



CLUB DEVIANT

KADY ASH

Club Deviant

Deviant

Kady Ash

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CLUB DEVIANT

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Happy reading to everyone except homophobes, boys with J names,
and my exes. I sleep soundly knowing Kaz would've unalived you
all.

Content Advisory

In typical Deviant fashion, this book is a little bit deranged and a lot kinky. As such, the triggers, tropes, and kinks all sort of intertwine with each other, so I'm just going to word vomit all the things you'll find within these pages so you can make an informed decision. If you're new to Deviant, please note that these books are very light on plot outside of relationship development.

With that said, here goes: a taboo relationship (stepsister's boyfriend), morally grey MMC, references of unaliving, OTT J/P MMC, sex work, a brief f/f scene, cunnilingus, forced orgasms, stalking, hidden cameras, double fisting (and I'm not talking about beer), violence, slapping, nipple clamps, arson, marking, bondage, voyeurism, exhibitionism, knife play, blood play, masturbation, spanking, a Daddy honorific but NO age play, praise, degradation, anal play, daryphilia (turned on by tears/crying), creampie, sharing (but emotional monogamy), cage use, and cheating —but please note that the MMC cheats on his girlfriend with the FMC, they do not cheat on each other, and Kaz really only has eyes for Isla. He forgets his own girlfriend's name half the time since he's only with her to be closer to Isla.

I think that's it. If you come across something within these pages that I forgot here that you think should be added, please reach out to me on social media/via my website.

Please be kind to yourselves.

One

Isla

Damn, I look good.

With a grin, I twirl in the body-length mirror in the worker's lounge and thank my parents for giving me good genes. There's a reason I do so well at Club Deviant. The pink, shimmering, almost see-through dress hugs my body so tightly it leaves hardly anything to the imagination, ending just above the undertuck of my perfectly round ass. That, I can't thank anyone but myself for — I work damn hard to keep that looking drool-worthy, and it absolutely pays off.

As I think about all the people that will be paying for my attention tonight, I let my mind drift to Kaz Koren. I shouldn't. He's a coworker, the hottest security guy this place has ever employed, and completely off limits.

He's dating my stepsister.

With a sigh, I slip a golden hoop into my nostril and try to push his dark, messy hair, perfect clean-shaven jaw line, that sexy scar on his cheek, and ice-blue eyes from my mind long enough to apply lipstick.

I don't need Kaz's attention. I need to make my money, and to do that, I need to focus on everything *but* him.

"Are you checking yourself out again, Isla?" Crystal asks, grinning as she looks me up and down. "If not, I'll do it for you. *Damn*, girl. New dress?"

I chuckle. "It's hot, right?"

I twirl for her as she whistles and then slide into the stilettos that will still only bring me up to Kaz's chin. *Stop thinking about him. You absolutely didn't buy this dress and the silver g-string underneath it trying to impress him. Change the subject.*

"What's it like out there tonight?"

"It's a pretty typical weeknight," she laments. "Mostly middle-aged married guys and college virgins, but there are a couple of intriguing customers out there. We need another bachelor party to come through, though. Those are the best."

She's not wrong. Those are our highest paying nights of the month, and luckily for us, there's no shortage of men running to the club right before they get hitched, so they happen at least once a month. It's just a cherry on

top that they're fun as hell too — men terrified to take the long walk off the short pier into marriage are very giving. "We're about due for one soon. You'd think we'd also get some hotties from Class Deviant since we share a building, but I haven't seen many come through there lately. Have you?"

"Nope. Penn's been having to spend more time at House now that Kaz transferred and they're having to train new Doms, and he also took over some of the rooms on the first floor of Hotel. His attention has been split too many directions lately so business back there has been slower than normal."

It makes sense. Personally, the idea of Class Deviant was cool, but the execution? Not so much. It doesn't shock me that people would rather go to one of Deviant's other establishments. "Yeah, I get that. See you out there."

She sprays some perfume infused with pheromones on me as I walk by, and I wave at a few other girls before I step out onto the floor.

Club Deviant is so familiar to me now with its wrap-around bar top, suspended cages, cool blue lighting and round tables dispersed around numerous stripper poles that I could traverse the floor blindfolded and blackout drunk if I had to. The scattered sounds of conversation and sexual pleasure are always just a little louder than whatever music is playing on our jukebox, but even that feels almost comforting as I head over to Nicky to find out where that giant grizzly bear wants me tonight.

Deep down, I hope it's somewhere in Kaz's line of sight, since I apparently hate myself. "Hey, Nick. Where do you want me to go, boss?"

He flicks his eyes over the crowd and points a thick, hairy finger toward the pole near the door. "A half hour up here to loosen you up, then lose the dress and get on the floor."

"You got it." I turn away from him to strut my way over so I can start catching eyes and everyone can see I'm now on the menu.

I've grown used to the catcalls and whistles pole dancing elicits, but I still blush a little and hide behind my hair as I wave at them. It's not completely a lie, but I learned early on that most men love making a woman blush more than they love someone confident in their own skin. It's dumb, but I'm not here to change the way of men. I'm here to get paid.

After a while, Crystal gets chosen by one of the middle-aged men she warned me about, but at least this one has an almost kind face and a strong jaw. To up my chances with his friends, I walk over with her and hold her hair back as she bends over to pull his cock out, then slap her ass right as she sucks him in.

The hungry gazes we get are worth it.

“Are you available?” one asks, staring at my chest as he reaches into his pocket. “I just want to touch. Come sit on my lap.”

That’s easy enough, so I run my hand over Crystal’s back as I slowly move closer to my mark. I’m used to clients wanting me to face them, so it catches me off guard when he pulls me down with my back to his chest — it’s immediately clear why, though. He hikes my dress up to slip his fingers in my g-string as he watches his friend get blown.

It would be hot, but my gaze is drawn elsewhere as I catch Kaz staring at me from the corner.

I’m not even sure I can call it staring. What he does is more intense than that, so much more intense. Like he’s trying to peel back my skin to see what lies underneath, the marrow and bones that protect my beating heart.

I don’t even realize I release a gasp until the man behind me makes a pleased noise. “Are you always so responsive?”

Not for you. But I can pretend with the best of them.

“Yes,” I breathe. “You like seeing my girl on her knees for him?”

“Not just her. I enjoy seeing anyone on their knees for him,” he growls softly, caging my clit between his fingers and squeezing. “That’s my husband.”

“I see.” My gaze finds Kaz’s again as I bite my lip, moving slightly to widen my legs more in a way that almost feels like an invitation. Maybe it is. “Is this a special occasion?”

“He was a good boy for me earlier. Will you be a good girl for me now?”

The muscles in Kaz’s arms flex noticeably even though it’s impossible for him to hear us. I don’t know if he sees something on this man’s face or if I’m finally getting to him, but I nod my head for my customer and roll my hips. “I’ll be a good girl for you. Do you want to hurt me?”

“Hurt you?” he asks, pausing with his finger so close to slipping inside me, it’s driving me crazy. “No, no. I want you to feel good.”

I relax, eyes fluttering slightly as I try to move and get that finger inside me. “Then I’ll do anything you say. Do you have an honorific you prefer?”

“Not from you, but thank you for asking. It seems we have an audience.” He finally gives me what I’m after as I realize at least a dozen men are staring at me, not just Kaz.

It makes me moan, makes my hands reach back to wrap around his neck as they all stare like lions waiting to tear me apart. It makes me feel like prey.

Fuck, it's such an ego boost, and I know without a doubt that I'd let them all have me. Especially if it meant I'd finally have *him*.

God, what I wouldn't give to know what's going on behind his ice-blue eyes right now.

When my client's husband blows his load and Crystal gets off, all my pleasure disappears too, leaving me a little strung out and on edge until I see Kaz stalking toward the bar to get a drink.

I pull myself together as much as I can before making my way over to join him. "What a tease," I mutter. "Hey, Kaz."

The knot in his jaw flexes as he grabs a whiskey glass that looks more like a shot glass in his broad hand. "Do you want me to break his fingers?"

"Fuck," I say with a laugh, sputtering a little as I imagine it and involuntarily clench my thighs. "Thanks, babe. But broken fingers aren't necessary. I'll come before the night is through." I look him up and down and lean in to discretely smell his cologne. "Why are you so tense?"

"Because I want to break his fingers," he responds, shooting back the drink and slaying me with the way the vein in his neck bulges and the liquid runs down his chin. "People here think flinging around a few dollars makes them a god. It makes me miss House Deviant." Slowly, he turns to face me fully. "I was the only god there."

I feel that fucking sentence all the way down to my toes, and the way my clit throbs has nothing to do with the man who was just teasing me. "Were you a nice god?" I ask, stepping in so close I see the moment those pheromones hit his nose. His fucking pupils blow.

"Is there such a thing?"

I can't fight the smirk his question causes. "I suppose not. That wouldn't be fun, anyway. Justin, can I have a shot so I can get back on the floor with a little boost?"

My favorite bartender slides me a lemon drop that Kaz grabs instantly. "Open your mouth, Isla. Show me your tongue."

Fuck yes. I do as told, my fingers curling against the bar as I let him see my pierced tongue and cup it for him. Kaz takes the shot himself, but grips my throat before I can react and slowly spits it into my mouth.

"Swallow it," he commands, waiting until I obey to slide the lemon wedge between my lips. "Don't come for mediocre men, Isla. You're better than that."

He pushes off the bar and heads back to his spot by the door as I slowly slip onto a barstool to catch my breath. I'm so fucking wet I can feel it on my g-string, and I know without a doubt none of these other men can give me what I need tonight.

I fucking need him.

Two

Kaz

“Go home,” I mutter. “I’ll cover your shift tonight.”

Raph looks at me like I’m nuts, but that’s nothing new. “No way, man. I need the money.”

Like I didn’t see that coming. Shoving an envelope in his hands, I step between him and the entrance to Club Deviant. “There’s more in there than you’d make in a week. Go home, Raph. I’ve got this.”

“You’ve got issues,” he jokes. “Seriously, man. You’re in over your head with this girl, you know that?”

Oh, I fucking know it. It keeps me up at night and brings me closer to going to prison every day.

“That’s not your business,” I say cheekily. “She’s my girlfriend’s stepsister, and she feels safer when I’m here. That’s all this is. Now get out before I throw you out.”

Raph regards me like he’s about to argue further, ultimately deciding against it. Shit like this makes me miss House Deviant. There, I had Drake, a monster almost equal to me. He never would’ve questioned me like that. He’d have stolen Isla from her bedroom and dropped her at my feet, gift-wrapped and drugged. He’d have helped me hide her in a cage until I finally had my fill of her.

But he’s not here, this isn’t House Deviant, and I’ll never get my fill of Isla Harlow.

She couldn’t be that lucky.

Even now, I can’t think about the tuggable, naturally highlighted brown hair that hangs down to her lower back in loose waves, her immaculate body, or the way she obeyed me the other night without my cock demanding I go get her and finish what I started. The way her deep green eyes softened and rounded, the way her breath hitched in her throat under my palm. Fuck, what I wouldn’t give to squeeze just a little while I’m buried inside her, to feel her cunt spasm around me as she starts to get a little too lightheaded.

The cunt she lets everyone have but me.

Fuck, I need to break something. Preferably her, but she’s still not ready to admit she was put on this earth to feed the demon inside me.

That's okay.

I might be a psychopath, but I'm a patient one.

To distract myself as I walk in, I find Nicky in the back and tell him Raph had an emergency and asked me to cover for him. The grungy fuck just waves me off, so I grab my gun from the safe, tuck it in the waistband of my jeans, and head back out to the floor. Isla is already fucking naked on the bar with a chick between her thighs, and now I'm the one struggling to breathe.

She's so fucking stunning when someone is pleasing her. Pouty lips parted just enough for me to see that sinful tongue, tits tilted up as her back arches, eyes closed in bliss. I'd say I could watch her like this all day, but every instinct in my body is screaming for me to walk over there and make the little whore on her knees suffocate right where she's at. The dichotomy there is almost laughable.

But oh, the things I'd be capable of if I didn't live in a society that demands we be nice to each other. The bitch with her tongue where mine should be would never see her family again even in death, because I wouldn't leave enough of her body behind to be recognizable. And the men around them watching my girl? I wouldn't kill them, but I'd sure as fuck make them wish they were dead.

On second thought, as I watch a couple of them pull their shriveled little dicks out and drool all over my girl, I realize I'd never be able to walk away if they were still breathing. I'd gut every last one of them and bend Isla over their corpses as I finally claimed her.

As it turns out, my quiet obsession isn't so quiet anymore. It's louder than hell in my head, in my soul, in the fucked-up shards of my heart that have me ready to drop to my knees for *her*, not the other way around.

So why the fuck isn't she looking at me? She always finds me in the crowd when someone touches her, seeking out my jealousy and the silent violence I promise with every glance. But not this time. Is she really that fucking into this bitch?

Killing her is starting to sound better and better until they finally stop and Isla slides off the bar on shaky legs. Seizing the opportunity, I step in behind her and force what I hope is an easy, breathy chuckle. "Did you learn something new about yourself, Isla?"

She hums, still in a daze that makes me want to slap her cheek as I shove my cock deep inside her. "Huh?"

Fuck, she looks good when she's all dopey and strung out from pleasure. It just infuriates me that I had nothing to do with it. "Normally, your gaze wanders when you're with a client." To me. "But not this time."

"Oh." She blushes, biting her bottom lip as she leans in to whisper into my ear. "I've always enjoyed women here, Kaz. That's not new... she just really knew what she was doing. I'm still dripping."

Jealousy flares so violently, I have to laugh to cover up the physical flinch. "Lucky you, then. I may have to rethink my decision to just be a bouncer if the women around here are really that good with their tongues."

It's her turn to look jealous. "Maybe you should just come as a customer every so often, Kaz. The workers are even better."

"Yeah?" I ask, turning just enough to face her fully. "Who do you recommend?"

"What kind of businesswoman would I be if I suggested another one of these chicks?" She tilts her head challengingly and glances around the bar hastily before meeting my gaze again. "I'm the best here, no question."

Oh, I don't doubt that. Maybe she's more ready for me than I thought. "You'd make me pay for it, Isla?" I tease, leaning in. "That hurts."

She chuckles, her small hand finding my chest to give it a little nudge. "If only we didn't have to, right? Your girlfriend would have a fit."

Who?

It embarrassingly takes me two full seconds to register that she means Zoe. The woman I'm only with to keep Isla in my vicinity at all times. The woman I started dating because there was no chance she'd ever get pregnant, she let me let my beast out once in a blue moon, and she turned the other cheek when it came to what I do for a living.

"She made me leave my true calling for this shithole," I remind her, conveniently leaving out the fact that I happily made the switch to be closer to her. "What happens here stays here."

And I'd leave her in a heartbeat if I thought Isla was ready for that. But I'm still unsure, and if I pull that trigger and Isla quits Club Deviant for some reason, I lose all connection to her. I can't let that happen.

"Mmhm." Isla's smile fades as she slowly steps away. "Yet, you still left because it was what she wanted. You love her, Kaz."

She spins away so quickly her hair brushes against my arm, immediately going right back to work and proving my point. She can flirt with me as

much as she wants, but at the end of the day, I'm nothing but forbidden fruit to her. She's endgame for me.

Three

Isla

God, family dinners are so awkward. It doesn't help that Zoe and I haven't gotten along in years, not since I called her dad creepy and she refused to believe me. I didn't tell her he goes to the club, I didn't get that far into the conversation before she started reminding me of how I dress and saying how full of myself I am, so I dropped it and slowly watched our relationship wash down the drain.

How the hell she pulled Kaz Koren is beyond me.

"Hey, Mom." I step inside and hug her, happy Colson isn't around for at least a few moments. "How are you?"

She takes in my long, black dress and reminds me that this isn't a funeral, but she has no idea why it feels like one to me. I've never told her anything. "Hope you came hungry," she continues. "I made a roast."

I work tonight, so I absolutely won't be stuffing my face as much as I want to, but I smile anyway. "Sounds delicious. Is Zoe here yet?"

"No, she said she had to run an errand or something first. She'll be here."

I follow her into the home she shares with my stepdad, my defenses naturally rising when I spot him in the kitchen with a glass of Jack — his usual drink of choice. "Starting early, huh?" I joke, forcing a smile so I can pull off the next lie. "Good to see you."

His eyes drop to my tits the second Mom looks away. "You too. How's work been?"

"Great." My voice is too clipped. I need to be a better actress for my mom's sake. "And how about work for you? Getting ready to retire soon?"

"Nah. I have too many expensive habits."

Mom laughs like he's talking about something normal just as Queen Zoe herself walks through the door. A few weird greetings later, she's sitting down at the table across from me and curling her short blonde bob behind her ear. "Sorry I'm late! I had to pick some things up for Kaz. He's been working a lot of extra nights for some reason."

Probably because he made almost triple the pay at House Deviant. It's your fault. Her mention of his name has my thoughts shifting to him even though I told myself I wouldn't, not with her sitting across from me, but for

some reason I hardly feel any guilt this time. “Is he at work now? Is that why he couldn’t make it?”

“Not yet,” she says. “But he didn’t come home until early this morning, so he’s sleeping while he can before he goes back to work. I swear, I’m about to make him get an office job.”

“Make him?” I ask, tilting my head slightly. “You think you can make him just change his job completely?”

Zoe smirks. “I did it once, didn’t I? He swore he’d never leave that psycho place he was working at when we met him.”

That psycho place he loved? I huff, taking a long drink of water before responding. We met Kaz the same night, and as much as I wanted him, I had a boyfriend. A stupid, unsupportive boyfriend that I let guilt me into almost quitting, and I don’t want that to happen to Kaz. Especially when that’s the only time we get together. “Even if he’s happy with his job?”

“How can he be that happy with it when it keeps him away from home so much?” she argues. “He may not realize it, but he’d be happier with a normal job. He’ll appreciate me for it.”

Wow, the delusion in this family is real. “Hmm. I mean, you’d know him better than me.”

Yeah fucking right.

“I do, which is why I know he’s working so many extra hours to afford a ring for me. Daddy, has he asked you for permission yet?”

I nearly choke as Colson shifts uncomfortably. “N-No, peanut. But I’m sure he will soon.”

Don’t laugh. Don’t fucking laugh.

“How long have you guys been together now?”

As if I haven’t noticed every single day of it.

As if I haven’t *suffered* every single day of it.

“Two years. I really thought he’d have asked by now, but it’s fine. I’ll wait. As long as he marries me before my ten-year reunion, I’m good.”

“Why?” I ask, knowing damn well it’s all about how it looks to her.

“Are you kidding? He’s freakishly tall, muscular, hotter than sin, and he doesn’t talk. He won’t say anything embarrassing about me to those whores I went to school with, and they’ll all be drooling over him. What other function does a husband have if not to make me look better?”

There it is.

Just... wow. How many times will that word cross my mind tonight? Gah, she's gross. "I think they have lots of purposes. Right, Mom?"

My mother looks Colson dead in the eyes and shrugs. "I'll let you know if I ever figure it out."

Jesus. Is anyone around here actually in love?

"Well then, I'm glad I'm single." It comes out a lot less convincing than I mean it to, but if this is what marriage is, count me the fuck out. I'm starting to understand why my stepdad frequents the club. "Roast is good."

She dives into an explanation I didn't ask for about how she cooked it a different way this time, which I completely ignore as my phone buzzes. Pulling it out as nonchalantly as possible, my stomach flips.

Speak of the devil.

Kaz: *Sorry for bailing on dinner. Is it awful?*

Me: *What's worse than awful?*

I glance back up with a fake smile as she continues on, but I barely hear her.

Kaz: *Having to pee with a boner. The movie Dirty Dancing. Having someone ask what you're passionate about just to argue with you about it afterward. I can go on.*

I have to hide my snort behind my glass of water.

Me: *I don't know about the boner thing, but peeing after a great orgasm is hard as hell, so I can imagine.*

Me: *Oh, and I take it Zoe has made you watch Dirty Dancing? It's the fucking worst. Of all the fucking movies, why is that her favorite?*

Kaz: *I don't know, but give me Ghost any day for Swayze. Are you working tonight?*

Me: *Yup. Right after this shit-show. You?*

Please say yes.

Kaz: *Yeah. Nicky wants you guys in the cages tonight and you know how I feel about that, so I volunteered. Besides, if I have to listen to your sister talk about that goddamn reunion again, I might actually hang myself.*

Me: *Can I join you? I'll bring the rope for us. She's already brought it up twice here.*

I shouldn't say anything about it, but I can't help it. I just can't.

Me: *She's hoping you'll propose before it, though.*

Kaz: *Then she shouldn't have made me leave House. I can't marry someone who won't let me play the way I want to without an outlet.*

Why does that make my legs clench? Why do I suddenly want to be his outlet?

Me: *So you won't go to an office job if she asks? Because she said she's going to "make" you.*

Yeah, I just crossed a line. Fuck.

Me: *Wait, ignore that text.*

I unsend it as fast as I can, but he's already typing. Oops.

Kaz: *I'm not leaving you alone at Club Deviant, Isla. It's not fucking happening. She can get on board or she can get the fuck out.*

The fact that I almost text back "Yes, Daddy" shows how deep my daddy issues go, and I refuse to look closer. God, I've never felt safer than I do around him.

Me: *Please don't tell her I told you this.*

Kaz: *I won't. Now eat and drink your water. I'll see you soon.*

Me: *Yes, Daddy.*

Oops again. At least that one can be played off as a joke.

