



# BLURRED LINES

USA Today Bestselling Author

JENIKA SNOW

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A FORBIDDEN ROMANCE

# JENIKA SNOW



## **BLURRED LINES**

By Jenika Snow

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Landon came into Lyric's life three years ago when his mother married her father.

He's hardened, rough around the edges, and has a chip on his shoulder. He's a bad boy who boxes, and seemed to hate the world.

But Lyric wanted him despite it being forbidden to be together.

Landon had been called many things: deviant, destructive, and an all around bad boy. But he's never cared what anyone thought, not until Lyric.

It only took opening up to her to see that she's it for him. But how could she possibly want a guy like him? How could he ever be good enough for her?

It might be wrong to be together, but Landon wouldn't stop until everyone knew that Lyric was his.

**Note:** This was previously published under the same title. It's since been recovered and reedited, but the story itself is the same.

CHAPTER  
**ONE**

“I don’t know how you live under the same roof as him, Lyric,” Marie, Lyric’s best friend said in a hushed tone. “I’d be frightened he would go postal one day.”

Lyric and Marie were in the cafeteria at school sitting in a corner table, and staring right at Lyric’s stepbrother, Landon. He was across the room, alone as usual, with nothing but a can of pop in front of him and his phone in his hand. Even from a distance she could make out the hard lines of his body.

At only eighteen years old he was built like a tank, could have probably kicked ass at football or any other contact sport like that because of his strength and sheer size alone, but he was a loner.

In the last three years since he’d been going to this school and living under the same roof with her, he’d done nothing but start shit.

When Laura, Landon’s mother, had married Brent, Lyric’s father, she knew her life would change, and although they weren’t close, Landon had impacted her life.

He was her stepbrother by all accounts, married into the family, which connected them, but she never had any kind of pull to him, not in a brotherly way, at least.

“Honestly, he keeps his distance from everyone.” Lyric grabbed her bottle of water and took a drink from it, all the while watching him. “He keeps to himself at home, too, well, unless he’s coming home all scuffed up from a fight.”

“Yeah, I can see him getting into a lot of fights, and winning.”

So could Lyric. “It’s like he has a perpetual chip on his shoulder.” She looked over at Marie for a second. “He’s angry at everything.”

“But he’s gorgeous, I’ll give him that. Too bad he is also kind of scary.”

Lyric looked back at Landon after Marie spoke. “I guess I’d be upset, too, if I was uprooted and had to finish off high school in another city.”

“I thought you said he was having issues at his other school, too?” Marie asked. Landon had been here for the last three years, since he was a freshman in high school.

“Yeah, or so I heard.”

“What did you hear again?” Marie asked, sounding very interested.

Lyric stared at her friend for a second, her eyebrow lifted. “You do realize I’ve told you this before?”

Marie shrugged. “Tell me again. It’s interesting.”

Lyric exhaled. “I overheard my dad and Laura talking about.” It wasn’t like Lyric was eavesdropping on her stepmother and dad, but when she’d overheard them speaking about all of the fights Landon had gotten into, all of the trouble he was surrounding himself with, Lyric couldn’t help but listen to how her stepbrother really was.

“You think he’s like that because his dad ran off?”

Lyric shrugged. “Maybe, or maybe he’s just one of those guys that doesn’t like the world or anyone in it.” Just then, as if he’d heard Lyric speaking, which was impossible, Landon lifted his head and stared right at her. Even from the distance she could see the startling clarity of his green eyes.

She didn’t know what it was about him that had her so curious, as if she wanted to just reach out and hug all that anger away. But every time she looked at Landon this part of



her wanted to comfort him, get through to him ... hell, just be his friend.

The first time Lyric had seen Landon Boscoe she'd known he was a bad boy, even if she was only fifteen years old. It was clear he didn't care about anyone but himself, and he would be more trouble than she was used to.

He was hard around the edges, had this attitude that was slightly frightening, and she didn't know if she should also be one of those people that knew better and stayed away.

He had been tall and muscular, not like any of the other fifteen-year-old guys that went to their school. Just the sight of him could have people crossing the street because he looked intimidating, and over time he just got bigger, stronger ... more frightening.

It was not until Landon came in her life that she realized she had never really known what dangerous and volatile really meant.

"Oh damn, look who's going over there," Marie said in a hushed whisper.

Lyric pulled her thoughts back to the present. Devon, the school's resident asshole and jock, was coming into the cafeteria with his three buddies that never left his side, trailing behind. Devon not only bullied anyone he didn't like, but he also picked on the kids that he didn't think were up to his "popularity" standard, which would be the majority of the school.

In the last three years Devon and Landon had gone at it only once, but the tension was always there between them. Lyric knew it was because Landon had been kicking Devon's ass, and if not for the teacher that stopped the fight Devon would have been seriously hurt. Of course, Devon had deserved it all.

"You think he's going to start shit with Landon again?" Marie asked, and started shifting on her seat, as if she were the one getting nervous about all of this.

“If he was smart he wouldn’t, but then again Devon is dumber than a bag of bricks.”

Landon may have gotten into trouble constantly where he used to live, disregard the rules his mom and her dad put in place now, but he worked out, and because of that he was huge.

Lyric would have thought for the amount of working out he did he would have stayed out of trouble, but because he was so in shape it seemed to make him even more dangerous and controlled.

She didn’t know if she should go over there, try to defuse a situation that may or may not happen, or just let it play out. If Devon got his ass kicked it would be his own fault, but then again she didn’t want Landon getting in trouble either.

And of course Devon walked right up to Landon. For a second Landon kept focusing on his phone, and from the distance Lyric could see Devon was saying something. Everything that came out of Devon’s mouth was asinine and ignorant. Grabbing her books and bag Lyric stood and started walking toward where Landon was.

“Where are you going?” Marie asked as Lyric was walking away. She didn’t respond, just kept moving toward where Landon sat, even if she didn’t know what she was going to say when she got there.

“You deaf and mute or something?” Devon said. The closer she got the more annoyed she was by the asshole, and how he ran his mouth.

“Fuck off,” Landon said, his focus still on his phone, his voice calm, stoic.

“Fuck off?” Devon said and started laughing. “This asshole thinks he can talk to me that way?” Devon was speaking to his friends now.

Lyric moved between him and Landon, and she noticed that Landon lifted his head and looked at her, his nostrils flaring slightly, as if he were upset she was here. Did he not

realize she was trying to save him from getting into big trouble? Devon wouldn't stop taunting until a fight broke out.

“Lyric, get the hell out of here.” Devon went to grab her arm, but before he could even touch her Landon was out of his seat and between her and Devon. She tilted her head back, looking up at Landon's muscular form, surprised he'd been so swift.

“What the hell?” Devon said and started chuckling. “You trying to protect her or some shit?”

Still, Landon didn't say anything.

“Come on, Landon. He's not worth it.” She grabbed Landon's arm, and even though he was so much bigger than she was, and even if they didn't have the closest relationship, he allowed her to pull him back. Lyric knew that had to be hard for him to do.

“I'll catch up with you later, Lyric,” Devon shouted out, and started making kissing noises her way.

She looked up at Landon and saw he had a clenched jaw. “He's an asshole,” she said, but still Landon kept quiet and looked pissed. “You want to blow off the rest of the day?”

He turned and looked down at her. He was so much taller than her five-foot-five frame. At over six feet in height, and coupled with Landon's sheer strength and muscle mass, she had to wonder why Devon tried starting shit with him anyway.

“You sure you want to fuck up your perfect attendance?” He lifted a dark brow.

“I don't have perfect attendance, and I'm not some good girl that's never ditched before.” She walked toward the doors and out of them, sensing Landon behind her. “Unless you want to stay here and risk getting suspended or expelled because some asshole got under your skin?” She stopped and turned to face him once she was outside.

The sound of students talking close by couldn't still the beating of her heart. It felt like it would slam right through her ribs.

There was no denying Landon was attractive, with short dark hair and green eyes that were so vibrant they seemed almost unreal. Of course she'd heard girls talk about him, how they wanted to have him, but he'd always kept to himself at school, well, unless he was getting into trouble.

But at home it was a different situation. He always came home late, a lot of times with bloodied knuckles, and even a few times with the cops as his escort.

It annoyed her, pissed her off, too, because she saw the strain that put on his mom, how she worried and got upset that he was so reckless.

“Well?” she said, pulling her thoughts away from how much trouble he really was. She could have sworn the corner of his mouth kicked up slightly, but if it did it was gone as soon as it had arrived.

“Lead the way.”

She turned, breathed out, and had no damn clue where exactly she was supposed to lead them to.

CHAPTER  
TWO

Landon hadn't always been this way, hadn't always had this chip on his shoulder, this attitude toward the world.

Maybe it was because his dad just up and left them, just decided they weren't worth it anymore. Whatever the reason, this was who he was now, and he knew he wouldn't change.

Fighting, not backing down when danger was right in his face, made him feel alive, feel like he had something to work for. It wasn't like he wanted the pain, or needed it, to feel good about himself. Hell, the pain fucking sucked, but he still wouldn't stop doing what he was doing, not for anyone.

They could take it or leave it, but either way he didn't give a fuck.

His mom had always been there for him, always tried to help him, tried to understand why he was this way. And yeah, a part of him did feel like a piece of shit for putting her through this grief.

Even Brent, his stepfather, was a good and decent man. But Landon didn't want or need a new dad, and he didn't need anyone sitting down and talking with him on what his problem was and how could they fix him. He couldn't be fixed.

He didn't want to be.

They had been driving for the last ten minutes, away from home and school, but he was cool with that. He didn't want to go back anyway. He wanted to beat Devon's ass and knock him out so he'd quit running his mouth.

He'd done well with not at least bitch slapping the little punk, but he was hanging on by a thread.

The fact he got into a lot of shit wasn't because he wanted to cause his mom or Brent grief. It was just the way he dealt with things. In fact, he probably would have beaten the fuck out of Devon if Lyric hadn't shown up.

And then when Devon had almost touched Lyric... Landon curled his hands into fists at that thought. He didn't want that motherfucker touching her.

He looked over at her and felt this tightening in his gut. Her long, light brown hair was blowing around her shoulders from the wind coming through the partially open window. After another twenty minutes she pulled into a drive-through.

"Chocolate or vanilla?" she asked.

"What?"

"For a milkshake. Do you want chocolate or vanilla?"

"Chocolate, I guess."

She smiled, and something in him tightened at the sight. After they got the shakes she was driving again, and as soon as she pulled onto the dirt road he knew she was heading toward the creek. It was a small, secluded area, where this wide creek ran that separated their town with the next.

A lot of parties were held here, but during the week it was quiet, with hardly anyone showing up.

She pulled to a stop and cut the engine, and for a second she sat there drinking her shake. He had yet to touch his, but he wasn't into it right now.

"I paid for that, you know."

He glanced at her, and felt his lips quirk at her tone. "Is that a subtle way of saying drink the fucking thing?"

She turned her head and smiled. "It's my not so subtle way of saying drink the fucking thing."

He chuckled, and it had been too damn long since he'd laughed. He took a long drink from the straw and stared out

the front windshield.

“I have only been up here once, and it wasn’t a time I care to think about that often.”

He was curious what she meant, but he wasn’t about to pry. “But you want to come up here now?” he asked, being honest, and not trying to be a dick about it. She was silent for several seconds, but then glanced over at him.

“It’s quiet. I knew the chances of seeing anyone here at this time was pretty slim, and the view of the next town is pretty incredible.” She got out of the car before he could respond, and he sat there a moment just watching her walk over to the creek.

Landon climbed out, his shake in hand, and went over to where she stood. This place was pretty picturesque, but because of all the parties here there was also trash scattered along the ground. Empty beer bottles and even used condoms could be seen.

“It’s a shame they can’t clean up after themselves,” she said softly.

“People are assholes,” Landon stated honestly.

She chuckled softly. “They can be.” They stood there silently for several more seconds, and then she breathed out and faced him fully.

Landon looked down at her. Lyric was so short compared to him, so small and feminine. She pushed her hair off her shoulder, and he couldn’t help but track the movement.

Her shirt was cut low enough that he could see her collarbones, a part on a female that turned him the hell on. She was curvy, not stick thin like the other girls at the school, and truth be told that turned him the fuck on.

He could also see the rise and fall of her breasts pressing against her t-shirt and the slight swell of her cleavage right beneath the top of her shirt.

Against all his will he felt his cock start to harden and felt like a twisted, sick person. He turned from her and faced the

scene of the next town over, willing his dick to go the fuck down. Damn, if she saw him sporting a hard-on she'd probably think he was a motherfucker.

“Devon isn't worth you getting in trouble over.”

“He's a prick and deserves to get his ass beat,” Landon said without any emotion. Thank fuck his cock deflated instantly at the mention of that asshole.

“He does that to get under your skin.”

“Well, it's working.” Landon continued to stare at the town below, his anger rising. “He needs to get clocked out. Maybe then he'll realize running his mouth isn't the smartest move.” Landon wasn't going to tell her that his rage was also due to Devon touching her. That had sent Landon over the edge faster than he even thought possible.

“Your mom goes through enough shit, Landon.”

He faced her, knowing what she meant, but pissed that she'd say that.

“I don't think you know shit about that, Lyric,” he said through clenched teeth.

“I didn't want you to come with me so we could fight, because we don't even talk as it is. I just want you to know there are hundreds of guys like Devon out there, just wanting to screw up someone's life because they were born assholes.” She turned from him, breathing out and sounding a little defeated.

He didn't know what to say, how to respond to that, so he didn't open his mouth. He just stood there, looking at the scene, thinking about what she'd said.

“Can I ask you something?” she asked softly.

“Yeah,” he said without hesitation, because strangely enough he felt this openness with Lyric. “You might not like the answer.” Landon wouldn't lie to her, and therefore if she asked something about himself or his past, which he had a feeling she would, she probably wouldn't like the answer.

“Why do you do it all?”



She didn't elaborate, but he knew what she was getting at.

"I'm sorry, that's prying."

He shook his head, but he didn't know if she was looking at him. "It's okay." He scrubbed a hand over his jaw, and with his other hand curled his finger more firmly around the cup. "This is just the way I am. I might have gotten worse with the aggression and fighting after my dad skipped out on us for some young bitch, but I always had this wild energy in me." He looked at her then. "I was always a pain in the ass for my parents." He did hate that he put his mom through so much.

"What about doing something productive that can release all that ... aggression?"

He looked at her then. "I box, Lyric, and it helps, but I have a short fuse. Someone fucks with me, and nine times out of ten I'm not going to back away. I start throwing down and not worry about what happens afterward." He saw her swallow and wondered if she was afraid of him.

He'd never hurt her, never hurt anyone he cared about. The fights he got into were due to other assholes starting crap with him. Landon didn't just randomly start beating on them. He waited until they threw the first punch, and then it was on.

"Maybe I'll never understand that. I am the most non-confrontational person on the planet." She smiled softly.

"That's good." He wanted to reach out and brush the hair on her face away, wanted to see if her skin was as smooth as it looked. "Fighting isn't always the answer."

He should probably practice what he preached, but he'd never been one to follow his own rules.

She chuckled, and he knew it was because he didn't really have any room to speak. "Can we just stay here a while?" she asked.

"We can stay here all day, Lyric." And he meant that, because even standing here with her, even if they weren't speaking, was pretty fucking nice.

CHAPTER  
**THREE**

“Come on, asshole,” Landon said, although he had his mouthpiece on and his words were muffled. The other boxer grinned, the bling on his mouth guard flashing.

“Landon Bosoce, everyone. He’s a motherfucking beast,” the announcer said, loud enough that the crowd started going wild. The boxing match was illegal, and being held in the basement of a meat factory right outside of town. The factory owner allowed them to have the match in exchange for a large chunk of money.

The other boxer came toward Landon, but he ducked as a massive gloved hand came right at his face. He moved left, then right. Swinging his own fist out, he connected with the muscular abdomen of his opponent, feeling strength when the other man grunted and stumbled back.

They were both bleeding, the other guy from his mouth and a cut on his cheek, and Landon from a cut above his eye.

