



# HOTEL DEVIANT

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Hotel Deviant

Deviant

Kady Ash

Published by Flower Bone Publishing, 2023.

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

HOTEL DEVIANT

**First edition. April 19, 2023.**

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Sometimes, reality is better than fantasy, and when it's  
not... we have books.

Dirty, filthy, fuck-your-step-brother books.

Like this one.



## **Content Warning**

This book contains mature/darker themes, such as a step-sibling romance, breeding, touch her and die, OTT J/P hero, anonymous sex, sex work, somnophilia, perceived dubcon, spying, anal, face-fucking, toy use, orgasm control, breathplay, bondage, and cum-marking.

Please be kind to yourselves.





# One

“Who the hell is that?” Sloane asks, and I hum inquisitively as I look up from my phone.

“Who is who?”

Her red-tipped finger pokes the family portrait hanging on my living room wall, drawing my eye to the man on the far-right side. “Him, Marlowe.” She points again. “Him. Mr. Crazy Blue Eyes. How do you know him?”

“Oh. That’s Dean. He’s my step-brother, and no, you can’t fuck him.”

She snorts, looking at me and then the photo multiple times before she says anything else. “No really, who is he?”

Blinking, I repeat myself. “That’s Dean. Y’know... the guy I blow you off for every Tuesday because we have a standing taco date.”

“Fine, what does *Dean* do for a living?” She crosses her arms after air quoting my step-brother’s name, and I have to laugh — right until I remember I don’t actually know.

How the fuck do I not know?

“Um,” I flounder, “I think he works at a club. He’s mentioned one a couple times, but he never wants to talk about work. It’s one of our rules.”

The fact that she looks like she just won a million dollars makes me want to slap her a bit. “He definitely works at a club. Did he ever mention what kind?”

“The... drinking kind?” I ask, suddenly wondering if I even want to know. “How do you know him if you were just asking me who he is?”

“I don’t want to ruin Taco Tuesday or the image you might have of him, but it’s kind of unfair for you to say I can’t fuck him when literally anyone can fuck him if they pay enough so... I’m just going to say it. He works at Hotel Deviant. Remember that New Year’s when we drove past that one

sleek, black building and you said ‘what the hell is a building like that doing out here in the middle of nowhere’ or something? Well... it’s basically a sex hotel. Simply put, your step-bro is a hoe, but like a high-class hoe.”

One breath, two breaths, three.

“No, he isn’t,” I argue, shocked and a little disturbed by the way my thighs are clenching. “You’re thinking of someone else.”

For a second, she looks like she feels sorry for me. “Maybe I am. But if you book a room with someone named Atlas and see him walk in... don’t say I didn’t try to warn you. All the Doms are named after gods. I’m a fucking regular with Athena.”

Suddenly, the map tattoo on his back makes more sense.

She’s not lying to me.

Holy shit.

“How the fuck often do you go?” I blurt out, lightheaded and gripping the arm of the couch like it’s a life raft keeping me from drowning in the ocean.

She shrugs, walking over to put a hand on my shoulder. “Every Saturday pretty much. Athena hasn’t accepted my marriage proposal yet. Are you okay?”

“Who?” Oh, right. Me. Cause I’m sweating and it’s a crisp sixty-eight in here. “I’m fine. You think you know a guy, right?” I deflect, laughing awkwardly. “Guess I know why he doesn’t tell me about his job now.”

“Maybe he’s worried you’ll look at him differently? Honestly, the hotel seems to be the tamest of all of Deviant’s facets. There’s a camp you can go to for however long you want where smoking hot guys will chase you and fuck you if they catch you, a school where they’ll teach you about any and every kink known to man, and a club where pussy is literally on the menu. There’s also House Deviant, but I don’t know much about it except that the guys who work there are complete psychos and you have to pass a psych eval before they’ll let you in. It’s weird.”

That’s so much information to process, I don’t know where to start.

“Anyway,” she continues, “I don’t know how men work. It’s why I haven’t touched one in a year. And I haven’t fucked your brother, promise. I just... admire the aesthetic of him from afar.”

What am I supposed to say to that? I can't exactly admit that I've been admiring his aesthetic since I was fourteen years old and my dad married his mom, or that I'm now counting down the minutes until she leaves so I can Google the hell out of Hotel Deviant. Settling on an "Oh," I get up to refill my wine. "Learn something new every day. Tell me about this Athena."

The way Sloane smiles is so foreign on her face it helps me actually listen to her when she responds. "She's a literal fucking goddess. I've tried a few Doms there, but she's my first Domme — and my God, I will never go back. One look from her makes me fall to my knees and I honestly might actually kill for her, which sounds fucked up, but whatever."

I study her face a little closer this time. I can't help it. I'm dying to know what that level of devotion feels like.

"Have you tried being serious when you tell her this?" I ask. "Or have you done it in a Sloane way?"

Her narrowed eyes make me laugh. "What's the Sloane way? Like telling her I'd punch a random old guy on the street if she ordered me to? Because I would, and yes, I've told her."

"Yeah, pretty much that." Sipping my wine, I pat the couch for her to join me and quit pacing. "She'll come around. Just keep being you."

She sighs heavily, like she's the one who was just told her brother is in sex work and not me. "Maybe. She still won't tell me her real name, so that might not be a good sign... although, I don't think they're allowed to? They're pretty professional there. One time, some chick used her safe word and the guy ignored her, so when she came out of their room crying, three security guards swarmed that room and held like an FBI-level investigation and tossed that dude out on his ass. Serves him right, but Athena and I were there to help clean her up and stuff. And this was on the first floor. I imagine security gets tighter with every floor up."

*Don't ask. Don't ask. Don't ask.*

"Why?"

Damnit.

“Well, each floor is more intense than the last. First floor is basically BDSM training wheels, you have to book there first. They don’t just let you fall into the deep end, even if your checklist is dressed to the nines. Wait, how much do you know about BDSM? I’m not judging. I seriously want to know.”

“Remember that guy I told you I dated my freshman year of college? Cody? He was a Dom. We didn’t go to clubs or anything like that, but we played with power exchange and he made sure I knew enough to be safe.”

She nods. “Like SSC and RACK?”

“Safe, Sane and Consensual, and Risk-Aware Consensual Kink. Yes, those aren’t exactly terms you forget,” I admit. “Ever.”

“Then he was a good Dom. Nice. My college experience was fucking horrible, so it’s nice to know there are some good experiences out there. Wait, what if Cody works there? That’d be crazy.”

“Add that to the list of things I’ll never find out,” I laugh. “Cody was a sadist, so let’s just say my kinks ultimately didn’t play well with his. He trained me on a few things, though.”

Like how to take the roughest of facefucks without dying or throwing up.

“Oh, shit. Well, they wouldn’t pair you with him anyway then. Are you interested in trying it out? We could go together.”

This feels like an olive branch and a trap all at once, and I don’t know what to do about it. “But what happens if I accidentally get Dean?” I ask. “I don’t want to ruin Taco Tuesday just because I miss being Dommed sometimes.”

“You can request people on your application. Just put ‘not Atlas’ and you should be fine. The god you pick depends on the wait as well, though, like Ares is booked until next spring and I’ve never even seen him.”

And it figures that now I want him more than anything. Why are the unattainable ones always so attractive?

“So who should I go for then? Hypothetically, I mean.”

“Hmm... Zeus is hot as hell. Older though, and he prefers the Daddy honorific. Oh wait, Eros! Yeah, him. And if he’s booked out, go for Cronus... wait, he might actually be a sadist too. Hades is fine as hell, too. Look, pick a god you’ve always wanted to fuck and go for it. They don’t dress like them though, it’s just their name.”

Mildly disappointing, but what can I do?

“If Hypnos has a somnophilia kink, he’s my guy,” I laugh. “But seriously, I think I’ll leave the god-fucking to you and Athena. Sounds like a recipe for developing standards too high to match out here in the desert.”

“Well, if you change your mind, I want deets.”

She sips her wine and eyes me like she can see the wheels in my head spinning out of control, but I mean it.

I can’t go down that road. As much as I love Sloane, I don’t want to end up hopelessly hooked on a Dom who probably won’t even remember me when I walk out the door, and I can’t afford the habit like she can.

It’s just better if I don’t even think about it.



## Two

I can't stop fucking thinking about it.

Hotel Deviant might have enough on me to file stalking charges at this point — I can name every “god” on their roster, every kink they cater to, every floor they have.

I'm utterly, ridiculously, irrecoverably terrible at not thinking about things I'm not supposed to think about, and now I'm paranoid that Dean is about to open my laptop for the first time and somehow see the history I've cleared a dozen times.

I'm sure I'm not acting suspicious at all.

“Good idea staying in tonight,” I call from the kitchen. “Taco Tuesdays are always better in pajamas.”

Or in sinful gray sweats, if you're him.

“Absolutely,” he agrees, entering a second later to grab a beer from the fridge. “Yours always have cute characters on them.”

I laugh a little too loudly, then clear my throat to cover it up as I set out the tortillas.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

“You good?” Of course he sees right through me. “You seem... tense.”

“Who, me? Nah.” I shake my head quickly, dropping my gaze to the tomatoes I need to dice. “Just been a weird few days. What about you?” *Don't ask, don't ask, don't* — “How's work been?”

Why do I fucking bother?

As smooth as my step-brother is, not even he can hide that sudden clench of his jaw. “Uh, it's great. Thought work was against the rules... didn't you make the rules?”

“Nope. Pretty sure you made that rule, but I guess that means I should apologize for breaking it.” I cut a little slower. “Is it that bad, though?”



“Nah, not bad. Just like to leave work at work, y’know? It gets heavy by the time I clock out. You seeing anyone?”

Dean reaches over to pick up some of the cheese I shredded and I can’t stop myself from watching him lick his lips. It’s enough of a distraction to almost make me forget he just deflected, and to the worst possible subject, no less.

“Kind of. I’ve been talking to a guy on a dating app, but we can’t seem to nail down a time to actually meet in person, so it’s been a slow process,” I admit. “What about you?”

“How many pictures has he given you?” And here’s his protective side. “The internet can be dangerous.”

Biting my lip, I hide a grin for the first time all evening. “A fair few, but I doubt you want to see most of them. I got a little lonely a few nights ago.”

“What does that mean? Are you sexting or something? Did he send his dick?”

“Several times, yeah.” Laughing, I throw a little diced tomato at him. “But don’t worry. I asked for it.”

The fact that he lets it hit him and fall to the floor without flinching only makes me laugh harder. “Still a brat?” He finally smiles, and even though it’s laced with that natural fierceness he has, I can tell he’s not mad about it. “Have you seen his dick and his face in the same photo, though? Might be dickfishing.”

“Dickfishing?” I repeat, dumbfounded and thrilled all at once. “*Dickfishing*. Yes, I’ve seen them both in the same video, actually. He’s not dickfishing me.”

I watch him process that fact and it’s probably more entertaining than whatever the hell he put on my tv. “Is it a nice di — don’t answer that. What have you sent him of you?”

“Enough for him to know he’s interested,” I deflect, but a little part of me can’t help it — I’m curious what he’ll say even if this is the last conversation I should have with my step-brother. “Just my tits and the way my ass looks with a plug in it.”

I don't miss the way his entire body tenses. "When you meet up, will you let me know?"

Nodding, I set the knife down and hand him a plate. "Course. I'll be careful, Dean. But are you sure you're okay? I haven't seen *you* this tense in a year."

It can't be a coincidence that I haven't dated anyone in a year.

"I'll be less tense if you give me your Find My iPhone login." He hands me his phone, sending a shiver up my spine in the best way. Times like this... I can almost convince myself that he isn't incredibly off-limits.

Adding it in, I hand him his phone back slowly. "Always the protective one. What's got you so worried here? I know his name, where he works, where he lives. We've been talking for weeks. Do you really think he'd put in all this work just to hurt me?"

"Yes," he says without any doubt. "Abso-fucking-lutely. A predator is a predator, little sis. Don't make me kill anyone. I like all my shoes."

He doesn't leave my side as he stands there and eats, giving me a few precious seconds to catch my breath as I picture him with blood pooling around his white sneakers.

"I'll be careful," I promise him quietly. "I'm just... tired of sleeping alone."

"Maybe one day we'll do a sleepover on Taco Tuesday. We can make a pillow thing on the floor."

The way my chest flutters... God, this man is illegal. All of him.

"Yeah?" I roll a taco and stall a little. "You'd sleep on the floor for me?"

"Could be fun. I'd miss the hell out of my bed, but movie night with you is worth it. I still have every Tuesday and Wednesday off, so we'll figure it out eventually."

"Days off from where, exactly?" I ask, shoving that taco into my mouth as he narrows his eyes at me. "Kiddin'," I

mumble, chewing quickly. “If you get too uncomfortable down here, you can always take my bed. I’d be fine on the couch.”

I can tell a thousand thoughts are running through his mind, but the asshole changes the subject on me. “These tacos are bomb. Did you try a new recipe?”

“I did. Glad you like them.”

“Thought I liked the last ones too, but yeah. Don’t change this recipe. It’s perfect.”

He glances over at my tv, giving me a rare opportunity to stare at him as he chews, and I don’t understand how I got so fucking unlucky.

The scruff covering his sharp jaw, the slightly crooked nose splitting hooded blue eyes... the tattoos that I know are hidden under his tight shirt.

He’s gorgeous, possessive, apparently a Dom... and not even allowed to be interested in me.

“You never answered my question earlier,” I say after a while. “Are you seeing anyone?”

His attention snaps back to me. “Oh,” he mumbles around food. “Course not. Don’t have the time, you know that. When’s the last time you got laid?”

*Why, are you offering?*

“If you count my toys, yesterday. If you prefer a real person... last year when Michael and I broke up. You?”

“That asshole?” I try not to picture Dean punching him in the face, but I can’t help it. Apparently, I like to punish myself. “Person yesterday, toy this morning.”

It’s an effort not to squirm as my thighs clench again. “So you had time to fuck someone yesterday, but don’t have time to take them to dinner every once in a while?”

“Mmhm.” He forces a fake smile and shoves more food into his mouth. “My pocket pussy was better, anyway. I’d rather take *her* to breakfast.”

Or your hook-up last night was a client and you just don't want to tell me.

Remembering what Sloane had said, I try to hide a frown. Obviously, Dean doesn't trust me the way he wants me to trust him... but I don't know how to change that. I don't know how to make him open up.

"You're fucking the wrong people if you think a fleshlight is better," I say quietly. "My dildo doesn't come close."

The way he stares at me makes me squirm once again, and I'm beginning to think he does this on purpose. "They were the wrong people, but so were yours. They just need to do a better job at making dildos, apparently. What brand do you have? I can get you a better one."

"Does anyone know the brand? It's one I bought off the internet. It was twenty bucks and shipped the same day. I'm fine, though... really." Moreover, I can't think about him every time I use it if I want to keep any semblance of sanity, so I can't have him choosing one for me. "That's what Neil's for if he can ever clear his schedule."

"Neil," he mumbles with his nose scrunched, but before I can say anything, he starts randomly laughing. "You gonna moan that name?"

Slapping his shoulder, I decide to ruin his life. "Oh, Neil!" I moan, loud and as sexually as I can muster in the moment. "Just like that, baby. Oh God, Neil, that feels — I'm gonna come!" I grin, sitting back. "Not so bad, huh?"

"Mar! You can't — fucking — this is your fault. You can't do that to a guy. I don't care who he is."

I'm confused until he presses down on his crotch, and my jaw goes a little slack.

If only we'd met before our parents.

"Tell me you'd honestly rather have a pocket pussy right now than an obedient woman."

Truthfully, that was a slip — I shouldn't know he likes obedient women. I shouldn't know he's a Dom, and yet the

way his whole body freezes tells me everything. For a few minutes we just stand there, a flame in his eyes that I find impossible to look away from until he breaks our gazes with a huff. “I can’t tell you that. I’ll pick an obedient woman over pretty much anything else. Hell, over actually coming myself, honestly. Sometimes making her do whatever the fuck I want feels better, anyway. Lasts longer... not that you wanted to hear that.”

*Come on, Dean. Just do it. Tell me to get on my knees.*

When ten seconds pass and he doesn’t do anything of the sort, I force a shrug. “You had to hear about my butt plugs, so it’s only fair.”

That makes him laugh, but he avoids going further into it by starting on the dishes. “Why do you think you haven’t tried to hook up with anyone in a year?”

“You know me,” I say with a false air of flippancy. “I always want too much. Hook-ups usually just leave me wanting more and guys these days want girls who hate cuddling, and that just isn’t me.”

Dean smiles. “Remember when we cuddled one time Mom and Dad were on a dinner date and they got mad at us when they walked in?”

“I will remember that until the day I die,” I mutter, blushing all over again. “I thought my dad was going to have an aneurysm pulling me off your chest. The way they reacted, you’d think we were blood related and they caught us with your dick inside of me.”

“Fucking ridiculous is what it was. We were both dressed and it was cold as hell — I didn’t even have a full boner, but you’d think I did with the lecture he gave me that night though.”

It sure felt like a full boner at the time, but something tells me this isn’t the moment to question him. “I’m still sorry about that, by the way. I should’ve just dealt with my cold toes instead of asking you. Again... I just always seem to want too much.”

“You don’t, stop. I wish you asked me for more. I want to be here for you always. Even if it’s just to warm your toes.”

*And I want you to stop saying things like that. How am I supposed to date anyone when none of them will ever stack up to you?*

“Thanks. The same goes for you, by the way. You never ask me for anything, so it’s hard not to feel like this is one-sided.”

“I just asked you to never change the new taco recipe. That’s something,” he jokes, and I relax.

Whatever is happening here doesn’t matter. We’ll be fine, we’re always fine... and all I have to do is forget what I learned about him and maybe it’ll stay that way.



## Three

Neil finally set a time for our date, and now the only thing I have to worry about is whether to actually tell Dean. I told him I would, but should I? What if he comes over and tries to stop it?

... Why am I acting like it's a bad thing?

*Because it is a bad thing, I remind myself. He's my step-brother and I really need to stop indulging the gross little fantasies I've been having about him.*

Right.

That.

Biting my lip, I pull out my phone and try at least six times to send a normal text message instead of one that will throw up a hundred red flags.

**Me:** *Hey. I'm going on that date with Neil in about an hour. We're going to Point Cedar for dinner and then taking a walk down the pier. I'll be careful. I promise.*

He doesn't respond right away, so I toss my phone on my bed and finish getting ready almost in a daze. PC is the nicest restaurant in a fifty-mile radius of my house, which means I can't just throw on jeans and a nice sweater like I'd planned.

No, I have to break out the big guns for this.

Slutty little black dress that hugs me so tight I'm not sure I'll even be able to sit? Check.

Four-inch stilettos that make my calves look amazing?  
Yep.

Cheap cubic zirconia necklace that looks nice enough from far away? Mhmm.

Not bad when it all comes together, even if I feel like I'm trying too hard. How the hell am I supposed to walk by the lake like this?

Shaking my head, I resolve to figure that out later and pick up my phone to check my messages. I've got two already from



Dean, and I don't know whether to smile or panic when I see them.

**Dean:** *Point Cedar!? Don't bring him home, Mar. He's overcompensating for something.*

**Dean:** *Don't go to his house, either. No sex, idc if he takes you to a restaurant that ass-fucks you with the check.*

A little bit of indignation rises in my chest. I can't help it.

**Me:** *I don't care if he's overcompensating. I haven't been laid in a year, D. I said I'd be careful and I mean it, okay? Don't worry about me.*

Tucking my phone away again, I add another coat of mascara and realize with a groan that my curls are already falling out. I normally love my hair in its natural brown waves, but they aren't exactly Point Cedar ready, so I grab my curling iron again and hastily try to fix them.

The doorbell ringing when I'm halfway through makes me jump. Neil said he wasn't picking me up until eight and it's only twenty after seven, so what the hell? I'm not emotionally ready for this yet, damnit.

A little apprehensively, I open the door and then almost slam it shut again.

It's not Neil.

"Oh, hell no!" Dean yells, shoving inside my house like he owns the place. "Change."

My jaw drops. "I'm not changing. Do you know how hard it was to get this dress on in the first place? It took me a half a fucking hour to get it zipped on my own. I think I just live in it now," I argue, shutting the door to keep the cool autumn air out. "What are you doing here?"

With a frown, my step-monster knocks my comb out of my hand onto the floor. "Pick it up. If you can comfortably pick that shit up off the floor without showing your ass, I'll shut up."

What. The. Fuck.

My stomach flips and I narrow my eyes as I put my knees together and try to squat down, but I'd been right earlier. The dress is so tight that sitting won't really be possible, and therefore neither will picking up my comb.

Still, I won't admit defeat, so I straighten up again with a scoff and bend over normally. I feel the rush of air hitting my exposed ass a second before he curses under his breath and tries to shove my dress back down around my hips. "Marlowe. You can't wear this. What if you have to run or fight or, I don't know, pick up a damn fork? You have plenty of nice clothes that aren't this fucking sexy."

Oh my God, the things that does to me. Part of me wants to hate him for being like this, but the jealousy? The possession? Having his hands on me while he calls me sexy?

I'm so, so screwed.

Turning to face him with my cheeks aflame, I note scratches on his neck for the first time that throw me off completely. "What are those?" I ask, reaching up to poke one of them. "Did you seriously just fuck someone and then come here to tell me I'm not allowed to get laid?"

"No," he rushes out, but he pulls away and rubs them like he can make them disappear, then deflects like always. "It's not that, I just... I don't trust him."

"It's sounding like you don't trust me," I mumble. "Is it so wrong that I want to be happy?"

"Of course not. I trust you, Mar. I don't trust guys, none of them, and I swear if someone hurt you or even made you uncomfortable I'd fucking kill them." Suddenly he's pulling me to his chest and hugging me, his hand rubbing my back so softly I think he might cave and let me wear my dress, but then he speaks again. "If you wear this I'm coming too, so it's your choice."

For a moment, I let myself stay right there. Safe in his arms, inhaling the scent of his skin. Ignoring the scent of sex that comes along with it is a little harder and spoils the moment just enough to keep me grounded, but pulling back is

harder than I thought. “I don’t have anything else nice enough for Point Cedar. I’ve never been to a restaurant where I couldn’t get a chicken tender platter for ten bucks.”

“I know,” he chuckles. “That’s always my speed too, but he wants to impress you. Let him. You don’t have to impress him, okay? You’re the whole fucking package and if he doesn’t see that from the jump, it’s his loss. He doesn’t deserve you... but I got an idea. Remember that black shirt you wore to your cousin’s party, the one with the underboob visible? Little exposing, but if you got some really nice pants to go with it, I’ll stop being so damn overprotective about it.”

I’m still not sure it’s good enough for PC, but I don’t feel comfortable in this dress or the stilettos. Whether or not I want to admit it, he’s doing me a favor by being weird. “Yeah, I think so. Can you help me out of this, though? I wasn’t kidding about the zipper.”

Spinning, I pull my half-curled hair over my shoulder and brace myself for his touch as he reaches up to unzip me, but he doesn’t stop when he gets halfway like a brother should, he goes all the way to the top of my ass and then he steps back like he just diffused a bomb. “I’ll wait for you right here.”

It takes everything in me not to ask him to follow me as I glance back at him over my shoulder, but I know better than to push. I nod once and slip into my room with my stomach somewhere in my throat as I change into the outfit he requested, then take a few minutes to finish my quest to fix my curls.

When I walk back out, he’s snacking on something from my pantry and looking much more relaxed. “You look beautiful. When is he coming?”

“He said eight, so like twenty minutes? No idea how punctual he is, though. I honestly didn’t know guys still gave people rides to dates, but I also haven’t exactly been active in the scene,” I deadpan. “Did you pick Ms. Scratches up?”

