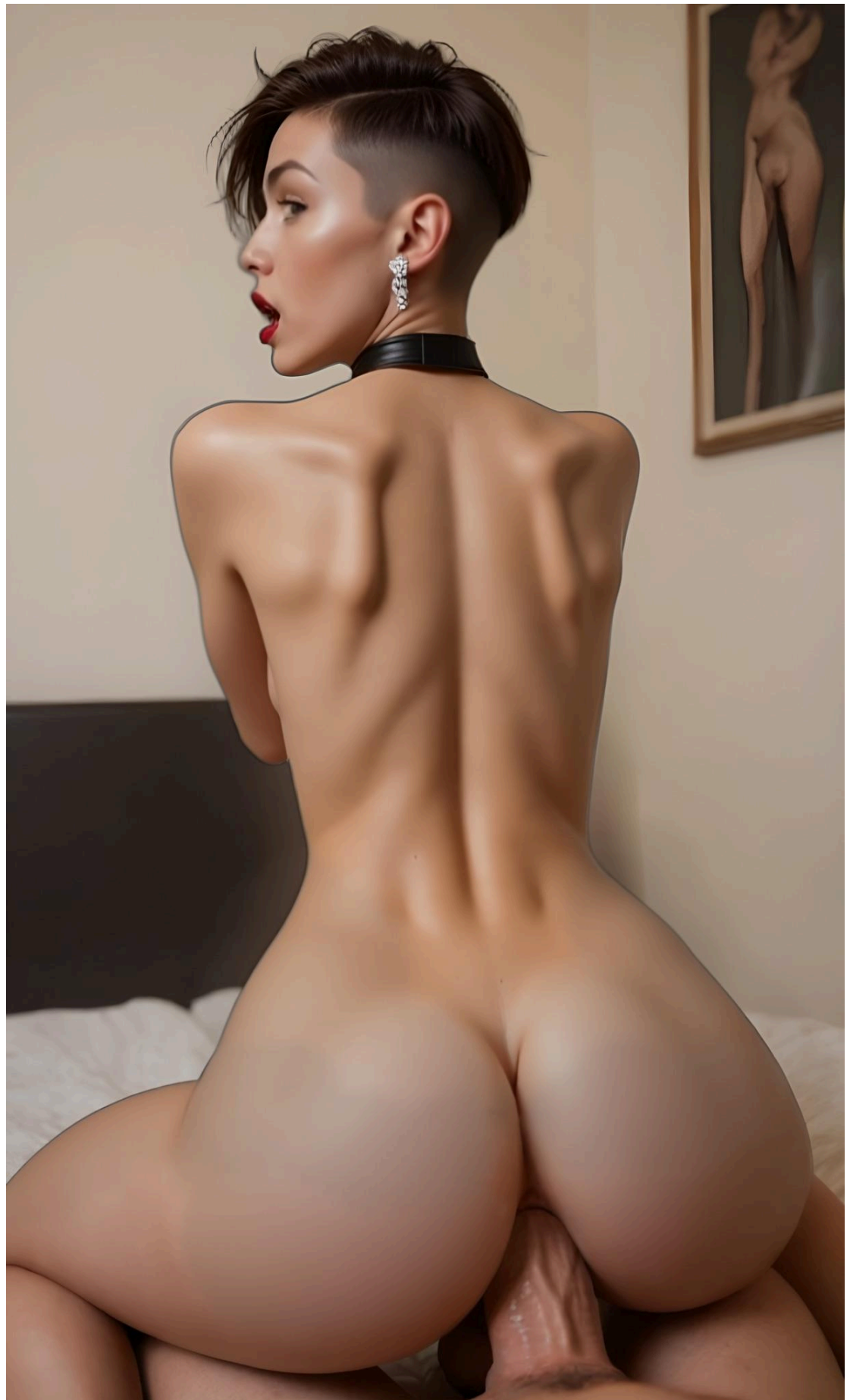
My body rebelled. It screamed for release, for me to pull myself off of him. This was all too much. But my mind....my mind wanted all of him. Wanted him to be as deep inside my body and soul as fucking possible. And I needed to make him feel more than ‘fine.’ I needing to make my alpha feel like a king

“I want it all. Your slut want your entire fucking cock inside of her, Daddy” I hissed, I leaned back, kissing him hard on the lips over my shoulder, swirling my tongue against his. I now sat on his lap, hovering partially impaled.