The sound of Landon’s heart beating was in his ears, and the smell of sweat, blood, and aggression quickly filled the room as the fight progressed.

Landon swung out again, connected with the guy’s jaw, and loved that his head cracked back. More blood spilled out of his mouth and nose. The bell rang as the round ended, and Landon went to his corner.

This was underground fighting, so they didn’t have any coaches or help as they took their moment to regroup. The bell

rang for the next round, the twelfth and final round. Landon bounced on his feet and went back into the center of the ring.

He could have ended this, knocked the fucker right out, but he liked prolonging it, liked the fight to last and wear him out. As it was he was exhausted, but it felt good.

The other boxer turned his head and spat out a mouthful of the red, viscous fluid, wiped the back of his hand over his lips and nose, and focused on Landon again. He grinned, his mouth guard covered in redness.

“Motherfucker,” the boxer mouthed.

Now it was time to end this shit.

Before the other boxer could come toward him Landon rushed him, swung out, and knocked him in the side of the head. The guy went back against the ropes, and they were locked like that for a second. This was underground, but there was still a referee, and he broke them up.

Landon started to deliver a series of short but effective hits to the guy’s side, but had to stop and block a few of the other boxer’s punches. Landon could see on the other guy’s face that he was tiring, and it wouldn’t take much to bring him down.

Landon felt the adrenaline rush through his veins even harder. They went at it for a few seconds, but Landon blocked all the blows the other guy tried to deliver.

“You motherfucker,” the boxer wheezed out, and despite the noise in the room Landon heard him well enough. He charged forward, swinging out and barely missing Landon’s head with his red glove. Landon used that moment to take the guy down.

He swung out, aimed for the underside of the guy’s jaw, and gave him an uppercut that had the other guy’s feet coming off the ground. He flew backward slightly, his eyes already closed, and slammed onto his back on the bloodstained mat.

The crowd went wild as the referee started counting to ten, but the boxer was out cold.

The referee got to ten and waved his arms, declaring the boxer out. Medics went to the other boxer. The referee came up to Landon, grabbed his hand, and the crowd went wild.

“Twelve fucking rounds, and victor by KO,” the announcer shouted out.

Landon closed his eyes, felt that aggression that was an ever-present boil in him dim slightly, and knew this was what it was all about: the rush, the adrenaline high. It was an intoxication all its own, and fuck did it feel good.

CHAPTER  
FOUR

*Several days later*

Landon could feel his mother's gaze on him, but he kept his head low and finished eating.

"Another fight?" his mother asked in a soft voice.

Landon looked up and stared into her worried, but still angry eyes. The boxing match had been yesterday. His eye was bruised, slightly swollen, and he had some tape keeping the wound closed. He'd had worse injuries, but he knew what he probably looked like, and he knew his mom was worried.

"It was just a small fight." Even back in the day, when he was a punk ass kid, and the cops brought him home, it was for recklessness and fighting. But since finding the underground boxing he'd put that fighting to good use.

He made money off of it, got out his aggression, and it helped him keep level. His mom knew about it. She didn't like it of course, but he was eighteen, and she knew there wasn't anything to be done about it.

Landon had tried explaining to her that it was good for him, that he was safe—as one could be boxing—while he fought, but he knew she worried.

He looked over at Brent, seeing the hardness on his stepfather's face, but he didn't say anything. Landon saw Lyric appraising the side of his face. He knew she was probably thinking about their time at the creek a few days ago. Hell, he was and had been since it happened.

“It’s not safe. Look at your face,” his mother said.

He looked down at his food and started eating again.

“Maybe you need a hobby, Landon,” Brent said.

“That is my hobby,” he said and looked at Brent.

“Or a job,” Brent said with more anger in his voice.

Landon set his fork down and leaned back on the chair. “Well, when I’m not at school I’m fighting and making cash. And on the weekends I work at the construction site. What other job do you think I should do, Brent?”

He kept a busy schedule, and the construction he did was something that got him out of the house, as well. He made money there, but it was nothing compared to what he made boxing the underground.

He wasn’t doing the best in school, but fuck, he was passing. This was his senior year, and he just needed to get through these last couple of months. After that he could really do underground boxing full-time, which was what he was planning.

He might not be doing the best in school, and maybe others would have just dropped out, but he at least wanted to have that diploma. Besides, he wasn’t a fucking quitter.

“I wish you were more careful, sweetheart,” his mom said, and when she used that voice, had disappointment on her face, it broke his fucking heart and made him feel like the biggest prick.

“I know, Mom.”

“We wanted to let you guys know we are going out of town this weekend. We need a break, and with our anniversary falling on the weekday we have to wait.”

“That’ll be nice for you guys,” Lyric said, and Landon glanced over at her. She was smiling, but her body was tense, and he wondered what she was thinking about.

“I expect you both to be on your best behavior when we’re gone,” Brent said, but was looking at Landon.

“You want to get us a babysitter?” Lyric was the one to say it, but she had a teasing note in her voice.

“We trust you both and just want to make sure you’ll be okay for the weekend.” Brent said.

“We’ll be fine,” Landon said, and went back to eating. Hell, he would make sure not to even be here, because the idea of being alone in the house with Lyric had him thinking pretty filthy things, things that made him feel like a dirty bastard.

CHAPTER  
FIVE

L yric lay in her bed, the ceiling her focal point for the last twenty minutes, and the sound of the house settling filling her head.

Her heart was beating a normal rhythm, but whenever she'd think about Landon, about how they'd talked, how he'd semi-opened up, she couldn't help but feel this tightness take over her whole body.

Since those few days Landon hadn't spoken much, not even to her. She'd seen him coming and going, his workout bag thrown over his shoulder, his baseball cap on his head, and his focus on his feet.

She knew when he graduated he'd be gone, because he was more of a free spirit.

All she could think about was how she would miss him, and how strange it was to feel that way. Over the last three years they'd been virtual strangers.

She'd found him attractive, of course, lethal, as always, but until she'd defused the situation at school, and they'd gone to the creek to speak, she hadn't really seen him. But she had that day, and ever since then she hadn't been able to stop thinking about him.

His silence was tangible, but she'd also seen the way he looked at her, the way he would cast his glance her way when he didn't think she was looking.

Maybe he'd felt something, too, after their brief talk? Maybe he realized that they didn't have to be so distant? She



didn't want a brother from him—she just wanted to be able to open up with him and vice versa.

Sitting up on the bed, she looked at her clock. It was going on midnight, but she couldn't fall asleep. The house was silent, her father and stepmom having gone to bed hours before because they were leaving early in the morning for their anniversary trip.

Maybe a warm shower would help clear her head?

She grabbed a change of clothes and headed out of her room. But as soon as she headed down the hall she heard the shower running.

A look at her father and stepmother's room showed the door closed, but they had their own bathroom attached to their room, so the only other person in that shower was Landon.

Her heart started beating hard right then, her palms started to sweat, and she felt her pussy grow wet. *God, I can't believe I have this reaction to just thinking about him.*

She was about to turn and go back to her room, but the sound of the shower turning off had her freezing. She meant to keep moving, but she thought about Landon having nothing on.

Closing her eyes, she clenched her thighs together. Right before she was about to move again the sound of the door opening behind her had her snapping her eyes open.

Looking over her shoulder, she saw the light was already off and saw steam billow out of the bathroom.

She stood there, knowing she should leave, but unable to move. And then Landon stepped out, his focus on the towel he was securing around his waist. Her heart raced at the sight of his body, and the definition. Her body instantly reacted to everything that made up Landon.

A light sheen of wetness covered his body, and she even saw droplets slide down the wide, rippling expanse of his chest. He hadn't noticed her yet, and all she could do was stand there and stare.

She hadn't even realized she'd turned and faced him fully until he lifted his head and their eyes locked.

Her breathing quickened, her nipples grew hard, and the most intimate part of her grew so wet with arousal she felt it coating her panties, saturating the material.

He was so fit, so in shape and muscular that every feminine part of her woke up, like a zap of lightening and made her finally come alive.

They didn't speak, and for a second neither moved. But then he came closer, and the scent of him, all fresh and clean, filled her head. She felt intoxicated from it, dizzy with lust.

He was looking her up and down, and despite the fact she wore an old tank top, no bra, and a pair of cotton shorts, Lyric felt like she was wearing the most attractive negligee ever.

It was just because of the way he looked at her, his gaze lingering on her breasts, and stopping at the strip of flesh that she knew was exposed at her midriff.

She wasn't the thinnest girl, not by a long shot. With wide hips, a slightly rounded belly, and thighs she'd always thought were a little too full, she'd always considered herself on the plus size spectrum.

But it was clear, by the way Landon looked at her, that he liked every part of her.

"Lyric, what are you doing?" he said in a deep, slightly husky voice.

The smell of him, darkly rich and intoxicating, washed over her, and she found herself closing her eyes, not even able to answer him. She should ask what he was doing, as well, because as it was she felt like he was eye-fucking her.

When she was able to open her eyes again, she realized this small noise left her, as if a hum of approval, or a moan of arousal. She felt her cheeks heat at the embarrassing sound that just came from her.

"What are you doing?" she asked in return, her voice soft, so soft she didn't even know if he heard her. He was so big, so

tall, and so intense, that she couldn't even think straight.

His masculinity and testosterone surrounded her, and she felt wholly feminine in his presence, fragile almost.

Dirty thoughts, filthy even, slammed into her head and she felt her mouth go dry, her throat tighten.

Landon didn't respond to her question, didn't even move. But his gaze was at half-mast, and she could feel the desire coming from him.

At that moment she wanted to be kissed by him so, badly, damn what anyone thought, and screw it if it was considered wrong. The arousal she felt was like a thunderstorm inside of her, not about to be tamed or diminished.

It was like nothing she'd ever felt before.

*Don't go there. Just walk back to your room. If this goes any further you could ruin what small and fragile connection you made with him at the creek.*

Finding strength she didn't know she possessed, she took a step back, but to her utter surprise Landon moved a step forward. When she took another step back, her heart beating a rapid rhythm, her breath coming in short pants, she knew that this arousal wasn't one way.

The wall right beside her bedroom door stopped her retreat. She knew what she wanted to do with him was wrong on so many levels, but she also didn't care.

Landon was close enough that she felt his warm, minty smelling breath skate across her face. He had a few days worth of stubble covering his square jaw, and her fingers twitched to touch his cheeks, to feel that abrasive texture on her hands.

"Landon," she whispered his name and watched as he closed his eyes.

But then he clenched his jaw, the muscles flexing under the skin, and turned from her. He went into his room and shut the door, but before he'd done that she'd seen the huge erection he'd been sporting, tenting the material of his towel.

*God, he wants me, too.*

CHAPTER  
**SIX**

Landon shut his bedroom door and leaned against it, his cock throbbing. He felt like a fucking pervert for the things he thought about Lyric, for the fact he wanted her so damn badly.

Their parents had been just a few feet down the hall in their bedroom, and that should have had his arousal colder than fucking ice.

But no, his dick was so hard it ached, and his balls were drawn up tight. He reached down and palmed himself, closing his eyes and groaning at the feel.

He was an even bigger fucker for what he was about to do, and that was jerk off while thinking about Lyric. He couldn't help it, needed to release this pressure in him, and he knew if he didn't the tension in his whole body would be too much.

Pushing away from the door he went to his bed, lay down on it, and stared at the ceiling for a second. And then he tore his towel away and grabbed his cock.

He thought about Lyric in nothing but a pair of white panties, her pussy visible through the transparent material.

She'd be braless, her big tits swaying slightly, her nipples hard. He held in his groan at the visual he was creating.

Starting to really stroke himself, Landon kept his eyes closed and pictured what he'd do to Lyric, how he'd lay her on his bed, spread her thighs, and smooth his hands down her inner legs.

He'd touch her pussy, stroke her clit, and make her come for him. She'd be begging for more by the time she got off, and he'd give her so much she couldn't even think straight let alone walk.

His throat tightened as pleasure moved through his body, starting at the base of his spine and encompassing every inch of him. He stroked his cock faster, applying more pressure, and knew he'd come before he really even started. *Fuck, I want her.*

Chest rising and falling hard, breathing coming in short bursts, and the pleasure coming on stronger, he knew he couldn't hold off from coming.

His abdomen clenched, his muscle tensed, and his jaw went tight as his orgasm rushed to the surface.

The hot jets of his cum sprayed along his chest as he let go, and all the while he thought about Lyric, about how he wanted to make her his, have his cock deep in her pussy.

When he was finally able to breathe normally, he opened his eyes and continued to stare at the ceiling. After a prolonged moment he sat up, looked down at the mess he'd made, and felt self-disgust fill him.

He'd just jerked off thinking about his stepsister and all the fucking dirty things he wanted to do to her.

Scrubbing a hand over his face, he knew this was messed-up, that being with her would cross a line. He wasn't one to follow the rules, never had been, but this was different, so fucking different he knew he could seriously screw everything up.

That wasn't something Landon thought he could do, not even to appease the selfish bastard inside of him.

CHAPTER  
**SEVEN**

Lyric didn't know why she'd decided to come with Marie to the party. She didn't even like half of the people here because they were part of the jock and "popular" clique, which meant they were assholes a lot of the time.

"Come on, lighten up," Marie said from beside her, her voice raised as the music was loud.

"I'm relaxed, just not understanding why you wanted to come here so bad." She looked over at her friend, but Marie was too busy scanning the crowd.

"You think Ryker will be here?" Marie asked, not looking at Lyric.

Ryker, one of Devon's friends, wasn't so much of an asshole as the group of guys he hung out with.

"Is that why you wanted to come tonight?" Lyric asked, and Marie stopped and looked at her.

"No," Marie said, but her cheeks turned red. "I mean we've been talking, not in front of his friends or anything, but in Study Hall we've been talking." Marie was stuttering now, and Lyric couldn't help but laugh. "Come on, let's get a beer. Maybe that will help us relax."

Lyric didn't even know whose house this was, but it didn't matter, because she felt like she didn't fit in, especially when a few of the uptight bitches from her school, all gathered in their clique, stared her down.

"Don't worry about them. They're just jealous."

Lyric looked at Marie. “Jealous of what? I’m fat compared to them, and my popularity status is next to zero.”

“You don’t see the guys constantly staring at you?” Marie asked, shock in her voice. “You have curves, girl, and that’s what guys like. You think they want to fuck a skeleton?”

Lyric nearly choked at what Marie just said. “They might be staring, but it isn’t because they want me.” Lyric turned and started looking around the room again. People were shoulder to shoulder in the living room, and Marie grabbed Lyric’s hand and they pushed their way into the kitchen.

The smell of beer, sweat, and dirty sex permeated the air.

“Over there,” Marie yelled over her shoulder and pointed to the keg that was set up in the corner of the kitchen. She pulled Lyric more quickly through the crowd. Some guy was standing by the keg filling up red plastic cups, his glazed look and red-rimmed eyes telling her he was trashed.

“I’ll get us some.” Marie let go of her hand, and Lyric watched her go up to the keg.

“This is the last place I’d ever think to see you, Lyric.”

The sound of Devon’s slurred voice, and the stench of alcohol coming from him, had Lyric clenching her hands at her sides. She didn’t respond, but before she could move away he had his hand wrapped around her wrist.

“Hey, where do you think you’re going?”

“Leave me alone. You’re drunk and even more annoying.”

She shrugged off his hold, and fortunately, he didn’t pursue her further. Marie walked up to her with two beers in hand, and Lyric gratefully took one.

“I saw Devon talking to you. Was he being a cunt again?”

Lyric could have spit her beer out for how amusing she found that, but she managed to keep the mouthful down. “When isn’t he being one?”

Marie grinned. They headed to the living room in search of a place to sit. Once they were seated, a girl that Marie was

friends with came up and started talking with her, and Lyric was left people watching.

But it wasn't like they could speak comfortably anyway, not with the noise surrounding them.

As Lyric sat there, drinking the bitter beer, her skin tingled, the hair on her arms stood, and she knew something had changed in the air.

She looked in the other direction and didn't see anything or anyone that would have caused her to feel this way, but she knew something was different in the air.

