



Lust Bites

HAVING PRUDENCE

Lacey Thorn

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Having Prudence

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

The Debtor's Daughters

HAVING PRUDENCE

Lacey Thorn

Dedication

To the unfailing bond of friendship! Friends are the glue that keeps us together when the whole world falls apart around us!

Chapter One

Prudence sat in the barn and waited for what seemed like forever. Finally she heard the creak of the door and the sound of his boots on the ladder up to the loft where she was. He had come. He'd decided to run away with her. But they would have to hurry. Her birthday was approaching and she would be expected to marry the man that her sisters had managed to escape. It bothered her that she was leaving that fate to her younger sister, Destiny. But then her sisters had done the same to her. She had to believe that Destiny would manage to escape the same fate as well.

His broad shoulders filled her vision as he topped the ladder. His smile was the same as every other day and still made her heart beat a little faster. She'd known him since they were kids. Loved him since they were in junior high. And somehow this wonderful man loved her as well. They'd grown together and managed to hide their relationship from everyone around them. He'd been her first lover, her only lover and she knew that no one would ever make her feel as he did with just a tilt of his lips.

"Johnny," she sighed as he finally cleared the ladder and moved towards where she lay on the blanket waiting for him.

He was already undoing the buttons on his shirt and shrugging out of it by the time he knelt beside her. He was big, topping out at six feet three inches with broad shoulders and hard muscles from all the work he did on his family's ranch. And he was hers, all hers. He loved her and it was that love that would set her free from the fate her father had stuck his daughters with.

She reached for him as he knelt over her, his legs straddling hers. She loved the feel of his warm skin, relished the way it felt against hers. Dark hair sprinkled across his chest before dropping into a straight line down his stomach to his cock. He'd offered to shave it for her once but she had refused. She'd told him that she loved the way it felt raking across her nipples and he'd never offered again.

"Pru," he breathed her name as she sat up tugging her shirt over her head. His strong hands covered hers, helping her pull it out of the way. Her hands went to his shoulders

while his fell to her back and the closure of the bra she wore. The hooks slipped free easily under his touch and then he was sliding the straps down her arms. She lifted her arms away from him and he pulled the material off, though his eyes stayed on her breasts and the tight buds of her nipples. Johnny had always been entranced with her breasts. He would spend hours playing and sucking on them if she would let him. He'd made her come many times with no more than his mouth on her nipple and his finger buried in her pussy.

He groaned and his head bent. She knew what was coming and arched into him pressing her breasts up towards his mouth. He latched on to one pointed nipple and sucked greedily at it, using his teeth and tongue in equal play on the engorged bud. His fingers found the other nipple and pinched and tugged at it as she undulated against him.

"Johnny," she moaned his name as she ran her fingers through his hair, loving the fact that he kept it just a little long because that was the way she liked it. She loved the curls, the texture and the thickness of his perfect ebony locks. Loved the look of his tanned skin against her much paler shade. Honestly she just loved him and everything about him.

His hand moved from her breast as he shifted his weight to her side moving his mouth to the turgid nipple his fingers had already worked so well. The hand slid over her belly to the low rise of her jeans and easily slipped the button free before making quick work of the zipper. The material was shoved out of the way as he moved his hand inside her panties and played with the saturated curls that she kept just the way he liked.

She'd shaved for him one time and had laughed as he'd been turned off by the sight of her curl free pussy. He'd said it made him feel perverted, like he was with someone not old enough. She'd giggled as she played with her nipples bringing his attention to the area of her body that he was so enraptured with. But she'd grown her pubic hair back and kept it trimmed into a neat little triangle right above her sex for him.

And he'd rewarded her with the best tongue worship a woman could ask for. The man was amazing with his mouth no matter what part of her body he was using it on.

His middle finger breached her pussy bringing her back to the here and now and the warm blooded man beside her. He lifted his head just as she knew he would, holding her gaze as he pushed his finger fully inside her. He always liked to see her face when he entered her be it with his finger, his tongue, or his cock. It was one of the many things she loved about him.

She moaned as he rubbed her exactly how she liked, pressing her hips into the curve of his hand.

He moaned with her. "God, Pru, you're always so hot and tight," he groaned with the pleasure she could see in his eyes. "I'll never get enough of you," he vowed and she felt the surety in his voice. It was the same for her.

"I need you," she moaned to him. It had been almost a week since she had seen him alone like this and it was killing her to wait for him.

He just grinned at her. "I hope you'll always need me," he whispered and bent to finally give her that kiss she'd been hungering for.

His lips were soft yet firm, dry and warm, his breath washing over her with the scent of the peppermints he was always sucking on. His tongue stroked over her bottom lip several times before finally slipping inside to rub along hers. His finger still rubbed and stroked mimicking the motions of his tongue and she felt the tug towards orgasm wash beneath her skin. He must have felt it too for he pulled back and grinned down at her.