I shove my phone away and smile up at my fake-ass family, pretending like my attention hasn't fully shifted now. "I have to go to work. I'll take these leftovers for after, though."

All three of them are staring at me like I've grown a second head. "Right now?" Mom asks. "Zoe brought dessert."

"I'm sure it's delicious, but yes. My boss just messaged, sorry. Someone called out." I stand before they can ask me anymore questions. "Next time, we'll plan for a day I actually have off and I'll be able to stay longer."

Yeah right.

"Oh," she huffs, standing with me to make up a plate for me to take. "You don't come around enough. Make it soon, okay?"

"Of course, Mom. I also want to go shopping soon. Maybe you and I can go?" *Just you. Please, for the love of all that is holy, can it just be us?*

"Yes! We'll see when Zoe's available and set something up. It'll be a fun little girls' day."

I'd rather gouge my eyes out with a plastic spoon, thanks. "Sure. See you soon."

I give her a real hug and wave at the other two, rushing out of there like my ass is on fire. I honestly don't start work for another hour and a half, but that doesn't stop me from going anyway and taking my time on my hair.

When my coworker Kaitlin walks in to help me, I finally relax. “You almost off?”

“Yeah, I’m done. Crys and Nila are out there with Andre, Stephen, and Tristan. I think they can handle it until you’re ready.” She plays with one of my loose curls, smiling at me over my shoulder. “We’re in the cages tonight while the guys are on the floor, so it’s not too bad. One guy paid me to finger myself up there, but mostly the crowd seems to be down to watch us dance.”

“Good. I think I need to lose myself to some music and just zone out. Is... Kaz out there yet?”

I don’t meet her eyes in the mirror, but Kait still chuckles like she knows why I’m asking. “Mhm. And he brought the big knife out with his gun tonight, so I think he’s expecting trouble.”

Why is that so fucking hot? “He’s always expecting trouble,” I say with a chuckle. “I think he hopes for it.”

Which makes it even hotter.

Hi, I’m Isla Harlow and I’m broken.

“Maybe. But I’ve never seen him use either of them,” she muses. “He always ends up fighting with his hands and leaving the weapons behind.”

“Well, he doesn’t want to go to jail, but he likes making people bleed.” I shrug. “He keeps us safe. That’s what’s important.”

Correction, he keeps *me* safe. Yeah, that absolutely doesn’t make me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. He’d absolutely kill someone for me... must mean he’s a good cuddler. What is wrong with me?

“Mhm. He’s up front by the bar right now if you want to go say hi.”

“Yeah, I think I will, and I’ll have a drink before my shift.” I slip into a robe, nothing but a gold g-string underneath and make my way out to him. No, *not* him. The bar.

Like she said, he’s standing there like a statue with a gun in his waistband and a blade holster across his chest, looking like he’s a fallen angel sent straight from hell to tempt me. Shit, I’m screwed.

I make my way over and slip into the chair closest to him, a soft smile on my lips. “I forgot to hydrate,” I say as a greeting. “Can I get a Tequila Sunrise, Justin?”

“And water,” Kaz cuts in. “Better make it two.”

Justin doesn’t hesitate to pour all three drinks and slide them toward me as Kaz’s eyes darken. Somehow, it makes the holster strapped diagonally across his chest even hotter and the blade trapped inside it more intimidating.

Daddy's upset with me.

"You're frowning, Kazzy. Don't get wrinkles." I press between his eyebrows to massage it out, nearly giggling when his eyes cross trying to watch my fingers.

"Don't do that," he mutters. "Did you eat?"

"Little bit," I admit. "I brought leftovers if you want to share later."

It hits me then that he'd probably want to chop off anyone else's fingers who touched him like that, but not me. He'd never hurt me in a way I didn't want.

"I have a different kind of appetite tonight, but thank you for offering. Now drink."

I know he means the water, but I grab the tequila anyway and take a sip, my eyes locked with his. "Is that bloodlust I see?" I whisper, shivers racing down my spine as he stands and hovers over my back.

"Yes, and you're a bad girl, Isla. Drink your water or I might start to think you're pushing me on purpose."

The heat from his body vanishes as he walks away, striding slowly across the floor directly under the cage he knows I'll be in soon.

How he managed to make me melt into a puddle in the middle of Club Deviant is beyond me, but he did. He always does, and now I have to down both of these glasses and go dance for the room like he doesn't have *all* of my attention.

Like I'm not pushing him on purpose when we both know I absolutely am.

Gah, what a fucking mess.

Four

Kaz

Bad girls get spanked until their asses bleed. Bad girls get throat-fucked until they're crying all over my cock, blind from the way I make their mascara run. Bad girls get bent and half and fucked like dolls until they're screaming apologies and begging me to slow down.

Isla is being a bad girl, and yet she's not mine to punish. The world is a cruel fucking place, even for the monsters who dwell here.

Watching her body move to a slow, rolling melody makes me so hard, I can't fucking see straight. The cage she's in is gilded and just big enough for her to spread her legs, drawing every single one of us helpless bastards in like moths to a devastatingly hot flame — including her own stepfather.

Colson showed up not long after she did tonight and I have little doubt the dress she wore to family dinner is the reason. None of them know it, but I hacked into their doorbell camera ages ago to watch when she comes and goes, which means I saw every inch of that tight little black number she thought was appropriate.

Did she wear it for me, or is she becoming more open to her stepfather's many advances?

One answer will give her a night she'll never forget, and the other... well, let's just say she'd be wearing that black dress to a fucking funeral.

He's conventionally good-looking enough that I understand why Isla's mom married him, but he's a different fucking breed of sick. He doesn't care about consent or earning submission. Doesn't care about a woman's pleasure or understand the art of breaking someone with the intent of remolding them in his own image. He just takes, and I'm about one untoward glance away from carving his eyeballs out with a rusted razor blade.

Watching him closely I see when he goes to put money down, and I just know he's put in an order for her. He hasn't looked at anyone else since he entered. My fingers twitch with the desire to gut him for it, but one glance at the books tells me all he's done is place money for her to keep dancing in the cage.

He practically drools as she moves onto all fours and rolls her hips, letting every single man in the vicinity get a peek at her perfect asshole, and

the desire to drag her out of here and fuck her overwhelms me.

What did I do wrong in a past life to deserve this torture?

Okay, no. I can do this. I can be professional. Leaning back against the wall with my leg kicked up against it, I tap the drywall to the beat and glance around the club. Through the strobing blue lights, I see men drooling all over themselves watching her, beating their mediocre cocks and whispering shit I'm thankful neither of us can hear.

I tap a little harder, a little faster than the music. My knife is so close, it's within reach. It would take me maybe two minutes and twenty seconds to cut the throat of every mouth-breathing dickhead in this bar, and maybe another forty-five seconds to get her out of that cage and subdue her enough to get her in my trunk. From there, it's a ten minute drive home, and I'd only need a couple of moments past that to get her downstairs and locked away safe and sound. She'd never be able to leave me then. Never be able to deny me. I could have my way with her whenever and however I wanted without ever having to feel this goddamn fucking anguish in my chest that explodes every time she looks at someone else with those hooded green fuck-me eyes that are supposed to belong to *me*.

But I can't. Taking her like that without her permission... the bloodbath alone would be enough to make our paradise short lived. I'd end up in jail, and even if I didn't, I wouldn't be any better than Colson. She *has* to want this. She *has* to choose this. Choose *me*.

Glancing back at her, I find her sitting with her legs wide, two fingers stuffed deep in her pussy with her gaze locked on me, a moan leaving her lips that I can't fucking hear. He's getting what he goddamn paid for and I'm fucking trapped in the web they're creating.

Screw it. Unashamed, I let my eyes rake down her frame and focus on her fingers. No amount of tapping in the world will keep me distracted enough to stay soft, so let her see it. Let her understand that she has me just as twisted and fucking hopeless as the rest of the degenerates in here.

Let h —

“Whoo! Come on down here, baby. Come sit on my face,” some drunk fuck slurs, waving cash around. “Better yet, let me sit on yours!”

His cackle turns into a coughing fit that nearly leaves him throwing up, and the lightheadedness that I feel watching him unbuckle his belt feels like a break from reality.

I've been pent up too long, and I look forward to breaking every bone in his miserable body if he so much as blows my girl a kiss.

I can immediately see she's uncomfortable. She may be used to nasty men treating her like meat, but she's always had a hard time staying in her role when they're that fucked up. She knows that level of intoxication puts her at risk, but she also knows I'll never let anything happen to her. Her eyes find mine before she's able to force another fake smile, but the guy is moving closer to her cage now.

"Come on. Let me smell those fingers, hot stuff."

She looks at me again with something akin to panic on her face and I stop caring where we are or what the consequences will be. This man just unwittingly offered himself up as a sacrificial lamb to field all the fucking rage I feel, so I don't hesitate to grab him by the back of the neck and shove three of my fingers all the way down his throat.

"Can you fucking smell these?" I snap, pulling them out before he chokes and slamming his head against the table. It's just good fortune that his face shatters the plate he'd been eating wings off of, jamming glass shards in his drunk-red cheek.

"What the fuck!" he bellows, grabbing a piece of the glass so he can swing it back at me. "I'm a paying fucking customer!"

Come on. Swing a little better dickhead. Right here.

Fuck, it stings when it slices into my neck, but I swear it makes my thoughts clearer than they've been in weeks. "Do it again," I taunt, slapping my cheek as I lean in. "Get me right here."

"Fucking psychopath!"

He slashes at me again. I feel the sting of my skin splitting, and it's enough. Nicky can be as pissed as he wants for this, I don't care.

On the third swing, I grab the glass shard with my bare hand and wrench it out of his grip, throwing it to the ground and throwing every ounce of tension in my body into one solid right hook.

Turns out, he's got a glass jaw.

As he drops unconscious to the ground, I glance around at his friends. "If there's no one else, get him the fuck out of here and make sure he doesn't come back."

"Kaz!" Her voice cuts over everyone else's, blocks out all of their scared arguments and the murmuring of the other patrons, and when I turn to look

for her, she's standing in front of me completely naked with panic on her face. "Your face."

She reaches out to take my hand and tugs me along, making it hard as hell to focus on the fact that she's not dragging me into some dark corner for sex. I definitely saw her being naked and dragging me going differently.

"I'm fine, Isla," I growl. "He wouldn't have hit me if I hadn't let him. Fucker couldn't aim for shit."

She doesn't say anything at all until we're in the back and she orders me to sit down in a chair. I glance around to see little signs of this being her vanity: the small clutch she carries everywhere, the burgundy scrunchy she uses to toss her hair up after a shift, that cherry lip gloss that drives me crazy. "You're bleeding, therefore you're not fine. Let me help you as a thank you... I know that was for me."

She stares down at me and begins dabbing at the blood on my cheek, her tits still out and so close to me I can smell her.

I'd rather be stabbed a thousand fucking times than have to be this close and not be able to touch.

"Of course it was for you," I mumble. "But it was also for me, too. I feel like I'm crawling out of my skin and fighting helps."

"It does?" She asks curiously, no judgment in her tone. "What else helps?"

"My old job. Having someone at my mercy."

I don't miss the way that makes her twitch or her breath hitch. "M-Mercy?" She's whispering now, moving in closer so she's standing between my legs. "Mercy how?"

Jesus fuck, this is hell. That fuckwit obviously cut my carotid because I got cocky and I went straight to my own personal hell, no passing go. Her skin looks so soft and flawless that it's all I can do to keep my hands to myself and my eyes on her face. "You know what I did at House Deviant, right? Consensual kidnapping? I'd stalk my prey for days and take them from their beds when they least expected it, holding them in a cage and using their willing bodies however I saw fit. I never quite found my perfect sub, but knowing I had someone begging me to ruin them helped quiet the psycho that lives in my head. It hasn't happened in a long time and I guess that psycho won tonight. I'm sorry if I scared you."

"I wasn't scared of you," she replies confidently. "I was scared *for* you. I saw blood and I-I don't know why I doubted you." She moves onto my neck.

“Do you think you could ever find someone to help with those... urges? Someone outside of House?”

“Honestly? I don’t know. The last woman who told me she could handle it ended up stabbing me in the face, and not just a little cut with a glass shard. Drake’s girl can take me in small doses, but he’s so possessive of her, I’m not allowed to fuck her.” I know I shouldn’t say it, but I do. “And you won’t have me.”

Her breath hitches, hand freezing against my skin as her gaze bores into mine. “You think I can handle it?”

The tiny challenge in her voice makes me want to find out right here, but I can’t get the words out. On the cusp of saying yes, I realize it doesn’t matter if she can handle me or not. For her, I’d be gentle. For her, I’d... I’d do anything. *Be* anything. Say anything to get her to stay right where she’s at and not take her comforting heat anyway from me.

Oh yeah, I’m definitely in my own personal hell.

I’m in fucking *love*.

Five

Isla

No one has ever looked at me the way he's looking at me. It's like I can do no wrong, and even if I did, he'd make it so it wasn't wrong anymore. I don't know how to feel about it. All I know is it makes me want to climb into his lap right here and let him devour me... let him keep me at his mercy.

"What the hell, Koren!" Nicky's voice makes me gasp and step back, the blood-soaked towel nearly slipping from my hand as he storms in. "Take the night off to cool your head. We don't attack paying customers."

Kaz stands to shield my body like it's not something Nicky's seen a thousand times. "We do when they're intoxicated. Pay better attention next time. I didn't hurt him that bad."

"Nick," I cut in. "He was just helping me. That asshole was going to cross a line."

"Oh, are you a mind reader now, Miss Harlow?" he asks sarcastically. "You two cost me money. Isla, get back out there. Kaz... oh, I don't give a shit what you do, but I'm not paying you for tonight." He mumbles to himself the whole way out, slamming the door behind him and leaving me breathless.

I don't even notice the fact that my fist is curled into the back of Kaz's shirt. "Fuck. I'm sorry. I didn't know he'd do that."

"Really?" Kaz asks. "I did. And I did it anyway, so don't sweat it."

He spins around to face me and I immediately start wiping the blood off his hand, but I know my time is running out. "Thank you."

"Don't worry about it. Just answer one question for me, Isla."

"Anything," I whisper, hating how desperate I am for every damn word he tosses my way.

"Do *you* think you could handle it?"

"I—" I don't know what to say. On one hand, I can't imagine anything I couldn't handle if it was him by my side, but on the other, I can see the darkness lurking behind his eyes. I don't have a clue what he's capable of, but that doesn't change anything. "I trust you, Kaz. I believe I could handle anything if that trust stayed intact."

Rocking up on my toes, I kiss his cheek, then practically run to the bathroom to wash off my hands and return to the floor.

I've said too much already, and if I'm not careful, I'll end up doing something neither of us will ever be able to take back.

I can't let that happen.

For the first time in a long time, I consider leaving Club Deviant. I never thought this job could be sustained forever, but I'd really hoped I'd get through my twenties saving up as much as I could so when I did change careers, I could make it on the pay cut I would inevitably take. I'm not thirty yet, but with where things are headed with Kaz, I don't have a choice but to consider my options. He's dating my fucking stepsister, and it doesn't matter if we get along or not. It's just wrong.

But I see the way he looks at me. I know what those looks do to me inside, and I know that I feel a loss on the days I go without seeing him. I'm in too fucking deep, and now he's getting so protective he's on a one-way road to prison. We can't foresee how men are going to act when I'm working, but because of that, it means I will always be at risk thanks to my profession and he will always be one flip of a switch away from killing someone for threatening me.

I have to get ahead of this, because the thought of him rotting in jail because of me makes my stomach turn so suddenly I have to stop my run. I pushed myself hard this morning, but I was so lost in thought I didn't realize how far I traveled from my house until this very moment. "Shit."

With a sigh, I make my way back home at a slow jog, my mind still whirling with a decision I really don't want to make. I don't want to work somewhere he doesn't work, which means I absolutely have to. He isn't mine. He never will be.

When I get home, I immediately turn on my laptop and go through local job openings, cringing at the abysmal pay cut I'm going to take no matter where I go. I don't have anything else to put on my resume aside from a quick stint as a teacher's aide when I tried out community college, and I bet the teacher doesn't even remember my name. I'm fucking screwed.

I slam my laptop shut and decide to sleep on it, calling in sick for the first time in a year so I can take the day to reflect and eat ice cream on the couch like I fucking deserve. It's been far too long since I had a *Supernatural* marathon, and at this point, the show is calling my name. I need this.

After the longest shower I've probably ever taken, I slip into some comfortable pajamas and check my phone, smiling like a schoolgirl when I see a text from Kaz.

Kaz: *Call me.*

"So bossy," I mutter with a grin, chuckling even harder when I see the text was sent almost twenty minutes ago. Oops. Biting my lip, I press call on his contact information and plop down on my bed, huffing when he answers after one measly ring, sounding stressed. "Hey, Kazy boy. What's got you frowning now?"

"It's not like you to call in. What's wrong? Why did it take you so long to call me? Are you okay?"

Fuck, no one has ever given a shit about me like this. No one. "I — yeah. Sorry I worried you. I'm okay. I was in the shower."

"Oh," he breathes, relief flooding his voice as I pick up the sound of an engine in the background. "Good. Why aren't you coming in?"

"Are you driving?" I ask curiously. "I thought you worked today?"

"Huh? I'm not driving. We must have a bad connection."

"Oh." No, he's definitely driving. I can hear his car. But why would he lie? Unless... he was on his way to check on me. With a smile, I finally answer his question. "I'm just tired. I think I pushed myself too hard on my run today and my body is just exhausted."

"Are you staying hydrated?" he pushes. "And I don't mean with tequila."

I snort. "I haven't drank since, Kaz. I had an entire bottle of water when I got back from my run and I have one right here. Are *you* hydrated?"

"Not nearly enough," he admits. "But you're sure you're okay?"

"Of course," I say softer. "You'd be the first person I called if I wasn't. I know that makes me a shit friend, but I know I can always call you." And only you.

"Why the hell does that make you a shitty friend?"

"Because. I shouldn't put that on you." My voice shrinks as I talk, a vulnerability taking over as I admit that he's all I have. "I just don't have anyone else. I can't call Colson." I refuse.

Scoffing, he mutters, "If you ever call Colson instead of me, we're gonna have problems. But Isla, don't think like that. I'm here for you because I want to be, not because you're forcing it."

I hear a horn honking in the background, and chuckle lightly, taking the out like a coward. "So how is Club today, Kaz? Sounds... busy."

“Yeah, you know how it is,” he deflects, then covers the mouthpiece on his phone. I hear a muffled, “Fuck off, Nicky!” before he comes back, sighing dramatically. “I should really get back out there. It’s a shame you won’t be here, but you need rest, so I understand. Take care of yourself.”

“Wait, why is it a shame? You can’t miss me already.” Stupid. Stupid, desperate girl — why the hell did you say that?

“I brought some cash to blow tonight, but I guess I’ll hang onto it for a while. Have a good night, Isla. Don’t forget to lock your doors.”

The line goes dead, leaving my next breath lodged somewhere in my throat. He didn’t mean — he couldn’t have meant — no. I won’t lie to myself right now. He absolutely meant it. He was going to pay me for something. *Me.*

I don’t know how to feel about it, but what I do know is *Supernatural* can wait because suddenly my vibrator is calling my name. I get off picturing it: me dancing for him, grinding on him, sucking him — and fuck, it’s probably the best orgasm I’ve had in a while. He meant what he said. What happens at Club Deviant stays there, so what is really holding me back at this point?

I suddenly can’t fucking remember.

Six

Kaz

Showing up at Drake and Odette's house uninvited isn't a new thing for me, but showing up in the middle of the night when their kids are trying to sleep isn't a good look. I don't care, though. I need his fucking advice, and I don't think he'll understand the seriousness of my predicament otherwise.

He also can't stop me from doing something stupid over the phone, and that's what I need more than anything right now.

I need him to convince me not to take what's mine.

After calling him seven times to wake him up, I follow him down into the basement and immediately start pacing. "How'd you do it?" I snap, knowing Drake of all people will understand. He stalked his wife for years before finally taking her. "With Odette. How'd you convince yourself to wait until she happened to stumble upon House Deviant?"

He breathes a laugh, recognizing the crazed look in my eyes instantaneously. "Shit, who is she? Or is it *he*?"

"Isla," I grimace. "Fuck, she's driving me crazy. You know she called off work today and I fucking panicked when she didn't call me immediately and started driving over there? She caught me too. I had to yell at my fucking windshield pretending it was our boss to sell it."

Drake laughs, glancing up at the ceiling like some fond, twisted memory came to mind. "It's hard to stay away, but the only way it worked with Odette was by me being patient. She was hardheaded and convinced she hated me for a bit, so that had to run its course. How does Isla act toward you?"

That's a good question. I know what I want to see, but is it real? "More often than not, I don't think she knows what to do with me. Like she's curious, but also a little afraid."

"Can you blame her? You have that look in your eyes — the one that keeps people from wanting to be close to us. Do you get the vibe she doesn't want to be close to you? Or do you feel like you pull her in despite her fear?"

The fact that she still talks to me at all tells me it's the second, but I'm too close to it. Too hopeful. "Door number two," I say anyway. "We've had a couple close calls, but she always shuts down right before anything happens."

“Because you’re dating her sister. You still have your basement set up, or did your uptight girlfriend make you get rid of it?”

I shake my head. “It’s all still there. I don’t let Zoe in the basement. Should I just take Isla then?”

“Absolutely.” I knew he was going to say that. “She’s much further along than my wife was when I took her, and it’s the best way to know if she can handle you. Honestly, you’re kind of in a win/win situation here. If you take her and she gives in, you got her. If you take her and find out it’s not what she wanted, you can play it off and know she won’t tell her sister shit because they don’t get along. There’s an 85% chance you never even go to jail for it.”

