

STEP- HERO

WANTING WHAT'S WRONG

DANI WYATT

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A NOTE TO MY READERS:
I appreciate every one of you.

To the lovers of forbidden fruit
And taboo treats. Give in.

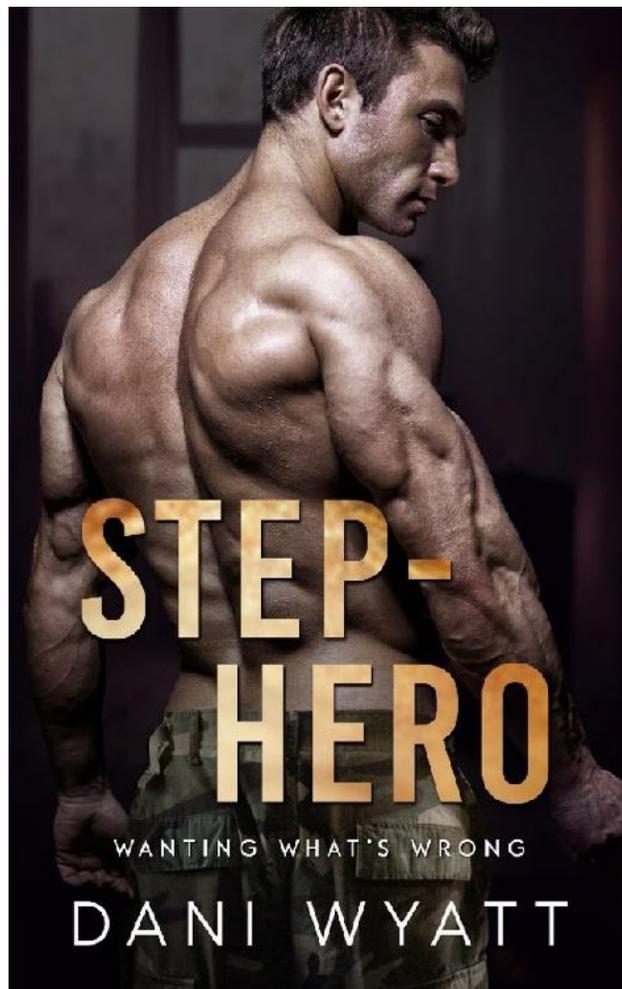
Dedicated to HP.
The one person IRL I know
That married their step-brother.
You rule.

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STEP-HERO



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CHAPTER 1



Kat

*W*elcome to the crossroads of terrified and awe-struck.

I press myself against the floral wallpaper of the hallway, wondering in all these years why I never noticed him leave the bathroom door open before? It's only a few inches, three at most, but it feels ominous and purposeful.

Shower steam billows out into the darkness as I stare into the reflection in the bathroom mirror, salivating over his rippling muscles. His vivid tattoos. The deep V from his abdomen to his hips.

A God's body.

My step-brother's body.

Holy heck-balls.

I should walk away.

I make the sign of the cross over my chest even though I can't remember the last time I went to church, *and* we are Baptist. That doesn't seem to matter, I feel the need to protect myself from impending sin.

I *have* to walk away, for all that is good and holy. But I can't. I can't take my eyes off him. The brain/body/vagina connection here is *strong*. It's holding me in its clenching force field. Because I have never wanted anything the way I want him. Right. *Now*.

I've never loved anybody the way I love him, either.

The practical, reasonable parts of me say, *I shouldn't. I can't*.

But my pulsing Polly Pocket down low says, *You should. You can*.

The clear glass door hides *nothing*. He is all carved angles, and muscles, and nakedness. His hard masculine body stutters my breath. Looking at him gathers a heavy knot of tension low in my belly and between my legs. He runs his hands over his hair, down his chest, soaping every hard, broad surface, until one hand takes a trip downtown.

I stifle my gasp, squeezing my inner muscles as the flutter in my core threatens to explode.

Oh, Lord, so many sins to be forgiven...why now? Why tonight?

Tomorrow he deploys, so today has been full of heartbreaking *lasts*.

Our last morning jog. Well, *he* jogged, I rode my bike. Our last round of mini golf together. Our last trip to the grocery. My last afternoon watching him sketching in the lawn chair out back, wishing I had an ounce of his talent for artwork. Our last dinner, with all his favorites. Mom's spaghetti and meatballs. Caesar salad. Black forest cake. And a side of mashed potatoes, too. Extra butter.

All through today, my parents have vacillated between crying and bursting with pride. My mom laugh-crying half the time, my dad so choked up he couldn't speak. As for me, I've been in a daze. Because Trent is my rock. Always has been. Always will be.

Unless he doesn't come home.

I know, in my heart, that is a real possibility. He is an elite long-range sniper for the SEALS. Hugely important, incredibly dangerous. And, as I discovered late last night, scrolling through Reddit, also a very fancy way to say *dead*

man walking.

Today, none of us addressed that. We couldn't. But it weighed heavily in the small, cheerful kitchen. At the dining room table. Ricocheting around the living room that's a near copy of the one on that Archie Bunker show. An inescapable cliff of grief on the horizon.

Trent and I stayed up hours after Mom and Dad went to their room, finishing the dishes, trying to hold on to every last moment we have together. A day of *lasts*.

But tonight, I noticed a first. Tonight he was looking at me, watching me, in a way I've never noticed before. I saw it in the reflection of the window above the sink, out of the corner of my eye when I bent over to pick up a dropped fork. But every time I glanced back, his eyes would dart away.

We said goodnight a little before midnight. He opened his arms for a hug and I fell into his embrace. "Love you, Kitty Kat," he said, like always.

I managed an, "I love you, too," through a half-strangled sob.

Walking to my room, I focused on the way the rust-colored shag carpet felt under my feet, the way the A/C window unit hissed—anything to distract me from that hard knot in my stomach. I tossed myself face down on my bed, kicking at nothing, tears stinging my eyes, thinking of all that awaited him. So much danger. So much risk.

Had I said all I needed to say, if I never got to see him again?

Not even close.

So I pushed myself up and out of my tantrum, my heart full of things left unsaid. How I'd miss him, and how I'd pray for him every night. How I wouldn't be the person I am without him, so he better come back safe.

I forced my knuckles against the bedroom door in three soft raps, expecting the familiar, 'Yah, come in.' But instead I heard nothing. Except the sound of the water running in the bathroom down the hall.

Turning, that's when I saw it—the bathroom door, standing open several inches.



Now, here I am. Watching him naked, my body teaching me a new definition of *need*.

I know what men look like. Down there. I might be a virgin, but I have the internet. But nothing could prepare me for him. His soapy hand circles his thick, hard, veiny shaft. It stands up almost past his bellybutton as he begins to caress the head then pump his hand along the length.

His hand forms a sort of fist. Very firm. So erotic.

Up and down, up and down. Shorter strokes now, four fingers flat on the length just under the tip.

I take it all in. Faster, faster, shorter pumps, tighter fingers. I concentrate like I'm studying for finals, trying to remember every movement, every nuance.

Every taut muscle in his body hardens as the tiny rivers of soap and water trickle down his torso and flow over his hand as he works the engorged steel rod in front of him. His chiseled abs flex then release with every breath.

Oh *god*. I shouldn't watch. I should turn away and get right back to my tantrum. Because this isn't right, not at all. *That's my brother*. Okay, sure *step*-brother but there's nothing about Trent that is a step away from what a real brother feels like.

But I am mesmerized. Held prisoner. Captivated by the size, the shape, the angles of his body. By the pure power that pulses from every inch of him.

Trent's hand moves so fast it blurs. Greedy, aggressive, and ruthless. Up and down the entire length now, tip to base, tip to base and I hear a sort of wet, flapping noise as he works his flesh.

The tingling inside my panties begins to match his rhythm. Watching him makes me dizzy, almost woozy with wanting, and I sink down on my knees, crawling closer, watching every brutal stroke.

My wetness trickles out of me onto the backs of my calves. My own primal instinct bursts into flames. Feelings unknown, unimaginable desire, overtake me from the inside out. I press my thighs together as hard as I can, my pulse

thrumming at my clit like a hammer.

I keep my eyes on him—him, my *step-brother*—as his hand begins to clench harder. He drops his head back into the spray of the shower, opening his mouth as though he needs more air. A soft groan, and his head drops back down.

He sucks in a breath from between gritted teeth, leans forward and plants his free hand on the tile shower wall, elbow locked. His ass clenches tight, his abs flex again, and then his stroking changes. He focuses on the spot just under the swollen tip, hand quivering, fingers tight, then a groan, so deep and painful my heart wrenches in my chest.

Then.

Oh god, *then*...an explosion of thick, hot, white cum. Ropes of it spraying out into the shower.

He pumps the head of his huge cock once, twice, three more times, and with each movement of his hand, another spray of white, thick liquid spurts from the tip.

He drops his head, his broad chest heaving. I don't know how much time passes. I'm lost. Floating. Hypnotized.

When he turns off the water, I startle, shaking myself from my lusty, waking slumber as droplets of water trickle from the angles and planes of his body.

I find my feet on shaky legs. Awkward as a foal. Pressing back against the wall, I inch my way back to my room on measured tiptoes, closing the door behind me, careful not to let the *click* of the knob give me away. Before I make it to my bed, I have my hand down my soaked panties, desperate for relief.

I climb into bed. I flick my fingers up and down, back and forth. Finding that spot. Trying to ease this *ache*. This urge. I've played with myself before, but never have I felt so much fire churning inside me.

I pop onto my knees, rolling up one of my pillows. I wriggle out of my panties, then straddle and spread my myself onto the fabric. The pressure of the pillow floods my mind with images of Trent's hard body underneath me.

Ink and milk. Strength and softness.

Right and *wrong*.

Grinding into the pillow, the waking dream returns. A vision. I can almost feel him beneath me, his sea-blue eyes looking up, lust filled and urgent. And I whisper to him, “*We shouldn’t, Trent. We can’t,*” as I drive my hips into the pillow again and again.

I play out the fantasy, imagining his fingers inside me, that monster of manhood I saw in the shower a moment ago *pressing* into my innocent opening. I arch and wiggle. Driving myself hard onto the pillow, so hard that my muscles burn, my desperate ache becomes a swirl, and then a hurricane.

I find the *spot*. I thrust and circle with all my weight on the magical, building feeling.

The storm inside me goes from a category three to a five in an instant as I think of Trent under me, whispering, “*It’s okay, it’s our secret,*” as sounds and words burst from my lips before I can stop them.

The eye of the hurricane is bliss. Pure bliss, as his name mixes with my throaty gasps and moans.

I bite down on my lip, stifling the words and noises that threaten to give me away. My body is on autopilot and waves of the most delicious heat and relief pulse through me. I jerk my hips and thrust myself into the pillow, as wetness gushes from my body.

I collapse onto my side, curling in a panting heap on top of the lavender and white quilt my Great Aunt Katherine made for me when I was born. Every muscle throbs with the release. I open my mouth, tugging in a long, low breath as a rainbow of sparks flicker behind my closed lids.

I turn my head, laying my cheek on the soft quilt and open my eyes.

What the...

I freeze. My heart now a lump in my throat. There’s a *shadow*, beneath the door. Two feet, blocking out the light from the hallway.

The hallway was dark when I came in here...

Oh my god. I wait. Listening. My embarrassment roars through me, making me queasy and chilled.

Whoever it is stays. Waiting. As if ready to knock.

One, two, three, four, five, *six, seven...*

I hold my breath. And wait. The poster on the back of my bedroom door of Taylor Swift looking at me like she *knows*.

After ten lifetimes, my lungs are burning but the shadow moves away, and I cover my head with the pillow and scream.

CHAPTER 2



Kat

*T*wo Years later

I'VE MADE seven-hundred and fifty-six tick marks in my journal since he left. Pages full of a rainbow-colored ink in bundles of five.

Trent gave me the small, white, leather-bound journal the day he deployed. He told me to write down what I did every day so when he returned I could read it to him and he wouldn't miss anything.

I never could bring myself to write a single word. Why, I'm not sure. Maybe because I wished so hard by some miracle he wouldn't leave and then when he did, I pretended it wasn't real. So, I just made tick marks. Counting down the days until he came home. I made the last little scratch mark yesterday and I've been holding my breath since.

I press my fingers to my lips, the scent of my freshly-applied Pink Poppy nail polish mingles with the summer air and a hint of jet fuel. There's a tightness in my chest as my heart pitter-patters against my chest wall. The engines on the plane whir over the excited conversation of the gathered crowd.

Everything freezes as he steps off the long back ramp of the cargo jet wearing faded desert camo fatigues and combat boots. The sun beats down and catches the tan skin on his rippling forearms. His squared jaw flexes. Heat snakes rising from the asphalt tarmac make him look like he's stepping right out of my dreams.

Guys like him are only supposed to exist in magazines, movies, or on billboards for underwear. But here he is, Trenton Reynolds III, my stepbrother.

Not a dream.

Not this time.

His carved, fierce features and shocking blue eyes are the same as I remember. But his cheekbones are more pronounced. His brow more furrowed and his nose has a new angle to it. So many things I've missed as well. Things I want to know and things I'm sure I don't.

He holds his head high. Cocky as ever. His shoulders are broader than when he left, his strength and presence magnetic, making the air around me buzz. After a couple steps, he leans slightly on a fellow soldier, walking with just the hint of a limp, and I remember how it felt when he told me he'd been shot. My heart aches to think of him in pain, and even more to think how close I came to losing him.

I watch him scan the crowd as I push up on my tiptoes. He's searching the clustered knots of families, well-wishers, and crying women with new babies, all here to welcome their brave heroes home.

I squeeze my eyes shut, praying this isn't another one of the hundreds of dreams I've had of this moment. Seven-hundred and fifty-six tick marks since I saw him last. And now I'm the only one left to welcome him home. The only surviving member of our family to greet our hero.

I was 18 when he left. A lifetime ago and only yesterday. He was my big brother and my greatest protector. He was a fighter, through and through. Didn't matter if it was on the playground, acting like a pit-bull ready to tear the throat out of anyone that messed with me. Or late at night, holding me close after one of my nightmares. He was there for me in a way that nobody

else was.

And now he's finally home.

Home. Except, there is no home to go to.

I draw a deep breath, my mouth and throat dry as I raise my hand to wave to him. The wind catches the hem of my sundress, the fabric flicking high on my thigh. Mixed in with the smell of my perfume, there's something else. My wetness. Giving me away for him. My body betraying me.

The crush of everything that has happened while Trent was away weighs on me. But it's impossible not to smile right now. I jump up and down, my wave turning frantic. This tall, massive, striking soldier that I'd always thought of only as my brother...until that night before he deployed. That night is singed into my memory and into my body, like a flashbulb halo that never fades.

The memory of that night is so fresh that my thighs still quiver. Was it him outside my bedroom door? Does he know? Did he hear me saying his name? Has he been thinking about that night for two years, just like me?

I force myself to shake away the thoughts, pushing onto my toes with more effort, both hands flapping above my head.

"Trent!" I call.

His dreamy, sky-blue gaze snaps toward me, honing in like a predator on long awaited prey.

My insides tangle, flipping and knotting. Rearranging me from the inside out. He seems different somehow. The same, but tired and worn. And yet, there is something else.

An energy between us now. An energy I don't remember from before that night. An energy that two years apart did not diminish.

The look in his eyes steals the breath from my lungs as my last little jump falters and I stagger back a step, then make my way through the crowd, parting the people like Moses with my sheer will. He's like a black hole sucking me in. As I get closer, his blue eyes aren't just deeper set and tired. They are focused.

And greedy.

“Hi.” It’s all I can muster. I’m tongue-tied and upside down. I forgot just how imposing he is. A full 6’ 5” in bare feet, he towers over me, his shadow engulfing me in the late afternoon sun.

“Hi, Kitty Kat. No hug?” His deep voice is playful, but stern as well. I close the few inches between us. But the hug I give him is awkward, and I find myself very aware of how close my hips are to him. Because, God, if I feel the pressure of his body on mine, I’m going to...

The weight of his incredible arms pushes my feet into the tarmac. When he squeezes, my ribs ache and drawing a breath is impossible for what feels like an hour. But when I do, his familiar masculine scent mixes with jet fuel and sweat and my heart absolutely dissolves.

I wrap my arms up his back and return his squeeze but feel his body tighten and he lets out a grunt of pain.

The weight of his arms lifts and I step back, untangling myself from the one place I want to be right now.

“Easy, man,” says the friend who helped him off the cargo jet. “Don’t fucking push it.”

Trent winces, trying not to let me see. I instinctively step into the space that his buddy left behind, tugging one of his arms over my shoulders.

His friend offers a warm smile, the sun making him squint. “You good then, man?” he asks.

“Yeah, we’re good. Thanks man.” Trent gives him a quick sideways bro-hug with his open arm. “Hey, Kat, this is Luke. He’s in my company.”

“Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise,” Luke says. “You have quite a brother here. Saved my ass at least twice and plenty other guys too. He’s a force. A hero.”

“Shut up, dick.” Trent gives him a quick shove. “You’d have done the same for me.”

Luke shakes his head, like *more of this shit* again.

“I’ll see you around. And take care of yourself, man.” Luke gives him a final fist bump, and moves back, engulfed into the throng of humanity.

I loop both of my arms around Trent’s waist to give him support, as I lead him back toward the car.

“I’m so glad you’re home. Are you okay? Can you walk? Or, do you want a wheelchair to take you the rest of the way to the car?”

“Fuck no, I don’t need a wheelchair. Jesus, Kat, I’m fine. Just got a little cramped up on the flight. Let’s go.” He gives me one of his life-changing smiles. The first one today. And the thing I have been aching to see since he waved goodbye.

The emotion I’ve been holding back bubbles up. A sting of tears pinches my nose.

“Hey, hey.” He turns to me. “Are *you* okay?”

I swallow the threatening sob and smile up at him. “Yes. I’m just so happy you’re here. Tell me what you need. Anything. Anywhere. Ice cream?”

He snorts on a low chuckle. “Yeah. That’s what every guy coming home from war thinks about first, Kat. *Ice cream.*”

A giggle replaces the impending sob, but I catch the heat in his eyes. I realize there’s really only one thing guys coming home from war are thinking about... and the tingle between my legs confirms it’s got nothing to do with ice cream at all.

“You want me to take you to a strip club?” I tease on a shrug and a wink, a hollow ball in my gut hoping he says no.

“Fuck, no.” He looks angry. “No fucking strip club, Kitty Kat.” His teeth tug his bottom lip for a second before he finishes, “But, you can give me a little dance later if it makes you feel better.”

I smack his belly. “Trent Reynolds!” My protest is overly dramatic as I imagine gyrating on his lap.

“I need to go home and relax. I’m fine.” Trent gives me another smile as he takes a step forward, a small grimace twisting his face.

“At least lean on me a little when we walk. Just pretend I’m your wife...” I pull his long, heavy arm over my shoulders, wanting him to accept at least some of my help. Wishing he’d let me protect him from something for once.

“Oh yeah? Pretend you’re my wife, huh? You know the first thing soldiers want to do with their ‘wives’ as soon as they get home, don’t you?”

I press my lips together, hoping he didn’t hear the little squeak that stuck in my throat at the thought. Yep. *We’re not talking about ice cream.*

Even in the midst of this 90-degree heat, my skin prickles with goosebumps.

“Well, that’s how heroes should be welcomed home.” I let out another nervous giggle, trying to cover my embarrassment. But even to me I sound flirtatious in a way that is *definitely* not sisterly.

At the same time, Trent growls in response, which *definitely* does not sound brotherly.

Lowering my eyes, trying to hide my blush, my gaze falls on the zig-zag scar that runs across the meat of his right forearm. I know that scar as well as if it were my own. Because he didn’t get that fighting for Uncle Sam.

He got that one fighting for *me*.



SUDDENLY, I’m back in sixth grade. I’m walking down to the corner store to get a pack of sour gummy worms. The sun is beating down on my shoulders. The cicadas are in the trees. I’ve got a book in my hands. *Harry Potter*, I think. And I’m in my own little world.

A menacing click-click-click of bicycle tires makes me lift my eyes. Across the street is Henry Weaver. With his close-cropped hair. Freckles that are too pronounced to be cute. And a look in his eyes that was pure evil. “Hey, Chubbs,” he calls out. “*Mooooooo.*”

And all his friends erupt in laughter. Everyone knew Henry was held back twice and should have been a sophomore in high school, instead he was stuck in eighth grade looking like a man.

I knew enough to know I was different than the other girls. Puberty was on the horizon for all of us. Bodies were changing, acne was coming. But they were like gazelles. And I was a little bear. Or a cute little bunny.

My mom tried to tell me I was lovely. My grandma fawned over my eyes, my hair. But always, in my heart, whenever I saw myself in the mirror, I heard it. *Chubbs. Moooo.*

I was the first to blossom in my grade. My hips, my breasts, came out of my child-sized body, bewildering not just me, but all the boys in school and drawing attention that I neither wanted nor knew how to handle at all.

Henry Weaver stalked me, pursued me. No matter what route I took. No matter what time I left. He found me.

Day after day that year, the attacks got worse and more aggressive. And scarier. At first, he'd taunted me with his friends. But then he started cornering me by dumpsters, in back alleys. In places where I had to scramble to escape.

There were days when I fought back, throwing my own insults toward his menacing freckled face. There were days when I walked with friends or begged my mom to pick me up from school. But one way or another, he'd find me.

I didn't tell anyone. For that whole year, my embarrassment and terror was mine alone. Until one day I came home, my cheeks red with shiny striped rivers, to find Trent standing in the kitchen, eating an apple, in only his workout shorts.

"What the fuck happened?" he said. "Who hurt you?"

Not, *What did you do?* Not *What's wrong?* But *Who hurt you?*

I remember his hand flexing into a terrifying fist. All muscle and power and danger. I had just turned ten then. He was seventeen. As big as a man. And as angry as a wolf.

Standing in the kitchen, all the torment and pain tumbled out of me, in snot and tears and sobs. Trent wrapped me in his big arms, smelling like Irish Spring and Old Spice. And when I had cried it all out, he kissed me right on the part of my hair, holding his lips there for a beat, letting me feel the warmth of his breath.

Then, without another word, he walked out of the house, got in his Pontiac Charger...

To beat the ever-loving shit out of Henry Weaver.

He came home with a cut on his cheek and his forearm dripping blood. Henry carried a switch blade and knew how to use it.

But Henry had fared a lot worse. He ended up with a broken femur and a shattered jaw. He spent six weeks in the hospital with his leg in traction, drinking watered-down protein shakes from a straw, with his mouth wired up like a chicken coop.

I also remember my parents whispering, in a quietly proud way. About Trent. How he fought for me. How he stood up for me.

And I remember falling asleep that night, feeling safe for the first time in a year.

My Trent. My protector.



WE WALK to my old beat-up Jeep, which is kept together with duct tape and prayers. Two younger soldiers follow behind us, carrying his gear, while he keeps his arm around my shoulders.

“You gotta be kidding me,” Trent says as we near my vehicle. “You’re still driving this piece of shit? I sent a car for you this morning. What the fuck, Kat?”

“Well, now you tell me!” I say, opening the door for him. “There *was* a limo waiting, but I told him it had to be some kind of mistake. It scared the shit out of me, a stretch Humvee sitting out there in front of my apartment. He tried to

insist, but I got in my Jeep before he could say anything else. I wasn't very nice about it either. Sorry."

"Stubborn as ever. Besides, why you driving this POS still? Why didn't you buy something safe and fun with the money from the house or the little trust fund mom and dad set up?"

"Old habits, I love my Jeep" I say, then shrug on a smirk not wanting to get into the fairy tale I conjured about the 'trust fund' money. Luckily, the two soldiers are loading up his camo duffel bags and that distracts him from the topic at hand. They salute Trent who returns the gesture, adding a nod, then they spin and make their way back to the hangar.

"Fine. But why the fuck did a limo scare you?"

Ugh. *I shouldn't have said that.* I flutter my hand in front of my face, shaking my head. He doesn't need to be burdened with all that right now. "Just. It was so out of the ordinary. Little ol' Kat Reynolds, in a ride like that? Please."

"Well, it was for you. And you should have fucking ridden in it."

"I couldn't have afforded to even tip the driver and, *you* can't afford that. I know you are still paying off..." I let it go, not wanting to go there yet.

"Can't I?" Trent asks, giving my shoulder a little squeeze.

I squint, examining him. For the first time I notice that on his wrist isn't the old digital Casio he used to wear. It's tiny, but I read the 'Paneria' just under the '12' and even with my limited knowledge of luxury brands I know this is not in a soldier's budget.

"Come on. The *watch*, the limo? Spill it. You win the lottery while you were away?"

Trent shakes his head, running his hand down his thick stubble as I open the driver's door. "I'll tell you while we're driving." He looks down at me with that greedy, aggressive dilation in his eyes. The blue of his eyes deepens and I want to dive into them and never resurface.

"I've fucking missed you," he says, eyes closing for a beat, and I swear his voice cracks, making the lump in my throat nearly give way.

“Me too,” I choke out as I climb behind the wheel with one last glance as Trent closes the door, my eyes falling down low.

The heat of the tarmac is nothing compared to the scalding wave that rushes through me. The sound of my pulse rushes in my ears, drowning out everything else. There’s no camouflage on this planet that could hide the tent in the front of my step-brother’s pants.

Holy shit. My panties just took a direct hit.

CHAPTER 3



Trent

She's the only one who can't see it.

I watched as other guys looked at her. I saw it in their eyes. The lust. The wanting.

If I wasn't so focused on getting the hell out of there with her, I would have removed their eyes for their offense.

She's a fucking all-American angel with a body built for fucking. Hot as hell, sweet as sugar, and she's my step-sister. *Of course* she is.

Fate is a motherfucker with a hella sense of humor.

Two years away from her *almost* made me forget how perfect she is. Yeah, she'd sent selfies. Yeah, I'd spent hours, achingly hard, looking at her face, thinking about that night before I left.

The sounds I heard behind her bedroom door. Her whispers to me, thinking I couldn't hear.

But nothing prepared me for seeing her again. Nothing prepared me for her scent, her cherry lips, the dimple on her left cheek. The way her body has

blossomed. Nothing could prepare me for the way her dress shows off her nipples, and the way her tits jiggle with every rattle of the Jeep.

Blood surged to my cock as soon as I saw her and it hasn't stopped since. Her long sandy-blond hair windswept and wild. She's got two little strands pulled back, held in place with a little Felix the Cat barrette.

She's got these tiny earrings on, in the shape of stars. The curve of her legs comes out from the sweet hem of her sundress. Her fingernails and toenails are pink like I imagine her nipples. She's wearing her signature summer flip flops from the dollar store but what's the best are those dimples.

Jesus Christ, those dimples.

"Trent?" Her words yank me out of my lust-haze. She snaps a few times in my face. Bratty little sweetheart. "The limo. Explain the freaking limo. And the watch."

She's always been like this—straight to the point. Sweet with a sting. Since the very first day.

Her dad married my mom when I was ten and she was three. I still remember the first day I met her. She put her hands on her hips, looked up at me, and said, "I don't *need* a big brother!"

But she got one anyway. And the truth was, she did need me. Our home was safe, but our neighborhood wasn't. I cut my teeth in vacant lots, out back behind shitty bungalows with bars on the windows and rusted chain link. I was a scrappy fighter, dirty and ruthless. But never more ruthless than when it was her that I had to protect—as that little fucktard Henry Weaver found out.

She snaps her fingers between us. "Oh my god. I'm going to have to blame the jet lag because you're making me crazy. Trent. Limo. Tell."

Right, right. There's a time for a trip down memory lane, but this isn't it. "It's my dad."

She glances away from the road, meeting my eyes, her sweet, plump lips open for a breath before she asks, "What *dad*? Your sperm donor dad?"

“Yeah. He died. A month ago.” I take a deep breath. I don’t know how to say this except to just fucking rip the Band-Aid off. “And apparently I’m his *heir*.”

Kat blinks a few times. “His *heir*? Heir to what? Because the last thing I heard about him, he was a deadbeat dad with ten bucks in his pocket, a fifth of Jack in the glovebox, and no clue how to be what you needed in your life.”

Boom. Sweet with a sting, like I said. And she’s exactly right. “Yeah. This fucking universe, Kitty Kat, it has a sense of humor.”

“What do you mean?”

“He won the lottery. In a *big* fucking way. He was so drunk he didn’t even remember buying the ticket at first, according to his lawyer, but managed to get his head together to write a will before... He left it all to me.”

I don’t tell her the extra detail his lawyer told me. That his drinking was a problem until his last moments, that some *tweaker friends* ended up shooting him dead for the change he had in his pocket, convinced he’d have all the money he’d won right there.