"You're always so eager for my touch, your body so receptive," he whispered with a smile.

"I love you," was her only response. Those words were all she ever said when he commented on her response. She loved him and that made her perfectly comfortable with anything he wanted to do or try with her.

"I love you, too," he whispered and with one more breathtaking kiss he was sliding down her body, his lips painting a trail from her mouth to her stomach. His hands made quick work of her pants and panties and then she was naked to his view.

He ran his tongue through her tight curls and she shuddered as his breath blew across her rigid clit. His finger, still deep within her, began a slow in and out glide as his tongue worked along the lips of her pussy. He licked and sucked at her flesh, one finger became two and she was so close to orgasm that she was ready to scream. Her hips arced up towards his face, her hands went to her nipples and pulled and tugged on them as she felt her orgasm building.

His eyes rose to hers. She felt the gaze before she locked her eyes with his. With a wicked grin he pumped his fingers hard and fast and still holding her gaze, wrapped those torturous lips around her clit and sucked while flicking the swollen bud with his tongue. She exploded with a muffled cry pressing into him as she rode wave after wave of pleasure. He

kept her there, not allowing her to come down from her orgasm. He sucked and flicked and when she thought she couldn't take any more, he nipped her clit with his teeth sending her even higher.

Stars exploded behind her eyelids. Her hands fisted in his hair both tugging him away and holding him close as the sensations exploded inside her. He knew her body better than she did and played it better than he did anything else. He eased her down, giving her the time to focus her eyes and regain control of her lungs while he sat up and made quick work of his jeans, boxer briefs and boots.

When he was as naked as she was, he came back to his knees over her. His perfect cock bobbed out just begging for Pru's touch. She used her abs to pull herself up to a sitting position. Her legs were trapped by his where they encased her hips, leaving his cock perfectly aligned with her mouth. She opened wide and ran her tongue over the mushroom head rubbing the drop of pre-cum that filled the slit. She loved the taste of him, so sweet that she wondered if it was from all the peppermint he ate.

They both groaned and she wrapped her lips around him sucking eagerly on the head while her tongue stroked along that little notch just beneath. She loved the shape of him, the way the head mushroomed over his shaft, just a bit thicker than the rest of him. Loved the way he stretched her lips as she sucked him in. She loved the fact that no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't take all of his inches into her mouth—no matter how relaxed she tried to make her throat. But she sure enjoyed trying.

She loved the way he ran his fingers through her long blonde curls, loved the way he would alternate between caressing and tugging. She loved the way his brown eyes would turn a deep chocolate, the way his eyelids would lower, covering half his eyes, as she sucked and worked him. Mostly she loved the way he moaned her name as he lost control and pumped his hips in tandem with her movements. It was a moment where she felt like the powerful one, which was important to her. At only five three, those powerful moments were few and far between.

She felt his legs tremble and knew that he would pull back, popping his cock free from her suctioning mouth. Pru relished the look in his eyes. It made her feel like the most beautiful woman in the world. Johnny took her mouth and the kiss had her reaching for his shoulders and tugging him back down to the blanket with her. His legs shifted so that they were between hers and she lifted her knees to clasp along his hips.

One hand slid down the length of their bodies and he used it to put his cock just where she wanted it, at the wet opening of her pussy. She used her grip on his hips to pull herself up, pressing him just a little deeper inside her and moaned at the tug and burn as he stretched her to accommodate him. Even after all these years, it was still the most delicious sensation she'd ever felt in her life. He always marvelled at how tight she was but she'd been doing exercises since a letter from her older sister Hope had talked about the importance of squeezing your inside muscles. She'd found out what they were and practiced them faithfully ever since.

And if Johnny's moan of pure pleasure was any indication, she'd learned how to do them very well. Then it was her turn to moan as he pressed her flat to the blanket and with one hard thrust buried his cock all the way in her. She leaned up into him, sinking her teeth into the muscle of his pectoral as he began a fast and furious pace that she knew would have her screaming if she let go of him.

This was the way she wanted it. Fast and hard and so deep that she could feel him in her stomach. He didn't always give it to her this way, as he seemed to prefer slow and easy taking his time loving her. And she liked that too. But this was how she needed him. Taking her, claiming her in a way that no other man ever could or would have the chance to. He was here with her now and that had to mean that he had finally given in to her plan to run away together.

Her orgasm screamed through her like liquid fire in her veins as he continued pumping. She felt her body tremble and explode, the spots that danced as her vision blurred around the edges. His body tensed above her and he thrust deep and held still while he joined her, his hot cum washing inside her. She loved that feel and was glad that a few months ago he'd finally agreed to quit using condoms. They had only ever been with each other and she'd been on birth control since she was sixteen.

There was nothing like the feel of his cock unsheathed inside her. It was unquestionably the most erotic touch in her world.