To my surprise, he smiles, only he doesn’t elaborate on why. “No, she came to me. Yes, I wore a condom. Yes, I’ve met her before this. No, we’re not dating. It’s basically a

business transaction. Do you have condoms that aren't expired?"

"Sounds passionate." I lick my lips, dropping my gaze as I fight the jealousy roiling in my gut. "Yeah, I have some."

"Good. Don't let the guy use his." He sets the container of cookies aside and then hands me one with a smile. "Have you eaten today?"

"Breakfast. I worked today and didn't want to spoil my appetite, so I never ate lunch." The cookie is worth the risk, though, so I hum happily as I take a bite. "Any other advice for me, *Sir*?"

The way he stiffens makes me weak, just not as weak as the fact that he's speechless for about two solid minutes. "Uh... yeah probably. I'll keep thinking. Keep your phone on. What time will you be home?"

I quirk my eyebrow. "If everything goes as planned? Tomorrow morning."

He's tense again. "I thought we weren't sleeping with him today?"

"*We're* not," I mumble. "Did you forget we just talked about condoms and how it's been a year for me?"

"No, I remember those things," he quips, battling something in his mind before he speaks again. "Where at, then?"

I don't know how to answer that, and something tells me he won't be okay no matter what I say. "I don't know yet. Probably his place so I can leave when I want to. Can I ask you something and you promise to be honest with me?"

All he does is nod, but his eyes say he's nervous.

"Do you want me to cancel?"

Everything about him says yes — everything but his mouth. "No. I'm just always worried about you, Mar. I can't help it. I'll stop being a dick."

He can't be honest with me even when I ask him to.

“Okay, then. I’ll see you Tuesday?” I ask, voice clipped as I grab a light jacket and shrug it on.

“Yeah, Tuesday. Want me to stay here until you leave tonight?”

That sounds like a recipe for disaster, so I shake my head. “No, it’s fine. You’re already tracking me, and you know exactly where we’re going, so it’ll be fine.”

He moves toward the door but stops short. “You sound mad.”

Not mad. Just... markedly less excited now that you’ve drilled it into my head that he just wants to hurt me or use me and couldn’t just be a good guy who wants to get to know me, and you don’t want me to go but also don’t care enough to tell me that when I ask you to.

“Nah,” I say instead. “Just kind of exhausted with dating and I haven’t even done it yet.”

He walks back over for another one of those addictive hugs, but this time, he breaks it all too quickly. “It’ll be fine. Call me if you need anything. I don’t care what time it is, okay?”

“Course,” I lie, walking him to the door and opening it. “Thanks, D. I’ll throw in some pumpkin cookies for our taco night.”

“Now you’re just trying to get me to move in.”

The way he winks before leaving my house makes me weak and nearly has me canceling my date after all, but I know I need to get laid — and if Dean doesn’t want to do it himself, then Neil is going to get lucky on his behalf.

I’m sure he won’t mind.



## Four

“Right this way.”

Neil takes my arm and follows the woman past several open tables, and every step we take further into Point Cedar makes me a little more hesitant than the last.

It’s fancier than I thought.

“I hope you’ll find this to your liking, Mr. Rimmer. It’s the best we can do since you missed your reservation.”

Nodding, Neil slips her a tip and pulls my chair out for me, but I’m distracted by the noises coming from the kitchen just behind me. We’re close enough that a light breeze could send a stray hair of mine straight into someone’s Kobe steak, but I will not be the one to point that out. Instead, I pull my hair over my shoulder again and smile at Neil as he orders a bottle of Chateau Petrus, and I suddenly wonder if I’m being punked.

He’s good-looking, rich, a gentleman... all the things that should thrill a girl to find in a man.

*Is he compensating for something? I’ve seen his cock, so it’s not that. It’s clearly not manners or tact, because other than being late to pick me up, he’s been perfect.*

So what is it?

“Why are you staring at me?” he asks with a smirk, and I blush as I fidget with the hem of my shirt under the table.

“Sorry. I’m just curious how you ended up on a dating app when it seems like you wouldn’t have trouble meeting someone out in the wild,” I explain.

“The wild, huh?”

Fuck. Was that weird?

“Yeah. I’m starting to wonder if you’re a serial killer or something.” It thankfully comes out more playful than I really meant it, because he doesn’t take offense. “Seems like an awfully public place to take a mark, though.”

He shrugs, chuckling lightly. “Maybe I’m just that good. Or maybe I’m incredibly busy with work and don’t have time to meet people in the wild, and I just met a beautiful woman on a dating app who made me laugh. Is that a crime?”

“No.” I fall silent as our server pours our wine, then sip mine slowly as I scramble for something better to say. “We’ve never talked about work, though. What do you do?”

“You’ve never asked. I’m a hedge fund manager at Burman Financial Management. Business has been... good,” he says, swirling the liquid in his glass. “What about you?”

A loud crash from the kitchen makes me jerk, but a quick glance behind me proves nothing catastrophic happened. “I work at an antique shop. Unless you’re into really old books, terrible blouses and dirty knickknacks, it’s incredibly boring.”

“Aww. It can’t be that bad. You’ve never had anything cool come through there?” he asks, leaning in and staring at me with an almost uncomfortable intensity. “Nothing you ever wanted to steal?”

“What?” Did he just accuse me of being a thief, or is he just trying to be cute? “No. I’ve bought a couple of things, but I’ve never stolen anything.”

“Except my heart.”

Is he for real?

I force a laugh, drinking a little heavier this time. “You’re cute. It’s only been a few weeks and this is the first time we’re meeting in person. I promise I’m not stealing any of your organs yet.”

“I hope that doesn’t stay true all night,” he counters with a wink, and I take a second to get it.

His penis. He means his penis.

Yikes.

“That’s a terrible pickup line,” I say, half amused and half appalled. “Has that ever worked for you?”



“Not once.” His laughter gets a little louder. “Can’t blame a guy for trying. Oh, one second.” Neil pulls out a vibrating phone from his pocket and stares at the screen for a moment before answering. “I’m a little busy right now, Carly. What is it?”

I can’t hear what she says, but I can see the look in Neil’s eyes.

“This isn’t a good time. I’ll call you later.” He pauses, then adds, “Yes, I promise. Bye.”

I busy myself with studying the rim of my wineglass as he hangs up and slips his phone back into the pocket of his suit jacket, but he’s staring at me. I can tell.

“You’re probably wondering who that was,” he says.

“Who, me? No. Nah. It’s not really my business.”

Neil drinks. “Maybe not, but I have an honesty policy. Carly is my ex. We dated for almost five years before I got promoted at Burman and stopped having as much time for her. The real reason I found you online instead of meeting someone in person is because I had no idea how to get back out in the dating scene and something virtual seemed easier. That’s all.”

I hear him; I do. I can’t blame him, nor do I have a right to be upset — even if he answered her call on our first date and promise to call her later. We’re not exclusive. I don’t own him and I don’t pay his cell phone bill. I won’t even be paying for dinner. “It’s fine,” I tell him. “Don’t worry about it. Do you know how long the food normally takes around here? I’m starving.”

“Good food takes time. This isn’t some chain restaurant where half your food is cooked and warming before you even get here.” He scoffs. “It’s all fresh.”

“Hey, sorry. I skipped lunch. I didn’t mean to insult the place or your choice or anything. It’s a really nice restaurant, and the wine is... fine.”

“Fine? That’s a \$4,000 bottle, Marlowe.”

“Four fucking thousand dollars?!” I yell, immediately clamping a hand over my mouth and sinking down into my seat. “Sorry! I just didn’t realize it was that much. I’m more of a boxed wine kind of girl, don’t listen to me. My palate might as well be made of wood.”

Neil just looks annoyed now and thoroughly embarrassed, and apparently, he gets a little dumb when he’s hot under the collar. “Carly never appreciated good wine, either. She had the good sense not to scream in the middle of a restaurant over a price tag, but hey.”

“Then maybe you should be here with Carly,” I mutter, flinching again when the door from the kitchen bangs open. “Jesus, why didn’t they just seat us by the sinks?”

“So now you’re complaining about where we’re sitting?” he asks, and I honestly cannot believe him.

“A little, yeah. Maybe I’m just hungry, but this seems excessive. Is there any chance we could just go grab a burger on the pier?”

Something tells me I already know the answer before he gives it, but I’m disappointed all the same when he says no.

That doesn’t mean I don’t ignore him until the food comes though, then order the most expensive dessert on the menu before they even set my plate down in front of me.

Neil doesn’t argue.

“I’m sorry,” he says after I’ve had a few bites and stopped feeling like a rabid raccoon. “I guess Carly’s still just a sore spot for me. I shouldn’t have answered.”

Feeling a little more reasonable, I nod and chew slower. “It’s okay. I get it, sometimes exes are hard to let go of. But if you’re trying to move on, my suggestion is to block her. Clean breaks are always easier than the messy, jagged paths we take when we don’t just cut people off.”

“That’s the thing, though,” he admits quietly. “I don’t think I can. She moved out on me, not the other way around. You ever just feel like a story’s not over?”

Yes, but right now, I think I'm feeling the opposite.

At least I finally know what he's overcompensating for. I'm just bummed it means I definitely, absolutely won't be getting laid tonight.

"Look, you need to not date then. Tough love here, but it sounds like you should've used your free night to go apologize to the girl you really want to be with, not go on a date with me. Why don't I split the dinner bill minus my dessert and the wine with you and I'll just take a cab home?" I offer.

"Minus the dessert and the wine, huh? Guess you're helping me dodge a bullet here."

More like I'm using Carly as a human shield, but whatever.

"Okay. How about I cover it all and you lose my number?" I stand, picking up my purse. "I just need to use the restroom and then I'll be back to drop off every credit card I've got."

Neil nods. "That's better."

Ho... ly... shit.

I don't feel bad at all as I walk straight past the restrooms and right out the front door, hailing a taxi and getting in before the lady even has the car stopped all the way. "467 Carlisle St, please. There's an extra Jackson in it for you if you detour past the pier and drive slowly."

She eyes me like I'm nuts but shrugs and heads in that direction, and I settle back in the seat with my chest tight. I knew dating wasn't going to be easy, but I hadn't expected the fun, slightly boring guy I'd been chatting with to turn out to be such an idiot. The last thing I want to do is tell Dean he was right and Neil wasn't any good, but when I check my phone expecting to see a dozen messages from him, I don't see any at all.

Maybe he doesn't care as much as I thought, either.

When I get home, I don't waste time. I pull up Hotel Deviant's website and head right to the "Book Now" option, not giving

myself a second to change my mind about it. I thought about it the entire ride home and the entire time I showered, and I know exactly what I want.

I want a man who is going to make me feel amazing, just for a night. No dates, no pressure, no awkward dinner conversations or exes calling or expensive wines. Just two people in one room for a common purpose, and that purpose is making me feel good.

It feels a little selfish, but I walked out of Point Cedar without my favorite jacket and I'm feeling a little bitter about it, so whatever. This is a service I'll happily pay for, and the sooner the better.

New client.

Floor one.

God? Not Atlas.

What am I looking for? That's easy. I want a masked man to take control for a couple of hours and praise me for being a good girl. I fill out my hard nos, my safe word "Obsidian," and the few other details they want.

The problem comes in when I go to check out and realize I've been picturing Dean this entire time. Not some random masked man. Dean. Will booking with someone else just disappoint me all over again?

I know the answer is yes, but I also know that if I book directly with Atlas and he runs away screaming the second he sees me, it'll feel even worse. So what do I do?

I leave it up to fate, that's what. Going backward, I change my answer from "Not Atlas" to "Any" then type in my credit card info and don't stop to wonder what's going to happen. I'm booked now for Sunday afternoon, and I'm going to make the best out of whatever happens and whoever walks into that room. If they show up in a mask like I requested, I'll be able to pretend it's whoever the hell I want it to be.

That's good enough.



# Five

Dean

Point fucking Cedar. Of course the asshole looks as pretentious as I knew he would. He's pretending to be the perfect gentleman, but his wandering eyes have dropped to her ass more times than I can count just from the short walk from the door to their table. Not to mention they're late. I arrived fifteen minutes early just to make sure I wouldn't miss them, and that asshole kept my girl waiting. She's smiling anyway, none the wiser that Mr. Neil Rimmer is a regular at Hotel Deviant with a fuck ton of baggage. I'm not a hacker by any means, but I could find out a lot about this motherfucker just from the cell number I stole from her phone. His ex Carly Jones filed a police report on him only four months ago because he wouldn't leave her alone — even got the paperwork for a restraining order that she didn't end up turning in. Fuck knows why. I don't care about her either way. All I care about is Marlowe and this obsessive asshole keeping his greasy claws out of her.

As much as I want to storm over there and drag her out of here, I don't. This thing I have with her is like balancing fire and ice, too delicate for me to show her too much of either element. I wish I could; I wish I could tell her the lengths I've gone through to keep her safe, the men I've protected her from, the fact that she's never gone on a date without me there as well.

I stay in the shadows because that's where I belong. I'm a side character to her life, and she's the only fucking show that exists — hell, the only fucking character that exists, and everyone else is just white noise and filler. Sometimes those filler characters get in the way though, like right now.

I can't hear what they're saying, but I can see the man is distracted. Thinking about his ex while sitting across from the most beautiful woman in the world, completely unworthy of her time. I get why she is here, why she has a dating app at all, hoping to find some sort of connection she's missing from the people around her. It's because no guy she's ever dated has

lasted long. I made sure of that. But she's hoping they can get that connection before they ever meet in person, so when they do it'll feel like a long-lost love that meshes together, and the dick won't bounce on her after one hookup. They will though, because I have the incredible gift of knowing no man on this planet is worthy of her.

One day *I* will be worthy, though, and when that day comes we'll stop giving a shit about what our parents might say and act on the love I already know we have for each other. I know she wants me too; I know she moans my name when she comes when she thinks she's alone, and every time she does I'm right behind her.

Neil's phone rings as my server is refilling my water, and I frown when he answers it. What a fucking dumbass. At least the man carries his audacity proudly, and I can tell from his expression and Mar's posture it wasn't a pleasant call. It was probably Miss Carly, because although I only spent thirty seconds looking into that bitch, I could tell she was just as unhinged as the man I'm staring daggers at. I wish I really was her superhero, and one look could burn a hole through his skull with my laser vision so he could never look at my girl again.

Alas, murder isn't okay and I'm just a regular man that wishes it was.

They're arguing now, I can see it and when Marlowe stands up, I know this date has run its course.

Good.

Still, I slip over to where the bathrooms are to make sure she isn't crying and nearly laugh out loud when she slips out the door instead. She has no desire to spend one more second with this fucking clown and I'm so proud of her I could kiss her. I wish I could kiss her anyway, but right now I need to stop daydreaming about those things and make sure she gets into a cab safely.

I hide in the shadows once more until she does, noticing the fact that she forgot her jacket, and then I go back inside to grab it for her. It's still on the back of her chair, and Neil is

frowning down at his phone, their plates untouched on the table. The server must have just set them down and although I know I should just grab the jacket and leave, I can't. I saw how upset she was when she snuck out of here, and even though the words that were said are less important than the result of them, I'm still far too curious.

None of the other guys that made her upset went unscathed. Neil here isn't fucking special.

I make my way over and pull her chair out more to fit my larger stature, then plop down in the seat with a sigh. "Hello, Neil."

The pretentious dickwad looks taken aback, scared even, but I don't know why. I have the nicest face that I can muster on, but now that I think about it, I'm sure the smile I think I'm wearing is more of a sneer. "Do I know you?"

"Nah. I just overheard that little spat with your date, and I decided to check on you. I mean, us guys need to stick together, right?"

The cunt relaxes. "You heard that? Fucking crazy, right? I mean this bitch—" he looks around quickly to make sure she isn't coming back and then lowers his voice. "This bitch has done nothing but complain. This is the nicest restaurant in town and she had the nerve to be upset that the kitchen was too loud and the fact that my phone rang. So many red flags, bro."

I'm not your fucking bro, but keep talking. Keep coaxing the monster that lives inside of me and wants nothing more than to cut your balls off with this steak knife. My hands clench under the table as I nod my head. "If only red flags were something the people around us could see, right?"

Wrong. Because if they were, we wouldn't be sitting here having this little chat. He'd see the murderous intent flashing over my head like a beacon, and he'd run away from me as quickly as he could.

Neil laughs. "That would be perfect. I mean, I wouldn't want my ex to see them. I'm trying hard to get her back and I



don't need her knowing about my hookups." He looks around for Marlowe again and frowns. "Bitch better put out."

He's seriously one more '*bitch*' away from my fist connecting with his face, but I play it cool even though it takes all of my restraint. "I don't think that's happening. I saw her hop in a cab before I made my way over here."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" His voice raises a few octaves, making multiple people turn his way in bewilderment. "She was supposed to cover the bill after ruining our date."

"Wait, you were going to stick her with the bill?"

"She offered!" he argues. "It came with a damn guilt trip, of course. Typical woman bullshit, but she didn't appreciate any of this. I figured I'd let her think she was covering the bill and then offer her the choice at the end."

I'm fucking seething at this point, but I strain out, "What choice?"

"You know... cover the bill or get me off. I'm not picky about how. I'd even take a quick blowy in the car just to move on faster. What the fuck, man? Now I have a big ass bill, an ex that's mad at me for rushing off the phone and I have to jack off tonight. Fucking hate this dating bullshit."

My eyes drop to his dominant hand, my decision on how this night is going to go cementing in my mind as I stand up and slip her coat off the back of the chair. The dumbass is still so distracted throwing a tantrum about his luck that he doesn't even notice I took it. "Sounds like a shit night. Enjoy the steak."

He barely even waves at me as I take my leave. I toss some cash on my table to cover the bill after waving my server down, then take Mar's jacket to my car to toss it in the back. That isn't all I do though before making my way over to Neil's car to wait for him, and I'm pleased the guy doesn't keep me waiting too long. He has a doggy bag filled with containers, letting me know he was probably too embarrassed to eat there alone after his date ditched him.

He's too mad to even pay attention to his surroundings, making the ski mask I slip over my face unnecessary as I come up behind him and raise my blade. The second he moves to unlock his car, I plunge that blade into his right hand, ensuring his last plan of the night is ruined as well. "Looks like you won't be jacking off tonight either, buddy." His grating screams only double when I yank the blade free of his palm and watch him fall to the ground, then give him one last warning before I knock him out cold: "Contact Marlowe again, and this blade will chop off your cock."

One punch is all it takes for the pathetic little bitch to crumble and I take far too much time going through his phone and deleting every trace of my girl from it before I wipe it down and toss it on the ground next to him and take my leave.

It's the first time I've stabbed someone for her, but I'd do a lot more than that to make sure she stays safe and these disgusting-ass dudes stay away from her. I've broken bones, threatened appendages, beaten guys so badly they had to be hospitalized, but it's the first time I've done something this extreme. At least all the other guys knew better than to bad-mouth my sweetheart to me, so I'd say I let them off easy.

Neil Rimmer needed a lesson in watching his fucking mouth, and I was more than happy to give it to him.

Next time I won't be so nice.



## Six

Dean

My beautiful, sleeping girl.

The fact that I snuck a camera into her bedroom the day after she moved into this place is no longer something I feel ashamed of. At first, I could hardly look at the footage. The knowledge that it was wrong was too heavy to bear, but I'm no longer plagued by that moral compass. Marlowe is mine. All of her is mine, even though she doesn't know it yet, and I don't want any of her hidden from me.

I know that isn't fair; I keep most of my life a secret from her, but that's only because I'm not ready for her to know the truth. One day she will, and the days of secrets will be nothing more than memories. I plan to tell her everything at that point and never lie to her again, but in order for us to get there, I have to ensure she won't run from me.

Every single Taco Tuesday gets us closer to that goal, because although I have secrets, I don't hide who I am. She knows how much I care for her, how I place her above everyone else in the world. I'll always answer her phone calls, always show up in any place or situation if she needs me. I would never choose anything or anyone over her, and the more she understands my devotion to her, the less likely she'll be to turn me away. I'm just biding my time, being as patient as I can be, but ultimately, I'm still a possessive bastard that needs so much more. This camera gives that to me. It lets me watch her when she's in her most intimate moments, whether she's touching herself to the thought of me or simply sleeping.

Right now it's the latter, her blankets bundled at her feet while my shirt rises on her stomach. I love the fact that she wears my shirts to bed with nothing else. I've convinced myself that deep down, she's waiting for me. Her subconscious wants me to appear in her room and slide inside of her, I just fucking know it.

My perfect sleeping beauty.

My mind drifts as it always does to all the things I want to do to her sleeping body. I wonder if the prince in the fairytales had the same twisted thoughts I do, if Phillip took things from Aurora before waking her with that kiss. She probably wouldn't have known, especially if he fucked her pliant pussy and pulled out of her. Of course, I never want to pull out of her, but if it means getting what I've always needed without her hating me for it, I will. But fuck, the thought of sneaking into her room right now and breeding her is almost overwhelming. Hell, I'd settle for jacking off on her adorable agape mouth if I thought that meant she'd swallow my cum.

I'm rock hard just from the thought, my hand snaking into my sweats before I even register the movement. My cock is already leaking as I shove the fabric down to my knees and pump myself. It doesn't compare, it'll never compare. I know that with all of me, but for now, this is all I have. I watch her roll over onto her stomach and groan when her ass is exposed to me, primed and fucking waiting for my cock. I bet she's so fucking wet right now, and I imagine the sounds of her breathing, the noises her pussy would make while I played with her juices and pushed inside of her. Fuck, I'm lucky I have the imagination I have. I can practically smell her as I come hard into my hand and groan her name loud without shame.

I stare down at the mess as I catch my breath. The knowledge that this cum belongs to her slaps me in the face as I sigh and fight the urge to go straight over there so I can finger it inside of her pussy. "One day I will."

Walking into work today feels like work. I don't want to be here; I want to be with Marlowe whether she knows I'm there or not. Naturally, I'd rather be next to her where I can smell her, but if I have to hide in the shadows, I'm okay with that, too. Thinking of her smell at all brings back the memory of last night and has my cock stirring. I didn't even get to actually smell her, but I'd be a liar if I said I didn't already know. I've stolen panties from her laundry basket, snuck up to her sleeping body and inhaled her sweet pussy on multiple

occasions, but it's been a bit since I got to smell the real thing. I'm going to have to sneak into her laundry again.

"Hey, Atlas," Hercules calls, pulling me from my reverie. He's otherwise known as Jake Thompson and my closest friend in this entire establishment. I don't call him Jake, though. We're not supposed to use our government names here.

"What's up, Herc. Nice get-up." I nod to his costume, a genuine smile on my face as I take in his golden accents. They look fucking amazing adorning his darker complexion, but he and I both know costumes are unnecessary.

Jake chuckles. "It was requested and honestly, I'm not complaining. I got this outfit the day they hired me and never got to use it. It's about fucking time."

I laugh right alongside him as I move to check out the new jobs, mindlessly clicking through them for something that might sound interesting. I know I'm kidding myself. None of them are interesting when all I want is her. "Well, you definitely look like a god. I'm glad you finally got to w—" Everything stops when I see her name. In fact, I have to force myself to blink multiple times so I can pull myself back to reality, but Jake's voice is still muffled and drowned out by the ringing in my ears.

*Marlow Burke*

I hastily go over her application, searching for something that says *Just kidding. You've just officially lost your fucking mind.* Or anything to prove the fact that this is a joke.

"Are you okay, man? You look like you just saw your mom's name on there or something."