And that's when she saw him, pushing through the throng of people, his face downcast and a baseball cap on his head. But she'd recognize that body anyway. She'd been living under the same roof as it for the last few years.

Lyric took another drink of her beer and watched as her stepbrother walked into the kitchen. Ever since they'd left school together and spent those few hours not even doing much talking, just sitting there and letting the silence stretch between them, she felt like she knew more about him.

He was quiet but strong, elusive but forthcoming when he needed to be. He was gorgeous and powerful, dangerous and could be violent, but something inside of her said what he did was who he was, and nothing would change that.

He wasn't damaged, wasn't troubled. He was just a guy that did things his way, and didn't care what anyone thought, even if that meant he was reckless.

"Is that Landon?" Marie asked from beside her.

All Lyric could do was nod and continue to look in the direction of the kitchen, even though he'd long disappeared in the group of people.



CHAPTER  
EIGHT

As soon as Landon had come through the front door he'd seen Lyric sitting on the couch with her friend.

*What in the fuck is she doing here? What in the hell are you doing here?*

It was true, he had no clue why he'd even come. He didn't talk to any of these people at school, didn't care about them or want to be their friend.

The truth was when he'd been invited to come by Yezebel, one of the girls who seemed to have nothing better to do in school than be a bitch, he'd thought, "fuck her."

But then he'd gone home, gotten "talked to" by his mom and Brent because of a shitty grade he'd got, and he'd decided getting black out drunk and passing out seemed like a pretty good idea.

So, he'd come here, not really knowing anyone, and not caring about anything other than where the liquor was. Or that had been his plan until he'd seen Lyric and gotten pissed she was here.

He knew she didn't hang out with any of these assholes, and she was one of those people he didn't think even partied, or at least he'd never seen her.

He looked into the living room, pushing someone out of his way so he could see her. Something in his gut tightened at the sight of her. She'd taken him away from a potential fight, one that he'd been happy to start and finish, and just sat with him.

He didn't know why that had gotten through to him so much, made him feel like he wasn't alone in that moment despite the fact they hardly spoke to each other. But she'd sat with him, just inches from where he'd been, and let the stillness and silence surround them.

It had been pretty fucking incredible.

He grabbed one of the beers and moved to the corner in the kitchen, aware people were staring at him, but not caring either. He kept his focus on Lyric, taking in the long fall of her light brown hair.

She wasn't like the skinny bitches that surrounded them. He took a swig from his bottle and let his gaze travel down her body.

She was sitting so he couldn't get a prime shot, but he knew what she looked like well enough, and he liked it, every fucking inch of her.

Even now he could still picture her face as she'd looked him up and down when they'd run into each other in the hallway. Him dripping wet with nothing but a towel slung over his waist, and her with wide eyes and her lips parted.

God, she'd looked really good standing there, her shirt gaping slightly at the collar. He'd been able to see the very tops of her breasts as she started breathing harder, and dammit did he get hard for her.

He was a dirty bastard, especially since he'd had to go jerk off after that, thinking about Lyric in some pretty filthy ways. Landon drank the rest of his beer and went over to the keg. If he was going to get drunk, he needed to get working on that and not keep thinking about his stepsister.

But this was definitely not a place for her to be, not because he thought she wasn't good enough, or popular enough to be here, but because she was better than this.

These people were bastards, and the only reason he was even here was because he wanted to get wasted on the free booze that was provided.

Despite the fact they didn't really have any kind of relationship, no connection aside from the fact their folks were married, Landon did feel protective of her.

He finished off the cup of beer, knowing he'd need a lot more than this to feel a good buzz. He grabbed a third beer and started making his way toward her, about to tell her she should leave.

*Why should she leave? You're here, and you're not her father. She can do whatever the fuck she wants.*

His inner thoughts had him stopping. He wasn't her old man, wasn't her anything. He had no right to tell her where she should be and what she should be doing.

If she wanted to be here and get just as trashed as everyone else, fuck it. *Let her get wasted and make bad decisions like you do every damn day.* She was a big girl, was eighteen and an adult, and could make her own decisions.

He turned from her and headed out the backdoor, about to light up a joint to help relax him further, and, he hoped, put anything that had to do with Lyric out of his head.

Once outside he smelled the scent of pot and cigarettes in the air, but he moved over to the side, right by the kitchen window, and got out his own joint. He was a solitary guy by nature, and even if he'd shown up here he really didn't want to socialize.

Several people on the patio glanced his way, even leaned in and started whispering. He didn't give a fuck, and even flipped off a douche-bag that kept glaring his way.

Fuck them all.

Anything he felt for Lyric had been pushed to the side, because honestly he shouldn't and wouldn't go there. A part of him thought it was wrong to even want her. She might not be blood related, might have no connection to him aside from a marriage between their parents, but damn, wasn't that crossing a line wanting her in a really fucking dirty way?

He placed the joint between his lips and lit the end with his lighter. He inhaled deeply, kept the smoke in his lungs, and

turned to look through the window.

From this vantage point he could see her sitting on the couch still. She seemed lonely, her friend speaking with someone else. While watching her he exhaled the smoke and took another hit off the joint.

*Damn she's hot, and her timid demeanor makes her even more desirable.*

But wanting Lyric couldn't end well, not even if he'd had the balls to go after her. He wasn't good for anyone, least of all her. She was the one that got good grades, was sweet and gentle.

He was a bastard, got into shit, and made his mother disappointed in him. No, he'd push away all those asshole thoughts about wanting her.

If he needed pussy that bad there were plenty of girls willing to spread. He could just get rid of his desires in them, use them the same way they used him.

Yeah, he was a fucking bastard.

CHAPTER  
NINE

It had been an hour or so since Lyric had shown up at the party. She was on her third beer, had a buzz going on, but was about to call it quits with the alcohol and the night.

Marie was over in the corner, pressed against the window with a guy all over her.

Although she'd tried to reason with her friend, explaining why making out with a guy she didn't know, and one in college and probably way more experienced, wasn't the best idea, Marie hadn't been drunk and knew what she was doing.

Looking down at her cell, Lyric saw it was only going on eleven, still early party wise, but she was done with this scene. It wasn't for her anyway, and she had only come because Marie had talked her into it.

Her bed was sounding nice right about now, and with her dad and stepmother gone for the weekend, and Landon here, probably going to be passed out before the night was over with, she'd have the whole house to herself.

Looking up and scanning the crowd again, she tried to see if she could spot Landon. Since seeing him show up she'd been looking for him, but once he'd gone into the kitchen and disappeared she hadn't seen him again.

It was probably for the best. Even after they'd left school that day and spent a few hours together, it wasn't like their relationship drastically changed.

In fact, aside from a few conversations here and there, and of course that shower incident where he'd been in nothing but

a towel far too small for his huge frame, they'd not talked.

*God, him in a towel...*

Yeah, she was sitting here alone, blushing, and thinking about Landon in that towel, his hard muscles on display and splatters of water on his chest.

Lyric knew her desires for Landon weren't right, knew that nothing would ever come of them. Their parents would be horrified, and people would think they were sick, twisted, because of what society deemed as taboo.

Or maybe it was just the whole bad boy thing he had going on? Maybe that's what turned her on so much? *No, it's something more, something deeper. Landon has more to him than what he shows everyone.*

And then she saw him through the kitchen window, the porch light illuminating his big form as he stood there drinking a beer. He was so much larger than many of the other guys, so much more muscular.

People didn't know him, didn't understand him, and aside from Devon and a few of the other assholes in the school, people tended to stay away from Landon.

The fact he was only eighteen, but looked like he had a lifetime of experience, turned her on even more.

Standing and pushing all thoughts away from Landon, she headed over to where Marie was. For a second she didn't know if she should interrupt, but then again if she didn't she'd be here all night.

"Marie," she yelled out. It took another few tries, but finally the guy that was dry humping and mouth screwing her friend pulled away. Marie looked at her, her mouth red and glossy, and Lyric couldn't help but grimace at the sight.

"You okay?" Lyric asked. Marie grinned and nodded.

"I'm good," Marie said, her voice clear, her face not showing any signs of being drunk, although she'd known Marie hadn't been wasted when she started making out with the guy.

“I’m going to get some water and head home,” she had to shout out. They’d driven separately for this exact reason, and although Lyric had a few beers, she was fine to drive.

“What?” Marie said, but it wasn’t because she couldn’t hear Lyric. She pushed the guy away from her, but he didn’t stray from her. “You’re leaving? It’s early still.”

Lyric shrugged. “I’m not having a lot of fun, and as entertaining as it is to watch you make out with him,” she tilted her head to the frat guy, “I am also tired.”

“Then I’ll go home, too.”

Lyric shook her head. “You’re having a great time.” She grinned. “I mean unless you want to go home?” Lyric asked, not sure if Marie wanted to get away from this guy and didn’t have the chance.

Marie looked over at the guy and grinned. “I don’t want to, but that doesn’t mean I want you to leave by yourself either.”

“I’m good, Marie, really. You stay and have fun, and text me when you get home.”

They hugged, and Lyric went into the kitchen for a bottle of water. Once she pushed her way out of there, bottle in hand, she headed out the front door.

She stood there for a second. At the front of the house a bunch of people still congregated outside, smoking. But mainly everyone was inside or out back. The house was kind of out in the middle of nowhere, so the threat of neighbors calling the cops wasn’t too bad.

She reached into her pocket for her keys, and before she knew what was happening someone grabbed her around the waist and was pulling her toward the side of the house.

She opened her mouth to scream, but a hand was slapped over it, having fear rise up even harder in her.

Lyric was pressed against the side of the house, but with the big body pressed to hers, keeping her immobile, and the hand still on her throat, she was helpless.

“God, you smell good.”

Her eyes widened at the slurred sound of Devon's voice by her ear. He started working his mouth down her cheek and throat, and sucked at the base of her neck.

She tried to wedge her hands between their bodies and push him away, but he was a big guy, and strong, too.

And then a wet mouth latched onto her throat.

"You taste so good, Lyric." He ran his tongue up her throat and kissed the side of her mouth. Lyric turned her head and tried to push him away, but he had her pinned to the side of the house.

He let go of her mouth, but wrapped his hand loosely around her neck.

"Devon, let me go. You're drunk."

"I've wanted you for a long ass time, but you keep being a little cock teasing bitch."

She had no idea what in the hell he was talking about. Not only did he never once ask her out or imply that he wanted her, he'd been nothing but a dick to her.

She tried moving out from under him, but this time he had his lips pressed to her mouth.

"Come on, Lyric. Just put out. Stop playing hard to get," he murmured against her mouth, and she turned her head, feeling bile rise. He smelled like cigarettes and booze, and the combination was sickening.

"No, Devon," she tried pushing him away again. "Please stop or I'll scream."

"You don't want me to stop." He kissed the side of her neck again. "You want me to go further, don't you, Lyric?"

She opened her mouth to scream, but before she could make a sound he had his hand on her mouth again. Lyric's heart slammed hard against her ribs. She looked around, hoping to see someone, plead with her eyes to help her. But Devon had picked a spot where it was eerily void of activity.



She breathed out her nose hard and fast, felt herself grow dizzy because of her hyper-respirations, and also the fact Devon was sliding his hand down to cup her breast now.

“Yeah, you’re actually a dirty little slut, aren’t you?” he said, as if to himself. He pressed his fingers painfully into her flesh, and she tried in vain to push him away again.

He removed his hand again and tried to kiss her, but before his fingers could move fully away from her mouth she leaned an inch forward and bit his hand. He grunted, and she used that opportunity to scream out and push him back.

He must have been stunned because he gave her room and was looking down at his hand. She turned, about to run, but he grabbed her hair and yanked her backward.

Tears pricked her eyes, and she gasped out.

“You stupid little bitch.”

She tried to push him away again, but one of his hands was wrapped around her throat again. Hot tears tracked down her cheeks, because she knew if someone didn’t help, or she couldn’t figure out how to stop this, the end result would leave her broken.

Just as she heard the zipper of his jeans being pushed down, Devon’s body was no longer pressed against hers. She was frozen against the side of the house, her focus ahead of her as two shapes were now in the grass.

The lighting was horrible back here, and it didn’t help that she was crying angry and scared tears, her vision blurry.

Lyric wiped her eyes, and the scene before her became clearer, shockingly so. Devon was now on his back on the ground while Landon stood over him, his hands at his sides, his face a mask of rage.

Devon was groaning and holding the side of his face. Landon lifted his head and stared right at her, and she wiped away her tears, feeling all her emotion become numb for a moment.

And then Devon tried to get up. Landon reared his arm back and punched Devon in the gut, dropping the other man to the ground once more.

She felt her eyes widen as she saw the anger morph Landon's face. He leaned down so he was right over Devon now, and started slamming his fist into Devon's face repeatedly.

Devon's feeble attempts to get Landon to stop only seemed to make him more aggressive and violent. In the moonlight, Landon's muscles strained every time he reared back and slammed his fist into Devon.

He wasn't saying anything, wasn't even breathing hard. He looked collected, steady.

Only when Devon finally stopped fighting back and moaned on the ground did Landon get off of him. He stood above Devon for a few seconds, rolling his head on his neck, and then cracking his knuckles.

"You put your hands on Lyric again and I won't stop, Devon. I'll fucking kill you."

He turned and faced Lyric, and all she could do was stand there and stare at the carnage. He'd come to her rescue, saved her from being raped by Devon.

She should have felt fear over all of this, over what Devon had been doing to her. Hell, she should have been traumatized. But all she felt was this warmth move through her.

Landon moved back to her, and once in front of her all she could do was tilt her head back and look at him. He had blood on his shirt, and she assumed his fists, too.

"You're okay?" he asked in a gravelly voice. He was looking her over, but it wasn't heated or sexual. He was making sure she was okay.

"I'm okay," she whispered, and before she knew what she was doing she threw herself in his arms. She wrapped her arms around his waist, and all she could feel was that ever-present warmth in her. After a few seconds he had his arms around her waist and held her tight.

“I could have killed him for touching you, Lyric.”

She breathed out and nodded. “I’m glad you didn’t. He’s not worth it, Landon.” She pulled back and smiled at him. “Thank you.”

He reached out and smoothed his thumb along her cheek, and that’s when she felt the wetness smear along her skin. She hadn’t even realized she’d still been crying.

“Let’s go home.”

She hadn’t heard anything better in a long time.

CHAPTER  
TEN

Landon had started the gas fireplace up, even though it wasn't that cold out. But she liked having the lights off, and since she was shaking slightly, the warmth felt incredible.

He'd even made her some tea and wrapped a blanket around her. She hadn't realized how being comforted by him would feel so good.

She had her feet curled under her, her half drunk tea in her hands, and stared at the fireplace. Landon was in the chair across from her, but she felt his gaze on her.

Looking over at him, she saw this hard expression on his face, his eyes locked on hers.

"You okay?" she asked, because he still seemed so angry, so disconnected even.

He breathed out and leaned back on the chair, looking over at the fire. For a few seconds she didn't speak or move. "I want to go back there and kick his ass all over again."

As they'd been leaving she'd seen Devon picking his sorry ass off the ground and stumbling back to the party. Who knew what he'd tell everyone about why his face was fucked up. She didn't care though.

"He's not worth it," she said again.

Landon looked at her again, his jaw clenched tightly. "But you are."

His statement took her aback for a second, and she was startled that he'd said something like that, but her entire body tingled as well. More silence passed between them. She didn't know how to respond, so instead of saying something stupid she stood.

"I'm going to put this in the sink."

He was still watching her intensely.

"You want anything?" Her voice cracked on the last word.

"No," he said softly, but there was still that deepness to his voice, that serrated noise that moved along her body as if he'd reached out and touched her.

She nodded and turned, feeling her hands shake and her knees lock up. What was happening to her? Was she actually wanting something with Landon, something sexual, personal, something that they shouldn't be doing?

She went into the kitchen and set the cup in the sink. For a second she just braced her hands on the edge of the counter and looked out the window.

Her mind was going through a hundred different thoughts right now, and it all had to do with Landon.

Breathing out once more she turned and headed back into the living room. He was standing in front of the fireplace now, her father's bottle of whiskey in his hand. He took a swig, turned and faced her, and held it out to her.