He lay panting on her, doing his best to keep most of his weight off her even though she loved the way he felt lying on top of her. She held him, running her hands over him as they both worked on catching their breath. Finally she felt like she could speak again.

"When do we leave?" she asked him, hoping that it was soon, today.

He pulled back bracing his arm beside her and locking her in his gaze. She could see it in his eyes even before he spoke. And still didn't want to believe it.

But he shook his head and she felt like her heart was breaking.

"We're not running away," he said and it was as if her whole life ended with those few words.

Chapter Two

Johnny looked at Prudence and felt his heart stutter in his chest. It seemed like there hadn't been a day of his life that he was not head over heels in love with her. She was everything to him. But there were some things that you could not run from, no matter how much the desire to presented itself. He would do just about anything for her but he could not run from his responsibilities. Surely she would understand that. But the look of devastation on her face told him that she didn't see.

"Say something, Pru," he demanded when she continued to just sit there.

She shook her head and glanced down. He watched her take a few deep breaths before she glanced up at him. And he hated it. She wore that mask that he hated, the one where she shut out her emotions and showed what she thought others wanted to see. She did it a lot with her father, with her fiancée, with other people in this town. But she had never done it with him before.

"You're right," she whispered and he hated the smile that touched her lips. "You can't run. There's too much here for you. Your dad needs you as well as your mom." She nodded her head and reached out to touch his face. "I understand your choice."

"What the fuck does that mean?" he bellowed as she began reaching for her clothes. "You understand my choice? You say that as if my choice doesn't include you."

"Johnny, you know what will happen if I stay here," she said, pulling on her panties. His eyes were glued to the bob and sway of her breasts for a moment until her next words crashed over him. "So I'm still leaving."

"No," he gritted the word out between his clenched teeth. "We are not running."

"You're not," Pru said as she finished dressing. "I am." He was amazed at how quickly she managed to pull her clothes back on.

"I love you, Pru," he said reaching blindly behind him for his jeans and what he had in the pocket.

"I'll always love you too," she whispered and hugged him closely, closing her eyes and squeezing him tightly. It was just the opening he needed. She would kill him for this when she was free again, but he would already have her where he wanted her by then.

He slid his hands down her arms until he had both of her wrists in his. He pulled them from his neck moving them slowly behind her back so that her breasts pressed firmly against his still naked chest. And before she could catch on, he had her cuffed.

"What the hell?" she panted and her eyes were already filled with fire when she met his gaze.

He stuffed the bandana in her mouth and tied the other around her head to keep it in. She was spitting mad and he backed up real quick to miss her knee. She was still talking behind the makeshift gag and he was really glad that he had no idea what she was saying. When she kept coming for him, he picked her up and sat her on the top of a pile of hay high enough that her feet didn't touch the ground.

"Now sit still Pru, while I get my clothes on," Johnny told her. "I said we were not running. That means you too. I have something else in mind and I'm damn sure not going to let your fear screw this up for us."

He reached for his clothes and dressed as quickly as he could. "Now I'm going to pick you up and carry you down that ladder over my shoulder. It will be up to you if we make it down without one of us breaking our necks." He leaned into her, cradling her face in his hands and searching her eyes. "Just trust me," he whispered. "I won't lose you. I would die for you. But I won't run away when there is another solution that will allow us to stay exactly where we want to."

She started mumbling behind the gag again and he just shook his head. "That is part of your problem, Pru. You always think that only you know the answers. Well if you are going to be my wife then you're going to have to learn to listen to me once in a while too. I'm not just some dumb, farm boy jock."

Her face softened and he knew he'd captured her attention. She hated it when he referred to himself that way. She had always seen who he was. "Just trust me, Pru. Give me a chance to try this. Please?"

She nodded her head, her gaze was so soft and filled with the love he knew she had for him. And he prayed harder than he ever had that this plan would work just the way he wanted it to. If things went well, Prudence would be his wife by this time tomorrow. He just had to believe.

He managed to get them both down the ladder without incident and apologised again as he sat her on a high bale of hay just inside the door.

"Sorry honey, but I need to check and make sure that no one is around to see me put you in the truck. They're going to come look for you at my place anyway when you don't show up. It will be easier for me to deny if no one actually sees us together." Johnny placed a kiss on her cheek and eased through the door.

His truck was exactly where he'd left it and he walked to it and opened it, glad for the dual opening doors. He eased both of the ones on the passenger side open and leaned the seat forward before pulling a blanket from the floorboard. He'd tried to make the back as comfortable as he could since that would be where Pru was lying as he drove. He hoped he'd done okay. Johnny took the blanket and turned back to the barn, scanning around them the whole time searching for anyone. Luck seemed to still be with them as he saw no one.

Pru's eyes widened when he re-entered the barn with the blanket. "It's just long enough to get you out of here undetected. I promise," he swore to her.