Kat takes a deep breath, making her tits rise and fall. She’s wearing this little white dress with pairs of cherries all over it. The shoulder strap of her bra is just visible over the edge of her shoulder. Hot pink. Christ. “Are we talking *money-money*?”

I drag my eyes off her tits, but the jet lag is making me greedy, so I put them on her lap for a second, taking in the luscious crease between her legs, before forcing myself to look at her face.

“Yeah, *money-money* in the hundred million sort of range. In a trust. I just got all the details last week. There’s an executor that’s been helping me out, but I have full access. It’s all mine.”

Kat stays straight-faced, taking in the news. She’s good about giving herself a second to process. For a guy like me who is quick to throw the first punch, it’s a fucking inspiration.

She raises her eyebrows on a dismissive shrug. “So that explains the limo and the *bling*.” She tips her head toward my wrist.

“Bling? Did you serious just say that?”

“Call ‘em like I see ‘em.” She snaps and I laugh for the first time in so goddamned long.

It feels amazing. Being with her again is heaven after two years in hell. “Yeah. It was difficult as fuck to do anything with the money from over there and I was whacked out still from my injury. By the time I had my head right, I was coming home.”

“Jesus. Wow.” I see her swallow, fingers gripping the wheel.

“Just wait. And by the way, we’re not going back to your place.”

She looks at me, brow all furrowed. Under all that beauty, she’s still that spunky little kid who didn’t think she needed me at all.

“We aren’t?”

“You deserve the best of everything Kitty Kat, and I’m going to give it to you. So I bought a place in Elmond Estates. Got it legal and signed for a few days ago. Wanted it to be a surprise. Place is fucking lit. I got it all set for us. Furnished, decorated, kitchen is stocked. Down to fresh raspberries in the fridge and those strawberry, crunchy ice cream bars you love in the freezer. Oh, and Crunch Berry. I hate that fucking cereal.”

“No way.” She gives me a little shove. “How did you remember that?”

I stifle a grimace of pain as she pushes me. Or try to stifle it anyway. But every little movement hurts like a motherfucker. Her worried eyes tell me she notices. Because she knows me better than anybody else.

“Never mind the money. Never mind the house,” she says, reaching over and taking my hand. “Are you okay? You told me you got hurt, but you didn’t tell me everything. So you might as well tell me because what I’m imagining is just awful.”

I watch the trees rush past on the highway, and count one, two, three mile-markers as I decide how much to tell her. I don’t want to fucking burden her. I don’t want to fucking overwhelm her. But I do want her to know.

“I’ll give it to you straight. It was bad. Two bullets, through-and-through. In

the chest. I flat-lined for thirty-three seconds during surgery. Damn near bled to death.”

She squeezes my hand; her delicate, sweet little fingers are knitted between my scarred, tanned ones.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

Because I’m fucking proud. And tough. And hated to think of her worried.
“Because I woke up. Because I’m good.”

“Bullshit me at your own risk, son,” she says, mimicking Dad’s voice.

She’s gotten tougher in the years since I’ve been gone. I fucking love it and hate it at the same time.

I draw a long breath and look away. It’s a fucking head game, being this close to her. I start shaking my leg to make sure my cock doesn’t jump higher in my pants as I tell myself what a shit I am, getting a hard on for forbidden fruit. For my sister.

Step-sister, I remind myself, but it doesn’t make it feel less sinful.

But I can’t help it. My dick is already full of blood, and I’m consumed with thoughts of slipping deep inside that holy, slippery, tight space of hers.

More nights than I can possibly count, my mind has been consumed with her. And now I’m fucking consumed all over again. I want to make her pull this fucking Jeep over, and take her right over my knee, right here on the side of the highway. Redden those ass cheeks with my hand, and then slip her little panties off and...

Christ. I gotta pull myself together. I have to. Because there’s something I need from her. And it’s not her pussy.

Not yet.

“I mean, I’m *mostly* fine. *Kind of* fine.” I exhale through my nose, running my hand over the top of my head.

Her eyes linger on mine then flick forward again. “Tell me.”

Another long inhale then, “Yeah. So that’s the problem. I need some help.

And I need to know if you'd be the one to help me."

She bites her lip, blinking twice before flicking her gaze down at my knees for a second. "You mean like, nurse you?" she asks, concentrating forward again.

"Yeah." My voice is thick. Every emotion I've pushed down for two years is ready to explode from my chest. "It's a big ask. I know, but..."

"Did you get hit in the head too?" She shoots me a hard glare, twisting those killer lips into a pout. "Of course I'll help you, dumb-ass. It's not a big ask. Not at all. If you ask anyone else, then we're going to throw down." Her naive, wide-eyed, dimpled face sends a jolt straight into my heart.

Swords feel like they are clashing inside me. The battle between hard-headed independence and sincerely accepting the help I need and want.

"But you've got work." *But, not for long because you don't need to work.*
"You've got a life." *But, I want to be your life, as selfish as that is.*

Pink creeps up her cheeks, blooming into fuchsia as I watch her squint at the road, then reply.

"I've saved up some vacation time. I'd do anything for you. Anything you need."

My heart fucking aches as my balls grow three sizes, filling with cum. My angel. My everything. What she can't know, looking at me, is that I've been saving myself for her. I give zero fucks that she's my step-sister. My body, my soul, my cock are all hers. Always have been. Always will be.

"You are the perfect sister." The last word lingers on my tongue like sweet depravity.

She nods. "And anyway, Trent. In case you didn't know, you *are* my life."

Fuck. *Fuck.*

CHAPTER 4



Kat

What he *really* doesn't know, and what I hope he never finds out, is that I've been working at the Velvet Touch. It's exactly as bad as it sounds. In our letters, I told him I was finding freelance jobs from the internet and doing some payroll work for a local 'bar'.

I also told him I sold our parent's house and they'd left some savings in a trust for us both. That seemed to comfort him, knowing I had what I needed and financially, things were okay. They weren't but there was no way I was laying that on his shoulders from half a world away. I shouldn't have lied and the day of reckoning is coming when I have to fess up and tell him the house was upside down from a reserve mortgage they did with some shady financial advisor.

There'd put all their trust into some financial advisor they met at one of those free steak dinner deals where they lure you in with a fancy meal then sign you up for their bullshit. Dad was a hard worker but he didn't know anything about investing and reverse mortgages and whatever other sunshine the asshole blew their way. They died destitute and if Trent knew what had happened, I'm sure the guy would be dead.

As well, if I told him that the local 'bar' was actually The Velvet Touch?

Ugg. It's a gritty, purple cinderblock hole of a strip club over on Marshall Avenue, where only every other street-light works and every last bit of metal has been stripped off all the buildings. The kind of area the cops don't come unless there's a dead body in the road.

"So, no bullshit Kat, how are you?" he asks, shifting his muscular legs into a wide man-spread. Taking up space. Making his presence felt. God, I've missed him so much. "Been staying out of trouble?"

I know he's kidding. Me? In trouble? Never. But things have changed since he left. If only he knew I've been keeping myself triple-locked behind my apartment door, paying cash for everything, and leasing my dingy little place under an assumed name. Things haven't been great. Not at all.

But after what he just told me? *I flat-lined for 33 seconds.* None of it seems all that important.

"I'm good. Just, you know, work. Still doing bookkeeping and payroll stuff." I manage silently telling myself I'm not technically lying.

The Velvet Touch's owner did me a favor, hiring me for cash. He took pity on me, and I'm grateful. The pay is decent. Well. Decentish and at least I don't have to jiggle my tah-tahs to get it. Not that I judge those that do, I'm just pretty sure I'd suck at it.

"Those bookkeeping classes really paid off," I add with a sarcastic flex of my biceps.

But I'm deflecting. I know it and he knows it. There's a heaviness between us. The big thing we still haven't discussed. The fact that since he left, our lives have gone upside down.

And now all we have in the world is each other.

He's the brave one and tackles it first. "But how are you, Kat? Not work, *you.*"

I shift behind the wheel of the Jeep, feeling smaller, but I'm grateful I'm driving. Because there's no way I'd be able to look him straight in the eye right now.

There was a time when I kept no secrets from him. But now I feel like a ball of secrets. And the one person in the world I want to tell everything is the one person that I can't tell a single thing.



MY PARENTS DIED ONLY two months after he deployed. He was in deep cover somewhere, when they were killed by a drunk driver. They were coming home from choir practice at First Baptist in Chantsbury. My dad was in his favorite sports coat. And my mom was wearing her locket with photos of me and Trent inside.

For days and days, I held on to that news alone. For two weeks, I checked Trent's status on Zoom and WhatsApp hourly, even in the middle of the night. Especially in the middle of the night, when I should be asleep but I knew he'd be awake. Waiting. And watching. And agonizing about how to tell him the news.

I knew there was a way to reach out and get in touch with him for an emergency, but thinking of laying that on him when he was on some deep, secret mission didn't seem fair. Or at least, that's what I told myself.

By the time he resurfaced and popped up on email and chat, I'd already made all the plans. Already had a small funeral. And really, I couldn't think about it anymore. I begged him not to come home. Told him it would break my heart to see him right then. He was going into another secret mission and coming home wasn't an easy option anyway.

But it was more than that. Lots more. For now, I keep that buried—not to stop myself from thinking how much I miss them, but buried to keep myself safe.

Yet, from the buried place, I remember the black Mercedes that slipped away before the police could arrive.

My life depends on keeping that memory secret.

Even from Trent. Who I trust with my life. Who has protected me from so much.

“I’m fine,” I finally offer. “*Really*. But it hasn’t been easy. I didn’t need the money you sent, but thank you anyway. I told you a hundred times in the letters to stop sending it but I want you to know I appreciate it anyway. And I’m glad you’re back.”

“I’m so fucking sorry I couldn’t come back when it happened,” Trent shakes his head.

“I asked you not to come. I don’t know why, but having it over and moving on helped me.”

He looks so tired, so much older than his 27 years.

I know he’s done things that no man wants to bear the burden of carrying. I read about these poor guys coming home with depression, PTSD, and worse; but it is so real now, being near to him. I can see it in his eyes. He’s spent, worn, and needs someone to care for him.

Not make everything worse.

I feel my emotions clutching around my throat. “Can we talk about something else?” I blink back tears.

“Shit,” Trent says. “Of course. How about...boyfriends. Got one?”

Oh great. *This*. “Your small talk has gone to shit.”

Trent chortles out a laugh. “True. But seriously. Look at you. I’m sure the guys at your work are falling all over themselves to get to you.”

I groan. The guys at my work are falling all over themselves to shove damp dollar bills into the thong straps of girls named Cindi and Porsche. “Not at all.”

He smiles a little on a soft snort. Smug. Maybe even... *satisfied*.

“Good,” he grunts, gruff and dark. From the corner of my eye I see him looking my way. His hands now on his spread knees, squeezing. “Otherwise there’d be some body bags to fill.”

A wave of desire bursts from my core, dampening my panties and making me grip the steering wheel as my nipples pull tight.

I'm blushing all the way to the hot tips of my ears. It's time for a subject change. And quick.

"Okay. My turn. You're the one back from two years away. Tell me what you want. A chocolate dipped cone? Waffle fries? Chicken wings with blue cheese sauce? Anything. You name it."

He takes another long inhale as I steal another glance and see such desire in his eyes. Such heat. His eyes lower to my lap, then to my knees, following my legs down to the pedals and then back up over my hips, locking on the three open buttons at my chest.

If he says *You are what I want*, I'll run us off the road. I know I will.

He turns away on a painful little grunt. His close-cropped golden-brown hair shows off a long pink and silver scar that runs behind his left ear, still fresh enough to see the tiny dots from where the sutures held it together. "Honestly?"

"Honestly."

"The first thing I want is a shower. In a clean bathroom. With no interruptions. And no schedule. And no douchebags telling me to *Move it, Reynolds, you asshole.*" He leans his head back, his eyes falling slightly, deep in the fantasy of a long, hot, steamy...

A wave of tension clutches me between my legs. Thinking of that night before he left.

He's your brother, I tell myself. *Let it go. Let. It. Go.*

"One hot shower," I choke out. "Coming up."

He punches in the address of the new house into my phone, then watches the screen. He signals for me to get off the highway, toward the exit for the lush rolling expanses and mansions of Elmond Estates.



I TAKE a hard right turn down a long oak-lined driveway, flanked by iron

gates. The house sits back over lush green lawns, peeking out from behind sky-scraping pines.

“Oh my *god*,” I whisper, as I slow the Jeep, grinding the gears as I downshift.

“*This* neighborhood doesn’t suck, right?”

Doesn’t suck is one way of saying it. *Takes my breath away* is another.

“And you bought this place? Really?” I’m dumbstruck. This can’t be real.

He nods, looking proud and cocky. “Oh, and look who’s here. Guess he wasn’t sure what to do after you blew him off. So, now that you know, it’s your new ride parked in front of your new house.”

I follow his eyes and there it sits. The freaking limo from this morning.

“I can’t accept this, Trent,” I shake my head, clearing my throat, ignoring the twelve warning lights lit up across my dashboard. “This is yours. Not mine.”

Trent scoffs, shooting me an icy look, but a second later it’s melted away.

“Stop being so fucking hard-headed. You will take the money. You will live in the house. You will let me take care of you.”

A wave of relief bubbles up in me. I blow out a horse-breath as I come to a stop in front of a blooming magnolia. “Fine.”

“Atta girl,” he grins, running his tongue over his teeth, making my head spin. “Now, let’s go check it out. I want this to be something we do together. See our new home for the first time, just you and me.”

I switch off the ignition and come around to his side, watching him wince as he shifts his body through the passenger door. He’s tense, tight with pain, and rock-solid as a statue.

The limo driver starts our way, but Trent waves him off, pointing to a guesthouse bigger than our family home and telling him to stand down until further notice.

Then he drapes his arm over my shoulders and we move down the cut stone walkway and onto the porch. Trent pops a code into the digital lock and the door clicks open.

“Together.” He nods inside. “We step through this door together.”

My insides tangle again as we both place our right foot inside the house. The tall ceilings and plush carpets are impossibly beautiful. From Town & Country or some Ralph Lauren ad. The air is cool, with a hint of eucalyptus and lilies.

We move forward in silence, through the foyer which is big enough to host a party. It’s so quiet I can hear Trent breathing and the soft, slow tapping of our feet as we explore this unknown and unfamiliar grandeur.

By the time we come through to the kitchen with soaring beamed ceilings and a deep blue and gray granite island with seven bar stools I need a breath. It feels odd and uncomfortable somehow. I shrink back, wanting to be small and unnoticed, unlike this place, which demands attention.

“Trent. This is too much.”

He gives me a little squeeze. “Not even close. And I had some stuff brought over for you. I had the attorney’s office put it all upstairs. But if it’s not right, we can go back to your place to pack you up. They should have also left an Amex for you in your room. We will set up a bank account for you now that I’m back as well.”

I blink, attempting to reconcile with this new world of possibility.

I have so much to say but all I can manage is, “Okay. Thank you.”

So lame. So formal. Impersonal, but there’s a part of me that believes this is a dream. It will evaporate as soon as I get comfortable. From the kitchen, we step through a dining room that seats twenty, then we loop back to the foyer.

“And just one more thing.” He pauses by the big, sweeping staircase. “Give me your keys to that shitbox outside. It’s not safe. We’ll have the driver take you where you need to go until we get you a new ride. He’s a buddy of mine. He’ll take care of you. I’m not letting you drive one more mile in that fucking death trap. You’re not going to be in danger on my watch.”

Danger. God, if he only knew about the danger. If only he knew all that was going on. But he was right that I couldn’t keep living in danger like I have been. And it doesn’t matter if it was from my stupid Jeep or bigger darker

forces beyond my understanding. Either way, I am so relieved, deep down, not to be alone anymore.

“Okay.” I hand over the *Hello, Kitty* keychain and smile at the sharp contrast of the smiling pink cat face in his enormous rough palm. “Deal.”

He clicks his tongue against his teeth. “Let’s go check out upstairs.”



THE PRIMARY SUITE is somehow more decadent than what we’ve seen so far. A huge four-poster bed with crisp sheets, and beautiful modern art on the walls. It’s warm and rich and fresh.

I slip off my shoes, the urge to feel the white carpet between my toes suddenly urgent somehow. Trent peels off his fatigues jacket tossing it on a plush chocolate brown cushioned chair next to the bed. He looks so handsome in his gear. He looks so handsome in anything, really...

Until I see what is below.

The tight white tee-shirt shows the carved indents of his lean muscle. But it also shows the thick white bandages that cover swaths of his chest, belly and back.

My heart cracks in half looking at him. The reality that I could have lost him is suddenly so fresh. So raw.

He’s the only family I have. My vision blurs at the thought of how close I came to losing him. His tattooed arms are thick with muscle. His body is so lean, so hard. Almost too hard, from too much work and not enough to eat.

I missed him so much. And not until this moment did I let myself really feel how empty I was without him.

It wells up in me, unstoppable. The grief and the worry. The dam is about to break. But he turns just in time to see me swiping at an errant tear as it escapes from my lashes.

“Woah, woah. What’s wrong, Kitty Kat?”

I swallow it back. Push it down. Lock it up. Throw it away.

“Nothing! How could anything be wrong right now?” I flutter my hand in front of my face. “I’m just so happy to be here. I’m just so happy to have you back.”

But he isn’t buying it. He knows me better than anybody.

And he takes a step into me, his eyes locked on mine.

I can’t have this conversation. Not now. Not yet. Maybe not ever. Because my god, if he knew how I really feel about him, I’d be too embarrassed to ever look him in the eye again.

I have to get out of here, just for a second. Away from his power. Away from his heat.

“You must be exhausted. Take that shower,” I say, with a sniffle. “Have a nap. I’ll see about making you something that doesn’t come out of a pouch.”

I turn to walk away, averting my eyes, nearly running toward the door but he’s suddenly in front of me blocking my way. He holds me still, with one massive hand on each of my shoulders, then tips my chin up so I can’t look away.

CHAPTER 5



Trent

She smells like a woman should. Sweet and inviting. I used to know what kind of perfume she wears. But it seems different now. Better.

Or maybe I just fucking missed everything about her. Including her scent.

My heartbeat pounds down in my dick, and in my bullet wounds. But fuck it. The doc who told me not to get worked up never saw my sister.

We're just a few feet from the bed. One step into her and I'd have her. One more step, and she'd be fucking mine.

Her curvy waist draws my eyes down. Every inch of her makes me fucking salivate. And in the full-length mirror behind her, I see her lush, round ass. Her bottom teetering perfectly inside that little dress.

I catch the groan in my throat because, fuck, her dress has little red cherries all over it. Lust screams through every cell in my body, so demanding, I could almost bend her over and take her by force.

She wouldn't be standing here if she knew I'd spent my whole tour fantasizing about fucking her. Getting my mouth between her legs. Lapping up her sweet juices. The feel of her heavy tits in my hands. Sucking those

nipples. Breeding that hot little womb of hers. Spanking that ass.

Jesus. That ass...

“Trent?” she barely whispers.

“Fuck. I’m sorry.” Bullshit. I’m not sorry. Not for any of it. She’s mine. She just doesn’t fucking know it yet. “My mind was somewhere else.” *Between your legs. In your mouth.* “Fucking jet lag.”

“I asked if you’ll be okay in the shower.”

Christ. Looking at her, I know my desire for her has gone way off center, way into the fringe. All those nights alone, jacking off to her in my bunk. So much cum spilled in her name. I imagined her red ass, ripe from my own hand. Fantasies of my little girl turning into my personal fuck toy whenever I desire. I fucking know she could take it. Take it rough and ready. I know she’d let me lead and hold on for dear life.

Sometimes I wondered, if I ever did get my hands on her, whether I’d be able to control myself and not just fuck right through her. Bathe her soft insides with my hot cream until she’s bound to me forever. Fuck her until my balls run dry, then make her sleep with my dick inside her like a fucking breeding cork, holding every drop inside until it does its job.

But, that’s not all. God, the nights I imagined her bending to me, looking to me, needing me. Like a child needs a father. But it had to be right.

I try to shake off those thoughts. Those fucking filthy, forbidden thoughts. But every time I look at her, they come roaring back like fucking wildfire.

“Trent? Come on now. Don’t keep drifting off on me, please. You’re scaring me.”

She has no fucking idea how hard it is to focus with her sweet-cream cleavage in my face. It’s so fucking distracting and she makes me so fucking hard that I’m just about to tell her to get out of here, leave me in peace, let a grown man jack off before his head explodes, when I realize I can’t get rid of her yet. Because of these fucking bullet holes.

“I just... I need to change the bandages before I take a shower. I can do the

two on my chest, but the two on the back I can't fucking reach."

She looks relieved almost, happy to have something to do. "Tell me how I can help."

I eye my duffel on the floor. "There's a med kit inside. You need to help me put the waterproof bandages on with waterproof tape." I tug my shirt out of my pants, as she watches me. And I slowly peel it off my body.

While the tee-shirt is covering my face, I swear to fucking god I hear her let out this little chirping sound. A whimper almost. I yank it over my head and get a look at her, but she's looking at her fingernails but her face is tomato red.

Fuck, that blush. It's all over her chest now.

"You..." Her voice shakes a little. She clears her throat and takes a shaky breath. "You've got new ink. Nice."

For a long second, the heat just pulses there between us. And it takes all my fucking willpower not to tackle her onto the white rug and consummate this deal right this second.

"Thanks. I even got one for you."

She blinks a few times, rapid and unsure. "You did?"

I nod. "Yeah. Right here."

I glance down at my left shoulder. Right there, between the bravo company insignia and the deep blacks of my tribal tattoos, sits silhouetted kitty cat, black with its tail curled. Her favorite. The reason she got her nickname.

"No way," she says, beaming. "You didn't."

Her sweet little fingers trace the edges of its tail, its ears. Her touch releases an instant throb of desire from my cock, making me so fucking hard that I can barely see straight. "Yeah. I got it on your birthday."

"You didn't say. You should've told me."

"I didn't want to tell you. I wanted to show you."

“It looks really nice,” she says, eyes twinkling, dimples fucking blazing. “So pretty and unexpected.”

Fuck. Just like her. “Yeah. I thought you’d like it. But don’t get too much closer.”

Her eyes dart up to mine. “Why?”

Because I can smell your fucking wetness and I want to ram my meat into you without asking. “Because I haven’t showered in like, three days.”

Her eyelashes flutter as she raises a brow, holding a finger up as if to clear her thoughts, laughing a little. “Right. Okay. Bandages.”

The pink deepens on her cheeks as I move to loosen the brass buckle on my belt, letting the loose ends hang open. She kneels down and opens the zipper on the duffel, carefully pulling out my tee-shirts, my camo pants and jacket and my boxers, until she finds the white bag with the red cross on the front.

But just as she’s grabbing it, I see the one thing in the world that I can’t let her find. It’s tucked in behind the medic kit. My journal, identical to the one I gave her, except mine is black.

Fuck. *Fuck.*

“I got it,” I say, trying to distract her. “Here, let me get it.”

“No, no you don’t. I’ve...” She picks it up to set it aside and two photos fall to the cream carpet.

The first is of her, in a little pink sweater, sunglasses on her head as she sticks her tongue out at the camera. The second is of the two of us together, her in a bikini and me in swim trunks, from the summer my parents rented a cabin at the lake.

She glances up at me, smiling, tongue pinned between her teeth. “Oh.”

She doesn’t seem pissed. And I’m fucking relieved. But before I can retrieve the journal, she sets it down and the pages fall open and there’s the rest of it.

My sketches. Of her. *Naked.*

Fucking hundreds of them.

Her jaw drops as she flips through a few pages and I stand frozen. Her letters to me are taped to the pages, the edges well-worn and dark.

Her head snaps toward me and in her eyes I see it. Fear. Because all these years, I've had my eye on her. Her and no other woman in the world.

“Put it back,” I grit out.

She doesn't move. Except for her trembling fingers.

“What *is* this?” she asks. Her voice catches, looking at me, as I try to pin her down with my eyes.

The fact that she's fucking kneeling in front of me isn't helping matters *at all*. One glance in the mirror behind her gives me visions of her doing something else entirely there on her knees. And my cock responds with a powerful throb and a rush of semen sticky against my boxers.

“Put it *back Kat*.”

She doesn't. It's like she can't.

And she's right. Because this is the fucking Rubicon. Now she knows. Now there's no going back.

With a deep breath, she breaks the silence. “I don't... I don't understand.” Her eyes are strong enough now to look up and meet mine.

And in those pretty brown eyes I see her fucking fire.

“I told you to put it down. Why the fuck don't you listen, Kat?”

She stands up slowly, lips trembling. “You... you *think* of me? Like...” Her lips shake even more, almost bursting with tears, with emotion. “Like... that?”

Goddamn it. If she takes one step closer, there's no fucking telling what I'll do.

But she's holding me fucking hostage with those eyes. Those cheeks. That face.

We should both be embarrassed and I know it. But neither of us is, I know

that too. So here we are, at the darkest place, the forbidden threshold.

One of us better fucking flinch. Because if we don't...

She reaches out and touches my forearm. The lightest touch, but it's a fucking knockout punch to my heart. It's like I can feel her own heart pounding through mine. "Kat," is all I manage, then grab her by the shoulders, and shove her out the door.

I shut it behind her, and then sink down on the bed, grabbing my head and squeezing.

It is my fucking duty to resist this passion. My fucking honor to keep her safe. From anything. From anyone.

From me.

CHAPTER 6



Kat

I can't feel my legs as I walk away. I feel dreamy, woozy, off-balance. All I know is I need to be away from him and clearly, he wants me to be away from him.

The beat of my own heart tells me that the sight of his photos, the journal, the tattoo—it brought up all the feelings in me that I have shoved away for so long.

For so long, I convinced myself my feelings wouldn't be reciprocated.

No, that's not enough. My feelings were wrong. They *are* wrong. More than wrong, dirty. Filthy. An abomination.

No matter what I saw in that journal, it doesn't matter. It's impossible.

I move through the unfamiliar house, like a visitor lost, and head downstairs. A stack of moving boxes catches my eye, piled up by the dining room. Moving boxes I recognize. I packed them after Mom and Dad died, and Trent insisted on paying for movers and a storage unit until I got settled somewhere new. When he'd asked about my new living situation, I lied again. Telling him there was a new, gated complex with lots of younger people moving into a up and coming old neighborhood, but my place was too small for all the

family stuff, so he said he'd just keep it in storage until he got back, then we could deal with it together.

Now some of the boxes are here, and the top one is open. And sticking out from it I see our old family album.

A forest-green cover, embossed with gold, cheap but the nicest we could afford at the time. I remember picking it out at the craft store, feeling like it was so unusual. So special. Nothing but cardboard and fake gold embossing, but it seemed like the loveliest thing in the world back then.

The pages crinkle as I open the cover, and our family photos stare back at me from behind protective cellophane sheets.

The first picture, which my mom carefully centered by itself, is a 5 x 7 of our whole family, taken at our one trip to the Sears portrait studio. I look awkward in a little purple dress, my belly sticking out and braces on my teeth. Trent looks stiff and formal in his suit, with his hair carefully combed.

But his eyes, they're the same. Those eyes that melted me then. But, there's more. Something I never noticed before. He's not looking at the camera.

He's looking at me.

Our parents raised us as though we came from them both. His mom, Emily, was ten years younger than my dad. They fit together like peanut butter and jelly. Like tea with honey. Yin and yang. But it took me nearly all my life to see it.

Emily had Trent when she was only 17. My dad was older than most of my friends' fathers. May and December. But it worked for them. Perfectly. Even looking at this picture now, with its soft edges and baby-blue background, I see it. The adoration. The affection. The contentment of finding that extraordinary thing. Another person to complete you. Another person to make you whole.

Someone that says, it's okay to be you, because to me, you are perfect.

Trent never talked much about his real dad, probably because there wasn't much to talk about. I scooped up bits and pieces, from whispered conversations, and Christmas card newsletters from distant family. He was a

loner, lived in a crummy apartment somewhere. He enjoyed whiskey and a lack of responsibilities.

But his mom was beautiful, sweet, and treated me like her own, even when I bucked against her, willful and rebellious. I needed her love. My own mom died when I wasn't even two, taking with her part of my heart and my Dad's, until Emily came along.

I don't even remember my mom. But there are snapshots of her here, in this album. Cancer took her. A sad death, but quick. It was two months from the day she got the stomachache to the day There were a few years there that I know I was hard to love. Emily was my mom, but I'd had another I didn't even remember.

Trent and I went through a rough patch at that time too. I wanted nothing to do with him for a while. Nothing. Him with his attitude and his protein shakes, Emily's *real* child, putting up posters of rock bands on the bedroom walls, listening to Green Day and Nirvana and being so...*Trent*.

It was infuriating. I took to stealing things from him. A CD, a flashlight, a magazine with girls in bikinis. Anything to annoy him. Anything to get him to see me.