That means there’s a 15% chance Isla hates me enough to turn me into the cops. I couldn’t care less if she tells her idiot sister — Zoe is nothing but a means to an Isla end at this point, but I’m not stupid. “I have one shot at this. If I move too fast and she isn’t ready, she’ll never talk to me again. Fuck, I’ve been holding back too much. I wish I still had access to House Deviant’s tech.”

“What you need?” he asks, waving his hand around his basement. “Sure there isn’t anything there you couldn’t get here, Kaz. You’ll have to get your own cage because we still play with that when we can, but I have the cameras from her old place somewhere if you want them. Also a tracking device for her car. I’m assuming you already got one on her phone, right?”

Jesus, I’m slipping. “No. I was trying to respect her privacy, but that’s over. I’m crawling out of my fucking skin not knowing who she’s talking to, where she’s at, and what she’s doing when she doesn’t answer her phone. I need the tracker, some cameras, and let me use your computer so I can hack into hers. I never replaced the one I gave back to HD.”

“What is this, amateur hour?” he teases, squeezing my shoulder playfully. “I get it, you tried it society’s way, now it’s time to get things done and get your girl. You need some help getting rid of the sister?”

God damnit, the prospect of killing Zoe for every irritating fucking thing she’s ever said to me is almost too good, but I can’t. I know that.

Well...

No. Shaking it off, I swat his hand away. “It’s a miracle we aren’t already in jail given our body count, so no. The minute I’m sure I won’t be losing my best connection to Isla, I’ll dump her like a normal person. I can’t risk going to jail at this point.”

“Offer stands, just one call away.” He pulls out a huge red container and sets it in front of me. “Laptop is in there too. Just take the box and use what you need until you get your woman. Can’t wait to meet her.”

Chuckling, I peek inside the container. “Just be warned — it won’t be like when I met Odette. You’ve played with all of my toys at one point or another, but I’m not sure I’ll share this one. She’s making me want to go monogamous.”

“Wow, now I *have* to meet her. Any chance she’s a siren?”

Little shit. “So it would seem. The way people look at her at work... I won’t make it much longer like this. I’m getting closer to blacking out every time someone catcalls her.” Checking my watch, I weigh my options. “Fuck it. She’ll be sleeping now. I can get in and out without her knowing a thing.”

“There he is. Let your monster play a little bit, brother. We need it every so often, and we need a partner that will let us. Hopefully, she’s your future.”

Such sweet words from a psychopath.

“If I call you from jail, you know what to do. I’ll call you when it’s done.”

I don’t bother saying goodbye. My mind feels clearer and sharper than it has in the year since I left House Deviant, and I know it’s because I’m about to give myself peace of mind. I deserve this. I deserve her, and sooner or later, she’ll understand that.

Having copied her key months ago, getting into her house after turning off my headlights and parking down the street is easy. Everything in her house is quiet except for the low hum of her fridge and the fan on the laptop I turn on, and my footsteps stay undetectable as I move around.

She left her computer on her coffee table, so while I run the program on my own to crack her password and install the software I need to track her keystrokes, spy on her webcam, and intercept communications, I install tiny cameras in her living room, kitchen, downstairs bathroom, and entryway.

It takes too damn long for me to be comfortable, but once I see her computer is now under my control, I take the few extra cameras and climb up the stairs as quietly as I can.

This will be the hard part.

While I don’t think she uses her guest room for anything, I hide one of the cameras in the corner of some abstract painting anyway and tiptoe closer to her room. If she’s awake in there, I’m fucked. If she stirs while I’m in

there, I'm fucked. The chance of success is slim and I know it, yet I do it anyway.

One glance in her room shows me she's asleep, so I breathe a little easier as I hide one camera pointing at her bed and the other pointing at the shower in the master bathroom. That one feels like a deeper invasion of privacy than the rest, but it's not like I've never seen her naked and she's already proven she won't answer me if she's showering.

I need to be able to know for sure she's okay at all times, no matter where she is. It's not pervy. It's thoroughness, even if the thought of watching her shower when she has no idea I can see her makes my dick hard.

After that, it's a breeze to download the app I need on her phone and put it in a folder. She'll never notice it's there, never know I'll be able to watch her through the front-facing camera, watch real-time as she texts and receives calls, and I'll see every dirty little thing she searches online. I'd look now, but I've already spent too much time here and I'm not quite done yet.

Though I've accomplished what I came here for, her scent has been teasing me for too long. It hit me the second I walked in, and now, staring down at her sleeping body... I can't help it. I lean in, taking a long moment to smell her hair and feel the soft heat radiating off of her.

How easy it would be just to take her right here. I could be inside her and have her pinned before she woke up, there's no doubt in my mind. God, how she'd scream for me. How she'd fight and squirm and strangle my cock as she tried to figure out who was splitting her in half. Would she cry for me, too?

Would you cry for me, Isla?

My cock throbs in my jeans as it gets harder to control the monster inside me. Her exposed flesh is so supple, so pure... what would it look like covered in running mascara, streaks of blood, and the ocean of cum I've been saving for her? Tiny little bruises, spanked-raw skin. My marks all over her body.

Fucking hell, I can't walk away from her. Not now, when she's sleeping so deeply. I just need a little touch, a little taste. Something to dull the razor sharp edge of this soul-eating obsession.

But then she moves. It's not enough to wake her, but it is enough to snap me out of my delirium. It can't happen like this. Not tonight, anyway.

I'll have her to myself soon enough.

Seven

Isla

I really hate going into work when I know Kaz is off. This is exactly why I need the distance, but the thought of walking in there without him makes me feel more exposed than anything. It's dumb, I know that, but I can't help it.

He makes me feel safe.

The night drags, one client after the other staring at me like they'd give me their life savings if I swallowed their cum, and just when I'm about to request to go up in the cage, I see *him* walk in. Fuck, he looks good right now. He's wearing a tight, black henley with the sleeves cuffed at his elbows and dark wash jeans. I swear he looks a million times more relaxed off the clock than he does on, especially after he takes a seat and spots me.

Walking over, I offer him my first real smile of the night and place the menu down in front of him. I make sure to put it drink side up so he doesn't think I'm implying anything, and then brace my arms on the bar top. "You couldn't stay away from the shithole, huh?"

"This shithole could burn to the ground right now and I wouldn't blink," he says calmly. "It's you I can't stay away from, Isla."

My heart jumps into my throat as he slowly flips the menu over and points at something very specific without ever taking his eyes off me.

He wants to eat me out right here on the bar.

Fuck. The way my body responds to that should be illegal. "Kaz," I whisper, trying hard to focus on my breathing so it stays normal. "We can't." Yet I'm stepping closer, surrounding myself in his scent, his cologne, him. "Zoe."

"Who?" he asks, pulling his wallet out and slapping a thousand dollars cash next to the menu. "Get your ass up on this bar and spread your legs for me, Isla. You're going to come on my tongue until you think you can't possibly give me another one, and then you're gonna do it again."

His words make me whimper — fucking whimper — and all it takes is one look into his ice-blue eyes to know he heard it. I'm fucked... but I'm also climbing onto the damn bar. I can't stop the movements. "What if she finds out?"

“What if *who* finds out?” he responds, almost glaring at me from under long, dark lashes. It hits me then that he took a pay cut coming here and can’t afford to spend this kind of money, and yet he is... and to get *me* off, not himself.

“Kaz.” This time it comes out more like a moan than anything and he hasn’t even touched me. “I’ll be good for you.”

The words leave my lips before I can stop them, giving him all the permission he needs to tug me to the edge of the bar and slowly slide my g-string off. Reverently, he stares between my parted thighs. “How many orgasms have you had tonight, Isla?”

“Two,” I breathe, then admit something I shouldn’t admit. “They’re harder to have when you’re not here.”

His shoulders relax as he ghosts his lips over my leg. “Good girl. And how many people have touched you tonight?”

“Five.” This is wrong, so wrong, and yet it feels better than anything right. “Five, Kaz.”

“Justin!” he calls, sliding off his barstool and hooking his arms under my thighs. “Get this gorgeous girl some water. She’s gonna need it.”

His eyes flash as he leans in and licks a long, thick line up my pussy and bites it hard enough to make me yelp, but the way his hot tongue feels against my clit as the pain radiates through me feels fucking incredible.

“Oh, fuck,” I moan, flames licking their way up my spine at how fucking good it feels to get something I’ve wanted for a long time. “Baby.”

My fingers rake into his dark, messy hair as he pins me to the bar and licks me like he’s doing it for his own pleasure, not mine. Like he’s been dying for this just as much as I have.

The noises I release have multiple heads turning our way, many of them continuing to stare as I try to grind myself against his mouth. He’s so strong, so fucking strong, and he rips my first orgasm from me like it belongs to him.

I cry his name, ignoring the sound of a glass being set next to me and Justin’s entertained, “Holy fuck” as I ride the best orgasm I’ve ever had and tug hard on Kaz’s hair.

“That’s it, baby girl,” he growls, spitting on my pussy and watching it drip down. “Count them out for me.”

“O-One,” I mumble, hips grinding for more of him. “Please.”

“There she is. Take a deep fuckin’ breath, baby girl. We’re about to show this whole bar what your body is truly capable of.”

He doesn't stop after that. Not for a second, not to take a breath, not to rest his tongue, not even to adjust his grip. Kaz keeps me pinned so tightly that there's no escape from his tongue, from the pleasure, as I scream out two, three, four.

He doesn't care that my legs are trembling, that there's tears running down my face and my body is so strung out. I need him to fuck me. "Kaz!"

I slump back on the bar-top not caring how dirty it probably is, squeezing my breasts as my legs wrap around him and try to tug him in. *Come on, Daddy Kaz. Fuck me right here.*

"More," is all he commands, sucking my swollen, sensitive clit between his teeth until I'm screaming and choking out the number five.

"Oh my g— I c-can't —" Even talk, apparently.

My mascara is running down my face, but I know that's exactly what he wants to see when he finally looks up at me with a wicked, satisfied grin. "More."

Every single person inside Club Deviant is crowded around us and I know that, but they're all blurry, faceless blobs compared to him as he takes me past the point of reason.

"Kaz," I whine, my hips twitching with every breath I feel against my pussy. "Fuck me."

"When will it be someone else's turn?" a guy asks to his left, his hand pressing down on the bulge in his slacks as he stares at my tits. "Come on, man. I love it when they're messy."

"You heard her," he snaps. "She wants me, so back the fuck off. This is the only warning I'm giving you. Be lucky you're even getting that."

Nicky waltzes up with his little black book in his hand. "You got what you paid for, Koren. She's still on the clock."

Desperate, Kaz looks to me like I might be able to do something here, but Nicky's right. I'm on the clock, I can't just drop everything and stay with him, and he's already dropped too much money for this. Plus, I realize then that I don't want Kaz to pay to fuck me or pay for me at all. I want to give myself to him. "It's okay, Kaz. I-I have to keep working."

Fuck, how am I even going to walk?

"Fine," he mutters, standing to his full height and wiping my cum off his chin. "Drink your water, Isla."

The world seems to turn cold as he turns and shoulder-checks the guy who gets me next, and all of us hear the sound of shattering glass the moment

Kaz makes it into the bathroom.

“Shit,” I breathe, but that man is on me, diving in for a meal that isn’t his as he shoves cash at Nicky. It’s not what I want, need or crave, and I end up faking an orgasm for him so at least he walks away feeling accomplished.

I hate it.

All I can think about is Kaz and how he just made me feel. Nothing has ever compared to that high, but with how he walked away, I almost feel like I’m dropping.

Not that there’s anything I can do about it. This is my job.

Eight

Kaz

Blood drips down onto my palm as I catch a glimpse of my reflection in the broken glass. I look feral, unhinged. Every inch the psychopath I really am. I fucking hate it. It makes my teeth gnash and my dopamine levels plummet. I've worked so hard to keep the beast at bay for her, and where did it leave me? Standing in the bathroom of some shitty fucking sex club, slamming my fist into an already-shattered mirror again and again until my knuckles are so torn open, I can see bone.

What fucking right did she have to deny me like that? What right did that human shitstain have to cut into my time with her, to take her from me? I should show him what happens when people touch my fucking toys. I should show Nicky exactly who he hired, and exactly what *my* body is capable of.

I don't feel pain when I get like this. It's buried too far under the anger, the disappointment, the fucking bloodlust. The urge to walk out there and take her is so fucking strong it crawls up my spine like a snake, burrowing into my brain and eating it's own goddamn tail. I can't. I have to. She'll never forgive me. *I don't fucking care.*

She doesn't need to forgive me to bend to my will. She doesn't need to love me to bleed, to cry, to spread her fucking legs and give me what I'm owed. I can love her hard enough for both of us.

Gasping, I shove my jeans below my ass and coat my cock with the blood soaking my hand. In the single sliver of glass still clinging to the mirror frame, I focus on the way her cum looks on my jaw. Shiny and wet, so, so fucking wet. It tastes like heaven and smells even better as I picture the ways I'll punish her for this, all the ways I'll make her beg for mercy.

Maybe I'll gather up this broken mirror and make her kneel on the shards as I facefuck her until her heart gives out. Bend her over my knee and spank her until her body goes into shock and her mind breaks, even if it takes me fucking days to get her there. Cut her once for every man she's ever let touch her, every time she teased me. Better yet, maybe I'll carve my name into her skin over and over again until there isn't a single part of her body that doesn't know who I am.

Fuck, I could do this again with her blood instead of my own. It's so hot, so slick as I fuck my fist that it's hard to stay upright, hard to stay sane. It should be her. *It should be fucking her.*

"Isla, you fucking whore," I growl, realizing that my hand will never be good enough again. I'm ruined and I haven't even had her the way I deserve to yet. "Open your fucking mouth."

She's not here, but as I close my eyes, I can picture the way she'd drop down and slide her tongue out for me, just like she did when I fed her that lemon drop. The cum that shoots out of me doesn't land in the sink, it lands all over her gorgeous face, ruining her hair and smearing her makeup. My whore, my Isla.

My weakness.

That's what she is. A weakness, a sickness inside of me that's trying to change me. Trying to temper me. Trying to make me soft when there's nothing but dead, empty space inside my chest. Huffing, I clean up the mess I made and wrap a paper towel around my ruined hand.

I've wasted too much time playing nice with her.

She's in my world now, trapped in my web, and it's time I stopped letting her forget it.

Nine

Isla

By the time I'm off the clock, I've officially dropped. Not to the point where I'm crying or anything, but to the point where even putting one foot in front of the other feels like a chore, and my chest feels like there's a weight on it.

I just want to go home and hide under my comforter for the next day, but I know I have to find Kaz. I didn't see him leave, but as I search every room in the back and can't find him, I know he must have slipped out.

He left.

Did I expect something different? Yes.

Should I have? No.

He wanted more just like I did, and although I never meant to hurt him, I know he took what happened as rejection. I saw it on his face. I had to work, though. He has to understand that. Fuck, I just want to go home.

I'm so lost in my head I don't even see Crystal until we're colliding in the dressing room doorway, and with one look at me, she can see something is wrong. "I'm beat. Are you off now too?" I deflect, slumping a little when I see the questions all over her face.

"Yeah. Are you okay? Tonight was... intense. Do you want me to drive you home?"

I don't, I want to go home so I can be in my feelings all alone, but I know that isn't healthy. I can trust her. "I can drive, but do you think you can come over? Intense doesn't even cover it. I need to whine with some wine in my hand."

"Of course. Just give me a few to get changed and I'll be there."

We split off to put some real clothes on, and it isn't until I'm parking at my house that I realize I didn't even listen to music on the drive. Crystal isn't here yet, so I make a bad decision and send Kaz a text before I go inside.

Me: *You okay?*

Kaz: *Of course. You were great tonight, Isla. Well worth the money. Worth the money.*

Right, because this is my damn job. Why do I constantly have to remind myself of that around him?

I don't respond, instead I go inside and pop the cork on a brand new bottle of Moscato and walk straight past the glasses to drink from the source. "You were great tonight, Isla," I mock to myself in a horrible Kaz impression. "Such a good little whore, aren't you?"

I release a frustrated groan at myself just as Crystal walks in, so I hand her the bottle so we can share. "I'm going to hell, aren't I?"

"He's going to hell," she corrects. "You're not the one who initiated that mess."

Well, if he's going, I want to go too. That's how broken I am. "I think it was very obvious I've been wanting it," I admit, and fuck, it feels good.

"Maybe. But you're single, so what's wrong with that?" She drinks, handing the bottle back to me. "Was he good, at least?"

Just thinking about it makes me groan and fall onto the couch with a thump. "Good doesn't even cover him. I'm pretty sure he's the best on the damn planet, and I will die on that hill."

"Yeah, I'm jealous as hell," she laments, flopping down next to me. "You should call him and invite him over."

"You're a bad influence," I say with a chuckle, the wine already doing its job. "Fuck, I want to. How the hell is he so hot?"

"I don't know. Do you guys... have feelings for each other?"

That I shy away from. The answer should be no, but nothing is that simple between us. I feel it. "I'm sure I'm just taboo for him." It's a lie, not even my expression is convincing, but I cannot admit that I've fallen for Zoe's boyfriend.

"That was the biggest cop out answer I've ever heard in my whole life," she groans. "Be honest with me, Isla. There's no one around."

But it *feels* like someone is around. I feel eyes on me. Dark, intense eyes watching my every move, and I know it's my paranoia, but it makes me so feel exposed I respond in a whisper. "I hate that he's with her, Crystal. I fucking hate it."

"I think he hates it, too. He busted the hell out of the mirror in the bathroom when he couldn't have you, and I've never once heard him mention that Zoe exists."

"Then why the hell stay with her?" Like she can answer me. No one can but him. "If he doesn't even talk about her and is willing to break a mirror over me, why are they a couple and not us? She made him leave a job he loved and he still stayed. He has to love her."

Crystal frowns, handing me the bottle back. “I don’t know. Maybe he’s afraid he’ll hurt her for no reason if you don’t feel the same? Or maybe he’s just a dick, I don’t know. Men suck. He’s probably just hanging onto Zoe because she lets him fuck around.”

It shouldn’t, but that makes me feel like absolute shit. “That makes sense, actually. I wouldn’t... I can’t stand the thought of her touching him and it’s her man. He’s not mine so if he was... he’d probably hate me.”

I drink a little heavier that time, side-eyeing my phone like the demon it is. *Well worth the money.* Fuck.

“Why can’t guys just be happy with one chick?” she asks. “It’s ridiculous. Ethical non-monogamy is fine, but I don’t think that’s what this is. Call him out on his bullshit.”

“Maybe.” I won’t. If I call him out and he ends all of it, I won’t be okay. I need the scraps he’s able to give me, and I know that makes me an asshole. I know that. “I don’t know. They have an arrangement, so maybe this just works for them.”

She doesn’t look like she has a clue what to say now, so I stand with a sigh. “Thanks for letting me vent. I think I need to sleep it off. I’m emotional for no reason and I shouldn’t be.” Because I’m dropping. Ugh. “You wanna stay the night?”

I hate that I really hope she says no. I want to be alo—no, I want to be with Kaz, but seeing as that isn’t possible, I want to be alone.

Crystal must see it written all over my face, because she shakes her head. “No, I should head home. You get some rest and I’ll see you tomorrow, okay? I’ll come check on you in the morning.”

“Okay. Thanks girl.”

I give her a hug and lock up the house, then leave the bottle on the counter so I can just go to bed. I’m glad I showered at work.

The second I shove my bedroom door open though a scream catches in my throat at the sight of a huge man laying on my bed. “Kaz! What the fuck?”

He looks at me all innocently as he scrolls through TikTok on his phone. “Oh, hey. Did you eat yet? I’m starving.”

Have I... what? “Food? You’re asking me about food? How’d you even get in here?” Was my door locked? I could have sworn I used my key to unlock it.

“I made a copy of your key ages ago. I’ll take your avoidance as a no, so do you have food in your kitchen or should I order in?”

I don’t know whether to latch onto the key thing or the fact that he’s acting like all of this is completely normal, so I latch onto the only thing I can. Fucking food. “I haven’t gone shopping.”

“Go take a bath then and I’ll have food here when you get out,” he says, rolling off my bed and raising up to his full, intimidating height. “You walked out on me earlier, Isla. Humor me.”

I had to, I think to myself, the argument feeling weaker and weaker every time it crosses my mind. “Okay, fine... bossy.”

“Good girl. Go on.”

Fuck. I feel a shiver travel up my spine at his words, and move past him to pick some comfortable clothes. I go with Halloween themed pajama pants and a black tank top, then take my time in the bath like if I soak long enough all the negative energy in my body will float away.

It doesn’t, and somehow I know it’s because I’m not with Kaz. It doesn’t matter that he snuck into my house or that he’s Zoe’s boyfriend, I feel that magnetic pull to him stronger tonight than ever before.

So I don’t fight it.

As soon as I’m done putting my lotion on, I tie my hair up in a messy bun, get dressed, and make my way downstairs to be close to him.

He’s sitting on my couch with a box of pizza next to him and popcorn in his lap. “Do you feel better?” he asks.

I nod, moving in to grab a slice and sitting so close our legs touch. “Thank you.”

“No problem. Eat up, I threw some ice cream in the fridge so it’ll melt just the way you like.” His eyes flick back to the tv as he uses a bandaged hand to shovel popcorn into his mouth, and I reach out to run my thumb along his knuckles gently without commenting on it. There’s nothing for us to say about it anyway.