Before I could wuss out, I plunged myself onto him.

“GOODDDDDDD” I screamed as he went deeper than I ever thought possible. It felt as though his cock would emerge through my belly button. The pain was exquisite and just grew until, finally, his hips pressed against my ass cheeks.

My mouth opened in a silent scream.



His muscular thighs pressed against mine as I settled onto him. I felt so small, so delicate compared to his powerful frame. Ryan's hands gripped my hips, steadying me as I adjusted to this new position. The shift in angle sent bolts of hot pain through my body.

"FFuuuuuuu...." I moaned deliriously, staring back at my godly perfect daddy.

"That's it, baby girl," Ryan murmured, his breath hot against my ear. "Now show Daddy how much you want this cock."



Taking a deep breath, I began to move. I rolled my hips experimentally, gasping at the intense sensations. Ryan's thick shaft stretched me so much, filling me in ways I'd never imagined. As I found my rhythm, I started to bounce gently on his lap. Something wasn't right though, I couldn't take him smoothly. I couldn't get the right angle.

I whimpered, frustrated.

"Let Daddy take over, slut." Ryan said. And he stood up, holding me in front of him. His cock slipped out and I moaned in disappointment. But I reached back and lined him up against my needy entrance. And Ryan thrust - his entire fucking shaft splitting through my body and breaking my mind and soul.

"Ohhhh..." I moaned, the renewed pain starting to transform again, to become more complex.

"Ohhhhhh...." I moaned louder, harder. It hurt. But it was starting to feel...incredible...

"Ohhh goddddd...." Louder. Better.

"FUCCKCKKCKCK, DADDDYYYY," I moaned, my head falling back against his shoulder. "You're so BIGGGG..."

Ryan grabbed my arms as he thrust into me freely and with abandon. I lost myself in the complete domination of his huge thick cock.



Ryan's hands began again to roam my body, teasing my nipples and stroking my thighs as he fucked me. "You're taking me so well," he praised. "Such a good little slut for Daddy."

I ground back into him, desperate to take every inch. Over and over and over

"You feel that, Janie? Do you feel the length and thickness of a real man?" Ryan panted.

"Aghhuaahahah.." I moaned unintelligibly. My vision was starting to go dark at the edges. I knew I was going to pass out. Fuck whyyyy. I wanted more. I slammed my ass back into Ryan, desperate, wanting him to fuck me more, harder, to take it a....

My face split into a delirious smile as I began to surrender fully, to the moment, to Ryan, to the cock, and to the deep orgasmic bliss that suddenly overloaded all my senses.

My vision went black and I collapsed on the bed.



When I came to, Ryan was sitting on the edge of the bed, stroking my hair. His face wore an expression I hadn't seen before—tender concern mixed with something deeper, more possessive. The room was bathed in soft golden light from the bedside lamps, casting dramatic shadows across his muscular torso.

"Welcome back," he murmured, his voice like warm honey. "You okay?"

I blinked, disoriented but feeling a deep satisfaction radiating through my body. "How long was I..."

"Just a few minutes," he said, brushing a strand of hair from my face. "You completely gave in to me. It was beautiful to watch."

I flushed with pleasure and embarrassment at his words, noticing his massive cock was softer, glistening with the evidence of my pleasure. A wave of desire washed over me—he hadn't finished yet. The realization filled me with determination.

"I'm sorry I passed out," I whispered, reaching up to touch his chiseled jawline. "I want to make you feel good too, Daddy."

Ryan pulled me to him, our lips meeting in a kiss that started gentle but quickly grew hungry. His tongue slid against mine as I pressed my body against his, feeling the delicious heat of his skin against mine. My hands explored the hard planes of his back, marveling at the power contained in his young body.