He laid the blanket on the floor and then picked her up and lowered her to it. He loomed over her and seeing the uncertainty in her eyes, he reminded her of what they were doing this for. He brushed his fingers over her nipples, pinching and stroking the flesh there. His other palm pressed against the heat of her pussy that could still be felt behind her jeans. Her body responded just as it always did and her eyes darkened with passion.

"I love you," he whispered. "I want to love you every day for the rest of our lives. I want to wake up with you in the bed beside me and go to sleep knowing that you are only a finger's reach away. I need you like I need air. We just have to make it through tonight Pru. One night and then tomorrow no one will be able to separate us ever again. Just give me one night Prudence. One night to begin the rest of our lives."

She nodded and he bent to place a kiss against her forehead. She was perfection to him. She was everything. And if for some reason his plan did fail? They would run as far and as fast as they could. For the one thing in this world he could not do was let her go.

He wrapped her quickly in the blanket and after checking that the area was still clear he lifted her and carried her to the truck. Carefully he lowered her into the back trying to make sure she was as comfortable as possible. He strategically placed things around her to diminish her size and shape in the blanket and when he was done there was no way to tell that there was a person in the back seat of his truck. He lifted the seat and shut the doors moving around to the other side and getting in. Once he'd started the truck he finally breathed a little sigh of relief. So far, so good.

"Just hold tight, Prudence," he told her reaching back and touching her through the blanket. She was on her side and his hand touched the curve of her breast. "I'll have us out of here in just a minute. One night and then the rest of our lives."

She didn't make a single sound but he'd seen the love and trust in her eyes. She believed in him and that alone made him believe in himself. Tomorrow Prudence would become his wife and nothing would be able to take her from him ever again. All they had to do was get through tonight.

Prudence must have fallen asleep on the trip out to Johnny's family's place. When she woke up she was no longer in the truck wrapped in a blanket that made her feel like she couldn't breathe. Instead she was lying on a wide cot with a blanket thrown over her, and she was naked again.

"Johnny thought you'd be more likely to stay put and listen to him if you didn't have clothes on," came a voice from the corner and Pru barely kept the scream in her throat from escaping.

She could make out the shape of his mother and saw that she was sitting in some rocking chair knitting. She thought his mother had gone to visit her sister for the week. Wasn't that what everyone in town was saying?

"I thought you were gone, Mrs. Wharfton?" Pru asked, sitting up while keeping the blanket tucked safely around her.

"That was Johnny's idea," his mom said proudly. "And please call me Paula. If everyone thought I was gone then I could stay down here with you when Johnny can't. It's getting dark now so your dad or someone should show up any time looking for you. They'll never find us down here, and Johnny said with me down here you won't panic and do something... Well, he just didn't want you alone."

Mrs. Wharfton blushed and Pru knew that Johnny was afraid she would do something stupid. Sadly, he was probably right. He knew her better than she knew herself sometimes.

"Where are we?" Pru asked quietly. She didn't remember seeing this room ever. Of course her visits here had been short and far between. They hadn't wanted anyone to know about their relationship. Not when she was already engaged to someone else.

"This old farmhouse holds a lot of secrets," Paula stated as she continued knitting. "It was once used to hide slaves who made it this far south while still being pursued. Some

people will do anything to keep what they feel they possess." This comment was made with fire in her eyes and Pru had to wonder if it was meant towards her and her sisters' situation as well. "During Prohibition it was used to make and hide moonshine," and she giggled at this. "It's served many purposes in this world and tonight it will be used to shelter you until the preacher gets here tomorrow."

"There's a preacher coming here tomorrow?" Pru asked and her heartbeat picked up. He'd said they only had to make it through tonight.

"Yes, my nephew is a minister," Paula said proudly. "He'll be here first thing in the morning." Her smile softened and she looked at Prudence the way she had always imagined her mother might. "And this time tomorrow you will be my daughter. And God help any man who tries to take you from us."

Now Prudence knew exactly where Johnny got his strength of character and will. His mother might be tiny like Pru was but she seemed to be a force all her own. She remembered when they were kids and Johnny would have to run home so his mom didn't get mad. Pru had always found that funny. But seeing the strength in the woman in front of her, perhaps she better understood now.

"Johnny is very lucky to have you, Mrs. Wharfton," Pru said and bit her lip to try and keep the tears from filling her eyes.

"Prudence, dear," his mom said her eyes not seeming to leave her knitting. "Your mom was an amazing woman herself. I'm not sure what if anything you remember about her, but she loved you girls more than anything in this world."

Pru smiled. She and Destiny had been so little when their mom had died, when all hell had broken loose. There weren't a lot of memories that either of them had that hadn't been shared with them by their older sisters. In fact there was only one thing that Pru remembered. "She always smelled so wonderful," Prudence sighed. "Like baked cookies still fresh and warm from the oven."