Still, the dark clouds above my head are slowly receding. “So aren’t you going to tell me how hot my hair is right now?” It’s a joke, but I don’t even manage to crack a real smile as our gazes meet. “You’ve never seen me not dolled up.”

“Oh, I’m watching you a lot more often than you think I am, Isla. Disheveled is a good look for you.”

I snort, taking the compliment and finally digging in on the pizza I've been holding. It's so good I eat two more slices before I look up from my food again and I find Kaz watching me. "What?"

"Nothing," he says with a soft shake of his head. "Sometimes I forget just how beautiful you really are."

My breath catches in my throat, a blush reddening my cheeks, as I try and fail to look away. "Oh." Oh? Fucking oh? Is that all I have to say? "Can I suck you off?"

Fuck, I should have stuck with the stupid, lame *oh*.

"If it's just because you think you owe me for earlier, then no. I came here to take care of you, not take more from you."

"You feel like you took from me?" I ask curiously, taking the glass of water he hands me without argument.

"I do. You were clearly uncomfortable at first and it seemed like your body was done around the third orgasm, but I never knew when to quit." His cold blue eyes meet mine. "I'd have kept going if hadn't been... removed."

I drink the water to buy me a few seconds. "Would you have done it?" I set it aside and meet his gaze again. "Would you have fucked me when I asked?"

"Yes. But you'd have lost your tips for the rest of the night, because I'd have thrown you over my shoulder and carried you out of there afterward."

So protective. Even with everything, it still makes me smile. "I didn't get many after anyway. I think it was obvious I didn't want to be there."

"Maybe some of them were scared of me," he smirks playfully.

"All of them are scared of you," I say with a chuckle. "The only ones that aren't are the ones who haven't seen you yet." My eyes drop to the scar on his cheek and I fight the urge to reach out and touch it, even as it makes his eyes darken.

"Are you scared of me, Isla?"

I shake my head. "How can I be? All you've ever done is protect me."

His whole body relaxes. "Good. Are you done eating?"

"Well... you said something about ice cream?"

"I did. Hold on." He pushes up and heads to the fridge, bringing back a pint of moose tracks melted just enough to be perfect.

"You're amazing." I'm suddenly smiling, and I'm desperate to hang onto the ability now that it's returned. In fact, I'm so desperate I slowly lean my

head against his arm while we watch tv just so I can feel closer and pretend he's mine. "Want a bite?"

"Oh, um... I've never had any. Maybe not."

"What? It's the best ice cream that exists," I argue, sitting up straighter to spoon him a bite. "Open up."

Skeptically, he parts his lips and slides that sinful tongue out, his eyes never leaving mine as I bring a bite to his lips and watch him close his mouth around my spoon. There's nothing overtly sexual about it, but it still makes my legs clench and my breathing quicken. "It's good, huh? Vanilla, peanut butter cups, fudge stripes. You can taste it all together, can't you?"

"It's good," he agrees, gripping my hips. "But it's still the second best thing I've tasted today."

My laugh is genuine, as is my smile, and I can't stop my gaze from dropping to his lips and wondering how they would feel on mine. "Oh yeah? Really liked that popcorn, huh?"

"Nah, it was the pizza actually," he teases. "That sauce was fuckin' perfect."

"Right," I agree, scooping a bite for myself before feeding him another. "You might have to bring me that pizza every week."

Preferably after you give me multiple orgasms again.

"I can do that. But Isla, seriously," he says softly, gripping my chin to draw my gaze to his. "You know it was you, right? Your pussy might be the best thing I've ever tasted in my life."

I did, but the intensity of his attention makes me feel so heavy, I can't do anything but nod.

"Good girl. Did you come for anyone after me?"

I immediately shake my head. "No. I don't think I ever will again."

I try to laugh it off, but all that comes out is a huff.

"Maybe you won't. But you need sleep now, and I'm not accepting arguments. Go to bed."

"Yes, bossy," I joke, but my smile fades instantly when I realize that means tonight has come to an end. "Wait, will you stay? I mean... just until I fall asleep? Please."

His thumb brushes my bottom lip. "Of course. Go get in bed and I'll be up after I clean this mess up."

It feels weird being taken care of when I've always taken care of myself. My mom has always been a nice woman, but she's so wrapped up in her own

bubble that I've been an afterthought for her my entire life. I learned how to make my own lunches by eight, and by twelve I was cooking dinner for us both. I've never truly given that part of me up, not for any man, but here with Kaz, I don't seem to mind it at all.

It's almost freeing.

I hand the reins over to him for tonight and do as I'm told, brushing my teeth quickly and climbing into bed to wait for him with a lazy grin on my face. He doesn't leave me hanging long before he's shutting off my lights and joining me. It's surreal the way his arms cage me in, the way it feels like this is where I was supposed to be all along. He might not be mine, but right now? It really feels like he is. I think I'll let myself believe it for a little while.

Ten

Kaz

“Let’s just get this over with,” I mumble, walking up behind Zoe as she rambles on about something I don’t care about. All I know is that in three minutes, I’ll be sitting next to Isla in front of her shitty family and trying not to take her right there. “Isla will be here, right?”

“I don’t know. Last time she ran out lying about having to work, but she’s not fooling me. She just doesn’t like us.”

She tosses her hair like she doesn’t care how her sister feels, which yet again brings up fantasies of snapping her neck and using her bones as Halloween decorations. It grates on my nerves and bleeds through me like a fucking sickness, but one that vanishes entirely when I walk inside and see Isla helping her mom prepare a salad.

God, she’s so fucking stunning she makes me forget everything else.

She doesn’t notice our entrance for a moment, and in that time, I get to unabashedly stare at her as she smiles freely. I know it’s because Colson isn’t in the room, and once she sees him or Zoe, it will melt away. She’s wearing a jean skirt and fishnets, her feet bare as she lifts onto her toes to make sure she’s mixing the contents well. The black blouse she’s wearing is almost modest, the buttons between her cleavage done to try and keep Colson’s eyes off of her, and the pigtails she has laying on her shoulders only makes me want to protect her more.

“Can’t say hi?” Zoe, clips, snapping my girl out of her peaceful moment so abruptly she falls to the heels of her feet and loses her smile.

“Shit, I didn’t hear you. Hey.” Her green eyes flick to me, and for a second I keep her trapped there, but only for a second.

“You were really focused on that salad. Too bad you didn’t have that level of focus in community college, huh?”

Jesus Christ, I’m about to go to jail. “Don’t be a cunt, Zoe. You graduated from a four-year university and still have to resort to annoying every human being you’ve ever met to get them to buy into your latest pyramid scheme. I’m sure Isla laments not graduating while she languishes in the three-story house she paid off already and the brand new BMW she drives. It must feel

like a downgrade compared to your shitty apartment and ten-year-old fuckin' Kia Rio. Apologize to her."

All three of their jaws are on the floor, but it's Zoe who recovers first as her mom goes back to preparing dinner and pretending she can't hear. "What the fuck, Kaz? That isn't funny. It's mean." She tosses Isla a narrowed gaze like it's her fault. "You know I was joking, right, sis?"

Isla is still staring at me, and even though she nods her head to placate Zoe I can see the thankfulness in her eyes. No one here stands up for her. No one.

Three heads are better than one, but something tells me she might not appreciate me killing her whole family. "That wasn't an apology, Zoe. Try again."

Zoe groans, crossing her arms as she turns beet red. "You're an asshole. Whatever, sorry I made a damn joke, Isla."

"It's fine," she rushes out, clearing her throat. "It's okay, Kaz. Thank you."

"Thank you? Why are you thanking him?"

Man, she really wants to die.

"He was just being nice to me, Zoe. Let it go."

"What's going on in here?" If there's anything to get Isla to shut down faster, it's Colson's voice. I'm ready to grab her and just walk out when I see the predatory look on his face, but fuck it. Let him try something. I'm in the mood to play.

"What's happening is your daughter is a spoiled little shit who thinks the sun shines out of her ass. I'm starting to think you should've spanked her more as a child, Colson."

The guy laughs — fucking *laughs* — like nothing is wrong and walks around me to enter the kitchen. I see Isla stop what she's doing immediately, but she doesn't try to leave. She just freezes there.

"I spanked both of these girls plenty."

My blood runs cold. The thought of him touching Isla like that ever under any circumstances is enough to have me clenching my fist so tight, my knuckles bleed through the bandage. "She was never yours to punish."

"Oh, shit. Kaz." Isla rushes over to take my bandaged hand. "Mom, is the first aid kit still in the guest bathroom?"

"He's fine. He's just in a bad mood and now look what happened," Zoe mutters. "Whatever, I'm hungry."

Isla tugs me back there the second her mother nods at us, and she doesn't speak again until we're alone. "Kaz, breathe with me."

"I can't," I growl. "Is he fucking serious? Did he touch you?"

Her slender hands cradle my face, forcing me to meet her panicked eyes. "It was a long time ago," she breathes. "My mom told him to stop and he did. Please stay with me."

God, how can I be angry when she's looking at me like this? Somehow she always manages to soothe the monster inside me. "I'm here," I breathe, turning my face to kiss her palm. "I just hate the way they treat you."

"I know," she responds sadly. "I don't have to deal with it much, and this means so much to my mom. She's the only reason I'm here. She really wants this happy family we can never have. I feel bad for her."

"Maybe she should've chosen a better husband then. If she knew half the shit he does at the club..."

Isla's gaze drops to my hand so she can unwrap it. "I don't want to hurt her. She's always been more fragile than me."

"That's not saying much. You're the strongest woman I've ever met."

She blushes, stepping in closer to pull the kit down from a cupboard. "And you're the strongest man I've ever met. That mirror never stood a chance."

Shit. "You know about that, huh? Who ratted me out?" Besides Crystal, because I was laying on your bed watching you two gossip about me on the video feed. "I bet it was Justin."

"My ears actually," she chuckles. "And Crystal and Justin. No one ratted you out to Nicky though. Justin said he saw a customer run out bleeding and he bought it."

Well I'll be damned. "I guess I should be nicer to him, huh?"

"Maybe." Dabbing up the blood, she meets my gaze. "What's your best friend's name?"

"Uh..." Hell. I wasn't expecting this. "Drake. Drake Rhodes."

"So you *do* have a best friend? I've always wondered... you're not nice to many people, are you?"

"You wound me, Isla," I deadpan, but she's not wrong. I hate nearly everyone and Drake's more of a close acquaintance than a best friend, but I had to give her something. "But yeah, I guess I have one."

Gently, her hand touches my face. "You're nice to me."

"Are you guys almost done?"

Zoe's voice is getting closer, making me want to shut the door and lock us in here forever. Anything to keep the rest of them away. "Yeah, we're coming," I yell.

She peeks her head in and glances down at our hands, rolling her eyes and leaving when she sees Isla still hasn't wrapped me back up. "We're going to start with our salads, everyone is hungry."

Isla repeats her in a quiet, mocking tone and continues working like we weren't interrupted. "You seriously busted your knuckles, Kaz. I'm going to guess you didn't go to the hospital either, did you?"

"What are hospitals? Is that the place people go when they don't have any duct tape laying around?"

I love the snort that sneaks its way out of her. "You're ridiculous. Your wrap was really loose, you should just stop by when you need a new one so I can do it for you."

She moves it between my knuckles almost expertly, and it feels so damn good that I might have to consider punching mirrors more often. It seemed like an overreaction after the fact, but maybe not. "So I'll bring you ice cream and pizza and you'll change my bandages. Sounds like a date."

"Yes, a date." The second she finishes she brings my hand up to her lips and kisses it, whispering, "Thank you for being protective of me," before she turns and leaves the bathroom without a glance back.

But now like a bloodhound who caught a scent, I'm following her with the kind of hunger growing in my gut that isn't easily sated. I need to feel her, touch her, smell her. Taste her.

It takes all of my self control to keep my movements nonchalant as I pull her chair closer to mine at the table.

Zoe is going on and on about her upcoming reunion as usual, their mom caught in her web and giving her all of her attention, but Colson's attention is on us. His eyes flick between Isla and me multiple times before he smirks and goes right back to his meal, making me wonder if he was there that night and I just didn't know it.

Whatever. I'll make him pay one day. For now, I focus on the way Isla's thigh feels under my palm as I slowly slide my hand up under her skirt.

Her hand tightens around her fork when she takes a deep breath, leaning forward to play her part like she's still a part of their discussion, but I can see that I've got her.

Her legs spread a little more as I dip deeper to see how wet she really is for me. It coats my fingers and makes me shiver as Isla's mom asks me something I didn't catch. "Hm?" I ask, slipping one finger inside my girl. "Sorry, the food is delicious. I got a little distracted."

"Oh, thank you. I was worried since it's a new recip—"

"Mom. You asked him about the reunion," Zoe interrupts. "She asked if you know what you're wearing."

"Fucking hell," Isla breathes, and I can feel that she isn't talking to them. She's talking to me, about what I'm doing to her, and she's fucking enjoying it.

"Geez, it's just chicken, Isla. No need to orgasm over it."

"Zoe," Colson snaps. "That's inappropriate."

"Whatever. Do you know yet, Kaz? It's only a couple weeks away."

I'll be wearing your father's skin as a suit if he doesn't stay silent for the rest of his life, I think, curling my finger inside Isla as I shrug. "I haven't thought about it much."

Isla laughs, making Zoe's infuriated gaze snap to her immediately, but my girl doesn't care. She feels too good to care. Her laugh is sultry, traveling straight to my cock, but before I can make her moan she speaks. "Do you ever talk about anything else?" she snaps, surprising even me. "It's all you've talked about for six months, give it a fucking rest."

"Excuse me? What is wrong with the two of you tonight?" Zoe snaps.

"Nothing," I respond, pulling my fingers out to focus on her clit again. But I need more. With every eye on me, I bring my fingers up to my mouth and lick them clean. "Isla, will you help me in the kitchen? I probably shouldn't get the bandage wet."

She releases a breath and stands. "Yeah, of course."

"We're not waiting to eat because she fucked up your wrap. We'll talk about everything later, Kaz."

Zoe turns back to her food with a scowl, and Isla follows behind me so closely I can hear her shallow breathing. I know that what I'm about to do could ruin the long game I've been playing, but I don't care. I need to have her, and I can't get her off with a bum hand under a table. I'll have to make it quick, though.

Whirling around, I back her against the counter and drop to my knees, pulling one of her legs over my shoulder. "Take a deep breath, baby girl. Don't make a sound."

Disappearing under her skirt, I slip her panties to the side and huff with satisfaction as my tongue drags over her messy, slick cunt. Fuck, everything about her sates me.

She proves to be a good girl, a nearly silent whimper leaving her lips as her fingers rake through my hair and she tugs so lightly I know she doesn't want me to stop.

I feel her clit respond to me instantly as I slip a finger inside her and curl it toward me, coaxing her closer to the edge. Come on, baby girl. Come all over my tongue while your family eats in the next room.

"Kaz," she whispers, grinding herself against me as she nears the edge so quickly I know she needed this as much as I did.

She comes a moment later, a shuddering breath leaving her as her leg pins me against her pussy, and she reaches back to brace on the counter for purchase.

Standing, I lick the mess off my lips and pull her into a hug. "You're a good girl, Isla. Thank you for that."

"Thank you." Her arms cling to me like she's never been hugged before, making it hard to let go.

But I have to.

"Go finish your dinner."

"Yes, Daddy," she whispers, kissing my cheek before she pulls back with her thumb between her teeth. "I'm gonna taste you too one day."

Her hand ghosts along mine before she walks back to the dining room, leaving me standing there with my jaw slack.

No one's ever given me an honorific before and I've never asked to be called one, either. I never thought I deserved it.

So why did her saying that make me so fucking weak?

I don't know what it is about this woman that has me so utterly fucked, but as I stand in front of a wall of monitors to track her movements, I realize I've never been in this deep before. Jealousy, possession, and a guttural need to make her mine in irrevocable ways settles deep in my gut as I watch her car pull into her garage. She's so cute as she shuts the engine off and tosses her keys in her purse.

Long hair sweeping over her shoulder, she gets out and looks around the space like she's expecting someone to jump out at her. Yes, baby girl.

Someone's watching you. Someone with thoughts as dark as you fear.

Go inside.

My gaze darts over the next two monitors as she makes her way to the kitchen to get herself some water. I don't have audio in that room yet, but I can see by the movement of her full lips and the slight sway of her body that she's singing to herself, and I desperately want to know what song it is. I should've been more thorough.

I just need a night where she works and I don't so I can finish what I started. Almost every inch of her house is covered by my cameras, but I only have audio in her bedroom and the corner of her living room where she sits most often. It's not close enough to pick her up here. Fuck.

"Come on, Isla," I encourage quietly. "Be a good girl and go to bed. Show me you're safe and all alone, and I'll let you have some peace."

But she doesn't. For the next hour, I'm forced to watch her as she paces from room to room like she's nervous. The more she does it, the more I wonder if I crossed a line tonight at dinner. That can't be right. She wanted it, I could feel it. I could smell it, taste it.

So what is it?

I think I'm about to get an answer when she pulls out her phone to make a call and mine immediately rings. I pick it up without taking my eyes off of her. "What's wrong?" I ask, stepping closer to the screens.

"You're an asshole, that's what's wrong."

It takes my brain a second to register that it's not Isla on the line, it's fucking Zoe.

Jesus Christ. Like I give a shit what's wrong with her. "I'm busy. If you've got a point, get to it."

And if Isla isn't talking to me, who the fuck is she talking to?

"The point is you're a dick and I want to know why. What the hell was that earlier? You never defend me like you defend that little whore. You're supposed to take my side, and if you bail on me for this reunion, I'm gonna kick your ass."

That has my attention — and my laughter. I'd love to see her try. "Zoe, get over yourself. You're jealous of Isla because she's everything you're not. She's warm and kind, gorgeous, and has her shit together. You're a mess in a dress who is so desperate for attention, you drive everyone away."

Angry, stunned silence.

"Then why the fuck are you with me then, huh?"

Because I needed to make sure I had a way to stay close to her if one of us quit Club Deviant. Before that, it was because I knew I couldn't knock her up and being in a long-term relationship helped hide what a fucking psychopath I am. But now? I've got Isla right where I want her, and the longer I stay with Zoe, the more I'll end up hurting Isla.

I can't let that happen.

But who the fuck is she talking to?

"Good question," I growl, watching Isla move from the kitchen up the stairs and head toward her bedroom. I'm finally about to have audio, so I need to get this bitch off the phone. "I don't want to be with you anymore. Have a nice life."

As I go to hang up, I hear a string of "fuck you, Kaz" and "you've got to be fucking kidding me" and some other shit I barely listen to, but I think she got the message. Chucking my phone behind me, I turn all my attention on my girl — the one I truly want.

"Okay, bye. Thanks for talking to me," she says, hanging up her own phone and staring down at it as she bites her lip. It fucking kills me not knowing who it was, but then I remember that cameras aren't the only thing I installed.

Leaving her for a moment, I grab my laptop to check her phone's history and keystrokes, then relax when I see she was just talking to Crystal. She's annoying, sure, but she's good people. Not someone I need to worry about.

But unfortunately for my girl, all that did was make it impossible for me to stay away from her tonight. I'm finally free, and the fucking voices in my head reminding me that I just cut the anchor tying me to her won't let me rest until I've officially made her mine.

I'm not fucking this up.

Eleven

Isla

I can't sleep.

All I can do is stare up at nothing and think about how it felt to have Kaz's hands and tongue on me earlier tonight. It was fucking bliss, and if he doesn't fuck me soon, I might lose my mind.

I need to feel him fill me, need to hear him moan and throb as we fall apart together. "Fuck," I breathe, my room feeling darker than it usually does, my bed colder, lonelier. It doesn't stop me from reaching under the comforter to press against my clit. I don't think anything can, but even as I move my fingers exactly how I love, it isn't what I need. I need him. "Kaz," I moan, wishing with all of me that he could hear my call.

Five minutes pass.

Ten.

It's just enough to have me slumping down in defeat, because no matter how good I can make myself feel, I need it to be him. I need it to be him so fucking desperately that when I hear my door open, I don't panic... *I hope*. I'm losing my mind. I should hide, I should lunge for my door and lock it so I can call the police and tell them someone is breaking into my house — but I don't.

I just lay there.

I just wait.

His footsteps get louder as he climbs the stairs. Thump, thump, thump, until the sound is echoed by my heartbeat and the door is swinging open.

Unsurprisingly, it's him. Tall, hungry, and hands balled into fists, he climbs up on my bed and forces my legs apart. "Were you touching yourself, Isla?"

"I—" How the hell did he know? Maybe there's some sort of signal my body sends to him when I'm aroused. "Yeah, a little bit. I stopped. I couldn't come... Daddy."

Humming low, he slips two fingers inside of me and holds them still. "So come, then. Use my fingers."

"No," I contend, fear prickling up my spine at how quickly his eyes darken. "I just mean... I want to use your cock. I can't take it anymore."

“Do you think I came here without the intention to fuck you through the mattress?” he asks. “You need to orgasm at least once before you take me.”

Fuck, he’s that big? My gaze drops down, desperate to see for myself, but I know better than to argue this time. “Okay. I trust you, Kaz.”

“You shouldn’t.”

That’s all I get before he splays his palm across my pelvis to hold me down and fingers me like he doesn’t care if I want to come or not, he’s going to make me do it anyway.