I don't know if that would make me feel better or worse than what I'm actually seeing, but when I glance back up, I see a few of my colleagues are staring at me like I'm a ticking time bomb. Maybe I am. "Uh... yeah. I mean, no. Not my mom." It's my step-sister, but I don't say that. Pretty much everyone I've talked to knows of the woman I love. They just don't know that our parents are also married, and they don't

need to. Shit is complicated enough without the judgment of others. Which is fucking stupid because we aren't blood related. We shouldn't even be related at all; she should be my fucking wife. "It's her. My girl."

"Oh fuck," Jake rushes out, moving over to see for himself and I find myself protective of her privacy. She doesn't have privacy from me, but that doesn't mean I want people here knowing her kinks.

"Seriously?" My tone is enough to have him backing off with his hands raised, and I release a breath before I continue. "I don't want anyone here ever taking her on." I'm glad to see our boss Miguel standing there as well. It means I don't have to repeat this again. "She's only mine, and I'd lose my fucking mind if someone else touched her. Our relationship is complicated and I know she just needs some release. I only ever want her booked with me."

Miguel looks wary as he moves forward to see her file, and we both know he has the authority to assign her solely to me. "How do I know this is what she wants? What if she doesn't want you? I don't want her feeling violated or—"

"Violated?" I practically yell. "She's the love of my life. I would *never* hurt her. All of you know where my heart has always belonged."

He nods. "I understand that, I do. I ju—"

"Station guards outside her door when she comes. I don't care what you have to do to ensure whatever you need to for your business, but if she didn't want me, why didn't she specifically request not to have me? It's an option clear as day." Because she doesn't know I work here, but he doesn't know that.

"Why didn't she request you specifically, then?"

It takes me a few seconds to come up with yet another lie. "To get a rise out of me. She knows I can see this, Miguel."

It works. He concedes and moves in to assign her solely to me. Thank fuck, I don't know what I would have done if he fought me more on this. Probably break something. "Guards

will be outside her first session, and they will check in with her. Understood?”

“Understood, boss.”

I don't have an argument for that because I know without a doubt, my girl is going to leave that room a changed person... and happy.

We both will.





## Seven

My head is swimming with new information and mounting nerves as I set my bag down next to the bed and take in the room. Hotel Deviant is nicer on the inside than even the sleek black exterior suggests, and I can already see why Sloane spends her money here.

It's not just the sex.

The TV is huge, the minibar is stocked. The bathtub and shower are to die for. Automatic curtains shroud the room in total darkness when closed and offer a view to the hotel's hidden location when open. On the outskirts of the city, nestled down the longest driveway I've ever seen and smack in the middle of thick woods, the view is gorgeous. Tall trees, a creek off to my left, and small mountains I didn't even know our city boasted create a backdrop that looks like every cozy autumn scene I've ever seen.

It's peaceful.

But with the lecture I just got about sanitation practices, safety protocols, do's and don'ts for the way I interact with my god... it's a lot. I'm not worried, it's all pretty standard from what I remember from my time with Cody — respect boundaries, be vocal about what I like and don't like, and don't be afraid to hit one of the seven panic buttons located around the room if something goes sideways. Safe, sane, consensual.

But I'm understanding why Dean called his hook up a business transaction. There's no denying now that I'm definitely paying for a very specific service, and while that should probably make me feel some type of way, it doesn't. Even if I don't end up with Dean today, my money ensures that I'll get what I need while I'm here.

All I have to do is wait.

When the lady at the front desk had told me that my two-hour time slot may not be two full hours, I'd been a little pissed off. If I paid for two hours, I should get two hours with

a god — but she'd explained that the anticipation, the build-up, not knowing when some sex god was going to walk through the door and take me exactly the way I needed to be taken was all part of the experience, and now I'm starting to understand her.

Having a few minutes to acclimate to the room, find the panic buttons I was told about, get comfortable with my surroundings and settle my inner turmoil is proving to be a good thing.

But as I check the clock, it's already been fifteen minutes. I'm acclimated and settled and all that, so where's my god? I'd asked her not to tell me who they paired me with, but now that I'm pacing the room and fearing that Dean found out and won't let anyone come in here, I'm second-guessing that.

Maybe I shouldn't have used my real name.

No, fuck that. I don't want my god praising someone I've never heard of. I want them saying my name, praising me. But knowing Dean, he's exactly the type of man who would stand outside my door holding a pitchfork to stop someone from coming in here if he caught wind I'd booked a room.

I love that about him and hate it a bit, too.

"It's okay," I mumble to myself. "It's been eighteen minutes. Someone will come, and then everything will be fine. Just breathe."

But I can't, so I carefully drop to my knees by the bed. Cody had helped me discover kneeling works wonders to help calm me down when I start feeling like this, and the moment my knees touch the soft carpet, it's clear nothing has changed.

I can already feel myself letting go and drifting toward subspace. If my god wants me to wait, I'll wait. I'll be a good girl. I can be a good girl.

Just breathe, Marlowe. In, out.

Click.

The sound of the door opening and shutting has my chest alight with butterflies and my adrenaline spiking, but I don't

look up. Hands clasped behind my back and head bowed, I know how good I must look — how obedient and ready — and I won't ruin my god's first impression of me by breaking this pose, even if the first word out of his mouth is a whispered "fuck."

I hear every footstep he takes toward me, feel every inch between us that disappears as my god takes me in and marinates in the sight of me. To say it doesn't feel amazing would be a lie. "You really are a good girl, aren't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes, Sir," I whisper back, not daring to look up. Right now, with his voice so low, I can still pretend it's Dean, and I'm not ready to part with that fantasy just yet. "Is that honorific okay? They didn't tell me."

"Sir is perfect," he praises, seconds before a hand lands on the top of my head and he releases a growl that travels straight down my spine. "Keep your eyes closed for me, beautiful. You're breathing so good... this isn't your first rodeo, is it?"

"No, Sir... but it's been a long time. Years. It feels good to be back on my knees," I admit, voice more like a breathy gasp than something I recognize. "Really good."

I feel him position behind me and bend over, firm hands sliding their way down the front of my body as he leans in to inhale my neck, and when he stands, I feel his bulge press against the back of my head. "You're fucking delicious, sweetheart. When's the last time you came?"

Fuck, I still can't tell. He's not talking loud enough. The uncertainty is killing me, but I don't move a muscle. "Four days ago, Sir. I used a toy."

He hums, and even though it's just a small, deep noise, I can feel he's pleased. "What kind of toy?"

"A vibrator. My dildo is... disappointing."

His grip on my hair tightens as he tugs my head back and gently wraps his other hand around my throat. "It's because you need the real thing, don't you?"

“Fuck. Yes, Sir,” I moan, clenching my thighs and dying a little — it’s so hard to keep my eyes closed, but I won’t disobey. Whoever he is... he’s exactly what I need right now.

“That moan... fuck.” His hand squeezes a little more. “You’re already wet for me, aren’t you?”

All I manage this time is a whimpered little “Yes.”

“Good girl.” Suddenly I’m being lifted onto the edge of the bed and my god is sliding between my legs, but I can feel he’s still fully clothed. “I’m going to strip you now, sweetheart. I need to see you.”

Still too quiet, too raspy. Fuck, I need to know.

“Yes, Sir.” Keeping my eyes closed, I raise my arms above my head to help him strip me, and once my shirt slips from my body, I feel his cock jump against my pussy.

Whoever he is, he’s as affected by me as I am by him.

When I’m completely naked, those hands slowly and deliberately touch every single inch of my skin, making me shake and second-guess if I care if this is Dean anymore.

I want him, yes... but maybe I’m allowed to enjoy this even if it’s not.

“Your hands feel amazing, Sir. It’s been so long since anyone has touched me like this.”

“Good,” he growls, and I don’t miss the possession of it. “Too fucking perfect to be touched by just any man. You were made for a god.”

My cheeks heat up, but the praise feels so good I could cry. “Thank you. Can I touch you, Sir?”

“Yes. Slide under my shirt, touch my skin.”

He leans in closer so I don’t have to sit up, making it easy for me to obey, even with my eyes closed. The heat coming off of him is intoxicating, the bumps of his abs and dip of his belly button drawing me in, but it’s the goosebumps I feel following my fingertips that get me.

“Can I look at you, Sir?”

“Not yet, sweetheart. Keep exploring with those soft hands.”

I head higher, dancing my nails up his torso and back down again slowly, mapping out his body and trying to build a picture of him in my mind. Maybe it’s wishful thinking, but he feels familiar. Smells familiar. Sounds familiar.

Sneaking lower, my pinky brushes his unbuttoned pants and I can’t help myself — I move a little to the left to get a taste of the mass hidden under thin briefs. As carefully as I can, I trace the outline of his cock.

“How good do I have to be to deserve this, Sir?” I ask, biting my lip and nearly opening my eyes.

“You already deserve whatever you want, baby... today is all about making you feel like the goddess you are. Suck.”

He slips two fingers into my mouth with a moan and then reaches down to rub my clit with slow, teasing circles, and the combination nearly unravels me. I should be embarrassed by the way it makes me moan, the way I roll my hips to chase more, the way I suck his fingers like he’d given me his cock instead — but there’s no shame in Hotel Deviant.

“Such a good girl,” he praises some more. “My girl needed this. Was fucking desperate for it, wasn’t she?”

I slip my tongue between his fingers, nodding carefully as I spread my legs for him. Something about having a stranger touching me like this, someone I can’t even see? I’m so wet his finger slips off my clit more than once.

Those fingers disappear and have me canting desperately for more, but I don’t mistake the sound of him sucking them clean before they return to where I crave. “Fuck.”

I pull off the fingers in my mouth and gasp out, “Oh, God! I—”

“Not just any god, girl. I’m your god, and your god’s name is Atlas.”

It’s him. It’s Dean.

Dean’s fingers are —

“Atlas!” I yell, gripping the sheets on either side of me tight as my hips buck and that first orgasm hits me so hard stars burst behind my eyelids. I’m floating and grounded all at once, and my step-brother is the one who got me here.

Atlas growls deeper than ever before, and when he speaks, that professional facade he’s been adorning has slipped a little. “Fuck, you’re absolutely perfect for me.”

He knows it’s me. His eyes aren’t closed. I’m not masked. Dean knew it was me the second he walked in here if he didn’t know beforehand, and he still thinks I’m perfect for him. That I’m a good girl.

It validates every fucked-up feeling I’ve ever had about him.

“Atlas, please,” I beg. “Let me make you feel good, too.”

“You’re already making me feel good, sweetheart.” His fingers finally still on my swollen clit, but he doesn’t move away. “I’m so fucking hard for you, but I want you to know I could spend an entire day making you come without ever putting my pleasure above yours. Tell me you know that. Tell me you know you deserve that.”

Somehow, I think I already knew that.

“Yes, Sir. I understand... maybe I’ll come back one day and let you prove it.”

“Please.” There’s nothing fake in that word. Even his voice is all Dean now. “Now give me another one and then you can open your eyes. I want you to watch my cock when it enters your body and we become one.”

He drops down to suck my clit into his mouth without warning, and my back arches as the full extent of this hits me.

My step-brother’s face is between my thighs.

The way his hot, wet, skilled tongue takes me apart should be a sin. I’m so wet I can’t take it, so turned on I feel like I could implode — and yet his forceful grip on my hips keeps me right where I need to be.

“Oh, Atlas,” I whisper, not wanting to potentially ruin this by telling him I know who he is. “I’ve been searching for you for s-so long.”

I’m lost to the pleasure then, to the way he doesn’t stop to breathe or answer me. I feel it crashing, building, and crashing again as he takes me right to the edge and backs off over and over until I’m trembling under him and nearly crying with the amount of pleasure coursing through my body... and then it hits me.

If I thought the first orgasm was good, it was nothing compared to this.

I’m so fucking wet I feel myself dripping as he licks me until I’m twitching, and then he ghosts his lips over my belly before he pulls away. “Most delicious pussy in the world,” he whispers breathlessly. “Open your eyes.”

When I do, I’m slightly disappointed to see his mask firmly back in place, but he’s pulling himself out of his briefs to draw my attention lower. He’s wearing all black — a long-sleeved henley shirt and jeans to cover up the tattoos I know are there — but I find it difficult to look anywhere but his long, thick cock as he puts on a condom.

A minor part of me is almost offended by that little sleeve of latex that is about to keep me from feeling him fully, but I understand why it’s necessary.

“Fuck, you’re hot,” I whisper, blinking a few more times to adjust to the light after closing my eyes for so long. “How do you want me, Sir?”

“Just like this. I can’t stop staring at you. You’re always beautiful, but that after-orgasm flush you have right now will stay with me forever. I’m going to fuck you now, sweetheart. All it takes is one word if you want me to stop. Understood?”

Always beautiful. That compliment is for *me*, not a random client he’s never seen before. “Yes, Sir. But what word do I use if I never, ever want you to stop?”

I can’t see it, but I know he just smiled. “Your body will tell me that loud and clear.”



“Then fuck me, Atlas. Please. I’ve been craving a real cock so badly,” I admit, pulling him closer and wishing I could kiss him.

I don’t miss the way his hand is trembling as he lines himself up with me and pushes in, nor the way his eyes roll in pleasure. “Fuck... you’re so damn wet.”

He pushes in more, stealing the breath right from my lungs.

After years of trying to convince myself not to fantasize about this, I’m actually doing it.

“Knew you’d be perfect,” I mumble, eyes fluttering and pussy clenching. “You really are a god.”

He practically collapses on top of me with a loud moan and fucks me harder, the desperation oozing off of him with every single thrust. “I knew you’d feel good the second I saw you, girl. But even that couldn’t have prepared me for the real thing. All of you is perfect.”

The heat coming off him is insane — I cling to him, fingers curling around that soft henley and wishing there wasn’t anything between us at all. “Wish you were coming inside me, Atlas. I’d give anything to feel your cock pulsing inside me.”

That makes him groan loudly into my ear as his cock throbs inside me. “I want to fill you up so fucking bad. Wish I could pump you full and claim all of you as mine.”

If he only knew how *his* I already am.

“So pretend,” I whisper, tugging his shirt as my legs wrap around him. “Pretend there’s nothing at all stopping you from breeding me right here.”

That unravels something inside him. He fucks me like I’m in heat, like an animal created to do one singular thing... and that thing is breed. “Oh fuck, Marlowe, I’m gonna come.”

Hearing my name on his lips like that is insane. I want him to know I know it’s him, so he’ll take the damn mask off and kiss me as he drags another orgasm from me, but I don’t. I’m

too close, just one little rub of his body away from fucking exploding. “That’s it, Sir. Right - right there, I—”

Words fail me as I come on his cock, squeezing and clenching and pulsing as he fucks me harder and makes me scream for him.

“Gonna fill you up, sweetheart. Fuck, I’m gonna flood this pussy. Y-You’re mine.”

My step-brother comes, that condom robbing me of what it should really feel like, but it’s still enough for me to know he wants to.

It’s still enough for me to know he wants me at all.

“Thank you,” I breathe, kissing his mask where I think his mouth is. “You were everything I’ve been craving for years.”

He’s still trembling as he nods and presses our foreheads together. “So are you, sweetheart. Everything.”

“Was I a good girl, then?” My voice is small, cracking. He’s told me as much a hundred times today, but just in case this never happens again, I need to hear it one more time.

“You were such a good girl... my perfect girl.” It takes me a second to realize how low his voice is too, nor do I miss the way he’s still buried inside me.

Maybe this isn’t over yet at all.



# Eight

Dean

Pulling out of her was the hardest thing I've ever done. I had to remind myself that separating us was how I'd be able to clean her, to worship her body in ways I've craved to since we were teenagers — it was the only way I found the strength after finally getting something I've only dreamed about.

But now that she's clean and warm in the bed, I find it difficult not to sink back inside of her.

I can't, though.

The fear of her hating me for fucking her with a mask on is almost crippling, but with how she's staring into my eyes, I can't help but wonder how she doesn't know. How many times has she stared into my eyes in the course of our lives? How many times have I felt the connection we share and had to physically stop myself from kissing her? How many times have I been positive she wanted me in the same way I wanted her, even if we were both too chicken shit to make that move?

Too many times to count.

“Drink some more. Are you sore anywhere?”

“No, Sir. I feel... amazing,” she whispers, still glowing in ways that make me weak as she drinks. “I wasn't really sure what to expect when I came here, but it was worth it. You were worth it.”

“As were you,” I admit, then try to bite my tongue. *Don't ask her.* “Do you think you'll come back?”

Her sated smile falters. “Yes. I want to, but... you're not exactly a cheap date. I don't make a lot of money. It'll be a few weeks before I can comfortably afford it again.”

I want to tell her I'd let her in for free, that she should never have to pay to be with me, but I don't. I can't. What I *can* do is sneak her some extra money so I don't have to wait, because as many times as I say this has to be the only time we're together like this, I already know it's a lie. “I'd wait for

you forever.” I continue to gently play with her hair, proud of her for not dropping at all with her first visit here, because in my years of experience, it’s quite common. “I’ll put a discount into your file for whenever you can come back. How’s that?”

“You’d do that for me?” she asks, genuine curiosity in her eyes as she meets mine again. “Why?”

*Because I’ve needed you for years, and now that I’ve had you, I don’t think I’ll ever be able to stop.* “Because you’re my good girl. Did you not believe me when I was inside you?”

“Oh, I believed you. But you must get a lot of good girls in here, huh? We’re in a praise room, after all.”

“I don’t actually do this room often because I’m usually disappointed. You’d think I wouldn’t be, but a lot of self-proclaimed good girls aren’t what I truly need. Your first time here, I walked in to you already on your knees. Even the ones that come all the time don’t do that because they never know how long they’ll need to stay like that before someone comes in. You either kneeled on your own because you needed to feel calm, or you wanted to be perfect for me and somehow knew that would have me hooked. Either way, I haven’t been this satisfied in a very long time.”

Her cheeks flush. “It was both, honestly. I learned a long time ago that kneeling helps calm me, but I also wanted to impress you. I’ve had a rough few... years dating and needed the praise, but I also needed to know I earned it.”

“You absolutely earned it, and as a thank you, I’m putting a discount on your file. We’re allowed three a year and I’ve never used any of them. That’s how good you were for me.”

I swear, I can see her chest swell with pride. “Then maybe I’ll be back in a couple of weeks instead of a few. I think you’ve ruined me, Atlas.”

She can’t see it, but I’m smiling. Fuck, she’s so beautiful. I remember when our parents married, it felt cruel, like the universe was punishing me for wanting to fuck her the second I laid eyes on her. I wanted her then, and that fact never

changed. “That’s a compliment, sweetheart. Especially when you’ve ruined me, too.”

“Did I?” she asks quietly. “Then take your mask off for me. Let me see you.”

If only. “I can’t. I signed something that said I wouldn’t because it was requested. Plus, I wouldn’t want to ruin this. You’re too pretty for me.”

The way she snorts is so familiar to me, it aches. “Somehow I doubt that. Maybe next time I’ll leave that off the request, then.”

I should ask her not to... but I don’t. “Maybe you will. Either way, I’ll be there. Drink more for me while I order your food.”

She complies. “Aren’t we almost out of time, Sir?”

I hate that we are, and I wish Taco Tuesday could pick right up where we’re leaving off, but rules are rules... and step-siblings knowingly fucking is unfortunately against the rules. Not that it stopped me today. “Yes, but you need to eat. I should have taken care of that before you were even out of the bath.”

“I’ll eat when I get home. I was thinking of inviting my brother over for dinner, actually.”

That feels like a cue to leave before I blow this whole thing up, but even after I sit up in the bed, I can’t pull myself away. “You guys close?”

She hesitates for a moment, then nods. “Yeah, we are. Maybe closer than I thought.”

“That’s good.” I’m smiling like an idiot again under the mask, but I find the strength to get out of her bed, knowing I might see her later. “Dinner is included in what you paid, but it’s not necessary. Plus, they don’t have pizza here and I think you’re craving pizza.”

Her stomach growls almost on cue. “Hell yes, I am. Hopefully he is too.” Marlowe stands, fixing her shirt and holding her hand out. “See you soon?”

I take it as gently as I can, but based on how she stiffens, I get the vibe I squeezed harder than I meant to. “Not soon enough.” I bring her hand to my covered lips and kiss it anyway, then place another one on her forehead. “Security is right in the hallway. He’s going to check in with you before he lets you out.”

“Okay. Thank you again, Sir. This has been... altering.”

She lingers for a moment more and then leaves, and I fall to my knees. I don’t know how long I sit there, but I let everything that just happened sink in.

She’s right, this has been altering. I just hope I don’t live to regret it.

I’ve been in love with her for years and I finally got to have her... yet she has no fucking clue it was me.





## Nine

I chicken out of inviting Dean to dinner. The moment I walk out of Hotel Deviant, I know that there's no way in hell I can invite him over right now and stop myself from fawning all over him — I still feel the urge to curl up in his arms and listen to those whispered praises as he plays with my hair, and that's dangerous.

He's dangerous.

Something about this feels wrong, dirty. Like he's really my brother and we're going to get thrown in the stocks if we're found out. I've always known I shouldn't want him the way I do, but it felt harmless. A private little fantasy that I could dust off whenever the regular ones weren't cutting it and I needed something more taboo to get me over the finish line.

I was never, ever supposed to act on it.

The mental meat grinder I put myself in over that continues late into the night, until reason leaves me entirely and a defiant, horny little voice in the back of my head reminds me he wants me, too. No one in the history of the universe has loved their job enough to fuck their step-sister and whisper sweet nothings about breeding her while they do it... unless they already wanted exactly that.

He's just not that good of an actor, and I would know. He used to help me run lines for Drama Club in high school.

And if Dean wants this, how bad can it really be? He's always been my moral compass. I love my father, but the first thing I remember him teaching me was how to use my middle and pointer fingers as tweezers if I want to pickpocket someone without being caught. Dean is different. I've always trusted his judgment, tried to follow in his footsteps when it comes to how I conduct myself and how I treat people.

But maybe I've simply always wanted to be his good girl and hadn't realized it yet.

*“Because you're my good girl. Did you not believe me when I was inside you?”*

Gasping, my thighs clench a little at the memory. Yes, I believed him. I could feel it radiating off of him, feel the strain in his shoulders as he held back. He wanted to ruin me, I could feel it. To fuck me so hard I'd be sore for a week... yet he didn't, because my Dean would never hurt me without my permission.

For just a moment, I allow myself to wonder what that would feel like as I slip my hand in my panties and cage my clit between my fingers. He doesn't have a mask this time, he's naked for me — that spiraling, grey-scale sleeve that goes from his wrist all the way up to his ear and loops back down over his chest, the old-school map across his back, and the tiny little thing just above his hip I've never been close enough to see all on display, nothing hidden or open to interpretation.

Those dark blue eyes rake in the sight of me spread out and bare for him. He's got me tied up, limbs spread and secured to bed posts so he can take his time, use me as he pleases.

I'm his perfect girl, completely his.

Pinching my clit just hard enough to make me arch, I dive head-first into that fantasy. The way he'd finger me, lick me until I'm shaking with too many orgasms and begging him to have mercy on me, and the way he'd tell me I can take just a little more. That I'm strong enough to take more. That his good girl would give him more.

He knows I need to earn my praise.

I don't have permission to come as he fucks me for the first time. He's proving to both of us he's in control, that right now, my body is his to use, to please, to command.

For the first time, I fail. I come when I'm not supposed to; it feels too good to have that forbidden cock inside of me. He starts over, sinful tongue and devilish fingers forcing me to come another three times until I'm trembling and screaming with overstimulation, violently close to another and another as he slips back inside of me and chases his own release.

*“Don’t come,”* he tells me. *“Not until you feel me finally breeding you.”*

Holy fuck, I need something inside of me. Scrambling off the bed, I grab my dildo from my bedside table and slam it down onto the floor to suction it, then sink down on it with no regard for how fast I’m going. My thighs are shaking as I ride it, faster and faster to match the pace my brother had at Hotel Deviant.