I ground my hips upward, feeling his massive length press along my entrance. My tiny sissy dick slid up and down the surface of his powerful shaft, a tiny minnow bumping up against a great white shark. The feel of him sent aftershocks of pleasure through my still-sensitive body. Ryan groaned into my mouth, his hands squeezing my ass possessively.

"Do you want to go inside me again, Daddy?" I breathed against his lips.

Ryan pulled back slightly, looking down at me with that devastating smirk. "One taste of a real man's cock and you can't get enough."

I nodded shamelessly, grinning at him, wanting him to know how much I wanted him. "Yes, Daddy. I need it. I need your cum." I flushed and giggled at my own brazenness. He smirked back.



Moving with deliberate slowness, I shifted beneath him, moving away from him and spreading my legs in invitation. I stared into his eyes, a sultry smile on my lips, so happy and excited to be here with this incredible being.



As I lay back, Ryan stood over me with his hands on his hips. He was fucking glorious, his muscular frame imposing and his massive cock hanging imposingly low between us, and I couldn't tear my eyes away from it. Even after having it inside me, I couldn't believe how perfect it was—thick, veined, and intimidatingly large. I marveled at the fact that that entire thing had been inside me. Fuckkk.



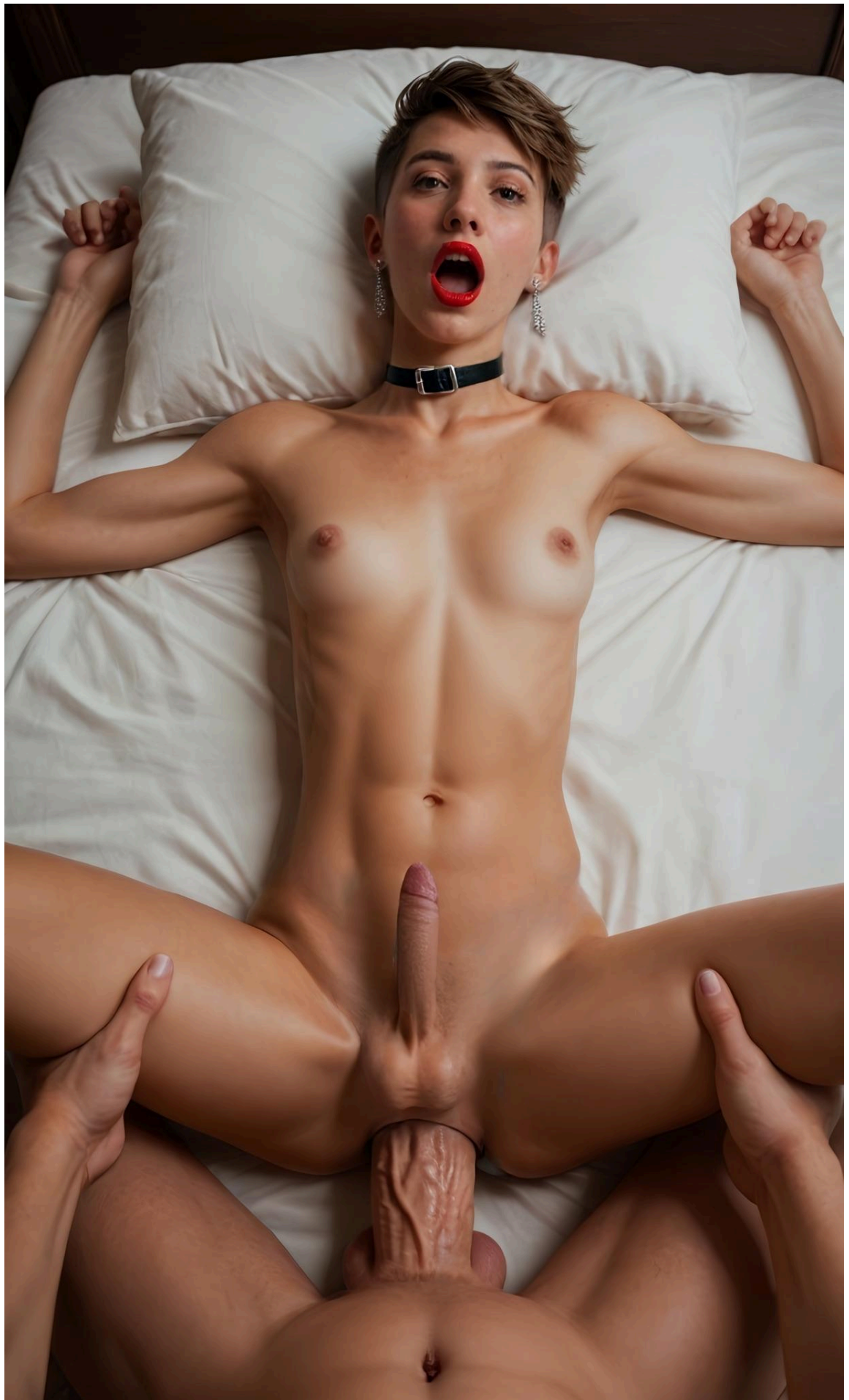
Ryan positioned himself between my thighs, the blunt head of his cock pressing against my entrance. I was still stretched and ready for him, my body remembering the shape of him. As he pushed forward, the feeling was less painful this time, more of a delicious and incredibly intense burn and penetration that made me arch my back and moan wantonly.