She shouldn't drink anymore, but after the night she had, and what she was feeling for Landon, she said screw it. Taking the bottle she tipped it back and swallowed a mouthful. It burned going down, but she welcomed the discomfort.

"What are you thinking?" he asked in a deep, but soft voice.

She thought about lying, but she didn't want to. She wanted to be truthful with Landon, especially after what he'd done for her tonight. Handing the bottle back to him, Lyric stared at him, her throat tight, dry.

"I'm thinking about you," she said in all honesty.

He didn't answer right away, but he did place the bottle on the mantel and turn fully to face her. "I'm thinking about you, too, Lyric."

She clenched her hands at the way she felt when he said her name. Everything in her body heated, becoming sensitized and he hadn't done anything but look at her and speak to her.

"What kind of things are you thinking about?" she found herself asking him.

"Things I shouldn't, Lyric."

She licked her lips and felt her heart pick up speed when he moved closer to her. She wasn't afraid, didn't want to move away, but still she found herself taking a step back. The wall stopped her retreat, and she placed her hands on it, her palms coming into contact with the cooled wallpaper.

He kept moving toward her until he was only a few inches from her now, his body heat far warmer than the fire. She wanted him, no doubt about that, and despite what happened, what had *almost* happened with Devon, she didn't feel any lasting effects. She only felt this one moment as she stared into Landon's green eyes.

*Kiss me.*

Landon groaned, and she idly wondered if she'd said those two words out loud, but he hadn't moved to do it. So, pulling up all of her nerves and strength, she breathed out slowly and said what she wanted, not afraid to express it.

"Landon," she whispered his name, "kiss me."

He made this low sound, and then he was pressed right to her, his mouth on hers, his hand in her hair.

She moaned into his mouth, and their tongues slid along each other. She knew if she didn't stop this now she would probably do something they'd both end up regretting, but she couldn't help herself, couldn't stop herself.

Lyric had always relied on what her instincts told her, on what her body felt, and right now it was saying to let Landon have her in all ways.

Slipping her hands between their bodies, she started tugging on his belt, but faster than she anticipated, and to her disappointment, he stopped her from going any further. He pulled away, his warm, whiskey smelling breath coasting over her lips.

“Wait, Lyric,” he said on a rushed breath, as if he couldn’t breathe. Even though shadows played over his face she could see the hard outline of his expression, could see that he looked torn. He rested his forehead against hers, and they both just stood there, neither speaking.

“I don’t want to stop, Landon.” Even Lyric could hear how needy she sounded. He pulled back another inch and stared down at her. His gaze was on her lips, his jaw hard, his eyes looking heavy lidded. She felt his massive erection press against her belly, and a fresh wave of arousal slammed into her.

“This isn’t right?” he said, but it was phrased like a question.

“Says who?” she whispered.

He lifted his gaze to hers again. “We’re family.”

Her stomach clenched in distaste. “No offense, but I’ve never seen you as family, as a brother, Landon. I’ve never looked at you as my stepbrother.” She hadn’t meant that in a bad way, because although she cared about him, had lived under the same roof with him for years, she never had any kind of familial connection with him. “You haven’t seen me as...” She didn’t even want to finish that sentence.

“Fuck no, Lyric. I never saw you as my sister, if that’s what you’re getting at.”

She breathed out in relief. “Then what’s the problem? Why do you think this is wrong?”

“Because my mom married your dad, and if they found out they wouldn’t be happy about this.” An almost pained expression crossed his face. “But, yeah, honestly, I don’t want to fucking stop this, Lyric, but I also know what almost happened tonight, what would have happened if I didn’t show

up when I did..." He said the words low, maybe trying to sound calm, but she could hear the anger rising in his voice.

"I don't want to think about that. It didn't happen because you did show up, did save me." She rose up and kissed him. "Just kiss me, Landon."

"God, Lyric, baby." The heat and arousal were laced together in his voice.

Fire moved through her at the fact he'd just said those words. "Then let's not stop again," she whispered against his mouth, slightly surprised with herself.

She wasn't a virgin, had lost it her sophomore year at the creek. No one knew about that, not even Marie.

Truthfully she was embarrassed that she'd gotten rid of it the way she had. But now, in a way, she was glad that was not looming over her. She didn't have to worry about what he'd think or say if he knew she had never had sex.

"Damn," he groaned out that last word.

She took that as affirmation that he wanted this. She moved her hands up his thickly corded biceps, felt the muscles tense and flex beneath them, and could see the few tattoos he had peeking out from under his t-shirt sleeves.

His muscles were so hard and defined, and when she let her fingers curl into his skin he tensed.

When she pressed her breasts more firmly against his chest he closed his eyes and groaned. Then he leaned down an inch, cupped the side of her face, and kissed her until she couldn't breathe, and would have begged him for more.

"You have no fucking clue how much I want you right now." As if to show her he meant what he said he gripped her wrist with his big strong hands, and pulled her lower body forward in one quick motion.

His hard cock dug into her belly, and a gasp and moan left her, seemingly at the same time.

Not wanting to prolong this, because frankly she felt like she was losing her mind as it was, Lyric reached between their



bodies and grabbed his zipper.

His hold on her waist tightened, and she knew that despite his control, if she pushed him he'd break. That gave her this enormous amount of courage and strength to keep going.

The longer she stared at his face the more she saw the slight, subtle changes cover his expression. It was as if he'd been holding back just now, and he was about to give her exactly what she wanted.

*Good.*

“You feel that?” he said in a gruff voice. He ground his jean-clad cock against her hand. She hadn't pulled his shaft out through the fly yet, but she could feel how big he really was. It wasn't a surprise, not when he was tall and muscular ... so powerful in all ways.

It was only logical that every part of Landon was just as impressive.

Lyric nodded, not able to find her voice all of a sudden.

He loosened his hold on her while keeping his eyes locked with hers.

“Finish unzipping my pants, Lyric,” Landon said in a hoarse, purely male voice that had every part of her warming.

She swallowed, loving that touch of dominance and control in his voice, in the way he looked at her. She slowly brought his zipper all the way down, and it sounded obscenely loud in the room, and also coupled with their harsh breathing. Once it was down, she went to work on the button.

Pulling the two flaps of denim apart, she reached her hand through the opening in his boxer briefs. Landon didn't move, but she felt his entire body tense more when she actually wrapped her fingers around his massive length.

Trying to hold in her moan was futile, and the soft sound escaped her. She also felt her eyes widen at the sheer size of him, at the girth and length of his erection.

If not for the flicker of emotion that moved over his face, or the sound that came from his throat when she tightened her

hold on him, she might have thought he was unaffected by it all. But she knew better. Landon was just very well trained at keeping himself in check at all times.

She'd seen that over and over again, saw the way he could hold his own without even looking like anything bothered him.

He was big in her palm, hot and hard, and the crown slick with his pre-cum. She grew even wetter when the tips of her fingers didn't touch as she held him in her hand.

“God damn that feels good.” He leaned in an inch so their lips were a hairsbreadth apart. “It feels really fucking good having your hand on my cock.”

When Lyric started stroking him in short motions, Landon's chest rose and fell even harder, slightly faster. He let go of her waist with one hand and placed it on the wall beside her head, bracing himself above her as he leaned in just a small fraction closer.

They shared the same air as they looked into each other's eyes. Her pussy was so wet, her panties soaked.

Her nipples were hard, as well, the material moving along the hardened peaks in an annoying, almost painful way.

Lyric licked her lips and pulled his shaft out from the confines of the material. She loved that a small groan left him after the fact. He closed his eyes and once again rested his forehead on hers when she started stroking him from root to tip, touching every part of his dick.

“Yeah, that's it, Lyric baby.”

A tingling sensation slammed into her pussy after he spoke, and she felt her throat tighten.

“You want me to kiss you? Want me to take possession of you?” He had his eyes open again, looking right at her.

He was toying with her, and she wanted to scream out that it wasn't fair, that she needed this now.

“Yes, kiss me—” Before she even got the last word out he slammed his mouth on hers with enough force her head fell

back against the wall. His cock felt like it jerked in her grasp, growing harder, bigger even.

He speared his tongue between her lips, fucking her mouth like she wanted him to do between her thighs.

When Landon groaned against her lips and thrust his hips forward and pulled back, fucking himself in her grasp, she moaned, as well. A tingling started inside of her, intensifying and spreading throughout her entire body.

He didn't stop kissing her as he started a slow, steady thrust of his hips, further pushing his erection in her hand than pulling away. Over and over he did that, using her hand as the instrument of his pleasure. But God, she loved it.

After several seconds of him kissing her while thrusting into her grasp, he finally pulled away, breathing hard, his eyes at half-mast.

“Touch me, Landon,” she whispered, needing it.

He moved the hand that was still wrapped around her waist and cupped one of her breasts. She closed her eyes and breathed out at the exquisite sensation of it.

“You like that, baby?”

She nodded, and moaned again when he moved his fingers over her nipple, adding just a bit of pressure. “God,” she breathed out, barely able to get the words out.

Maybe starting this had been a bad idea, but she sure as hell wasn't going to stop it.

CHAPTER  
ELEVEN

Touching her was torture, pure fucking agony, but Landon couldn't stop, didn't even want to. He kept thinking that this wasn't right, at least on some level, because even if they weren't related, had no connection aside from the fact his mom married her dad, this was still a little twisted.

*It's not. It's just a guy and a girl about to get it on.*

He could have groaned at his thoughts. This wasn't just some girl, though. This was Lyric, the girl he'd been hard-up for since he saw her three years ago.

Hell, back then he'd barely known what lust was, and certainly didn't make a move on her or what he felt.

The way she responded to him had his cock harder than hell, had the tip wet with pre-cum, and his balls drawn up tight. Dirty, filthy fucking images slammed into his head, a mental image of her beneath him, her legs spread, and every part of her ready for him.

She'd be moaning for his cock, pleading for him to fuck her good and hard.

He ran his palm over her nipple, over and over again, loving how the little bead tightened further. Landon had always had a hard exterior, a steely reserve, and when he fucked it was no different.

He'd been with a few girls, ones that he'd met in the fight rings he occasionally participated in, others when he was too drunk to know better.

He didn't want to be too hardcore with Lyric, though, because she wasn't like those sluts he'd been with. She wasn't like the women that just wanted him because they thought he was strong, and had watched him beat someone's ass.

Being with Lyric, wanting her, was far different from anything he'd ever experienced before. He didn't want to fuck this up by being a brute.

"Landon, let's go upstairs." Her head was against the wall, and he latched his mouth onto her arched throat, licking at the pulse that was beating rapidly beneath her ear. She tasted sweet, like vanilla and honey.

The flavor bathed his tongue in a sweet flavor.

His cock was throbbing, the need to just get off strong.

"Damn, Lyric, you can't say shit like that to me because I'll unload right in your hand."

She gasped.

He pressed his erection farther into her hand, fucking himself in nice, slow, and long motions. "You see what you do to me?" he murmured against her throat.

"God, yes I do." She turned her head and he felt her warm breath skate along his cheek. Before he knew what she was doing she grabbed his wrist, pulled his hand away from the wall, and moved it between their bodies.

"Touch me," she whispered.

He made quick work of unbuttoning and unzipping her pants, and then he pushed his hand down her panties, sliding his fingers through her saturated folds. She was so wet she felt smooth, like silk. A deep groan left him.

He closed his eyes, and rested his forehead on the wall beside her neck.

"Fuck, Lyric. You're so primed and ready for me." He rubbed her clit, moved his fingers down to her pussy hole, but didn't penetrate her, just teased the opening. "How does that feel?"

“It feels so good.”

He continued to squeeze her breast with his hand, the mound soft and giving, big and round.

“Yeah it does.” He pressed his hips into her a little harder, and she gripped his bicep, digging her nails into the flesh.

Before he lost all control and rationalization he pulled away from her, but held onto her hand and led them to her room. Once upstairs he shut the door, closing them in, and immediately pressed her up against the wall again.

They continued kissing, and he wanted to fuck her so badly, wanted to be deep inside of her.

Pulling back was pretty damn hard, but when he was a few feet from her all he could do was stare at her, thinking about what it would feel like to have her pressed right up against him, her body his, her moans for him alone.

He wouldn't lie and say he didn't have a buzz going from the drinks he'd had at the party, and knew she probably had a little one going on, as well. Hell, his knuckles throbbed still from knocking out Devon.

But Landon still had the energy in him, all that adrenaline from the fight, and from needing Lyric so damn badly. He was clear-headed enough to know what he was doing with her right now, and how he had no intentions of stopping.

He looked over his shoulder and saw her bed, imagined her lying on it naked, her legs spread, her body his for the taking. Damn, his cock jerked and his balls drew up at the thought and images playing through his head.

He faced her again, his pulse pounding in his ears, his palms sweating, and his arousal so intense he could get off from looking at her alone. “Come here.”

She pushed away from the wall, her body all curves. But Landon wanted her naked for him, wanted every part of her bared.

When she stood just inches from him he couldn't help but breathe in her scent. Damn, she smelled so fucking good.

For a second all Landon did was stand there, looking his fill of her, and breathing in her scent until it was engrained in his head.

“I want you to touch me again, Landon.”

He could have groaned from her words alone.

*Christ, I have to have her.*

He pulled her toward him, maybe too roughly, or maybe not because she moaned at the contact. He buried his nose in her hair and inhaled, groaning after the fact. “You smell so good.” He moved his face to her temple, and let his lips slide along her skin, all the way down to the corner of her mouth.

She was panting, and he was breathing in her lightly alcohol accented breath.

But he didn’t kiss her, and instead continued moving his mouth lower, along her neck, and over her exposed collarbones. Using his hand on her throat to tilt her head to the side more, he licked her flesh. “And you taste so fucking sweet, too.”

She moaned softly, and he knew he needed her clothes off, needed them both naked.

“Is your pussy wet, Lyric?” he asked softly. She didn’t verbally respond, but did nod her answer. “Good. I want your pussy soaked for me.” He pulled back and looked into her face. “You’re not a virgin, are you?” It wouldn’t have mattered either way, and it wasn’t like he had to be the guy that popped her cherry, but he needed to know.

She shook her head, and he saw her throat work as she swallowed.

“Good, because I don’t think I can go easy with you, baby.” He was smoothing his thumb back and forth over her pulse point beneath her ear, loving that it was beating rapidly. “I’m going to devour you, Lyric.”

“Oh, God,” she whispered, not able to keep the words from spilling out.

“I’m going to lick every part of your body, memorize every inch of you.” He moved his mouth to the corner of hers and whispered, “But you’d like that, wouldn’t you, baby? You’d like me touching, knowing every part of you?” When she nodded he ran his tongue along her lower lip.

“Yes, I want that. So how about we stop talking and do this already?”

He smirked, and traced her lips with his tongue over and over again. “Did you get turned on seeing me beat Devon’s ass because he touched you?”

She breathed harder now, her hands on his arms, her nails in his skin.

“Yes,” she said almost inaudibly.

A shiver worked through his body at her answer. He was protective of her, had been since he moved into the house, even if he didn’t show it. But he did watch her, make sure she was okay. She was smaller than he was, almost a foot shorter than his six-foot-three height.

He might not be her brother in any sense of the word, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t watch over her, even if she didn’t know it.

“Take your clothes off,” he ordered, not caring if he sounded like a demanding asshole. He needed her naked.

She obeyed right away, and as he watched her get undressed, he took off his clothes, as well. Then they stood in front of each other, nothing separating them but space.

His cock throbbed, and he reached down and grabbed himself, stroking his dick from root to tip. He wanted to fuck her, but he wanted her mouth on him, first.

“You want me?” he asked. She nodded, and flicked her gaze down to his dick. “You want to put it in your mouth, lick it, Lyric?” he said in a husky voice.

“Yes,” she whispered.

He made this low, gruff noise. “Then get on your knees and suck my cock.”



CHAPTER  
TWELVE

Lyric had never been this aroused before, had never wanted anyone as much as she wanted Landon. He was so big, so strong and muscular. Just hearing him order her on her knees to suck his dick had fresh moisture leaving her pussy.

She took a step toward him, checking out every inch of him.