But when push came to shove, he did see me. He did help me. He did love me in the way that only a brother can.



A FEW YEARS LATER, I remember he found me sitting in his room, just staring blankly at the wall. No books, no toys, no stealing his stuff, nothing.

“If it’s that fucker Henry Weaver again, I’m probably going to need a lawyer,” Trent said. Even when I was little, he didn’t sugarcoat things for me. He never treated me as less than an equal. Never acted like I couldn’t handle the way things were.

“Close the door,” I said, waving him closer to the bed.

Trent leaned back on his comforter, laying down, staring at the ceiling and folding his hands on top of his worn Nirvana tee-shirt. “Spill it, Kitty Kat.”

I sniffled. “I think... I think Dad is hurting your mom.” My eyes welled up with tears. That sharp sting of sadness filled my nostrils and throat.

Trent’s blue eyes met my gaze. “What? Why would you say that?”

I felt my lips tremble, but I kept myself from bursting into messy sobs. “I think they were fighting. Last night. Your Mom was making these noises. I tried to look under the door. I could see Dad was holding her down.” The welling tears tumbled down over my cheeks. “I think he was hurting her, Trent.”

Trent took a minute. Half amused. Half thoughtful. Watching me, I know now, and surely thinking, *How the fuck do I explain this?*

But he handled it well. He handles every difficult thing well. “They weren’t fighting, Kat. He’s not hurting her. I promise.”

He extended his pinkie to mine. At first I was skeptical, but he looked so certain.

“Promise?” I asked, as our fingers squeezed together

“Promise.”

“But what were they doing, then?” I asked. “I saw him, holding her hard. He was grunting, and she was...”

Trent cleared his throat, looked away. He ran his muscular hand down his face. And I remember the sound of his stubble against his palm. “How about we go get an ice cream?”

I blinked at him. “But, Trent...”

“Your dad will explain it to you sometime, Kitty Kat. Not my job. But I promise an ice cream will make you feel better. So?”

It wasn’t like him to change the subject. But even then, I trusted him to tell me what I needed to know. And if he said my dad wasn’t hurting Emily, then I accepted that as the truth.

“So,” I said, like I always did, in our little secret language. “Two scoops?”

Trent rolled off the bed, smiling that devastating smile. “Maybe even three.”



MORE CELLOPHANE PAGES, more years of memories. One of him at his senior prom, with a little blonde bombshell that looked like a Jazzercise instructor in the making. I hated her back then and a bubble of that old hostility comes up now looking at the picture. He never really had girlfriends that I remember. He had girls as *friends*, I guess, but nobody seemed to keep his attention. Or capture his heart.

Now the formal portrait of him when he joined the service, looking so sharp and so strong and so sure. Once he joined up, the girls gravitated toward him even more. He was a force of nature and there was never a shortage of girls waiting to take his arm.

But, he never looked at one of them the way he looked at me just a few minutes ago.

Glassy-eyed, lost forever, barely able to hold it in his pants.

I swallow my nerves and try to get my butterflies under control. I close the album and go find my purse in the kitchen, desperate to go somewhere, anywhere, else. Because knowing that he's one floor above me, knowing that he hasn't showered yet, knowing that he's in his room, where he and I were just...

I can't. I can't do this. Be here, think this, imagine that.

I can't.

I'll explode if I stay. We need some space.

I do have somewhere to be—something to do. I slip my wallet from my purse and double-check that I've got the money for my rent. Just the thought of seeing my landlord makes my stomach turn. But still. It's something. It's something to do, something to focus on, so I don't get consumed by these feelings.

So I step outside the house and find the limo driver, sitting on the patio outside the guest house, reading. The bright sunshine helps clear my mind, just a little. He looks military, more or less, with a clean-shaven honesty. He

stands up when he sees me.

“Can I help? I’m Edward. At your service.”

“Yes. I need a ride to my apartment.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he says, and gives me a playful but still respectful salute.

“Trent told me your wish is my command. Let’s go.”

CHAPTER 7



Kat

The Humvee limo slides out of the driveway, making me feel like I'm some big deal. I turn to look over my shoulder at the front door, halfway hoping, halfway dreading, that I'll see Trent there, watching us pull away.

Chasing down the limo.

But he's not there.

The window in the partition slides down. "Where to?"

"Corner of Cass and Central Boulevard."

I watch the driver's eyebrows furrow in the rear-view. "What's a girl like you got to do in a place like *that*?"

Good question, buddy. But times have been tough and it's a long freaking story.

"That's where I live. 450 Central Boulevard. The Treemont."

His blue eyes dart back at me in the mirror. "But Corporal Reynolds said you're living here, with him, didn't he?"

“Well, my landlord doesn’t know that. Yet,” I say, swallowing back the bile in my throat at the thought of him. “And rent won’t pay itself, whether Trent is home or not.”

The driver sniffs, nods. “I hear you. To the Treemont it is, then. Want me to close this window? Or do you want to be able to talk?”

Truthfully, I want to curl up in a ball and let my mind wander back to Trent’s tattoos. But that’s not going to happen. That can’t happen. “Open is fine.”

“So what do you do, Miss Kathryn?”

I snuggle back into the cool leather seats and try to clear my mind of thoughts of Trent, and all his hills and valleys. His chiseled muscles and veins and strength. “I’m an accountant. Book-keeper, really.”

“Is that so? Where?”

At a skeezy little strip club where there’s coke residue on all the bathroom sinks. “Let’s just say it’s not exactly H & R Block. But it pays the bills.”

“Dang. If I knew there were accountants out there that look like you, I’d have been looking forward to Tax Day all this time.”

I know he’s just being nice, but I’m not in the mood. I struggle to muster up a smile, a little laugh. But I can’t stop my mind racing back to Trent. The pictures. The sketches. The *look*.

God. The look.

The further we get from the house, the less anxious I feel about what happened. But still, a heaviness settles in my heart. I know I’ll have to go back. But I know that when I do, there is something waiting behind the curtain that neither of us is ready to reveal.

I squeeze my thighs together, and scoop my hair over my shoulder, focusing on the cooling whoosh of the air conditioning, blowing on my skin, and the low rumbling hum of the engine.

The Humvee moves gracefully down the highway, off the exit, through town. I am so used to my Jeep’s squeaky brakes and worn-out shocks that it’s almost hypnotic, moving through the world so effortlessly like this. Before I

know it, we're rolling up on the Treemont.

"You *live* here? *Seriously?*" Edward asks. We take a right onto Cass Avenue, with its litter-filled gutters and burnt-out trap houses.

"Not because I want to."

Edward picks up on the edge in my voice. "Understood."

"Thank you." I'm grateful that he drops the topic because there's so much to explain. And so little I can say.

He maneuvers the limo through the Treemont parking lot with its usual suspects all looking like extras out of *The Walking Dead*.

"Will you wait here for me? I'll be like, five minutes max."

"You're damned right, I'll wait," Edward answers, turning to talk to me through the partition. "Corporal Reynolds would kill me ten different ways to Sunday if I left you alone in a place like this. If you're not back in five minutes, I'm coming in after you. As a matter of fact, why don't I..."

I pop the door open. The oppressive heat radiating up off the pavement seeps into the limo, as does the acrid smell of unemptied dumpsters. "I'm fine, just wait here."

Three of the regulars are sitting outside the building, bottles covered in brown paper bags in hand. Their bloodshot eyes stay locked on the limo as I hustle past. This isn't the sort of place to draw attention to yourself, not now, not ever, and certainly not with a ride like *that*.

I pick up my pace, my dollar store flip-flops snapping, toward the broken buzzing sign that flashes only three letters of the word OFFICE.

My landlord Victor sits inside. He's got a teardrop tattoo under one eye, a spider web on his elbow, and a four pack a day habit that makes everything around him smell like mentholated hell itself.

He's got bleach blond hair and these odd silver-blue eyes. He reminds me of Machine Gun Kelly only at Megan Fox's height.

Oh, and he's always throwing in Spanish words when he talks. There's

nothing Latino about him but whatever, I'm not here to delve into his cultural appropriation.

"Where the fuck you been, *mujer*? Rent's late." He takes a drag of his cigarette, which he holds pinched between two fingers like a joint. "Don't make me put your shit on the curb."

"I'm so sorry. My brother just got back from..."

He glares at me. "*Cállate*. This look like story time at the fucking library, or what? I don't give a shit about the story. Just give me my fucking money."

He holds his hand out as he takes a step into me, making me back against the wall, giving me the eye, up and down, up and down, like he's turned on by my fear and disgust.

I grab the wad of bills from my purse and shove them into his hand. But instead of taking them right away, he runs the back of his knuckle up and down my forearm. Mixed in with the smell of the cigarettes is the stale sharpness of cinnamon gum.

It's all I can do to stifle a shudder as my gag reflex activates.

"All you gotta do is be nice to me, *mujer*. You don't gotta be a fucking genius to understand, right? Tail like you ain't common around here. You're fresh." He takes a final drag on his cigarette, and then stubs it out on the wall next to my face. "If you're nicer to me? I'll be nicer to you. Fuckin' *quid pro quo*."

My body recoils. I turn my face away, wondering what'll happen if I'm forced to knee him in the balls. "Victor. Take the rent money and let me go."

"Pushy, pushy," he snarls, and grabs the wad of cash from my hand. "Fine. You think I give a fuck? Go."

I scurry away, nearly tripping over the filthy rug in front of the door. But just as I'm about to dart outside, I hear him snap his dirty fingers. "*Mira, mira*, cutie. I almost forgot. You had a visitor yesterday."

I stop in my tracks, clenching my hands into fists as a pulsing starts in my ears. Nobody knows I live here. Nobody here even knows my real name. I

turn back over my shoulder. “What visitor?”

He shrugs his shoulders and eases back down into his office chair, which squeals under his weight. “Do I look like fucking Sherlock Holmes to you?”

God, I hate him. “Don’t make me use my mace on you again, Victor.”

That makes him laugh, makes his belly heave. “*Ándale*. I like a girl that wants a fight, no but for reals, though. He didn’t tell me his name. Dark hair, diamond earring. Sick ass Mercedes with the good tint. Legit bad motherfucker, you feel me?”

Oh *god*, no. “And?”

“He gave me five hundred to let him into your place.”

I feel the room start to spin around me. “I don’t suppose you said no.”

“What the fuck you think, *mujer*?” He takes another drag of his cigarette, long and slow and sinister. “That’s real fucking money. So I said sure.”

I spin back around and stomp toward his messy desk. “You said *sure*? It’s *my* apartment, Victor.”

“Yeah, but it’s *my* fucking building. And you were late on the rent,” he sniffs a little, and rubs his nose, like coke addicts do.

The tendons in my legs lock my knees straight, my stomach turning on itself. “Did he take anything? Did he say anything?”

Victor shakes his head. “Don’t think so. I didn’t babysit him. But he left you this. Gave me another twenty to make sure I handed it to you myself.”

He slides an envelope across his desk.

I snatch it away, ears buzzing, hands trembling, feeling like I’m going to either faint or throw up.

Without another word, I book it to the limo. I don’t go to my place. I don’t worry about my things or my belongings or my clothes. Or, the other thing...

I jump into the back seat of the limo with hands shaking.

“Drive. Fast. Now,” I manage, looking out the back window.

Edward must see the terror in my eyes, because almost as soon as I’ve said the words, the tires are peeling and we’re barreling toward the highway again.

“You okay?” he asks once we’ve gotten onto Cass Avenue.

No. No. Not even close to okay. “I’m...” I swallow hard to stop my voice trembling, but it’s no use.

I rip open the envelope, slicing a deep papercut into my finger as I do. I hiss in pain, sucking hard on my finger to soothe the sting.

On the page are the words I have been dreading. I read them twice, three times, four times. But the words don’t change. And neither does my terror.

*Peek-a-boo. Found you.
Keep that pretty little mouth shut or I’ll be back to shut it for you.*



DUSK IS FALLING. Edward tries to make small talk throughout the drive, through the gridlock of rush hour traffic, but I don’t have the energy to keep the conversation going. Eventually, he gets the hint, and we drive the rest of the way in silence.

All I have ever wanted is a simple life. I have never asked for much, never expected much. But now I have to get used to the realization that Corsicov Rominovski has found me. Again.

That my shadow has caught up with me.

That the ghost that haunts me has found me at last.

In some ways, it’s a relief. A terrifying relief. Because I knew, one day, this day would come.

And now it has.

I glance down at the note, read the words one final time, and then slip the paper into my purse.

Now, more than ever, I need to put things right with Trent. I have no one else to protect me, nowhere else to turn. But the very thought of him makes my heart swell. A rumbling volcano.

Edward pulls up into the circular drive and I get out, making my way to the front door, which I find unlocked.

The feeling of the knob on my hand, the smell of the new house with its perfect furnishings, it confirms what I have known in my heart since the second I read that note.

Trent and I are going to have to talk.

We *cannot* be more than brother and sister. Step or no step.

Because right now, I need my brother more than anyone in the world.

CHAPTER 8



Kat

The lights on the first floor are off, except for the light above the stove. Somehow, I know that he's upstairs, so I tiptoe up the curved staircase, gathering my courage with every step. I make my way down the hallway and peek inside the master bedroom. He's sitting in one of the chairs that looks out on the lake. On the table beside him is a half-finished beer.

"Trent..." I'm not sure what to say, but I need to start somewhere.

He doesn't answer, but stands up, squaring his broad shoulders to me, his hands in the pockets of his camo pants. He hasn't changed, hasn't taken that shower. His body is still naked from the waist up. His muscles flex and move the shapes of his tattoos. Ripples and bulges.

I swallow hard, struggling to find the words.

There's a heat in his eyes. A molten desire. It takes my breath away.

He glances at his bandages. "I need you. I told you. I need your help. Where have you been? I've been calling you."

I pull my phone out of my pocket and try to turn it on. All I get is the *charge battery* symbol. "You don't even have a phone you said."

“There’s a fucking landline in the hall. When I call, I expect you to answer,” he growls, and my hackles raise even as a throb starts between my legs. “You keep your phone charged, got it? And you go somewhere, you tell me *first*.”

“I’m sorry. I just...I shouldn’t have left without telling you.”

“No. You fucking shouldn’t.”

“Next time...”

“There isn’t going to be a next time because I’m not letting you out of my sight.” He picks up the medical kit from the bag, and leads me toward the master bathroom, so sure that I’ll follow. He blinks once. His long lashes dusting his cheeks. “It’s fine. But I need your help. Now.”

It’s beautiful. Immaculate. White marble and gleaming fixtures. The wealth and plenty of it all stands in such sharp contrast to a lifetime of never enough. “This place really is out of a dream.”

He smiles at me. That white smile, mirrored back at me a hundred different ways from the mirrors that surround us. His powerful manner. This way he has about him. His presence. It always puts me at ease. But his smile shifts briefly into a wince, and I see that on each bandage are tiny pinpricks of blood from his wounds underneath.

“Oh, Trent.”

“It’s fine, Kat. Let’s just get them cleaned.”

For now, for this moment, I decide to forget about everything—about the heat between us, about Rominovski, about the sketches, the notebook. All of it.

He braces his arms on the countertop, letting his head drop. The sinewy muscles of his traps and delts bulge in the warm light.

Very slowly, very gently, I peel off the bandages on his back, careful to go slow, careful not to pull at the skin. The wounds below are bad, but healing. Seeing them makes my body roll with agony. His pain is my pain. His hurt is my hurt.

I place the bandages from his back in the garbage as he slowly peels the

others from his chest. The wounds on his back are worse, much worse.

But of course they are. Trent Reynolds has never run away from danger in his life. Not in my defense. And not in war either. “You were really lucky,” I say, dabbing a square of gauze with antiseptic.

He nods. Looks down. Doesn’t make eye contact. “It was bad, Kat. So bad.”

My emotions get caught in my throat. I don’t know what to say, but I know that with him, silence is okay. We have never needed words to fill the space between us. And we don’t now, either.

Gently, carefully, I dab at the torn flesh around the blue stitches. His body tightens as I do, but then relaxes again.

I am meticulous. By the time I’m finished there’s a pile of gauze on the countertop, and all four wounds are bandaged with waterproof dressings. “There. All done.”

Trent straightens up, wincing again. I watch his every move, checking to see that he’s okay. I can tell he’s hurting, but I don’t say anything to break the silence. I gather up the bandage wrappers and place them in the garbage, as he turns and twists the handle on the glass-encased shower.

The room fills with steam and heat.

Warmth and closeness.

The familiar, comforting sound of running water rolls around my ears.

And just like that, I am back to the night before he left.

I turn to face him, looking into his eyes, as his fill with such hunger. Such need.

He glances my cheek with the backs of his fingers. A feather-touch. Soft as silk. But it lights a fuse that burns through me, leaving me breathless.

And that’s when I know we’re in trouble.

The thump, thump, thump of my heartbeat cancels out everything else until his whisper, “Fuck, you’re so beautiful when you blush.”

My heart pounds once, twice, three more times as we stand like statues. Neither one of us knows what to do next.

When the room starts to spin and the edges of my vision blur, his arms engulf my waist, pulling me in a single hard tug against his naked torso.

“We can’t,” I manage, though the statement is empty. Unconvincing, even to me. “What will people think?”

He answers with a low growl. All greedy and possessive. “I don’t give a fuck what anyone else thinks.”

My body doesn’t care either; but my mind—Jesus, God help me. “This is wrong.”

“Is it?” he counters, licking his lips on a sniff.

I nod against his hand, and my eyes flutter shut.

A thousand words light up in conflict as I decide what to say next, but none of them matter when the nudge of his tongue opens my lips.

Trent’s tongue. Trent’s lips. Warm. Wet. A bit of pressure. A flavor I shouldn’t recognize but I do. You’d think he was kissing my clit with the involuntary shudder that renders me boneless.

I think...*I should push him back, fight, say no.*

But I don’t. I can’t.

I do the opposite.

I open myself to him, my own tongue swirling over his elicits a soul shattering groan from his core. Our tongues meet in a tense tangle, images of us in our younger years explode behind my eyelids as the *wrong, wrong, wrong* pounding in my head is snuffed out by the *yes, yes, yes* thrumming between my legs.

The kiss turns deep and needy, as he pushes me up against the glass shower wall.

Gasping for air, I break away, pulling back so I can breathe.

So I can think.

His arms stay latched on to me, tight and strong. The pounding of my heart echoes in the pulsing of my soaked pussy.

“I told you to put the notebook down, Kitty Kat.” He nudges my cheek with his nose, pressing his hardness against my pelvis. Huge and intimidating.

“I know. But I couldn’t.”

“Tell me why.”

“Because I...” I don’t know how to finish. I don’t know how to explain.

“I saw you that night, you know” he murmurs. “Before I left. I saw you outside the bathroom door. And I haven’t stopped thinking about it since.”

I let out a whimper, not a word and the kiss comes crushing forward again, taking the air from my lungs, the reason from my head. His hands move from my waist to my face, attaching my lips to his, making it impossible for me to withdraw ever again.

Fire explodes in my belly. A million flickering flames. I would do anything for him. I would live for him. I would die for him. Every breath, every thought, will always belong to him.

It’s Trent who detaches us this time, his square jaw tense. The vein in his forehead as thick as my pinkie. The hem of my dress shakes against my kneecaps. I am in the arms of the boy I always thought of as my brother, feeling feelings I have never felt for a man before. A red haze takes over and from the depths of my being I draw out a split second of clarity

“You shower,” I whisper, the words shaking over my lips. “I’ll see you in a bit.”

I twist away and out of the bathroom into the darkened master suite, closing the door as I sink, trembling, down to my knees.

The sound of water rushing behind the door starts and I try to ground myself. He’s taking a moment as well. Thinking more clearly.

But before I pull myself back together, the water stops and the door slams

open, bright light. I tuck my head down, peeking over my shoulder.

He's shirtless, and his fatigues are undone, but not off him yet. His face is set hard, brow furrowed in taut rows.

I look up, on my knees before him. Through his fatigues the thick outline of his cock is impossible to miss. I avert my gaze. "I...I was..."

He cups my chin in his hand and guides me to my feet. We're close now, close enough that the head of his cock presses against me as I rise. The willpower I summon in order not to yank his pants down and to drop to my knees again is enormous.

His eyes are still firm, hard-set. He is every inch a warrior. Every inch pure power. He takes my hand in his now, softly enough but still firm and determined, and then leads me to the bed.

"Trent, we... I can't...the shower..." I stammer, trying to pull back.

His answer is a tighter grip as he yanks me forward. "Shut the fuck up," he growls. The harshness should anger me but instead, it calms me.

"*Trent.*"

He tugs me toward the bed again, spinning me around, so the mattress presses into my knees. He pinches my cheek in his muscular hand, dark fire flickering in his eyes. "I *told* you about the notebook. I fucking *told* you not to look. But you didn't listen."

I swallow the knot in my throat. The heel of his hand presses against my throbbing pulse under my jaw. "I know," I manage to whisper.

"You never listen, Kitty Kat. Not even when you were little. So stubborn. It's time you fucking learned...good girls listen."

Good girl turns me into a puddle of warm goo as wetness streams from my center.

His deep commanding voice sends a shiver to my core. There's something different about him. Something I've never sensed before now.

I nip my lip before setting the words free. "I want to learn. But I need you to

teach me.”

“I’m going to give you what you need. So that next time you do what you’re told.”

Next time. I’m too shocked, too aroused to form words right now. I nod into his pinched fingers, feeling the strength of his grip pushing the insides of my cheeks against my teeth.

The buzzing between us is alive and something inside me shifts. Somehow I know he is testing me.

“Then give me what you think I need,” I say, each word its own little challenge.

His eyes soften, his brow loosens, but that air of pure cockiness remains. His strong hands move down my body, guiding me to the side. He takes a seat on the bed. Even seated, he’s almost as tall as me. Sparks ignite over my skin, turning into rivers of temptation wherever he touches.

His deep blue eyes lock onto mine. A part of me says *run*. But another part of me says to push him down and ride him like the mechanical bull at the country bar across from where I work.

“We’re family…” It’s a fact and a problem.

“You’re fucking right about that. So get over my knee, little girl. Daddy’s got something for you.”

He guides my body down and every muscle tightens as I realize what he is planning barely processing that he just referred to himself as Daddy.

“Oh come *on*,” I stutter, a little angry now. “It was just a kiss, Trent. Just a kiss. We can forget it ever happened.”

“That’s not going to work and you know it. So be a good fucking girl and bend over.”

My whole body is washed with warm desire. My whole mind is spinning with need.

I’m shaking as he pulls me down, laying me over the hardness of his thigh

muscle. There's a low buzzing in my ears as the weight of a firm, lethal hand holds the back of my neck, pushing my cheek into the bedding. The tightness of his grip spins me into a panic and it fuels my urge to run.

But the other part of me, that other urge, it's stronger. The need to stay overpowers the need to flee.

"You're a naughty little girl, Kitty Kat. And naughty girls will be corrected."

Trent raises the hem of my dress and fire erupts over my skin once more. There's the dance of fabric tracing up the backs of my thighs then over my panties as I hear him growl, as his cock firms beneath my belly and I squeeze those inner muscles, urging the pleasure forward.

"Jesus Christ, you're fucking perfect. Your hot, greedy little pussy is going to wreck me. I know it already."

Oh my *god*. I let my head drop as I give in to the forbidden desire for the boy who slept just on the other side of the wall from me growing up. I growl against the side of the bed.

"Trent. Please."

"There you go," his voice is soothing but stern. "Naughty girls get punished. Good girls know how to beg. Which one are you?"

Through my haze and need, I see us together there. Brother and sister. Me over his knee. Alone in the bedroom. With his cock pressing unmercifully into my stomach. I feel the ridge through his pants against my belly button and my pussy starts to gush.

"Good, I'm good but we... we can't. We just..."

"Have I ever fucking let you down? Have I ever not taken care of you?" His deep voice melts through me from above, as his rough finger hooks the elastic of my panties, slipping them over ass. A wave of goosebumps tickles the back of my thighs and I suddenly become painfully aware of my softness, my plumpness, against this hard marble-like body.

Suddenly, all the years of insecurity, every nasty catcall from Henry Weaver floods back to me. A storm of pain and hurt. Trent could have any woman he

wants. Any woman in the world. The thin ones, the beautiful ones. All of them. I wriggle away, trying to reach behind myself to pull the hem of my dress back down.

He slaps my hand away, hard. “Don’t you fucking dare. But you get one chance, right now. You hear me? If you don’t want this, this is the last fucking opportunity you’ll ever have to tell me. Once we go here, there is no coming back.”

I swallow the lump in my throat. I stare at the cream-colored carpet. The tops of his boots. I feel his strength and power and my heart tumbles inside out. My mind stops and starts, trying to find the words, so unsure of what to say, what to do as Trent’s hands begin to caress my flesh, coiling my belly into a tangle of emotions, a burst of butterflies.

Do I want this?

All those years while he was away, and even all those years before he left, he was and has always been the only man I ever wanted. The only person I ever needed.

I am too nervous to answer. Instead, I move my hand down from my skirt, letting myself be exposed, and lower it onto the solidness of his thigh. I rub the rough seam of the fabric beneath my fingertips. The heat of his quad against my palm.

I give him a little squeeze. Of consent. Of willingness. Of *yes*.

“Good *girl*,” he growls. “Take your punishment and I promise I’ll take care of you like you never dreamed possible.” His voice doesn’t just speak, it rolls, like an avalanche coming down the mountain onto me.

The warm weight of his hand is suddenly gone and in that sweet, sickening moment, as I feel his body shift, I try to remember if I’ve ever been spanked before.

The *smack* of the first strike fills the room before my nerves catch up. Then, a microsecond later, the pain, the searing hot pain tears through me as I silently scream, panting in staccato breaths.

“Oh *shit*,” I finally choke into his leg, burying my face and sinking my teeth

into the desert came as millions of invisible needles radiate out from the point of impact.

Another strike, before my senses can truly comprehend the pain of the first, this one harder. Then another, and another, and the hotness of the pain turns cold as ice.

And again. And *again*.

His hand comes down faster still, each layer of white-hot pain rippling outward, layering on top of the last, combining into a blaze of heat so intense that I bite down on my lip, until I taste the tinge of blood on my tongue.

“Trent, oh my God,” I beg, wiggling side to side, rolling my hips, applying pressure downward onto my toes.

Another. And another. I try frantically to draw in a full breath between the blows, but each strike expels all the air outward, leaving me gasping and gulping and shaking and drooling.

Yes, I’m *drooling*.

The pain simmers into a cauldron of emotions; dark, sensual, primal, forbidden. *No* and *yes* and *why me, why this?*

“You like that, Kitty Kat? You like taking a spanking from your big brother?”

The only word in my head is *yes*. But the pain steals my breath. And I don’t want to speak—a quick, dark thought passes through my head that this is a joke. He’s trying to embarrass me. But it couldn’t be true. He was the only one who always stood by me. Never wavered. Never turned away.

“Yes,” I whisper into his leg, so soft I’m not even sure I’ve said it out loud.

Another. And another. And another. And another. He moves them around as if he knows how much I can take. When I think I can’t take another strike in the same spot, he moves his target until I’m sure my entire backside is ripe and red from where my thighs meet my round cheeks to where my tan line from my bikini bottoms makes a stripe across my back.

“Owww,” I cry out, my voice echoing in the cathedral ceilings of the massive

bedroom.

My skin is a minefield. Every touch, every whisper of air exploding the nerve endings into raw pain and sharp agony. I'm kicking at the floor, pushing the tips of my toes against it, raising myself, shifting, wiggling, praying I can take more.

For him.

But then, his touch changes. The punishment stops. It's over. I can tell it from the way his huge warm palms rest on my screaming, tender flesh. His rough palms heavy on the hot skin. Long fingers curling gently as if to say, this is *mine*.

I draw a deep breath, warmth gathering down low, radiating from the inside out.

“Goddamn it, Kat, you're so fucking beautiful. So fucking beautiful...” His deep voice is calm, almost pained. Strong and clear. Grounding and anchoring.

The ache in my belly, in my bones—it is almost unbearable. Every primal cell in my body needs to see him, to touch him and for him to touch me in return.

My mind swirls, thoughts of tracing my fingers over each hard, sculpted muscle of his chest, that deep indent that leads down from his belly. His cock. His balls. His thighs.

“You okay, baby girl?” he asks in a way that feels so intimate my eyes start to burn.

The flutter in my belly returns and brings me back to earth.

“Yes. I'm... I'm okay.” Even through the outrageous pain he just delivered, I am so much more than okay. So much more okay than I ever dreamed I could be.

With a firm, guiding grip, he lifts me off his lap onto my wobbly legs. I steady myself on his shoulder as he pulls me between his open knees and his fingers trace the straps of my sundress, easing them off my shoulders. Instinct

moves my arms to cover myself, to prevent him from seeing my naked body underneath.