My nails dig into his forearm, our eyes locked together as I watch him stare at me unblinkingly. I can see the beast in him through those icy blues, the one he’s warned me about, the one he’s telling me not to trust. “I do,” I repeat, refusing to back down and disrupting the sound of my heavy breathing and him fingering my dripping pussy. “I trust you. With all of me.”

My back arches in pleasure as he curls his fingers faster, rougher. “I’m a fucking sadist, Isla. Don’t tell me you trust me when you have no idea what I’m really capable of.”

“Then show me,” I groan, the intense look in his eyes sending me spiraling into my first orgasm. Even with my eyes wide open, I don’t see the slap coming.

“There’s nothing holding me back now, Isla. I dumped your bitch of a stepsister earlier. She was never the one I wanted.”

The slap makes my toes curl, and those words feel so damn good I don’t care how fucked up it makes me. “You left her?” Butterflies flutter around my stomach at how he’s still watching me. “It was never her?”

“It was always you, Isla.” Rough fingers cage my nipple and pinch until I gasp. “Think about it. Have I ever defended her, protected her, even been nice to her in your presence?”

I shake my head because no, he’s never even looked at her like he liked her, but that doesn’t change the fact that they were together all this time.

“Why now?”

“Because I can’t go another day without having you. I can’t go another night having to pretend I don’t want to fucking smother her when she was only ever a means to an end. I was trying to wait until I was sure you wouldn’t run from me, but fuck that. I just won’t let you.”

His lips crash to mine as he grips my thigh and squeezes hard enough to bruise. The entire world erases with just a touch. He doesn’t want her, he

wants me, and whether I've ever wanted to admit it or not, I knew this. I felt it with all of our encounters, and I forced myself not to think about it.

But there's no hiding from it now.

"Kaz," I breathe against his lips. "I've wanted you too."

He pulls back long enough to undress and give me my first real glimpse of his body. Scattered tattoos decorate chiseled abs and hard lines, but it's his cock that draws my attention. It's big enough to make my breath hitch, gorgeous, thick, and long with a slight curve to the right.

I want it in my throat so badly, I twist around before he can climb back on the bed to suck him in. "Just a taste."

When he slips between my lips, I feel the way it stretches my jaw and pushes me to my limit. I don't even have half of him inside my mouth yet and it's already almost too much, but something about the challenge and the way he's almost lovingly stroking my hair makes me want to be better.

"Greedy girl," he praises. "Go on, take a little more."

Greedy for you, yes. It feels so good to finally have him like this, to be under his control, and to show him I can take more, I let him slip into my throat and reach behind my back to interlock my fingers.

I'm completely at his mercy now.

"God damn," he hisses, keeping me upright with a tight fist in my hair. His cock throbs from the power I'm giving him as he draws back and snaps his hips, and every rough movement makes me gag. "You know what you're doing, huh?"

A broad hand slips under my throat and squeezes until I'm sure he can feel every drag of that thick cock and my eyes roll. I may let clients believe they have control, but I've never really given it. This feels... freeing.

Ruin me, Kaz.

His eyes darken as he pushes deeper, testing my limits in a way no one ever has before. I feel him filling my throat completely, threatening my grasp on reality, on my ability to breathe, on everything that isn't him.

"Don't move, baby girl," he whispers, voice wrecked with lust as he almost gently grinds against my face. "I just want to feel your tears."

Why is that hot?

Why does that make me feel closer to him than ever before?

I didn't even realize I was crying before he said it, and when those tears drip down my face and slide onto his cock, he lets out a strained grunt and

abruptly pulls out. “Fuck,” he growls, wiping them off my face and stroking his cock with them as his grip in my hair tightens. “Open your mouth.”

I do it immediately, needing him to see that I wasn’t all talk. I want him, crave him in every way, and if he tells me to do something while we’re in any sort of scene, I’ll do it. He has my trust, he has my submission.

And fuck me, do I want to taste this man’s cum.

“There she is,” he croons, swiping the slick tip of his cock over my wet cheek as his hand moves faster, more frantically. Shoulders tense and brows furrowed, he looks like he’s fighting it... and losing. One little flick of my tongue has him unraveling. “So fucking eager for it.”

It comes out in messy spurts, hot on my skin and just the right amount of salty on my tongue, like the little bit you lick up right before a shot of tequila.

Only this is better, more potent and addictive, making me lean in to suck the rest straight out of his cock before he can take his next breath.

“Such a good little whore for me. Go on, keep sucking.”

I moan, my clit throbbing and desperate between my legs as I suckle the head between my lips.

The slight little jerk of his hips and the gaspy little moan he lets out as he goes headlong from oversensitivity right back into pleasure floors me. There’s power in this. This man gets off on my tears and yet his pleasure is mine.

“Stand up,” he commands, tugging me off. The mattress dips under me as I get to my feet, unsure of where he’s going with this — and then he slides his arms under my thighs, lifts me up, and slams me back down onto the bed with his face buried between my thighs.

It takes my breath away. “Kaz!” I moan, my hands flying to his hair so I can hang on. “Fuck. That’s — god!”

I grind on his face as he curls two fingers inside of me, merciless in his pursuit. He’s been starving for me, and I’ve been completely parched for him. Drinking him in now feels a lot like drowning after a trek through the desert, and I hope he never lets me come up for air.

I can feel myself getting closer as he works me like he’s done this a million times before. “You taste so fucking good,” he rasps, kissing my clit before rubbing my g-spot and devouring me whole. Flashbacks to the club, to the endless orgasms and violence when he was robbed of me cloud my mind and shove me over with a loud cry that seems to echo its way back to me.

I try to tug his head up by his hair, but he doesn't move. He slaps my thigh, reaching up to pinch my nipple until I'm forced to let go and just take it.

"Kaz! I can't," I whimper, but I absolutely can and this devilish man knows it.

Spitting on my cunt, his fingers splay and twist inside me as he pins me down with a hungry gaze. "Put your arms above your head and keep your fucking legs spread."

God, the dominance in his voice makes me shiver. I knew he'd be good, but this is something else entirely. This is what I've always thought I'd never have, what I've dreamed about, but even better than that because it's real... it's him.

My arms fly above my head and grip my low headboard, my legs widening more for him as he smirks. "Hang on tight, baby girl. Daddy's just getting started."

Biting my thigh sharply enough to make me gasp, he marks my skin as he teases me with his fingers. They slow to a tantalizing rhythm as his teeth find my hip, my side. Each bite leaves imprints in its wake, and I fall for each and every one. He's claiming me in the most primal way possible, and I've never felt more free. "So good, Daddy. You marking me yours?"

"I'm making sure there isn't a single part of your body that doesn't know my name." He slides his fingers out and down, swiping over my ass and nudging one of them in to the first knuckle. "Not a single part."

The burn makes my toes curl and a hiss fight its way through my lips. Keeping my hands above my head proves difficult with how he's pulling me apart inch by inch, but I manage to listen by repeating a mantra in my head.

Be his good girl. Be his good girl.

It's easy enough until he's four fingers deep in my ass and sliding three back into my pussy.

He's going to kill me. Tears free fall down my face as hanging on becomes the biggest struggle of my life.

Be. His. Good. Girl.

I'm a sloppy mess already, thighs trembling as the blue in his eyes becomes almost completely overtaken by blown pupils. "It's okay, baby girl. Cry all you need to. You're so tough, aren't you? Putting up with pigs at work every day, fighting with your family. Holding down this house all by yourself. Release all that tension for me. Let it all out."

He stretches me further, four thick, dangerous fingers in each hole, and I let go. I release it all for him and stop holding back the sobs, and when I do that pain becomes pleasure. Kaz would never hurt me the way those pigs have, the way my family has, the way the world has. No, Kaz will only hurt me in ways that bring me pleasure. Admitting that — truly admitting it to myself — makes those sobs turn to moans, and it's that moment I know I really do trust him. With all of me.

“Fuck. Look at you,” he praises, pulling back just long enough to lube his hands and make an even bigger mess of me. “You're so fucking gorgeous, Isla. Do you want more?”

“Please,” I beg, the word coming out more growly than I intended. “All of you. Whatever you'll give me.”

“Then breathe. Follow me,” he commands, inhaling through his nose and exhaling slowly. “And grip that headboard a little tighter.”

I've never been so full in my entire life, and I don't believe I can hang onto this headboard any harder than I already am, but when he pushes his hand in more, I do it. I feel my nails screaming, but that pain is nothing compared to the pressure I feel inside my ass. “Oh god, Kaz.”

“You're okay. Ass just swallowed up my fist, baby girl.”

I know what he wants. I can see it in his eyes that he isn't done yet — that before he's through, he'll be trying to rip me in half. It already feels like he's succeeding. “I can't take any more. Your hands are so fucking big!”

How many times have I stared at those hands? Dreamed about the danger they've caused? Craved them all over my body?

Even now I can picture them clearly, the cuts on his knuckles, the wide palm I'd drool over while other men touched me. Fuck... I'm finally getting them. I can do this. I will be his good girl.

I feel my body relax for him as he works one finger, two, three into my pussy. The pressure is surreal as he slowly twists his hand in my ass, but I've never been so turned on in my life, and I think I'm in shock more than anything as he works his whole hand inside my cunt.

He doesn't move. He just sits there spearing me, drinking in the sight of my trembling thighs, tear-stained cheeks, and stretched holes. “Jesus Christ,” he whispers, barely audible over my own ragged breathing. “Isla, you're fucking incredible. No one... no one else could ever compare to you.”

His words are like a breath of fresh air, solidifying my resolve and strength to the point that I'm able to smile at him through the tears. “I told

you I trusted you.”

The admiration on his face makes me weak as he slowly twists his hands once and pulls them out, lifting my hips up to get a good look. “Such a fucking perfect girl. Breathe for me.”

It’s much easier now, my body feeling empty without him after being more full than I ever have before. “Please. Fuck me, Daddy.”

Licking the tears from my cheek, he slides inside of me and shudders from how wet I am. “Fuck. You’re better than I dreamed.”

“So are you,” I admit nails finding his back so I can leave my mark, too. “Fuck, even after your fist, you still feel so big.”

“You can take it, baby. You’re so strong,” he groans, kissing a line over my face and forcing himself deeper. “Just a little more.”

It feels so damn good to finally have him. I moan his name, my legs wrapping around him to keep him as close as I can, and when our bodies press together I know he’s going to make me come again. “Finally,” I whisper, gasping as he bites my shoulder hard enough to make me bleed.

Tasting it makes him feral, and for a moment, I can’t do anything but hang on as he takes me apart and when I feel myself teetering on the edge, I nearly forget to ask permission. “Kaz! Pl-please. Can I come?”

“Do it,” he growls. “Clench that messy cunt. Make a fucking mess of my cock, baby girl.”

His hand wraps tightly around my throat as he fucks me hard enough to crack the drywall behind my bed, and letting go is the sweetest kind of release I’ve ever felt. “Oh, fuck!”

I feel I’m about to squirt before it happens, my body shoving him out of me along with a mess of cum, and when he shoves back in, I lose my ability to breathe entirely.

He engulfs me fully, wrapping his arms under my body with long, deep thrusts and almost whimpered praises. “Good girl. Good fucking... girl.”

Sheathing himself inside me so deeply I can feel every twitch of his cock as he comes, Kaz kisses me fiercely.

The fact that he just came inside of me hits me like a gust of wind in a hurricane. I can’t breathe, can’t think, can’t do anything but hold on for dear life as we come down together. “Stay. Please.”

I hate how small my voice is, but he kisses me again to swallow the sound. “I’m not going anywhere, Isla. Try to kick me out.”

I breathe a laugh, melting into that kiss as his words settle inside of me. I don't know how long he plans on sticking to that, but I hope it's for a long time.

Twelve

Kaz

Aftercare isn't my specialty. Praise isn't either, to be fair, yet Isla pulled more of that out in me than I think I've ever given, and now I find myself wanting to take care of her.

I've got it bad.

She might think I was kidding about the whole "try to kick me out" thing, but I'm not. She's half my size, I'd like to see her try.

Carefully, I scoop her out of the bed and carry her to the bathroom, setting her down in the tub of hot water I drew for her and climb in behind her. "Can we talk about what happened?" I ask. "I realize that was a lot."

Her head falls back against my arm so she can look up at my chin. "Yeah. We can talk about it."

Something close to shame grips my chest for the first time in my life as I look down at her naked, bruised body. I can see my fingerprints everywhere, my teeth marks, the way she's trembling. She was fucking perfect for me and I took too much.

I always take too much.

"I..." Fuck. Now that she said yes, I don't know what to say. Thank you? I'm sorry? I hope you like my face, because I'm never letting you out of my sight again? "I'll be worse next time," I say instead, because it's true.

I held back for her.

"Worse?" she asks, her small hand reaching up to rest against my jaw. "Worse how?"

If only we were at my house instead of hers. I could take her downstairs and show her the cage, the restraints, the knives lining the walls. Then nearly surgical-grade cleanliness of the whole room, because the last thing I'd want is a pet getting an infection. I could show her the tapes I have of the things I've done. The trinkets I've kept from the men I've killed. Maybe then she'd understand.

But maybe then she'd hate me.

"I told you, Isla. I'm a sadist. I'm not... good."

"It felt good to me," she argues. "Did you not see what I did to my sheets?" Slowly, she turns around to move into my lap. "I like your pain."

It's crashing, the hope that floods through me. I always sensed she might be the one, but I had my doubts. Zoe was in the way, she'd never been with anyone like me, and there are so few masochists who fit the bill. There are plenty of emotional masochists, sure... and even ones who use pain to make themselves feel something other than numb. But the ones whose wires are crossed like mine, where pain is pleasure and pleasure is pain... they're rare.

Could she truly be one of them? And at this point, with the way she's looking at me right now, do I really care if she's not?

"You did make a mess of your sheets," I comment. "I'll change them before we go to bed."

"Mmhm." She touches my face again. "Did you want that as long as I have?"

"Longer," I rumble because I'm sure of it. "Since I first laid eyes on you."

"And when was that?" Her smile is so fucking adorable it hurts. "Was it the day we met?"

Ah, fuck. Licking my lips, I shake my head just enough to be noticeable. "Before that. It was the day Zoe first tried to get me to quit House Deviant. I came to the club to scope it out and see what it would really entail for me, and I saw you in one of the cages. You didn't notice me but you had me so hard I couldn't go home for an hour."

She chuckles, eyes flicking to my lips for the briefest of seconds. "Did you think of me when you fucked her?"

"Every single time after that, but I knew you'd be better. She's nothing compared to you, Isla."

Watching her pupils blow with that knowledge is captivating. "Does it make me fucked up that I like knowing you thought of me when you were inside her?"

"Maybe, but consider who you're talking to," I say as I curl a lock of her hair behind her ear. "If being fucked up is a competition, you'll lose every single time."

Isla leans in to kiss my lips, then nuzzles into my neck like she's content to stay here all night. "What's the most fucked up thing you've done? It's not like you've actually killed someone."

There's a long line of graves deep in the woods that beg to differ, but how can I tell her that knowing how she'll see me? A serial killer, she'll say. I fit the definition, I guess, but I don't feel like one. I don't kill *just* for the joy of

it. I kill to solve problems, to bury secrets, and to protect the people I love. It's not my fault it's so goddamn satisfying.

Scrambling for an answer that won't push her away, I kiss her head. "The most fucked up thing I've ever done is wait so long to tell you how I feel."

I feel her body slump against mine, my words calming her and making her fucking putty in my hand. "Yeah, I don't think I can forgive you for that one."

She's kidding, but for how long? One day, I won't be able to hide the animal inside me anymore. One day, she'll figure out all the skeletons I keep tucked away, and that'll be the end of this.

For a while, anyway. There's no world in which I let her go completely. Not now that I've had her.

"I'll win you over eventually." Slowly, I pull her into a kiss and rake my hand through her hair. "I'm just getting started."

Thirteen

Isla

As much as I want to call into work, I know I can't. Whether it's today or tomorrow Kaz and I are going to work the same shift, and I'm going to have to see how he handles me doing my job. I send a silent prayer out into the world that no one dies tonight, regardless of how damn good he looks with blood on his knuckles.

Sighing, I put on some golden hoop earrings and spin in the mirror to make sure everything looks good before I head out, and when I imagine Kaz seeing me in nothing but this white sheer, my legs clench.

He's definitely going to struggle with restraint tonight. How screwed up does it make me to think that's hot? To enjoy it and feel like that means he truly cares for me?

Whatever, I can't focus on that right now. I take a deep breath and make my way onto the floor, my gaze scanning for the only guy I want to see and freezing on the only one I don't. Colson. My step-father is here, and he's looking directly at me.

Fuck.

His gaze is nothing short of predatory as I force my feet to keep moving. The only consolation I have is that I'll be in the cage tonight, safe from wandering hands and unwanted advances, but will it be enough?

Judging by the look of pure, unfiltered hatred on Kaz's face as he regards my stepfather, I don't think so. I can almost taste the violence in the air.

Somehow the promise of violence is as alluring as it is terrifying, and that flavor on my tongue intensifies when I climb into the cage and get to watch my step-monster prowl toward me like I'm prey.

I flick my gaze to Kaz so I can relax, my hips rolling in tune with the music as he devours me with ice-blue eyes. They cut through the darkness around me, wholly captivating and exhilarating.

But Colson's eyes are on me too, and I swear his hand is getting closer to his crotch.

Gross. Please don't pull that disgusting thing out when I'm trying to act professional.

I spin around to avoid seeing if he does, bending so Kaz can have a great view of my ass. I know there's more than Kaz watching, but if I close my eyes I can at least pretend he's the only one behind me.

Until someone catcalls, at least.

The air crackles with electricity and I don't have to ask why. Kaz might be human, but he's the closest thing to a god I've ever seen. And he wants me bad enough that he'd level this whole bar before he'd let anyone else touch me.

God, that's an intense feeling.

I get so lost in the thought, in the music, that I barely notice the flashing green light in the corner of the cage. It's my cue to come down because someone opened their wallet for me, and I turn with a sly smile expecting it to be Kaz.

It's not.

Colson wasn't reaching for his cock at all, he was going for his pocket.

No.

My smile drops away as that realization sinks in, because as much as I hate Colson coming here and watching me, he's never once progressed beyond that. Why the fuck is he now?

I glance at Kaz who looks like he's currently in the midst of cracking a tooth, and then back at my stepdad just in time to see him look between us both with a grin.

Somehow I immediately know that he knows about Kaz and me, and I also know he believes that means the rules between us all have changed.

They haven't.

Climbing down, I turn toward Nicky and plead with my eyes, mouthing "not him" as clearly as I can, but my boss currently can't see anything beyond the dollar signs in his eyes as he counts the stack of cash in front of him.

For that much money, Nicky would let someone wear my skin as a suit. What the fuck did he pay for?

Kaz has a white-knuckle grip on the edge of the bar as I slowly walk toward Colson, bile rising in my throat at the hunger I find on his face. He doesn't care that my fists are clenched at my sides, he knows I'd never tell my mom because I don't ever want her to hurt, and he's finally using that to his advantage.

I don't say anything as I start to dance, keeping a distance between us so we aren't touching, but it's not enough for him. Of course it's not.

"If I wanted to watch you dance three feet away from me, I'd have moved closer to the cage," he growls. "Come here."

"Colson," I hiss. "This is... inappropriate." Yet, I take a step closer because I can feel Nicky watching me.

Sizing me up.

Wondering if I'll put my own comfort in front of my job.

"Oh, I know it's wrong, baby," he says, gripping my hips to pull me onto his lap. "But doesn't that make you want it just a little more?"

No. Not with you, but I don't say that. Instead, I close my eyes and grind, fighting a gag at the thought that this is my mother's husband. "Does she know?"

"Does Zoe know you stole her future?" he counters. "Don't throw stones, love. Now look at me and ride me like I paid you to."

Fuck.

I officially hate him.

All this time I've been able to tell myself not to, that he's my mother's husband and I should always give him the benefit of the doubt, but now? Now I know how low he's willing to go.

I can feel him getting harder under me, and move on autopilot, looking directly at him so he can believe I see him, when really I'm looking through him.

"There she is. Fuck," he gasps. "Tell me you thought about this too."

"Stop," I whisper, my face showing how uncomfortable I am as my eyes close. "We aren't going to talk, Colson. That's not part of the deal."

I move to stand up but continue dancing as Colson leans forward to chase me. "Are you sure? I paid quite a lot of money for this dance and now you're leaving me hanging?"

"I don't care about your money," I hiss, but one glance at Nicky's disappointed face has me stilling. I need this job. "Fuck, fine. Just... no talking, okay? You're married to my mom," I whisper, sitting in his lap to grind again, and this time my gaze finds Kaz.

Every muscle in his body looks taut and strained, corded muscles flexing as he grips the bar tighter. As I roll my hips, I wonder how close the wood is to splintering. Will it break under the weight of his jealousy?

Will I?

Focusing on his anger is easier than focusing on Colson. I can go somewhere else in my mind, and pretend it's just any guy that's hard under me. Any guy that's getting my attention and making Kaz jealous. Does he want to spank me? Choke me? Own me?

Fuck, I hope he does. I hope right now he's thinking of all the ways he can make this man bleed — but I surprise myself when I realize I want to bleed for him, too.

Suddenly, Kaz grabs a bottle of liquor and disappears into the back. The disappointment I feel as I watch him go feels like lead in my stomach, cold and heavy and cruel. I need him here, I need him to help me through this.

But several heartbeats later, I have a new concern. Smoke pours out of the hallway that leads to the back and the fire alarm sounds, giving me the perfect out to clamber off of Colson and back away. “Nicky!” I call, spinning away to find my boss, but he's already halfway toward the exit. Guess that's one captain that doesn't give a shit about going down with his ship.