"Fuck, you feel amazing," Ryan growled, sinking into me inch by glorious inch. His eyes never left mine, watching every flicker of pleasure and surrender on my face.

When he was fully sheathed inside me, he paused, letting me adjust to his size again. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him even deeper, wanting to feel every inch of him. My body trembled with anticipation as I gazed up into his eyes, silently begging him to move.

Then he started fucking me hard and deep. His powerful hips drove his cock into me with relentless precision, each thrust sending shockwaves of pleasure through my entire body. The initial discomfort had transformed into pure bliss, and I found myself meeting his thrusts with eager movements of my own.

"Fuck, Janie," Ryan growled, his voice deeper than I'd ever heard it. "Your ass is fucking perfect. So tight around my cock."



His words sent a thrill through me, and I moaned loudly in response. Ryan's pace increased, his muscular body moving with athletic grace as he pounded into me. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the luxurious hotel room, punctuated by our shared moans and gasps.

"You were made for this," he continued, his eyes blazing with intensity as they locked with mine. "Made to take my cock. Look how perfectly you stretch around me."

His praise washed over me like warm honey, making me arch my back to take him even deeper. The way he spoke to me, with such raw appreciation and dominance, drove me wild with desire. His hands roamed my body possessively, squeezing my thighs, gripping my waist, pinching my nipples.

"God, Ryan, yes!" I cried out, my voice high and breathless. "Fuck me harder, Daddy!"

He obliged, adjusting his angle to hit a spot inside me that made my vision blur with pleasure. Each thrust now sent me spiraling closer to another orgasm, my body responding to him as if it had been designed specifically for his use. I couldn't believe how good it felt, how right.



Ryan's movements became more passionate, more primal. Sweat glistened on his perfect teenage body, highlighting the defined muscles of his chest and arms as he worked above me. His expression was one of intense concentration and pleasure, his jaw clenched and his eyes burning with lust.

"Look at you taking this cock," he panted, his voice ragged with desire as he leaned over me, pressing his hands to either side of my body. "Your tight little hole stretching around me. So fucking beautiful, Janie."

I couldn't help but lean up to kiss him, overcome with need and emotion. Our lips crashed together hungrily, our tongues tangling as he continued to thrust into me. I moaned into his mouth, overwhelmed by the dual sensation of his deep strokes and passionate kisses.

Without breaking our connection, Ryan wrapped his strong arms around me and lifted me effortlessly. I gasped in surprise and delight as he carried me across the room, his cock still buried deep inside me. My leg tightened around his waist instinctively as he pressed my back against the cool wall.