Paula laughed and it gave Pru a discreet moment to try and wipe her tears away. "Yes, she did. Your mom was always baking something for someone. The woman could have opened her own bakery and made a fortune. But she wanted to stay home with her girls and your dad would have let her do anything."

"Really?" Pru asked. She didn't remember much of her dad back then either.

Paula sobered up and looked closely at Pru. "Your dad was a different man back then as well. He loved your mother more than anything or anyone else in this world. She was his sun, his moon, his very air. And when she died, they may as well have buried your daddy that day too. It took him a long time to come back to himself, to realise that he still had children alive that needed him."

"Would have been nice had he remembered that from the beginning," Pru mumbled.

Paula smiled and nodded but her words got the point across to Pru. "It is easy to judge what you can't understand. Your mother was your daddy's life. They loved you girls and each other. Everyone would smile and feel happiness just to be near them. Then your mother died. And your daddy fell apart. It would be as if my John left one day and never walked back in the door." Paula smiled sadly at Pru before adding her next comment. "Or your Johnny. When love truly comes into your life there is no his and mine. There is only ours. You are as one person. And if something happens to one of you it is as if it happens to both of you. Your dad died that day as surely as your mother did. Unfortunately there are people in this world that will take advantage of those lost souls. And your daddy found himself in a world of hurt when he finally woke up."

"My daddy found himself in a mess of his own making," Pru said with anger. "Only it is my sisters and I that are set to pay for it."

Paula just continued knitting. "And how do you think your sisters made such an easy escape? How do you think you and Johnny were left undiscovered for so long?"

Prudence jerked her gaze back to Paula's unsure of where this conversation was going. "What are you talking about, Mrs. Wharfton? What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that there comes a time when you need to open your eyes and look without anger," Paula said softly with no judgement evident in her tone. "Sometimes things are not what they seem. Sometimes people are more than you can imagine."

"Are you saying that my dad has been helping us all along?" Pru couldn't seem to wrap her mind around that possibility. Had Dad helped Faith? Hope? Charity? Had he known about her relationship with Johnny this whole time?

"Just open your eyes and think on things for a while," Paula told her as she put her knitting aside and stood up. "I'm going to sneak up and find something for us to eat. And I'll see if I can at least find you a shirt of Johnny's to wear." She shook her head as she moved

over towards a wall lined with canning jars. "Can't believe that boy even took your underwear."

Pru blushed scarlet and was glad for the dim light of the room.

"I'll be right back," Paula promised and then touching something on the shelf a door swung open revealing a dim hall. Paula was through the door and gone before Pru had a chance to get more than a glance. Someday she would love to explore this room and know exactly where in the house it was. But for now she had too many other things on her mind. Had her dad been helping them all along?

Chapter Three

Pru sat in the dark and thought back over the years and the things that suddenly didn't make sense. Faith had been the first to get away just days before her wedding. And Pru knew for a fact that her dad had left to look for her sister. She remembered him coming in and letting everyone know that he couldn't find her, had no idea where she had gone. And yet not more than a year later they were receiving mail from Faith. Then the same happened with Hope. With Charity, guards had been hired, men that her dad hand picked. And Charity had run away with them. It was enough to make her brain hurt.

Pru was suddenly thinking of all the times she had managed to escape to meet up with Johnny. All the times they had been able to sneak off somewhere and no one had even stumbled across them much less come looking for them. She had thought they were so smart, so superior to her dad. Now she thought of the looks her dad gave her, the sadness in his eyes. It was as if her father had the weight of the world on his shoulders. And maybe he did when it came to his daughters. Could he have been helping them all along? She needed to talk to one of her sisters. Surely they would know the truth at this point.

And if dad was helping them, then just maybe she could let go of the guilt she held over leaving Destiny to face the piper next. Surely if he could help four of his daughters then she would be safe as well. It was just too much for Pru to think on at the moment. She jumped from the cot and headed over to the shelf where she had seen Mrs. Wharfton pull on something to open a door.

She was at the point where she was thinking of throwing things and screaming when the door suddenly sprang open. Before she could take a step Johnny was filling the opening and grinning at her.

"I should have known that even taking your clothes wouldn't be enough," he said with as smile as he backed her into the room towards the cot.

"I need to talk to my dad," she breathed as her knees met the edge of the bed. "Or at least try to reach one of my sisters."

"Okay," he whispered as he tugged his T-shirt over his head and let it drop to the floor. She licked her lips at the sheer perfection of her man then shook her head. He was trying to distract her and damn if it wasn't working.

"Johnny," she began and he popped the button on his jeans and eased the zipper down. His flesh was revealed and she could see the long hard length of his cock. And just that glimpse had her mind focused on him again, on them.