With an eye roll, I glance down at my practically naked body and then at the hallway, wondering if I have time to run and grab some clothes before having to go outside. I decide to take the risk when I realize Kaz hasn't made his way out yet because more than I need clothes, I need to know he's safe. “Kaz?”

The smoke is thicker near the hallway, stopping me in my tracks, as it grows darker and my heart beats faster. I can barely see his silhouette as he walks out spinning the now-empty bottle in his hands, but I see the calculating blue in his eyes as he tosses the bottle and a zippo onto the bar. “Did you enjoy that, Isla?” he growls. “Did it make your pussy wet?”

“I— what? Kaz, we have to get out of here.” My gaze flicks back at the lighter and it clicks that he did this. He started the fire. “Kaz!”

Closing the distance, he grips my chin hard. “Did it... make you... wet?”

I gasp, lifting onto my toes with wide eyes when I see how serious he is. More than that, I can feel the wildness in his soul struggling to stay contained. If this is Kaz jealous... I like it. “Feel for yourself.”

Oh, I'm wet alright, just not for that disgusting old man.

Something explodes in the back as Kaz spins me around and bends me over one of the tables. The fire alarm is still blaring too loud to hear the metal clink when he takes his belt off, but I feel the leather smacking across my bare ass as he yanks my sheer up and g-string down.

The head of his cock slides over my pussy to my clit. “That’s fine. We’ll stay right here and burn together then.”

Pain rockets through me as he pins me down and slams inside my cunt, the danger of our situation only making it that much sweeter that he’s taking what he wants. “Fuck,” I moan, clamping down on him so he can feel how much I want this. “Kaz, stop.” Don’t stop. There’s no one else I’d rather burn with. “We have to get outside... it’s dangerous.”

“Is it?” he asks, snapping his hips until mine are slamming against the side of the table. “Are you afraid, Isla?”

“Yes,” I moan, my hips desperate to move with him. “I’m scared, Daddy.”

A rough hand yanks my head back by my hair, bowing my back. Kaz’s voice is hot and wrecked in my ear as he commands, “Then fucking beg me to stop. Beg me to get you out of here. Tell me you’ll never let another man touch you. Say you’ll fucking be mine.”

“Kaz,” I cry out, pain burning my skull, but he doesn’t let go. I don’t think I want him to. But suddenly I’m not only afraid of the fire, I’m also afraid of him. “I’ll be yours.” With my job, it’s the only thing I can promise him. “Come for me... then get me out of here. Please.”

“You first.” Leaning over, he cages my neck in the crook of his elbow and reaches down to rub my clit. Every second that passes makes the fire louder, my head fuzzier, the air harder to breathe. “Little whore wants to be touched so badly, she’ll let anyone do it. How high will the body count get before you stop?”

Tears well in my eyes from the smoke, from his words, from the fact that I absolutely will still come regardless of what is happening. “I always think of you when they touch me. I always try to convince myself it’s your hands.”

“Prove it.”

I can feel the heat now from the flames getting closer, the cracking sound of the club giving way. There are sirens outside and people screaming, but I focus on him, on only him. His fingers move perfectly on my soaked clit, every thrust reminding me how dangerous Kaz really is, and in the end it’s that thought that shoves me over the edge and has me strangling his cock as I come.

Pulling out, he picks me up and slings me over his shoulder, carrying me toward the door just as it opens and the firefighters rush in. Every single one of them can see my dripping, messy pussy as we pass them, making me bury

my face in his shoulder to hide, but when we step outside the fresh air feels so fucking good in my lungs I try not to think about how he didn't come with me. "Kaz, are you mad at me?"

He doesn't bother setting me down or answering. Instead, he walks me to his car and puts me in the backseat, engaging the child lock on my door before shutting it. The whole thing shakes as he gets in and slams his own door, and even from back here, I can see the way tension is coiling under his skin.

Yeah. He's mad at me.

Fire isn't the thing I should have feared tonight... it's Kaz.

Fourteen

Kaz

I don't say a word to Isla the whole ride back to my house. Some stupid voice in my head is telling me this isn't her fault, that there's no way she'd get off for a pig like Colson — but that doesn't change the fact that she was soaked when I got to her. That she *does* get off for dozens of other fuckwits who order her off a menu like a fucking entrée.

As long as she works there, she'll never really be mine. It doesn't matter how many people can separate sex work from their relationships. I'm clearly not sane enough for that. The more I think about her begging other men to touch what's mine, the more I want to drive my fucking car off a bridge and end us both. In hell, she'd be mine. I'd have earned her.

Rationality creeps up my spine and has me driving safer as I turn onto my street, but only just. Somehow, I have to get her downstairs into my basement even though she's staring daggers at me from the backseat with her arms crossed. I have a feeling she isn't going to make this easy on me.

That's fine. I burned that fucking place down, so she has nowhere to go.

When I park in my garage, I hit the button to close the door and sit there for a moment. "I'm gonna come let you out. Don't fight me."

"Why? What are you gonna do with me?"

I can see fear in her eyes, but there's a challenge there as well. Good. She'll need that fiery spirit. "Take you inside. Are you gonna come willingly or do I have to carry you?"

"That depends. Are you still taking your vow of silence like you did this whole damn drive?"

This woman. This fucking woman constantly surprises me. "No. You'll have to forgive me for that, I just set fire to the place we work."

"And why the hell did you do that?" she hisses like we'll be overheard. "What if you get arrested for arson?"

If I haven't gotten arrested for murder, I highly doubt they'll catch me for arson. Even still, it's not like Drake and I never came up with contingency plans. "It'll be fine," I say, getting out to open her door. "Straight into the house."

She narrows her gaze at me as she steps out of the car, her bare feet flinching back at the bite of the cold ground for the briefest of seconds before she gets to her feet. “Child locks are a little on the nose, don’t you think, *Daddy?*”

Well, that’s unfortunate. Grabbing her gently but firmly by the back of the neck, I guide her around the door and steer her bratty ass inside, straight down my basement stairs. “That’s how you want to play this?” I ask.

Her breathing speeds up as I move faster than her legs can keep up and she stumbles multiple times on the journey down. “Kaz... where are you taking me?”

“Somewhere safe.”

Scooping her up, I bridal carry her the rest of the way down and look around the room — my stomach is twisting with the need to lock her in a cage, but I won’t. Not yet. Not until she begs me to. Instead, I toss her on the bed and climb up to restrain her arms.

“Wait!” I can hear the fear in her voice as she tries to squirm away. “Kaz, look at me.”

I don’t want to. I’m not ready to see the hatred in her eyes. I finish tightening the restraints and take a moment to rip the sheer off her body, admiring the marks I’ve left on her so far as she squirms and tugs like there’s any way she might escape. “Kaz, please. Just — are you going to hurt me?”

What? My eyes snap to hers, narrowing in disbelief. “Do you think I would?”

There’s fear there, but none of the hatred I anticipated. I’d say she seems more guarded than anything else. “Not in any way that I wouldn’t like.”

I can’t let myself hope. No matter how suddenly and violently that flame ignites inside me, I have to snuff it out. This happened too soon, I completely fucked my plan. She wasn’t ready for this and neither was I. “You’re right, at least as long as you cooperate.”

She nods, blinking her eyes nervously as I stare down at her. “Are you going to leave me down here alone?”

“Alone?” I ask. “Never. Even if I leave the room, I’ll always be able to see you, hear you. You’ll never be alone.”

That helps her finally relax. “Okay. What will you tell Nicky?”

The fact that she didn’t flinch makes me chuckle. Maybe she’s more ready than I thought. “Who gives a fuck? By now, there won’t be anything left of Club Deviant. Just ashes.”

She bites her lip, almost like she's trying not to ask or say something she really wants to.

"Go on, baby girl."

"You owe me your cum. I earned it."

Her fire is back, singing to something deep inside me. Coaxing it to the surface like the scent of a fresh kill calling the scavengers. If she only knew. If she only knew.

"I owe you, do I?"

Her chin juts out when she nods again, her legs twitching with the desire to close. "It's mine."

"Okay, baby girl. Tell me where you want it, then."

Squirming, she tugs her lip between her teeth again and grinds against the air. "My pussy."

As tempted as I am to make her work for it, my cock is still angry and desperate for her. Edging myself to get her to safety was harder than it should've been, so I don't deny her this. Not now.

Pulling myself out, I slide my knees up under her thighs and tease her clit with the head, groaning at how wet and warm she still is. Sinking inside of her again is a moment I don't want to rush.

Isla moans, her hips canting up for more as she tugs on the restraints. "Tease."

She's whining, but it sounds so good to my ears that I do it again.

"Daddy." Fuck, that's better than music. "Please."

This woman makes me crazy, but the moment I slip inside of her, the beast inside me quiets down. "Fuck, baby girl. Spread those legs a little more for me."

She does, the restraints clattering against the bed frame. "I'm at your mercy, Kaz." She's goading me. There's still the smallest hint of fear in those green irises, yet she still has it in her to provoke me. "How many times have you pictured this?"

"Too many to count," I admit, staring down at my cock as I slowly drag it back out of her. Seeing it shiny with the evidence of how wet she is for me makes me feral, but I won't rush this. Not when it's been so, so long since I've really been able to play. "Is this how you imagined me taking you?"

"Sometimes," she admits in a breath. "Sometimes I'd imagine you breaking into my room and stealing me away... or just taking me right there."

Smirking, I slap her hip. "Would you have been afraid of me if I had?"

“Yes.” Her gaze doesn’t waver. “But I don’t mind a little fear, Daddy. I think...” she trails off with a deep breath. “I think I crave it.”

As if she needed to be any more perfect for me. “And pain?” I ask. “Does my baby girl crave that, too?”

Biting her lip, she nods, her pussy squeezing my cock as I slide in and out of her. “Only from you.”

It’s hard not to wonder if she’s saying that because she means it, or because she’s trying to impress me. Most people like the idea of a little pain, a little danger. It gets their adrenaline pumping. But in reality? When the knife slices through their skin, the electric shocks race through them, or the clamps get too tight... it’s not so fun anymore.

But I need it. It’s fucked up, I know that. I need the control, the submission. The power that comes with knowing someone trusts me with their life, that at any moment, I could end it all for them and still choose to bring them pleasure.

Maybe I should test her.

“What toys have you played with, Isla?”

She takes a moment to answer, her body squirming under me in anticipation. “Vibes, dildos, plugs... I have a paddle hidden in my closet that I’ve only tried to use once. It’s really hard to use on myself when riding a toy.”

My cock twitches inside her. “And what about with other people?”

“I never trusted anyone enough to tell them about the paddle. But I’ve let some slap me before... it makes me so fucking wet.”

Of course it does. I’ve experienced that firsthand. To remind her, I snake my hand up slowly to squeeze her throat, then smack her cheek hard enough to make her pussy spasm around me. “I need a list of every man who ever laid his hands on you like that, Isla.”

It’s time to add to my trophy collection.

“W-What?” she stammers, her arousal overtaking her thoughts. “I don’t want to think about them.”

Good girl. “You don’t have to tell me their names right now, but you will answer the question one day,” I command, trapping her nipple between my middle and forefinger to pinch it. “How does this feel?”

She gasps, the bud hardening under my fingers as she clamps down so tightly it makes me groan. “Fuck... harder.”

That, I can do.

Slipping out of her, I go to the closet in the corner and open the doors wide. The contents would scare most away, but if Isla is really going to stay here with me, she needs to know what's in store for her.

Rows of knives line the slim oak doors on either side, all varying sizes and styles. Some are older with gilded handles and too-sharp blades, others are newer, more modern. Beyond them, the shelves are stacked high with whips, paddles, plugs, vibrators, wartenburg wheels, electro play wands, and my target right now: nipple clamps. To start with, I chose a set with silicone-wrapped tips and a chain connecting them. They'll be tight, but not sharp, and also won't slip off if I tug the chain.

They're perfect.

It takes a second to convince myself not to grab anything else as I make my way back to her. I've waited this long to have her and she's been such a good sport so far that the least I can do is ease her into this, into me.

And all the sick little games I like to play.

Climbing back up, I run the back of my knuckle over the smooth, warm skin of her belly. She's so fucking gorgeous it makes me weak, makes my chest tighten with the fear that she'll leave me one day.

I can't let that happen.

"These will feel a little strange at first, but you'll get used to them," I say, securing each of the clamps on her perfect nipples. It looks like I judged the size correctly. Giving the chain an experimental pull, I watch her face closely. "Are they too tight?"

Her eyes widen, and for the briefest of moments I think she's going to say they are, but she shakes her head instead. "Fuck, it feels like they're connected to my clit."

She writhes and tugs on the restraints again, a perfect, squirming little toy. "Yeah?" I ask, gripping the chain taut in one hand and flicking her clit with the other. The way her body twitches is... well, art. "The silicone sleeves come off. Does my little whore want more?"

I can't tell if she looks more nervous or excited about it, but she nods all the same. "I trust you."

Bold, but appreciated. Without hesitating, I slip the protective covers off the sharp teeth of the clamps, then fight the urge to snap them back on. Fuck, it would feel good for me, but probably not for her. For the first time in my life, that's something I seem to care about.

With a movement so measured it seems almost bored, I trap her nipple between the first clamp and let go of it. Her back arches, brow furrowing and bottom lip disappearing between her teeth. There's pain on her face now, in those stunning green eyes, but there's also something else. A wild sort of need she seems to fear more than me. I can work with that.

Securing the second clamp again, I set the covers on the bedside table and take a moment to appreciate the rapid little breaths making her chest rise and fall. "Speak, Isla," I tell her. "What are you feeling?"

"It's... a lot." It takes her a few moments to regulate her breathing, and I can tell staring at me is what helps her. I'm not used to that. Normally the sight of me causes anxiety, not the opposite. Yet, as she keeps her gaze locked on me, I watch her body go from trembling to relaxed, but her pupils never waver. "Please fuck me. I need to come again."

And so do I. Fuck, I long for the day when I can tease her, drag her to the edge, then start all over again. When the need to be buried inside her doesn't overtake the thrill of the buildup, the game.

That day isn't today.

Growling almost in frustration, I slide back inside her and bring the chain up to hold it between my teeth. The way it stretches her tits and makes her yelp sates me enough that I won't push her further right now, not when we both have one, singular goal.

My hands wrap around her hips and lift her up enough to slam deep, and for the first time in months, I don't hold back. Not the speed, not the power, not the raw brutality that comes out when I fuck the way I was truly meant to.

Her eyes roll as tears leak from them, but even though she's crying, I can feel how much she's enjoying it. She was made to be my fuck doll, to lay there and take what I give and fucking thank me for it when I'm done. "Kaz!" she yells, her breathing hitching in her throat as she comes, and when a choked out sob leaves her mouth, I drop the chain and crash my lips to hers, fucking her harder.

Give it all to me, Isla. Fuck, give me all of it.

It's too much even for me. Finally having this, having her, after all the sleepless nights and empty orgasms I've spent picturing it? I can't bring myself to prolong this.

Gasping, I feel my balls tighten just as I hit the edge. It sends warmth through my whole body and leaves me feeling like I'm fucking flying — the

kind of thing I only experience when I truly let go. When I hurt more than I please, when I leave my toys crying, trembling, bleeding messes.

But Isla is still whole. The tears shining on her blushing cheeks aren't from fear or pain, just release. She's not bleeding or broken, she's not trying to run from me. I didn't do what I normally have to, and yet...

My perfect girl.

Fuck.

Needing her closer, I reach up to undo the restraints on her wrists and keep myself buried inside her as I kiss her again and again, afraid I'll never get enough.

Her arms cling to me, fingers slotting into my hair as we struggle to breathe together, and then she surprises the hell out of me when I notice she's smiling. "That was..." she trails off, unable to find the words, and I have to admit I agree.

"Yeah," I whisper. My whole body feels sluggish as I roll next to her and close my eyes. It's a good feeling, but foreign. One that makes me nervous.

The hum that leaves her feels so fucking content, so sleepy and trusting I know she's seconds away from passing out. "Stay."

Chuckling, I glance over at her. "It's my house, baby girl. I'm not going anywhere."

Her hand slides down my torso to hold my balls. "Good."

She relaxes, but her fingers continue to massage me until I'm shivering with satisfaction. Some men hate this, but me? "Fuck," I moan, curling my fingers against her back as I pull her closer. "Have you been talking to Drake behind my back, baby girl? Or are you really just this perfect?"

"Who?" she mumbles. "Oh, your imaginary friend. Maybe."

She's fucking with me, and it makes me laugh instead of pissing me off. If she can still find humor after I try to fuck a hole through her, maybe she can handle me long term, after all.

"I'll be sure to tell him you said that," I chuckle. "It'll be the highlight of his week."

It just won't be the highlight of mine when she meets Drake and he spills all my secrets to her. Sooner or later, I'll have to tell her the things I've done and suffer the consequences, but until then?

I think I'll just let myself enjoy her.

Fifteen

Isla

I stare in the mirror at the clothes I thought the dryer ate and somehow manage to smile. I should be angry Kaz took these, I should be demanding to know how the hell he got into my house and stole from me — how many times he's done it, but those questions seem unimportant in the scheme of things.

We definitely have a lot we're going to need to discuss, but he's shown his devotion to me time and time again, and I refuse to be offended over things that happened in the past. Somehow, I know I can believe his words. Somehow, I realize I knew these things all along, because he never once treated Zoe the way he treats me.

Every time she brought him around, I felt his gaze on me, felt his desire for me. Never for her. Although I doubted it the entire time, I can see it for what it is now. It was always me, but he was so scared to lose me he would have stayed at a distance forever.

No one has ever cared for me so passionately. Not even my own mother.

So no, I won't yell at him for stealing my favorite panties and bra, nor the jeans I've always felt made my ass look magazine worthy, because he didn't actually steal them. He was holding them for me.

"Ready?" I ask him, blushing at the way he looks me up and down, and then tugs my blouse higher over my cleavage.

We're about to go to Club Deviant to see the damage and find out if any of my belongings survived. I need my phone and my car most of all, but it'd be nice if I didn't have to deal with the DMV to get a new license as well.

"Yes. I don't think they'll suspect me, but just in case, the passcode to the safe in the basement is your birthday."

God, that's adorable. Lifting onto my toes, I kiss his cheek and then take his hand. "And what's in the safe?"

"Enough money for you to live comfortably, as well as a new identity for me. You'll also find a map tucked inside the passport that will lead you to one of my safe houses. If I'm arrested, grab what you can and meet me there."

I snort a laugh before I really look at him and see that he absolutely isn't joking. "Wait, really? You have a safe house?"

"More than one," he admits. "I never knew when one might be necessary, so I have two of my own and one I've used as a rendezvous point with Drake. There's a lot you don't know about me, baby girl. And not all of it is good."

He says it so nonchalantly, but I see the way his eyes darken with shadows as he takes my hand and leads me toward the garage. I know he's warned me plenty of times, but I just don't see how anything about him is bad. He'd do anything for me, and for the first time in my life, I'm allowing myself to be selfish. I deserve this.

I don't say anything until we're well on the way there, and I've truly let his words sink in. "Have you told your friend about me?"

"He's known about you for quite a while. Since right after the first time I saw you," he admits.

It makes me smile. Fuck, it makes me smile so damn wide I try to cover my mouth with my hand so he can't see it. "How are you so scary and so cute at the same time?"

"It's a gift. I'm like a giant, psychopathic golden retriever. You just happen to get the best of me more often than not." Reaching over, he pulls my hand toward his own mouth and kisses the back of it. "I just hope you don't forget that."

"How could I ever forget? You remind me every day we're together." I watch him closely, seeing that when it comes to me, this immovable force is vulnerable. "I want to meet Drake."

He flinches. I see it even though he tries to hide it. I'm about to take the request back when he nods. "Alright. But Isla... you should know that Drake has a very big mouth and almost non-existent boundaries. There are... things I need to tell you first. Show you, is more like it. Things I doubt you want to see."

Here he goes with the warnings again. I'm glad for them though, because it means he wants to get everything out on the table, and the truth is, I want to know. I want to know every dark corner of his mind so I can love him, anyway. "Okay. Can we talk tonight at your place?"

He kisses my hand again, just a soft little graze of slightly chapped lips. "As you wish."

When we get to Club Deviant, I'm surprised to find it still standing. I don't know why the fire felt like it would wipe out everything, but although

it's wrapped in yellow tape and the left side of the building is burned, I believe the floor is unharmed. "My phone might have actually survived."

"I'm sure it did," he says calmly. "This wasn't my first arson. I made sure the door to the dressing room was closed first."

"Jesus, Kaz." I'm surprised when I laugh. "The way you just casually say things sometimes."

Brow pinched almost adorably, he turns those captivatingly blue eyes on me. "How else am I supposed to say it?"

I'm still laughing as I lean in to cup his strong jaw and kiss his lips. "I like how you are. I'll never tell you to change."

"Come on." Smirking slightly, he lifts the yellow tape and opens the door, leading me inside. Nicky is already here cussing at nothing at all, which makes it hard not to laugh. Squeezing my hand, Kaz clears his throat. "At least the main room is okay. Little bit of smoke damage, but fixable. How's the back, Nick?"

"My office is fucked," he hisses. "But the dressing rooms are alright, those firemen got to it fast enough. I can't say the same for Class Deviant, though. The fire spread that way and fucked the whole building. You two alright?"

Does that mean he doesn't suspect Kaz? Maybe, but I hang onto him a little tighter just in case as Kaz says, "We're fine. We came to get her things. Can we go back there?"