His shoulders were broad, his muscles so pronounced on his chest and abdomen that her pussy clenched. He was bulky, but lean, like a boxer, with definition and his tendons and sinew cut under the skin.

“Go on, baby, get on your knees.”

She moved another step, and then sank to her knees in front of him.

His cock was right in her face, long, thick, the head bulbous, slightly bigger than the shaft, the tip glossy with precum.

Her throat tightened, and her mouth watered. Her heart was thundering, her nerves high, but she was so soaked between her thighs, so aroused she didn't know if he'd be able to tame it.

Her inner muscles clenched as she continued to stare at the massive size of him.

“Lyric,” he groaned out her name. “You keep looking at my dick like that and I'll come before we even do this.”

She breathed in deeply, not able to control herself.

“Open your mouth and put my dick between those pretty lips of yours.” His command was hard, unyielding. This was what she’d been wanting, fantasizing about for longer than she’d ever admit.

She watched for a second as he continued to stroke himself, as if waiting for her to obey him.

“Go on, baby. Do it before I fucking come.”

Leaning forward, she felt her throat constrict and her mouth water. He grabbed a chunk of her hair, the sting of pain heightening her pleasure. She couldn’t hold back her moan.

“That’s it, baby,” he said when she opened her mouth. He started rubbing the tip of his dick along her lips, and she made a soft sound at the salty, musky flavor. “How wet are you?”

“So wet,” she breathed out.

“Touch your pussy, gather that cream and let me see.”

She did as he said, running her fingers through her slit, and then lifting her hand to show him. Staring up at Landon, she watched in a haze of arousal as he grabbed her wrist and brought the fingers to his mouth.

He licked the digits clean, groaning as he did it.

“So damn good.”

Another gush of wetness left her at his words and actions, and she clenched her thighs together.

“Open for me, Lyric, suck my cock.” He moved the slick tip of his shaft along her lips over and over again until she finally did as he ordered.

She lifted her eyes to look at his face at the same time she sucked him into her mouth.

“Yes,” he hissed out. “Move your tongue around my dick, lick all that pre-cum off of the tip.”

The salty flavor of his cum covered her tongue, and she couldn’t help but moan.

He started thrusting himself in and out of her mouth, fucking her like she wanted him to do between her thighs. His cum exploded on her tongue, covered the entire interior of her mouth.

Lyric wanted more, needed it. She didn't know what had gotten into her and didn't care either, because she didn't want this to stop. She wanted all of his cum filling her mouth, running down the back of her throat.

She felt like she was losing her mind with arousal, like she couldn't get enough of him.

She placed her hands on his muscular, thick thighs, and started bobbing her head, taking as much as she could. Her nails were digging into his skin, and he hissed out but started fucking her mouth harder.

“Don't stop sucking my cock,” he ground the words out.

She stared up at him still, his cock in her mouth, her cheeks hollowed. She groaned at the salty flavor of him, covering her tongue. Still on her knees, her thighs slightly open now, she had no friction on her throbbing clit.

Lyric needed some friction, at least a little rubbing motion, because she felt like she was dying. Letting her mouth do the work, she started sucking him with fervor.

“That's it, baby.”

His attention was on her mouth, and she loved the heated look he had on his face as he watched her give him a blowjob.

“I fucking love watching you suck my dick.” He grabbed her hair tighter. “You like my cock in your mouth, don't you?”

She nodded and moaned.

“Yeah, you do,” he whispered, and started lifting his hips, thrusting his dick deeper, faster into her mouth. She gagged, her eyes watering, but loved he was being so forceful, that he couldn't control himself.

“As much as I want you getting me off with your mouth and tongue, I need to be buried in your pussy.”

She couldn't breathe, couldn't do anything but allow him to use her in the way they both needed. A deep groan left him when she loosened her throat and took more of him. But before she knew he'd come he pulled away and helped her to stand suddenly.

Landon kissed her hard, possessively, clearly tasting himself on her mouth, but obviously not caring either.

“You want me to fuck you now, Lyric?”

His words were like an aphrodisiac, like gas on an open fire. They were words that had her pressing her breasts against his chest harder and silently pleading for more.

“Answer me, baby.” He slipped his hands down to grip her ass, squeezing the mounds almost painfully. A moan slipped from her as he pulled her ass cheeks apart, slipped his hands down her bottom, and then curled his fingers inward, touching her pussy hole.

“Yes, I want that, want you.”

He growled. “I'm going to give it all to you.” Gripping her shoulders, he pushed her back just enough to look into her face once more.

The way he looked up and down her body told her he liked what he saw. Hell, she probably could have been wearing a burlap sack and he'd still make her feel wanted.

“You are so fucking gorgeous, baby.”

She liked the way he looked at her, liked the things he said, but she didn't want to stand here anymore and just talk. She needed him. Lyric wanted to be beneath him, on top of him ... she just wanted to *be* with him.

She was a little surprised to see his nipple pierced, but she loved that little piece of metal, even got more turned on because of it. His chest was free of any ink, and aside from a few tattoos around his bicep—a band of shapes and sharp edges—and even a few sparrows tattooed on his side, Landon was all golden flesh.

“We should go slow,” he said, but she was already shaking her head.

“I don’t want slow.” She didn’t want him to control himself.

Tearing her eyes away from his rippling abs and pecs, Lyric looked into his face. Shadows hid him partially, but she could still see his eyes, and what she saw in them had her reaching for him and pulling herself full against him again.

“Fuck me,” she said, feeling sexy and wanton, and the little buzz she had going on giving her nerves.

The air wasn’t cold, but her nipples hardened further, or maybe it was the way he was looking at her, like he was starving and she was the only one that could sate his hunger.

He smoothed his hand over his mouth, his gaze roaming over every exposed inch of her, making her feel even more bared than she was, and that had to be saying something since she was naked.

“Lyric...” He all but groaned her name.

She was pressed right to him, his cock long and hard, thick and pre-cum smoothing over her exposed belly. He kissed her like he owned her, like he wanted to make sure she knew exactly who he was, and what he was going to do to her.

He wrapped one arm around her waist and slipped his other hand through her hair, tilting her head back again so her throat was bared. “I’m done with this fucking foreplay.”

She nodded, because speaking seemed too hard. He moved them backward until the bed hit the back of her legs. Then they were falling onto the mattress, and his big body was pressing her down, making her feel wholly feminine.

He pressed open-mouthed kisses along the column of her throat, over her collarbones, and then moved back to her mouth to fuck her there. The sheets felt cold against her overheated flesh, but they soon warmed, soon grew moist from her perspiration.

Lyric spread her thighs wide so Landon could fit between them, so she could feel his cock right where she needed him. An involuntary gasp left her when his dick pressed against her slick folds, the base of him rubbing along her clit.

“Fuck, baby,” he groaned against her mouth, but then broke the kiss and went back to her breasts. Her nipples tingled from the close proximity. “You’re so fucking wet for me, you’re soaking my dick.”

“I need you inside of me.”

He groaned. “Goddamn, baby.” He was off her in the next moment, and she watched him grab a condom out of his pants and quickly sheath himself with the latex.

Maybe watching him put on the condom shouldn’t have been arousing, but it was, especially as she saw all those hard inches being covered, about to thrust into her.

“Fuck me, Landon.” She moaned, arched her chest, and spread her thighs wider.

“Holy fucking shit, baby. I’ve never been this hard before.” He took a step toward her. “You want this shoved deep inside of you, stretching that tight little pussy of yours?” he asked, emphasizing what he was talking about by grabbing the thick root of his shaft.

She nodded.

“I want to hear you say it, Lyric.”

*He has to be a sadist.*

“Ask me for my mouth on your sweet pussy, for my cock in your cunt.”

His words were dirty, filthy, but they fueled her on, and she found herself lifting her hips and begging for just that.

“Yes, Landon, I want that so badly.”

He was on the bed and between her thighs only seconds later. He had his hands on her inner thighs, spreading her for him, his warm breath puffing along her exposed pussy.

“*Please*, Landon, no more teasing. Touch me already.”

She loved when he groaned, the noise vibrating throughout her whole body, centering right on her clit. He licked her from the opening of her pussy to the nub at the top of her mound then slid back down again.

He repeated this action until she squirmed beneath him, her climax approaching swiftly.

“God, Landon. I’m so close.” In a move so quick it cut her off, Landon had her clit in his mouth and a finger inside of her body. He sucked hard and fast on the engorged bud, finger-fucked her until she was gasping for air and stars danced in front of her vision.

He added a second finger, and the stretch of the penetration from those two digits had her exploding for him.

Ecstasy washed through her, stealing her breath, her pulse, even her sanity. But Landon didn’t stop. He continued to bring her to the height of pleasure until she was ultrasensitive and begging him. Legs shaking, heart racing, and sweat beading her brow, Lyric finally felt him move up her body.

He kissed and licked at her belly, over her breasts, and then sealed his mouth right on hers.

She tasted herself on his lips, a musky but sweet flavor that had her moaning into his mouth. Lyric gripped his hair and opened her mouth wider, and sucked on his tongue. The intense, masculine sensation moving through her created this plethora of flavors that burst along her tongue.

As she lifted her hips and grinding her pussy on his cock, anticipation and nervousness slammed into her when he reached between their bodies and placed the tip of himself at her entrance.

She was ready for this, so ready she could feel it claim every part of her. Lyric couldn’t even say she was drunk and that’s what fueled her actions.

She might be buzzed, but she knew exactly what she was doing, and who was here with her.

“I’m not even in you yet and you already feel so fucking incredible,” he said the muffled, harsh words against her

mouth.

Lyric grabbed his bulging biceps, dug her nails into his skin until he hissed, and tried to slide down on his length.

Landon ran his lips along hers in a slow, sexual glide. “Put your legs around my waist.”

She did as he asked, and gasped as they pressed even closer together, the tip of his big dick getting lodged inside of her body.

Holding his gaze with hers, his hands on either side of her head, bracing his big body over hers, Landon started pushing into her inch after agonizingly slow inch.

The thick head of his shaft stretched her opening, made this wicked burn travel throughout her entire body.

He worked himself in and out, only penetrating her with the tip, maybe easing her into the feel of being stretched by the wide head of his cock, or maybe because he liked prolonging this.

“Relax for me, baby.”

She relaxed, not realizing how tense she'd grown. He pulled out until the tip was almost all the way out of her, and then in one swift, consuming move, he buried all of his thick inches into her pussy. Searing, white-hot pain and pleasure had her crying out.

“Fuck yeah, baby.” He said those words over and over, his eyes closed now, his jaw locked tight. Her inner muscles clenched around him of their own accord, causing deep, whisper-like moans and curses to come from him.

That intense stretching soon faded as the pleasure took its place. She smoothed her hands down his back, feeling his muscles clench and tense beneath her fingertips.

He had his eyes open again, had his forearms straight right beside her temples, and looked down at where he was buried inside of her. His face was a mask of dark eroticism.

Never taking his eyes off of her pussy, he started moving in and out of her, slow at first but gradually picking up speed.



The sounds that came from him were animal-like, but then again she was not exactly being quiet either.

The pleasure turned to something darker, more carnal, and before she knew it she lifted her hips to meet his thrusts, needing him as deep as he could go, wanting her pussy filled all the way. The ecstasy stole her breath, had her lips parted, and trying to get air into her lungs seemed almost impossible.

Perspiration covered his face and chest. Lyric let her gaze travel down to his lower stomach, and felt her arousal grow tenfold at the way the muscles of his abdomen contracted in stark clarity, his six-pack so pronounced she knew she could have gotten off on that sight alone.

“Lyric,” he said her name on a groan, and when he tilted his head back the tendons of his neck stood out, the strain in his body clear. “You feel so fucking good. You’re so tight and wet.” He slammed into her hard, and her eyes rolled back as ecstasy claimed her.

“Landon,” she managed to gasp out his name, crying it out like a wounded animal.

“Say my name again,” he grunted out.

“Landon, God, Landon.”

He hummed in approval, and she felt the sting of pain as he grabbed her hair, pulling her head to the side and latching his mouth onto her throat he ran his teeth along her neck, being rough, forceful.

She loved every minute of it.

Over and over he worked his cock into her, hitting a sensitive spot inside of her repeatedly, having this heat move through her. And then he slammed into her so hard she moved up an inch on the bed. The climax that claimed her was swift, body numbing.

“Yeah, Lyric.” He kept fucking her. “That’s it, baby. Come all over my dick.” He breathed harder, so hard that was all she could hear, even over the sounds of his cock slapping against her cunt. She closed her eyes as the pleasure was just too much, too intense.

“No, look at me, baby. I want to see your eyes as you get off.”

Forcing her eyes open, Lyric looked into his face, saw it morph into something almost violent in nature.

*God, he's getting off.*

His orgasm started to change his expression, had his face becoming like steel, his jaw clenching tighter. He started thrusting into her even harder.

Once, twice, and on the third pump he bottomed out inside of her, the root of his dick hitting her clit. The pleasure that contorted his face was a visual orgasm all on its own.

He didn't look away from her while he came, and all she could do was ride this out as he got off. Her inner muscles still contracted from her previous orgasm, and although she wasn't getting off right along with him, having him deep inside of her felt so good.

When he finally stopped thrusting like a madman, he relaxed and breathed out.

He hung his head between his shoulders, his arms shaking as if it were taking his strength just to hold himself up over her. All Lyric could do was watch, stare in awe at the fact she'd just had sex with Landon, that she'd been the one to cause this reaction, this exhaustion in him.

After several more seconds of just holding himself up, he rolled off of her and lay down beside her, breathing hard.

She turned onto her side, not sure what to say, or if she should say anything at all. She took in his body as he lay there, an arm thrown over his eyes.

Sweat beaded along his hard body, and every time he exhaled his abdomen contracted, showing her the outline of his muscles.

His cock, although softening, was still so big as it rested on his thigh, the condom glossy from her juices, the tip filled with his cum.

She was about to turn onto her back again, but before she could roll over he cleared his throat, stopping her.

“Come closer, Lyric,” he said deeply. He turned his head and looked at her. She shifted over to him, and then he had his arm around her, pulling her flush with his hard, sweaty body.

She rested her head on his chest, and she listened as the swift beat of his heart slowed to a normal rhythm.

There were no words for what they had done, at least none that she could actually profess. The emotion had been tangible, clear, and it was strange how much her feelings for Landon had opened up in such a short time.

“Landon?” she said his name softly.

“Yeah, baby?” He smoothed his hand down her back, letting the tips of his fingers trail along her spine, right over her ass.

She closed her eyes, not able to stop herself from smiling at the endearment. “What does this all mean?”

He was silent for a moment, maybe too silent for her comfort. But she didn’t move from off of his chest. “What do you want this to mean?”

She hadn’t known what to expect him to say, but it wasn’t that. “What do *you* want it to mean?” She threw the question back at him.

He turned onto his side, and she tilted her head back to look up at him. For a second all he did was stare down at her, and she felt the heat from his gaze warming her all over again.

“I want it to mean you’re mine.” He leaned forward and kissed her softly, and she couldn’t help but moan against him. “I want it to mean no one else will have you, Lyric.”

*I want that, too.*

“Do you want that, baby?”

“Yeah,” she said instantly, wanting it more than she ever thought she would.

“We’ll deal with everything else, but right now this is just about you and me.”

She rested her head on his chest again, had her hand on the hard, defined six-pack of his abdomen, and nodded. “It’s just about you and me.”

He held her tightly, and she let herself relax against him, let her eyes close as sleep started to take control. She’d never felt this comfortable with anyone, never felt this close with anyone before.

Lyric knew being with Landon might cause a whole slew of problems for them, especially from people and what they thought, and of course her dad and his mom, but she didn’t care.

She was falling hard for the bad boy.

CHAPTER  
**THIRTEEN**

*The following day*

**T**he only thing Lyric had been able to think about since last night was Landon. Hell, she couldn't stop thinking about it, especially since she was so damn sore between her thighs she couldn't even sit without wincing.

But that knowledge, the realization of why she was so sensitive, had heat and desire moving through her.