*“Don’t come.”*

I have to.

*“My good girl wouldn’t come without permission. Did I not give you enough?”*

I *have* to. I’m too close.

*“Marlowe.”*

The growl of his voice in my head is too much. I hurtle to the end of that fantasy, to where he’s finally breeding my messy, wet cunt, and it’s over for me. It feels too good to form coherent thoughts — but the one thing I hear over and over is Dean calling me “Good girl.”

Broke or not, discount or not, it doesn’t matter. I need to get back into that room with him, and soon.

Fantasy no longer has anything on reality.

Groggy as hell, I reach over to shut my alarm off and groan. I don’t want to work today. I don’t want to do anything but lie here and make myself come repeatedly until I feel like it’s safe to have Dean over for Taco Tuesday tonight.

It’s been two days since our Deviant rendezvous and we haven’t spoken at all, let alone about that. I don’t know what the protocol is here. I know it’s him and he definitely knows it’s me, so it feels like it should be simple to just admit that and move on — but part of me knows that right now, Hotel Deviant is a safe space for us to explore whatever this is without potentially ruining the relationship we already have.

“Ugh, plausible deniability, Mar. Just get your ass up, go to work, be normal for once in your life,” I mumble out loud to myself. “Don’t be weird. Just let it play out without pushing it.”

Easier said than done, but the thought helps me get ready for work and head out the door without calling off and spending my day freaking out.

But when I turn the key in my car, nothing happens. The lights come on, but the engine won’t start.

What the hell?

I try again, then another four times before finally giving up and screaming at my roof for a moment. Of course this would happen today of all days.

Fuck.

Calling my dad, I bounce my knee as I try again to start the car.

“Sup, buttercup?”

The sound of his voice instantly calms me. “Hi, Dad. Are you busy? My car won’t start and I’m about to be late for work.”

“What’s wrong with it? Battery dead?”

How the hell am I supposed to know?

“Um... I don’t think so? I didn’t leave the lights on or anything, and it’s not that cold out.”

He hums. “It been weird at all lately? Makin’ any noises, that kinda thing?”

I’m glad he can’t see my blush. “Yeah, I mean... the engine’s been farting a lot, but it always started. I thought it was just getting old.”

Laughing, he cusses under his breath. “Farting, huh? Did you feed it too many beans?”

“Dad.”

“Okay, sorry. Might be a bad fuel pump or something, but I can’t fix it today. Diana and I are about to leave on that cruise.”

Shit. I forgot that was now. “Got your tweezers ready?” I joke, knowing damned well that it’s not actually a joke at all. He only agrees to go on these cruises with her because he usually makes his money back and then some from unsuspecting passengers.

“Locked and loaded, buttercup. Call your brother, though. He’s off today, isn’t he? He’s just as good at fixing cars as I am, and if nothing else, I’m sure he can give ya a lift to work. Just don’t feed him any beans, either.”

Oh, gross. “Sometimes I wonder about you, you know that?”

“I know. Can’t deny I’m the coolest dad around, though.”

He’s not wrong, but now my stomach’s in knots over the prospect of calling Dean. I’m not supposed to see him for hours. I’m not ready to see him right now when my hair is still damp and I’m drowsy from not getting enough sleep. “I don’t wanna bug Dean with this. I’ll just call off or something and have my car towed to the shop.”

I swear, he can hear my bank account weeping through the phone. “Or Dean can fix it for the cost of parts. If you don’t wanna bug him, fine. I’ll call him for you. Just sit tight.”

“Dad—”

“No buts, buttercup. Can you honestly sit there and tell your old man that you can comfortably afford a tow *and* the price of shop maintenance? Labor and all that?”

“Maybe,” I mumble.

“What about all the extra shit they’ll try to sell you on? Have you suddenly gotten better at saying no to people?”

I don’t dignify that with a response, but the answer is a big fat no.

“Uh huh. This is what you have a brother for. Gimme a few to call him and I’ll drop by after this cruise to make sure

nothin' else is going wrong with that car. Love you, buttercup. Gotta go."

He hangs up before I can argue with him further or even tell him to be safe, and I have a moment of silence for my sanity as I realize I'm about to spend the entire day with Dean, not just our usual couple of hours for dinner and a movie.

There's no doubt in my mind that he'll show up here to fix my car, even if he's busy. That's how he's always been with me... he's always made me his first priority, and I can't see that changing now.

No, my step-brother will probably be here in twenty minutes with coffee, donuts, and that ridiculously sexy smile that's been haunting me for the better part of a fucking decade.

Just hope he brings some whiskey too, cause I'm gonna need it.



## Ten

Pacing, I fidget some more with my too-tight work shirt as Dean knocks on the door.

I'm not ready for this, but I take the dozen steps toward the entrance and suck in a breath before letting him in — and sure enough, he's got a bag of donuts tucked under his arm and a drink carrier in his hand.

"I'm sorry about this," I rush out. "I told him not to call you, but you know how he is."

"Why?" he asks, making his way inside with a small frown. "Trying to hide from me or something?"

What, is it tattooed on my forehead?

"No," I lie. "Of course not. You know you're my favorite person."

That makes him smile. "I know. You're mine too." I watch him closely as he sets the bag down and hands me a coffee, trying my hardest not to think about the fact that I've seen his cock. "Raspberry or cream-filled?"

My jaw goes slack as my mind swan-dives into the gutter. "Definitely cream-filled."

The fact that he hands it to me with his bottom lip between his teeth does nothing to help. "Had a feeling, but I know you like raspberry too, so I got a couple of those. I'll get to the car after my coffee. Where were you going?"

'Had a feeling,' oh my God.

*Oh my Atlas is more like it.*

Fuck, I can't think about that. He asked me a question.

"Who?" I ask.

"What?" he mumbles around a donut. "Who what?"

Alarms flash in my head. I am way too tired for him to look this good — and fuck, I can't stop staring at his lips. That tongue was between my legs two days ago.



*Work, Marlowe. He asked where you were going.*

“I was going to work, but it’s okay. I called Patrick a few minutes before you got here and told him I wasn’t coming in today.”

“Well good, because if your car is farting, I might be out there most of today. Dad tell you about his new gold money clip?” Dean rolls his eyes. “He doesn’t even carry cash.”

“Maybe not his *own* cash, but he carries some.” Happy for the change in subject, I take way too big of a bite of that donut, then wipe the filling off my chin with my cheeks on fire.

How did this happen so fast? I’m never a mess like this around him... except for forty-eight hours ago when he made me come so many times my legs were weak. I was a literal mess then.

Those blue eyes are locked on my lips as I lick them, and with as nervous as it makes me, I still hate it when he looks away. “Still talking to Neil?”

“Um... not really, no.” I turn my back to him and take another bite, smaller this time. “It was just a one-time thing.”

He makes a noise that makes me turn around, finding a strange, knowing smile on his face. “One-time thing? What’d you guys do?”

Don’t lie.

“We had a terrible date that ended with me sticking him with the bill that he tried to stick me with, and then I came home and started looking for other ways to get laid.”

He shouldn’t relax at that, yet he does. “What kind of ways?”

Fuck. I need to sit down.

Grabbing the chair closest to me, I plop down and scoot as close to the table as I can as I reach for my coffee. “Um... do you really want to know?”

I watch him fight some internal battle that has him hesitating. “Why wouldn’t I?”

Shit. Shit! We’ve never shied away from these conversations before, so I can’t be weird about this. “Because it’s kind of... I don’t know. Have you ever heard of Hotel Deviant?”

Dean stops eating completely, which tells me how lightly he’s trying to tread here. “Yeah. What about it?”

My stupid, erratic heart wants me to just tell him I know it’s him and crawl into his lap, but I don’t. There’s obviously a reason he didn’t want me to know. “I booked a room there a couple of days ago.”

“Yeah?” Normally he’d instantly be mad and drill the hell out of me for getting laid at all, yet right now, he looks like he’s hardly breathing. “How’d that go?”

“It was incredible,” I admit, hoping he understands how thoroughly I mean it. “He was... almost everything I’ve ever needed.”

“Almost?”

My heart skips a beat. “Yes. I didn’t get to kiss him. I really, really wanted to kiss him.”

I can see how tense he is from here. “So, kissing is important to you?”

“Of course.” Relaxing a little, I tap the side of my coffee cup with my nail. “It helps me get into subspace, helps me feel wanted. Not that I struggled with either of those things on Sunday, but... there’s power in a good kiss. There isn’t a feeling quite like being swept up and owned like that.”

“Maybe he’s used to people going there and not wanting to be kissed. Did you try to kiss him?”

Suddenly, I feel a little sorry for him. I can’t imagine what it’s like to be with so many people and never kiss any of them. It just feels like so much of the intimacy would be gone, but maybe that’s just me. “I did, yeah. He was wearing a mask, though, so I think I might’ve missed his mouth.”

He meets my eyes after what feels like an eternity. “Are you going back?”

“Yes. I’ll never find what I’m looking for elsewhere, so I’ll take what I can get from Atlas while I can.” I study his reaction closely, but he doesn’t give anything away. “Maybe one day I’ll be good enough, he’ll want me outside of Hotel Deviant.”

I watch his chest rise and fall as he lets all that sink in. “Maybe you’re already good enough, Mar. Maybe he’s the one that has to work for that. Don’t sell yourself short... you’re perfect.”

Dean walks over to kiss my forehead and heads toward the door, and I’m too speechless to stop him.

I do, however, take his absence as an opportunity to book a room on the second floor this time — and though it feels strange to specifically request my step-brother, I do it, then pay to have him for another two hours this coming Saturday.

I can’t wait any longer than that.

It takes him a few hours to fix my car, and when he comes back in all covered in grease and dirt from the driveway, my heart and my pussy both react. I’ve never seen a man look so good all dirty like this, and I shouldn’t be surprised at all that it’s Dean. “Any issues?” I ask in a voice that sounds fake as hell. “All good under the... hood?”

Fuck me. That was terrible.

Thankfully, he chuckles. “Good under the hood. It was a fuel pump. Easy fix.” He washes his greasy hands with a sigh. “I feel like it’s time for a new car, though.”

“Can’t afford one with my newfound sex addiction,” I joke. “And why would I when I have an amazing big brother like you?”

“You’re ridiculous. I’d buy you a damn car if I thought you’d actually drive it. Knowing you, you’d just leave it in the driveway out of principle.”

Grinning, I feign innocence. “That doesn’t sound like me at all.”

“Mmhm. I need a shower. You still got a pair of my sweats here?”

He takes off his shirt without warning and tosses it aside like he’s not taking my sanity with it — but I try quickly to cover it up. “Um... somewhere, yeah. They’re probably in my hamper.”

“Hamper? You wear them or something?” He smirks, making me divert my gaze as my stomach flips.

I live in those sweatpants when he’s not around.

“Maybe once or twice,” I mumble.

“Surprised they fit you, but I’m sure you look adorable. Can you grab them? I’m sure they’re cleaner than these dirty jeans still. Just set them on the bathroom counter, I’ll leave it unlocked.”

My clit throbs so suddenly it’s hard to breathe. I know he doesn’t mean he’s inviting me to join him, but the ferocity of the urge to do exactly that is overwhelming.

“Of course. You know where everything is.”

Forcing a smile, I wait until he disappears into the bathroom to dash to my room, where I grab the sweats from my bed and try to swat the smell of myself off of them.

Like that’ll ever happen.

Shit.

Giving up, I fold them and smooth the wrinkles as much as I can before cracking open the bathroom door. “You decent?”

“Not at all,” he responds with a chuckle. “Almost done though. Any chance I left a shirt here?”

Two of them, actually.

“Nope, no shirts,” I lie, pushing the door open a little further so I can step in and put the sweats on the counter. The clouded glass doors don’t allow me to see anything other than

his silhouette, but I don't need to. I know damn well what he's hiding in there. "Want me to run your clothes through the wash?"

"Yeah, that way I can leave these here in case I need them again. Thanks, Mar. We still doing tacos?"

"Hell yeah. No way I make you spend all afternoon fixing my car without rewarding you with tacos. I'll toss your clothes in then get the meat started. You need anything else?"

Like my thighs wrapped around your head, maybe?

He takes a moment to respond that he's fine, and that silence speaks volumes. He needs something from me, he just can't fucking say it. "Be out in a sec."

I stay there frozen a moment longer, then snatch up his greasy clothes and hurry to the laundry room. A big part of me doesn't want to wash them at all, I want to hoard them and keep them smelling like him as long as possible — but I know he'll need them when he leaves, so I sneak a long sniff of them before tossing them in and heading to the kitchen to start dinner.

In a daze, I get the meat cooking and start chopping vegetables, but I'm not alone for long. Before I finish the tomatoes, Dean joins me wearing nothing but those damn gray sweatpants. I'm painfully aware of the fact that he's freeballing it because I stole his boxers too, and it takes every ounce of self-control I have to not openly stare at the outline of his gorgeous cock.

It's not a battle I win for long.

"How was your shower?" I ask, hoping to distract us both, although I just asked the worst possible question for that.

"Great. Used all your stuff, though." He lifts his arm to sniff his armpit. "Even your deodorant. Smells nice."

I wrinkle my nose a little, but I'm secretly a little grateful. If he smells like me, maybe he won't notice the pants. "Guess I'll have to come to your house next time and use all your shit."

“You’re more than welcome to. Come to mine next week and I’ll cook for you.”

He tosses me a cheeky grin because we both know he doesn’t cook — there’s no way we get our tacos unless we order them.

Like that’ll stop me.

“It’s a date, and maybe we can finally have that sleepover.” My eyes travel almost involuntarily down his frame and settle to the little tattoo just above his hip — I still can’t read it, but I’m dying to fucking know. “What’s that one?”

He shifts slightly and tugs the sweats up a little more. “It says ‘noneya.’”

“My big brother and his thousand secrets,” I sigh, clenching a little as I remind myself for the millionth time that we’re not blood related, so I shouldn’t have to feel embarrassed about wanting him. It’s not my fault my dad found his mom first. “Can’t ask you about work, can’t ask about your tattoos. What are we supposed to talk about while we eat?”

“We always find things to talk about, and you’ve seen almost all my other tattoos. Ask about any of the others and I’ll be honest.”

I already have, and if I keep focusing on the body that’s currently on display for me, I’m going to melt. “How about I try to guess what you do for a living instead? My first guess is... spy.”

His smile gives away how much he likes this game. “Spy? What kinda spy?”

“Hmm. Obviously something that keeps you local since I see you at least once a week, but clearly it’s important because you’re rich. Is the mob still big around here? I think you spy for them.”

“Yeah, they are, actually.” Dean moves even closer to me, stopping so close our arms brush as he helps me shred the cheese. “What’s your second guess?”

“That... you’re secretly a world-famous model. All those muscles have to come from somewhere,” I joke, bumping him with my hip.

The noise he releases is less of a laugh and more of that growl I’m growing to love. “And third guess? If you strike out, I’m going to have to give you the answer.”

My heart skips a beat as I meet his eyes. “You’re a drug dealer.”

This time, he snorts. “Yeah, right. You think I could get away with selling drugs?”

“I think if you flash a grin or two, you could get away with murder,” I admit, spinning to lean back against the counter. “But go on. I struck out, so tell me. What does the mysterious Dean Gatlin do for a living?”

“I’ll tell you... but you have to promise you’ll never tell a soul. Can you do that, sweetheart?”

Fuck, I wasn’t ready for that. My breath catches and my cheeks flush as I nod again — not brave enough to speak.

Is he finally going to tell me he’s Atlas?

“Good.” He leans in close to my ear and whispers, “It’s *Fight Club*. What’s the first rule?”

“Don’t talk about it.” Sighing, I push him back a bit. “Fine. Don’t trust me, then. At least I know you’re still you and haven’t been body snatched. I’ve had my doubts lately.”

“Nah, still me. And it isn’t about trust, Mar. I trust you with my life. It’s just one thing I’m not ready to say... I just never want to lose you. Fucking live for these days I spend with you.”

Of course he’s saying the one thing that has me softening a little. “You’d never lose me, D. I don’t care what you do for a living and I’m sorry if I ever gave you the opinion that I would, but I’ll stop pressuring you to tell me. Some things are just... better off unspoken, huh?”

He looks pained, like keeping this secret from me is one of the hardest things he’s ever had to do. “Maybe for now. Won’t

always have to be that way. Is there anything going on in your life that I don't know about?"

"Nothing," I say honestly. "I tell you everything, even when I probably shouldn't. I've just been working, hanging out with Sloane, and starting what I imagine will be a very expensive, very long journey at Hotel Deviant."

His eyes drop from mine, it's his tell. "So there's no one else? Just your guy at the hotel?"

God, I want to tell him I know. Tell him that no one else could ever make me feel as safe and wanted and good as he does. It hurts to see him vulnerable like this. "No one else, D. Even if he never wants me outside of Hotel Deviant, I know after one session with him he's who I want. I'm prepared and willing to take what little he can give me and have that be good enough."

Instead of answering me, he just pulls me into a hug, my face pressed against his bare chest as he wraps me up in him, and I swear I hear all the words he can't say out loud.

This is delicate, but we'll get there. Soon we'll be able to be honest. Soon I'll be able to kiss him without a mask covering most of his face, be able to hold him without a timer, be able to tell him exactly how much he means to me.

That moment will be well worth the wait.





## Eleven

This time, I barely take a breath once I'm inside the second-floor praise room at Hotel Deviant before it's clicking open again. I don't turn, I keep my back to Dean as I slowly take my jacket off and set it down, then clear my throat. "Thank you for the discount, Atlas. It was a little bigger than I expected."

"Kinda like my cock?" I can hear the smile in his voice as he steps up behind me, his powerful hand sliding up my torso as he pulls me in. "I've missed you."

My stomach flips violently as I fold my hand over his. "Have you? I've missed you too. I told my brother about you."

His whole body stiffens behind me, but he plays it off. "All good things, I hope."

That hand travels back down and slips into the front of my pants, making me twitch.

"Only the best things. I can't stop thinking about you," I admit, wishing he knew I truly mean him and not some faceless, masked god. "I'm glad we're not wasting time today, Sir."

"I couldn't stay away. Fuck, you're already wet for me. Let's get you out of these clothes... we're gonna play with some rope today, sweetheart. Repeat your safe word for me."

"Obsidian." Licking my lips, I turn to face him. I'd requested he wear the mask again to keep our secret little arrangement safe, but that doesn't mean I'm not disappointed that I still won't be able to kiss him. "Do you want me to strip for you, Sir?"

His eyes bore into mine as he shakes his head no. "I want to strip you myself."

Slowly, he reaches out to begin, removing each article of clothing from my body as if I'm made of porcelain and sending goosebumps over my skin as it becomes exposed to the cool air of the room.

“I love the way you touch me, Sir.”

“I love the way you feel.” Atlas drops down to his knees so he can slide my pants down my legs, then leans in to inhale my scent through his mask.

“Fuck,” I whisper. “I’ve had fantasies about your tongue.”

His deep chuckle makes me shiver. “And I’ve had fantasies about your taste. Nothing compares.”

Suddenly I’m being lifted off the ground and carried to the bed, and god, do I wish I had access to his skin. “I want to taste you too, Sir. If I’m good today, will you let me?”

“Fuck yeah,” he growls, reaching out to restrain me with deep red rope. “You know how many times I thought of your mouth in this time apart? I couldn’t even tell you.”

Again, it seems to hit me out of nowhere that this is Dean. It makes my clit throb as I let out a sound a little too close to a whimper, but I need this. Being tied up and at his mercy is definitely a fantasy of mine, and here he is making my filthiest dreams come true.

“Then tell me how to earn it, Sir. For both of us.”

He hums, pleased, as he finishes restraining me and then goes right back to touching me — almost as if he’s been starving for it. “We’ll get there, baby. For now, just breathe with me... surrender yourself to me.”

*As if I didn’t do that years ago when you first walked into my life, I think silently. I’ve been yours all along. I just didn’t want to admit it.*

Instead of saying any of that, I take a shaky, deep breath and let it out slowly, taking in the outline of his black-clad body and those hands I love so much.

It’s not something that happens all at once... surrendering. It takes patience, focus, discipline, and an absolute desire to please the person you’re giving yourself over to. Yes, subspace — true subspace — is an art.

But it’s never been easier to reach than it is right now, here with Dean.

“You’re so fucking beautiful, sweetheart. Seeing you like this is a gift.”

He ducks down to kiss along my legs, and I can hardly lift my head to watch. The mask is up above his mouth, but the rope makes lifting nearly impossible, and I’m too relaxed to even try. He has me, and I swear I’d do anything for him.

“Mouth feels so good,” I whisper, losing myself to the feeling, to the perfect stubble on his chin ghosting along my skin. “Please, Sir.”

The first swipe of his tongue over my clit makes me moan.

“Already addicted to your taste.” He dives in, sending shockwaves of pleasure through my body and making me want to moan his real name, not his alias.

“Atlas,” I breathe, rocking my hips just enough to show him how good it feels.

He growls a response, vibrating my clit as he sucks on it and slips two fingers inside me.

Just like my fantasy. For a moment, I can’t breathe. Can he read minds? Was he spying on me? Or is he just that fucking perfect for me?

Probably the latter, but the thought of him spying on me has me gasping out his name and begging for release. “Can I come, Sir?”

Abruptly he stops, cementing the fact that he really is exactly what I need when he slaps my pussy. “Not yet. I haven’t heard you beg.”

“Shit.” I stare down at him, craning my neck until it hurts. “Please, Sir. I’m so close, please let me come for you.”

Dean sits up fully and fixes his mask, shaking his finger at me with a click of his tongue. “Not yet, pretty girl. You’re not desperate enough.”

I can’t see what he grabs when he disappears off the bed, but the vibrator he comes back with has me trying to clench my thighs.

The ropes squeeze my ankles and remind me I'm powerless right now. I'm all his.

"D—" *Oh, no. Not Dean. Don't ruin it.* "Don't stop," I beg, praying he doesn't realize I almost just said his name. "Please, Sir. I'm more desperate than you think."

"Good, it's a beautiful look." He presses that vibe to my clit for three seconds and then takes it away. "Better than any art." He repeats that motion. "In any country in the world."

When he presses it to me again, I let out a sob and arch my back.

"Oh, god, I—"

"God?" His voice is deeper. "What god is here with you?"

*Dean.*

"Atlas," I correct. "You are, Sir. I'm sorry."

"Good girl." That vibe returns to my pussy, but he seems to press it everywhere but on my clit.

He's testing me.

Staying still, I focus on steadying my breathing and keeping my thighs from trembling too much. I'll take what he gives me and nothing more, even if the teasing is driving me so crazy, I'd do anything for a little contact.

"Please, Sir," I beg, losing my composure just a little. "Please, just—"

The buzzing stops completely. "Look at me, girl. Whose pussy is this?"

Apparently, my step-brother's.

"Yours, Atlas. My whole body is yours."

"Then you'll look at me while you beg, because it's me who will make you come, me who will grant you permission."

When he lays that vibrator on my clit again, I keep my head up, ignoring the awkward angle as I lock eyes with him. "I'll be good, Sir. I promise. Take only what you give me and thank you for it."

“Good girl, my perfect girl. Before you come, I’m going to kiss every inch of your body because it’s mine — it should have always been mine. For now, I want you to relax and close your eyes, and when I’m done... I’ll give you permission to come.”

The fact that he listened to me at all when I told him how much I enjoy being kissed slays me. “Yes, Sir,” I say quickly, closing my eyes and sinking into the comfortable mattress as I test the ropes again. “I’ll be good. I’ll wait.”