"I wouldn't. No need, anyway. It's all behind you."

We turn to find a long, wide box on the ground near the door, full of purses and duffle bags. Mine is jutting out just behind Crystal's glittery pink backpack, so I grab it while Kaz steps closer to Nicky.

"Did they say what happened?"

Bold man.

"No. They just put it out and left. Useless pricks. How the fuck am I supposed to stop a repeat if I don't know how the first one started?"

The fear in his voice makes me want to comfort him, but then I quickly remember all the disgusting men he forced me to dance for even when I was uncomfortable. "Hope you had insurance."

"Deviant does. I don't own this shithole, I just run it. Same with Penn over at Class." Scoffing, he stares up at the smoke-tarnished bars of the cages. "Fuck me, they're gonna be mad."

Kaz shrugs. “We had a fire at House once. They were fine with it. They just built it bigger and better the next time.”

“Oh, I’m sure they’ll fix us up here,” Nicky says. “But between you and me, Penn has been thinking of shutting Class Deviant down for a while now. He’s had his hands in too many pots, and he’s been saying for months that he’d rather open more branches of House and Hotel around the country. Unless they find someone to replace him, I doubt they’ll bother rebuilding.”

It doesn’t surprise me. Penn Crawford is a lot of things, including single-minded. I’ve only seen him around a handful of times since more people started figuring out they could get hands-on beginner experience at Hotel Deviant, and honestly, I’d think maybe *he* set it on fire just to be done with it if I weren’t standing right next to the real culprit.

“I take it I’ll be having some time off?” I ask.

“Yeah. I’ll call you when we’re allowed to reopen.” His eyes rake down my frame, prompting Kaz to step in front of us. Nicky looks away like he senses the challenge there and absolutely isn’t ready for it. “Hopefully, it’ll be soon.”

Huffing, Kaz takes my bag from me and nods toward the door without another word to Nic, and I don’t miss the knot in his jaw flexing as I take the first few steps.

“This is the last time I’m coming here, isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

It’s all he offers me as we step outside, and I have to squint from the harsh light of the sun. Out here in the fresh air, it’s almost shocking how bad it smelled inside Club Deviant thanks to the fire.

“Where is your car?” he asks, clipped and tense.

“The whole street was packed, so I had to park a couple over. Can we walk there?” I tug him forward. “Is that brooding, or is this your face when you’re imagining killing someone?”

I’m joking, but one look at his face tells me I might’ve hit a nerve.

“Just walk, Isla. Please.”

“Bossy bossy,” I sigh, walking along the sidewalk with my hand firmly in his. The street is as busy as usual, people strolling along and enjoying their day, and I’m smiling right along with them because I’m with him. How many times have I imagined holding his hand? Too many to count.

I catch the attention of a man around our age, his gaze traveling up and down my body like he can’t help it, but my vision is blocked quickly as Kaz

steps in between us. His grip on my hand tightens almost painfully, and it takes me a second to realize he's blocking me from sight. It's the same thing he just did to Nicky inside Club, and I have a feeling this is going to become my new normal. For far too long, my poor man has had to watch me from the sidelines, has had to watch disgusting men jack off while staring at me, and I have a feeling he will never be cornered like that again.

He's so protective.

I hear a whistle from across the street, but I don't see the source of it. I do, however, have a front-row seat as Kaz turns around and waves like a girl.

"For me?" he asks. "Come here, big boy."

I can't help but laugh as the guy shakes his head and holds up his hands. "Don't swing that way, bro. I didn't see that it was your girl."

When he takes a step forward, I cling to his hand so he can't move away. He's smiling, but that smile is deadly. "Let's just go, Kaz."

"We're a package deal. Do you want my girl bad enough to let me fuck you?" he pushes. "I warn you, I don't like lube. It dulls the pain too much."

"Jesus," the man hisses, turning to rush away as I laugh harder than I should.

"Be honest, you still wouldn't have let him touch me."

"Absolutely not."

"Mmhm. Come on," I breathe, tugging him along to my car. "Can we stop by my house?"

He follows like a giant two-ton puppy, then pushes me up against the side of my BMW and grips my chin. "Yes, we can stop there. Get what you need because my house is your house now."

I grin, I can't fucking help it. "Seriously?" How long has Zoe complained about him not asking her to move in? Probably their entire relationship. "You sure you won't get sick of me?"

His broad hands sweep across my cheeks, pushing my hair out of my face as he tilts my head up. "Isla Harlow, I've been waiting for you my entire life. Maybe even longer. How could I ever get sick of you?"

Some guys say I love you, but Kaz... he says things like that. Yeah, how the hell can I ever deny him?

Sixteen

Kaz

For the first time in my life, I feel like I'm walking on eggshells. I've never shied away from taking up the most space in a room, stepping on people's toes, pissing people off. Why would I worry when I've always known that in the end, I was fully capable of killing anyone who crossed me?

But now, everything is different. I told Isla the truth — every blood-soaked word of it — and she still hasn't said much about it. The initial reveal was met with silence, then skepticism until I showed her my trophies. At least she hasn't run.

Yet.

If there's any part of her that still doubts the truth, that'll disappear quickly. Drake and Odette are on their way over and I can't seem to stop pacing my living room like I'm waiting for the cops to come crashing through my front door. *I got ahead of it*, I tell myself. I told her the truth before someone else could. It'll be fine.

"Kaz?" Her voice is smaller than usual, but it doesn't hold her back from crowding my space and forcing me to look at her. "You're pacing. How about you kiss me instead?"

Softening, I let her wrap a hand around my neck and guide me down to her level. Just feeling her soft lips against mine quiets the chaos enough that I can think clearly again. Something about that feels tumultuous. "You're sure you don't want to run away from me?"

"No," she whispers, kissing me twice more before smiling softly. "You going to lie to me now and say that's an option?"

If she doesn't think it's an option, I'll always doubt her sincerity. Always. Steeling myself, I ghost the back of my knuckles down her exposed arm and gently take her hand. "I want to keep you. I want to lock you in the cage and feed the key to a stray dog so neither of us will ever find it. But I also don't want to spend the rest of my life wondering if you'd have abandoned me, given the choice. So no, I won't say it's not an option, Isla. But this might be the only one you ever get."

She can feel the seriousness in my tone and her smile fades, fingers dancing along the hairs on the back of my head as she stays where she is. "I

don't want to run, Kaz. Not away from you... even now."

My front door opens, but I don't let Isla out of this moment. I need her to understand that I hear her and that I'll be holding her to that from now on, so I whisper, "Then you're mine completely," and kiss her one more time.

I can smell Drake's cologne before he says a word. Like leather and old spice, it reminds me of the only home I've ever known — and suddenly, I don't know why I was so nervous about this. We may joke around about us not being capable of having friends, but the truth is, he's more than that. He's my brother.

Ignoring him completely, I turn to his wife and wrap my arms around her. "Hey, O. Where are my godchildren?"

She squirms her tiny body as she tries to wriggle free. "Kaz, you — idiot, fuck." Pushing back, she straightens her shirt with an amused look. "They're with a babysitter. We figured it was better to come alone in case you had her strung up on a St. Andrew's cross like I was the first time we met."

"Nah. I like chasing her too much to keep her bound like that."

We all turn to Isla and watch her swallow, eyes wide at the casualness in our tones. "I— wow, hi. I'm Isla."

She holds out her hand, but Drake grabs her and wraps her in a hug. "She's gorgeous, Kaz. Maybe we should bring out the cross."

"Huh. I didn't peg you for the type to want to die on a Thursday," I deadpan. "I already told you. This one, I won't share. Not for a long time anyway, and never if she isn't into it. I've waited too goddamn long to have her."

Drake chuckles, pulling back to look her over and I don't miss the way he checks out her wrists with a huge grin. "Looks like she was tied to something alright."

She rubs at them with a blush and glances over at Odette. "So how did you guys meet?"

"At House Deviant," O says carefully. She shoots me a nervous look, but I nod for her to continue. Isla knows where I started. "Technically, it was before that. He stalked me for a few years and happened to be the Dom I was assigned at House Deviant. He won me over eventually."

Her eyebrows raise before a laugh tumbles from her lips. "Guess none of us met conventionally, huh? These guys know what they want."

O smirks as she cuts between Isla and Drake. "They do, but so do we. Let's go spill all their secrets while the two of them do their weird bromance

thing.”

Isla relaxes as they walk off and I don't miss the way Drake checks out both of their asses. “Fuck, that'd be a good time. So how'd she take it? She seems to be handling it well.”

“I don't think she really understands it yet,” I admit quietly. “How long did it take O?”

“If you count from the beginning? Years. But I think once she came to House Deviant, she was ready. We had our moments, but she just didn't realize she came looking for me. You waited less time for yours, but I can see it in her eyes. She was made for this, just like O.”

Apprehension twists in my gut. I want to believe him, but how could anyone ever love me? The *real* me? “I don't know. Fuck, I feel like I'm gonna crawl out of my skin.”

“That just means you love her.” He glances at where they left and then back at me. “Don't let her go. That feeling right there is what you hold onto. You think you're going to crawl out of your skin now? Imagine if she tried to leave. Keep her happy, let her pick a couple rules, but never let her forget who she belongs to. Never.”

Before Isla, I'd have laughed at him. Like a world could exist where I didn't remind my subs who they belong to, but now? With her? I don't feel like I have the upper hand anymore. She doesn't belong to me, I belong to her. And that, I think, is what really makes me nervous. “Right. And if it doesn't work out...”

Drake shrugs, a heavy breath leaving his lungs as he gives me a look I know all too well. “I'll take care of it for you. No one would even find her body unless you want them to.”

“Not her,” I correct sharply. “Me. If it doesn't work out, I want you to kill me. I'll never stop until I'm dead and she deserves better than that.”

“Fuck off,” Drake hisses, a frown furrowing his brows. I only knew him to frown before Odette finally found her way to him, and now, the expression seems foreign on his face. “Don't ask me to do that.”

“I *am* asking you.”

“Fuck.” It's his turn to pace, reminding me how similar we are in so many ways. “Fuck you for that one. Why not both? Least then you'll be with her.”

“Because,” I say simply. “The world would be a darker place without her. It would be a lighter one without me.”

“Hey, I’m the poet here, not you.” He clasps me on the shoulder and gives me a nod. It’s all he gives, but it’s all I need. “She’s gonna stay.”

We’re not the type of men who deal in niceties, so I don’t thank him. I don’t need to. He knows I’d have done the same for him if it had come to it. The knowledge that one way or the other, I won’t have to live without her settles the monster in my chest enough to genuinely smile when the girls walk back into the room. I’ve always thought Odette was gorgeous enough to do scenes with them when they wanted a third, but compared to Isla? She’s nothing. Just another faceless blob I pass on the street who could never hold a candle to my girl.

“Come here,” I command low, holding out my arm to envelope her as she steps in. Placing a soft kiss to her forehead, I ask, “Are you done talking about us already?”

“We exchanged numbers,” she replies with a smile. “Too much to say, too little time. I missed you.”

“Yeah?” I whisper, hating the flutter of butterflies in my gut. What is this woman doing to me? “I’m here, baby girl. Daddy isn’t going anywhere.”

She hums, going onto her toes to kiss my chin. “I don’t know if I’ll make it through dinner, Daddy. Just looking at you has me so wet.”

She’s whispering, but I hear Drake laugh — and it’s enough to make me want to rip his throat out. Checking the flash of anger, I grip her hip tightly and force a smile. “So be a good girl and go wait in our room. Slide your pants down and bend over the side of the bed for me, I’ll be there soon.”

“Yes, Daddy.” She rushes off with a blush in her cheeks, immediately calming me. For being so tiny, the amount of power she has over me is insane.

Saluting my guests, I take one step toward my bedroom. “You two know where everything is. I’ll expect a full dinner on the table by the time we come out. You’re welcome to come watch, but don’t fucking touch her. It’s been a little too long since I’ve drawn blood.”

“Fuck,” Drake mutters. “I want to watch. Can we watch?”

He turns to Odette like it’s up to her, but she chooses the safe route. “At least let them get into it first.”

Drake looks like he doesn’t want to wait, but if there’s anything Odette has taught him, it’s patience. “Alright, we’ll focus on food, then come. Enjoy your baby girl for a bit.”

I don't need to be told twice. Part of me wants to lock the door behind me when I get in there and see her obeying me perfectly, but I leave it cracked. Let them see. My girl likes putting on a show, and we're about to make it a good one.

Stalking toward her with slow, heavy footsteps, I stop just close enough to ghost my fingertips over her ass. "My pretty little slut just couldn't wait, could she?"

"No," she whimpers, her legs clenching. "I feel so empty. I shouldn't have showered your cum out of me this morning."

Grunting, it takes a second to get myself back under control. She always knows exactly what to say to throw me off, but that's okay. I have a few tricks too.

Spanking her hard enough to make her ass jump, I growl, "Did I give you permission to do that?"

With her hands fisting the comforter, she shakes her head. "Sorry, Daddy. Was I a bad girl?"

"So, so bad." And god, do I fucking love it. Spanking her again, I grip her ass hard with both hands and spread her cheeks, spitting on her tight little hole. "What happens to bad girls around here, Isla?"

"They get punished." She squirms. "Spanked... restrained... caged. They get what they deserve."

Spoiled girl knows exactly what she's doing, but I won't cage her for dinner no matter how tempting it would be to hand feed her through the bars. I can do other things though, like tie her hands behind her back, sit her on my knee, and make her beg me for every bite.

That's tempting.

For now, I rub her reddening ass and spank her again, then shove two fingers inside her. "Tell me, Isla. Do you want our guests to watch me fuck your cunt, your ass, or your mouth?"

The way she squeezes my fingers tells me she'd be happy with any of them. "Fuck my ass, Daddy. Please."

God, the way she says please makes me so weak, it's almost enough to quiet the fucking bloodthirsty demon inside me. Almost. Luckily for her, there's more than one way to sate that particular part of me.

Stepping back, I grab my favorite water-based lube and pull my cock out. Already hard for her, I shiver as the cold liquid splashes down my length and

use it as a way to pull myself back. She's hungry, I can hear her stomach growling from here, so I can't drag this out too long.

The first few drops I squirt on her ass make her twitch, but my good girl stays still as I finger some of it inside her and stretch her open. "Do you think you deserve to come today, Isla?" I ask. "Or should I use you for interrupting dinner?"

"Oh god," she moans. "Use me. I want to earn my next orgasm, baby."

"Oh, you will. I'll make sure of it."

A little too eagerly, I ease my fingers out of her and line up. She's not prepped enough yet, not really, but I feel the fucking itch in my spine reminding me that I like it better like this. I want her to cry, to squirm, to beg me to stop because it hurts. Fuck, even the thought makes my dick throb.

Screw it.

"Take a deep breath, baby girl."

In one brutal, quick movement, I bottom out inside her tight little ass. It's so jarring it takes even me a moment to recover, but it's so fucking hot and tight that my hips move before I give them the command to. "Greedy little ass just swallowed all of me, huh?" I rasp, grinding deeper.

The breathy little growls she responds with bring a smile to my face. Her knuckles are white with how tight she's clenching the sheets, but I know my girl can take it. I've done worse to her already.

Somehow, I can feel Drake behind me. Silent, stoic, watching. I let him hear the way her ass tries to suck me back in when I pull out, slapping the head of my cock on her stretched hole. "Beg for it, baby girl. Nice and loud."

"Daddy." Her tone is pleading, not demanding as she wriggles under me. "Please fuck my ass. Punish me for cleaning your cum out of my pussy."

Beautiful little whore.

Fuck, she makes me crazy in all the best ways. I already know exactly how this punishment will unfold, so I don't waste time dragging it out regardless of who is watching or how it looks — my girl is in for a long day. Slipping back inside her, I take both her hands and bring them behind her back, caging them tight and using the leverage to snap my hips hard. It's easy to chase my own release when it constantly sits just under the surface with her, and every pained little whimper she lets out just drives me closer to the edge.

"Your ass was made to take a fat cock, baby girl. Fuck," I growl. "Drake, get me a plug. A big one."

“On it,” he rushes out, his voice deep as he shoves into the room and goes straight for the correct drawer. “You gonna pump her full, Kaz? Sure you don’t want some more?”

A blush spreads over my girl’s cheeks and neck, making me curious. “Isla? It’s ultimately your decision. Do you want Daddy’s friend to fill you up too?”

She twists her body to look between us both and then meets my eyes. “My pussy is only yours now, Daddy... but he can use my ass. I’ll be a good girl and not come.”

Now I know how Drake felt when I waltzed in and managed to get a lot further with Odette than either of us thought. It’s a strange feeling, wanting to watch and yet not wanting anyone else’s filthy fucking hands on her. But if she wants this, I think I can handle it. Just once. “I know, baby. But me first.”

Shoving her head back down to the mattress, I let my head fill with visions of what’s about to happen — Drake fucking my cum deeper into her ass, wrecking her worse than I do. The way it has my balls tightening and my orgasm hitting me too soon... fuck. Yeah, maybe I want this more than I thought.

Odette joins us just as I’m pulling out and nodding for Drake to take my place. “Just her ass, right?” O asks, climbing up on the bed next to Isla. “No offense or anything, but we don’t share pussies. It’s a personal line.”

“Just her ass, baby. I can’t even imagine slipping inside a pussy that isn’t yours.”

Isla grabs her hand and meets her gaze. “Are you sure you’re okay with this?”

Drake pulls himself out and waits for his wife’s reply, making me chuckle. For all the times he’s told me Isla has me whipped, he sure seems to forget the chokehold O has him in.

Her fingers lightly trace the line of my girl’s face and brush the hair off her cheek. “I’m sure, Drake. But if you don’t fuck her harder than Kaz did, I’ll be disappointed.”

Indignation aside, I grab the plug and spin it in my palm as I sit in the armchair next to the bed. “Go on, then. Remind my girl she got lucky with me.”

Her eyes widen just as he shoves his fat cock deep inside her, making her scream and search the room until she’s meeting my gaze and I can tell that’s the only thing that helps her breathe again.

“Fuck, you flooded this ass, Kaz. You think she can handle more?”

Bracing on the bed, Drake finds a punishing, hip-snapping pace, each thrust forcing a new noise from my girl that has me ready for round two. She might get more than she bargained for here, especially if she cries. “Oh, she can handle more. She doesn’t have a choice.”

Odette smiles almost sadistically as she reaches over to play with Isla’s hair, making me chuckle. She was so demure when they met for the first time and now, she’s almost as bad as we are. I wonder if Isla will get there too.

“Fu-cking hur-ts,” she mumbles, body going pliant while she’s used like a doll Drake plans on tossing out later.

“You can take it, baby. Fuck, you’re such a good girl. How does she feel, Drake?” Sitting forward, I miss his response entirely as I see the first tear spill down her cheek. “Eyes on me, Isla. Don’t look away.”

She listens. I’m starting to realize she’ll always listen when I ask something of her. “Yes, Daddy.”

Drake bottoms out to grind himself deep, groaning as he leans in to bite Odette’s shoulder before picking up his pace again. Ignoring the swell of jealousy in my chest, I cup her chin and hold her eyes as her whole body rocks from the force of his thrusts. “How’s your pussy, baby girl? He’s almost done.”

“It... misses you,” she whimpers out. “Please.”

As soon as she reaches out for me, Drake knows his time is up. He knows what my girl needs, and that knowledge has him speeding up and coming so deep in her ass it takes her breath away. “Fuck, you got a good girl, Kaz.”

Pulling out, he backs away quickly, dark eyes on his wife like he needs more of her, and I know if we don’t wrap this up to eat, we’ll be in this room all night. Leaning over her, I work the plug inside her and pull her up to kiss her, slowly and deeply until her hands stop shaking. “You did so good, baby girl. Let’s get some food in you and then you’ll get your reward, okay?”

She nods, that blush returning as she moves to take in the room and finds Drake still standing there with his heavy, wet cock still out. He looks like the epitome of an unhinged stalker, especially with the way he’s staring at Odette, but she moves in to put his cock away for him and whispers something in his ear we can’t hear. Without another word, they leave the room, and my girl swiftly moves to jump into my arms. “I need to feel close to you.”

“I’m here,” I whisper, holding her as she buries her face in my neck. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Seventeen

Isla

Waking up in Kaz's bed still feels surreal. I've wanted this for so damn long it's like I've been in a fog for days, but my head feels clearer this morning. Maybe it's because it's the first time I've woken up alone.

After all he told me, I had to take some time to really think about it before I could decide how to feel. It's a lot. He's a lot. But I've never felt more loved, protected, or cared for in my entire life. Maybe there's something wrong with me? I don't feel fear anymore — not the fear I should feel when I think of how many lives he's taken at least, just the fear of the unknown that each day brings now that he's got his hooks in me. It's easy to push those dark things from my mind because they don't have anything to do with me. They were before me, and I won't let myself hold it against him.

He'd never hurt me. He'd hurt *for* me. He'd never kill me, he'd kill *for* me. I feel the difference all the way to my bones, and when he looks at me, I don't see a killer. I just see him.

The restraint he showed when we played with his friend showed me that he's in control when it comes to me, and even caged or used, I don't have anything to fear. He'll always take care of his baby girl.

Getting out of bed, I wash up quickly in the bathroom and then make my way out to the kitchen for some coffee, smiling when I see he's already made me some and set it to stay warm. Where is he? I already miss his intense gaze on me, but I barely get the mug poured when he walks inside the house with bags of groceries. Relaxing, I step in front of him to kiss his lips. "I missed you."