“Stop it,” he says, with a firm grip of my wrist. “Look at me.”

I lift my eyes to trace the lines of his face. His hard jaw. His beautiful self. And I feel so... *unworthy*. “I’m embarrassed for you to see me.”

He narrows his eyes. “You can’t see what I see.”

“No.”

“So get the fuck over it and let me worship you like you deserve.”

A blush makes my face feel hot, vulnerable. “I’ve never...”

He takes my hand and puts it on the hard length in his lap, making me cup it through his pants. It is huge. Intimidating.

“See what you do to me? You’re the only one that doesn’t see it, Kat. You’re blind to yourself.”

A slow quivering breath fills my lungs and I study his eyes for any hint of teasing. There’s none. Only warmth. Only desire. Only Trent and the protective fire that’s always been there.

I lower my arms to my sides and my dress falls with them. The little spaghetti straps flutter down and the fabric falls around my feet.

Again his cock flexes, and I can see a spot of wetness on the front of his pants. “I am so fucking hard for you, Kitty Kat. And I’m about to lose my motherfucking mind knowing I’m going to get to make you mine.”

His words hit me like hammer in the center of my chest.

Rough fingers meet the softness of my hips. Inch by inch, he eases my panties lower and I close my eyes as he drags them all the way to my ankles. Then, tapping the top of each of my feet, telling me to lift. I do as he silently commands. The wetness on the fabric is clear as he brings them to his face, eyes closed, covering his mouth and nose.

He stays like that for what seems like hours, my heart racing, skin prickling, the sound of his deep breaths making me slick now where my thighs touch.

When I think I'm about to faint, he finally drops them next to where my dress is heaped on the carpet.

"Fucking *Jesus*," he whispers. He pulls me forward, nestling his chin between my breasts. The thick sharp hairs of his stubble perk up my nipples as frozen fire races down my spine and into my toes.

I slide my hands over his shoulders, hugging him as I've done thousands of times, keeping him close and warm. And for the first time, I let myself accept that he really is safe. Truly safe. And in my arms, too. "God, I missed you."

"I've waited so fucking long, Kat. You have no idea how much I have wanted you. No *fucking* idea." He turns his face to kiss my belly, my curves, the softest places on my full hips. His hands swoop upward to take the weight of each of my breasts, and he softly kisses a line underneath each of them while low, desperate groans rasp in his throat.

His forehead presses low on my chest, his face again buried in my flesh as he presses my breasts against his cheeks.

He stays like that for a few breaths, my heart feeling like it's breaking for him. The ways he stays there, silent, like he's finally home, speaks to me in the deepest parts of my soul.

Looking down, he eases back and I watch him trace my belly button, my tummy, his eyes looking up to meet mine. The strain in his brow telling of his restraint—it almost scares me.

"I know how you felt. All those years," I whisper. "Wanting what we couldn't have." And then I pull him close, slipping my fingers over his close-cropped hair, as he takes my nipple in his warm, greedy mouth, making me hiss and arch into the joy of it all.

His eyes close as he suckles me with a deep urgency. His need seems endless. All that longing, coming into focus now.

CHAPTER 9



Trent

*M*y dick feels like a missile set to launch, to bring us to destruction as soon as I get inside her. I've never been happier that I waited for her. Even in the moments I wasn't sure we would get to this place, I knew I could never taint my love for her in that way.

Getting off with anyone else. Touching anyone else. Being inside anyone else. My gut churns at the thought.

But I've got her in my arms and nothing short of a nuclear explosion will stop me now. With Mom and Dad gone, there's no one to hurt now but ourselves and we've both been hurt enough.

Her skin tastes like heaven. Like gold, like whiskey. Her nipple draws into a stiff peak between my teeth. Every dream I've ever had of her, every fucking fantasy, it's happening now. Right here. Fucking *finally*.

Her creamy, sweet scent wafts up to my nose, driving me almost fucking insane. I'm fighting myself—I want it all and I want it now. Everything at once. Her nipple in my mouth. My tongue in her pussy. My cock against her cervix. Everything.

But I know I have to take it slow.

The force of my need could rip her apart. And it takes every fucking ounce of my years of military discipline to hold it all back.

She moans. She whines. I move my mouth across her soft flesh, kissing, tracing up and down.

“How can anything feel this good,” she says on a whisper. “How can anything be this perfect.”

I growl against her tits. She thinks this is good? She thinks this is perfect?

Just wait.

I scoop her into my arms, savoring the feeling of her skin against mine. I kiss her deep and full, possessive and long, laying her body down on the bed, and slip my hand between her legs, my fingers tracing the little brush of hair she has at the top of her pussy.

Her eyes widen, dart back and forth between mine. “Trent, I’ve never...”

The innocence, the fear, they just about split me in two. My gut clenches. On one hand, I want to go slow and soft. On the other hand, I want to fuck her now, hard, without stopping, without remorse. To take what belongs to me. What has always been mine.

But I know I can’t. Not yet.

I cup the heat and slickness of her pussy in my palm, my fingers slipping in her wetness, but don’t push further. “It’s okay. We’re not there yet, baby girl.”

In my voice, I hear certainty. Confidence. And I mean it, but I’m charting new fucking terrain here myself. All these years, I’ve saved myself for her. It was always going to be her or no one.

But, it’s not a fucking fantasy now. It’s real. So real, it hurts.

In my head, I’ve fucked my baby into her a hundred times. Minimum. I’ve made her cum so hard she cries, twenty times before dawn.

Her belly quivers under my tongue as I make my way across every inch of her beautiful body. “Trent. Oh *God*.”

The need in her voice, the desire, it makes my balls tighten, makes me groan. And I work my way down, down, down to the heaven that calls me like a fucking primal drumbeat in my head.

“You’re all I’ve ever fucking wanted, Kat.” I pause, my eyes meeting hers, and after a beat of holding her focus, I give her inner thigh a long line of soft kisses.

“You’re my...” her voice trails off as she trembles and I taste her skin, flicking and licking as I wind upward from her inner thigh to the destination. The throne. My safe haven and harbor. The one thing in the world I know can bring me peace.

She reaches for my shoulders, trying to stop me. She says nothing, but I can see a world of protest in her eyes. And I fucking love that.

“I don’t care what you say, Kitty Kat. You’re going to be mine.”

The deep rumble of my voice seems to cut through her fear, her hesitation. In her eyes, I see her love, I see she’d do anything for me. Anything I want with her body a quivering mess, wet and hot and unsure.

I slide my hand up her soft, warm flesh and roll her left nipple between thumb and forefinger. “Tell me yes, baby. Don’t fucking make me wait.”

She lifts her head, eyes flashing. I pinch harder, and harder, until she arches her head back.

I take her pussy lips fully into my mouth, tasting her candy-sweet and savory wonder, her desire. Her need.

And then she says the most beautiful word that’s have ever come out of her beautiful mouth. “Yes.” She nods, fast and urgent. “Yes.”

Boom. It’s like a fucking starting pistol. Game on, and no fucking around now.

I sink into her pussy, tasting her folds, her flesh, my wounds forgotten in the balm of our twin desires. Like a starved man finally allowed to eat, I tongue her from the tip of her clit, down through every fold, lapping up the glorious juices that trickle from her opening.

Noises roll out of me from some primitive part of my DNA. Grunts and chuffs in my throat sound inhuman and I know I'm an animal racing forward on pure instinct.

Down. Down. Down. Teasing right at the opening of her little asshole. Tasting her juices that have slicked her dark little hole and she twists and bucks as I hold her down.

She's heaven and hell all at once. Heaven because her flavor is fucking sweet and everything I've ever wanted; hell because there's no stopping now. She's got no fucking idea about the power of my lust for her.

But she's about to find out.

My head fucking spins with how we will be. Who she will be to me and me to her.

Daddy. Babygirl. Will she understand?

I force myself to focus on the here, the now. Not on the tomorrow or the future. But this. Here. Her pussy and her ass and her fucking blissful lush body just waiting to be taken.

I revel in her scent and my need spills down through my cock, my thighs, my every fucking muscle and bone.

Her body writhes as I lick and suck on her hard, sweet clit, spreading her legs until her tendons stand out under the soft creamy flesh of her thighs.

She moans, back arching, mouth open, fingers gripping the sheets. With every part of my soul, I want to taste her bliss, to bring her to the deepest pleasure she's ever felt, to have her dripping pussy gush her rapture onto my tongue.

I curl one finger deep inside her tight little hole, my mind seizing with the feeling of sweet softness around my thick digit, imagining what it'll feel like on my throbbing shaft.

I pummel into her, careful not to wreck the tight resistance she's saved for me, licking and sucking her and lapping her up until she stills, body tense, mouth open.

The calm before the storm.

Her hands find their way to my head, keeping me close as I finger fuck her and work her clit with my tongue.

“Oh *God*,” she moans, then her whimpers and groans fill the room as her hips begin to jerk and twitch under my mouth. I drink her in, greedy and hungry, as her cunt tightens around my finger.

She comes and comes, harder and louder and stronger than in all my fucking cock-pumping fantasies.

I’m overwhelmed to the point of madness as pleasure overtakes her. And all that pleasure, I’m fucking giving her that. I am fucking taking her here.

Me. Her. Together.

Nothing in the world could be better than giving her this, right now. Just us. Like I’ve always wanted.

Her body tightens in one final spasm, and I taste her wetness as it changes from slick arousal to rich orgasm. As she grips my head with her thighs, lost in this manic bliss, her wetness reminds me of us when we were little. When I’d kiss her tears away.

It’s a lifetime of twisting and curse words and sobs as she loses control and I’m here for it all. My mouth never leaves her heaven, sucking and swallowing everything she offers as I worship at the shrine of my one and only.

Her moans slow, her body begins to settle. She gulps and pants as I take one long lick from the crease of her ass to the top of her wet, swollen lips.

“Oh, *God*,” she whimpers, giving my face a gentle push away. I know she’s too sensitive for more. But I couldn’t help myself from taking one last taste.

I stand, feeling my cock fucking throb like a damn toothache, desperate for its turn as I look down at her, her chest red with orgasm-heat, her body slick with sweat.

I take in her soft round curves. Her open legs. The sheen of her dripping wet pussy. Her sweet pink slit. My fucking dick is about to explode as I imagine

spraying my hot seed right up against her ripe womb. And with that thought, I grunt as a spurt of pre-cum reminds me I need to get down to business or I'm not going to last.

"Look at me, Kitty Kat." It's all I can do to keep my voice low and steady. "Tell me this is what you want."

She answers by rolling over, bracing her arms and crawling toward me. She locks those sexy brown eyes on me, back arched, ass swaying. I've always called her Kitty Kat. But right now, looking up at me, she's all babygirl. One hundred percent.

She's so fucking sexy, I feel like I could take on the world for her. My own Helen of Troy.

"Can I taste *you* now?" she asks, panting and breathless still as she comes down from her peak. Her voice is so sweet, so innocent. Her little fingers find their way to my pants. And at the lightest pressure of her touch, I feel another pulse of pre-cum release, hot and sticky inside my pants.

She glances down, smiling. She fucking knows what's she's doing. A larger wet spot forms over my erection.

"Well, well, well, *big* brother," she teases, tracing the shape of my hard dick through the canvas of my fatigues. "Big in more ways than one."

Her eyes narrow, turning dark and sultry.

I cup her chin, drawing her eyes upward.

"Tell me all the dirty things swirling around in that pretty head."

Without breaking my stare, she traces the ridge of my cock's crown, then down the shaft, back up and grabbing the tip. "I saw you in the shower, two years ago. I know what's under here. And I want it. Close up this time. *Personal.*"

I pinch her cheeks together. "You say that like you can handle it."

She swallows, blinks once, her pupils dilating. "You won't know until you let me try. Pretty please?"

“Fuck, baby...” I growl, my head falling back, as her fingers start to work the zipper down, tooth by tooth.

I feel my cock bob out and she groans. “Oh my god,” she whispers. “Look at you. Just look at you.”

I find myself smiling up at the ceiling, kinda pissed and kinda flattered. She knows I hate compliments.

She laughs. “You’re huge. And those veins. They look painful. I think your blood pressure is dangerously high...”

Now I level her with a stare. “You told me this is your first time.”

Her eyes flash a little, afraid but also daring. “But I have the internet, don’t I? It’s not like I’ve never seen one.”

A hot rush of anger fills my body, my balls, my brain. “I don’t even want you fucking looking at other cocks. We clear? Unless you’re with me, and I’m fucking you while you watch. Clear?”

She bites her lip. “Yeah. Perfectly.” And then she reaches into my pants, and gives my pulsing shaft a squeeze.

“*Fuck.*”

She tugs my pants down with her free hand, then when she’s got them at my knees she wraps both her hands around me and the room starts to spin with my primal, desperate urge to passion-fuck my sister.

The urge is so strong, slow is no longer an option. I kick off my boots and they hit the wall behind me with two hard thumps. I shove my pants down all the way, stomping them off with her never releasing her little fingers from around the silky-smooth skin of my dick. As I stand naked, she loosens one hand, taking her index finger and tracing the ropes of dark veins up and down the rock solid length.

She tips her head, making her hair slide over her shoulder, then raises her eyes to mine, leaning in, brushing her lips on the dripping pre-cum as she moans.

Fuck, she *moans* at my taste. When the soft skin of her lips engulfs the tip,

stars dance in my eyes and the room starts to spin.

A molten shiver pulses from my balls. Her tongue tickles the head, and I feel the tip of her tongue press into the opening, mining for more of my cum.

“Jesus *Fucking* Christ.” I knit my hand into her hair as she focuses her pursed lips over the slit, drawing out what she can, sucking firmly and still moaning like what I’m giving her is the most delicious thing ever.

She opens her lips, her hands guiding my thickness into her mouth, over her tongue, running it around the edges of the head. It feels so fucking good, so fucking *right*. I watch her twirl her tongue around the purple head until it’s slick with her spit.

“There were nights when this, right here, this thought—this was all I lived for,” I say, the truth of it like a fist gripping my heart.

She closes her eyes, eyelashes kissing her cheeks. Focused and intense. And then inch by inch she sucks me into her mouth, until I feel the hardness of her throat pushing back against the head.

Motherfucker. Nothing, and I mean nothing, has ever felt so good. And I’m not even inside her pussy yet.

I keep my hand on her cheek, and I feel her jaw straining to take my full girth into her mouth. “Such a good little girl.”

She purrs against my cock, eyes still closed. And I swear to fucking Jesus I can sense her pussy leaking wetness all over her thighs from here.

I rock gently back in forth with her rhythm, not pushing, not fucking her throat, even though I wish I could. Because this, this first time, I need her to know she’s safe. There will come a time for roughness, for teaching her what face fucking is, but not yet.

As she takes me to the back of her throat, swallowing, she guides me with one hand on each of my ass cheeks.

It’s all I can do not to hold her head still and drive into her until she gags and bucks, so I put my hands up, behind my head, elbows bent, and let her do what feels fucking right.

And fuck almighty, does it feel right.

She pauses, pulling my slick, granite shaft from her mouth, looking up at me.

“Is this good? Am I doing it right?” her eyes are wide and it makes me want to come all over her sweetheart cheeks.

And the ways she’s looking at me, with those big eyes. Like she needs my approval. My guidance.

A fucking dream come true.

“Goddamn it, yes. I’m not going to last long. You’re fucking killing me.”

“Then tell me. Tell me what I’m doing right,” she says, and takes me back into her mouth again.

“Just like that. Suck hard. Use your tongue underneath. Fuck yeah,” I growl, as she follows my instructions. “Stroke it with one hand. There, fuck, yes. *Harder*. Jack me off and suck harder.”

Her little hand tightens on my shaft, fingers not even close to touching around the girth.

“Harder. *Fucking harder*, Kitty Kat. Like you fucking mean it.”

CHAPTER 10



Kat

I suck and lick from the tip, down those bulging blue veins, then slip one hand lower, wanting to know the rest of him.

I'm tentative as I gather the hanging sac in my palm. God, who knew balls were so heavy? Maybe it's just Trent, because he does everything bigger than life.

The skin is thicker and it moves and tightens as I gently pull and massage the inner orbs in my palm.

"Fuck," Trent moans, the head of his cock swells in my mouth as I suck harder, pumping up and down with my other hand, the salty taste of his pre-cum oozing over my tongue.

I'm so turned on, logical thought is a struggle, but I give myself some props for multi-tasking with my mouth and both hands, and from the sounds raining down from above, Trent is mad-happy about it as well.

His ass tenses, his hips rock, he throws his head back in something near to agony. "Jesus Christ, Kat. I'm gonna come, baby girl. *Fuck.*"

I suck and pull as much of his cock in and out of my tight lips as possible,

choking and gagging with him half-way in. The defined, fat head enlarges and fills my throat with every pulse as he drives his hips forward, cutting off my air.

“You filthy little angel. Look at you work that fucking cock. I love those sounds you’re making. Struggling for me. Giving up your air for me.”

I smile as best I can, even though his cock stretches my lips into an obscene O shape. His praise makes me warm, fulfilled in a way I’ve never known before.

He arches his head back further, lips pulled tight over his teeth, fingers winding into my hair as he holds my face steady, pulsing his length through my lips.

“*Suck* like there’s a fucking prize inside for you. Because...there *is*.” His voice is harder, that vein on his forehead standing out again as the tip swells against my gag reflex. “Now, suck it all down, babygirl. Daddy’s coming for you.”

The first spray fill my throat with hot sticky liquid, the saltiness spreading over my tongue as he pulls out, then strokes back in, shooting another round down my throat.

I tumble over my own cliff as the last words sink in. *Daddy’s coming for you*. My world just upended.

I swallow and lick and then choke and gag, reveling in the savory flavor. He shoots three or four more spurts into my mouth before he finally, finally comes to rest with a shudder.

I wipe the thick, white liquid from my lips with the back of my hand, but not before several thick drops spill down onto my breasts and belly.

I have nothing to compare it to, but it just seems like so much. So much cum. I never dreamed that when a man came there would be *so much*. So maybe it’s just him. He’s huge, I know that for sure. No wonder he comes like a stallion.

He blinks down at me, almost squinting as he runs his hand over his head, squeezing the top like it’s about to pop off.

“Jesus.” His voice is hoarse and raspy. “*Fuck, Kitty Kat. Fuck.*”

“Yeah?” I whisper, scooting forward on my knees, placing my chin on his rock-hard abs. “That good?”

He swallows once, his Adam’s apple sliding down his muscular throat, and shakes his head, softly smoothing my hair down over my back as his demeanor turns serious.

“What is it?” I ask, sure after his release, he’s coming to his senses. We shouldn’t have done this...

“Just you. Just this.”

But it’s more than that. I know him as well as I know myself. “Tell me.”

“My baby sister. Naked and covered in my cum. My fucking dream come true.”

He scoops up the dribbles of cum on my chest, then motions for me to turn around. “Ass up, head down. Get used to hearing that baby, it’s going to be my new mantra.”

I do as he asks, spinning around and sucking in a sharp breath as his finger slips deep inside me, pumping, pumping as he presses his other hand flat between my shoulder blades.

“We won’t ever waste a drop. This is letting your little pussy know it’s going to be bred soon. A little taste of my seed before the big show. Daddy’s girl is going to be full very soon.”

I jerk and spasm, tossed into another convulsing orgasm as my step-brother calls himself Daddy and shoves a finger full of his cum inside me.

Put a fork in me. I’m. *Done.*



AN HOUR LATER NOW, maybe more. We fell asleep after Trent finally got his shower, and between us we got him bandaged up. While we soaped and let the water wash away our guilt, he got on his knees and ate me from the front

and back until I couldn't stand.

We were tangled up in each other's arms under the covers and it felt like coming home. Not like siblings but like lovers. I wake up first, and tip-toe over to the bedroom door, careful not to wake him. I slip his t-shirt on over my head and let myself quietly out the door.

The sun is down, and I'm so thirsty, I make a silent beeline down the wide curved staircase to the immaculate kitchen.

I have been so focused on Trent, on us, that I haven't really absorbed how magnificent this place is. It has to be 10,000 square feet, overlooking Lake Alpine. It shimmers in the moonlight, and in the distance—a thread of pink from the setting sun on the horizon and outline of the distant peaks of the mountains.

I take a heavy, crystal glass from the cupboard and fill it from the dispenser in the fridge door, gulping it down and then going back for a refill, quenching my thirst on a sigh as the full impact of the day washes over me.

Sinking down on a big plush chair that overlooks the lake, I take stock of my own body. My legs are quivering as I lower myself into the cushion, tired from being spread wide. Muscles not yet recovered from the rolling orgasms of which I lost count. My throat feels raw and I realize my hair is stiff with his semen. He didn't want me to wash all of him off when we showered, which felt odd at the time, but now, I'm sort of happy he's still on me.

But sitting here in this huge room, alone, the reality of what we've done overtakes me.

Such a clash of emotions. I feel peaceful. And yet...also, ashamed.

I feel sure we were just caught up in the moment. Hungry, missing each other, like wild animals acting on instinct. For a terrible second, I think to myself I could have been anybody. What if I was just the first woman available, the first woman he could get his hands on?

My mind flashes to war documentaries, like we saw in school. Soldiers kissing any woman they can find when they arrive back home, ticker-tape parade papers falling like confetti from the sky into the girl's shiny curls and the soldier's broad shoulders.

Surely it isn't *me* who he really wants. It's just me who was in front of him first.

And that thought, it both helps and hurts. It means this taboo thing we've done, maybe it was just an accident. At least we didn't finish it. Go to that final place and make a mistake we cannot undo.

Or maybe it wasn't that at all.

First off, I'm his *step-sister* and hardly a super model. In the big plate-glass window I catch my reflection. Cute. Curvy. Sweet. But I'm not at all what a man like Trent would want. Or deserve.

That calm, commanding, sexy aura. He should be with a woman that matches him. That equals him.

I shift in the chair, tucking my feet under my calves, cross-legged now. My ass stings, still sore and tender. I feel what must be welts from his hand. It hurt like hell. But it *did* turn me on like nothing else ever has.

I inhale, trying to clear away the lingering lusty haze, and unfold myself from the chair. The dark hardwood floors are slick under my bare feet. His t-shirt is soft on my skin. There's a low hum from the A/C and his scent on the fabric swirls around as I make my way back upstairs to the huge, cool master bedroom.

I slip under the sheets, studying his carved, perfect features as the moonlight's fingers reach through the window and caress his face.

As I lightly trace his forehead my heart sinks and tightens.

"What have we done?" I whisper, before slipping into the gentle arms of sleep myself.

CHAPTER 11



Kat

It must be morning, but it is still dark and cloudy as the gentle sound of drizzle hits the window. I open my eyes, almost breathless with regret.

The bed is empty. His pillow is cool. He must be feeling the same way. I imagine him downstairs, pacing in the kitchen, waiting for me to say we've made a mistake. That it can never happen again.

Probably even has the car waiting to take me home. His eyes won't meet mine. I'm positive.

A nauseous shame engulfs me, making it impossible to swallow as I pick up my crumpled sundress and put it back on. I don't even have any clean panties—I hadn't planned to spend the night and yesterday's pair are in no shape to be worn again. I pick them up from the carpet, feeling the stiffness with my dried desire.

I make my way down the long upstairs hallway, the worst walk of shame imaginable. But downstairs, I find only silence, the kitchen is empty, there's not a sign of Trent anywhere.

Snaking my way through the labyrinth of the first floor, I poke my head into

every perfectly-decorated room. The library. The home theater. The dining room. The workout room. But I find no sign of him.

“Trent?” I call out in the huge great room, my voice echoing.

Nothing. Just the sound of the refrigerator humming away.

I walk onto the long terrace that overlooks the lake, partly protected by the overhang of the second floor. “Trent? Are you out here?”

“Right here, Kitty Kat.”

I startle as I spin toward his voice.

He’s ascending the stone stairway from under the terrace, his body dripping wet—glistening and hard—wearing only his camo pants.

The drizzle falls onto his muscles and tattoos, making him look shiny and polished. The white bandages still in place.

I swallow hard, trying to keep my eyes on his face.

But his fatigues hang low on his hips. He’s wearing no belt and obviously doesn’t have anything on underneath. That amazing indent of his V-shaped muscles makes me swallow hard again, my skin hot, my face flush, as I deliberately focus on his eyes.

God, how I love his eyes.

He walks right over to where I stand under the dry safety of the terrace roof. He snakes a hand around the back of my neck, squeezing.

I battle against the moan but lose as he steals my breath away. Quite literally. Surely this is all still a dream. Surely. *Surely*.

“Morning.” His deep voice rumbles as the muscle in his jaw flexes and he runs his other hand over his naked chest. The stark white of the bandages and tape remind me of the horrors he’s endured.

“Morning,” I manage to whisper back. I don’t know how to say what needs to be said. No idea at all. The only way to do it is rip the Band-aid off. 3-2-1, go. “Yesterday was a mistake. I know that. I—”

His eyes flash with anger, with danger. All the air disappears and my throat goes dry, sucking the rest of what I was going to say down into the abyss.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” His grip tightens on my neck. Powerful enough to remind me he may have killed men with his bare hands.

I freeze. Breathless. Shocked. Like a deer in headlights.

He kisses me, *hard*, clutching the front of my throat now, his tongue pressing into my mouth until my body melts into his.

When the kiss breaks, I’m left gasping. “No bullshit, Kitty Kat. No pretense. Do you really think it was a fucking mistake?”

His blue eyes dart from my mouth to my eyes, then back, searching for my answer.

I count to three. To take a moment. *It had to be a mistake. It had to be.* But his grip is tight on my windpipe, making it hard to take a full breath. Making it hard to think about anything other than his raw, masculine power.

Instinct overtakes me. Desire knocks down my morality. “No,” I gasp, the word stomping out all logic, as the heat from his body flows over me.

“Good.”

I swallow against his palm. “Is it?”

He nods. “I had to jump in that ice cold water to get my cock under control this morning. I’d have fucked you ten times before you woke up. But you needed to sleep. And, you look fucking cute while you sleep.”

My hips tip into him, and I feel my wetness start to flow out of me, hot and needy. “Really?”

He nods, like he’s borderline pissed about it. “Don’t you fucking do that to me. Ever again.”

“Do what?”

“Lie to me. Be polite. Fucking sugarcoat things. You want me and I want you and I don’t give a fuck about how we got here. That clear?”

He digs his muscular, powerful, lethal hand into my throat, his thumb sinking viciously into the hollow of my cheek. “*Clear?*” he barks.

“Clear,” I gasp.

“Good girl,” he growls, making my belly flip. He cups my cheek and his other hand takes mine, guiding it over the front of his pants. He runs my open palm over his hard cock. “No fucking mistake here. None.”

I run my hand up and down, feeling the swelling length under the fabric, my own tingling fire beginning to erupt inside me. Once again, I’m aware of my tender ass from last night.

In my desire, and under his unwavering protection, I find my confidence. My sass and sparkle. “I thought you took care of that. Or wasn’t the water cold enough?”

“I was fucking fine until I saw you. The way the light cuts through this dress, showing everything I want to sink my teeth into again.”

He leans down, licking my lips with his tongue, and gives my lower lip a quick, nasty bite.

“Ouch,” I snarl, and reflexively slap his face away.

His eyebrow shoots up, that vein in his forehead coming to life. “Did you just slap my fucking face, little girl?”

Oh *shit*. “I...”

“You liked your punishment yesterday. You fucking *loved it*.” His voice deepens as he snaps his tongue over his teeth. “You can just ask for more baby. No hitting Daddy just to get what you need.”

My belly clenches and my heart takes off like a race horse running the Preakness. But I can’t find a single word.

“No point in being shy, baby girl. I got to taste the evidence.”

I let out a groan that sounds so urgent, so dirty, that it surprises even me. Never in my entire life would I have imagined a man like him would want me. Like he’s a wolf and I’m his mate.

And he's never going to let me go.

"I loved it," I say, barely louder than the drizzle pattering down. My cheeks flush almost painfully and I find myself biting my cheek at the flash of that crooked smile, as I dance my tongue across my lower lip.

Now it's his turn to groan. More primal. More intense. More aggressive than I could ever be.

"You keep rubbing my dick and batting those lashes, and I'm going to shoot my load right here, baby girl."

"Again?"

"Fucking right. Your dimples make me lose. My. *Shit.*"

The muscles in his chest flex as I run my hand over the smooth hard skin of his pecs, avoiding the bandages, while my other palm still works the tall stiff erection inside his pants.

"Time to take this inside, baby girl," he says, his breath hot and sweet against my cheek. He envelops me in his arms, lifting me up against him, as my ankles lock behind the hard, smooth muscles of his waist.