Those kisses start so slowly, time stills. He starts at my feet, up my ankles, all the way to my thighs... and when he kisses my pussy, it awakens the beast that lives in most men. His kisses become rougher, more desperate as they inch up my torso and he sucks my nipple into his mouth, and those have always been sensitive for me. It makes me twitch, makes my pussy even wetter, and the moan that escapes me sounds more like a whimper.

“Please, Sir!”

He moves on to continue kissing the rest of my body and I don’t miss the way he stays in one specific spot on my neck to suck.

He wants to mark me.

When he’s pleased with whatever he left behind, he moves to my face, his breathing heavy, before he finally places a kiss on my lips.

My nose brushes the ski mask as lust and butterflies explode inside me and this time, the sound I let out is desperate and almost pathetic. I feel that kiss to my toes as I tug the ropes harder, ready to risk hurting myself if it means I can get free and hold him right here for the rest of his life — but he moves away completely with a pained growl. “Can’t wait to fuck that pretty little mouth, but you’ve earned this orgasm, baby. Open those beautiful brown eyes.”

They fly open as my chest swells. He just said exactly the right thing at exactly the right time, and if I didn’t know any better, I’d say I’m in love. “So close, Sir.”

“I know, sweetheart. I’ve got you. Come on my tongue.”

He’s down there in seconds and knowing I held off, that I truly earned this one?

It’s unlike anything I’ve ever felt when it hits me.

“I — you—” my hips buck and I ride his tongue, gasping, “Oh, Atlas!”

He squeezes my ass almost painfully as he continues to eat me through my spasms, and the noises he’s making sound just as desperate as mine.

I need him in my throat. Now.

“Atlas, please let me suck you,” I rush out. “No condom. I want to hold it on my tongue when you’re done.”

“Fuck,” he whispers as he sits up to untie me with shaking fingers and then he’s fixing that mask on his face and sitting back against the headboard. “Suck me, baby. I’m already fucking leaking.”

Now this... this is something I’ve fantasized about. He always complains to me that his partners don’t suck him right — they’re too rough or too gentle, they need a break right as he’s about to blow and it ruins it — but I don’t have any of those problems.

No, I want to blow his mind, and I don’t care if I pass out trying.

Methodically, I roll onto my hands and knees and crawl between his legs. The mask is secondary now; it’s still covering his breathtaking face, but Dean is there. I see him just as clearly as I would if he were naked too, and that’s the only thing I need.

“What’s your biggest fantasy, Sir?” I ask, dipping down to lick a slow line up his shaft. “Will you tell me about it?”

He hisses, that cock pulsing against my lips. “Gotta promise you won’t judge me, sweetheart. It might be twisted.”

“I can handle twisted. This room is about fulfilling desires, isn’t it? I want to be that for you too,” I say, kissing the head

of his cock and sucking him in.

“Oh,” he moans, a heavy hand landing gently on my head, but he doesn’t take control from me. “I-I’m seventeen... my little sister is sixteen. My parents are downstairs watching a movie and she comes to my bed. It’s storming outside, and she fucking hates night storms. She’ll run out in one during the day, but at night? She can’t sleep, so she came into my room to stay with me and we just went to bed... my fantasy has a very different ending, baby.”

I remember that day.

I remember that storm.

I remember the fear that drove me to his room and the safety I found there — the safety I’ve sought every day since. That was the night that I realized no man would ever be as good to me as Dean.

I pull off slowly, sucking until he slips out. “Then tell me how it should’ve ended. Did you want her to slip under the covers and suck you like this until she calmed down?” I lick him again, this time from his slit down to his balls, then back up to suck him in once more.

“I wanted her to suck me so bad. I was so fucking hard, and she walked in right as I started jacking off. I wanted to take her virginity before any other man could ever have her. It should have been me — ah fuck, that’s so good.”

As much as I want to stop long enough to tell him I wanted it to be him, that I pictured him when it finally happened with someone else, that I felt his cock that night... I can’t. I take him deeper instead, humming as the now-familiar, violent throb of my clit tells me I’m too turned on. This is bad, wrong. I shouldn’t be sucking him.

I shouldn’t want to hold his cum in my mouth until I commit the taste to memory.

And I damn sure shouldn’t fucking love it when he keeps talking.

“I’ve wanted to breed her... get her fucking pregnant so I ruin her for anyone else.”



Dean moans my name so loudly I don't hear myself gag as he shoves my head down just the way I like. It forces my throat open so my nose hits his pelvis as I let what he said sink in, and I can't help it. I reach down to rub my aching, desperate clit.

I need him to ruin me.

“Wanted this for so fucking long, sweetheart. Since the first time I saw you. Don't — don't fucking stop.”

For once, I'm grateful that Cody was so brutal when he trained me. My free hand gently tugs Dean's balls as I fuck my throat with his cock, no regard for air, for the damage I could do, for anything other than proving to my step-brother that no one else in the world will ever suck him off like I can.

I have to close my eyes when my running mascara threatens to blind me, but feeling Dean, *my* Dean, give in to his inner brute makes every ounce of pain worth it. “You're the most perfect girl in the world, I swear to — ah fuck, I'm gonna come. Swallow it all for me, baby. Swallow...”

He trails off as his cock pulses in my throat, and I do my best to pull off before I get it all down. I see the hint of disappointment on his face until I open my mouth to show him the mess on my tongue, then close it again and hold there as I memorize the way it tastes.

And *then* I swallow.

“Fuck,” he whispers breathlessly, petting my face like he's fallen in love just as hard as I have. “How's it taste, sweetheart?”

“Like I'm going to get addicted,” I admit. “Especially when you praise me like that.”

“I praise you because you deserve it. You've earned it... and so much more.”

Every part of me believes him — I just wish he'd say it to my face without the mask on. “Thank you, Sir. I'll pick up some extra shifts this week and come see you again in a couple of weeks.”

For a second, he looks nervous. “Can I give you my number? Maybe you can just text me when you’re ready and I’ll book the room? I get it for like a quarter of the price.”

It takes a solid ten seconds of me mindlessly staring at him to realize he probably has a work phone. “Oh. You’d want that? I — how often? I don’t want to take advantage of you. I’d be here every day if you let me.”

My confession makes him relax as he pulls me to him and inspects my wrists. “Every day, huh? How about we start with you coming back on Sunday? Then after that you can message me whenever you’re available. You won’t be taking advantage of me. I want it too.”

If this were anyone but Dean, I wouldn’t agree. But it is, and I nod before I can stop myself. “Okay, yeah. Yes. I’d love that.”

My breath hitches when he lifts his mask, but he stops just above his lips then leans in to kiss me.

It’s hard not to beg him to just admit it as that kiss grows a little more tender. I can’t handle how insane it feels to brush my tongue against his, to feel my brother’s hands gripping my hips and his growl through my body. It’s completely intoxicating and I know I’ll never ever get enough, but I also know that I need to get his work number before he changes his mind.

I’m not letting him slip away.



## Twelve

When the door of Archive Antiques opens, my stomach jumps into my throat. I don't know why I expect it to be Dean, but it's not. "Hey, Sloane. Scared the crap out of me."

"Sorry." She shrugs, tossing her purse onto the huge glass counter and sitting in her favorite rustic armchair. "You weren't answering my texts, and I was in the neighborhood. Who were you expecting?"

Glancing around, I decide to be honest with her. "Dean, honestly. There have been some... developments."

"Oh?" she asks, eyeing me with a renewed interest. "What developments?"

Fuck. I've been avoiding her because I didn't know how to explain any of this to her, but she's my best friend. If I can be honest with anyone in the world about what I've been up to, it's her.

"I might've taken your advice and booked an appointment at Hotel Deviant," I admit.

"Seriously?!"

"Or two appointments." Grimacing, I rub my temples. "And I also might've accidentally-on-purpose left off the whole 'Not Atlas' thing."

The gasp she lets out would be comical if it wasn't my life we're talking about here. "It was him? Did he tell you? Did he flip out? What happened, woman! Tell me!"

"Shh!" I hiss. "Keep your voice down. I—"

"Oh, what? You're afraid the ghosts of lost broaches and broken grandfather clocks are going to tattle on you?"

Maybe.

"No, of course not. I don't know where Patrick is though and I really don't want anyone overhearing this," I say pointedly. "Yes, it was him. No, he didn't freak out. Not at all, actually."

Her razor-sharp gaze cuts into me as she searches for the secrets I haven't said out loud yet. "So what did he do? Just politely tell you to go home?"

"Um... yeah, but not right away. That didn't happen until my two hours were up."

It takes a dozen seconds for her to catch up.

"You fucked him!" Her shriek rattles the old glasses sitting on the shelf just to her right. "Shit, sorry. But spill, Marlowe. Now."

I don't hold back. There's no point, she's the type to hold me down and threaten to spit in my mouth if I don't tell her every single detail — and while I might have some weird fantasy of Dean doing that to me while he's balls deep inside of me, I can't see myself enjoying it much when it's happening under duress.

So I tell her all of it, starting with his jealousy and possession the night of my date with Neil, then booking the appointment, getting there, kneeling, the mask, the aftercare, the disaster with my car, the second session, and the aftercare that time when he fed me and held me for so long, I almost fell asleep.

She's speechless.

"I blame you," I say finally. "I'd have remained blissfully unaware of exactly how fucked over him I've always been if you hadn't spilled the beans about his job."

Sloane flips me off, the first sign of life from her since I started speaking. "Hey fuck you, lady. You can't just have a picture of a god on your wall and expect me not to ask about it. I also didn't tell you to go let him rail you multiple times."

"I know, I know," I concede. "Part of me wishes this was really your fault, but I know it's not. I made my decisions on my own and I'm responsible for them."

Relaxing, she sits back and cusses under her breath. "So how was it? You told me what happened, but not really how you felt about it. Obviously good, right? Or you wouldn't have gone back."

“Is it cheesy if I say it’s the best I’ve ever felt in my whole life?”

“Yes.”

“Then I guess I’m cheesy, because it was. He offered me a discount and gave me his work number so I can come back more often, but I don’t know what to do. It seems like a recipe for disaster to keep going back, but there has to be a reason he’s not telling me, right? I’ve got at least some kind of plausible deniability since he’s been masked and fully clothed both times, but I’ve been butt naked except for the hair on my head. He definitely, absolutely knows it’s me, yet his still won’t even admit to me he works there, let alone that he’s the one who’s been fucking me.”

“Yikes.” She gives me a pitying look, which I hate. “What do you think will happen if you tell him you know?”

That’s the million-dollar question, isn’t it?

“Well, there are only so many ways it can go. Either he’ll outright deny it, which will hurt in ways I don’t even want to think about, or he’ll admit it and we’ll actually have to deal with it. If he admits it, I don’t know what will happen. Maybe we’ll start dating despite who we are to each other. Maybe he’ll say it has to stay at Hotel Deviant, or maybe he’ll say we have to stop altogether.”

She shakes her head. “I didn’t ask you how many possibilities there are. I asked you what *you* think will happen if you tell him.”

I know she did. I just don’t want to say it.

“He’s going to deny it or tell me we have to keep things at Hotel Deviant. I don’t think he can go back to not having me, but I also think if he wasn’t worried about what people would say, he’d have made a move years ago. He — well, Atlas — flat out told me he’s fantasized about it.”

“Would that be the worst thing in the world? If he told you it had to stay there, I mean. Isn’t that what you’re already doing, anyway?”

“Yes, but... I don’t know how to explain it.” I pause as the door opens again, and I have to sit there contemplating how to word it as an older couple spends twenty minutes looking around and then finally leave without buying anything. Typical. “Right now, there’s hope. I can tell myself that we’re just slowly figuring things out, and eventually, we’ll tell each other the truth and be together outside of Deviant. That right now is just the build-up. It’s a safe way for us to explore whatever this is without pressure. Once the truth is out, that changes.”

“But don’t you both already know?” she asks. “I’m so confused.”

“Yes, but again... plausible deniability. He doesn’t know I know, so there’s still that wall up between us. I’ll tell him soon. I promise.”

Sloane laughs. “Don’t do it on my account. I’m living for this drama. Better than thinking about my own Hotel Deviant issues.”

Right, Athena. Grateful for the shift in subject, I lean forward on the counter. “Anything new happen? It’s been a couple of weeks. You see her again?”

“Twice, yeah. I think I made some progress this past weekend since you’re not the only one who got her greedy hands on a work number, but I’m scared to death to actually text her. What do I even say?”

I’ve had the same issue with Dean, but I’m determined not to pull the conversation back to myself. “She obviously gave it to you for a reason, so just say hi. Tell her you’re thinking about her and you can’t wait for your next session, then maybe ask if she wants you to do anything between now and then. Like get a certain outfit, kneel for a certain amount of time each day, edge yourself. That kind of thing.”

Her face pales. “Yeah. Keep it sexual. I probably shouldn’t text her a list of my favorite movies and pictures of my cat.”

Only Sloane, I swear to God. “You’ve already done both things, haven’t you?”

“Yes, and she hasn’t responded. Shit, why am I like this? Who hurt me?”

“A lot of people have hurt you, but there’s nothing wrong with you. Maybe she’s just busy or doesn’t know what to say. Don’t panic, just be yourself when you go back.”

She gives me a look that says being herself is half the problem, but nods anyway. “Yeah. Okay. Fuck me, I just want to cook her food and then nap on her boobs without a price tag attached. It’s not like I’m trying to move her in.”

My mind drifts back to Dean — from how comfortable I felt cuddling with him after our second session to the suggestion he made to have a sleepover after Taco Tuesday sometime. I want it more than anything, but I also don’t think our secret would last if we did.

“You know what? Fuck it. I might be playing fast and loose with morals since Dean’s my step-brother, but you’re not. Be real with her. Tell her you want her to move in. Tell her your favorite songs and all the stupid names you came up with for your cat before you landed on Ratchet. Dive headfirst, and if she doesn’t meet you on that level, then find a new goddess. They’ve got fourteen on their roster, and Deviant also has a camp, a house, a school and a club if you don’t find what you’re looking for at the hotel. Life is too—”

“If you say ‘short’ I swear, I—”

“I was going to say unpredictable, but whatever. Just go for it. That’s all I’m saying.”

The door opens again and Patrick comes in with lunch for both of us, so I wave to Sloane to say goodbye, then eat my food in silence.

I’d like to think that was pretty solid advice I just gave her... I just wish I could follow it myself.





## Thirteen

Twenty-four hours from now, I'll be on the third floor of Hotel Deviant. Just one day until I get him again — yet I have no earthly idea how I'm supposed to make it that long with him looking as good as he does.

Our Uncle Ed is retiring after nearly fifty years at the company he built himself, and our whole family showed up to celebrate him, including Dean. I knew he'd be here, which is why I chose an outfit that some might deem inappropriate for a family gathering, but it's not just our family here today. Tons of his employees and their families are here as well, which means there's no shortage of men around my age to make Dean jealous.

Maybe that's shitty of me, maybe I don't care in the slightest.

I catch his eyes on me every time I glance at him. I'm doing my best to pretend I don't notice how hot he looks in his grey button-up and black slacks — like I don't know exactly what's under them — but with how he's staring at me, it's difficult. It's making me squirm where I stand.

One touch to a random man's arm has him moving toward me almost instantly, though, so I don't have to pretend for too long. “Hey. New dress?” His hand finds a home on my lower back, sending lightning up my spine.

“Sort of. Sloane let me borrow it,” I admit. “Do you like it?”

“Fucking love it. Don't give it back.” He smirks, leading me away from the group of men just like I thought he would.

The possession in that touch, the words, the demeanor... none of it seems like something a step-brother would do with his step-sister. Part of me wants to push him to see if he'll admit that he's Atlas, and most of me knows it still isn't time — but that doesn't mean I can't have a little fun with it.

“Are you sure?” I ask once we're alone. “The one I tried to wear on that date wasn't much worse than this, and you almost

grounded me for it.”

“Yeah, but I’m here this time. You didn’t want me joining your little date for some strange reason. You wouldn’t have even known I was there.”

It’s a lie. His ridiculous smirk tells me it’s a damn lie, but there’s something else in his eyes I can’t put a finger on.

Nothing new there.

“Yeah, can’t imagine why I wouldn’t want my brother crashing my date,” I deadpan. “Does this mean you’re gonna be a cockblock today?”

His smile fades, eyes darting around us at the other men. “Today? You hunting or something?”

“That’s a weird way to put it, but... why else do you think I wore a dress like this?” Cocking my head, I note the tension in his shoulders and the way the knot in his jaw flexes. “It’s not like I’m inviting them back to my place after.”

Come on, Dean. Say it. Tell me.

His broad hand rubs against the scruff on his jaw before he pops his neck. “Thought you wore the dress for me.” My breath catches in my throat before he averts his gaze and continues. “Like to get me to go all big bro on you.”

What? Blinking and a little thrown, I try to pull my rampant thoughts together. Fuck me, how do I handle this? “I... can’t it be both?”

Blue eyes travel up my frame so slowly it feels like I’m under a microscope. “So you like when I get protective?”

There. That voice, it’s Atlas. It’s lower than Dean’s normal tone, growly and full of promise. It’s the reason I didn’t immediately know it was him inside Hotel Deviant. It’s him, but... a different side of him.

Hearing it now has heat pooling in my gut.

“Yes,” I whisper. “Maybe a little too much.”

His smirk is back, and if I wasn’t staring at him, I might have missed the small step he takes closer to me. “It’s always

there, Mar. That fucking need to protect you. It isn't just some obligation because of who I am to you. It's a fucking need, all the way to my bones. Even when I'm not standing next to you, I'm still thinking of how to keep you safe."

There's a simple solution to that, Dean.

"You can't keep me safe forever," I push, needing him to tell me I'm wrong. The sinking, crashing, soaring feeling in my stomach only grows, desperate to hear him say that he'll never let anyone hurt me. "I wish you could."

"Yes I can," he argues, not a trace of doubt in his mind. "And I will."

Carefully, I step in as close as I dare. "I love that about you, Dean. But you and I both know you can't follow me everywhere. Like Hotel Deviant, for starters."

"I can't?" He tilts his head in challenge, but our fucking uncle chooses then to come over and say hello.

"MarMar? You're all grown up now, aren't you?"

Dean looks a little uncomfortable with how my uncle seems to look at me, but to my surprise, he walks away.

So much for keeping me safe.

Sighing, I cross my arms over my chest to stop any unwelcome hugs and force a tight smile. "Yeah, being alive does that to a person. Are you excited about retirement?"

"Oh yeah, more than anything. Been working my whole life for this moment," he jokes, but just then Dean is back and wrapping one of my jackets around my shoulders.

Not just any jacket, though... my favorite one.

The one I left at the restaurant and assumed I'd never see it again.

Scrambling, I try to remember when I told Dean I lost it... and I didn't.

I told Sloane.

"How—"

“Been a long time coming, Unc. I remember you counting down the days on that giant calendar of yours. That was what, five years ago?”

Oh, cool. Just ignore me.

“Try twenty, but yeah. I started the calendar about five years ago,” Uncle Ed continues. “What about y—”

Oh, no. Nope. I grab Dean’s arm and smile apologetically, pushing him a couple of feet to the left. “Sorry, I think I hear Dad calling us. It was good to see you, though. Congratulations!” I shove Dean a little further, opening the first door I see — which happens to be a damn broom closet. Whatever, it’ll work.

The second I shut the door behind us, I scramble for a light switch and round on him. “Where’d you get this?” I demand.

“You left it at that restaurant, so I went and grabbed it for you.” He looks amused, and I might be too if a thousand red flags weren’t doing a line dance in front of my face.

“And how do you know that?”

“Pretty sure you told me. How else would I know?” Dean moves in closer. “Think I followed you there, got a table a few down from yours and hid behind a menu or something?”

Fuck, this is not a big enough room. It’s hard to breathe with him this close to me, but when he talks like that? It’s a miracle I stay upright. “Did you do that?” I whisper. “Because I know I didn’t tell you.”

“If those are the only two options, and you’re positive you didn’t tell me...” he trails off with a shrug. “Maybe I did.”

Logic tells me to be offended or creeped out, but honestly... I think I’m just embarrassed that he witnessed that train wreck. I feel it creep down my spine. “That’s why you didn’t blow my phone up that night,” I muse. “Because you already knew exactly how it went.”

His jaw ticks in that way that makes me squirm. “Didn’t think you’d really want to talk to me that night, honestly. Even if I didn’t say ‘I told you so’. Which I wouldn’t have, by the

way. I don't actually like being right about how fucking stupid dudes are."

Something tells me that's not entirely true, but it feels like the wrong bone to pick. "So what would you have done? If I went home with him, I mean. Hid in his closet? Waited in the driveway? Gone home?"

He shrugs again, and I can tell he's trying to pretend he didn't think it through, but I know he did. He always thinks everything through. "Didn't get that far."

"You're lying." It's out before I can stop it, but I don't care. I need him to tell me. "Tell me the truth."

"What do you want me to say, Mar? That I wouldn't have let him step foot in your house? Because I wouldn't have. Whatever that would have taken, I'd have done it."

Fuck, I can't breathe. The room is too small, he's too close, it's too real. The implications alone... "But you'll let me go to Hotel Deviant. Why?"

"I'll explain that more when I can, but... I trust that place. I know you're in expert hands."

His hands.

I realize with a jolt that he's still not going to tell me, so I nod and skirt past him to open the door, shrugging my jacket off as I go. It's too hot suddenly and I don't care how mad he gets when people see my dress. Hell, maybe I need him to get mad.

"Marlowe," he calls, following me out so he's right on my heels. "Are you going back there? To the hotel?"

"If it's the only way you'll let me get fucked?" I snap, whirling to face him. "Yes. I have needs, Dean. Needs Atlas meets and then some, so I'll settle for the few scant hours I'm allowed to have him."

There are so many emotions on his face right now: relief, awe, love, but also fear, anger and longing. It's too much, especially with the fact that all of this could change if he'd just fucking speak up. But he doesn't.

Of course he doesn't, and I understand why. This is the first argument we've ever had. Things are already getting fucking complicated.

"Look," I say softer. "I'm sorry. I'm taking it out on you and I shouldn't. The truth is, I'm scared. Atlas is everything I've been missing, and I have to share him. I'm just another client to him, another business transaction. I know how I am, and I just... don't want to fall in love alone."

Dean's eyes close before he drops his gaze, his expression pained. "When you're with him, do you feel you're just a client to him?"

"No, but I understand how stupid that is. It's his job. I'm paying him to praise me and to make me feel wanted." God, don't cry. Jesus, just don't. I swallow the lump in my throat. "He's really great at it."

"I — fuck. I don't know what to say. Just... hold on to how good it feels. If you both feel it... it'll work out. Things like this take time. Are-are you ready to know who he is?"

My eyes drop to my shoes. Now it's my turn to lie, to pretend I don't already know. Like I didn't go there deliberately looking for him. "Not until he decides I'm worth having outside of those walls," I admit. "If he ever does. If he doesn't, I'd rather it stayed a mystery."

"You're worth it, Mar. You're worth everything. You wanna get out of here and go eat some pizza?"

It's hard to take him seriously since he still didn't tell me, but what can I do? The thought of calling him out on it and being rejected is too much for me to handle right now, so I don't. I nod instead, straightening my spine and tugging my jacket back on. "Yeah, pizza sounds great. Lead the way."





# Fourteen

Dean

Third floor.

I don't care what floor we're on. Honestly, I'm just so damn happy she's coming back again. Eventually, she's going to realize that she hasn't paid a dime for this and everything she thinks she's paid is being hidden all around her house. The first session's money is in a flower pot in her living room, the second session is on her bookshelf. Who knows where I'll hide this one, but I refuse to let her pay anything for the things we're doing together.