"Oh my god," I moaned, feeling impossibly full in this new position. The angle was divine, allowing him to penetrate even deeper than before. I locked my legs around his muscular torso as I clung to his powerful shoulders.

Ryan's hands gripped my ass, supporting my weight as he began to thrust upward. Each powerful movement drove his thick shaft deeper, making me cry out in ecstasy. I wrapped my other leg around him, helping to pull him deeper and deeper into me and trusting his strong hands would easily hold me aloft in the air as he fucked me. The contrast between the cold wall at my back and his burning hot body against my front was intoxicating.

"Ryan! Daddy!" I gasped, my nails digging into his broad shoulders as he pounded into me relentlessly. The muscles in his arms and chest flexed with each thrust, showcasing his raw strength as he held me aloft. My head fell back against the wall, my mouth open in a silent scream of pleasure.



His lips found my exposed neck, sucking and biting at the sensitive skin as he continued his assault on my senses. I could feel every ridge and vein of his massive cock as it slid in and out of me, the friction creating waves of pleasure that radiated throughout my entire body.

"You feel that, Janie?" Ryan growled against my throat, his hot breath sending shivers down my spine. "Feel how deep I am? This is what you were made for."

"Yes, Daddy," I whimpered, lost in the sensation. "I was made for your cock. Only yours."

Ryan's pace became even more punishing, each thrust threatening to split me in two. The sound of skin slapping against skin echoed in the luxurious suite, punctuated by our shared moans and gasps. My body tensed, another orgasm building rapidly as Ryan hit that perfect spot inside me over and over.

"You going to come again?" he taunted, his voice strained with his own control. "Going to come on this teenage cock? Show me, Janie. Show me how much you love being fucked by a real man."

My body reacted instantly to his words. Suddenly, I felt it crashing down on me, sending me over the edge. "I'm going to... oh god, I'm COMING DADDDYYYY!" I cried out, my inner walls clenching around his thickness as pleasure crashed over me in overwhelming waves. Stars burst behind my eyelids as my entire body convulsed with the intensity of my climax.

But Ryan didn't stop. He fucked me through my orgasm, prolonging the exquisite sensations until I was sobbing with pleasure. His expression was one of pure dominant satisfaction as he watched me fall apart in his arms.

"Beautiful," he murmured, his voice rough with need. "So fucking beautiful when you come unraveled for me."

I went limp in his arms, but he kept fucking me. Deep and hard.

"Dddaddy...Dddaddy...pleasseeeee...." I mumbled deliriously.

Finally, my orgasm subsided, leaving me trembling and sensitive.

But, as I looked into his eyes, I realized.

Fuck. He STILL hadn't come.

I needed to make him. It was an animalistic carnal need. The need of a pack female needing to keep her male interested, to keep him happy and coming back to her for his pleasure.

I looked up at him with newfound determination and strength I didn't know I had. I wanted to prove myself to him, to show him that I could pleasure him just as thoroughly as he had pleased me.

"Let me finish you off, Daddy," I pleaded, my voice husky with desire. "Please. Let me prove to you I can do it."

Ryan's pace slowed slightly as he considered my request. His eyes, dark with desire, searched mine for a moment before he nodded.

"Okay. Show me what you can do, slut," he said, his voice measured and controlled. I needed to inject passion into his voice.

With impressive strength, he carried me back to the bed, his cock slipping out of me. He laid down on his back, his muscular body stretched out beneath me like a feast for my eyes.

Whimpering, I ground my ass up and down his cock as he looked on with a confident smirk. Unable (and unwilling) to resist the impulse, I leaned down to kiss him sucking on his tongue desperately before peppering his perfect body with kisses.

I straightened and placed my hands on his chiseled chest for balance, feeling the solid muscle beneath my fingertips. His skin was hot to the touch, flushed with arousal. I took a moment to appreciate the sight beneath me—this gorgeous, powerful teenage god, his muscles flaring and his face a picture of calm confidence as he watched me.



"You're so beautiful," I whispered, overwhelmed by the perfection of his young body, as I moved my hands to his legs, caressing his muscular thighs.