"You can talk to anyone you want to, Pru," he said as he shoved his jeans down and off so that he stood just as naked as she did. "Tomorrow," his lips trailed from her ear down her jaw to nibble at her bottom lip. "Tomorrow when you face the world as my wife, as Mrs. Johnny Wharfton." He cradled her face in his hands and brushed a gentle kiss across her lips. "One night, Pru. Just one night and we have the rest of our lives together."

He was right. She had to stay hidden just this one night, just until his cousin arrived in the morning to marry them. All of her answers could come when the new day arrived and she became Johnny's wife.

He eased her down on the bed, his large body looming over her. She loved how big he was, how he made her feel so small and treasured. His hips cradled between hers and when he lowered against her she could feel his cock brushing along her stomach. He felt so good and she wanted to touch him, taste him and fuck him all at the same time. Two of her sisters had entered into relationships with two men, and there had been times when Pru had envied them and wondered what it would be like to take two men at the same time. But the truth was that she couldn't imagine being with anyone but Johnny. So only if she could clone him would that ever happen for her.

He was everything to her and maybe, just maybe she was starting to realise what her father and mother might have shared. As his lips caressed her skin she thought of what it would be like to lose him, to have him taken from her and never see him again. She couldn't breathe. It would be as if someone ripped her heart right out of her chest. And she had little doubt that it would be the same for him.

And like always he knew that something was bothering her. "Relax, Prudence," he urged her coming back to her mouth and kissing her until they were both breathless and restless for more. "Nothing will stop me from marrying you now."

"Yes," she breathed and gasped when he slipped inside her burying his cock deep in her pussy. He held still and locked his gaze with hers.

"I love you," he vowed and forever was there in his eyes.

"I love you," she whispered and tears filled her eyes because for the first time she was realising how that love could destroy her as well as complete her. If anything ever happened to him she would never be the same. It would destroy her. And if he ever died, ever left her to walk this earth alone she would pray to die with him. And suddenly she had perfect clarity of what her father must have felt when her mom died.

She clung to Johnny as tears filled her eyes. "Love me Johnny," she whispered.

"Always," he promised and began to move slowly in and out of her.

She sighed and soaked him in. This was how he liked things. Soft and slow filled with lots of touching and kissing. She was the one who always begged for harder, faster, deeper. And he would give it to her. But he tended to want to savour her like an anticipated dessert. And his loving was just what she needed right now.

His hand cradled her hip while the other held her hand palm to palm. Her free hand clasped his shoulder and held tight. Their mouths connected with short sweet kisses before a tongue would slip past lips and a more explosive kiss would ensue. It reminded her of floating on top of the water, the gentle waves moving her. Only this time the waves were of pleasure and she was heading towards a far better destiny. She could already feel her orgasm building, slow and steady and knew that it would be no less explosive.

And then he stopped, just stopped with his cock buried deep. He reached over the side of the bed and pulled his jeans up to them.

"What?" she began but he interrupted her.

"I got so sidetracked seeing you standing there naked that I forgot why I came down here," he laughed and pulled something from his pocket.

It was a shiny square jewellery box and she caught her breath as he opened it. The ring was gorgeous and she couldn't wait to see it on her finger.

"I was planning to get on my knees and ask you officially to marry me," he whispered. "I know we've always talked about it, planned for it. But I never really went through the steps of asking you." She was surprised by the nervousness she could see in his eyes.

"I love you," she promised. "I could never imagine myself with anyone but you. I have always known that it was you I wanted to marry and spend the rest of my life with." His grin was as engaging as always and reminded her of the young boy she had first met and called her best friend. "But," she added and grinned as his body stilled. "If you even think of

pulling out right now and getting down on your knees to propose, I just might be a widow before I become a bride."

He laughed and the movement had them both moaning as his cock pulsed inside her. She returned the favour with a squeeze of her inner muscles that had him groaning.

"Put the ring on," she said, "before we both come."

"Yes," he groaned as she squeezed again. "I want to see my ring on your finger when I come inside you for the first time."

She laughed since it was far from the first time.

"The first time I make love to my fiancée," he finished. "And the next time, it will be to my wife."

Tears filled her eyes and she couldn't stop them from spilling over. "How did I manage to get so lucky and have you fall in love with me?" she whispered.

"I'm the lucky one," he replied as he slipped the ring on her finger. It fit perfectly and as his lips took hers again she breathed easy for the first time in many weeks. She was getting married to the right man, the man she loved and nothing would stop that. No matter what happened this night he would protect her as his family would. And when the night was over and she was his wife, she would protect him just as fiercely when anything else came their way.

"I love you," he vowed and increased his pace moving faster.

Both of her legs came up to wrap around his waist and his hand slipped around to cradle her ass. His finger slipped between the crease and found her anus. He pressed there just barely breaching the opening as his cock surged deeply inside her pussy.

"Yes," she breathed. "Love you," she cried as her orgasm exploded through her.