Yeah, I'm a sex worker, but with her it's so much more. This isn't work, this is my fucking dream. In fact, the sessions I've been booking around her have all been ones where I specifically don't fuck the client. Truth be told, I can't even get hard for anyone else now that I've had her, but this job is my livelihood and I don't know what else I can do to live the comfortable life I've grown accustomed to. Luckily for me, I get to pick whatever the hell I want for these jobs.

If I want to fuck, I can. If I want to Dom and not pull my dick out once, I can. If I want to just degrade someone until they find their release or use every toy under the sun, I can.

But now that I've gotten tested and I haven't fucked anyone with any of my body parts since, I need to fuck my girl raw. I need to know how it feels to breed her and truly own her, and there's nothing standing in my way.

Nothing but her consent, of course, but after the things she's said to me, I get the vibe she wants this as much as I do.

When I enter the room, my perfect girl is kneeling again, and my cock is instantly rock hard for her as I make my way over with a blindfold and secure it around her face. "Are you comfortable, sweetheart?"

"Yes, Atlas. Thank you for not making me wait this time."

How could I? I've been counting down the minutes. "I couldn't stay away. Can you see anything?"

Slowly I undress myself, waiting for her to confirm what I suspect: "No, Sir. I can't see anything at all."

Once I'm naked, I move back into her space and kneel to grab one of her hands, slowly bringing it up so she can feel my heated skin. First, I place it on my bare face so she knows I don't have a mask on anymore, drawing a gasp from her. "Will I be allowed to see you today?"

That speeds my heart up, but I play it off by kissing every one of her fingertips. "Is that what you want?"

She doesn't answer right away, and I know why. She told me herself that she doesn't want to know who I am until I'm ready to claim her outside of these walls, but the indecision on her face proves her resolve is already wavering. "I don't know."

"You don't know because it isn't something we can take back," I say softly. "Once you see me, you can't unsee me, and all of this rests on your shoulders." *I already see you, I already know I want all of you, but if you don't want me... this ends.* So much more would end, but I don't tell her my entire world would shatter. I can't put that on her. "We're on a timer, sweetheart. Let us have today."

I let her hand ghost down my throat to my chest so her fingers dance along my tattoos, and I find myself grateful they're not raised enough for her to recognize them.

"What other fantasies do you have?" she whispers, almost breathless as she moves on her own and maps out my skin. "Did you picture your sister doing this to you?"

I grin a little wider than I should at that question, my cock jumping in anticipation. "Yeah. With her hands, her tongue. I used to fuck my hand wishing it was her mouth every single night."

Her face tips up like she's trying to see through the fabric. "Guide me, Sir. Let me give to you what you've already given me."

I don't have to ask what she means as she tips forward and licks my chest. She wants to make my fantasies come true, and although she already has, I can't deny that there are still so many things I want to do with her. I want to do everything with her. I stand to give her easier access and step in, my cock aching to slip past those gorgeous lips, but I won't rush this. "Do that again."

Guiding her head to my hip this time, her tongue sweeps across her initials and the little taco underneath. The only tattoo I've ever hidden from her. Knowing she has no idea that I've put her mark on my body... it's almost better than the sloppy little kisses she's trailing across my lower stomach.

Almost.

"Fuck, baby. Your mouth feels so good on my skin." It makes me hate the fact that there are men still breathing who have gotten to feel the same thing. This body, my body, should be the only one she's ever touched, kissed, or worshiped. "Go ahead and nibble a bit."

Squirming, she shifts her legs to press her thighs together and bites me just hard enough for me to know she's there. "Can I mark you, Sir? Just once?"

"You can mark me as many times as you want, sweetheart." I wish I could tell her she can mark my neck too, but I know that will get me chewed out by my boss. Even so, if she wants to, I'll let her. One of the girls can help me cover it up with that liquid stuff, anyway. "Where would you like to mark?"

She chews her lip, then sits back so I get a better view of her gorgeous round tits and the expanse of her belly. "You pick. I want you to remember which ones are mine."

They'll all be hers. No one else will ever mark my skin but her. "Here first." I pull her back in toward my hip, pressing her soft lips just below that tattoo. My cock throbs so violently when she sucks a mark that my patience nearly snaps, my fingers slot into her hair and grip a little tighter than I intended, but all that does is make her moan and suck harder. "Good girl. Fuck... mark me yours."

Over and over, she licks and bites until her initials are colored red and so is the skin beyond it. She seems lost to it, trailing closer and closer to my cock, and I let her, the need to feel her warmth superseding everything else as I pull back a little and run the head of my cock along her full, plump lips. “Suckle for me, Mar.”

Her tongue peeks out, searching and guiding me closer. My good girl hesitates just a moment before pulling me between her lips so the head of my cock is pressed against her teeth, and the gentle, almost innocent little sucks pull a desperate moan from my chest. Fuck, she’s perfect, always taking exactly what I need her to take. I was already convinced she was made for me, but every session we share only proves that further. “My perfect girl,” I coo, petting her face before I reach down to hold her throat. “More.”

She opens for me now, letting me slip inside her wet, inviting mouth as her hands find my thighs. I can feel her swallow against my palm, the sensation making my toes curl and my grip tighten just a little more. “Fuck, yes,” I growl. “I want to feel you swallow my cum like this, baby. I won’t be done with you. I have every intention of filling up that pussy after I fuck you raw tonight. But my good girl needs to earn that, doesn’t she?”

The whimper she lets out fucking unravels me, but it’s nothing compared to the way she sucks me. I knew her college boyfriend taught her how to give head, but god damn. The way she swallows me whole like breathing is secondary, like she’s been waiting a fucking lifetime to show me what she can do — it has me shoving what I did to that boyfriend aside and allowing myself to believe the fantasy that she has. That he — like all of them meant nothing to her, and I was the one she pictured every single time. “You look so fucking beautiful with my cock in your throat. You want that cum, don’t you? You’ve been thinking about it every day, haven’t you?”

I match her rhythm with ease, forcing past her gag reflex as she nods. The blindfold mocks me, stealing the sight of desperation in her eyes, and I wish I could lick the tears I

know are spilling from the lack of oxygen. My girl doesn't need to breathe though, she just needs my cum. Only mine.

Squeezing her throat harder, I feel the way my cock is splitting her open. This innocent little thing would die on my cock if I let her, and she wouldn't even know it's me. She has no fucking clue it's her big brother's cock she's choking on, that she's seconds away from swallowing his load. "Fuck, baby. I'm gonna come. Swallow every single drop."

Her nails dig into my thighs as her chest heaves and her body convulses. She's running out of air, out of stamina, but I give her what she's earned immediately. My cock pulses in her mouth with my release, our groans synchronizing into a beautiful song even though hers are strained and desperate. But I can tell from her posture she's pleased with her prize.

My girl is still holding the perfect stance as she swallows slowly enough for me to feel it, and doesn't do anything but gasp and wait once I finally pull out. "Thank you," she rasps. "Fuck, I'm so wet, Sir. Please."

"Of course you are. I can smell you, sweetheart. Now it's my turn to feast."

I lift her so suddenly she gasps, my lips trailing along her neck as I back her to the bed and toss her down on it, and in seconds I'm lapping up every drop she has dripping down her thighs and diving into that soaking pussy. There's no mask to block me this time, nothing to stop me from eating her like she deserves. Every little moan, every tug of her hand in my hair, every arch of her back and roll of her hips reminds me that my little sister fucking loves being used, praised, owned.

"Oh god, Atlas!" she screams, clenching her toned thighs around my head. "Please. Please let me come."

I drag my tooth along her swollen clit and then growl against it; the vibrations making her twitch and cry out with need. "Come." I dive right back in, my cock already hard again between my legs just from the taste of her, and god, the way she gushes on my tongue when she comes is addicting. I clean her up nicely with my tongue and then kiss and suck my way up her body. "Can I mark you too, sweetheart?"

“Yes,” she rushes out. “Pl — wait.” Her breaths are heavy, voice strained. “Maybe you shouldn’t. My brother... he’ll be mad.”

I’m a little relieved she can’t see how wide I smile at that. “Let him.”

I drop down to mark up her breast first, the head of my cock ghosting along her entrance as I tease and suck. Her hips jerk as she chases me like she hopes I’ll slide right in, but she’s not quite desperate enough for me to just let her have it. No, I’ve been waiting for this moment for too goddamn long.

“Atlas, please. Take the blindfold off,” she begs, nipple peaking between my teeth. “Do it.”

I want to so badly I don’t know why I’m denying her once again, but I am. I just am. “Not yet, sweetheart.”

I move in to put another mark on her neck, a small one this time, but it’s one I’ll see when we get together again and the thought of seeing her in the wild wearing my marks does something to me. It has my hips canting so my cock rubs her clit and makes her twitch, makes her moan my name until she’s forgotten everything but the way my body feels pressed to hers.

“Wait, I want—”

I push myself inside of her with a sultry moan, so many of my dreams coming true with one thrust of my hips. Her pussy feels like nirvana — no, better than fucking nirvana. There isn’t a word that describes how perfect this feels for me, but the only expression I can think of is the fact that it feels like coming home. It’s not any less cheesy, but it’s the truth. My cock is home, and it never, ever wants to leave her. It makes both those other experiences with her feel like foreplay, and this is the real thing. I’m finally inside the only woman I’ve ever needed, and if she thinks another man will ever touch her again, she’s wildly mistaken. “Fuck, baby. You’re everything I knew you’d be.”

The whimper she lets out makes me throb. “It’s been so long,” she mumbles, rolling her hips to feel me move inside of

her.

“You’ve been fucked raw before?” I ask, fighting to keep the strain that causes from my tone. “Who was it?”

“Wh-What?”

“Who fucked you raw, girl? Tell me his name.”

She clenches hard around me as her breath catches. “No one!” she blurts. “No one, I didn’t mean that. I just... I haven’t had sex in so long.”

Good. I might have killed someone. “Good girl. Means this pussy is all mine, baby.” I swipe my tongue up her chin possessively as her nails scratch down my back and her thighs part, letting me in fully.

“Yours,” she whispers. “I don’t want anyone but you.”

My girl. Mine.

“I don’t want anyone but you either, sweetheart.” I snap my hips harder, nearly confessing to her that no one else has had my cock since her first visit. “All I see is you.”

Frantically, her lips find mine, coaxing me into a kiss that feels nothing like the ones we’ve shared previously. It’s white-hot need and peppermint racing through my bones and driving me deeper inside of her, faster. I can feel her desire from the insistence of her tongue to the soaked folds of her cunt squeezing me and trying to keep me inside her.

Fuck, baby. I’d stay inside you forever if I could.

I lick into her mouth, relishing in the way her body trembles as she reaches that peak and arches into me. “You wanna come?” I bite her lip. “Beg me.”

“Please,” she sobs, trembling as her pussy throbs and strangles me. “Please, Atlas. I can’t hold it, I need to come. Let me come for you.”

It’s the *for you* that makes drawing this out impossible and I bite again, this time on her neck and hard enough to leave the imprint of my teeth. “Come for me.”

The surprised little “oh” that escapes her as she floods my cock and goes pliant under me is almost too much. I want to live in that moment until the end of time, but knowing that’s impossible nearly has me ripping that blindfold off and showing her who I am. If she knows it’s me, accepts it’s me, we could recreate that moment forever.

But I don’t. Instead, I bury my face in her neck and reach down to lift her ass off the bed, fucking into her like it’s my only job in the world and when I come I gasp her name in her ear and flood her perfect pussy with a groan.

Finally. Whether she knows it now or never learns it at all, this pussy is mine. Not some college boyfriend’s, not some rich asshole’s, not some random hookup’s. Mine.

“Don’t pull out,” she begs, holding me tighter. “I... fuck, I can feel it.”

I don’t want to, but the lights in the room changed to a redder hue a couple of minutes ago. It’s our warning we’re almost out of time, and I still need to make sure she’s cleaned up and hydrated before I send her home.

“I don’t want to, baby, but your body is going to kick me out either way. Feels good, huh?”

I roll my hips to stay buried inside of her, smiling when she nods.

“Mhm. How bad are the marks?”

I pull back slightly to look, a wicked grin on my face as I take them in. She was right. If these weren’t from me, I’d be fuming. I’d be angry enough to cut someone’s tongue out. “You look owned, Mar. Owned and mine.”

I nibble her chin again and pull out, my fingers finding home inside her to ensure my cum doesn’t drip out yet, and then I grab a towel to clean around her.

“Fuck.” She twitches, skin flushed as I take care of her. “Okay. Maybe... maybe he won’t be mad.”

With my imagination, I can easily picture these marks being from another man and get angry, but right now I’m too



damn happy to get there. “Maybe. I’m going to go before they drag me out by my cock. Soon as you hear the door close, take off your blindfold, baby. Sorry we didn’t get that bath today, but I’ll make it up to you. Promise.”

I kiss her lips one last time before I back away and grab my clothes, and I don’t know whether her silence is contentment, acceptance, or something not as pleasant. It’s so hard to tell with her eyes covered.

I don’t have a choice, though. A security guard knocks twice on the door before I can pull my shirt on and I take my leave without another word. I barely manage a head nod for Pierre as I move past him and make my way toward the locker room. It feels wrong to walk away from her, so wrong I know deep in my bones that neither of us will last much longer with the anonymity.

Our time here at Hotel Deviant is running out. I just hope she’s ready for all that comes with being my girl... because her life won’t ever be the same.



# Fifteen

Dean

Apparently, it's my lucky night. My gorgeous girl is feeling horny, because the second she walked into her room, she plopped on her bed and started touching herself. A piece of me wonders what happened at work to get her all riled up, that jealous little demon that lives inside of me wanting to text her and ask and ruin this whole thing. I find the strength not to, somehow convincing myself that she's thinking of me and no guy at work could ever get her going like this. She works with some older guy and a college kid. There's absolutely no way they would ever cross her mind while she's horny, not after what we've shared.

Plus, I'm just not ready for her to find out about this camera.

She starts with her fingers, that plump bottom lip pulled tight between her teeth as she circles that swollen bud and my teeth gnash with the desire to bite it.

I'm still angry at myself for not accounting for the time, for not being able to give my sweetheart the aftercare she needed and deserved. I didn't sleep that night at all. I just stared at this camera and watched her stare off in the dark, her eyes blinking every few seconds to let me know she didn't sleep either. I'll make sure that never ever happens again, but for now, I watch her take care of herself.

Once she's nice and turned on, she scrambles up to strip out of her clothes and grab her favorite wand. She has a few vibes, but this one is her favorite, the one she makes sure she charges every week, so it never dies on her. The buzzing is louder than anything else, nearly drowning out the moan she releases when she places the vibrator to her clit for the first time, but her small moans are something I've learned to tune into. I hear them in my sleep. I hear them when I walk into work and I'm surrounded by the moans that are always echoing through the walls, my brain replacing all of them with the noises my girl makes. I'm convinced I could pick them out

of a crowd, or if there was a hallway filled with doors and moaning women behind them, I'd know exactly which door to enter. Her moans call to me like a lighthouse, pulling me in like a ship lost in a storm.

They belong to me, like all of her belongs to me.

The desire to breed her again takes over everything else, my hands shaking as I rub my length through my sweats. I don't want to jack off; I want her — fucking *need* her tonight and although the logical part of me knows this is because we both dropped after that last appointment, the rest of me doesn't care why.

I just fucking need her.

I need to go see her.

I bide my time though, watching her as she squeezes her nipple and cants up against her wand, a choked off groan spilling from her lips as she nears that edge.

“Come on, baby. Give it to me,” I growl, my cock jerking in my lap. “Come for me.”

As if she can hear me, she comes, my name falling freely from her lips. *Mine*. Not Atlas'. *Mine*.

My vision blurs as I stand and connect my phone to the feed, my feet moving on autopilot toward my car so I can be closer to her. As close as I can fucking get. I'd stand in her damn closet for hours if it meant I could be close to her, but when I park a few houses down and check her camera, I see my sweetheart has already passed out cold. That orgasm must have taken the little energy she had left after work and once I make my way into her room silently, I smile at the soft snores leaving her lips. Every time I hear her sleeping, it's so hard not to climb into bed with her and just hold her, but my dick is still so hard I don't. Especially with how she's laying on her back and those legs are spread perfectly for me.

I drop down and inhale her delicious scent, my tongue swiping out at her still-wet pussy and eliciting a strangled groan. She tastes so damn good I want to wake her up with my tongue and eat her until she cries, but that one swipe of my

tongue has her rolling over onto her side and my heart leaping into my throat. If she wakes, she might get too freaked out to let me stay and I don't know if I'd have the strength to leave. She'd have to toss me out at knifepoint, and even then I might welcome the stab if it meant I could still have her.

I stand as still as possible as she falls back into a deep slumber, my cock tenting my sweats so badly I'm sure it can be seen clearly by the camera, but all that thought does is make me pull my phone out so I can record this. I jack off slow; her sleeping frame enough to get me going, even though I know I can't fuck her the way I need to. I wish I could. Fuck, I wish I could slip inside of her and take her without the fear of rejection, but there's no way I make it through without waking her up.

To help, I make my way closer, my finger reaching out to slip in her pussy — and although her breathing hitches slightly, she doesn't wake as I still that finger and just touch myself to the clamp of her tight heat. The feel of her alone has me nearly coming into my fist, but I last a few minutes more before the beast inside of me takes over and I scramble to my knees and poke that gorgeous pussy with the head of my cock. She didn't wake to my finger, and although my cock is much thicker, I get the feeling she won't wake if I push inside slow enough. Truth be told, that's all I need. I'm too far gone not to come instantly.

I have to stifle a moan as I sink in, her body relaxed under me as she enjoys her REM rest without a clue that there's a man pushing his cock inside of her body. The second I'm sheathed inside of her, I come, stars clouding my vision as my breathing stops entirely, and she milks my cock whether she meant to or not.

My dick pulses so many times I worry she might wake up, but from sheer luck alone, I'm able to slip out of her and her house without waking her at all.

After not being able to give her proper aftercare and taking her without her knowledge, I kind of hate myself as I drive home, but that hatred fades the second I play that video back. I can't hate this. It felt way too fucking amazing and I decide to

make it up to her one day by playing this video for her and eating her out while she watches. I know her kinks, and she'll get as much pleasure from this act as I did and when I fall asleep, I do so with a smile on my face and no regrets in my heart.

I'll never regret being with my girl, even if she doesn't know I was there.



## Sixteen

Groggy, I sit up and wince when I feel the mess between my thighs. It's uncomfortable and sticky, which is something I'm not used to. I know I made myself come last night, but not this much. It was only once, and honestly, the orgasm had felt mediocre compared to what I've become accustomed to with Dean.

Which leaves one option.

It's not mine at all.

For years, I've suspected that he had ways to get into my house without being detected. Not just the key I gave him, but ways to sneak in without tripping the exterior security cameras or the alarm system. It's never been anything more than a vague inkling. I never had proof, never caught him. But occasionally, I'd wake up in the middle of the night and swear I could see him in the shadows. Smell his cologne on my pillow.

I'd wake with a salty taste in my mouth.

It was easy enough to write those things off as dreams, wishful thinking, and late-night snacks I should've skipped. But now? Knowing what I know about him, how badly he wants me and how little he cares if I'm aware of that? This seems like it's no longer unbelievable, but... probable.

Fuck.

The thought that my step-brother might've broken into my room in the middle of the night to come inside me is as dizzying as it is flooring. I can't seem to focus on one specific reaction: shock, lust, fear, trepidation, and oddly enough, a sense of belonging I never thought I was capable of.

He really wants me that badly.

Come to think of it, I shouldn't be surprised. Since Dean is Atlas and Atlas is Dean, he knows my kinks. Every last one of them, including somnophilia. Shivering, I push myself out of bed and take a quick shower, careful to remove all the



evidence. I have to work soon, which means I can't spend the entire day thinking about the filthy things he might've whispered as he used my unconscious body. I can't. I'll get fired, or worse... well, I don't know what's worse, but I'm sure there's something.

This is crazy.

By the time I'm sitting behind the counter at Archive Antiques, I'm neck deep in a subdrop I hadn't seen coming. It had taken me a while to pinpoint what it was, but when my chest tightened painfully and I didn't have it in me to thank Patrick for bringing me a bear claw, I knew exactly what it was and why it was happening.

Dean.

He's always taken such good care of me. From the day we first met when he helped me rearrange the furniture in my room to the aftercare he'd given me at my first two HD appointments, he's always put me at the top of his priority list and made sure I knew I was taken care of. But lately? This last appointment on the third floor, last night... the knot in my stomach has been twisting and growing since then.

I'd asked him to take the blindfold off. I begged him to at one point, if I'm remembering correctly. All I wanted was to look him in the eyes and have him know I knew exactly who was about to slip inside me raw, but he wouldn't do it. Time ran out and he left me with sweet promises and a head full of swirling, drowning confusion. How could he just walk away after that?

The tiny part of me that is still thinking rationally is insisting it's his job, and he had to go. He didn't leave because he wanted to; he left because he had to.

Okay, I can buy that. I can. That's reasonable.

But what about last night? He waltzed in, came inside me, then left without so much as disturbing the sheets?

Again, that rational little bitch inside me chimes in. Maybe it wasn't him at all. Maybe it was a sex dream, or a stranger, or maybe I had an accident or something.

That's reasonable too.

So where the hell does that leave me?

Dropping in the middle of my workplace and point-blank ignoring the man talking to me, that's where.

"Huh?" I ask, face awash with embarrassment. "I'm so sorry, Cory. Did you ask me something?"

Other than Patrick, Cory is my only coworker. He only works twice a week for spending money his senior year of college, but it's nice to have him around, anyway. His broad shoulders and high reach come in handy when I need things moved down from tall shelves. Now, he's standing in front of me with pinched brows and an almost equally embarrassed look on his face. "Uhh... yeah. I was wondering if you wanted to get dinner sometime? The last couple of times I've seen you, you've looked so... sad. I didn't want you to think I was trying to take advantage of that, so I kept putting it off, but it kinda just slipped out. I'm sorry if it's weird."

No, what's weird is that he thinks I'm sad all the time. I'm the sunshine in my friend group. I'm about to argue as much when it hits me — his shifts have coincided with the days after my Hotel Deviant appointments and the mornings of Taco Tuesdays. All days involving Dean and my complicated feelings. Here, nestled in the safety of hundred-year-old dust and creepy dolls, I can let my guard down and feel however I need to feel, because normally no one is around to witness it.

Apparently Cory has been.

On principle alone, I almost decline. Dean will be angry. I might have to explain to this poor man why I've been bummed out for weeks, and it'll make what I told Atlas a lie. There are a dozen reasons to say no, but one of them is also a pretty damn good reason to say yes.

Dean will be angry.

Fucking good.

I hope he gets angry. I hope it pisses him off to the point that he finally admits he's the one who came inside me. I hope he slams me against the wall and does it again, so I can level

some cutting remark about him finally having the balls to look at me while he does it.

That rational little bitch inside me can shut the hell up, because this is absolutely happening.

“Any chance you’re free tonight?” I finally answer. “I had to think about my schedule for a second and I think tonight is the only night I’m free.”

“But isn’t it Taco Tuesday? Don’t you always hang out with your step-bro or whatever?”

“Mhm,” I hum, grabbing a dust rag to mindlessly wipe off the glass counter as I lie through my teeth. “He had to cancel tonight, so I’m free.”

Cory’s face lights up. “Sweet. Yeah, I’m free tonight. You still want tacos? We could meet at Caliente’s at eight?”

I relax almost instantly. If nothing else, it’s one of my favorite Mexican restaurants, so how can I say no to that? “Sounds good,” I agree. “See you then.”

“Sorry, Dean. Something came up and I have to cancel our Taco Tuesday date.” I hold the phone a couple of inches away from my ear in case he yells, but he doesn’t. Not right away, at least.

I drag the earpiece back toward my face as his heavy breathing fills the silence. “Why?”