Ryan grinned devilishly up at me. "So are you, now that you've accepted what you are." His hands came to rest on my hips, his fingers digging into my soft flesh. He held me in place as he slid his long cock up and down the cleft of my ass. My mouth fell open in a silent moan as I stared at him.

"And what are you, Janie?"

I moaned. "I'm...I'm your girl, Daddy."

"Mmm..." He chuckled. "Show me," he commanded, his voice velvet steel.

I nodded, taking a deep breath to center myself. Then, slowly, I lowered myself onto him, taking him to the hilt in one fluid motion.

"Oh god," I moaned, the sensation of being completely filled overwhelming me once again. The angle was different now, allowing me to control the depth and speed of penetration.

Ryan's eyes never left mine as I established a rhythm, rising and falling on his thick shaft. His hands guided my movements initially, but soon he relaxed, letting me take control. The expression on his face—a mixture of pleasure and intense concentration—spurred me on, making me desperate to prove myself worthy of his magnificent cock.

"That's it," he encouraged, his voice rough with desire. "Ride that cock like you were born for it."

I increased my pace, bouncing on him, delirious with pleasure as my ass slapped against his pelvis over and over. My thighs burned with the effort, but I ignored the discomfort, focused entirely on the incredible sensations coursing through my body and the look of growing pleasure on Ryan's face.



I leaned back slightly, adjusting the angle so that his cock hit that perfect spot inside me with every downward motion. I threw my head back in lust and noticed, for the first time, our reflection in the mirror at the foot of the bed. I saw now that Ryan was watching our reflection as well and I stared back into his eyes, and at the image of his deep penetration into my body.

"Oh god...that's so fucking hot." I moaned.



"Does it feel good, Daddy?" I asked breathlessly, needing his approval, his validation.

"So fucking good," Ryan groaned, his hands moving up to cup my bouncing ass. "Your tight little hole was made for my cock."

His words of praise sent another wave of pleasure through me. I rotated my hips in a circular motion as I bottomed out, grinding against him and feeling him impossibly deep inside me.

The sensation of being filled so completely, combined with the sight of Ryan's pleasure, was intoxicating.

"Look at you," Ryan growled, his eyes raking over my body. "So desperate for my cock. So eager to be filled."

"Only for you, Daddy," I panted, my voice breaking as another wave of pleasure built within me. "Only your cock makes me feel this way."

Still, I didn't feel that he was on the edge yet. I pushed harder. I continued to work my hips, finding new movements that made his breath hitch and his fingers dig deeper into my flesh. I experimented with different rhythms—slow, deep grinds followed by quick, shallow bounces that made both of us gasp with pleasure.

"I want to make you come, Daddy," I said, my voice soft but determined. "I want to feel you explode inside me."

Ryan's eyes darkened at my words, something primal and possessive flashing in their depths. His hands tightened on my hips, his fingers digging into my flesh hard enough to leave marks.

"You want to make me come? You need to accept you aren't in control. That you'll never be in control, Janie."

Staring down at him, I knew he was right. I couldn't give him what he needed no matter how much I wanted to.

But...he could take it from me.

"Then take me Daddy. I'm yours. My ass is yours. Use meeeeeee." I moaned.

Still he didn't take over.

"You think you've earned my load?" He asked

I looked down at this perfect man. And in spite of my desperate desire, I thought about his question. Really considered it.

No, I realized. No, I didn't deserve him.

"I...I...." I almost wept at the admission. "I don't...deserve it..."

I kept sliding up and down him as the depths of my submission crystallized. Finally, I paused, full impaled.

I whispered to him, staring into his eyes. "What...what I earned doesn't matter...All that matters is what you want, Daddy..."

A slow, triumphant smile spread across Ryan's face. "You finally get it."

In one swift motion, he sat up, wrapping one muscular arm around my waist while the other tangled in my hair, pulling my head back slightly. The sudden change in position drove his cock impossibly deeper, making me gasp.

"You want my cum?" he whispered against my ear, his hot breath making me shiver. "You want to be bred by a real man?"