"Oh, *Trent,*" I gasp. His hand slips up under my dress, cupping my ass, my already-damp slit riding hard against his body. The tension grows inside me as his abs press against my clit with every step, making me pulse and flutter. I can't help but groan and lower my head onto his rock-solid shoulder.

"I feel that fucking greedy little pussy on my belly," he growls. "You're going to make me lose my goddamned mind." He kisses my neck as he brings me through the living room, into a guest suite that looks out over the lake, lowering me onto the bed, and finally rolling me over onto all fours.

"Lose the dress. Now." He tugs the fabric over my head, leaning down to take my mouth again in a deep, passionate kiss. "Time for me to ripen that ass of yours for lying to me. And then I'm going back into that pussy for an hour or so."

Oh *lord.* Before I can say another word, his arm pulls back and he's on me with a startling, mind-clearing *smack.*

“Tell Daddy you like that, Kat. Tell Daddy you need to be spanked and you need it *hard*.”

Daddy. *Daddy*. His words swirl inside my head. Nothing has ever made me feel so hot, so fast.

He’s testing the waters again and I know it. Telling me to call him Daddy. Waiting to see my reaction.

I hesitate. It’s already so much, us, together like this. Now, I’m not so sure.

Daddy. *Daddy*?

It makes my pussy gush. But saying it—it seems so hard. Like the words are stuck in my throat.

Another spank. And another. The searing pain lights up my body and then my brain, like my mind is full of Fourth of July sparklers.

“Tell Daddy you’ve been bad, Kitty Kat. Tell him you need him to set you straight.”

My walls clench like I’m ready to come. His words alone inching me over the edge.

I know he’s right. I do need it. All of it. The spanking. *My Daddy*.

“Daddy,” I growl against the mattress, relief spilling through me. “I need you. I need you to show me.”

Again. And again. And again. Three savage *smacks*, lower now on the backs of my thighs, echo around the room like gunshots, and then my brain catches up with the pain and I crumple down on my elbows.

Instinctively my hand moves behind me to block the painful blows, just like a little girl would.

But, even that, even that defensiveness, it brings something to life inside me. I don’t know why, but I need this. I have always needed it. And I have always needed it from *him*. Him.

“Move your hand. You hide from Daddy, you get punished twice as hard.”

He gives me a second to respond, and I do, taking my hand away and placing it on the mattress, my forehead digging into the bedding only to feel the fire across my body again, and this time harder.

Three more. Orange-hot, red-hot, then white-hot heat fills every cell in my being.

The explosion of pain and passion from my punishment makes me feel like a rabid animal. Diamond-tipped pin-pricks of pain envelop my skin as the throbbing sensations echo through my clit, and I feel my wetness stream out of me.

A cruel laugh now. A cocky groan. “Look at my sister’s pussy *gush*.”

CHAPTER 12



Trent

*H*er crimson ass and her pink slit make me want to fucking destroy her with my cock. It's all I can do not to drop my fatigues and slam into her like a rutting boar.

But fuck almighty, this is so good. And so sweet. The best moments of my life.

And so I take a breath, and soak in the moment.

I haven't waited all these years to waste my dick on meaningless pussy. Fuck no. I've been waiting all my life for her. And I'm going to savor this like the Last Fucking Supper.

My balls tingle, tightening already as they hang loose under my camo pants. My pulse bangs through my body, from my skull down to the dripping end of my throbbing cock.

I open my hand and deliver another smack. I'm not holding back—I'm giving her all I've got and she's taking it all like a fucking champ.

"I'm proud of you baby."

She whimpers and drops the small of her back, offering her ass to me even in her pain. It drives me fucking crazy. The feel of my hand hitting her lush curves, the way her flesh ripples, the intense smack of flesh on flesh makes my blood rush into my fucking loins.

She cries out with every stroke, and the fire in my hand seems to ignite us both into a fucking raging inferno of lust.

But I can't wait another fucking second. I lower my hand and slip my fingers into that sweet pink crevice that is begging me to pound it hard.

Fuck. *Fuck*. Her slick juice gushes onto my probing fingers as I press inside, pushing in and pulling out of that sweet, candy cream snatch.

“Oh *God*.” Kat lowers her head to the bed, leaving her hips high and tight for me. For Daddy.

“You're fucking soaked, baby girl. So fucking *wet*.” I lean down, taking a long, firm, greedy lick, starting at the top of her ass crevice and then down, down, spinning around that dark circle, rimming her nice and deep, and then down into the lush wetness of her cunt.

I plunge my tongue into her opening and taste her wetness change as I use my fingers to warm up her tight little hole.

She moans, she whimpers; she does things that no brother should ever hear his sister do. And it nearly makes me cream my fucking fatigues. I feel my resolve and restraint start to dissolve. She's in for the ride of her fucking life.

“Fuck, Kat...” I move her on the bed, helping her lay down, because I need to see her face.

Her eyes are warm, welcoming, sparkling with desire. Keeping my eyes on her all the time, I slip my fingers into the loose waistband of my pants, unzipping them fully. And as I do, I drink in my step-sister's rocking body, with her long, soft blond hair spread out under her. Every inch a fucking apple-pie goddess.

“You okay? You're head straight now?”

She nods. “Yes. I'm better than okay.”

I let my pants drop and then place one hand on each of her knees, spreading her legs open just enough for me to feast on the sight of her, for me to really focus on that pretty little gash. Tight and pretty for now, until I destroy it with the force of all these years of desire.

She's going to be dripping with me. Nothing will be between us. Her body will soak up my sticky batter into its deepest recesses and take root.

Her body shakes, her eyes glazing as she looks me up and down. I stroke my cock for her, letting her watch. I let her process what she's about to feel inside her for the first time.

"How big are you?" she whispers.

Such a fucking strange question. But I fucking love it, too. Damn male ego. "Big."

She blinks once. Twice. "Tell me *inches*."

I can't help but smile at her. So innocent. So sweet. So curious, even now. "I don't fucking know. You want me to get a fucking ruler?"

Her eyes widen as she looks at my face, but narrow as she looks at my cock. "It's *got* to be ten."

I chortle out a laugh. "Doubtful."

Her eyebrow slides up. "Easily."

I stroke my cock again for her, trapping the blood in the head, watching her wide brown eyes stretch wider. I grin when her jaw drops open, then let myself go and climb on top of her. Her hands slip around my shoulders, running in curious circles, tracing the tendons under my skin.

She parts her legs as I wedge myself into place and nestle my cock right at her warm, wet opening, but don't push in. Not yet. I brush a tendril of her golden hair away from her cheek. "You ready for this, Kitty Kat? All in, no turning back."

In her eyes, I see a flurry of emotions. One eyebrow is slightly raised. I can tell she's biting the inside of her lip. I know her as well as I know myself. Lust. Shame. Greed. Need. Want. And then hesitation.

“It’s okay,” I whisper. “It’s fucking *okay*. This was always going to happen. You know it as well as I do.”

She nibbles her lip harder, watching me closely. “I don’t want us to regret this. *You* to regret this.”

Regret? Fuck *that*. “You’re my destiny, Kat. You always have been.”

“But Trent. It’s so…” Her eyes dart back and forth, scared and innocent. “It’s *wrong*.”

That word, it has no place here. With her. With me. With us. “I don’t give a fuck about right and wrong when it comes to you. I’ve waited for you to Kat. I’ve never imagined this with anyone else let alone acted on it. Now, tell me we aren’t meant to be? Two fucking virgins.”

She lets out a groan and her cheeks flush hot. Pink, then crimson. “Seriously? Never? Anyone?”

“Never even close. You were always the one and I could never dip into anyone else knowing someday, I’d be inside of you.”

“That’s crazy, are you sure?”

I’ve never been so sure about anything in my life. I nod, arching my hips forward, nudging at her opening, nearly blinded by my urge to rut into her. Breed her. “I want you. I’m taking you. And I’m not fucking waiting. We clear?”

“Yeah.” Barely a whisper. Only a purr. “What about…like…will you pull out?”

Rage hammers in my temples. “The only thing pulling out today, baby, is the limo out of the driveway when I take you shopping. The words *pull out* have no place here. Ever. Not when it comes to my dick in your hot little baby maker.”

I inch into her slick entrance, struggling to even get the tip of the tip just inside her. My swollen crown peeling her apart one tight millimeter at a time. I grunt as she gives me half an inch, so hot and inviting.

“This little tight cunt is going to make me fight for it.” I grumble. “Let me in,

baby sister.”

“*Big brother.*” She hisses and it takes all my fucking discipline not to shoot my load right here. She feels so *fucking good*.

She feels like home.

I hold myself steady, my mind a fucking tornado. Her wet hot opening grips my dick, pulsing around it, turning my fucking logic into madness.

“Get ready, baby girl. This is going to hurt.”

I flex my hips, penetrating her until her walls hug the engorged head, her little virgin resistance holding me back. I let out a deep, primal groan, something so urgent and basic that it feels like it’s in my marrow. The sensation of her pulling me in feels better than I ever could have imagined.

She hisses and clenches her teeth making little painful sounds.

My balls start to pulse as I gain entry, as I start to penetrate this sweet girl I always knew as my sister. My girth tears at her, strangling my dick as it ramrods for its destination. She starts to fight me with the pain of it.

I hold steady, backing off an inch, looking into her eyes.

“I don’t know if I can,” she whimpers.

A quick flash of something darker. Harder. About force and unwillingness. I push it from my mind, forcing it out. But it’s there, and I know it. I want her like that. I want her way past *yes*, and all the way through *no*.

But this time, it needs to be all *yes*. Or as much as she can give me through her pussy being split in half.

Again I penetrate her, further this time. She tries to push me away again, but I force her back with my weight and strength. “I can’t stop, Kat. I can’t hold on. It’s going to hurt like a motherfucker but then it’ll be the best thing you’ve ever felt.”

She takes a deep breath. Holds it. And nods up at me.

With a savage thrust, I drive my hips into her, ripping through her hymen. She screams as I tear through, penetrating her in two deep strokes. I feel the

breath leave her body and feel her pussy grip me as savage waves of pain shake her core.

And holy fuck, she is *tight*. The walls of her virgin pussy feel like they're sucking me dry. Never, in all my fucking life, could I have imagined she'd feel like this. Her slick heat fits me like a glove. Like she was made for me. And I can barely hold on as I pull back, going deeper and deeper with each thrust.

Fucking conquering her little cunt.

As I fuck her, deeper and harder, I grab her wrists to pin them over her head, resting my elbows next to hers, our faces inches apart.

Her breath is sweet, hot with lust. I savor the softness of her exhalations against my cheek. The sound of our bodies moving together.

"God, it still hurts." She presses her forehead against mine, looking right up into my eyes.

"Daddy told you it would," I growl as I shift my hips, pressing myself against her open folds. Watching her face with every move of my body.

"Oh, woah, wait..." she says, her breathing changing. "That's... oh, *that's...*"

The grip of her pussy changes. The fear falls away from her eyes. And in its place, pleasure. Pure fucking pleasure itself.

"Yeah?"

She smiles a little now. "Oh *yeah*," she moans, her eyelids fluttering shut.

Atta fuckin' girl. "That's right, baby. Take this cock. Milk all that cream deep inside. Bareback forever, baby."

Her back arches up into me, tits against my chest, and she hooks her legs around the small of my back, letting me get even deeper.

I fuck her. And fuck her. And fuck her. Lost in the depth of her body, of her pussy, of her eyes. She is the most beautiful woman in the world. And she will always, from this fucking moment on, belong to me.

I kiss her hard, grinding deep into her bloody slit, and I feel her breathing shift and change.

“Fucking come for me, baby girl. I want to feel you come.” My deep whisper seems to push her further, right where she needs to go, as I fuck her like a beast claiming his mate.

Every muscle in my body clenches as I take her like a man who has nothing to lose. Because if I have her, I don't need another fucking thing on earth.

“Deeper,” she moans. “God, fuck me harder, Trent....”

Savage now, brutal nearly. I fuck her past pleasure and back into pain. Her emotion wells up in her eyes and spills out in tears. All these years. All this need. All this desire. Now, here, with us, together. Released.

Tears stream down her cheeks and I take her like an animal, savage like a fucking rapist. Taking what belongs by rights to me.

She opens her dripping wet pussy to me, spreading her legs wide, giving me deeper access. I take it, pounding my pulsing head against her cervix.

I fuck her hard and I fuck her deep, and I feel her start to go over the edge.

She explodes onto me, writhing and sinking her teeth into my shoulder hard as she does. Her hot, slick juices coat my length. She grips me so tight that I can't fuck her at all as she comes, so I stay there, deep inside her, as the walls of her canal clench in waves of bliss and pleasure.

She draws me deep, deeper, deepest, until I grimace and feel myself starting to lose control inside her.

She cries out, moans and screams of pain and rapture, holding my gaze all the time. I watch her face, fucking bewitched by her, as my cock takes her to a pleasure she's never known.

“Fuck yes, baby girl. Fuck yes.”

As I say the words, I start to come. “Daddy's going to fill you, sweetheart. Get ready. Fuck.” I groan and shoot my load deep into her, spraying gobs of thick clotted cum against her walls. I pump once, twice, three more times before I slam one final, powerful, brutal stoke into her. Then I hold myself

still, letting every drop of my seed find its way home.

My vice grip on her wrists pulls her body up under my flexing torso. She seems so helpless under my power. I feel my balls drain and then collapse onto her heaving tits, lowering my face to her lips, holding us together in a deep and binding kiss.

She pants against me and I feel her body start to relax, gasping as I flex my hips, and she grimaces, like a bright bolt of pain has just torn through her again. "Ouch."

I shouldn't feel so smug and cocky about hurting her. But I do. "Told you."

She swats me hard on the ass, playfully giving me some of my own medicine.

What a little brat.

"Don't move. Just stay right there. Okay?" she smiles up at me and I hear myself laugh, really laugh, for the first time in ages.

"You're going to regret saying that," I tell her, nudging her sweet cheek with my nose.

"Am I?"

"Yeah. Because I'm going to be inside you a *lot* more than you realize, little girl. Your pussy's been in my dreams for *way* too long."

I kiss her hard, to distract her from what comes next. As I slowly pull out of her, she gasps into my mouth. But then I'm out, and she's relaxing again.

I pull my hips back and look at the mess we made. Blood and sweat and cum. So goddamned hot it aches.

My shaft is smeared with her virgin blood. The fucking cherry on top.

I reach out to help her up to sitting, and watch her thighs quiver and tremble.

"You okay, baby girl?" I ask, pulling her close, and drawing her up to standing in my arms.

She nods against my chest. "Yes. I'm okay. But, I didn't know it would be so..." She squints on a shrug. "Messy?"

I reach down and skim my fingers through our combined release and clench my jaw.

“Lay back down,” I say as I grab her under the arms and nearly throw her toward the head of the bed.

“What are you—”

I grip her ankles, tugging her body forward until her ass is on the pillows and the backs of her thighs are against the headboard. “Keep your feet up there.” I press her heels into the wall, shoving another pillow under her ass so gravity will do its work. “Squeeze it in, baby. All that Daddy prize is supposed to stay inside until it does what’s it’s supposed to do.”

She considers me for a minute, lips open, then I see surrender on her face and she relaxes into position.

“Yes, Daddy.”

That word. That fucking word.

I reach around to grab a handful of her sweet, tender ass as I climb on the bed and straddle her face. “Now, I want you to lick me clean. All that sweet juice and Daddy’s flavor mixed with your blood. Then, I’m going to kiss you, deep and long, so we can savor this once and forever moment. Sharing it all. Forever, Kitty Kat. Now, get me cleaned up. Start with the balls then work your way up. Show me who you are.”

CHAPTER 13



Kat

I open my eyes, feeling heavy and relaxed with sleep. My body is sore, my pussy aches. My feet are sticking out from under the sheets and I smile looking at my purple toe nails.

Trent painted them. After another rather brutal round of fucking me six ways to Sunday, he gave me a bath and brushed my hair as I rambled on about anything and everything. He dried me off, set me in the upholstered chair in the bathroom then, from the bathroom cabinet he pulled out this rolling cart full of nail polish in forty colors and everything you'd need for a proper mani-pedi.

He looked so awkward but so sweet, fumbling with the little brush, getting as much of the polish on my skin as on my nails. He was swearing up a blue streak all through my little pampering session and it took all my willpower to not giggle.

I shift onto my side and all the good feelings drain away as I focus on the words in front of my face. The note standing against the clock on the nightstand. And my heart drops.

Meeting movers at your apartment. Edward told me where he took you. That

was not some up and coming, gated, hipster bullshit. We're going to have words about not telling me you were living in a place like that. Get some rest. You're going to need it.

Trent

The reality of what is happening hits me like a slap to the face. “Shit!” I spring from the bed and tear down to the kitchen, frantically searching for Trent.

But the place is silent. No car, no limo, and no way to reach him. I still haven't persuaded him to get a cell yet. I plant my face in my hands, standing naked in the kitchen, feeling like I'm in a nightmare and I can't wake up.

If he gets to my apartment, there's a good chance he's going to see things he *doesn't* want to see—even the place itself might make him go ballistic but I guess that ship has sailed. Edward. I thought he was supposed to be *my* limo driver, not Trent's spy.

But there's nothing I can do. Nothing. And the minutes feel like hours as the microwave clock seems to stop completely.

I pace around, my heart in my throat, waiting for the sound of a car pulling down the long drive.

But there is nothing and no one.

I open the refrigerator and for a second, all my other worries evaporate. Inside, there's a stuffed Hello, Kitty staring back at me. I pull the stuffie out and squeeze it to my chest taking a long breath.

I set it on the counter and force myself to eat part of an apple and drink a glass of water and then go upstairs. At the top of the landing, I see something I hadn't noticed earlier. Trent must have sent the driver or someone out shopping, because there are two huge bags of clothes and a big laundry basket of folded, clean panties, bras, shorts and tank tops. He has thought of almost everything.

Everything he's bought me, or had bought for me, is cute and sweet. At first glance I assumed the basket would be full of sexy lacy things, but it isn't. It's all comfy, and practical, and cozy. Like he knows I love.

I choose a few items to dress, then as I pick up the basket of clothes, I feel a deep throb of soreness radiating out from my pussy. And then I freeze, realizing that in the heat of the moment, in all that lust and need, we didn't use any protection.

Oh god.

If I make a baby with him, it's going to be...

Insane. Absolutely insane. That is the word.

But not nearly as insane, honestly, as what's going to happen if Trent shows up at my apartment with a U-Haul to pack me up, only to find that scumbag Romanovski waiting for me.

I can see it now. I'll be pregnant and he'll be in jail for murder.

A perfect romance, really. Just one big happy family.

Shit.



THE ANXIETY of waiting for Trent triggers old thoughts, terrible thoughts. Memories of the night my parents died. I was coming home from classes. The sun was down, the air was cool. The first frost was close. I remember that.

I came around Davidson Avenue just in time to see a black Mercedes scream past me, swerving, nearly hitting me. The right side of the car was smashed in, then the driver tossed out a liquor bottle and I saw the white streaks of paint on the crunched-in door. I slammed on my brakes and then, up ahead, I saw it. My parents' mini-van spinning on its top in the middle of the road.

I sped forward, I think. I must have, but I don't remember. A second took an hour. And however long later, a heartbeat or twenty, I was at their van. My frantic call to 911 was answered by a recording. And I was on hold and on hold, while blood poured from my dad's forehead, and Mom hung limp and upside down, suspended like a parachuter from her seatbelt.

Tick-tick-tick went the van's engine. The smell of gas, of rubber. The street

was dark, one overhanging streetlamp flickering as I looked frantically in circles. Searching for help.

“911. What’s your emergency?” The voice was mechanical, robotic. Indifferent.

“*My parents*, they’ve been in an accident on the corner of Davidson and...” I had to crane my neck around to see a street sign. “Linwood! Davidson and Linwood. Please, hurry, they’re bleeding. Please!”

Just as the operator put me on hold to call dispatch, the whirring sound of an engine filled the air. In the darkness, I turned, hoping for a savior but it was the black Mercedes. It approached slowly, coming tentatively around the corner. Shiny wheels sounding sticky on the asphalt.

It slowed to a menacing stop. The window slid down and a barrel-chested, ruddy-faced man glared at me and somehow I knew, it wasn’t from here. It was a face from another time. Another place.

“You saw nothing, little girl,” he growled with a thick Russian accent. “You never saw me here.”

My chest clenched. He wasn’t here to help. He was here to threaten.

But then it started to come together. The white paint on the side of his Mercedes. The white paint of their van. “Did you do this?”

His eyes were red rimmed as he brought a crystal glass to his lips, drinking down the last of an amber liquid, then throwing it out the window to shatter beside me. He looked blank, dead somehow. Unfeeling. Unbothered. He adjusted his jacket, flashing the glint of a gun in a holster near his shoulder. “I will remember your face. I will find out who you are and where you live. Trust me.”

I blinked, trying to understand what was happening here. I felt the color drain from my face.

“Mouth shut, you live. Mouth open, you die,” he said. And then rolled up the window, and sped away.

As the Mercedes rounded the corner out of view, I knew I would never forget

that face, nor that voice. One glittering gold tooth between yellow and brown teeth. A scar under his right eye. And that voice. I'd never be able to forget that voice.

The blood from my dad's head dripped down onto my hand as I held onto him through the van's broken window.

And from there, it's just a blur. A blur of sirens and lights. Of loss and doctor's coats, of kindly nurses and orderlies and forms. Then the sinking, sinking, sinking realization of what had happened.

Still and cold in my memory.

Death certificates and an empty house. The best coffin I could afford. The funeral, and me weeping over a stupid typo in the program of services. Sad about everything. Devastated and lost.

The nightmare did not end with the funerals. The black Mercedes continued to drive past the house on Pacific Avenue for weeks, circling and circling. A knife in my mailbox. A dead crow on the back step. It was so terrifying, so constant, that I didn't dare reach out to Trent's unit liaison at the base. There was no way in the world I could ask him to come home and keep him safe, because if he knew about the man in the Mercedes, I'd lose him, too.

I was able to figure out who my stalker was in time. Corsicov Rominovski was a bad guy of the old school variety. Russian mob in Detroit. No joke at all. They dealt in death and pain like penny candy.

But Rominovski was good at keeping up a front. He'd occasionally be on the news, and always when I googled him there were new hits, brimming with good news—funding new foster programs, donating to good causes. Shaking hands with local police chiefs. The mayor. The governor himself.

After the house was taken by the bank, I hid myself in the most dangerous part of town where I became invisible sure.

But he found me all the same and if he sees the moving van today, he'll find Trent, too.

I have to tell Trent.

But what if I don't?

Just as my thoughts are about to turn toward thinking about real danger, real threats, not just to me but to Trent as well, I hear the sound of the garage door rumbling up its track. I run through the kitchen, into the back hallway to meet Trent as he comes through the mudroom door.

“Are you okay?” I ask, more urgency in my voice than I’d planned. “Why didn’t you wake me?”

Trent looks cocky. And sexier than ever. “You’re welcome, Kitty Kat. You’re right—moving *is* a pain in the ass. But anything for you.”

I swallow hard, not sure if I like the anger in the voice. Or fear it. Or both. “Sorry. Thank you. For doing that for me.”

Trent walks past me. His gray shirt is dark with sweat and he smells like cologne. My pussy clenches in almost unwilling response.

“Was... was everything okay?”

“No, everything was *not* fucking okay. You told me you’d rented somewhere nice, but that you weren’t sure how long you could stay. You fucking lied, Kitty Kat.”

“I know, I—”

He cracks his neck side to side. “Never lie to me again. I mean it. Got that shithole of yours all emptied out. No thanks to that dickhead landlord of yours. Like doing business with some fucking Pablo Escobar complex. And what the fuck is with him calling you Margaret Hoover?”

Oh *no*. My ears buzz, my brain racing between telling the truth and coming up with a solidly believable lie.

But as he walks over to wash his hands in the kitchen sink, he seems pretty unbothered.

“I couldn’t afford anywhere better. Mom and Dad, they had some debts when they died. Things you didn’t know about. There was this investment thing. Someone they must have trusted but they had nothing in the end. I didn’t want you worrying, being distracted. I pay cash because that’s how I get paid,

and called myself Margaret Hoover because I didn't want anyone there knowing my name and they didn't seem to care as long as you paid your rent. I didn't want you to worry about me." I shrug, trying to be as nonchalant about it as I can. And the thing is, it's not a *complete* lie. So that's good. Hopefully.

"You're never going back there again, so I don't care if he thinks you're called Kim Fucking Kardashian. It makes shit for difference now." He smiles that brilliant white smile, and I take my first deep breath in over four hours.

Trent dries his hands on a fresh dishcloth and pulls me close. He leans down to take me into a deep, passionate kiss, wrapping his bulging arms around me, pressing my breasts against his t-shirt. His tongue opens my mouth, and our breathing intensifies, as I pull back, taking a deep breath. Still so shocked that this is happening. "You should have told me though about it all and I want more details but right now, how about you help me with these bandages, Nurse Ratchet."

"Shower first. You *stink*," I push his chest, but it's cemented in place. A flea pushing an elephant.

He narrows his eyes and his expression darkens. "Careful, little girl. Your ass has to be screaming for mercy today. You *sure* you want to push me?"

I look up at him, feeling wide-eyed. Innocent. Just like a kid again. "No," I whisper. "I don't."

He pinches my face possessively in one of his big hands. "I bet your ass isn't the only thing that's sore, either."

He's right about that. The screaming pain deep inside me ricochets through my body with every step I take. Between that and the throbbing fire on my ass, there's not much that could entice me into another sparking right now.

"I'll be good," I whisper. "Promise."

And Trent answers with one more greedy, dark kiss before striding out of the kitchen, leaving me there. Panties soaked. Head spinning.

CHAPTER 14



Trent

“*I* thought it would be easier the second time, but it isn’t,” she whispers, as she carefully and tenderly unpeels the medical tape from my skin. Her eyes shimmer with tears, and then she blinks them away, but unsuccessfully. Her eyes go damp as she looks at my wounds. “You’re so lucky to be alive.”

I know what she’s seeing. I can see them in the mirror behind me, reflected in the mirror over the sink in front of me. And it looks fucking awful, which it is. Two bullets tore right the fuck through me, missing all my vital organs by some fucking miracle, and exploding out the back of me like comets.

“What were you *doing* out there?” she asks. She carefully unpeels another edge of tape on the next bandage.

What I was I doing? Dangerous shit for a good cause, at least that’s what I told myself. *Not* something I’m going to burden her with now, or maybe ever. “I can’t talk about it. Alright?”

Her eyes meet mine in the mirror. “But it’s just me. You can tell me anything.”

My heart fucking breaks. I want to tell her. I want to tell her everything.

Always have, always will. But more than that, I want to protect her. To keep her safe from the world. My world, if necessary.

My nights are spent in visions of the waking nightmare that has been my life. Sleep comes in minutes, not hours, and only helps to make the flashbacks more vivid. The smell of singed flesh stronger, the cries of the guys in my group louder. Last breaths. Tears in the fucking dirt and sand.

Tell my mother...

Tell my wife...

Nothing trains you for that shit. It's only your own will that powers you through the sight of your own bullet blast through the skull of your first kill. Sitting on top of a building for hours, waiting, your only companion steel and iron, pressed against your eye, waiting for your target to come between the cross hairs.

Then time stops. Life stops. The world stops. The laser locks on and your index finger squeezes. *Boom.*

That shit fucked me *up*. I'm not the only one—so few guys come out the other side, so few guys are capable of rebuilding something, anything, that resembles a life.

I knew when I boarded that cargo plane that Kat was my next target. She had been in my cross hairs for way too many fucking years. The forbidden fruit that haunted my dreams. That filled my fantasies. I decided on that flight home, watching the gauze bandages fill with blood, that somehow, somehow, I was going to fucking have her.

Sister, step-sister, whatever, there was nobody else for me but her. Time is not promised, another heavy, brutal lesson burned into me while I was away.

Now, here she is, her hands bandaging my physical wounds, but healing me in so many other ways.

Her body brushes against mine. And each time it does, I feel some broken shards inside me come back together again.

But if only she knew that every fucking time I glance at her, every time she

smiles, every time I see her dimple, my cock jerks in my pants.

Every second now, my mind is flooded with the memory of her on my tongue. The sweet, silky softness of her folds. The peak of her hard clit under my tongue.

Dreams are made of her.

Her breath, her movement, her scent. Her warmth. And last night, for the first time in as long as I can remember, everything was okay. *I* was okay. And if she stays with me, which she fucking will, I'll always be okay.

But I'm not handing her this fucking baggage. Never.

"Kitty Kat. I can't." I keep my voice low and commanding so she knows I'm not fucking around.

"Okay," she says. "Okay."