Let’s hope I practiced saying this enough times that it comes out convincingly. “I have a date with one of my coworkers. I know I talked a big game about accepting whatever Atlas was willing to give me, but I’m not cut out like that. I’d tell you what happened, but you’d probably strangle him, so let’s just... not talk about it. It’s just dinner tonight though, so don’t worry about me.”

More breathing, only I can hear his anger with each one. “Seriously? Y—” he exhales — “You’re canceling our night to go on a fucking date? We never cancel. There’s six other nights in the week. We always make this work. Always.

Which one is he, huh? Who are you choosing to ditch me for? Patrick or that Cory guy?"

Of course he's making this about Taco fucking Tuesday. "He's a college student, D. He doesn't have a lot of free time, so this is really the only night it works. I'm sorry, okay? I'll make it up to you."

Throwing his words back at him feels almost cruel, but also fitting.

They sting. I can hear that they do, and I don't have it in me to feel guilty about it. He probably didn't either. "So fucking Cory. All because of what? What did Atlas do that has you wanting to avoid me, Mar?"

There's a challenge in his voice that I don't hesitate to meet. "He came inside me and left me there, Dean. Do you have any idea how it feels to give that particular first to someone who won't even let you look at them while they do it? It may not have been that bad, but he spent so much time trying to suffocate me on his cock beforehand that we ran out of time for aftercare," I level. "And do you know what the bitch of it is, D? The best-worst part of it all?"

He's quiet, giving me an opportunity to imagine the look on his face. The tense jaw and the regrets I know are shining in his blue eyes. It almost hurts that I can't see him right now, but he's growling out, "Say it," before I can dwell on that.

"I fucking loved it," I whisper. "It felt so good. I'm not sure anything will ever be that good again. I don't know if the sensory deprivation helped or if he was really just that good, but for the first time in my life, I got myself off last night thinking about an actual event and not a fantasy. If he can do that to me and then just walk away, my fears about falling in love alone are probably valid. So I'm not avoiding you, big brother. I'm trying desperately to grasp at something real, because Atlas... Atlas is a fantasy." I pause for a single heartbeat. "I'm sorry for bailing. I'll make it up to you."

All he does is breathe heavily into the receiver, and I realize it's time to quit while I'm ahead. "I love you, Dean. I'll

be careful, okay? I'll call you tomorrow and we'll do tacos on Thursday this week instead. Goodnight.”

I hang up, holding the phone to my lips as my hands shake.

Either I just gave him the motivation to come clean to me... or I ruined this before it ever really got started.

Can't wait to find out which one.



## Seventeen

Walking into Caliente's feels a little like walking into a lion's den. Dean admitted he watched me on my last date, but I had told him the details then. This time, I made sure not to tell him when or where — just who and why.

Still, as I find Cory and take a seat across from him, I feel like I can't breathe. "Hi," I offer. "Sorry I'm a little late, I took a detour."

"No worries. I told them to just bring out some water and bean dip for us. When he comes back, you can pick a better drink. You okay? You still look a little stressed, which makes me think we need some margaritas."

I've always been a lightweight, so reason tells me to stay away from alcohol — but I know Cory. He's the nicest guy I've ever met, and if I get drunk, he'll make sure I get home safely. "I wouldn't say no to a marg, which means water was a good choice. And the bean dip," I add with a genuine smile. "I'm okay though. How are you? How is school going?"

He groans. "Fucking rough. I think every senior has a period where they feel like quitting. I just keep telling myself that and keep trucking along. Hey," he turns to the server. "Can we get two strawberry margaritas?"

"Make that three," Dean's voice cuts in just before a chair is being dragged over to our table, and he takes a seat like he belongs there. "Thanks for the invite, Mar. You know how much I need tacos on Tuesdays. How's it going, Cody?"

"What the fuck, Dean?" I hiss, turning about a thousand shades of red. "I didn't invite you!"

"Um... we've met, man. My name is Cory, and she told me you bailed on her tonight. What's going on?"

"I bailed on her?" he asks incredulously. "Nah, I think she got my plans mixed up a bit, but as soon as she told me about this little dinner, I thought it was an invitation. We never cancel Taco Tuesday." He meets my gaze only briefly before turning his attention back to Cory. "So how's college?"

I literally just asked Cory that, but he answers it again like the polite guy he is and then forces a smile at the server when he drops off our drinks along with the bean dip and chips.

Dean dives in before either of us, so I smack his hand and steal the chip. “This is a date, Dean. I’m sorry if you thought this was an invitation, but it wasn’t. I told you we’d do tacos on Thursday, remember?”

“Thursday? It’s not Taco Thursday.” He laughs, but I know him. It’s not his laugh. Not his real one. “You’re funny. So a date? Like a romantic date? I thought this was just coworkers shooting the shit.”

“Pretty sure I specifically told you it was a date,” I snap with my jaw clenched, and it hits me that egging him on will only make it worse. I turn to Cory, reaching over to take his hand. “Just ignore him, okay? He’s like a bully. If you don’t let him get a rise out of you, he’ll go away.”

“I’m not a bully,” he mutters around a chip. “You’re being rude, Mar.”

Dean stands to tug off his hoodie and make himself comfortable, but when his shirt rises, I see the fading marks I left along his skin.

I also finally glimpse the tattoo he’s always hidden from me — a little crunchy taco and the initials M.R.B.

*Marlowe Rose Burke.*

Oh my god. I have a thousand questions for him. When did he get it? Why did he get it? Why didn’t he tell me? Did he seriously guide me to lick and bite and mark that specific spot?

I don’t know what my face is doing, but Dean is watching me like he knows what I just saw.

The corner of his mouth twitches up into a smirk for the briefest of seconds, but it’s gone so quickly I’m not sure if I imagined it. “So, Cory. How close are you to graduating?” he asks.

“Uh…” His eyes dart over to my brother uncomfortably and when I glance over at him, I can see why. Those blue eyes



are darker than normal and locked on him in a way that can only be described as threatening. But Dean stays quiet... somehow that's more unnerving. "I'm uh... I have one more semester after this one. Pretty nervous about my capstone class, and how I won't have a social life at all. How about you? What do you have going on outside of work?"

Oh, y'know. Fucking the man sitting with us in the middle of a weird sex hotel. The usual.

"Not much, I'm pretty boring," I deflect, grabbing a chip and overloading it. "Movies, takeout, things like that."

"I can't wait for that, honestly. Maybe one of these days we can get together with some takeout and watch some movies?"

He smiles, only drawing more attention to the scowl on Dean's face, but I refuse to acknowledge him right now. Even when he picks up his margarita and starts sucking it down like it offended him.

"I'd like that," I say honestly. Date or not, he's nice. It doesn't hurt to have friends. "Maybe we can catch a movie after this?"

"Tonight?" Dean speaks up. "You have work in the morning." He sets his margarita aside and I pick it up to claim it as my own, his jaw ticking. "Plus, I'm driving you home. You're drinking."

Cory squirms slightly, catching on that there's so much more going on here than he expected. "I have an early class too, unfortunately. But I'd be able to make sure she got home okay if you wanted to head out soon or something."

"I'm sure you're a nice guy and all, but I will never leave her in any situation where she's had alcohol. Never."

His gaze is so intense that I'm impressed Cory doesn't just up and leave now, but I have to hand it to him. He's got more longevity than most men.

"I can make my own decisions, Dean. He's not a danger to me."

“I don’t give a fuck how much you believe that, honestly. And don’t take it personally, Cory. I’d tell God himself to fuck off if he tried to put my girl in a compromising position. It’s not you, it’s me.”

Cory’s eyebrows scrunch up, and I realize a second too late what’s causing it. “Your girl?” he asks. “Isn’t she your sister?”

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Not like this. I stand up abruptly, spilling the last of Dean’s margarita on myself on purpose. “Oh, shit. Napkins!” Reaching over, I swipe them from under Cory’s utensils and dab my soaked shirt, then smile as apologetically as I can. “So clumsy. We should raincheck this, yeah?” They’re both looking at me like I’ve lost my mind, so I haul Dean’s speechless, stupid ass to his feet. “You’re right, I shouldn’t drive. Take me home. Now.”

His gaze drops to Cory again like he has more to say, but he ultimately snatches up his hoodie and storms out with a tight grip on my arm.

“Dean,” I hiss, barely keeping up with his long, quick strides. “Dean, you’re holding too tight. Let me go.”

He loosens his grip so subtly I hardly notice it, still dragging me along like I’m some kid about to be tossed in time out.

It gets literal when he tosses me into his car and stomps around, slamming his door so hard the whole thing shakes. I’ve never seen him like this, not in all the years I’ve known him. He’s always been cool, calm, collected. The handful of times I’ve seen that demeanor falter, it’s been muted.

It’s not muted anymore.

He slipped in there. He didn’t mean to call me his girl, and now he’s spiraling... and I’m caught in the fucking crosshairs.



## Eighteen

The drive is silent and seems to take forever, although he sped the entire way. But I'd take the tension of the ride over what's happening now any day.

We're in his living room, me sitting on the couch like a scorned puppy and him pacing like he's about to wreck everything in sight, and I'm too apprehensive to say anything at all.

"Mar, I'm going to need you to say something or I'm going to keep jumping to all the wrong conclusions." There's a wild, desperate look in his eyes that makes him look less like a man and more like an animal. "I didn't mean to say that, but I can't fucking take it back, so just... tell me you hate me or slap me or I don't know. Something. Because I meant what I said with all of me. I would fight God himself in order to save you... and you are my girl."

Exhaling hard, I weigh my options. I wanted to wait for him to tell me himself that he's Atlas, but clearly, he won't take that step.

So I will.

"A few weeks ago, Sloane came over to my place and was being nosey," I start, voice quiet. "She spotted a picture of you on the wall and asked how I knew you. I told her you were my brother and asked her the same question. She... Dean, she's the one who told me about Hotel Deviant. She also told me what you do there. About... about Atlas."

He finally stops pacing. In fact, I'm sure he stops breathing all together as that sinks in and comes together in his head. "Wait... wait. You knew it was me all along?"

"Yes," I admit, and god, it feels good. "I struggled with whether to request you or to request anyone *but* you, but in the end... I left it up to fate. I thought if our kinks lined up, maybe I'd get assigned to you. And from there... the rest was up to you. I used my real name so you could decide for yourself."

His chest is rising and falling so quickly I know he found his breath. “Fuck... yeah... okay. I — so you’re not mad at me for any of it?”

“Of course I’m mad at you.” I stand up, clenching my fists. “You sat there and listened to me tell you things and then used them against me. You had the balls to fuck me, but not enough to tell me it was you. I have a laundry list of things I’m mad at you for, Dean. But wanting me the way I want you? No, I’m not mad about that.”

His shoulders relax as I speak, his feet naturally moving toward me. “And I’m mad at you too, believe it or not. We both knew I knew and you let me keep thinking you might never want me too. But you do, and that supersedes everything else. You want me too.”

I don’t back down. “I meant what I said, Dean. All of it. I wanted you to tell me the truth when you made the decision that I was worth whatever backlash or bullshit comes our way. I won’t apologize for not telling you first.”

“You’re worth it. You’ve always been worth it. I thought I was protecting you, sweetheart. But — fuck it.”

His mouth crashes to mine and my legs nearly give out with how good it feels. There’s nothing between us this time — no masks or blindfolds or secrets — this is Dean kissing Marlowe truly for the first time, and it’s consuming.

He lifts me off my feet with ease, backing me roughly against the wall, and I can feel all the emotions bubbling under his skin as he completely owns me. He’s still pent up and coiled tight with anger, but he’s also never been more relieved, and when his cock ruts against my pussy, I realize I haven’t either.

This is real. He wants me even now, without masks or the pretense of work to hide behind.

“Dean, please,” I beg between kisses, reaching down to palm him. “I need you. Please.”

It makes him growl and pause his descent toward my neck, teeth raking my skin instead of his lips. “You sure you want

me right now? I can't promise it won't hurt."

Heat races through me, sparked with fear and something a little like need. I understand him, the urge to hurt. To punish. We denied ourselves for too long, too severely. "I don't care. We're not on a timer this time, so hurt me... just promise you'll put me back together after."

"Always, sweetheart. I'll never walk out on you before putting you back together again. You're mine to break and mold and own. *Mine*." He bites me this time, darkening the faded mark he left a few days ago as he keeps me pinned.

"Then do it," I whisper, gripping his shirt. "I don't want to wait anymore to have you when I can actually see your face."

Dean smiles as he guides me away from the wall and makes his way through the house. I've always felt like it was bare and too clean to feel homey, his black leather couches look as if they've never even been used, but when he takes me into his room and his scent envelops me I push those thoughts from my mind.

The way he tosses me onto the bed makes me yelp in surprise and when he tugs on my clothes, I bend however the hell he wants me to.

I need this now.

The moment he gets me naked, I'm on all fours and yanking the button on his jeans open.

He's already hard, the zipper curving over his length as I tug it down slowly and peek up at him through my lashes. He's still smirking, his hair standing messy from ripping his hoodie and shirt off in one go. "You're so fucking beautiful, Mar. I need you to keep your eyes on me tonight so you never for one second forget who's making you come."

As if I've forgotten that for even a second. Tucking my bottom lip between my teeth, I slowly coax his cock out of his jeans and place a single, gentle kiss to the tip. "How could I? I've pictured you with every guy I've ever been with."

The growl that vibrates out of him feels almost threatening, and it isn't until he's backing me down onto the

bed that I know why. “I’m glad to hear it, because I’m positive they all picture me every single time they even think about you.”

It takes too many heartbeats for that sentence to make any sense at all, and even once an explanation hits me, I’m still not sure I grasp what he’s saying. “What?”

The grin on his face drips venom, and all he offers me is a clipped, “they touched my girl” before he’s kicking his jeans off the rest of the way and dropping down to bite my hip.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck. “Dean, are you—” he bites me again, hard enough to make me gasp — “Did you hurt them?”

He slaps my pussy with a pop. “Are you thinking about other men right now, Marlowe? Thinking about your old flames while my mouth is on your skin?”

The question feels like a trap, but god, I love the way it feels when he gets jealous. “No, Dean. I’m thinking about you, and what you did to any guy who ever came close to me. Are you the reason none of them ever came back?”

He nods once, the answer making so many other things make sense. “They weren’t worthy of you, baby. No one is. The latest one will never be able to jack off again without feeling pain, and that felt fitting for what he had planned for you.”

My heart jumps into my throat as fear for Cory roils in my stomach, but that’s impossible. Cory was fine when we left the restaurant and Dean hasn’t left my sight since, which means he’s not talking about my coworker. He’s talking about Neil. “I love you,” I whisper, rushed but certain as it hits me that his protection went a lot further than I ever expected. “I love you, Dean.”

All at once, everything stops. Dean moves so he can stare into my eyes and somehow I know he’s thinking about how this is all he’s ever wanted. “I love you too, sweetheart. I’ve loved you since the day I laid eyes on you and the world told me I could never have you. I would have lived in the background of your life forever if it meant I’d stay close to

you. I loved you then, I loved you yesterday, I love you now. Not one minute will pass of this life where I don't love you, and even then, my love will follow you into the afterlife. Just like I will."

The weight of those words is heavy, pressing down on my chest, my limbs, my mind. Suspecting he'd do anything for me and knowing it as absolute fact are two different things, yet as I reach up to gently cup his face, I let it all go — the wasted time, the people we've hurt, the implication that when one of us dies, the other will too. All of it leaves me, because none of it matters.

"Then make me yours," I breathe, kissing his cheek. "Not some random guy's, not even Atlas'. Show me what it's like to be yours."

His mouth latches onto mine as he nudges my legs apart, but he doesn't slip inside of me like I know he wants to. He breaks that kiss and starts licking his way down to my breasts, stomach, and hips, never stopping until he's breathing against my pussy and nipping at my clit. "Fuck, you smell so damn good. You know how many panties of yours I've stolen?"

Before I can process that confession, he's sucking my clit between his lips and distracting me enough that I let out a breathy gasp. He could tell me he's murdered every human who had ever laid eyes on me and I'd breeze right past it as long as he kept touching me.

"Have them all, I don't care. Just don't... don't stop," I plead, grinding on his tongue as the pleasure surges through me.

He doesn't. He keeps eating my pussy like it's his last meal until I'm trembling and about to come. That's when he stops. "Oh, no no no, baby. You thought it was time to come?"

Five more seconds. That's all I'd have needed, five more seconds. Panting, I shake my head and grip the sheets as I try to close my legs for a little relief. "No, Sir. Not time yet."

Dean shoves them back open with a click of his tongue, then slaps down on my soaked pussy hard enough to make me



jerk. “Whose pussy is this?”

God, I want to fight him. I want to know how far he’ll push me, how badly he’ll punish me.

How much he fucking means it.

So I hesitate, then ask, “Yours?”

The blue in his eyes is gone, making him look like a demon sent straight from hell to ruin me. “I don’t fucking believe you.”

Again he bites my clit and sucks it, stretching out my punishment with swipes of his tongue that are too soft, too hard, not in any rhythm at all, but still feels so goddamn good it’s hard to catch my breath. “Dean!” I scream, twitching and trying to squirm away, but his grip has me cemented in place.

“Don’t pull away from me, girl. Stay fucking still and take what I give you.” He slaps down on my pussy once again, then shoves two fingers inside to ghost them along that sweet spot. “Whose pussy is this?”

He spits down on it, dragging a growled whimper from my clenched teeth. My thighs are shaking already and I swear I can feel the bruises he’s leaving on my skin — but this is what I’ve always craved. What I’ve always been missing. “Yours,” I repeat, a little more forcefully this time. “Yours, Dean.”

“Nah... I still don’t believe you.” He curls those fingers and drops down to assault my pussy some more with his skilled tongue until I’m thrashing and barely hanging on.

I need to earn this orgasm. Not just for him, but for me. I need to earn it.

“Dean, please!” I sob, every muscle straining with the effort it’s taking to not let go. “Please, big brother. My pussy’s yours. My body is yours. All of me,” I rush out, fighting the tears threatening to spill.

He doesn’t stop, not until those tears fall out of my eyes and he hears the shaking breaths leaving my chest. The way he looks at me is so intense, it feels like he’s searching my soul for any trace of a lie, and then he moves up to lick the tears off

my face with a wicked grin. “There she is. Fuck... yeah. Now I taste it. Now you know what I’ve always known. Now come for me.”

He drops back down to give me what I’m dying for, and when his hand wraps around my throat, it forces that orgasm out of me like a geyser. It leaves me weak, shaking, shattered.

Just how he wanted me.

“Fuck, you’re so beautiful in pieces. But I’ll put you back together again.”

He flips me over onto my belly and then pushes inside of me, his mouth finding home on my shoulder as my pliant body lets him in without a fight. I can’t find the words to express how right this feels, how whole I’ve become since the first time he touched me. Instead, all I can muster is, “Ruin me.”

“I already have,” he whispers, bottoming out with a groan and grinding deep. “I’ve ruined you for everyone else, but to me, you’re absolutely perfect.” His hand reaches around to grip my jaw roughly, pinning me to the side where he can lick the tear streaks and growl into my ear. It’s a sound that goes straight through me, makes my pussy throb and my toes curl until everything else in the world fades away.

His thrusts become sharper, quicker, like he’s fucking the memory of every other guy right out of me.

He sits up a moment later, one hand gripping the back of my neck, the other pressing down on my lower back and he snaps even harder, fucking me like an animal. “I’ve wanted this for so fucking long. I should have taken you years ago. Fucking stole you for my own and kept you locked away if I had to.”

It’s too much, too damn much. He’s clearly been holding back on me, because this? The way he’s stretching me, splitting me open, making my ass bounce and bones rattle every time he buries himself deep?

It shouldn’t be possible.

“Dean!” I scream, but it’s the only one I get out before I’m coming again and so lightheaded all I can do is drool on his

pillow as he uses me.

“Say it again,” he commands, and although the last thing I said was his name, I somehow know exactly what it is he wants to hear:

“I love you, big brother.”

His cock throbs inside of me a second before he comes with a growl, and all at once, the tension seems to fizzle out. His grip loosens and hips roll more lazily now as he fucks his cum deeper inside of me, but I still feel as owned as I had when he was fucking me through the damn mattress.

“I mean it,” I add, once we’ve both had a few seconds to breathe. “I had a crush on you the first time our parents introduced us, but I fell in love with you a couple of years ago. I’m not just saying it, Dean.”

“I know, baby. I felt when things changed for you and feared it would never be enough to actually change anything.” Slowly, he pulls out of me only to roll me over and push his still-hard cock back inside. “But you’re my girl now, Marlowe. And it won’t be a secret either.”

Kissing him gently, I linger there to feel the heat of his lips against mine. “I never cared what anyone thought. Let them talk, Dean. Let them say whatever judgmental, stupid things they want to say. None of them matter.”

He nods his agreement and deepens that kiss, his tongue dancing with mine much slower than before, but with the same amount of heat. “I’m glad I slipped at dinner... I’ll never regret crashing that stupid date.”

The memory almost makes me laugh, but it reminds me of a couple of things I’m not sure I want to think about. “Can I ask you something?”

“Anything. No more secrets, baby.”

“How long have you had that tattoo? The taco with my initials, I mean. The one you’ve been hiding.”

For the first time all night, he actually looks a little sheepish. It isn’t much, but with the date crashing and the ‘my

girl' slip, it's this that does it. "Since we started Taco Tuesday. Not the first one, but once it actually became a tradition so... couple years. How do you feel about it?"

That's a brilliant question. My initial reaction at Caliente's had been shock and awe, but now that I've had a little time to think about it, I feel... "Validated," I admit. "Seen. Like maybe you really have loved me as long as I've loved you."

"Longer," he confirms, then grips my chin. "We'll have to get a permanent mark on your skin for me one day."

"I like that idea," I admit, but there's still one more thing I need an answer to. Carefully, I trace the line of his jaw with my thumb. "If you hadn't slipped, would you have told me the truth?"

I'm glad when he gives that question real thought before answering. "Yeah, I would have told you," he admits. "I was trying to ride it out as long as possible because I knew coming clean about that would mean I'd have to come clean about everything. I was hoping to make sure you were too deep in love with me to walk away by that point, but every single minute of every day was a struggle. I may have fully slipped before I meant to, but I was already slipping."

Something about the way he said "everything" is making me fear there's more he hasn't told me yet, but that's okay. The truth is out, and right now, that's all I can really handle.



## Nineteen

Hastily, I answer my phone as I slide into my front seat. “He-Hello?” I stutter out, dropping my overnight bag in my front seat and reaching for my keys. “Sloane, can you hear me?”

“Um, yeah, why? Am I not supposed to hear you?”

“No, I was getting in my car. What’s up? You haven’t returned my texts in like a week,” I say. The engine roars to life and her voice cuts out as my Bluetooth connects to my car’s speakers. “Wait, what?”

“Girl, are you good?” she laughs. “Do you need to call me back?”

I shake my head quickly. “No, no. I’m good. I was just leaving my house and I swear I’m a mess today. I packed and unpacked my bag like six times.”

Sloane pauses. “Where the hell do you think you’re going without me?”

Well, here goes nothing. Taking a deep, slow breath, I brace myself for the worst. “To Dean’s. To spend the night.”

The gasp she lets out could win awards. “Okay, spill. Is this a regular Taco Tuesday and you’re just staying tonight because they’re fumigating your house, are you actually going to stay with Atlas at Hotel Deviant and not Dean’s house, or is the cat finally out of the bag?” she demands, and the urge to meow at her makes me think I’m losing my mind.

I’m about to go sleep naked in my step-brother’s bed... never mind. I’ve definitely lost it. “The last one. It’s a long story, but I went on a date with someone else and Dean crashed it and it was... well, it was a whole thing. We told each other the truth and things are good, but I wasn’t just texting you ninety times this week trying to tell you about that. Where have you been? It’s not like you to ghost me like this.”