His low groan joined her cry as she felt the heat of his release inside her.

"In just a few short hours I'll be making love to my wife," he whispered as they both worked to slow their breathing. "My wife," he said again and she could see the awe and joy on his face.

"You have it wrong you know," she whispered.

"What do you mean?" he said and shook his head. "It's too late to change your mind now. I've already compromised you."

She had to laugh and it was delicious as he was still inside her. "I love you and I can't wait to be your wife," she promised.

“Then what could I possibly have wrong?” he queried.

“I’m the lucky one,” she whispered and kissed him softly on the lips.

“We both are,” he whispered back. “We both are.”

Chapter Four

She wasn't sure what if anything happened during the night, but she awoke alone in the bed she had fallen asleep in. It still held the scent of her man and the love they had shared. She remembered when he had slipped away and how she had automatically reached for him. But he had to go and they both knew it. If someone had shown up here to look for her then he would have to be accounted for.

She smiled and stretched and reached for the covers as the door opened up. It was Mrs Wharfton and she was carrying a beautiful dress draped over her arms along with a bag.

"Good morning," Paula said as she crossed to the bed. "My nephew is here and it is time to get married." Johnny's mom was positively beaming and Pru thought again just how lucky she was. She was getting to marry the man she loved and was getting a new family in the process. Another chance at having a mom. It brought tears to her eyes.

"Now none of that," Paula said. "We have just enough time to get you dressed and ready. Johnny is already pacing holes in the floor up there." Paula shook her head as she laid the dress on the bed and opened the bag to start pulling stuff out. Stockings, shoes, some jewellery cases and more stuff was pulled out.

"Don't just sit there," Paula demanded. "Don't think I haven't seen a naked woman before." Pru blushed scarlet and Paula just laughed. "I'm a woman too, girl, though I'm not sure I ever looked quite as good as you. I think this will fit just fine though."

Pru gasped as Paula held up a white lace camisole. It was easily the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. There were a pair of boy cut white lace panties to match. She lost all embarrassment as she rose to finger the delicate lace before slipping them on. There was some lacing in the bag of the camisole and she sighed as Paula pulled it tight and tied it off. She sat down on the bed to pull the stockings up and loved the fact that the sheer white was topped on each thigh with a ring of elastic lace to keep them up.

"That boy is going to swallow his tongue when he gets you out of your wedding dress," Paula said and Pru had to laugh. It was going to take some getting use to where Paula was concerned but she was really looking forward to it.

"Now I know this dress may not be what you wanted but I'm hoping it will do for now," Paula said as Pru stood back up and Paula slid the dress over her head. It was simply gorgeous as far as Pru was concerned. It reminded her of a long sleek old Hollywood style dress that perhaps Betty Davis would have worn. It reached the top of her ankles in front with a little bit of a train in the back. It was sleeveless now though she didn't think it had always been that way. There was very little decoration to the dress but honestly it didn't need it. It was classic and beautiful by design. And it fit her perfectly.

"I love it," Pru breathed as she looked down at herself. "How did you find such a perfect dress?"

She looked up and for the first time saw tears in Paula's eyes and somehow she just knew where the dress had come from. "This was yours?" But Paula surprised her.

"No," Paula shook her head and smiled as tears spilled from her eyes. "It was your mother's."

Pru gasped and her hands fell to her sides as she slowly stroked the fabric. Her mother's wedding dress. She seemed to recall a picture but it had been so long ago that she had come across it that it just hadn't connected in her mind. "My mother's dress," she whispered and her eyes flooded again.

"Someone thought that you might want to wear it when you married the man you love," Paula said.

"Daddy brought this," Pru said and shook her head.

"Well, now as far as anyone knows your daddy left last night hot on your trail to one of your sisters' houses. He didn't know when he would be back. He asked if we would keep an eye on Destiny while he was gone."

"My sister is here?" Pru asked.

"Upstairs waiting to be your maid of honour," Paula promised.

"I..." Pru began but her voice seemed to strangle in her throat. She was overwhelmed with so many emotions that she didn't know what to say.

"Just be happy," Paula whispered as she hugged Pru tight. "The best thanks you can give to anyone is to be happy with your life. It is all a parent could ask for."

"I wish he was here," Pru breathed and Paula nodded her head.

"That is a start then isn't it. Some day the time will come for all of you to sit down together and wade through the truth and the lies of what really happened. To your momma,

your daddy and why things fell the way they did. Things aren't always the way they seem and sometimes it is far easier to play the role of the bad guy." Paula knelt down and helped Pru step into a pair of white heels. "But those are all for another day. Today is about you and that rascally son of mine getting married." She stood up and laughed. "And about me finally getting the daughters I've always wanted."

"I'm only one person," Pru said with a watery laugh.

"Oh, honey," Paula said as she moved around to brush Pru's hair. "When you marry into this family, we take all of you. So that means your sisters are family now too. They will always be welcome in this home, your home."