The quiver in her voice, it reminds me so much of how she sounded in bed last night. I'm barely able to think, being so close to her now. I glance at her ass in the mirror and suppress a groan. The softness of her skin, the roundness of her ass, the way it rippled when I spanked it.

Jesus. My dick is pulsing already, just thinking about fucking her again.

And if she knew that, she'd fucking run. Because I might just fuck her to death if she isn't careful.

Time for a subject change; much more of this and I'll be fucking her against the bathroom sink until she cries. "Movers are coming soon to unpack your stuff. Just tell them where you want it. I'll be back after I meet with the estate attorney."

Her expression hardens, petulant like she was when she was a kid. "So wait. You just assume I'm moving in here?" She rips a piece of tape off the roll angrily.

Nothing pisses her off like someone making decisions for her. I know that. But fuck it. That's just the way it's going to be. "You want to fight me on this? You won't win."

Her hands move deliberately, placing the new white gauze over the evidence of my life for the last two years. Her fingers shake a little, and I can tell she's wound up tight. All full of questions and worry. "Is this even... is this even a good idea? You and me? Here?"

"Like I give a fuck about *good ideas* when it comes to you."

Her eyes flash, and I see a little smile. But only for a millisecond. "Trent. I'm serious."

"And you think I'm not? We've lived together since we were kids. And we're going to keep living together. *Especially* after last night. You hear me?"

She hears me, but that doesn't mean she likes it. "I don't need you to take care of me, okay? Maybe I don't want to live here. Ever think of that?"

You little stubborn brat. I spin around to face her, leaving her hands spread in the air with medical tape dangling from her fingers.

"Look me in the fucking eye and tell me you don't want to be here."

She blinks up at me, setting her teeth. But behind all that fire, there's still that little girl. That scared, sweet little girl that it's been my job to care for since day fucking one.

"We've been keeping this thing between us bottled up for years. But now it's happened and I'm *never* letting you go. You get that?"

She looks angry enough to slap me. To *really* slap me. Just let her fucking try. "You aren't the boss of me."

Here we go.

"I'm not your boss, Kitty Kat. I'm your fucking *Daddy*. And your job, your only fucking job, is to listen to me. Besides, I'm pretty damn sure I knocked you up already, so it's you and me, babe. Forever."

I can tell she's indignant. I can tell she's pissed. I can tell she doesn't like me white-knighting like this. But that's just tough fucking shit.

"I want you here. You want to be here. So, let's skip the drama."

She swallows loud enough for me to hear it. "Yeah. I do. You know I do."

But...

I shake my head and tip her chin up so she's looking at me again. "No *buts*."

Her eyes lower finally. Her shoulders soften. Her eyelashes kiss her pretty cheeks. "Fine. *Fine*. Turn around. Let me finish getting you put back together."

God. I've needed this for so long. So much. But she's got a lot of learning to do. "Say *please* and *Daddy*."

"Let me put you back together, *please, Daddy*," she says. And then a smile. And the dimples. And I'm a fucking goner all over again.

I let her finish patching me up, even though it takes all my will power. But before she can toss the handful of wrappers from the gauze and bandages, I take her by the wrist and pull her close. Our mouths find one another, like instinct, as I drink her in.

Her tongue against mine sets me on fucking fire. The kiss brings a different kind of flashback, a very different kind. Her tongue spinning around my cock, the way she cupped my balls. Like she was made for me.

And that tight little cunt. Fuck almighty.

She pulls back a little, shocked maybe by the intensity of the kiss, but I don't let her get far. I reach behind her, hand to the small of her back to keep her close. She lets the wrappers fall to the floor and holds my shoulders, straddling me now almost automatically. I tilt my head back, watching her, looking at her spread legs as they take their place on either side of me in the chair. Full cherry lips. Those chocolate eyes. I'm so fucking lost in her and only my cock inside her will help me make sense of the world again.

I kiss her neck, running my hands up and down her back, pulling her open legs down further onto my lap so she's riding my hard-on through my shorts.

"You're my little girl, Kitty Kat. And you're going to learn what that means. You'll always be my little girl," I whisper into the curve of her neck as I trace the shell of her ear with my tongue.

She moans in pleasure, letting her neck fall back, so her curls kiss the tops of

my knees.

“When I woke up this morning,” she says, half whisper, half purr, “I wanted to resist this.”

I growl into her throat. “And now?”

“I can’t resist. I won’t resist.” She melts into my lap, into my strong arms, surrendering.

Boom, boom, boom goes blood pulsing in my dick, ready to get inside her, ready to destroy that sweet, slick pussy again.

“You said you have places to be.” She breathes her words, shudders them out, as I suck hard on her neck, leaving her speechless and quivering.

“Doesn’t fucking matter. Because you feel that?” I grip her hips, grinding her down onto the steel rod inside my pants. “*This* can’t wait.”

“Oh my god.” And in one move, I lift her up and over, pinning her down on the bed, parting her legs wide and going for her pussy. I bite the fabric of her skirt, and grab it hard between my incisors, ripping the fabric apart.

“Jesus, Trent...”

I spit the fabric to the floor and stand. “Get those fucking panties off,” I growl.

Kat wriggles out of her shredded white panties, all fucking creamy curves and soft skin. Wanting her like this, needing her like this, it makes me fucking hate her a little. Makes me want to punish her for being so goddamned beautiful.

“Come here, baby.” I drop my pants and kick them off. Kat gasps at the sight of my naked body, and that little gasp makes my cock bob to even-higher attention.

“I can’t believe *that* was inside me.”

“Believe it,” I tell her, and pump my cock once, before stepping toward her. I offer her my hand and then help her up to standing, where she balances unsteadily on the soft mattress. “It’s reloaded and ready for another delivery.”

She takes two small steps into my arms as I kiss her belly, my hands on the perfect swell of her red ass, still hot from my spanks yesterday. I kneel before her, looking up at her beautiful face, before I open my mouth to her sex, drinking her in.

“Oh, *Trent*,” Kat moans, as she holds onto my shoulders to steady herself. I bend lower, my tongue working on her hard peak, sliding in and out, back and forth, making her flow gush and trickle down her creamy inner thighs.

That fucking sweet, sweet nectar. Makes me feel like I’m going to spray my load right this second. She’s as intoxicating as a fifth of Jack.

Slipping one hand from under her ass, I dip my index finger into her slippery cream, spinning it around and then still working my tongue inside that holiest of holy places. Pulling my finger up and inside her ass cheeks, now. Making her uncomfortable. Teaching her how to fucking submit.

I’m so fucking lost in her, in the feel her soft skin under my rough fingers. The angel and the broken warrior. I explore the tight crevice where her ass cheeks come together until I finally find the tight bud of her anus.

“Ummm... Trent, that’s my....”

Like I don’t fucking know every inch of you already. Like I haven’t been dreaming of her for two goddamned years like a man possessed.

I don’t answer. I don’t give a fuck if she’s worried. Hell, I want her worried. I want her trembling. I want her begging to know what happens next.

I gently spin my thick finger around her tight hole. Through her body, I feel wild vibrations of pleasure and panic. Her body is already shaking, her breath unsteady and jagged.

“Panic for me, baby girl. Let me break you so I can make you whole.”

“I’ve never... I don’t...”

I smile into her belly button. “I want all your fucking *nevers*. They’re mine, Kat. You’re mine. Forever.”

I consider plunging my finger inside. Being brutal about it. Ruthless. Making her scream. I can almost feel the tight ring of her asshole on my finger, just

imagining it. And imagining it makes my dick fucking weep.

But I know she's not ready. I have to go slow with her. Enjoy every inch, and force myself not to take a mile.

Listening to her whimpers of pleasure, I'm barely keeping myself sane. But as I kiss her belly, as I hold her close, I find my ground wire again. If I have her close, I know exactly who I am, exactly what to do. As I kiss her belly, I bring both hands to encircle her waist.

"Wrap your legs around me."

She balks at that. Muscles tight, trying to step away. "Trent. No way. I'm too heavy."

Fuck that shit. "Shut up, Kitty Kat. Wrap your fucking legs around me, or Daddy's going to have to think of a better punishment you'll remember this time."

She growl-whines. "But..."

I give her ass a swat and I feel her knees buckle. And then, like a good little girl, she does as Daddy says. As she parts her legs, I get a hit of her pussy's scent. Fuck, she makes me wild. If there was a goddamned five-alarm fire in this house right now, the place would burn down to the foundations. My dick is driving us now and it won't stop for anything or anyone.

I lift her up, easy and smooth, and pull her close. I walk her backwards up against the plate-glass windows that face the lake. Keeping one hand behind her, I push her up hard against the window, and position her where I want her. I guide the tip of my engorged cock just inside her slick, dripping opening.

She locks her legs around my back, heels digging into me, strong and ready.

I open her up with the swollen head of my dick, and her body shakes like the ripples on the pond in a storm.

"Just hold onto me, baby girl. I'll do the rest," I rumble into her ear, as I take her in a deep kiss. I guide her hips down, inch by inch, flexing my abs to fuck her slow and steady, guiding her hips up and down as I tear into her swollen

canal.

“Oh my *god*.” She holds on tight as I fuck her deep and slow, slipping into her slick, tight tunnel like a finger in a glove that is two sizes too small.

The tip compresses against her cervix and I hold my position, as far inside her as she can take me. “You okay?”

She nods, gripping me tighter. “Yeah. It hurts but not as much as last night.”

“Good girl. Pain and pleasure. Let yourself feel them both.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Fuck. I power into her, driving my hard body against her gaping slit with each deepening stroke.

The walls of her pussy clench my cock as I inch into her. I know I can't hold on for long—she feels way too fucking good, too tight, too sweet. As her hot pussy envelops my cock, every nerve in my body tells me to fuck her into submission again.

But again, I take it slow. I've waited a lifetime for this and I'm going to make it count. The gushing flow of her wetness eases my entry. Again and again I give it to her, my cock pushing the limits of her body.

“You're fucking amazing,” I growl against her throat. “How can anything feel so fucking good?”

“I... I don't...” she stammers, between ruthless drives of my cock into her cunt.

The harder I fuck her, the tighter she gets, so every drive forces me closer toward a mind-crushing orgasm. For me. For her. For both of us together.

“Oh *Trent*,” Kat growls, burying her face in the crook of my neck. Then I feel it. Her pussy clenches tight, tighter, tightest, and I feel her tumble over the edge.

And that's all it takes for me to get there, too. “Yeah, baby girl. *Goddamn*, yeah.” One more savage thrust and I'm there. “Daddy's coming. Open that womb to me, baby. I've got a thick load all ready for you.” I power into her

like a battering ram, and I feel my dick swell even thicker inside her. It feels so fucking good that it actually hurts and I shoot thick ropes, pulse after pulse of seed into her sweetheart cunt again.

Gushes of my breeding batter fill every tight space inside her body, flooding her with me. Her body flexes and ripples around me. I memorize every nuance, every motion of her orgasm as she continues to come, as I thrust deeper and deeper to take every bit of pleasure from her that I can.

As I drive into her, I know one simple truth: All of her is mine. Every fucking inch. Every fucking breath. It all belongs to me.

Nothing in my life could prepare me for the all-encompassing possessiveness I feel for her now. It had always been there, even when we were little, even when she thought I was the devil himself, moving into her house and ripping apart her little world.

But now I'm lost inside her. My primal need to bring her pleasure is almost fucking psychotic. My world is her. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Watching her face, feeling her pussy grip me in her waves of bliss...nothing in my life has ever compared to this.

If anybody tries to come between us now, they'll die trying.

CHAPTER 15



Kat

I watch him dress as I wrap the sheet around my body, waves of dark emotions raising the hairs on the back of my neck.

He's still who I grew up with—same body, same face. But, God, it is so much more now. So intrinsic. So intimate. So *final*.

But what did I expect? You don't just lay down and let your step-brother take your virginity and expect life to go on unchanged.

It's not like we need to get to know one another as a new couple. We know nearly everything about each other—every habit, every quirk. Our mutual history already ties us together tighter than any other couple I've ever known.

But still, there is the darkness. The forbidden fruit of us together and I know, somehow, it can't be forever.

Something so wrong can't last.

Can it?

Trent's eyebrows furrow as he pulls on his pants. I hear the squeaky brakes of a truck.

“Movers,” he says, with a glance over his shoulder at me. “I told them to come this morning. You tell them where you want your stuff—don’t you dare lift a finger, you hear me? And if you need to go anywhere, Edward takes you. Got it?”

“If Edward is going to be here to take me anywhere, how are you getting to the attorney?”

“Babygirl, I don’t think you understand how much money we have now. Edward will be here for you, I have another driver picking me up. We’ll get out and buy a couple vehicles as soon as we have time. So, you don’t lift a finger, you hear me?”

Looking at him, feeling his protection and his care, it is just like a dream. *He* is a dream. Men like him, they just shouldn’t exist in reality. Movies, books, billboards, sure. But not flesh and blood. Not for real.

Looking at him now, I feel my old insecurities, fresh and raw. *You don’t deserve that.* But in this dream, everything is upside down. He’s right here, right in front of me, full of fire and love. I couldn’t have dreamed this up, no matter how hard I tried.

But that doesn’t mean I’m going to roll over so easily. “You’re awful quick with the orders, Colonel Reynolds. I’m not one of your troops. I can take care of my own shit, okay?”

His eyes narrow at me. Intense and disapproving.

I give him a quick smile, but it doesn’t soften the hardness in his eyes. But I don’t budge either. My independence is what drives me. I’ve never relied on anybody. Not even him.

He takes a step into me. “You’re my family. And my baby. I’m here to help you. Get that through your beautiful fucking head, okay? Stop being so fucking stubborn and accept my help.”

The certainty in his voice, the confidence, it makes my independence waver. But only a little. “I am *fine* on my own, Trent.”

The muscles in his jaw flex and clench. “You drive me fucking crazy.”

I shimmy over to the end of the massive bed and Trent looks down, giving me a kiss on the forehead, holding my shoulders still. His thumb and forefinger grip my chin, forcing me to look up at him.

He holds my stare for one beat. Two. Just enough to tell things have changed between us. “You need to get used to a new life, Kitty Kat. I’m not shitting you. I’m your new Daddy and you’re going to learn to love it.”

Daddy. *Daddy*. It’s no less powerful to think of that word now that we’re outside the heat of the moment. Deep inside me, it spins my belly and makes a shiver crawl up and down my spine.

“My toes curl every time you say that word.”

“Good,” he growls.

And in that growl, I hear something new. A deep well of something more, something darker, simmering below the surface.

And I don’t know if I’m ready for that at all.

“We’ll see. You’re not my commanding officer, Trent. And I don’t know if you’re my Daddy. But fine. Let them move my stuff. I won’t stop them.”

He flares his nostrils and shakes his head, running his hand through his hair. “I like you fucking bratty like that. A lot. I just hope to fuck the drive to the attorney’s office is long enough to let my dick calm down.”

I look down at the front of his pants and sure enough, there it is—the thick pulsing outline of his cock, trying to escape from his jeans. And all because of me.

A quick ripple of desire tickles me as I look at it. And I wonder how in the world he can be hard again. So soon.

“Get out of here,” I say with a playful shove. “I can barely walk as it is.”

He takes my hand from his chest and kisses my palm. “Yellow dress today. I saw it in your apartment and brought it here myself.”

I blink back my surprise. “You did?”

“Fucking right. No way I was letting the movers touch *that*. Wear it for me

today. White panties. No thongs; no lace. Nothing slutty. Slutty isn't bad, but there's a time and a place for my baby to be a slut for me. Today, I need my baby girl to be pure for her Daddy, we clear?"

The wave of emotions inside me takes the words right out of my head. I want him. So much. But this is so, so wrong. I swallow hard, knowing somehow that I have to answer. And I have to answer in the right way. "Yes, Daddy. We're clear."

He likes that. I can see it. He hits me with a cocky wink and then gives me a greedy kiss on the cheek. His stubble scrapes my flesh a little and I nearly whimper in pleasure.

"See you later, baby girl," he says, and then turns and leaves with his trademark Trent swagger.

As I hear his footfalls grow farther away, I let myself crumple back on the bed, looking up at the ceiling fan slowly spinning above.

The noise of the movers downstairs puts me on edge. I don't like anybody being in this house with me, because the more people that know I am here, the bigger the risk of Rominovski finding me.

Finding *us*.

I watch the fan spin, trying to settle my breathing, calm my anxiety. But I can't. The looming dread is inescapable. Keeping secrets from Trent before last night would've been difficult. But now?

Impossible. There's just no way I'll be able to hide the truth from him forever. And when I can't anymore, then what?



THE MOVERS MOVE my stuff with military precision, and when I try to help—to grab a box, or my drying rack, or whatever—I get nothing but a curt, "We don't need your help, ma'am," before they get on with business.

Feeling a little awkward and weirdly pampered, I make my way into the kitchen for a cherry yogurt. There, at the kitchen table, I find Edward,

looking at his phone.

“Morning, soldier,” he says with a friendly smile.

“Morning to you, soldier,” I say back. The cool rush of the fridge air soothes my cheeks and body, still blushing and flushed from when I was in Trent’s arms.

And suddenly, at the thought of him, not even the breath of the fridge is enough to keep me cool.

I push away my fantasies—no, my *memories*—and make my way to the table where I join Edward. I dip my spoon into the yogurt and look around; the house is perfect, decorated with warm tones of cream and white. Modern but dappled with wood and some antiques here and there. Instagram-ready in every way.

“It’s good being here, knowing this is Trent’s place.” Edward leans back comfortably in his chair. “You know that he and I were in hell together, I’m guessing.”

I shoot him a puzzled look with my yogurt halfway to my lips.

“SEAL training,” Edward clarifies with a laugh. “Not actual hell. Well, I mean, fuck. Kind of.”

I shake my head. “I didn’t know.”

Edward nods. “Yeah. I got hurt, *bad*. Broke my leg in three places. We were out in the Blue Ridge Mountains, East Jesus of nowhere. Not a fucking thing out there except mosquitoes. We were on a survival night. I went down the side of a hill, lost my pack, my beacon. The whole fucking deal.”

“Oh *god*,” I say, now again with my spoon hovering.

Edward nods. “No shit. Shock set in. I was so fucking cold. My leg bleeding, bone sticking out. Four miles to safety, easy. I was losing consciousness but somehow managed to call out one last time.”

“And? They found you?”

“*They* didn’t do shit. Trent did. I was going in and out but I remember him

saying, 'Hold on. You're not going to die tonight. Not on my watch.' He tied my leg with a field support and carried me out of there. *By himself.*" Edward looks down at his own body. He's a big guy. A very big guy. As big as Trent or maybe even bigger. "Carried me back. Made sure I was stabilized. And then went back to finish his fucking mission. Unbelievable."

I swallow hard, staring at the polished table. *That's my brother he's talking about. My lover. My Daddy. My everything.* Unbelievable is right.

"And you two stayed in touch?"

Edward takes a sip of his coffee. "Not really. I mean, I guess we did. Like guys do. But that experience, it bound us for life. A few weeks ago he sent me some money to get me square with my family, help me get set up in business. He's a fucking hero, I'll tell you that. Through and through."

I look at the admiration in Edward's dark eyes. Knowing Trent cares less for himself than for others. Knowing he'll never let me or anybody else down.

"He's special," I say softly, my hands fidgeting with the foil lid of the yogurt container, folding it into tiny pie-slices.

I suddenly find myself feeling embarrassed, and automatically look away. My eyes land on a photograph on the mantel of Trent and me and my mom and dad. Seeing it so unexpectedly opens up a hole in my heart. *I wish so much they could be here to see him again.*

A wave of shame begins to bubble up now, knowing that I can never share what I have with Trent with anybody. Almost feeling grateful now that my parents are gone. Grateful that I won't have to hide from them, too.

That thought makes me feel even more ashamed. Almost breathtakingly so.

But for all the world, we are just brother and sister. That is all. I turn to face Edward, keeping up the facade. "I'm lucky to have him as my family."

He nods and smiles. "Hell yes, you are. And he's a machine, besides. You know he has one of the highest kill rates in the service?"

I try to keep my face neutral. I know this is just how the military is. Some people in some professions talk about tax rates; some talk about water laws;

active military soldiers talk about kill rates. But still. *Still.*

“No, I didn’t know.”

Edward sweeps his hand through his hair. “He’s good at what he does. I just wonder if he’ll decide to go back.”

I jerk my head around and lock my eyes on him. My heart plummets and I feel instantly queasy at even the idea of it. *Go back? What the hell is he talking about?*

“Why would he go back?” I ask, trying hard to keep my voice calm. But not at all sure I’m succeeding.

Edward shrugs. “His leave is two months but he has to decide. And they want him back. Pressure is on for him to stay with his team. He didn’t tell you?”

The room feels wobbly and my hands go clammy and cold. My mind spins and spins. Why didn’t he tell me? When he said he was coming home, I thought he meant he was back for good.

But what if he didn’t?

Or what if he didn’t tell me because he knew I’d lose my freaking mind at the idea of him being in danger again?

“I…” I stammer stupidly. “I’m just his little sister. He doesn’t tell me anything.” As I say the words, I feel the truth in them. And it makes me feel sicker still.

I turn to face the lake, trying to steady myself, trying to tease apart what Edward actually said from the terrible conclusions I am jumping to in my mind. “*I wonder if he will go back*” is not at all the same as Trent on a dusty Syrian rooftop, taking aim at the enemy, in mortal danger all the time.

I push my lips together and stand, smoothing the skirt of the yellow dress that Trent asked me to wear. I make my way to the mantel, to the family photos arranged there.

One of them is smaller, in a simple oval frame. Trent is probably twelve and I’m around five and we’re standing in a pumpkin patch. He’s looking at the camera, smiling, confident and handsome even then, even with braces and

awkwardly between childhood and adolescence. Me, on the other hand, I have my hand on my hip and I'm looking up at him. Furious. Outraged. Mystified by this almost-teenager that had invaded my home, that played military exercises with *my* My Little Ponies.

But the look in my eyes, it makes me smile. If only I knew then, standing in that pumpkin patch, that he would be the one to take my virginity and capture my heart.

It all seemed so surreal.

“So, you want me to take you anywhere when they've finished moving your stuff?”

I close my eyes slowly, take a deep breath, and ground myself in reality as best I can. Because everything else aside—war, and love, and lust—there is something I need to do, and I need to do it as soon as I possibly can.

“Yeah. I gotta go back to the apartment really quick.”

Edward narrows his eyes. “For what? To take the baseboards? Trent and I and the movers cleaned that place *out*. And scared the crap out of that shitass landlord of yours, too.”

I don't doubt that they did, on both counts. But I have to go back. For a little box, hidden behind the air vent in the bathroom, with all the evidence of what happened on that terrible night.

I know that somehow, some day, I will figure out how to get justice for Mom and Dad. And that little box is my only way to do so.

But I can't have that little box falling into *anybody* else's hands. It holds the key to my parents' killer. And the evidence that kept my own life in jeopardy for years.

I look at Edward, keeping my gaze steady, and faking as much courage as I can muster. There's no time to lose. I have to get back before my landlord gets his shit together and changes the locks.

“If you really want to know, I replaced all the switch plates myself. And as a point of principle, I am not letting that disgusting landlord keep them.”

Edward cocks his head. “Switch plates. *Really?*”

I open the drawer in the kitchen and take out a butter knife. “*Really*. So either you go with me, or I’ll find a way to go by myself. What’s it going to be?”

CHAPTER 16



Kat

*H*e goes with me but he isn't happy about it. He pulls angrily into the parking lot, with the Humvee's wheels crunching over Styrofoam fast-food containers and old soda bottles and much, much worse. "Get in and get out, you hear me? If anything happens to you, Trent won't just re-break my leg. He'll take my head right off my goddamned shoulders. I'll be here, engine running, waiting for you to come out. I'll keep my eyes on the office make sure that shit-lord doesn't come back out."

Edward's worry isn't my problem. Not right now. I glance quickly at the flickering OFFICE sign that really says "F IC", with its dusty, faded blinds down as always, but watching close for a thick, dirty finger to spread the yellowed plastic louvers to have a look at what's going on outside.

But the louvers stay shut. Time to seize my chance. Without a word to Edward, I pop open the door and book it inside, holding my breath as I pass through the filthy entrance area. Up the steps and down the hall, with my butter knife in hand.

I slip my key into the lock, say a mini-prayer, and turn the key.

The door swings open and I blow out a breath of relief as I step inside the

empty space.

It's cool in the apartment, with the shades shut and the AC blowing. I lock the door behind me and tiptoe across the faded carpet into the bathroom.

My heart races as I balance myself on the unsteady lid of the toilet. On tip toes, I reach up and use the tip of the butter knife to loosen the two screws in the rusty, chipped vent.

Within seconds, I've got the little box and I'm fastening the vent back into place. And I think I'm home free until I hear the sound of the door creak.

"Ayyyyy, where you at, *mujer*? I was next door, heard your door close."

Damn it. I try to tuck the box under my arm, next to my breasts, but I'm not wearing enough clothes to hide it. This stupid yellow dress. If only I were in a hoodie, then I really would be home free.

Coming out of the bathroom, Victor stands there with a Red Bull in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He glances at the butter knife and then flicks his chin at the box. He's not an idiot. And I'm pretty sure he's the kind of guy that has hidden secret stuff in vents for most of his life.

"Forget something?"

"This is still my place until Friday. I paid you, didn't I?"

Victor takes a long drag on his cigarette. "*Pues*, sure. But still surprised to see you. Those two fucking gringo assholes yesterday said you wouldn't be back. But here you are."

"Yeah? Want me to give them a call? Have a nice little reunion? We can stop by the ER to get your broken nose set afterwards. How's that sound?"

Victor's eyes shimmer, and he smiles a little. "Gonna miss your spunk, *mujer*."

"Take care of yourself, Victor," I say, and head for the door.

"But wait, do me a favor. Tell all your guys to leave this place the fuck alone, *sabes*?"

I spin around to face him. I've known Victor a long time. His English isn't

perfect but he most definitely knows the difference between *both* and *all*. “All my guys?”

He nods. “Those two soldiers yesterday, right, and that fucking Russian who leaves you love letters.”

My breath gets caught in my throat. Bile tickles my esophagus. “Did he come back?”

Victor nods, patting down his pockets, and produces another white folded letter. “Left you this. What the fuck do I look like, the postman? *Por favor.*”

For a long second, I just stare at the folded note in Victor’s thick, dirty fingers. What if I don’t read it? What happens then? If someone threatens you but you don’t read the threat, did it happen at all?

But the not knowing would be worse than the knowing. I know that for sure.

I slowly take the note from his fingers and keep it safe and hidden in my palm. “He won’t bother you anymore either. I promise.”



AS FAST AS I can move now, I book it back down the steps and outside.

Edward is still in the Humvee with the engine running. It must be clear enough that I’m panicked because as soon as he sees me, he leans across and pops open the passenger’s side door.

“Switch plates my ass,” Edward says, and guns it out of the parking lot.

I don’t answer. I don’t say a word. A tiny, fleeting whisper of relief comes over me as we swing out of the parking lot and the locks click automatically.

Pushing my hands against my belly, I try to keep the knots inside from tightening, trying desperately to stop myself from puking my yogurt all over everything.

I count to ten, breathing in. Hold for ten, and then breathe out for ten. It helps...but only barely. Because the little note in my palm feels about as dangerous as a scorpion.

When Edward depresses the accelerator to get on the highway, checking over his left shoulder for traffic, I take my chance and unfold the note.

The paper shakes as I turn it over. And then I read the words. Once. Twice. Three times.

This isn't over. I'm having fun now.

I suck in a panicked breath and the world spins around me. Spins and spins until I'm nearly sick with it.

I shove the paper into my purse and look outside, at the boarded-up, burned-out houses below the highway bridges as they whiz past.

“You good?”

My heart is in my throat and my pulse is racing. “Yeah. Everything's fine.”

“I gotta tell you, Kat. You need to tell Trent we came down here. I don't feel right lying to him. I'm sure you don't either.”

I bite my lip hard, trying to calm my nerves, and press my hand on my belly again to untie the knot that seems to be always pulling itself tighter.

“Yes, for sure. I'll tell him,” I manage to say. But I have no intention of doing that. None at all.

CHAPTER 17



Trent

As soon as I hear her walk in the door, I can fucking tell something's not right. "Kitty Kat. You good?"

I hear her drop her purse and kick off her sandals. "Yeah. Fine."

"Where'd you go?"

"Just out. Needed some things. *Girl* things."

Bullshit. I cross my arms and wait for her to walk into the kitchen. She walks in with her eyes down, looking pissy. But otherwise impossible for me to read.

I figure I've got two options here. Push her for details, or let her come to me. Fuck knows I pushed her enough in the last twenty-four hours; maybe she's just fucking exhausted. After all, I did give her the ride of her fucking life last night.

"My buddy, Luke, he's coming over for dinner."