Landon had left early this morning to go work out, but he'd been gone for a few hours now. They'd fallen asleep on the bed beside each other, and she wondered if he regretted it. She didn't, and wanted more with him.

Lyric didn't want this just to be a one-time occurrence, something that happened because of the situation.

Her cell went off, and she saw it was a text from her dad.

**Dad: You doing okay, sweetheart?**

She typed her reply.

**Everything is good, Dad. How's the anniversary vacation going?**

**Dad: Good. We're visiting a winery right now. I'd call you, but there is a tour guide. I just wanted to check in with you guys. Laura is worried about Landon.**

She thought about her stepmom, now she was concerned for Landon.

**He's at the gym.**

Of course she didn't know that for sure, but she had a pretty good guess since he worked out a lot during the weekend before he had to be at his construction job.

**We're fine. Don't worry.**

**Dad: Call me if you need anything. We'll be busy all day, so if I don't answer I'll call you back as soon as I can. I love you, honey.**

She smiled.

**I love you guys, too. Tell Laura not to worry and have a good time.**

She set the phone on the table, and instantly the house became still and silent again. The tea in front of her had been sitting there, getting cold, as she thought about last night.

Lyric didn't know what to do about any of this, didn't know what Landon wanted to do. What would their parents think if they decided to take this further?

*You're jumping ahead of yourself. He may not want anything more to do with you. There weren't any declarations of anything more being professed.*

Covering her face with her hands, she shifted on the chair and gasped slightly, that soreness there making her want Landon all over again.

He'd been so big, so thick and long, and he'd taken her like he wanted her above anything or anyone else.

He'd made her forget about what had happened, what could have happened if he hadn't come to her rescue.

"What in the hell are you going to do?" she whispered to herself and dropped her hands to the table, staring out the kitchen window across from her.

Just then she heard the sound of Landon's truck pulling into the driveway.

Her body had an instant reaction of getting tight, sweat starting to form between her breasts, her nipples hardening, and her pussy becoming wet.

*Oh my God. I've become this fiend for him, and only after one night.*

Lyric didn't move from her seat when she heard the car door shut, and then a moment later heard the front door open and close. She looked into the entryway, but couldn't see anything but a swatch of the foyer.

She saw Landon toss his large black workout bag on the ground, and then she saw him step into view. He didn't notice her right away as he was busying messing with his phone, so she took a second to stare at him.

His dark hair was wet, probably from his shower at the gym, and the gray shirt he wore was form fitting, his muscles very pronounced. He wore a pair of black, loose sweatpants, and the sneakers on his feet didn't make him look any less badass.

She didn't know if she should say something, anything to try to break the silence, to see how he was going to act toward her. He finally lifted his head and looked in her direction.

His green gaze clashed with hers, and she felt her mouth dry. He was so attractive, so powerful.

Ever since they'd had sex she'd realized she wanted something more with Landon. Lyric couldn't see him any differently, not after everything.

Standing, she had her hands in front of her, twisted her fingers together, and hated that she was this nervous. But she didn't know what to think, how to react, because they'd fallen asleep in her bed last night, but she'd woken up alone.

"You talk to your dad or my mom today?" he asked and stepped into the kitchen, his big body corded with muscles, and the very feminine part of her fully appreciating it.

She nodded, not knowing if she could form words right now. That's how nervous she was.

"That's good," he said again, and moved a step closer. She stayed in place, not sure if she should face this head on, or just run away because it was becoming awkward. The silence

stretched out even more, and they continued to hold each other's gazes.

"I—" she managed to say, but then snapped her mouth closed. "I don't know what to say." She needed to force the words out, because this weird silence, this heaviness in the air, was too much.

Landon didn't say anything, but he moved closer and closer still, until he was now only a foot from her. It was then that Lyric actually took a step back, as if her body was working on its own.

She wasn't afraid of him, but of herself, of how much she cared about him. It was so strange that all it took was their time at the creek, an encounter after his shower, and then of course the party and night of incredible sex, to have this floodgate of emotion open up in her.

She looked at Landon as someone she wanted to be with, someone that she wanted to share everything with.

It was intense, crazy and scary, but it was real.

Her ass was pressed to the side of the counter now, her retreat stopping. But that was good, because she didn't need to run. She needed to face this head on.

"You seem nervous," he said in a low, but steady voice.

"Maybe that's because you're looking at me like that."

He lifted a brow. "And what way is that?"

She swallowed the lump in her throat. "Like you have something to say, and I might not like it.

He didn't answer for several long seconds, just continued to stare into her eyes.

"That's all?" His voice held challenge.

She knew what he wanted to know, and she knew she shouldn't be embarrassed or worried about speaking the truth. Lying wouldn't help any of this, and she wouldn't get any answers. So, steeling herself, Lyric just said what she was thinking and feeling.



“I’m nervous because after last night...” She didn’t even know how to finish that sentence. She hadn’t told Marie about what happened, hadn’t even known what she’d say if she wanted to tell anyone.

Until she knew where Landon stood, she’d just keep her mouth shut.

“You’re nervous about last night?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I don’t know where this puts us.” Her entire body felt like it was shaking, and his close proximity didn’t dim her nerves.

He closed his eyes for a second and breathed out. When he placed his hands on the counter beside her, she rose on her toes a little. His erection pressed against her belly and sent heat through her, but also shock.

He was hard for her, but that didn’t mean he wanted anything more than being physical.

“If I told you what I want, I might scare you, Lyric,” he said and opened his eyes, looking at her with this bared expression.

“Try me,” Lyric whispered, wanting to know what he thought, how he felt, even if it wasn’t what she wanted to hear.

“I want you,” was all he said at first, and then he leaned in an inch. “I really fucking want you, but us being together might really fuck things up, Lyric.”

“How?” Her voice was barely a whisper.

“Our parents for starters.”

“You never seemed like the type of guy that cared what others thought.” Of course she’d thought about what people would think and say, especially her father and his mother, but that didn’t mean she’d let that dictate what she wanted.

“I shouldn’t care, but I do. I care about what our folks will say. I care about how people will treat you if we’re together.”

*God, he wants to be with me?*

“I felt something when we were at the creek, Landon. I felt this connection, even if our conversation was limited.”

He made this low, deep sound, and pressed his dick against her belly even further. “I felt something, too, Lyric, even if being with you is crossing a line.”

“There shouldn’t be any lines to begin with, Landon.”

He groaned, and then he was kissing her. He had his mouth on hers, the possession clear in the way he dominated her. She moaned, reached out and steadied herself with her hands on his biceps, and let him take control.

He started licking at her lips, and speared his tongue into the confines of her mouth.

Their tongues pressed against each other, but she wasn’t trying to fight him, wasn’t trying to gain supremacy. She just wanted to submit to him, to let Landon claim her.

*That sounds so primal, so animalistic.*

She spread her legs, and he stepped between them, his cock so hard, so pronounced.

“This is what I’ve been thinking about, Lyric. Ever since I left you sleeping in bed, your hair scattered along the pillow, and the scent of me covering you, I’ve had a hard time thinking of anything else,” he murmured against her mouth. “I was working out, not to train for boxing, but to get the need to be with you again out of my system.”

She panted, looked right into his eyes, and felt her arousal heighten to a fever pitch.

“Did it work?”

He grunted and kissed her again for several seconds. “Fuck no.”

She breathed out hard.

“I swear I could smell you on my skin, feel you all over me.” He ran his tongue along her lips. He then moved his mouth down her neck and started sucking at her throat. “You smell sweet, like vanilla, but there is also a hint of lemon. It’s

so fucking hot.” He emphasized his point by grinding his shaft into her stomach, his low groan sending her desire higher.

His hand slipped between their bodies, his mouth still licking and sucking at her throat as he started to unbutton and unzip her shorts.

“Spread your legs wider for me, baby.”

She did as he said, needing him to put out the burn in her.

He speared his hand beneath her panties, his fingers sliding down her slit, spreading her lips wide so that she had to bite her lips to stem off her moan of pleasure.

“No, don’t hold back. It’s just you and I, baby. Scream for me if you have to.”

Her mouth opened on a silent cry, and her eyes rolled back in her head.

She let her head fall back as his other hand snaked behind her and gripped her ass cheek, clenching and unclenching on the globe until she was wantonly thrusting her hips at him.

His finger teased the opening of her pussy, dipping in partly before pulling the digit out and running small circles around her clit.

“Fuck, you’re so damn wet for me, so juicy my hand is getting soaked.”

She closed her eyes again, the pleasure so intense it was leaving her breathless. His mouth moved to her braless breasts, the thin t-shirt she wore hardly a barrier as his mouth went to work on her nipple.

He didn’t bother removing her shirt, just bit and licked, sucked and massaged the mound through the material until she was panting and dizzy, unable to even think clearly.

“I’m so fucking hard for you,” he grunted those words out. “Take off the bottoms, baby. Let me see that wet pussy. Let me taste you.”

With shaky fingers she did just that, letting the material slide down her hips and pool around her feet. She kicked the

shorts away, and then started to push her panties down her legs.

The chill from the air brushed along her pussy lips, and a shiver went through her. His fingers went back to work, spreading her labia wide, and using his thumbs to move her moisture around until she was so slick her juices felt like they were sliding down her thigh.

“I need to taste this pretty cunt of yours.” And then he dropped to his knees, kept her lips spread for him, and sucked her clit into his mouth. She watched him, the small bundle of nerves red and swollen from his ministrations, from her arousal. He had his focus on her while he tormented her, teased every part of her.

While still watching her, he ran his tongue along her clit, sucking the engorged bud into his mouth until she was shaking. And when he pulled an inch away from her she could see a thin line of saliva still connecting his mouth to her pussy.

That was all she needed, that visual stimulus, to have her orgasm explode through her.

“God, Landon.” She thrust her breasts out, her ass digging into the edge of the counter, her feet lifted so she was on her toes, and the pleasure coursing through her. She closed her eyes, but Landon’s deep growl had her snapping her eyes open.

“No, keep them open. Watch me, baby. Watch as I eat you out.”

She looked down and watched him be filthy, but only in the best way. He spread her pussy lips wide, her clit tingling as he ran his tongue up and down her cleft, dipping it into her pussy hole and then moving the muscle up to her clit.

He sucked the hard little bud in his mouth, and grunted around it, sending little vibrations through her whole body.

The warmth and wetness, the friction and motions set off another orgasm in her, and she didn’t hold off her cry this time.

“Landon,” she whispered, gasped his name.

“Yeah, baby, that’s it.”

He lapped up her juices like he was sucking on a lollipop, and a gasp left her. Her pleasure just kept rising. Before her orgasm ended he was standing, grabbed her waist, and turned her around.

Landon placed a hand on the center of her back, and pushed her forward. With her chest flat against the counter, and the only article of clothing she had on was her shirt, she was exposed for whatever he wanted to do.

But it seemed he didn’t want her shirt on either, because in the next instant he had the fabric up and over her head. Her breasts were against the chilled counter, and she panted, closing her eyes at the sensations moving through her.

Her nipples beaded up, and Landon reached around and cupped the mounds.

While he touched her breasts and pulled at her nipples, he started thrusting his sweatpants-covered cock against her bare ass.

He moved a hand away from her breasts, and then she heard the rustling of clothing. Her anticipation spiked.

And when the length of his hot cock pressed against her ass, she lifted on her toes again, needing him so badly.

“I’m going to fuck you so good, Lyric baby.”

She bit her lip.

“You want that, want my big dick in you?”

“Yes,” she wheezed out.

“Good, because I’m going to fill up your tight pussy until you can’t stretch anymore for me.” His mouth was right by her ear now, his words erotic and sending lust to every cell in her body. He moved his hand between them, gripped her inner thigh, and pushed her legs apart even more.

She looked over her shoulder to see him lean slightly back so he could look down at the parts of her that were on display.

“So fucking hot,” he murmured. “Your cunt and ass are all open, spread for me. Fuck,” he groaned out that last word. He used his fingers to spread her moisture around, and sliding them up until he was pressing those wet digits against her asshole.

She gasped, never before having had anyone touch her back there.

“God damn, I want to fuck you so badly back here,” he whispered against her ear, and before she could respond he was back on his haunches and spreading her ass cheeks apart. His mouth was on her back hole, and she felt her eyes widen.

Gripping the edge of the counter, she held on as he licked and sucked at a spot on her body no one had ever explored before.

It wasn't unpleasant, and instead a feeling totally different, and very arousing. He gave her ass one more lick, and then stood behind her again. She felt the tip of his cock nudge at the entrance of her pussy.

She swallowed roughly, her throat so dry it felt like she'd been eating cotton. He kept his fingers curled around her hips as he pushed his cock into her.

He was so thick and large his girth and length stretched her to the point where the pleasure and pain mixed.

It felt so good.

More and more he pushed into her.

When he was seated balls deep inside of her body, they both groaned in unison

“So good and tight, hot and fucking *mine*. His words had her pussy walls contracting around his dick. He started to move in and out of her, her pussy juices making his thrusting fluid and slick.

The sound of their sweat slicked skin slapping together was loud in the room, and hot as hell.

Landon increased his pumping, held her waist even tighter, and the pain and pleasure continued to rise, to morph into

something so powerful she knew she'd come again.

His balls slapped against her clit and sent shocks of ecstasy through her.

She rested her forehead on the counter, and all she could do was hold on and ride this out. Every time he slammed into her, he would grunt out the most deliciously filthy things. It was erotic and torturous at the same time.

He reached in front of her and cupped her breast, grabbing her nipple between his thumb and forefinger. And when he slammed into her especially hard, she bowed her back and groaned out as her climax crested inside of her.

“Yeah. Fuck yes, baby. Squeeze that fucking cunt on me, draw the cum from my dick.”

“Oh, God. Landon.” Her pussy contracted around his dick and drew deep moans from him. She cried out as she rode out the pleasure, slamming her hips back on him, and fucking herself and taking all of it.

“Wait,” she managed to gasp out. “No condom.” She realized they'd been careless. Landon pulled out of her, cursing. She glanced over her shoulder to see him crab his glistening cock.

His body was tense, the muscle and sinew that lay just beneath the golden skin standing out fiercely. He moved closer, grabbed her shoulder, and gently pushed her chest to the counter. “Spread more for me. Let me see that ass.”

She was breathing so hard, her pulse beating in her ears, pumping in her throat. She did as he said, and when he moved another step closer, placed his finger at her pussy hole, and gathered her moisture to place it at her asshole, everything in her froze.

“It's okay, baby,” he whispered. “I don't have a condom, but if you want to stop then we will.”

She should have put a stop to it, knew it was reckless.

“Do you trust me?”

She licked her lips and felt her heart jump to her throat. “I trust you more than anyone else.”

He groaned. “I’ll always take care of you.”

And she he would. She knew it would be okay.

“Tell me to stop now or I won’t be able to help myself.”

She shook her head.

“Use your words, baby.”

Licking her lips and taking in a sharp breath, she whispered, “I trust you. I want you. Don’t stop.”

His gaze was latched onto her ass and her entire body clenched because she knew what was about to happen. She’d never done this before... this forbidden aspect of sex, but she knew she wanted this with Landon. She wanted everything with him.

He had really primed her ass with her pussy juices, and when he placed the tip of his dick at her back entrance, she could do nothing but hold onto the edge of the counter and brace to take him all.

She looked over her shoulder again and kept her gaze with his. Landon started gently pushing his cock into her asshole. He was breathing so hard the definition in his chest was a startling contrast to everything else.

It hurt, slightly burned, but she wanted to experience this with him.

“It’s so fucking good, Lyric,” he said on a groan and grabbed her waist, holding her steady so he could fuck her. Once he was past the tight ring of muscle he slid all the way in. They both made these garbled noises in the back of their throats.

Landon held still for a moment, maybe because he was giving her time to adjust, or maybe he was losing control himself. Either way he didn’t move for several seconds.

“I need to fuck you,” he said in this slightly husky voice.



Their bodies were sweat slicked, their skin moving together erotically, filthily, but only in the best of ways.

She licked her lips and nodded. "Then fuck me."

He clenched his jaw and started pulling out and sliding back into her ass. The sensations were like nothing she'd ever felt before. She was filled, and he was stretching every part of her.