"Sorry about that. I was hoping to get back before you woke up."

"You put me out last night," I tease, noticing how tense he was until I was leaning against him. "You okay? Was the store packed or something?"

"Or something." He kisses my forehead and moves around me to put the groceries away, and I follow him with a smile.

"Well, you're home now." His clothes are a little more disheveled than usual, but just as I catch the reddening skin along his arms and knuckles, my phone rings. Normally I'd ignore it and ask him if something happened, but

it's my mom's ringtone and she hardly ever calls me. "Hey, Mom. Everything okay?"

"No!" she sobs. I can't make anything out through the sound of her heaving and sputtering.

"Mom, just breathe." I glance at Kaz before setting my mug down and moving over to my couch. "What happened? Are you hurt?"

"Not me," she sniffles. "I'm on the way to the hospital. Colson was jumped by some crazy asshole in a mask."

Serves him right. The fact that my first instinct is to laugh makes me feel like shit. I hate hearing her like this, but I relax at the fact that she's not the one injured. "But he's alive?"

"Yes, but I don't know for how long. He's in bad shape."

I know my mom well enough to know that under the panic, even she's a little relieved.

Too bad our masked hero didn't do us all a favor and take him out, but I guess there's still time for it to still happen.

Maybe I'm broken, but that man did nothing to earn a second chance. "It'll be okay, mom. Don't freak out until you hear from the doctors. What happened to him, exactly?"

Tell me so I can imagine his busted ass face clearer. Actually, send a damn picture. "I don't know. All they told me is that he said it was some masked lunatic before they put him under for surgery. They said something about internal bleeding, and that's really bad, right? I just can't imagine who would do this."

Kaz is looking at me with concern written all over his face, so I hold out my hand for him to move closer. "Does he have any enemies? I mean, he's not the most likable guy, and this sounds personal. Maybe it's a work thing?"

Or he touched the wrong fucking daughter.

"I'm not sure. I gotta go, sweetie. I just pulled in. I'll keep you updated."

She hangs up before I can respond, and I toss my phone aside with a sigh. "Sounds like Colson finally got to feel like prey for once. Some guy in a mask kicked the hell out of his ass, and now he's in surgery."

Chuckling, Kaz raises his eyebrows. "Oh, I wasn't wearing a mask. I wanted him to know exactly who was holding his life in their hands, and I wanted it to be my name he sobbed as he begged for mercy. It's cute he told people that, though."

My eyes widen as I meet his, and the truth I find there has my heart skipping a beat. “You...” I glance down at his hand and run my hand over his knuckles, seeing that they aren’t just red, they’re bruised and split again. “For me?”

“Always,” he whispers. “I didn’t kill him because I don’t want to hurt your mom like that, but I wanted to. For every time he slighted you.”

Climbing into his lap, I press my forehead against his and whisper a thank you. “I love you.”

His whole body seems to coil tightly as he slides his hands up my shirt, curling his fingers against my spine. “And I love you, Isla. I’m yours just as much as you’re mine. Consider me a weapon with your name on it.”

“Hottest weapon out there,” I whisper, kissing his neck just below his ear like he loves. “Fuck, I wish I got to see it. I hate him so much.”

Saying it out loud is like a weight lifting off my chest, one that lessens even more when Kaz taps me to sit up. “Drake taped it. If you want to see it, it’s all yours.”

Scrambling off of him, I find myself snatching his phone the second he pulls it from his pocket, but I hand it back abruptly when I see the raised eyebrow on his face. “Sorry. Got a little too excited.”

“Breathe, baby girl. It’s not going anywhere.”

He finds the video and hands it to me. I watch with wide eyes as Kaz crosses the empty street in front of a strip club and pulls Colson out of his car by his hair. The first thwack of my man’s fist against my stepfather’s face makes me jerk, but he’s relentless. Over and over, Kaz unleashes hell on Colson until he’s screaming and begging him to stop. Drake is too far away to clearly make out what Kaz’s response is, though it’s clear that he’s getting his message across. As Colson curls up in the fetal position to protect himself, Kaz stands tall over him like a death god.

Drake whispers, “Fuck, I know that look. We’re gonna have to bury a body after all,” just as Kaz kicks my stepfather so hard, he rolls off the sidewalk into the street and splays out lifeless.

Seeing him that way, feeling the intensity radiating off of him while he’s completely in his element has me so wet and squirming I toss his phone aside and immediately drop to my knees before him. “Thank you,” I breathe.

Splaying his knees to let me in, Kaz meets my eyes and tucks my hair behind my ear. “If you want to thank me, then be a good girl and go get undressed. Lay on your back on the bed when you’re done.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

I rise on shaky legs, walking toward our room with butterflies flapping around in my stomach and they don't let up until I'm laying on our bed. After what he did to Colson — letting his demons come out to play and losing control — I know he needs my full submission and I plan on giving it to him.

He doesn't make me wait long.

His presence sucks the air from the room as he fills the doorway and takes in the sight of my exposed body, like he's deciding exactly which ways to break me. “Wider,” he commands, stepping forward slowly as I spread my legs far enough for him to secure my ankles to the corners of the bed frame.

“Are you wet for me, Isla?”

“Yes,” I admit. “Soaked, Kaz. Seeing you that way... fuck, it was so hot.”

I can tell by the look in his eyes that his bloodlust wasn't sated earlier. Colson bled, but not enough. Not in the way he needs me to. His fingers twitch as he reaches for his pocket and hesitates like he's unsure, so I lick my lips and nod once in silent permission. He pulls the knife out. It's small and sharp, reflecting the dim light from the lamp beside the bed as he admires the craftsmanship. It doesn't look like much to me, just a plain silver blade, but to him? It might as well be a religious artifact.

It's cold to the touch as it ghosts down my side, leaving a trail of goosebumps along my skin, while my heart pounds in my chest. He looks so fucking good right now, like some sort of entity casting judgement on me as I lay bare before him. “I trust you, Daddy.”

“You shouldn't,” he whispers, all breathless and reverent as he makes the first cut on the top of my right thigh. It's just enough to have a little blood trickle out, but so expertly done, I barely felt it. “I'm sick, Isla.”

“No,” I whimper, biting my lip as I watch it drip down my skin. We probably should have put a towel down. “You're not sick. You just have different needs than some, baby. Let me help.”

His shoulders relax as he intersects the cut with a second, swiping his thumb over the mess. It takes me a moment to realize it's a cross — but it becomes more evident when he carves the same symbol into my other thigh.

“Why a cross?” I whisper, watching him in awe as my blood settles something inside him.

“Because you're the only deity I've ever come across worth my devotion,” he says, leaning down to kiss my pussy. “I might be broken, baby girl, but you're the only one I'd die for.”

“Fuck,” I hiss, back arching from his lips, his words, his everything. “You make me believe I’m worthy.”

“Good. Now come for me, Isla. Don’t stop until you’re spent.”

Blood races down my thighs as he licks me, chasing his mouth until I’m sure he can taste that, too. It triggers an out of body experience I didn’t expect. Seeing him between my thighs with my blood surrounding him is more beautiful than words can describe and I know he belongs to me just as much as I belong to him. “Daddy,” I moan, limbs trembling as he takes me apart inch by inch, and when I come for him his name falls from my lips like a prayer.

“More,” he commands, not letting up for a moment. There are no fingers this time, just the steady drum of his tongue in my clit as my heart hammers faster and faster until it feels like they’re perfectly in sync.

“Oh, God. I can’t!” But I can, and he drags that next orgasm from me like it’s his fucking job.

I try to clench my legs closed, but the fact that they’re still restrained slaps me in the face.

This was his plan all along.

“You can take it,” he growls. “Give me more.”

“Daddy!” I cry, but all those tears do is spur him on. The comforter is already ruined from my blood, what’s a little more mess? I stop holding back, giving myself to the pleasure he’s allowing me to have, giving myself to him.

The next orgasm has me seeing stars and squirting all over him, which seems to finally calm him down. Face messy, he grins up at me. “That’s better.”

“Yeah?” I ask, breathless and parched. “Will you fuck my bleeding body now, Kaz?”

I manage to toss him a lazy smile as he sits up on his knees and undoes the restraints on my ankles. “Not quite, baby girl. I want you to bounce that pretty ass on Daddy’s cock no matter how bad it burns.”

There’s a brief second where I almost tell him I don’t have the energy, but when I sit up I know there’s no way I can disappoint him. The pain will only add to the pleasure, and I plan on making him feel as good as he’s made me. “Then lay back, baby. It’s my turn to take care of you.”

Forever.

Eighteen

Kaz

This time, I'm excited for family dinner. It's the first one where I'll be walking in holding Isla's hand instead of fucking Zoe's, and it's also the first since I nearly murdered Colson with my bare hands. He's recovering, albeit slowly, and Isla's mom saw fit to have a little celebration dinner.

Clearly, he never told her it was me, and that fact has me feeling almost giddy as I open Isla's car door for her. "Are you ready?"

"Yeah," she lies, glancing up at the house before she climbs out. "You seem excited. What if Zoe's a bitch again?"

Oh, no. Backing her against the car, I grip her chin hard. "Who gives a fuck about her?" I ask. "You're Isla fucking Harlow, and one day soon, you'll be Isla fucking Koren."

Her eyes sparkle, all her worries forgotten with just a few words of affirmation, and when her lips press to mine I know she's ready to face them. "Soon, huh?"

Interlocking our fingers, she tugs me toward the house like she's trying to get me inside before I answer her. That's okay. I have no problem announcing to everyone that I plan on marrying Isla sooner rather than later.

But when we walk in, we're met with dead silence. Colson looks pale, Zoe looks heartbroken, and Isla's mom is moving around in the kitchen.

This shit is my bread and butter. Grinning widely, I let go of my girl to wrap Colson in a bear hug. "So good to see you, Dad!" I say, squeezing him as his whole body goes rigid. "You had us so worried."

Colson doesn't say a word. He doesn't pull away or tell the truth either, but he forces his face to turn upward in the world's fakest smile before limping off to his chair.

"So you guys aren't even trying to pretend anymore?"

Zoe's eyes are narrowed on my girl, but Isla only stands up taller. "Don't start, Zoe. We're not here to rub this in your face. We're here because my mom asked us to be, okay?"

"Speak for yourself, baby girl. I'm definitely here to rub it in her face for every time she asked me to go to that goddamn reunion," I mutter, plopping

down in the chair across from Colson and pulling Isla onto my lap. “Are either of you going to complain?”

Zoe looks five seconds away from arguing, but Colson puts a hand on her arm to stop her. “You guys seem... happy.”

What a pussy. “We are. Thanks for noticing.”

He nods, his gaze dropping to the plate like he can’t stand to stare at me.

Zoe storms back to the bathroom to compose herself just as Isla’s mom walks over and smiles at us awkwardly. “You two being happy is all that matters. She’ll come around. I always knew I saw something here.”

“To be honest, it should’ve always been her,” I admit. “It just took us a while to get here.”

She nods, setting a fresh beer in front of Colson before she finally takes a seat. “I know. A mother always knows when her daughter is in love.”

Isla hides her face in my neck, but I can feel the relief and happiness radiating off of her. Suddenly, I’m a little more grateful that I didn’t kill Colson — as iffy as Mom might be with him, she’d be lost if he died. I can’t have that.

“If it helps at all, I love her too. With all of me. There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for her. Right, Colson?”

Choking on his beer, Colson’s eyes go wide as he realizes I’m speaking to him. “Oh, yes of course. I-I can see it.”

My girl snorts, curling into me closer. “You look a little nervous, big guy,” I goad. “You’re not still worried your little masked friend will come back to finish the job, are you?”

He frowns, eyes darting between us all like he knows I’m fucking with him but can’t do anything about it. “Yes, well. You never know. I certainly didn’t expect to get jumped outside of the bank.”

He definitely wasn’t outside of a bank, but I can see that’s the story he’s told his wife.

I’ll let him have it for now. “Why not? Maybe they thought you just took money out. You know, as one does at a bank.”

“I thought they didn’t take any money?” Mom asks. “They said you still had cash on you.”

Yeah, because I wasn’t after money. I wanted his fear, and I got it.

“I did. Maybe someone scared them off before they could find my wallet,” Colson deflects. “Can we not talk about this?”

“Of course,” she rushes out, turning to mouth at us that it’s a sore subject. “So Isla, you haven’t had to run off to work in a while. How is that going?”

“I—” Zoe returns, her face still in a scowl as she pretends she isn’t listening. “Well, I’m taking some time off. Kaz has asked me to move in, so I’ve been pretty busy.”

“So what? He’s like taking care of you now?”

No matter how hard she tries, Zoe can’t help but to interrupt.

Isla shrugs. “What’s it to you?”

Interested as hell, I turn to her with a curious smile. “Is this because you asked me to support you a thousand times and I said no?”

“Fuck you,” she mutters. “But yeah. Yeah, it is.”

“The difference is Isla loves me for me. You pretended to love me because you thought I could do things for you. Am I wrong?”

“Yes.” But the truth is in her eyes, she’s just too stubborn to admit it. “I just don’t get it. Why her? Of all the fucking girls.”

Isla squirms and sucks in a breath to make me change the subject, so I grip her hip and squeeze. “Why Isla? Because she’s kind, and soft, and warm. Because she lights up every room she steps into. Because she’s never known her own worth thanks to the three of you, and I’m hellbent on changing that. This absolutely stunning woman on my lap is everything I’m not, every good thing in the world, and she somehow holds onto that even though every inch of her is cracked from years of putting up with people like you, and people who would rather see her torn down than built up. You’re a petty bitch Zoe, and Isla is... someone worth killing for.”

I shift my eyes to Colson so that motherfucker knows his days are numbered. I might’ve been on the fence before, but there’s no doubt in my mind that one day, I will be the fucking reason the light leaves his eyes forever.

They’re stunned silent, Mom’s eyes watering at my words, and I refuse to feel sorry for speaking the truth. Isla’s mother may not be the one that actively hurts her, but she’s never once had her back, and in my eyes, that makes her just as guilty.

Isla’s hand fists in my shirt, her eyes meeting mine a second before our lips meet in a slow but sure kiss. “Thank you.”

The urge to turn this into a slaughterhouse creeps up my spine until it’s hard to breathe. They don’t deserve to share the same Earth as my girl, so

why should I let them live? Why let them exist when all they've ever done is hurt her?

Fuck.

She must feel it, because without warning she stands and pulls me by my hand toward the hallway, not stopping until we're closing the bathroom door behind us. "Daddy, stay with me."

I hear her, I do, but it doesn't stop the bloodlust from continuing to boil under my skin. "Baby," she whispers, then grabs my hand to slip it under her skirt, letting me feel that she's wet for me.

Jesus, I don't deserve her. My fingers move on instinct, slipping over her clit and sliding inside her as my lips find her neck. I don't care where we are or who can hear it — I need her before this little dinner becomes the opening scene of a Netflix special. "I hate them," I whisper against her skin. "Isa..."

"I know, baby." She spreads her legs wider for me. "We'll never come back again after this. If mom wants to see me, she'll understand. They don't matter, all that matters is this."

She places one hand over my heart and the other over my cock, snapping the little bit of resolve I had not to fuck her clear through the door. Hiking her skirt up, I wait until she pulls me out then slide inside her and pin her to the door. "I meant every word, baby girl. I'd fucking kill for you."

"I know, Daddy." My girl moans it so loud I know she doesn't care who hears either. "I love you. I'd fucking kill for you too."

One day, I think I'd quite like to see that — my girl with murder in her eyes and blood on her hands. Fuck, even the thought makes me throb inside her, and something primal takes over me. I fuck her harder, stressing the door until I think the wood might splinter under her.

Her fingers rake in my hair, her body tensing as I hit that spot that always sends her over and when I lean in to bite her neck, my girl comes. "Oh, fuck!"

I need more. I need to know she'll still feel me when we sit down to eat, that everyone in this fucking house understands she doesn't belong to them anymore. She belongs to me. She's mine to break or build up, mine to praise and punish. They no longer control her, I do, and they can't have her back.

But she licks that spot just under my ear that turns me into fucking putty, and I hit the edge before I can drag another four orgasms from her like I wanted to. I bury it deep, snapping my hips until she's whimpering, and only stop when she tugs my hair to silently tell me she's had enough.

“Feel better, baby?”

Isla kisses my lips with a smile that stops my heart for a moment.

“Yeah, baby girl. I do. You always know how to pull me back from the edge.”

She might’ve had enough, but as I set her down and help her fix her skirt, I realize that I haven’t.

And knowing the way she makes me feel... I never will.

Epilogue

Isla

I've already grown used to the cage.

In fact, I find it relaxing as hell to just lay inside of it and forget the outside world completely. Nothing can touch me in here — not the negativity from my family, our fucked up society, politics, judgement... absolutely nothing can lay a finger on me physically or mentally but Kaz, and with him I'm safe. I'm always safe.

This time though, I've been in a bratty mood all day, so I hid his knife inside of it this morning, and since he left to go clean up before our guests arrive, it's the perfect time to play a little bit.

Too bad he's going to have a bigger mess in here when he comes back for me.

With a smile, I slide the sharp end along my hip, eyes wide as crimson liquid beads out of the slit, and I imagine how crazy this is going to make him. The sting makes me hiss, but it doesn't stop me from running my finger through it so I can write his name along my stomach in my own blood.

I'm midway through a small heart next to the Z when the door opens and Kaz drops the pile of clothes he picked out for me. They land haphazardly on the floor with a soft sound as his eyes darken with surprise and lust, giving me exactly the reaction I was hoping for — and every slow, deliberate step toward me gives me chills.

"Isla," he tsks. "How'd you get my knife?"

"I found it."

Stole it is more like it. He always keeps it in his pocket in case of emergency, so I had to distract him with a heated kiss and some teasing to slip it out unnoticed.

"Bad girl," he growls, but the playful smirk on his face gives away how pleased he is. "What am I going to do with you?"

He answers his own question when he unlocks the cage and grabs my ankles to tug me half out of it, then runs his hand over my bloody hip.

The pain it causes is completely overshadowed by lust, by the promise in his eyes as he stares at me like I'm worth everything. "I couldn't help it. I really needed to see how your name would look written in my blood, Daddy."

I roll onto my back so he can see it better, spreading my legs as he ghosts his fingertips over my skin. The bulge in his sweats is huge as he checks his watch with an air of irritation — we don't have time for this, but there's no world where he denies me.

“Fuck it,” he growls, pulling himself out and slapping my clit with the head of his cock. “You want it, baby girl?”

“Please,” I beg, twitching with each slap. “Please fill me up so I can drip your cum all evening, baby.”

Rough hands grip my hips and lift my ass up enough that he can slide inside me, barely giving me enough time to grab hold of the bars of the cage. “Oh, fuck.” How many times have we done this now? Fifty times... more? I don't have a clue, and yet it still seems to get better every single time.

When Kaz slips inside of me, it makes everything else disappear, and all that exists is the moment we're living in. He's taken the time to learn every single thing that feels good to me, knows exactly how to keep me so wound tight every orgasm feels like nothing will ever top it. But the next one will, my man always makes sure of it. “I love you.”

All he manages to get out is a strangled, “Love you too,” as he pounds into me, eyes glued to his name on my stomach. I can see it all over his face — one day, I'll probably have it tattooed. Something irrevocable and permanent to remind him every day that I'm his.

With a smile I watch him stare, happy this had the exact effect I'd hoped it would when I stole his pocket knife. I love driving him crazy, because I know I'm the only person who can. He doesn't give a shit about anyone else. “My body belongs to you, Daddy. Every single inch of it.”

“Good fucking girl,” he growls, rubbing my clit with his thumb as he takes me apart. I can see from the strain of his shoulders and the knot in his jaw that he's too close already, seeing my skin painted with blood has awakened that primal need to breed me, and I fucking love it.

“I'm gonna come. Please, don't stop,” I moan, knowing there's no world in which he'd deny me, no matter how hard it is for him to hold back.

“Then give it to me, Isla. Let me have it before they get here. No one gets to see you like this but me.”

The angle changes just slightly so his cock brushes my g-spot, and stars explode behind my eyelids as I give him what he demands.

My toes curl as ecstasy floods through my veins, spreading and intensifying when he slaps me. God, I love this man.

I give him another orgasm I didn't even feel coming, the force of it shoving him out of my dripping pussy and making him feral. "I wasn't finished." Climbing in the cage with me, he pins me down and slides back in, biting my lip hard as he drives himself deeper and deeper inside of me.

Words evade me as I try to beg for his cum, but to beg without words, I drag my nails down his back hard enough to make sure I'm not the only one bleeding.

His whole body trembles as he loses rhythm and I feel his cock pulsing inside of me, pumping me full. "Thank you," I gasp, wrapping my legs around him and clenching so I can get every drop.

"So fucking perfect," he whispers, catching me in a scorching kiss as he fucks his cum deeper. "I want to keep you here all fucking day but it's been weeks since we've seen them."

"I know. Will you put me on my knees after dinner? I just want to kneel for you, Daddy."

His eyes flash. "How about I put you on your knees during dinner and I'll feed you?"

I shiver, a wicked smile spreading across my face. "I'd love that."

"Good girl. Then come on, we need to get you cleaned and bandaged before they get here." Kaz takes one long moment to stare at me with love in his eyes before moving to help me up, and I soak every inch of his attention up for the rest of the night. Hell, I'll soak it up for the rest of my life, and I refuse to let anyone make me feel guilty about it anymore.

I was always it for him. I just didn't realize he was it for me as well, and now that I do, I will never let him go.

Kaz Koren is mine.

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