Pru felt the tears fill her eyes again and bit her lip to keep them in. In just a few minutes she would be Mrs. Wharfton too. Today was the most wonderful day of her life. Today was the beginning of forever.

She took a deep breath as Paula slipped a veil into her hair and walked around to tug it so that it covered her face to the chin. Paula smiled and walked over to the shelf and touching something the door slid open again. Destiny stood there dressed in a beautiful green dress holding two bouquets of flowers.

Her sister slipped in the room and into her arms squeezing her close.

"You look so beautiful, Pru," Destiny whispered.

"So do you," Pru whispered back. And her sister did. As a teenager Destiny was becoming even more beautiful than their older sister Charity. And finally one of them had the height. Already Destiny stood five feet eight inches. Her blonde curls hung to her waist and her big green eyes were ringed with a dark blue.

"I love you," Prudence told her sister.

"I know," Destiny smiled. "I love you too. Now take your flowers." Destiny handed her a bouquet of wildflowers. "I made it myself. They reminded me of you."

That was her sister. Destiny loved flowers even the ones some people saw as weeds. Destiny always found something good about things, and people too.

"It's time to get you married," Destiny smiled.

"When it is your time we'll see if we can alter this dress for you," Prudence promised.

But Destiny just shook her head. "No, that dress was meant for you. There will be one meant for me as well."

Prudence gripped her sister's hand with her free one. "I will do everything that I can to make sure you don't have to marry him. I swear to you that I won't let you down."

Destiny smiled and squeezed back. "Life has a way of turning out the way it should despite, or sometimes in spite of, what we and others think is best. I'll be fine."

"Yes, you will," Prudence agreed. No matter what came her way Destiny would take it and somehow make it into something beautiful.

"Now, let's get up there and get you married off," Destiny laughed and together they moved towards the stairs.

Prudence took a deep breath. Everything she wanted, had always dreamed of, lay just at the top of those stairs. The man, the family, the love. She was indeed the luckiest woman in the world.

Another woman stood and watched as the vows were exchanged. She remembered the dress and how it had served the same purpose for her. It was wonderful to see it grace one of her daughters on her special day as well. So many things she had missed out on in their lives. So many plans that she had made when each of them was born that she had never been able to fulfil.

She had named them all so well. They were the best of her. Her Faith. Her Hope. Her Charity. Her Prudence. And her Destiny. Through them she would live and experience many things. Or so she had dreamed. But life happens and the unexpected has a way of taking such plans and laughing at them.

Fate built and destroyed with no remorse. She had been given the man of her dreams, the love of her life and together they had been blessed with five wonderful children before she was taken from them all. She could no longer walk among them but had been able to remain to watch over them. It was a gift she had grabbed on to.

It had been hard to watch the man she loved so much fall apart. She wondered if she would have done the same if he had been the one to go first. But she had been the one to go. He had grieved and died a little with her. And he had forgotten about their blessings. He had fallen and fallen and she had been unable to reach him. She had cried with him as he mourned her and called her name even in his sleep.

And she had felt a burning rage as she watched a man they trusted take advantage of her husband and get him to agree to something that he didn't understand at the time. And

she had watched as her husband finally woke up and realised just what he had done, the fate he had played a part in for their daughters. And she had silently cheered as he began to try and make things right, one daughter at a time.

She had watched them grow, watched them mature, and watched him struggle to do right by them. It wasn't too late, not for any of them. One day she hoped to see them all gathered again, as a family. She longed to hear her girls forgive their father so that he could finally find peace here on earth without her. How appropriately she had named them all. Each had grown more beautiful than she could have imagined, on the inside where it counts though outside they were nothing to sneer at either.

And as she watched Prudence exchange the vows of a lifetime with her soon to be husband, it was Destiny that kept pulling her eyes. Yes, she had named her daughters well. For it would be Destiny that would pull them all together. Destiny who would fulfil what none of the others had and bring to light the true purpose of a man harshly judged.

She smiled brightly as they were pronounced man and wife, just briefly remembering when she had done the same. Then with a sigh she turned and slipped out of the house, something far easier when you were a ghost. It was time to find the man she loved as much in death as she ever had in life. He would be already worrying about Destiny and how to free her from what he had started.

Hers would be the hardest for him. For it wouldn't be him that saved her. No, her Destiny would be the one to save *him*. To save them all.

About the Author

Lacey Thorn spends her days in small town Indiana the proud mother of three. When she is not busy with one of them she can be found typing away on her computer keyboard or burying her nose in a good book. Like every woman she knows just how chaotic life can be and how appealing that great escape can look.

So toss aside the stress and tension of the never ending to do list. For now sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride with Lacey. It's your world...unlaced.

Email: lcy_thrn1@lacythorn.com

Lacey loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

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