She shoots a glance at me, and whatever that is in her eyes, it's not great. "Oh, I see. And what, you're planning on having me cook?"

What the fuck is this sassy bullshit. I narrow my eyes at her but she's already turned away. "Did I say that?"

She flings open the giant refrigerator and starts rummaging. "You didn't have to. You said he's coming to dinner. So, what are you going to feed him? MREs? Going to go outside and make a fire and eat brown slop together like you're deployed again? You miss it that much?"

Hang on a fucking minute. "What's the matter with you?"

I study the tension in her shoulders, the set of her teeth. I know her quirks like no other. When it comes to her, I've got a sixth sense. And this has fuck all to do with making dinner or the possibility of me deploying again in some hypothetical future.

I put my hand on the small of her back, grab the waist of her dress, and pull her away from the fridge. I turn her around in my arms, but her eyes are locked down. "Look at me, baby girl." Her nostrils flare—annoyed, angry. "You can fight me all you want but you know you're going to tell me."

She purses her lips and I know she's just getting more pissed. The way I can read her has annoyed her since we were little. I know that sometimes she just wants to be mad, to hold on to the fire. But I've always tried to put out the blaze before it got too big for her to handle.

I tip her chin up so she's look at me finally. "Say it."

Teeth set, lips pursed. "I don't know. Just you. And me. And this house. And," her eyes dart, looking around for Edward, "last night. I don't want to get attached to you just to have you leave again in two months, Trent. I can't have my heart broken like that."

Now I'm fucking getting it. Edward talking about redeployment, her panicking. And just like that, I'm up to speed. "Look at me right fucking now, Kitty Kat."

She shakes her head. "I don't always want to tell you everything, Trent. It's bad enough you try to fix everything for me. Why don't you go fix someone else for a change? I can take care of myself. Just leave me alone, okay?" She steps away, wriggling free of my grip. "You live your life and I'll live mine."

Her words bite into me way fucking harder than I expected. Like I've been shot all over again. The last thing I want to do, the last thing I will ever do, is *leave her alone*. But, I see the little girl inside her.

“Where the *fuck* is all this coming from? If it's about me deploying, we'll talk about that. Together. But if it's some other shit that you aren't saying, I'm not in the mood to guess. So just fucking tell me.”

Her eyes finally meet mine, wide and shocked.

“No... Yes.” She presses her hands into little fists and claps her eyes shut. “No... I don't know. Just leave me alone. Okay? *Please?*” she says, and stomps out of the kitchen. Like a fucking spoiled little shit.

What the *hell* was *that*?

I'm so pissed, so floored, that I'm about to take off after her. But then I hear the sound of her footsteps on the stairs and it snaps me back to reality. She's mine, yeah. My soulmate, my everything.

She needs to breathe. I'll let her for now.

I fucking *guess*.

I'll let her have her little tantrum, I tell myself, as I open a beer. But then she's gonna learn that with tantrums come consequences.

Because Daddy doesn't fucking like tantrums. No he does *not*.

But it's not so easy for me to dismiss the way she was acting. It's more than a tantrum and I know it in my gut, in my bones.

If only I didn't have this fucking urge to protect her, to hover over her, to keep all the darkness from stealing her light, life would be a fuckload easier. But it is what it is. Because she's my light and my hope. The only thing I've ever fought for is her.

I hear the angry slam of a door upstairs. It surprises me, worries me. This hostility is something way stronger than her normal fire and spunk.

I sense it. But I also sense that now's not the fucking time to follow her upstairs and set off a full-blown explosion.

Because she's right. It's a lot to take in. Just my coming home would've set things off-center; but add in the money, and the move, and last night?

I make myself a deal. I'll give her an hour. And then she's gonna talk to Daddy. One way or another.



I'M JUST on my way upstairs to see if she's calmed the fuck down yet when there's a knock at the front door.

That's when I remember. Luke is coming for dinner with Edward and me. Normally, I'd be pumped to have a bite with my buddies. But not tonight because tonight, all I want is her.

Still, though, I'm not *unhappy* to see him. Even if he is fucking up my night with my sister. My lover. My obsession.

I open the front door and he opens his arms for a bro-hug. "Ho. Lee. *Fuck*. This place is something *else*. Look at you, man, moving on *up*."

I can't help but smile. "Shut up, asshole."

He pulls down his sunglasses and looks up at the ceiling of the great room. "You're like the fucking Beverley Hillbillies. I'll bet the HOA is petitioning to get your poor asses thrown out, am I right?"

I head toward the kitchen and he follows. "Don't know, man. I spent three hours with a tax attorney today. Being poor is a fuckload less paperwork."

I hand him a beer and he shakes his head at the view. "For a place like this, I'd sell my fucking soul to your tax..."

The sound of Kat's footsteps interrupts him, and then she rounds the corner. She's got her hair in two pigtail braids. In a white eyelet cotton dress. Tits like vanilla pudding. My dick throbs as soon as I lay eyes on her.

And Luke's mouth falls open as he sees her.

"Jesus. I thought the view was pretty, but just *look at you*," Luke says, with eyes locked right on her.

A surge of anger, of jealousy, of fucking white-hot rage seizes me, but before I can say a word, Kat sticks out her hand. “Hi. I’m Kat. Trent’s...*step*-sister.”

“You’re Kat? Get the fuck over here, lady,” Luke says, and embraces her in a tight bear hug. “He talked about you all the fucking time.”

He holds her so tight, her arms can barely move. And the tips of his fingers are right at the top of her honeysweet curves.

“Hands. Asshole. *Hands*,” I growl.

“Sorry. Fuck, sorry,” Luke says, letting her go and stepping back. “Just... it’s been a long time since I’ve been near a girl as pretty as you.”

Kat hits me with a glance. I can’t read what’s behind it—but she looks willful, almost bratty. And just that glance is enough to make me rock fucking hard.

I want to fuck the brattiness out of her over the damned kitchen island *right now*.

“It’s okay,” Kat says, her voice flirtatious, sexy. “Trent was the same way yesterday when *he* saw a pretty girl. Weren’t you, big brother?”

I narrow my eyes at her. *You’re not a pretty girl. You’re my fucking property.*

I snap my tongue over my teeth on a sniff as she pops an eyebrow my way. “Thought you were going to take a nap. Heard your door slam.”

She swallows and takes a deep breath, making her pudding tits rise and fall. “You said you were having Luke for dinner and I didn’t want to miss it.”

Fuck. If only she knew what she and those pigtails were doing to me right now, she wouldn’t be sounding so careless and sweet.

“So, Kat,” Luke starts, taking another step into her as I seethe, fists clenching, ready to light into my best friend for even putting his eyes on her let alone breathing the same air.

She turns to face him, smiling up at him. As she does, the strap of her dress falls from her creamy shoulder.

And then? Then everything goes into slow, slow motion.

Luke reaches forward with one finger, hooks it over the strap, and starts to lift it back up into place.

Don't fucking do it, man. Just do not.

As soon as his fingertip touches her, it's like a starting pistol in my head.

You motherfucker.

Rational thought evaporates. There's no calm processing of what I am seeing. Instead, I explode forward. I grab Luke by the shoulders, sending his beer flying.

"Don't you fucking *touch her*, do you fucking *hear me?*" I grind the words out through clenched teeth.

"Trent!" Kat screams. "What the fuck?"

But I don't back down because I can't. Every cell in my body is raging to protect what is *mine*.

Luke leans back in my vice grip. "Easy, Trent. *Easy.*"

"Easy would be busting your fucking jaw into three, asshole."

Luke nods, looking me right in the eye. Like a bomb defuser waiting for the big bang.

One breath. Two. My heart thumps in my ears, and I'm as laser-focused on him as if I were about to fire the killshot.

But then I feel Kat's hand on my shoulder.

Her touch makes me take a breath.

Slowly, the shocked look in Luke's eyes somehow gets through to me. He's seen me in a near-homicidal rage before. War does crazy fucking things to soldiers.

"Eaaaaaasy brother."

Kat's grip tightens, and I feel myself start to disengage. I take another breath and let him go. "Sorry. Just don't you touch her again, okay?"

Luke nods—nods the understanding of a brother who will forgive, no matter what. “Understood. My bad. No touching, no looking. I’ll even leave if that’s what you want.”

I shake that off. “No, stay.”

Luke reaches out for my hand. “You sure. You fucking *sure*?”

I give his palm a squeeze. “Yeah. Hard adjusting back into civilian life, you know? Here, head out on the terrace. I’ll bring you another beer.”

As he makes his way out onto the terrace, I turn to face Kat. She looks both terrified and *totally* fucking turned on.

“You scare the shit out of me sometimes, you know that?” She sounds so soft and sweet, but fear is hot and thick in her voice.

Good. She should be scared: I’m 250 pounds of raging possessiveness. Pent up doesn’t come close to what’s buried in my gut. I glance over my shoulder to make sure Luke’s not watching. I push her up against the refrigerator, cupping her pussy in my hand, and then press my lips against her ear.

“Go upstairs. Stay there.”

“Sending me to my room like a bad girl?” she hisses, all saucy and naughty.

I growl some affirmative sort of man-grunt into her ear.

“Just protecting my buddies. If they so much as look at you, I’ll kill them. With my bare hands. So get something to eat, and then go upstairs and get in bed. Read a book, watch your TikTok and wait for Daddy. Understood?”

She laughs a little, and her thigh presses against my cock. She smells like heaven and feels like home. “Yes, Daddy. Understood.”

That word on her lips—it’s the sweetest sound in the world. Only hearing it between her sobs when she’s coming will be sweeter. “Good girl. And keep the pigtails in.”

CHAPTER 18



Kat

I fall into a doze on the sofa in the bedroom to the sound of the three of them talking, low masculine voices and sometimes a deep laugh cut by the sound of beer bottles clinking. For as terrified as I was earlier, I feel safe now, knowing that I have half a SEAL team under my window.

But my dozing dreams are littered with Corsicov's face and sometimes I can swear I even hear his Mercedes. His voice reading those little notes he's left for me.

Deeper into an anxious nap I go, and all my thoughts are of Trent. His body. His touch. His voice. His eyes. Just as sleep is coming, I feel his energy in the room. The scent of power and desire and a man claiming his kingdom.

I open my eyes in the darkness of the bedroom. "Am I dreaming?"

There's enough light from the moon for me to see his chiseled jaw, his darkly sparkling eyes. "No, baby girl. I'm here."

"Are they gone?" I ask. My voice is heavy with sleep, and I realize it might be much later than I thought.

"Yes and no. They're staying in the apartment over the garage. Too drunk to

go anywhere. They'll probably stay up all night, playing GTA and talking shit."

"You should go be with them. I'm okay here."

He shakes his head. "Not a fucking chance. There's only one place I want to be tonight."

His words give me goosebumps, from head to toe. "Oh yeah? Where's that?" I tease sleepily. "Next to me?"

"Fuck no."

I lift my head to look at him. He leans down, scooping me up into his arms like a doll, carrying me from the sofa to the bed. I hang onto his broad shoulders as he carries me across the enormous room. "No?"

"Not next to you." He lays me down on the bed. "*Inside you.*"

His words hit me like an arrow; a rush of warmth in my chest, opening outward from my heart all the way to my toes.

Even through my sleepy fog, a distinctive ripple flows out from me, from my clit, to my outer lips, through my thighs.

His rough two-day beard scratches my neck as he kisses me softly, just under my ear. Already, I know my panties are damp. The heat of the anger between us earlier did something crazy to me. Lit a fire that only he can extinguish.

"Knowing you were up here, while I was down there? Fucking miserable."

"Tell me."

Trent laughs coolly. "They were there talking about our fucking CO and all I could think is how bad I wanted to fuck another round of baby cream into you."

"More."

"They're talking about IEDs, I'm thinking about your bare pussy, my tongue slipping inside. Your walls squeezing me tight."

I let out a moan of pleasure. "I can't stop thinking about us. I never want to

stop thinking about us.”

“Me fucking either. I told them I was worn out, that I had to go to bed.”

“Am I who wore you out?”

“Nah. Not even fucking close.”

I run my fingers over the close-cropped hair of his sideburns. “You looked like you were going to kill Luke.”

His body tightens, his grip on my body becomes more possessive. He nods into my throat. “They think you’re my sister. But you’re not.”

“Then what am I?”

He shakes his head, scraping me lightly with his stubble. “You’re my whole world.”

My eyes adjust to the darkness little by little. His muscles. His veins. His power. He deliberately, slowly undresses himself in front of me. No pretense. No rush. The moonlight comes through the windows, casting long silvery blades on his layers of muscle, and on a glistening droplet of cum shimmering from the cleaved slit on the top of his engorged cock.

“Are you always hard?” I ask him, sounding young and naïve even to myself as he gets to work on my dress.

“For you, I always will be.” He grabs my arms, pinning them behind my back and pulling me close up against his naked chest.

With his other hand, he slips off the strap that Luke touched earlier. And I know it’s deliberate, touching me the same way. And I like that. So much.

“You knew this dress would drive me wild, didn’t you?”

I feel my cheeks tighten into a dimple. “Yeah.”

“How the fuck do you know how to drive me so crazy?”

“Because I’ve known you a long time. And I’ve been watching you, same as you’ve been watching me.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“It was all I could do not to stand up from dinner and go jerk off in the bathroom.”

“Maybe you should have.”

He shakes his head; I feel it even though I can't see it. “Starting last night, all my cum goes inside you. Pussy, mouth, ass. Or, *on* you. It looks particularly fetching on your tits. Which, I still need to fuck, but I digress. I'm not shooting off except on your or in you. No fucking exceptions.”

My body shivers as the thought. “Always?”

“Fucking always.” He breaths hard, jagged, savagely, his cock nudging my hip as he presses his body into mine.

Now with his other hand, he cups my pussy again, and parts my folds with his first two fingers.

He makes me turn my head to face him and kisses me, deep and long. I feel myself swept away once more. He growls into the kiss as he finds my pooling wetness, my pussy already slippery and ready for him—for us.

“Don't you ever fucking do that again, you hear?” His voice is stern now. Nearly angry. He grips my wrists tight together behind me, like I'm cuffed. Like I'm his prisoner.

I crane my neck to look up at him. “What did I do?”

“You tried to stop me. Tried to stop me from fucking him up for touching you. That's not your fucking job, baby girl. Not anymore. You're mine. I protect what's mine. And it's my call how fucking far I take that.”

“You'd have killed him, Trent. Your own friend.”

His eyes get harder, meaner. “You think I wouldn't kill for you?”

God help me. “I know you would.”

“Don't fucking test me again. I trust you, baby, but I don't trust myself or

other dudes. So putting yourself out there to be touched or looked at in the wrong way by some other XY is putting them in danger. Not fair to them, but fairness isn't my problem. You are. So, be a good girl, save a life."

Our mouths come together again, fast and greedy. Our tongues know each other now and slip quickly and frantically against one another, dancing the most forbidden dance that is now becoming frighteningly familiar.

Using his middle finger, he teases my clit and I rock backwards, hanging onto him. His finger swoops around my clit, diving deep to spin into my wet opening, then gently rubbing back and forth.

My head spins. His finger, his voice, the strength of his grasp. "Tell Daddy how bad you need to be fucked, baby girl."

The rush of desire that floods out of me when he talks like that—I can't possibly deny it. And I can't fight it, either.

"Say it. You know you want to, Kitty Kat. I've always been here for you. So fucking trust me now. Let go. Say it." He pulls my arms together, drawing them up, securing his ruthless grip on my helpless wrists.

I gasp as a jolt of pain shoots up through my shoulders. The pain ricochets through my body and emerges as a gush of wetness onto his hand.

He bends his finger inside me, and I hear him laugh on the out breath. "That's your body saying, *Fuck me, Daddy*. Now say it with your pretty mouth."

I want to say it. With all my heart. My face is hot, my heart is pounding. I can't tell if I am safe or in danger. And right now, I don't care.

"Fuck me. Fuck me please, Daddy." It's halfway between a whisper and a cry as I let the words go.

He yanks my arms hard and I cry out. "Fuck yeah, baby girl. Daddy's gonna fuck you right through the dman wall."

Every second feels like it slows to a crawl as he spins me around, flips me over, and positions me with my ass high in the air.

It's surreal how easily he moves me around, like I weigh nothing. Weightless, helpless. He puts my arms behind my back again, forcing my face down

brutally into the pillows.

“Did you fucking hear me?” he growls. “Don’t you let another man touch you. That was bad, Kitty Kat. So fucking bad. And it wasn’t all your fault, I know that. It would be unfair to spank your beautiful round ass again so soon, and I won’t do that to you. But I do want you to remember this lesson, so you’re going to take your punishment like a good girl, then next time a man reaches out for you you’ll remember to save his life and step back, won’t you?”

A sharp snap pops in the air. And then another and another.

“Palms up,” he orders, and I obey without question.

And then the pain, oh my God, the pain. I scream as he brings the belt down on my hands. It’s not so hard that I think it might cut me, but it’s hard enough to get his point across. My skin ignites into a million tiny bee stings, my eyes illuminate with a thousand burning lights, as the leather belt bites my skin.

The belt connects three more times until the pain folds over into pleasure inside me. This man I have always looked up to, the one that for so long filled my fantasies, takes me in hand and my body explodes in wave after wave of pain and release.

The scorch of the belt screams over my soft skin once more, and then he steps in behind me, his hard cock pressing between my ass cheeks, just nudging open my asshole. He reaches around behind me, gripping my jaw with his massive hand.

“Say you’re sorry, Kat. Fucking *say it.*”

“I’m so sorry,” I sob, feeling the pleasure and the pain and the love and the fear. I turn my head, looking back over my shoulder. If looks could kill, I’d be dead already.

He pinches my face harder to turn me back around. And then he pries my mouth open, and slips the leather end of the belt between my teeth.

“Bite down like a good girl, Kitty Kat. Because Daddy’s about to fuck you. *Hard.*”

CHAPTER 19



Trent

I power into her in one blinding stroke, tearing her already sore flesh.

“Oh, shit,” she roars, her body balling up with tension. Delirious fucking tension. I power into her again and again, and the sound of our bodies slapping against one another fills the bedroom. Her breathing comes in gasps and puffs. Desperate. Painful. Fucking beautiful.

She engulfs me. Her fucking magic wet pussy takes me in deep. Sliding into that tight, wet, hot space in one motion has me ready to shoot my canon into her already. As I fuck her, I watch her round ass bounce and jiggle with every fucking drive.

She takes me as deep as her pussy will let her, and I watch her toes curl up tight. I stretch her to her limit, slowly draw out, and pummel her hard again. I keep her hands bound tight, feeling her wrist bones against my palm, as I fucking use her and use her and use her.

“I own this body, Kitty Kat. *Mine.*”

I’m fucking her hard, fucking her mean, and in return her body lets go in submission. Her pussy softens, her moans grow darker and softer. I’ve fucking got her now. And I’m never letting her go.

I bottom her out with each stroke, powering my cock into her cervix every fucking time.

Her walls wrap me tight—tighter. Wild and intense as the eye of a hurricane. I'm barely able to keep my mind focused as I ride out every fucking delirious thrust into her incredible pussy.

If only she knew how hard I could fuck her if I really tried. If only she knew what would happen if I didn't hold back. If only she knew how fast I'd break her if I let my passion take control.

I fuck her. Like a goddess, like a whore. But it's so much more than that. The power in my body is matched only by the way I love her as she pulls me deep inside. She wraps tight around me, launching me into another fucking universe of pleasure.

I've saved myself for this, for her. And it was so fucking worth it.

She moans as I plow my hips forward, her juices coating my length, as I piston in and out, in and out, making her pussy scream.

I dip my first finger into her wetness as I fuck her, and then spin it around the tight bud of her asshole, listening closer for her reply.

Her eyes pop open, and she moans a little, whimpering, looking up at me, just like she did as a little girl.

It's all the consent I need. I circle around her anus, gently guiding my finger, giving her just the right amount of pressure to open that virgin asshole up for Daddy. And I feel her pussy clench as her ass begins to accept me in.

I watch that tight star yield to my finger. She fucking whines in pleasure. Deeper, and deeper, past my first knuckle and then deeper still.

I let her arms go finally, and hold onto her hip with one hand while I guide my finger up into her ass.

My balls tighten, my cum loads up thick, as that ring of muscle encircles my finger. I pulse it easy and slow, in and out.

“Oh my *god...*” she says, “I'm gonna...”

“Give it to me, baby girl. Let me feel your power.”

She lets her head drop. The moonlight kisses the small of her back. Then I feel her pussy tighten and her asshole, too.

With one more growl, she explodes onto my cock, creaming me with a gush of sweet nectar, her ass and pussy clutching onto me as her body rocks in bliss.

Her voice fills the room. Screams. Pleas. Gut-deep snarls. She’s so fucking loud, I know her voice is probably carrying out the open window and across the lake.

The thought of that, it makes me crazy. Let them fucking hear us. Let them hear me fuck my sister raw.

I take two more deep strokes. My balls tighten. My breathing slows.

I’m seeing stars as I start to come deep inside her cunt. I feel my seed shoot out into her like a fucking fire hose, oozing almost immediately down my balls and thighs.

Three shots. Four. Five. Six. Breeding bullets all the way inside her heaven-sent womb. I hold her hips tight and fuck her as I deposit load after load, letting everything go into her. For her. With her. Like it was always meant to be.



I SWEAR to fuck I’m still coming five minutes later when my cock finally softens enough for me to realize I might need a goddamned break.

“You okay?” I ask her.

She’s still breathing hard, too, still on the come down. She’s beautiful always but especially now. I love her most when she’s broken apart.

“Yeah.” Her voice is thick and hoarse. Sexy as fuck. “I’m good.”

I pull out of her slowly, and as I do a hot gush of our combined liquids streams down her inner thighs and my balls. Annoyance curls inside me, so I

reach down and scoop up what I can, then finger fuck it back into her.

“I need a break.” She winces and I soften my finger banging.

I won't tell her right now, it's not as much for her pleasure, as it is about making sure her hot little baby maker doesn't miss an opportunity. I leave my fingers inside her and wrap my other arm around her, pulling her deep into another kiss, then pull the covers up around her to keep her warm and safe in my arms.

“This is all I've ever wanted,” I tell her, with a kiss to her forehead.

She presses her own head against me, just a little. “Tell me.”

“This. You. Safe in my arms.”

She nestles in close. I get a deep whiff of her shampoo, her perfume. The scent of her skin that I know damn near as well as I know my own. “I belong in my Daddy's arms.”

I growl involuntarily when she says it. It's perfect for us, fucking perfect. The most natural thing in the world. “It's you and me, Kitty Kat. As close as a dad caring for his own little girl. My job is to push you, to tell you what you need. Your job is to fucking trust that I'll always take care of you. Always.”

She pulls away from my embrace far enough to look up into my eyes. “I do. You know I trust you with my life. With everything.”

I pull her back in close, arms around her, flesh to flesh, my fingers feeling her pulse as I plug her opening, still focused on keeping my seed where it belongs. “It's gonna be a wild ride, baby girl. But we're on it now.” I reach behind her and give her ass a hard swipe, just to remind her who's in fucking charge.

Her body tightens and then she laughs that beautiful laugh. “Animal.”

“You've got no fucking idea. If I could fuck you as much as I want, you'd be dead.”

She laughs a little again, but only a little. Because she knows I'm not fucking joking. “I know that. I know what you're capable of. And...”

“Say it.”

“... And I like it,” she purrs, sleepily. “So much.”

In her voice, I hear the heaviness, the tiredness. The warm exhaustion of her submission. “Sleep, baby. Sleep.”

She nods gently and then moves to roll over, but my finger cork stays in place, keeping her from moving too far.

She squirms. “Are you going to keep those in there all night?”

“Maybe.”

I help her get comfortable, keeping her tight and close against me, her delicious curves soft against my hardness. “I’ll be right here, baby,” I whisper against her cheek as my hard-on re-fills to full mast.

“I feel that,” she says, her voice heavy.

I know this hard-on isn’t going anywhere, so I just roll with it, and let it rest against her. If I can sleep like this, it’ll be a fucking miracle. But for her sake, I’ve got to try. “You’re gonna be the death of me, little girl. I swear.”

CHAPTER 20



Kat

I'm groggy as I come down the steps, listening to the sound of cracking eggs and the sizzle of a pan.

I expect to hear the familiar sound of three soldiers giving each other hell, over hangovers or exes or whatever else. But as soon as I round the corner into the room, I realize this isn't just three old buddies having breakfast. There are laptops out and earbuds in and the room is thick with seriousness and intensity.

And then I see it. On Trent's iPad on the kitchen island. A photograph from the security system outside.

The light in the photo tells me it was just after dawn. And there, sitting in the middle of the frame, is Rominovski's black Mercedes. *In our driveway.*

My knees buckle and I feel like I'm going to throw up.

I must make a sound. A whimper, a gasp. Trent spins around from where he's standing in a t-shirt and basketball shorts, every muscle rippling and tight.

His eyes connect with mine and my heart stops beating. "Is... is everything okay?" I stammer.

“You recognize this?” Trent tips his head toward the iPad. “Ever seen this guy?”

I blink up at him, and swallow hard, feeling like I’ve turned to ice. For some reason, my eyes lock on the eggs cooking in the pan. *Don’t burn the eggs; don’t burn the eggs.* Like this tiny stupid thing matters at all. I reach for the stove, and shift the saucepan to a different burner. But as I do, Trent grabs my wrist. The force of his grip forces me back to reality.

“Answer the question, Kat.”

“I...” I look up at him, frozen and terrified.

His eyes flash; his jaw tightens and in his expression I know the time has come.

A thundering wave of guilt crashes over me. All of this, this moment, this fear, it’s all my fault.

All the what ifs flood through my mind. My face flames hot. My stomach turns sour and marshy.

Terror floods my mind, my body. I know this isn’t a game. I know this isn’t a nightmare. I can’t fight this alone and now they’ve come looking. Now they’ve put not just me in danger, but also Trent.

And I can’t stand that idea for one more second.

“Kat. What the fuck is going on?” Trent’s voice is stern, ferocious.

All three of them are silent, waiting for me to speak.

I look back up at Trent, and then glance at Edward and Luke.

“I know who it is.” My voice is soft, but clear and certain.

“Say the fucking words, Kitty Kat. Right now.” He squares off with me, jaw muscles flexing under two-day stubble. He balances between Daddy and sibling. Lover and protector.

My stomach turns. My mouth goes dry. But I force myself to tell him. Because he is my only hope. “That night, when Mom and Dad had their accident...”

Then the words start coming. Pouring out of me, like a torrent. Like a downpour. I tell them everything. About the accident. About Rominovski threatening me that night. It all rushes out of me like a dangerous river.

They all listen, eyes locked on me, and I don't dare stop as the words and tears come tumbling together.

Finally, it is out. All of it. And once it is, I am stuck between sheer terror and total relief. Because the secret isn't mine alone anymore. And now I'm not the only one in danger.

Edward mutters a growly *fuck*. Luke gets back to furiously typing, presumably searching for the Mercedes' plate.

Trent grabs his laptop and starts typing away. Strange-looking interfaces appear. Computer codes and keystroke commands. "Spell his fucking name, Kat."

I swallow hard and spell it out.

As I say the last *i* in Rominovski, the hauntingly familiar dark-eyed, angry face pops up on the screen and I nearly throw up from the shock of it. Trent doesn't linger on the photo, but instead scrolls down to his rap sheet, and finally...

.... to his last known address.

I grab Trent's huge forearm. "Please. You can't. He'll kill you, Trent. He'll kill all of us."

Trent levels me with a cold, icy, unflinching stare. And in those eyes, I see it finally.

The last few days have been such a tangle of emotions. But now, his eyes cut through the space between us, shaking something deep inside me.

The thunder in my heart isn't just fear. It's certainty.

Because now, I see it. I see what he really is.

He's not just a soldier.

He's a killer. And he's ready to kill.

For me.

CHAPTER 21



Kat

J rent takes the steps two at a time and I run upstairs behind him. Even in my terror, even in my worry, I can't help but feel a deep flutter of desire shimmer through me as I watch him stride away with such purpose. Such power.

But I can't let this happen. I can't put him in danger, too. I'd rather die myself than put him in the middle of this. "Wait a minute. Stop this. Don't you dare do anything stupid. Not for me."

He raises his hand, stilling me instantly. "There's not a fucking thing you can say right now that is going to change my mind, Kat. So save your fucking breath, alright?"

I scurry down the hall and get in front of him, placing my hands on his chest. "Stop it. Just *stop it*. Talk to me, will you?"

He shakes his head, and grips me hard behind my neck, guiding me back into the bedroom and slamming the master suite door behind us. "Don't you fucking get it yet, Kat?" His voice is thick and dark. Heavy and dangerous. The power of his grip starts to short-circuit my mind.