Lyric didn't know if she could get off on this alone, but it didn't matter because he placed a thumb on her clit a second later and started rubbing the little bud back and forth, as if he was intent on having her come for him.

Over and over he did this, her pussy wet, juicy for him, and her climax rising the longer he rubbed her clit, the more he fucked her ass.

"Come for me, Lyric."

And just like that, as if his words were the ignition and her body the machine, she threw her head back and let the pleasure claim her. He kept the steady thrusting in her ass, but was gentler as he rubbed her clit, maybe knowing how sensitive she was.

When the pleasure dimmed and she forced her eyes open it was to see he was barely holding on.

"I can't hold off anymore."

"Then don't, Landon."

He groaned loudly, and never took his gaze from her as he pulled out of her ass, grabbed his dick, and started stroking himself from root to tip feverishly. She turned around to watch in erotic awe, her legs feeling shaky.

She lowered her gaze to watch him jerk off, saw pre-cum from at the tip of his cock before dripping to the floor.

"I'm coming, baby."

The sight of his cum erupting from the tip of his shaft had every part of her shaking.

Jet after jet of milky white seed shot out of the tip of his cock, covering her upper thighs and the top of her pussy.

His cum was hot and slick, and a part of her wanted to rub it into her body, making sure she smelled like him, was branded by him.

When he was finished he groaned loudly, his focus on her body where his cum covered her. “So fucking hot, Lyric.” He leaned in and smeared it all over her.

Their sweat-slicked chests rubbed together, and her nipples hardened even more from the friction.

“You’re mine, and fuck anyone that thinks they can tell me differently.”

CHAPTER  
**FOURTEEN**

**H**is mother and stepdad had come home just an hour ago. Lyric was in her room, Brent was taking a shower, and his mother was on the couch reading a book.

Landon stood in the doorway, watching his mom, the fireplace on, the lights low, and everything silent.

He was a shitty son, always putting his mom through grief because of what he did and how he acted. He leaned against the doorframe, and the wood creaked. His mom glanced up from her book and looked over at him.

She smiled, and despite the fact he wasn't a good son, she genuinely looked happy to see him.

"Hey, sweetheart." She set the book down and sat up on the couch more, the blanket on her legs rising up, her feet peeking out from the bottom. "Come sit next to me for a few minutes."

He pushed off the doorframe and walked into the living room. Once he was on the couch beside her, he watched the fire.

It was electric, so there was no crackling of wood as the flames licked across them, and he wished there was, because the silence was deafening.

"You okay?" she asked, and he scrubbed a hand over his face. For a long time he'd wanted to talk to her, to apologize, try to find a reason why he acted the way he did, but he never had the balls, so to speak, to talk to her about any of it.

He'd always closed himself off, kept himself boxed off from the world, and let his mother see him as this worthless asshole.

*She doesn't think that about you.*

A little voice in him said over and over again, and of course he knew she loved him, but he also saw the disappointment in her face more times than not. Looking over at her, he just said what he should have said a long time ago.

"I'm sorry for being a disappointment, for always getting into trouble, and for making your life hell, Mom."

Her eyes widened, the shock on her face clear. No doubt she was surprised as fuck that he'd just said that.

He didn't know what it was about right now that made him be a man, a decent son, and actually say that to his mom.

Maybe it was because he felt his emotions flood open because of Lyric, or maybe he was just so damn tired of the life he was leading, and keeping the people he cared about at a distance?

He felt his mom place her hand on his, and he glanced over at her, not realizing he'd been looking at the floor.

"You're not a disappointment, Landon. I love you, no matter what you do or how much trouble you get into." She smiled softly, and gave his hand a squeeze. "I don't know what's gotten you to open up, but it's nice talking to you again."

He nodded once, not sure what to say after that.

"And you don't make my life hell, honey. I won't pretend to understand the things you do, but never think you're a disappointment to me."

"I know you think I became like this because Dad left, or became worse, but that's not why."

"No?" she asked.

He shook his head, breathing out. "I won't lie and say him leaving us didn't piss me off, and I used that rage for selfish,

destructive purposes, but I already had that anger in me.”

“And the boxing helps you,” she stated without forming it like a question.

He nodded again. “Yeah, it’s my outlet. It gives me stability, makes me level. Maybe you’ll never know what I mean—”

“I understand, Landon.” She smiled again.

He smiled back. They sat there for several minutes, not speaking, just watching the fire. Soon the sound of someone coming down the stairs became louder, and he looked over his shoulder to see Brent standing in the doorway.

“You ready for bed, love?” He was looking at Landon’s mom.

His mother still had her hand on his, and she gave it a pat. “You want to talk more?”

He shook his head. “Nah, I think I should go to bed, too. I’m working out in the morning.”

“Okay, honey, but I’m always here if you want to talk. In fact I hope you and I can do it more often.” She gave one more pat to his hand, and then stood.

He watched her and Brent leave, and before his stepdad ascended the stairs he looked over at Landon and smiled.

Landon wished he were a better person to them, because they were incredible to him, his faults and all.

CHAPTER  
**FIFTEEN**

*The next day*

**L**yric had this funny feeling inside of her, and tightened her hand on her bag as she left homeroom and made her way to her locker.

The weekend had been pretty incredible with Landon, and she had the soreness to prove it, but that funniness she felt wasn't because of Landon.

As soon as she'd arrived at school all she'd been able to think about was Devon, and what would happen. Would he be in school today?

Would he remember what he'd tried to do to her, or was he too drunk? Would he go after Landon because of it?

She went to her locker, and after she'd put her books in it and shut the door she turned and looked for Landon. He'd left early in the morning to work out before school, which was what he did every day.

His determination was impressive and also admirable, but ever since they'd become ... whatever they were, her need to see him had increased.

They hadn't told their parents for obvious reasons, but she knew they'd need to sooner rather than later. Hiding what they felt for each other wasn't something she wanted to do.

Lyric didn't want to have to sneak around, but waiting until they finished their senior year, which was quickly approaching, might be better anyway.

Landon had sent her a text well before she'd gotten up in the morning, and she still smiled at the thought of it.

**Landon: I swear I can still smell you on me, Lyric. Leaving you, even if only for a few hours, seems like a special kind of torture made just for me.**

The bell rang for her next class, and she made her way down the hall, but remembered she'd left the notebook she'd need in her locker.

She rushed over to it, and had to try three times to get the right combination to her locker before the damn thing opened.

The hallway was deserted as everyone went into their classes, and once she had the book and the locker was shut, she turned. Her focus was on the book and her backpack, but they both fell to the ground as she slammed into someone.

Looking up, she thought for a second it might be Landon, but she felt her eyes widen as she looked into Devon's beat to hell face. He had a split lip, a black and blue swollen eye, and a nasty bruise covering one side of his face.

His rage-filled expression as he stared at her made it clear he remembered exactly what had happened.

Lyric took a step back, and she came in contact with the lockers. Looking around, she saw the hallway was deserted.

"You bitch," Devon growled out. He took a step forward, and she held her hand out.

"Don't come closer," she managed to say. The fear she felt was so real her hands shook.

"You see what your fucking brother did to me, to my face?"

"He's not my brother."

*God, why did you say that? Correcting him is the least of your problems.*

Devon grinned, but made a pained expression for an instant, probably because the cut on his lip stretched. "I don't

give a fuck what he is to you. He did this to me, because of you, and now I'm going to do something to you, Lyric."

"He did that to you because of what you were about to do to me, asshole." He placed a hand on the locker by her head. "I'm going to do something to you that makes you hurt as much as I do right now, that'll make you remember me for the rest of your life." His breath smelled stale, and his dark eyes seemed colder. "I might have let you feel good at the party after I'd gotten off, but now," he shook his head, "now I'm just going to make you hurt, to bleed. I'm going to make you my bitch, Lyric, my fucking slut."

He moved back an inch, his focus on her eyes. She felt her fear rise, but she also felt her anger heighten as well. Taking a deep breath in, she brought her hand up and slapped him right across the face.

The shock on his face was there for a second, but then it morphed into fury. His cheek turned a vibrant red, her handprint showing up.

She opened her mouth to scream out, but before a sound left her Devon was pulled away and thrown against the other side of the lockers.

Landon stood between her and Devon, his hands at his fists by his side, his chest rising and falling.

He looked over his shoulder at her for a second, and she saw rage cover his features.

"You okay?"

She licked her lips and nodded. Looking at Devon, she saw him right himself, his lip curling in anger.

*God, this isn't going to end well.*



CHAPTER  
**SIXTEEN**

Landon knew as soon as he went to school Monday morning that shit was going to happen. There were hushed murmurs when he walked by, people seeming even more apprehensive about him, more afraid.

Or maybe they just knew what was coming before he had? But honestly, none of this shit mattered. They'd be graduating soon, he knew he wanted Lyric as his, and everything else was just background noise.

And then as he'd walked into the hallway, running late for his class, feeling pissy because he hadn't yet seen Lyric, he stopped at the scene before him. That was when instinct, rage, and the beast that came out when he boxed, rose to the front.

Seeing Devon close to Lyric, using his body to push her against the lockers, had everything in Landon turning red with anger.

Devon turned around and snarled. "I'm going to beat your ass," Devon said right before he turned away from Lyric and came barreling toward Landon.

Devon was a big guy, a football player for the school, and a total asshole. Devon swung out, but Landon was ready. He ducked and slammed his fist into Devon's gut. Devon grunted out, stood upright again, and looked at Lyric.

"You don't fucking look at her," Landon growled out. If this fucker wanted to go a round, Landon was more than ready to kick his ass once and for all.



LYRIC SAW Landon's mouth moving, saw his face become red from his anger, and knew the fight that was happening would not end well. Landon and Devon were kind of similar in size, although Landon was more muscular.

If Devon didn't know Landon boxed than he'd find out soon enough that he was no match.

All she could hear was the sound of her heart beating in her ears, and as much as she wanted to stop this from happening, she was frozen in place.

And then the two started really going at it. Landon didn't take the punches that Devon was throwing, and everything escalated quickly, so fast she couldn't even think straight. Should she get help?

She didn't want Landon getting in trouble, but then again she wanted Devon to hurt, to feel what it was like to be brought down to the ground.

She moved to the side when they went to the ground, both of them throwing hits now, blood coming from Devon's nose and mouth, and the testosterone in the air suffocating her, covering her.

People started coming out of the classrooms from the sound of the guys fighting, the students gasping, some getting their phones out to take pictures and videos, and teachers shouting for them to stop.

"Holy shit," one student said.

Devon and Landon were now standing, and Landon was going to town on Devon, throwing punches at his stomach and kidneys.

"Damn, Landon knows what he's doing," another person said.

Devon got a shot in to Landon's side, but Landon didn't even flinch.

“Landon’s a beast,” another student said.

“Stop,” Lyric whispered, finally finding her voice, but her throat was tight, her head fuzzy, and everything around her seemed like it was slow motion. She had to stop this, had to defuse it. “Stop,” Lyric said louder.

The guys didn’t stop though, and as Devon grunted and cursed at Landon, swung out, his anger making him sloppy, uncoordinated, all she could do was watch in horror.

She pushed past her shock and moved toward them. It was stupid, and she knew that she could get hurt, but she didn’t want Landon going to jail, which was a big possibility since this had escalated so quickly, and he was an adult.

“Landon, stop, please. He’s not worth it.”

They turned from her, still swinging, still grappling, and then Devon turned his focus on her. He looked like a monster right then, his face a mask of distortion and anger.

He reached out and grabbed her by the hair, yanked her forward, and then tossed her against the lockers hard enough that her head cracked back on the metal and she gasped out in pain. The side of her face had made contact, as well, and she felt the instant throbbing and heat.

“Oh my God,” someone said.

“He just knocked her around like a ragdoll,” someone else yelled.

She shook her head, and looked at Landon. He was staring at her, his eyes hard, this frigid expression on his face having her hold her breath. A few girls came over to her, making sure she was okay.

She stood, dizzy, but told them she was fine and moved away from them. Lyric placed a hand on the side of her face, felt the tenderness, but couldn’t take her focus off Landon.

He was standing still, looking at Devon, and she knew he was about to end this.

“You fucking hurt her,” was all Landon said before he charged forward and slammed his body into Devon’s. They

crashed into the lockers, and Lyric jumped back, having to brace herself on the wall because she was still a little lightheaded.

A few of the girls screamed because there was so much violence coming from Landon. She turned her head, everything going slower and slower as she watched the guy she was falling in love with bring his arm back.

She parted her lips just as he swung out and punched Devon so hard in the side of the face his head cracked back. Landon moved back and Devon fell to the floor, groaning, cupping his head.

“You even look at her and I’ll make sure you can’t ever walk straight again.”

Several people moved away from Landon, but he was already moving toward her. He cupped the side of her face that didn’t hurt, his gaze scanning her, making sure she was okay.

“He fucking hurt you,” he said through clenched teeth.

“I’m fine,” she whispered, not knowing how this would go down.

“Break it up,” a teacher yelled, but the fight was already over with. The teacher pushed through the crowd of students still watching, their mouths slack. Devon was rising, but he looked drunk, like the hit had really fucked him up.

“I love you, Lyric,” was all Landon said before he leaned in and kissed her on the lips. For several seconds they stood there, kissing, not caring that anyone was watching.

She heard some gasps, a couple hushed murmurs, but it didn’t matter. This was about them and no one else.

Landon broke away, his face still hard, concentration making up his expression.

One teacher grabbed Devon’s arm, another pulled Landon away from her, but she reached out, grabbing his hand, holding onto him tight.

“If he goes I go.”

The teacher didn't say anything as they were led away from everyone, ready to face whatever was their future.

CHAPTER  
**SEVENTEEN**

Lyric sat at the table with her father and stepmother across from her, and with Landon sitting beside her. Although she should care that she'd gotten in trouble right along with Landon, she couldn't deny that she felt pretty damn good for bitch slapping Devon, and having him put in his place.

Her suspension had been well worth it.

She glanced at Landon, glad he'd only gotten a suspension, as well, and not thrown in jail. But Devon hadn't pressed charges, and after she told the teachers what had happened, and another student, who had overheard what Devon had said, how he'd threatened her, they'd gotten a "slap on the wrist" so to speak.

They could have easily been expelled, gotten the police involved, and could have lost their graduation. Although she was thankful things hadn't gone down that way, she couldn't help the small sliver of pleasure she got at the fact Devon had gotten what he deserved.

"I..." Lyric's father said, and looked over at Landon.

They knew about the fight, obviously, but they'd also been told about the kiss, and she didn't know if they were more shocked about the violence or the fact they were ... whatever they were.

"You two..." Landon's mother said, not finishing the sentence.

Landon exhaled and leaned back in the chair, and Lyric glanced at him, wondering if she should say something, or

wait and see what he'd say.

"Explain it to us," Landon's mom said. She didn't sound upset, and Lyric's father didn't look angry. They looked confused, and maybe a little worried.

"Explain the fight, or—"

"Everything. Explain everything to us," Lyric's father said.

Landon glanced at her, but she didn't know where to start. She was embarrassed to admit what had happened at the party, ashamed even, but before she was forced to tell that story Landon reached out and took her hand in his and started speaking.

For the next five minutes he told their parents about the party, about Devon assaulting her, what he would have done. He told them about why they'd gotten into the fight at school, and she could see the anger rising in his expression when he looked at the side of her face that sported a nasty bruise.

Her father looked upset, as well, and her stepmother looked horrified.

Landon finished explaining about the fight, and when he got to the part where he'd kissed her in front of everyone, he stopped. Maybe he didn't know how to explain it either.

Lyric looked at her dad, who already had his focus on her.

"That all true, honey?"

She nodded. "I can't explain how this happened between Landon and me, but it did." She wasn't about to tell them about how they'd had sex after the party, and that's when she started really falling hard for him.

She'd wanted him before, when they'd talked at the creek and she'd really *seen* him, but that was personal, and not something her father needed to know.

"You two just happened?" her stepmother asked.

Landon gave Lyric's hand a squeeze, maybe for support, or maybe this was all out of his comfort zone, as it was for her, too.