"God, yes," I moaned, clinging to his broad shoulders as he began to thrust upward into me. "Please, Daddy. I need it."

I could feel the tension in his powerful body, the restraint he was exercising as he controlled our pace. But I needed more. I needed him to lose that control, to take me completely.

"Fuck me harder," I begged, my voice breaking with desperation. "Please, Ryan. I need you to use me, to make me yours completely."

Something snapped in him then. I saw it in his eyes—a moment when his careful control shattered. His expression transformed into something wild and untamed, a look of pure dominant hunger that made my heart race with a mixture of fear and exhilaration.

"Mine," he growled, the single word laden with possessive intent.

In a blur of movement, Ryan flipped us over, pinning me beneath his massive frame. His weight pressed me into the mattress as he loomed above me, his muscular body caging me in. The position shift forced his cock to slide out almost completely before he slammed back in with devastating force.

I screamed in pleasure-pain, my back arching off the bed as he filled me completely. Ryan's hands pinned my wrists above my head, his grip unyielding as he began to thrust with abandon. Gone was the measured

control, replaced by raw, animalistic need.

"This is what you wanted?" he demanded, his voice rough as he pounded into me. "To be fucked like a little slut? To be owned?"

"Yes!" I cried out, tears of overwhelming pleasure streaming down my face. "God, yes, Daddy!"

With one hand he grabbed my hip and pulled me back into him as he thrust into me relentlessly. With the other he pushed my face mercilessly into the mattress.

Ryan's pace was punishing, each thrust driving the breath from my lungs. The massive bed creaked beneath us, the headboard slamming against the wall with each powerful movement of his hips. I could feel every ridge, every vein of his enormous cock as it claimed me over and over.

He grabbed my arm and stomach and pulled me up. I was a rag doll in the air as he thrust in and out of me relentlessly. I screamed in pain and ecstasy.

"Look at me," Ryan commanded, his voice raw with dominance. "I



want to see your face while I breed you."

I forced my eyes open, meeting his intense gaze. The connection between us was electric, primal—something beyond physical pleasure or mere submission. His pupils were dilated with lust, sweat glistening on his perfect brow as he claimed me completely.

"That's it," he growled, adjusting his angle to hit that perfect spot deep inside me. "Look at me while I fuck you. Watch me own you."

Ryan's thrusts became even more powerful, each one driving his massive length deeper than I thought possible.

"Fuck, Ryan!" I screamed as he hit a spot that sent white-hot pleasure coursing through my veins.

I broke eye contact, screaming into the void as he pumped in and out of me.



Ryan released a feral yell that made my heart stutter. He released my wrists to grip my thighs, and lay down roughly on the bed again.

Then, he began bucking up into me. Over and over and over. I clung desperately to his arms to avoid being thrown off.

Slap. Slap. Slap. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP.

I could feel another climax building, stronger than before, a tsunami of sensation threatening to drown me completely. Some small part of me knew I needed to hold off. I needed to focus on Ryan's pleasure.

"Ryan!" I screamed, my voice breaking as the sensations overwhelmed me. "Oh god, Daddy! Come in me Daddy! DADDDDDYYYYYYYYY."

Witnessing my complete surrender, something shifted again in Ryan's expression. His rhythm faltered for just a moment as he watched me coming undone above him, his eyes darkening with an intensity that stole my breath.

"Fuck, Janie," he growled, his voice dropping to a register I hadn't heard before.

Ryan's thrusts became more urgent, more desperate. His powerful body tensed below me, muscles rippling beneath his sweat-slicked skin. The veins in his neck stood out as his jaw clenched, his breath coming in short, harsh pants.

Ryan's eyes locked with mine, a connection so intense it felt like he was staring directly into my soul. His massive cock seemed to swell even larger inside me, stretching me to my absolute limit. I could feel every ridge, every vein pulsing against my sensitive walls.

"Mine," he snarled, the word torn from somewhere deep and primal within him. "You're fucking mine now."