"Get *what*?" I gasp.

“You. Me. Fucking *this*.” He yanks me up against him, pulling me close.

But I do get it. I get it in my soul. In my very being. The shackles he had on my heart as a girl are nothing compared to the vice grip around my heart now.

Tears sting my eyes and blur my vision. “I can’t let anything happen to you, Trent. I can’t. If I don’t have you, I don’t have anything.” My voice is shaking with emotion, but I don’t even try to stop it now.

He slides his hand up the back of my neck, softer now, drawing my forehead in close to his. “I fucking love you, Kat. Not ‘you’re my little sister’ love. Not ‘you’re my family’ love. None of that. I love you. I *worship you*. You’re my fucking purpose.”

Tears spill down my cheeks as I hold him tight, keep him close. My brother, my lover, my everything. “I love you, too. With all my heart.”

“I *have* to love you, you hear me? This love for you, it doesn’t let me sleep. It doesn’t let me breathe. But I can’t fucking live without it.” He takes a deep breath, his chest filling out the gray t-shirt with the word SEAL in faded navy ink. “Do you get that?”

“Yes,” I say, just a whisper. “I always have.”

“Sometimes I wish it didn’t exist. Sometimes I can’t imagine life without it. But you’re it for me. And you have been for all my life”

His words hit me like a crashing tidal wave. To have him say it, to hear it in his voice without hesitation, it’s as real as the breath filling my lungs.

He releases his grip on the back of my neck and pulls me down on his lap, sitting on the edge of the bed. “I need to know, right fucking now, if you are in this as deep as me.”

I wrap my arms around him, inhaling his warmth, his musky familiar scent. “You know I am.”

He growls at me, like he isn’t finished. “I’ve danced around this for years. But being home, finally touching you, finally being inside you. I can’t fucking undo this. And if you aren’t ready, then I’ll accept that. No regrets.

But if you're in, I need to hear you say it."

My heart tumbles in my chest, like a runaway train. Everything has come down to this moment.

About him, I am sure. Sure as anything I've ever known. But I also know that this thing between us, it may be simple. But it's also the ultimate taboo. "What will we tell people?"

"I don't give a single fuck about anybody else."

My gasp comes out as a laugh. "I know you don't." I snuffle away my tears and lower my head against his shoulder. "I know."

He rubs my back gently, tracing my every curve and valley. "I'm lost in you like I've never been lost in anything before. And I can't take another breath without knowing, without total fucking certainty, that you are in as deep as me."

Deep as the deepest ocean. There is no love deeper than this. "I am, Trent. I am."

His body softens, ever so slightly, and his embrace becomes warmer and more protective. Heat radiates from his body into mine, pulling me into him like a powerful force field.

He tips me back slightly so I'm able to look him in the eye. I watch the pulse in his neck pound as he shifts slightly, placing his thumb on my chin and staring deep into my eyes.

"I'll always love you. I'll always be here. But what happens next depends on you."

Looking into his eyes, I see the face of that handsome teenager he used to be, leaning in through my doorway. The face that was always there when I needed it most. To defend me. To love me. To protect me.

How many women in the world have a love like this? This history. This loyalty. This quiver in their belly?

"I'm here. I love you. I'm not going anywhere. Ever. As long as you've loved me, I've loved you. That will never, ever change."

He nods, grim but pleased. “Good. So now listen. And listen close.” His fingers slide down the small of my back and he grips my hips and ass with his huge hands. “I need you to stay right here. In this room. Until I get back. No fucking bullshit. No grocery store runs. Luke and Edward are going to stay and keep you safe, but I gotta go out for a while. While I’m gone, you don’t fucking leave this room. You stay away from the windows, you don’t even so much as *think* about going outside.”

A deep pulse of terror rips through my stomach, through my heart. “Okay.”

“Good. Because I need you to realize that your life—that my life—depends on your being safe for the next little while.”

I look into his eyes, seeing that dangerous fire again. “I know.”

“For me to do what needs to be done, I need to know that you are completely safe.”

I nod, pushing my trembling lips together to keep the tears at bay. But it’s no use. I am a mess of tears and sobs. This isn’t about punishing a schoolyard bully; this is about life. And death. “That’s why I didn’t tell you before. When you were away.”

“Stop that. Stop it. Shhh. I know,” he says, calmly and firmly. Not angry now. Just pure *Trent*. “I fucking get it. But now I’m home. And now you’ve told me. You did great, baby girl.”

Did I? All those terrified nights. All those secrets. All those Skype calls when I told him I was fine, everything was fine, when it was just the opposite. I don’t know how I’ll ever forgive myself for keeping so many secrets from him for so long.

“Did I?”

The look in his eyes, it’s both pride and lust. “You did perfectly. But now it’s time to let Daddy do his job. Because there is no universe in which someone threatens you and lives, we clear?”

My belly tightens and my heart pounds. “I know,” I whisper through a sob. “I’ve always known.”

CHAPTER 22



Trent

*W*earing civvies and carrying my McMillan Tac-50 rifle in my backpack, I have Edward drop me off in front of a nine-story bank building downtown.

I give the security guard a nod, like I know him, and head for the elevators. Nobody gives me a second fucking look. All the time, I'm scoping out my surroundings. Assessing threats. Doing my fucking job. But this time, doing it for the one I love.

The only woman that will ever matter to me in the world. The one who gives me purpose. Peace. Meaning itself.

She didn't fucking like it, me coming down here, doing this. But she knew it was necessary. For her. For me. For us. And though she cried her eyes out, she didn't fight me.

Not that I'd have changed my fucking mind even if she had.

Because nobody hurts my family and survives. Nobody threatens her and lives to tell about it.

Nobody.

The elevator opens on the top floor and I step out, with a brand new phone I bought on the way over here in hand, looking just like another fucking financial planner in a sea of guys dressed like me. But when they all head to their nine-to-fives after lunch, I head for the staircase that goes up to the roof.

I scan the stairway for security cameras but see none. God bless this fucking country. So fucking innocent still. So fucking naïve.

I check the door for any alarm, but there isn't any. So fucking far, so fucking good.

On the roof now, flat and coated with gravel-covered tar. My dress shoes crunch underfoot. That sound is as powerful as a fucking IED explosion. Just like that, I'm back in the white-hot sun, making heat snakes everywhere. I don't mind this flashback. Not a fucking bit. Because then, just like now, it was my job to rid the world of evil.

And I'm fucking good at my job.

I pick a spot pointing west, toward where Luke pinpointed Rominovski's main office. On my stomach now, I unpack my McMillan, doing what I've done a thousand times.

I position my bag underneath my chest and adjust the scope. In the sight, the target area comes into focus, exactly .59 miles away from me now, due east. It's a long shot, but doable. Totally fucking doable. For her? Anything.

On the far end of the parking lot are three big piles of gravel. A dump truck rumbles into the lot, sending up dust, screwing with my line of sight. Rominovski's business front is hauling and materials; as shady as they fucking come.

The dust settles and right between the crosshairs, I see it. That black fucking Mercedes, double-parked on the far end of the lot.

My body knows what to do automatically now. So I slow my breathing. Calm my nerves. Focus my vision.

And wait.



It's sundown and the sun is at my back now. I haven't moved in hours, but I'm still just as laser focused as when I got here. Even more now, because now it's closing time. And Rominovski's time is officially up.

A secretary leaves, then a couple of guys in hard hats, then some fucking slick-ass guy who looks like he was born to cook the books.

And then, it's only the black Mercedes left in the lot.

Tick-tock. Tick-fucking-tock.

The door swings open and out he comes. Shiny gray shirt, sweat stains under his armpits. In the scope, I watch him pull a gold lighter from his pocket.

I shift my finger from the trigger, straightening it out, keeping it loose, and then carefully put it back in place.

Between the crosshairs I watch his fucking face. The man who killed my parents.

The man who made my sister live in fear.

He lights his cigarette, and takes a long unhurried drag. Then raises his face to the sky to exhale. Long, and slow, and unworried.

"You motherfucker," I whisper. And then I tighten my trigger finger.

For Kat.

Boom.

CHAPTER 23



Trent

I took a fucking life and now the only thing I want to do is make a new one. With her.

I come back on foot, going slow, making sure I'm in the clear. I get home long after dark, after I know she'll be asleep. I purposefully stayed away for a few hours, letting my system quiet down, making sure as fuck that nobody knew where that bullet came from.

But nobody did a thing. And I take pride in that, as I open the front door, knowing Rominovski's dead on the ground, like the piece of shit that he was.

I lock the door behind me, lock up my rifle in the gun closet, and then quietly make my way upstairs to Kat.

She stirs when I open the door. "Is that you?" she mutters on a yawn.

I'm unbuttoning my pants before she's even got her eyes open. "It's me, baby girl. It's over."

I hear her swallow in the darkness. "Really?" she reaches out to embrace me. Pants off, shirt off, and I take her in my arms. Home. Safety. Where I belong.

“Really.”

I kiss her deeply, possessively. She tastes like fucking heaven itself. I hold her tight in my arms and roll over onto my back so she’s straddling my aching cock in her little white panties and her long-sleeved pajama top. Fuck me. I have no idea how someone can be so fucking cute and so fucking hot at the same time.

“We need to talk,” I tell her, and see her stiffen.

“About Corsicov?”

I shake my head. “No, that’s all taken care of. Something else that’s been on my mind. I saw your journal, baby. I know you didn’t do as I told you while I was deployed.”

“I...I was going to...it just.” She shakes her head on a growl. “I don’t have to justify myself to you.”

“Tick marks,” I say with disgust. “Nothing but tick marks. None of your thoughts, none of your dreams, none of your desires.”

“You want to know my desires, huh?”

I growl at her, pulling her down close, making her ass rise up as she gasps a laugh. I take my shaft in one hand and push her panties aside with the head, and then push deep into her.

I slip my other hand underneath her shirt, touching her skin lightly, so fucking slightly, and feeling the goosebumps rise up under my touch.

She comes up from the kiss for air. “But Trent. If I get pregnant...if I already *am* pregnant...have you really thought about that?”

“If? Fuck if. *When*.” I slip my tongue between her lips again, and I feel that deep, primal ache inside me. Her breath. Her flesh. Her fucking body.

She pulls away from the kiss now, though. I can feel the panic in her breath. “What will people say?”

I just shot a man from half a mile away to keep her safe. If she thinks I give a single fuck what anybody *thinks*, she’s out of her goddamned mind. “The

only thing that matters right now is my cum inside you. My marching troops are going to do battle in those little tubes of yours until they find their target then...game on, baby.”

“But Trent....” I hear the fire in her voice, the rebellion. The straight-laced uptightness of thinking too far ahead.

“You want the belt or my hand? Or, I’ll think of something new. Maybe it’s time you learned what a good face fuck is like. All messy and choking until your eyes roll back and I decide when you get to breathe.”

And just like that, her pussy weeps.

Atta fucking girl. True submission, from the inside out. How does she not know how beautiful she is? How could she ever fucking doubt it? “I dreamed of these curves. Every fucking night. Your body is the only thing that kept me sane.”

I feel her cheeks tighten with a smile. I don’t even need to see her now to know the way her eyes must be glimmering.

I slip my hands around her lush breasts, feeling her softness, her shape, the way her nipples tighten as I tease them with my thumbs.

Fuck. I want to rut her like a wild boar. I want to fucking breed her until she’s laying in a puddle of my cum.

But some little part of me still, even now, wants to protect her. Even from myself. So I slow my pace inside her, thinking more of her pleasure than my own.

“Trent,” she whispers as I shift my cock to press into her g-spot.

“What the fuck did you call me?”

She answers with a shivering moan. “Daddy. Sorry, Daddy.”

Such a good girl. “Better.”

Pushing into slowly from underneath, her body arches as I fuck her, her fingertips resting softly on my shoulders. And I know heaven has nothing on what I’m feeling right now.

I keep her close and fuck her hard. Hard. *Hard*. Letting her feel all my power from underneath, making her tits jiggle and her curves ripple with the force. I drive hard into her once again, finding my rhythm as I feel her body tense, her thighs instinctively opening wider as I thrust into her deeper still.

She inhales and it comes out as a cry, a burst of pleasure that makes her pull my head against her tits. Unashamed and beautiful and fucking greedy.

“That’s right, little girl,” I growl into her flesh. “Come for Daddy. Just like that. Your orgasms are my purpose.”

Her walls grip me tight and it’s all I can do to stop myself from coming right now. But I need this to last. I want this to last. Because today, I committed the ultimate sin for her. And I need her to make me whole again.

As she starts to regain her control, as her orgasm rolls through her body, I keep her positioned on my cock. I look up at her eyes, shimmering in the moonlight.

“Daddy killed for you today, baby. Time to show him you’re grateful.”

It’s not what she’s expecting me to say, but I can tell she likes it. Her pussy says yes and her eyes tease with surprise.

“Fuck me like you mean it, Kitty Kat. Fuck me like I just saved your life.”

Her warm soft body holds me close. All the fear, all the pain, all the worry—it all melts away. It’s just her and me. Warrior and angel. As one.

She takes my hands, pushing me back on the bed, pinning her sweet little feet under her calves to give her a better angle as she takes me deep inside her now.

She shifts her hips just an inch and heaven turns into fucking ecstasy. “Oh *Jesus*.”

She kisses me now, and I revel in her taste as my cock fucking screams to release inside her.

“Thank you, Daddy,” she whispers.

I groan as she says the words, and I get lost in the thickening heat of her

wetness.

My eyes close as she draws me deeper inside. The walls of her entrance bear down with new strength on my dripping cock. The clutch of the ultimate paradise. The only fucking thing that can absolve my sins. “Fuck me, baby girl. Show me how you fuck me.”

She rides me hard.

“You filthy little angel.”

Her dripping opening spreads to its limits, until I’m damn near nudging behind her fucking belly button. And then she holds me there, enveloped inside her slick heat.

She grips me tight, looking down and biting her lower lip.

I sweep hair from her cheek. “You’ve got no fucking clue what it does to me to see you like this. To watch you in your own bliss.”

She gives no answer but sways, pulsing my slick length in and out, pressing her open folds onto my body, learning to find her own pleasure.

It’s the most beautiful fucking thing I’ve ever seen.

Her body clutches and releases my cock, and the ripples inside her massage me like a million perfect fingers. *I can’t hang on much fucking longer.*

She moves faster, pressing her fingertips against my chest, looking deep into my eyes. And I feel the vortex open up. “That’s it, fuck me just like that, baby girl. Fuck Daddy just like that.”

I guide her hands up and down, pressing her harder and harder against me until her toes curl, until her hips spasm, until her body jerks on my length.

Crying out as another orgasm takes her, her pussy locks down on me, and she comes hard and proud on her Daddy’s aching dick.

I watch her face, my own powerful explosion waiting only for her to finish. I press my fingers into her soft hips, grinding her and growling as I do, opening my mouth to kiss her. Lips and tongues. Melding. Clashing. Needing.

The hot walls of her body start gripping me again now. “Milk that cock, baby. Take that cum.”

“Come for me, Daddy,” she begs. “Please, Daddy. *Please.*”

“I’m gonna fuck my baby into you, Kitty Kat. Get ready.”

“I’m ready, Daddy. I’m ready. *Please.*”

Holy *fuck*. And just like that, I’m shooting my thick streams into her again. Imagining with every fucking pulse, my seed finding its way into her soft body.

Where it belongs.

Where it has always belonged.

CHAPTER 24



Kat

E *piologue 2 Months Later*

IT'S DÉJÀ VU, almost. And yet not at all.

I'm standing on the same tarmac where I stood two months ago, welcoming him home again. Same spot. Same dress. It's become a bit of a tradition, but today will be the last day.

The wind is warm, the July sun high in the sky, and today I'm keeping a different secret.

A good one. The best one. And I'm sure he won't be mad at me for keeping it. At least not for long.

He steps off the cargo jet, just like that fateful day two months ago. But today, he looks relaxed. And happy. And no longer in terrible pain.

My heart swells to bursting with joy and pride. Relief, oh my goodness. The relief.

His short trips away have been hard for us both but it was a compromise we could live with. I missed him like crazy on the weeklong trips away, three of them in total, and he missed me and showed me just how much as soon as we got inside the car. Once he knew I was safe at home setting up a security system to rival the Pentagon and two private guards to be on me 24/7 he accepted a short-term contract position instead of reenlisting. He had some things to settle, some training he wanted to do and debrief with his team. He wanted to do right by his SEAL brothers so a few weeks away to calm his conscience was the right thing to do.

Besides, I've been busy since he left on this trip. Daydreaming over tiny onesies...and poring over lists of baby names.

But he has no idea. Not yet.

Today, he helps a different soldier off the plane, not needing help himself, thankfully. And then, from across the crowd, he spots me, and his beautiful blue eyes light up bright and hot.

He makes his way across the tarmac to me and I make my way to him. We still haven't quite figured out how to do this, being in love, being a couple, but still somehow being siblings in our own way. He scoops me up in his arms in a very brotherly, very protective way, and I wrap my arms around him tight.

"Fuck," he growls into my ear.

"Welcome home," I whisper back.

He twirls me there, just a little too long for a brother and sister with or without the 'step' part, but nobody notices, wrapped up as they are in one another, in the relief of having their soldiers home.

"You should probably put me down," I whisper. "Before people start talking."

He growls again, a noise of *fuck all of them*, but he knows I'm right. He and I agreed before he left; for this tour, we'd keep up the pretense. But now that he's home, we'll find somewhere new to start over.

He puts me down, eyes darting to make sure we aren't being watched or

heard. “I can’t fucking wait for it to be just the two of us.”

I bite my lip and look up at him, smiling into the sun. And then lean in to whisper, “Make that three,” and I place my hand on my belly.

His eyes snap to mine, hard and sharp. Disbelief, joy, amazement. All the emotions tumble through his beautiful eyes to me in an instant, in the way you can only understand someone so immediately because you’ve known them all your life.

“Kat, are you?” His eyes dart back and forth between mine like he isn’t sure where to look.

I nod up at him. “Found out the day after you left. I decided not to tell you on Zoom because I wanted to see your face. I have a doctor’s appointment tomorrow, and you’re coming with.”

He looks so overjoyed, so overwhelmed, and for the first time in my life I see tears in his beautiful eyes. Seeing him cry makes me cry, and before I know it I can’t keep the tears back at all.

He chokes back a sob, pinching the bridge of his nose, his brow cinched, and my heart breaks and swells simultaneously.

He wraps his arm around me again and we walk to the car. He bought me a big Pearl White Yukon Delani SUV before he left, with all the bells and whistles. I unlock the doors with the remote and he scans the parking lot. He opens the back door, behind the driver’s seat, and then with one big hand on each of my hips, lifts me into the back seat, so my legs dangle out toward him.

And then, with his broad shoulders and his muscles and his perfect body so chiseled and strong, sinks down to his knees with his face resting in my lap.

“I have a surprise for you, too,” he says, his deep voice vibrating against that special spot between my legs, making me think of other *surprises* we might give each other right now.

“Oh, yeah?”

“Baby, it’s fucking fate.”

“What’s fate?” I laugh, puzzled, as he looks up into my eyes, then reaches into his pocket and brings out a small box.

“I wanted to do this the moment I got back, and with the news you just shared... Fuck... I mean, *fuck*, could this be a more perfect moment? We’re going to get married, babygirl. You and me.”

He snaps open the box, and rather than bursting into tears, I start to giggle uncontrollably. I grab it out of his hands and don’t wait for him to put the ring on my finger, sliding it on myself instead. He didn’t ask. There was no question. Just a statement of fact. We’re going to get married.

There’s no fight left in me. He’s fucked and loved it all out of me. “All right. I accept,” I tell him, still giggling as I turn my hand back and forth, admiring the way dime sized pink diamond glints in the light.

The tears just fall right down his tanned, wind-burnt cheeks. He presses his lips to my soft belly and wraps his arms around me. “I didn’t know I could ever be this happy, Kitty Kat.”

I pull him close, savoring the familiar sensation of his stubble on my skin now. On the soft flesh of my inner forearm, under my fingertips. “I love you,” I whisper.

“Fuck,” he whispers back. “I love you, too. More than life itself.”

CHAPTER 25



Trent

E *piologue - 21 Years Later*

We're having a party, and I'm so hard for her that my balls ache. As usual.

That's been the one constant in our lives, aside from our never-ending love for one another. Through all the kids growing up—Caroline and Mackenna, who are 21 now, and David, who's 18 and off to basic training tomorrow—through all the holidays and the houses and the money and *life*, there's not been a single fucking moment when I haven't looked at Kat and gotten hard for her.

Every single time.

Including now.

I squeeze her hand. On our fingers are matching wedding rings that we've worn every moment from the day we said our "I do's", but that's not our only anniversary. Hell no. The other anniversary we celebrate is the day we first met—all the way back at the beginning, damn near 35 years ago now.

Because that was when it all started. That was when I knew I was bound to

her, for life.

She's standing at the drinks table talking to some of our neighbors. Just before the twins were born, we moved up to Montana, to a big house with a view of the Beartooths. We started a new life here and we've been fucking happy. As happy as two people could ever hope to be.

Everybody here, they think we're a couple, a normal couple. We share the same last name, and why shouldn't we? Nobody knows our secret, except Edward and Luke, who will take it to their graves.

We have like eight fucking dogs, ten horses and donkeys, damn chickens that are a pain in my ass and last year, Kat added some recused alpacas to our collection. They fucking hate me and I can't tell her, the feeling is mutual.

But, I smile and scrub the green scum out of their water buckets, fix the damn fence they knock down once a week and tell my wife I love *all* the animals. Happy wife, happy life. It's my mantra.

Kat started a pro-bono sort of tax service for small businesses after our first was born. It was just a simple thing for her to do that made her feel like she was contributing even though that was wildly unnecessary. But, it evolved into this small business training school. All free, customized to every state where it walks you through how to set up your business, do the forms, provide the forms all the way to finding funding for expansions and she even has a plug from the Shark Tank show.

It's run by about a thousand people now and she's really just the face and the compass for it all but I'm proud as fuck of my baby girl. Always have been.

We still make time for just us. I still love brushing her hair. I've painted her fingers and toes so many times I could probably get a license to own my own mani-pedi shop but touching another woman in any intimate way has never occurred to me and never will.

I have so many sketchbooks full of my drawings of her and the kids they fill an entire bookshelf in our library. Caroline's picked up the artist gene and went to this fancy fucking art school in New York and her paintings are selling out as soon as she can finish them.

Kat and I have no secrets anymore except for one. Back when I emptied the

storage unit of everything from the old house, I found the paperwork from the investment advisor that bankrupted my parents.

Didn't take long with my contacts to find the motherfucker living in a sweet set up downtown thinking he was king shit.

After a little Q & A session in an abandoned building with him tied to a metal chair and maybe, just maybe an auto battery hooked up to some very sensitive body parts, he drooled and babbled out all the people he'd fucked over the years. Hundreds. Hundreds.

He didn't fuck anyone over again. Ever. It was my last kill but I'd kill again if anyone ever threatened what's mine.

I squeeze her hand and she gives me a glance. An open, willing, submissive little glance that makes my balls ache. Such a good fucking girl.

But she's in the middle of something—being the hostess with the mostest. Making sure our Justin gets a good send-off before basic. She blinks a few times at me. “Trent.”

I lift one eyebrow and lean in. “Pantry. Now. Don't you pretend you aren't soaked for Daddy already...”

She knows she can't sass me. Never would anyway. Because she's the best good girl in the world.

I grab her hand and haul her away, kissing her ear as I do.

Leading her into the big pantry, I shut the door behind us. And lock it. Because this isn't the first time I've taken her with a house full of people. And it won't be the last.

I push her up against the shelf with all the flour and sugar and lift up her skirt. She's curvier now than she used to be. Every year a little more. Every year even fucking better.

“There are so many people here,” she says halfway through a laugh. “Animal.”

I kiss her neck, greedy and hungry. “I don't give a fuck. If you don't want me going fucking crazy, then you shouldn't wear this dress.”

She laughs that sultry sweet laugh, that girlish giggle, and paws for my belt. The same belt I had her bite down on all those years ago. And have a hundred times since.

But this time, this fucking time, I don't let her. Because this is for her alone.

Down on my knees in front of her, I slip my head underneath her skirt, letting the soft fabric fall over my shoulders, blocking out the lights of the pantry above. As the satin of her skirt envelops me, so too does the scent of her wetness, and the new perfume I got her last week. Just because.

I hook her panties aside with one finger and slip my tongue between her lips. Her thighs part wider and I feel her lean back. And groan.

I breathe in her scent. Her musk. Her fucking heat. I can tell where she is on her cycle from the way her pussy smells, like a fucking dog after a bitch in heat. Two days until ovulation. "You know I'm gonna fuck another baby into you, don't you, baby girl? As soon as this nest is empty tomorrow, we're starting all over again."

She laughs, holding onto my shoulders. "Oh you."

Nah. Not me. *Us*. "And what are you going to say when Daddy fucks another kid into you, baby?" I ask, before plunging my tongue deep into her pussy again.

"I'm gonna say thank you, Daddy. Thank you so much."

Goddamn. Every word, every gesture, every moment perfect. Like she was made for me. Born for me to rule and keep and protect.

I slip a finger into her folds to reward her. And as I do I feel her creamy flow spill down thick onto my palm.

She's so fucking beautiful. Always has been, always will be. If only women knew how far men fall when they do. If only she knew what she's done to me. She's the abyss and I never want to climb out.

I want her like a drowning man wants to breathe again. But it's so much more than that. I don't just fucking want her. I need her. From the depths of my soul. Still, always. To take care of her, to protect her, to claim her completely

—as a woman and as that little girl that’ll always be inside her.

Sliding my tongue slowly into her depths, I lick and spread her with my fingers, tasting every nuance of her wetness. Her body arches back into a bridge, and she grips my shoulders tight.

“Oh, *Daddy*,” she whispers, with whimpers and shaking moans, and pink lips dripping.

I gulp in her essence, diving hard into her opening with my tongue, sucking in the rhythm on the bud of her clit until I feel her body tense, her thighs instinctively opening, thrusting her pussy into my mouth.

She starts coming hard and strong, and she’s got me in that place all over again.

Fuck almighty, I love her. More than anything, more than everything. My baby girl. My whole entire world.

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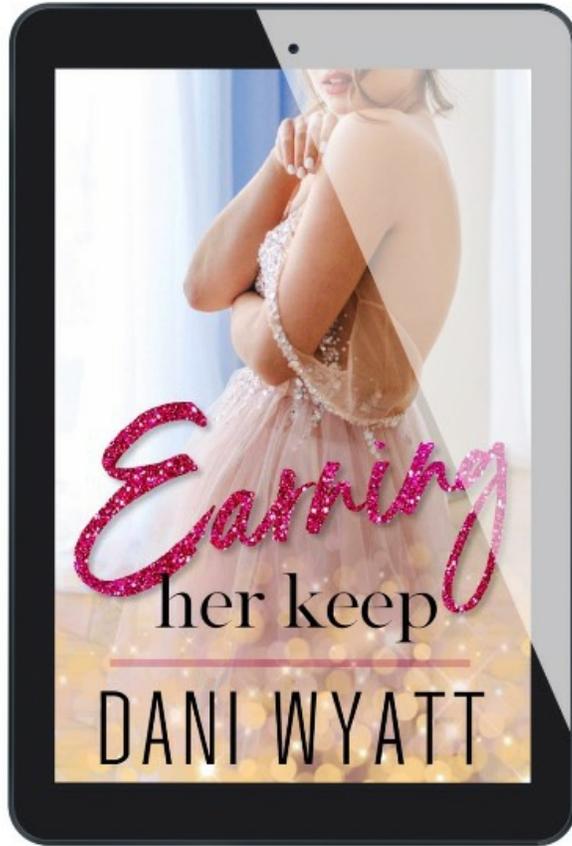
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ABOUT DANI

Dani Wyatt used to feel bad about having such dirty thoughts. Luckily, one day, she decided to start writing them down. Her ultra-obsessed, alpha heroes have a wicked possessive streak and an insatiable libido. Her heroines are intelligent, quirky, and worry about having too much muffin top. So, if you like your insta-love over the top, super-hot, and always a happily ever after, you're in the right place.

She's fighting middle age like a warrior and lives an average life battling gravity. When she's not writing, she is probably laughing about some irony (like the fact that A-1 Steak Sauce is vegan), reading, riding her horse, or looking cross-eyed at some piece of technology sent to ruin her day.

Thank you.

I have so many amazing people I've met since I started putting my naughty thoughts on the page. To some of the first fans who supported me, the bloggers,

fellow authors who have been more than generous with their time and opinions, as well as the other professionals that put up with my particular kind of crazy, thank you.

...you guys remind me every day that when we support each other, everyone wins.

xoxoxo