“Yeah.” Lyric was the one that answered. She focused on Landon now. “And I don’t regret it. I love him.”

She saw a moment of realization in Landon’s face, a happiness that she rarely saw. He cared for her, she knew that, but he also hid his emotions well.

“You saved my girl, Landon,” her father said.

“She’s my girl,” Landon responded. “I’d do it all over again, too. I won’t let anyone hurt Lyric.”

A moment of silence passed between them.

“And you love my daughter?”

Landon looked at Lyric for a second before looking at Brent again. “I do. I love her a lot.”

Her heart was beating so fast and hard she wondered if anyone else heard it. Looking at her stepmother, she saw that she had her hands by her mouth, her eyes looking watery.

“If you two love each other, and you’re happy, who am I to say otherwise?” her dad said. “You protected her, and even though it got you in trouble with the school, I can’t say I’m upset that you defended Lyric. Thank you for that.”

“No thanks needed. I’d do it again in a heartbeat.”

They all looked at Landon’s mother. She slowly let her hands rest on the table. “If you’re happy I’m happy.”

In that moment it felt like this weight had been lifted from Lyric’s shoulders, like something had cleared from her vision, from her mind. Landon gave her hand a squeeze, his smile big.

In all honesty she still would have been with him if their parents hadn’t agreed with it, but knowing they wanted them happy made this so much better.

Knowing they accepted them didn’t make her feel like she had to sneak around or feel shamed by what she felt, by who she loved. No one should ever feel anything but happiness when they found love, when they found that person that made them feel whole.



Landon certainly made her feel that and more, and she'd make sure to always let him know that he was it for her.

CHAPTER  
**EIGHTEEN**

*Two months later*

They were done with high school, having just graduated this past weekend. Lyric planned on going to college next spring, because she wanted a semester off just to relax, gather herself, and spend time with Landon without the stress of starting the next chapter in her life.

Since they'd first gotten together, expressed their feelings, and told their parents, things had been very ... normal. She didn't know if things should have been different because she was with Landon, but they weren't, and she liked that.

Lyric liked being able to hug him in front of her father and not feel weird because of it. Of course the PDA in the house stopped at that, because giving a hug and letting Landon touch and kiss her in front of her father and his mother was a line she wasn't going to cross.

They'd blurred the lines already by being together, and she'd never take that back, but she didn't want to thrust her relationship in anyone's face either.

"Baby," Landon said right beside her cheek, his warm breath teasing the tendrils of her hair.

She turned and looked at him, smiling at the wicked expression on his face. Their parents were just in the kitchen making popcorn and laughing with each other, so right now it was just her and Landon.

Lyric wouldn't say there weren't parts of her that felt slightly weird at how things had turned out, because they were

strange and certainly not the norm.

Falling in love with her stepbrother wasn't something she'd planned or ever saw herself doing, but it happened, and she knew she'd never regret a moment of it.

"Let me kiss you while we're still alone," he said softly and grinned, and before she could answer he leaned forward and kissed her like he didn't kiss her every day.

He swept his tongue along the seam of her lips, and then plunged it in her mouth, but only for a second.

He pulled away and righted himself, reaching down to adjust his clear erection so it wasn't noticeable, and grinning the whole time. He inflamed her with just a look, a touch, or even a smile.

They were respectful of their parents though, not having sex while they were home. That would be too fucked up, even for her.

Besides, there were plenty of places away from them and everyone else where they could be together, where they could explore each other without the hushed whispers and looks they got when they were in town together.

Just because her father and Landon's mother were okay with their relationship, didn't mean everyone was.

No, they were still looked at by some as twisted and disgusting, despite the fact the only thing connecting them was a marriage between their parents. It was what it was, and soon she'd be going to college, and starting her life with Landon.

That's all she wanted.

Her father was the first to come back into the living room, several cans of pop in his hands and under his arms. He set them on the table and handed one to Lyric and then another to Landon. He then firmly situated himself between them.

She couldn't help but smile at that. Her father was still so protective of her, and always would be.

Landon's mother came in a minute later, a bowl of popcorn and some candy in her hands, and set them on the table, as

well. She looked at Brent and sighed.

“Brent, leave them be, and come sit with me on the loveseat.”

Her father looked at Lyric for a second, and then glanced at Landon.

“No hanky-panky, you two.”

Lyric couldn't hold in her laugh.

“Hanky-panky? Seriously?” Landon said with a straight face.

Lyric laughed again.

Her father stood and joined his wife on the loveseat, and Landon moved closer to Lyric. She snuggled against his side, and he wrapped his arm around her shoulder.

And then they watched a movie, not worrying about anything else, what the outside world had to say or what they thought, and just enjoying the feeling of being happy.

Landon looked down at her and whispered, “I love you.”

She smiled back. “I love you, too.”

And she did. God, she loved him so much.

# EPILOGUE

## ONE YEAR LATER

L yric rushed out of the small one bedroom apartment she shared with Landon, got into her car, and hauled ass to where she knew he'd be boxing.

She was running late, and if she missed Landon fighting she'd be pissed at herself.

Speeding through the back roads, she had a white-knuckle grip on the steering wheel. It wasn't like she hadn't gone to his boxing matches before, but she'd never missed one since they had moved in together.

After they graduated and all that chaos had gone down with Devon and their parents, they'd still stayed together. She'd gotten accepted into a local college, so they still had dinner with her father and his mother every Sunday, and Landon had been doing boxing full-time.

He wasn't a professional, and maybe he never would be because he just didn't care about titles, but boxing was still a passion of his.

He worked hard, trained harder, and the money he won in the underground matches allowed her to not have to work so she could focus on school.

Twenty minutes later she was pulling into the building that held the match. This time it was in the basement of a dry cleaning factory. The bay doors were open. She could see the workers inside, but she'd be going through the back entrance.

After cutting the engine and getting out of the car, she rushed through the lot, around to the back of the building, and

once the man at the door let her in, she made her way down the stairs to the bowels of the building.

She heard the chanting, the screams, could even smell the aggression and excitement in the air.

Stepping onto the platform that overlooked the very lower level of the factory, she could see the makeshift boxing ring set up, and the people crammed around it. Their hands were in the air, their excitement tangible.

Instantly Lyric felt her heart start to beat faster, felt everything in her come alive as the scents, sights, and the very air charged her.

She made her way down to the main floor, and as soon as she got there Hector, one of the regular bouncers that stayed at these fights, was beside her.

“He’s been asking for you,” Hector said loudly, trying to be heard over the noise.

“I know. I ran late,” Lyric responded, knowing Landon was probably worried about where she’d been. To say Landon was protective of her was an understatement, but she liked that, loved that her man was so possessive of her.

Hector pushed people out of their way as he led her toward the corner of the room. There were a few rooms she could see, ones that were probably mainly for storage, but tonight they’d allow the fighters to prepare in semi-peace.

Hector pounded on the door three times. It was swung open by another burly looking guy, and when he saw her he stepped aside.

She saw Landon sitting in the center of the room, a guy wrapping his hands before he’d slip and tie the gloves on.

Landon saw her and pulled out his earbuds. Even though there was loud chanting and screaming just behind the doors and walls, she could hear the angry music blaring from Landon’s headphones.

“Fuck, baby, I’ve been trying to get a hold of you,” Landon said, the worry clear in his voice. “I was starting to

say fuck the fight and go find you.”

“I’m sorry. I ran late, and then my phone battery died.” She moved closer, and watched as the guy finished lacing Landon’s hands up.

“Give us a minute?” Landon said, but had his focus on Lyric.

Once everyone was gone and it was just the two of them, she moved closer. He was already standing, and she lifted her hands and cupped his cheeks.

There was stubble on his cheeks and jaw, and the fierceness in his face was clear. He was focused, in the zone, but he’d been worried about her.

“It’s all good,” she whispered. She might have seen his matches before, but that didn’t mean they didn’t worry her. She hated seeing him get hit, even if it wasn’t often that he allowed someone to lay into him.

“Give me a kiss, baby.”

She rose on her toes and kissed him deeply, stroking her tongue along his lips before slipping into his mouth. They stayed like that for several seconds, but then the door opened and Landon was being told it was time to box.

He kept his body in front of her as they made their way out of the backroom, and she was led to a seat in front of the ring, right in Landon’s corner, and where he could see her clearly.

The chanting and female screams filled Lyric’s head. Landon was wanted, no doubt about that, but she wasn’t jealous that these women desired him.

It actually made her feel this surge of power that they wanted him so much, but would never have him. Lyric and Landon were dedicated to each other, and none of these bitches would ever come between them. No one would ever push them apart.

The other boxer stepped into the ring, and as the referee did his thing, said the shit he always said before the guys started slamming into each other, the guys knocked gloves



together. Then the bell rang, and she was on the edge of her seat watching how this would go down.

The crowd went even wilder. The focus on Landon's face was so controlled, so intense, that she felt everything in her tighten and become even more alert. She always felt this way when he fought.

Not only was she nervous and frightened, despite the fact he could kick some ass, she grew aroused by the fights.

Just seeing him go on the defense, but then come back swinging and laying into the other boxer, had the feminine part of her, the part that only Landon could evoke, rise up and appreciate all of this.

The first round went by, and then the second and third. At the end of the third round the bell rang and the boxers went to their corners.

Landon was getting a cut on his cheek tended to, but he looked over his shoulder at where she sat, locked gazes with hers, and her heart started beating faster.

For a moment, just one second it was like there was nothing separating them, not space, not time, or even a damn ring. Nothing. They were the only two people here, experiencing this.

The noises faded away, and the only thing she could hear was the sound of her beating heart pounding in her ears.

And then the bell rang for the fourth round to start. Landon winked at her before standing and meeting the boxer in the center of the ring.

They fought, dodged hits, slammed their gloved fists into each other, and all the while all Lyric could focus on was Landon, her man, her boxer.

The other fighter came after Landon and swung out, but Landon moved out of the way, and ducked before it connected. He started hitting jabs into the other man's stomach, and the boxer stumbled away from Landon.

The focus and concentration were always present when he was boxing, what kept him controlled.

Everyone seemed to grow even wilder, shouting, screaming for more. The air stilled for only a millisecond before the expression on Landon's face changed. This was the end, and he was focusing everything into this one moment.

Lyric felt lightheaded as she saw all the blood covering their faces and even chests. The emotions moving through her were intense, but they were real and all for Landon.

And then with one deadly uppercut Landon knocked the other boxer out. After that everything else was a wave of sensation and activity. She was grabbed under the arm by Hector, and led away from the ring, up the stairs, and back outside.

She saw her car, knew how this worked, and already had her keys out. Landon would be coming out shortly. He never lingered after these fights. He got paid, grabbed his shit, and then he was out.

She got into her car, and smiled at Hector, to which he nodded once in return. It didn't take long before she saw Landon coming out of one of the back doors, a hoodie covering his head, and his face lowered.

He had his bag slung over his shoulder, and he jogged over to where her car was. Once inside the vehicle he pushed his hood off, and she got a look at the swelling on the left side of his face.

He had a cut on his cheek that was taped closed.

"God, Landon, that looks bad."

He shook his head and smiled. He had a few bruises on the other side of his face, but she'd seen him worse for wear after these matches, and this was what he wanted to do.

He leaned in close and kissed her soundly. "I'm fine. You know that."

She opened her eyes when he pulled away and nodded, knowing he was right.

“Take us home, baby.”

He didn't have to tell her again. She just wanted to be in their place, not having all this chaos around, and be able to take care of her guy.



LYRIC AND LANDON had gotten back to their place over an hour ago. They'd taken a shower together, and right now they were in their bed, him running his fingers along her bare arm, and neither speaking.

It was nice doing this after he fought, relaxing and comforting just to have him so close. Words didn't need to be said, because all they had to do was look at each other and they could see, feel, hear the feelings they had.

Her relationship with Landon was strong and secure, real and true. It didn't matter that by all purposes they were “related” due to the marriage of their parents.

None of that mattered. What was important was how they felt for each other.

She needed him now though, needed him in this moment so they could both feel alive. It was like this after he fought, after he was risking a lot of things to level him out.

But it wasn't just her that needed this, because he did, too. Lyric needed to feel alive and loved, and Landon was so very good at making her feel both.

So, without speaking, Lyric leaned in and kissed him. It started off slow, easy, but with each passing second it grew more heated, more aroused.

Their tongues moved erotically against each other and she felt her pussy become wet and her nipples harden.

Landon pushed her back on the bed and stared down at her. They didn't have any clothes on, not since she'd showered with him, washed off his body, the blood, the violence.

He rose to his knees on the mattress, and she couldn't help but look at him. His cock was hard and straining forward, and a drop of pre-cum already lined the tip.

She pushed herself up and gripped the base of his shaft. The sound of him sucking in a breath had her heart jumping. Ever so slowly Lyric brought her mouth to the tip of him and gently blew a stream of warm air across his erection.

She loved that he groaned and reached out to grab a chunk of her hair behind her head and bring her closer to him.

“Suck my cock, baby.” He looked down at her with half lidded eyes, and she knew now wasn't the time to tease and torment. They both needed this fast and hard.

She sucked the head into her mouth and swirled her tongue along the underside. Landon groaned and started to gently thrust himself in and out of her mouth, fucking her the way he wanted, and so obviously needed.

The taste of him was so addictive, salty but still slightly sweet. Lyric closed her eyes and moaned around his girth. Faster she moved her head up and down, taking as much of him as she could, feeling the tip of him hit the back of her throat.

She wanted his cum in her mouth, down her throat. She wanted to swallow it all, feel him let go. But he pulled out of her before he got off, and she sat on her knees, her mouth open her eyes trained on him.

“As much as I love your mouth on my dick, I need to fuck you, Lyric,” Perspiration and residual water droplets dotted his hairline. She felt herself lick her lips involuntarily.

He was so arousing, and just looking at him had her pussy so wet she felt like if she didn't get off she'd go mad. Looking him up and down, she took a second just to appreciate him. All those defined muscles, rippling just below the surface of skin turned her on to the point she couldn't breathe.

She leaned back on the bed, thrust her chest out, showing him her breasts, how hard her nipples were, and spread her

legs wide. She felt her pussy lips spread open, part and show him the most intimate part of herself, the part he *owned*.

He stared at her body for a long while, his hand on his cock as he slowly jerked himself off.

“I need to be right here, baby, to have my cock deep in your cunt.” He emphasized his point by placing his finger right at the entrance of her pussy, moving the digit around the hole, and keeping his focus on her face.

Oh, he knew what he was doing, running that finger in slow circles before pressing it into her. She needed him desperately when he finally replaced his finger with the tip of his shaft.

Landon didn't push into her right away. Instead he cupped each side of her face and brought his lips to hers for a soft kiss. “You're mine, Lyric. You'll always be mine.”

She looked into his face, traced the wounds with her gaze, loving the fact he was so rough around the edges that she couldn't even comprehend it at times.

This man was it for her, the only one she'd ever love, ever want to be with.

“I love you, Lyric.” He thrust all the way into her, and she arched her back and grabbed his arms for support. “You're the only one I'll ever love.” He pulled out and pushed back in, her mouth going open and a silent cry leaving her. “Without you I'd be nothing, baby, just moving through life, following the motions.”

She dug her nails into his flesh and looked into his eyes.

“Tell me you want that. Tell me I'm it for you, too.” He still had his hands on her face, and started thrusting in and out of her at a steady pace.

Using all of her strength, and knowing he'd allowed it to happen, she pushed him onto his back and rose above him. With his cock still in her pussy she knew this man was truly it for her.

“I love you, Landon.” She started rising up and pushing back down. She placed her hands on his pectoral muscles to brace herself, and kept lifting up and pushing down, feeling her orgasm rise. “I love you so much it hurts sometimes, Landon.”

He growled and reached up to grab her waist, curling his fingers into her flesh. “I’ll love you until there is nothing left of me.” With that, he flipped her over now, and started rocking into her.

Lyric closed her eyes and just let this man, her bad boy, take the control. If someone told her this was how her life would have turned out, that she’d be head over heels in love with her stepbrother, a boxer with a penchant for beating the shit out of people, she would never have believed it.

Because frankly, she never thought she could be so lucky.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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