With one final, devastating thrust, Ryan buried himself to the hilt inside me. His magnificent body went rigid, his back arching as he threw his head back. A guttural roar tore from his throat as he finally let go, his massive cock pulsing violently inside me.

The first jet of his hot seed hit deep within me with such force I could feel it, a molten heat that seemed to brand me from the inside. My eyes widened at the sensation, a gasp escaping my lips as Ryan continued to pump his load into me, each pulse of his cock sending another thick rope of cum deep inside.

"Oh my god," I moaned, overwhelmed by the feeling of being so thoroughly claimed. My inner walls clenched instinctively around him, milking every drop from his throbbing shaft. I felt his essence filling me up from the inside.

It was too much.

My own orgasm, maybe my 6th or 7th of the hour, crashed over me with devastating intensity. My vision blurred at the edges as my body convulsed around his invading length, waves of pleasure radiating outward from my core to the very tips of my fingers and toes.

Ryan collapsed onto the bed, his muscles soothing, releasing. We both gasped for air as I continued to milk him slowly with my ass, rolling my hips to slide up and down his slick cock sensually as I stared at his face, my mouth still open from the most intense orgasm of my life. I could feel his heart hammering through his cock, deep inside of me.



"I can feel it," I whispered in awe, my hands trailing down his muscular abs. "I can feel so much of you filling me up, Daddy."

Ryan groaned, his cock still pulsing weakly inside me. "All for you," he murmured, his voice thick with satisfaction. "All for you, Janie."

Finally, I fell down onto him, his cock still buried deep inside my ass. I kissed him passionately as he responded lazily, letting me do the work.

This man...this incredible man. I felt delirious with gratitude and ecstasy, I began to tear up.

"I love you Daddy." I said earnestly, needing him to know. "I love you."

In reply, he just slapped my ass hard.

I buried my face in his neck, kissing him. I understood. I was property. But I still loved him.

We stayed like that for what felt like an eternity, connected in the most intimate way possible.

—

A little while later, after Ryan had me clean us both up with my mouth, I got back into my blue nightie, loving the feel of it against my skin.

Ryan lounged against the headboard, his magnificent body somehow looking even more perfect in the warm golden light of the hotel suite. I stood at the edge of the bed, the delicate blue nightie clinging to my curves, a reminder of the transformation I'd undergone under his guidance. His eyes roved over me appreciatively, making my skin tingle wherever his gaze lingered.

"Come here," he commanded softly, patting the space beside him. "Get into bed with me, Janie," his voice a velvet rumble that sent shivers down my spine.

I moved toward him, my body still humming with the afterglow of our intense lovemaking.

I eagerly slipped under the silken sheets beside him, my body immediately seeking his warmth. The mattress dipped beneath our combined weight, cradling us in its plush embrace. The sheets felt cool and smooth against my skin, a delicious contrast to the heat radiating from Ryan's body. I nestled against his side, my head finding its natural place on his broad shoulder.



His arms wrapped around me possessively, pulling me closer until I could feel his heartbeat against my cheek. The scent of him—masculine and primal, mixed with the lingering aroma of our passion—enveloped me completely. In this moment, wrapped in luxury and Ryan's strong arms, I felt utterly safe and thoroughly owned.

"You did well tonight," he murmured, his fingers tracing lazy patterns on my shoulder. "Better than I expected, actually."

I preened under his praise, turning my face up to his with a smile. "Thank you, Daddy."

Ryan's eyes, dark and penetrating, studied my face for a long moment. His expression was thoughtful, calculating—the look of a man making plans. My heart quickened under his scrutiny, wondering what was going through his mind.

"I think it's time we talk about what comes next for you," he said finally, his voice taking on that authoritative tone. "About your future."

I nodded eagerly, hanging on his every word. Whatever he had planned for me, I would do. "Please tell me, Daddy."

Ryan's fingers moved to my hair, stroking it gently as he spoke. "You're mine now, Janie. Completely mine. You understand that, right?"

"Yes," I whispered, the single word laden with emotion and submission. "I'm yours."

His lips curved into that confident smile that made my heart flutter. "Good girl. Because I have big plans for you."