Now, a very different silence fills the line.

“Sloane? Are you there?”

“Yeah, Mar. Sorry. I was making sure it’s cool I tell you given the connections you have, but I’ve been with Gina.”

The name means nothing to me. Have I really been that bad of a friend? “And Gina might not have wanted me to know because...?”

“Because she’s formerly — and also currently, technically — known as Athena. I did it, Mar. I wore her sweet ass down until she agreed to go to dinner with me, and now I’m a full-time good girl.”

A full-time good girl... with Sloane, that could mean a dozen things and I don’t have time to unpack all of them, nor do I want to pry when she’s clearly with Gina right now. Instead, I let my shoulders relax and a smile spread across my face, even though she can’t see it. “I’m thrilled for you. I told you she’d come around eventually. You just had to be yourself.”

“And you and Dean worked things out too,” she adds. “Seems like things are finally coming up Sloane-and-Marlowe. It’s about damn time.”

Grinning, I turn onto Dean’s street and speed up a bit. “You’re right. It’s been a long time coming for us, huh? I feel like we’ve both struggled in this department, so here’s to brighter days.”

“Hell yeah. We should double-date soon!”

“What?”

“Yeah. It’ll be fun. You, me, and the deities we’re turning into spouses. Don’t say no.”

Somehow, I can’t imagine how that will go — but I’m excited to find out. “Deal. I gotta go, I just pulled into his driveway. I’m so happy for you,” I repeat honestly. “Call me soon, okay?”

“I will. Tell Dean I’m proud of him for finally manning up.”

Rolling my eyes with a smile, I hang up on her and grab my bag. Dean’s already leaning in the open doorway as I get

out of the car and walk up, and it's impossible to miss the mischief in his eyes as I head up the front steps.

“Are you about to poison me with these tacos?” I tease, rocking up on my toes to kiss his chin. “I'm not ready to die yet.”

“You're not allowed to die without permission,” he replies simply while snatching my bag. “Will you just move in already?”

“No.” Pausing, I let the word sink into his bones as frustration, disbelief and anger flood his face. It's hard as hell not to laugh. “I need to make sure you're not going to flip out about my hair clogging your shower drain or the smell of my breath in the morning.”

“I already unclog your drain for you every few months,” he deadpans. “And I know all about your morning breath, sweetheart. Just like I know you snore softly when you're in a deep sleep and sometimes you laugh at your own farts when you think you're alone.”

My jaw goes slack. “How the hell do you know that?”

He shrugs, leading the way inside and locking the door behind me. “Don't blush. Those things are cute.”

I cross my arms. “Okay, fine. So you know my weird little things. How do I know you'll ever let me out of the house again once I move in?”

The way he bites his lip makes me feel like I'm actually close to the mark this time. “I probably won't.”

Well, shit. “Dean...”

“What?” he chuckles, pulling me in by my chin for a kiss. “I know you don't really like your job and we both know I can take care of you. Is it so bad I want you all to myself?”

Not when he says it like that. “No,” I admit, gripping his shirt to steady myself. “Is that what you want, though? Me here all the time?”

Dean nods, no trace of doubt in his steady gaze. “I do. If you'd prefer your house, that'd be fine with me too. I'd follow



you anywhere.”

Holy shit. He’s serious. Swallowing, I glance around the mostly empty house. “Do you even live here? It always seemed like you were ready to move at a moment’s notice. At least my place feels lived-in.”

He looks around like he never even noticed. “I am ready to move at a moment’s notice. Or ready for you to make this place a home. I’m not picky.”

It is bigger than mine, with newer appliances and a better view. With a little effort, I know I could really love it here. “Okay,” I whisper. “I’ll move in. But I’m keeping my job until we have a much more thorough conversation about the rest of it.”

The roll of his eyes is expected, but the way he lifts me up onto the counter isn’t. “Fine. But I expect to have that conversation soon. In the meantime, we need to have a conversation about these tacos. How the fuck do people fry them? I burned them in like three seconds and my pan is like permanently burned too.”

How he expects me to answer or even care as his thumb slides between my thighs and presses against my clit is beyond me. “I can make them,” I mumble, kissing him deeply. “Or we can order them.”

“No ordering. I really wanted to cook for you.” He tugs at my waistband and I lift without question, his gaze falling hungrily to my pussy. “I’m starving.”

His mouth is on me in seconds, drawing a moan from me instead of an argument. “Cheater,” I gasp, wrapping my legs over his shoulders. “Am I allowed to come?”

He bites softly. “Yes. I said I’m hungry. Give it to me.”

Squirming, I let my head tip back as he licks me, slowly at first and then a little faster. The muscles in my thighs twitch and my fingers grip the counter with every expert, tantalizing swipe until I’m giving him exactly what he’s after, his pleased growl vibrating and drawing out that orgasm until I’m breathless and clenching his skull between my thighs.

“Fucking delicious.” He laps up with long swipes to clean me up, leaving me breathless.

“Move.” I push him back, maneuvering him until he’s lying on the kitchen floor, then yank his sweats down and slide that gorgeous fat cock inside of me. “Need more, Dean. Fuck.” Rolling my hips, I ride him before he can fully process the fact that I’m taking something without permission, and by then he’s too far gone to stop me.

His hands fly to my hips, nails digging into my skin so hard I know I’ll have small crescent reminders for days to come. “Fuck, baby. I swear your pussy is the best thing I’ve ever felt in my life, rivaled only by your love.”

Cheesy bastard.

Grinning, I lean back, bracing on his thighs and squeezing that cock as I slowly slide up and back down. “How’s it look, big brother? Like you always imagined?”

“Better. I have a very vivid imagination, but... fuck, it’s still better.” He slaps my clit softly and bites his lip, eyes wide and locked on where our bodies connect.

I keep that agonizingly slow pace until I can’t take it anymore, then speed up and grind with that cock buried deep. “Bet it feels better than it looks. Fuck, D. You’re so big.”

He smirks, blue eyes flicking up to meet mine. “Yeah? How long have you wondered how big my dick was?”

“The first time I met you. I didn’t care how big it was, though,” I admit, dropping forward and grabbing his wrists to pin them over his head. It stretches my body so my tits press against his chest and I’m close enough to kiss him, but that’s not what I want here. I want to feel him throb and lose control. “All I cared about was how it would feel inside of me.”

Dean struggles against my hold, not hard enough to break free but enough to tell me he’s close to losing it. “And how’s it feel, little sister?” His gaze is challenging, daring me to say the wrong thing — or maybe daring me to say the right thing.

“Feels like the only real cock I’ve ever had.” I kiss him, slipping my tongue past his teeth to lick into his mouth as I

bounce as much as the angle will let me, and he meets every movement with a thrust of his own, his teeth clamping down on my tongue so hard I taste blood.

God, I need to come. I can't ask, not when he's trapping my tongue, so I lift my ass up until his cock slips out of me.

That's what does it. The beast that lives in him was already struggling to stay at bay, but his cock leaving its favorite place has Dean succumbing to the monster inside.

In seconds, I learned I wasn't holding his hands down at all. No, he was only allowing me to *believe* I was. My back hits his tile with a smack, stealing my breath away as he slams back inside of me with a growl and he reaches down to lift my ass off the floor. "Sweet little pussy can't escape me."

"Oh god," I whimper, smacking my palms on the floor to steady myself as he hammers into me. "I was trying not to come without permission!"

"That's a good girl then," he praises. "But all you need to do to come is say please. You don't need to run from me... I'll always catch you, anyway."

My fingertips scramble for purchase as he fucks me harder and takes me right back to the edge. "Please, Dean! Let me come."

He doesn't respond. He continues to barrel into me as if I didn't speak at all, and just as I'm about to beg him again, he cuts me off. "I hear you, baby. Do it. Come on my cock."

It shatters through me until I'm so wet it's splashing, making him groan as he mutters more praise and then floods me with his cum.

"Marlowe," he whispers, his body twitching with his release before he steals the breath away from me again and slams his mouth into mine.

With a quiet chuckle, I break the kiss and playfully shove him. "Now you're distracting me from the tacos."

"I just ate a taco," he jokes, leaning in to bite my jaw again while slipping out of me. His teeth don't leave my skin until

his cock has left my body, and when we both glance down at the heavy mass, a rope of cum connects us for a bit longer before that connection is severed entirely. “Fuck, why was that so hot?”

“Because you’re dirty,” I laugh, sitting up. “Okay, we need a shower and like a gallon of bleach before we can eat anything in this kitchen. Let’s see how long you can keep your hands off me for once.”

His eyes narrow as he reaches out to flick my sensitive clit, but I’m surprised when he helps clean me up and sends me to shower so he can clean the kitchen. Before I even get through washing my hair, he joins me, and it’s a goddamn struggle not to touch and play under the water, but my stomach growls and has him focusing on the task at hand.

The tacos are a disaster, but my brother expected that and bought flour tortillas as well, turning our night into a soft taco night instead of crunchy. He forgot tomatoes; the meat was overcooked, and he shredded far too much cheese, but being here with him is enough.

We trade soft kisses as he gives me one of his shirts to sleep in and steals the panties I’d just put on, and I don’t see a damned thing wrong with that until he’s crawling into bed and holding out his arms for me to join him.

“How’d you know this is how I sleep?” I ask, taking a curious step forward. “Even at home, I prefer this.”

“I know a lot of things, sweetheart. Starting with the fact that I want to be able to slip inside of you at any point in the night. Your kinks are my kinks, remember?”

My stomach flips in the best way as I nod and step a little closer so my knees are touching the bed. Somehow, this feels like the thing that crosses a line. Being in bed with him, cuddling, that’s what got us in so much trouble when we were teenagers. And now, it feels like a dream I’m not allowed to have.

Not having to sleep alone.

Having someone hold me who loves me, understands me.

It's maddening in its simplicity.

"You're not gonna change your mind, right? About me?"

"Change my mind? I have no mind without you, Mar. A minute doesn't go by where you're not overtaking my thoughts and making me fiend for you. There is no changing my mind, I promise you. Now get in my arms before I drag you into them."

How ridiculous that this is the thing that has me shaking. I swallow it back as I climb up and settle in, sinking into his embrace like I've always been there. Just feeling his strength wrap around me, his lips on my temple, the warmth of his body... it's everything. "You're making a very convincing argument for me to never leave," I say quietly.

He huffs a laugh, kissing the top of my head before responding. "Then my plans are all coming together." His arms tighten around me, amusement filling his voice as he continues. "If they weren't, I'd have to steal you, and it's much easier letting you think you have a choice."

"Hilarious, Dean." I snuggle closer, exhaling as I let the weight of a lifetime leave me for a while. Maybe he's serious, maybe he's joking, but the more I think about it... the more I want him to be serious.

I could definitely do worse.



## Twenty

Well, this is awkward.

I smile as politely as I can as Cory walks into Archive Antiques, setting down my phone and bracing for whatever is about to come. “Hi,” I offer lamely.

“Hi,” he says warily, eyes darting around like Dean might be hiding in the dust. “You okay? That was kinda crazy, huh?”

“I’m fine.” It’s been a few days now. I’d hoped he wouldn’t be quite this squirrely. “Dean’s a lot, but he’s protective... and apparently, for good reason. I think I owe you a big fat apology.”

“You? No. You don’t owe me anything, okay? I get it. I mean... actually I don’t get it at all,” he laughs. “But I also know it’s not my business to get it and I respect that. I saw how he looks at you, but more than that, I saw how you looked at him. It’s... complicated, yeah?”

Well, here goes nothing. “Honestly? It’s not complicated at all. Our parents got married when we were teenagers. That’s it. That’s the only complication. It’s the stupidest thing in the world, telling people they can’t date step-siblings... but that’s not the tirade I want to go on here. I need to apologize to you because I knew exactly how I felt about Dean and I agreed to go out with you to make him jealous. I just didn’t expect him to show up.”

“Oh.” He takes a moment to think about that before nodding. “Well then, I accept your apology. Thanks. I have to say I’ve never been used to make a guy jealous before and I always thought I wanted to. Like, a girl chose me because I’m hot or something. I didn’t expect it to actually be scary, though. I thought he was going to kick my ass right there in the restaurant.”

Grimacing, I reach out to squeeze his arm. “Yeah, I’m sorry. I’m still learning new sides of him myself, and if it helps at all, I absolutely picked you because you’re hot.” Laughing, I

step back behind the counter and relax a little. “So we’re good?”

“Yeah. The ego jab was minimal,” he jokes. “You’re beautiful, but I cannot date someone with a bodyguard. I’m not cut out for that.”

“Good thing you’re smarter than you look,” Dean’s voice responds, making both of us jump and Cory’s eyes nearly bug from their sockets. “I come in peace,” he placates. “Just wanted to see her before I went to work and my timing has always been impeccable.”

The huge smile that breaks out across my face should embarrass me, but it doesn’t. “I was letting him down easy and apologizing for using him. So thank you for playing nice today, baby.”

“Anything for you.” Dean walks around the counter like he owns the place and kisses me fiercely, and although my eyes flutter closed, I get the feeling his threatening blues are still cutting holes in Cory, but to my surprise I open mine to find him staring at me. “I missed you.”

Cory has slipped from the room with his dignity bruised instead of broken, and I have to count that as a win. “I left your house like two hours ago,” I whisper playfully. “No wonder you want me to quit.”

“I told you it was for the best. You know I’d take care of you.”

His hand slides down to cup my ass, hiking the short little black skirt I’m wearing up. The way I crave him is unreal. His scent, his touch, the way his lips feel. All of me believes him; I found stacks of cash all over my place when I moved out that could cover me for a couple of months at least, but this feels like a big step. Allowing him to control every aspect of my life and keep me prisoner... I shouldn’t want it, but I do. “But then I’d be sitting at home all day missing you while you’re at work touching other people. That hardly seems fair.”

“You know I don’t fuck them anymore, right? Not with my mouth, my fingers or my cock.” Dean backs me against a shelf



and slips his hand around so he can move my panties to the side. “All of me belongs to you.”

The crashing relief that gives me is almost enough to distract me. Almost. “Dean,” I gasp, twitching and glancing toward the door when he finds my clit. “People will see.”

“See what?”

Those skilled fingers circle to tease me and then slip inside, sending heat radiating through me. He’s got that look in his eyes again, the one that always tips me off that he’s waiting for something specific.

This time, I’m pretty sure I know what it is. “They’ll see me caged against a bookshelf with my step-brother’s fingers in my pussy,” I whisper, face aflame.

My response makes him growl, his erection tenting his jeans and pressing into my thigh. “I want the fucking world to see it, girl. Everyone should know who you belong to.”

I want to be that for him, I do. It sounds so hot it’s making me gush, but I don’t know if I’m cut out for that just yet. Carefully and knowing exactly what will happen, I push his hand back and fix my skirt. “We can’t, baby. Not here.”

There’s that beast again, only this time there’s shock mixed in with the animal. “Your body is telling me something different, Marlowe.” He shows me his wet fingers and sucks them into his mouth. “Your body never lies.”

“I know, baby. I want you, I do. Pick something else, anything else.”

As if to prove my point, the entrance bell dings as a woman and two little kids walk in, making him growl in frustration as he tugs my hand and drags me to the back. “Cory! You’re needed up front.”

He eyes us both, then raises his hands in defense and goes to handle it, leaving me behind with my feral, angry boyfriend.

“Dean, I—”

His mouth crashes into mine, his hands moving right back under my skirt like he was never interrupted. “Say it again...

say you want me.”

Fuck, that feels incredible. I latch onto his shirt, gripping hard as I spread my legs. “I want you. You know I do.”

“And I always want you, baby. Let me make you come so I can make it through the day not by your side. Waking you with my cock wasn’t enough.”

How can I deny him? I ruck my skirt up above my ass and spread my legs for him again, this time kissing him hard to let him know how on board I am.

He melts into it, rutting against my thigh as those fingers curl and his thumb rubs my clit, and I don’t make him wait. Rocking into it, I ride his fingers until I’m whispering pleas in his ear to come for him, then soaking his fingers when he gives me permission.

“Fuck,” he growls. “So fucking in love with you.”

He kisses me deeply as his fingers leave and he fixes my skirt, and when he sucks them clean, I realize I really would let him fuck me in public.

“I love you too. Do you feel better now, baby?”

“Yes, thank you.” He kisses me again, and then laughs. “Damn, I really almost told that lady and her kids to fuck off. Are you proud of me for biting my tongue?”

“Yes, very.” I sidestep him to duck into the bathroom, just making sure I don’t look as disheveled as I fear. “I take it you like my outfit?”

“Love it. Little revealing for Cory, but something tells me he won’t look.”

Snorting, I join him again. “You scare him, you know that? Which I can’t blame him for, not after you’ve admitted to terrorizing all of my exes.”

“He doesn’t know that,” Dean argues, tossing an arm over my shoulders to lead me back out. “Going to wait to wash my hand so I can smell you on the drive to work.”

I'm tempted to grill him about what he does at work now that he doesn't seem to touch his clients, but part of me knows I don't want to know. I don't want him to quit, and I don't need to second-guess him. It's obvious in everything he says and does that I'm the only one he wants, so what more should I care about?

Just one thing.

“Speaking of, can I still come to HD sometimes?”

“For me and only me, yes. Want me to book a room soon?”

There's something so liberating and taboo about meeting up with him in secret like that, so I nod quickly and steal one more kiss before leading him to the door. “Have a good day at work, D. I'll see you at home.”

*Home.* It feels foreign on my lips, but the way his eyes shine... damn. It hits me that for me, home has never been a place, it's always been a person.

And now I get to have both.

How did I get so lucky?



# Twenty-One

Dean

Surprisingly, I'm not nervous for today. I should be. Hell, every time I thought about this before it became my reality, I was sure I would be stressed as fuck about telling our parents about us, but now that we're here, I just want it done. Now that we're here, I just want them to know Marlowe is my girl, and if they flip out, it won't change anything. I'd sooner put a knife through my chest before I broke things off with her, and absolutely nothing they say will change that.

Marlowe is nervous, though. I feel it radiating off of her and regardless of how many times I made her come today to help her relax, her shoulders are still tense as we hop in my car and head to their house. To be honest, I used to wish they would divorce, just so the dumb stigma wouldn't be attached to our relationship, but now that I'm older, I'm glad they made it. Yeah, it makes my relationship with my step-sister complicated as hell, but I don't really care about it anymore. People can talk, they can turn their noses up at us like we're gross, but we aren't blood related. Why is it okay for high school sweethearts to meet, fall in love and marry, but it isn't okay for us? We met as teenagers, just like those damn sweethearts people fawn over and yet we're looked at weirdly because our parents looked at us and told us we're siblings now. Nah, fuck that. Fuck everyone who might look at us and tell us we don't have the right to love each other, because we do.

Her leg jiggles in her seat for five minutes before I reach over to press down on it, hoping my grip on her thigh will ground her and let her know she isn't alone here. "Breathe, baby. It's going to be just fine."

"I know, I know. We're not teenagers anymore. They can't tell us what to do or who to love." She exhales hard. "But something tells me they're gonna try."

"Probably," I concede. "But that means they need a reminder that we're grown. We never acted on it until we were

adults and we can't help who we love.”

Marlowe nods almost absentmindedly, hand wrapping tight around mine as it sits on her knee. “Yeah. We’re okay, right? We’re not gonna let them change our minds about this.”

“The fucking president could tell me to stay away and I wouldn’t lis — I guess that isn’t a good example because laws have never kept me away from you, anyway. Uh, how about God or his kid? Neither of them could keep me away, either. You’re mine now, sweetheart. Not even a deity could take you from me.” I glance over at her when we stop at a light so she can see how serious I am. “And if they change your mind, I’ll just change it back.”

Her eyes soften. “I’d like to see them try.”

I bring her hand to my lips and then return it to her thigh, squeezing softly. “Good girl.”

The way her cheeks flush and a soft smile plays across her lips is stunning, but we’re here now. The driveway isn’t quite long enough to keep putting this off, so I get out of the car, open her door, and keep my hands to myself as we approach the house. I don’t want to tip them off too early and have them freak out before we make it inside, but as I watch her ass swing in those jeans, it’s fucking hard.

“John, they’re here!” Mom yells when she opens the door. She pulls Mar into a tight, quick hug and then reaches up to cup my face. “Dean, sweetie. When did you eat last? You look like you’re withering away.”

Marlowe’s bitchface behind her makes me chuckle, and I roll my eyes. “I had a big breakfast this morning.”

I toss Mar a wink as mom turns around, making her blush and bump my hip before heading into the living room.

John is reclining in his favorite chair watching football, but at the sight of his only daughter, his expression perks up. “Buttercup! I didn’t know you were coming by.”

“I told you seven times,” Mom snaps.

“You gotta tell me when it’s a commercial, you know that.” He stands, moving over to hug Marlowe and shake my hand, his eyes dropping to the mark on her neck almost instantly. She tried to cover it up with makeup, but I got a little carried away and this one is particularly dark. He doesn’t comment though, just straightens his back and clears his throat. “So, Buttercup. How have things been going?”

“Good,” she says, voice tight with nerves. “Great, actually. I moved, I’m thinking about quitting my job at the antique store, and I got a boyfriend. I’ve never been happier.”

“Moved?” His voice raises a few octaves, making it hard not to chuckle. “To where? Why didn’t I help you?”

“We took care of it,” I interject, then reach over to take her hand without shame. I won’t put it all on her, I can’t. “She lives with me now, and you know I’ll always take care of her. I love her, always have.”

My mom fucking swoons, then points a finger at John. “See? You’re always so worried about her, but my boy takes care of her and now she has a boyfriend to boot. She’s fine.”

Oh, for fuck’s sake.

“No,” Marlowe says loudly. “You’re not getting it. My boyfriend... is Dean.”

Stunned silence makes the air thick as hell, but Mar doesn’t flinch as her dad’s face slowly contorts in fury. “What did you just say?”

“She said I’m her boyfriend,” I repeat, moving a little closer to stand in front of her. “We never acted on it as kids. There’s no reason to flip out. We’re adults.”

“Siblings,” my mom screeches. “Dean, see reason. She’s your sister!”

Marlowe groans like she’s annoyed and puts a hand on my chest to stop me, then turns toward our parents. “Oh, cut the shit. If we met each other before you two did, would it have stopped you guys? No. You can either get on board or we just won’t come around again until you do.”

My girl.

I feel so damn proud of her, I actually smile. I almost go on a tangent about how they introduced us at the peak of our hormonal development, so what did they really expect, but the last thing we need is them thinking we actually did sneak around as teenagers. “Answer this for me. Why do you think I’ve never had a girlfriend, Mom?”

She blinks like she doesn’t understand the question. “Because you have high standards and you’re always so busy with work.”

“I do have high standards, and those standards have always been her. I never thought I’d actually get to have the one person I always wanted, and now I can because she loves me, too. That should be all that matters here. This isn’t some fling. We’re in love, and no one in this world will protect her like I will.” I turn to her dad. “And you know that. You don’t have to be happy about it, no one’s telling you to announce it on Facebook. But you will accept it.”

My mother bursts into tears, fanning herself like she’s about to faint, and John just levels a look at me that would cripple most men. But I’m not most men. “I think you’d better go,” he mutters, and Marlowe’s tugging me toward the door before I can fight him.

I know her well enough to see the tension in her shoulders, the anger and indignation boiling just under the surface of her supple skin, even if I can’t see her face right now.

So I let her pull me with ease. She’s stressed enough and they need time to get over the shock of it. I can be the bigger man here.

By the time we’re a few blocks away and she still hasn’t said anything, I pull the car over to the side of the road and grip her chin so she can’t look away. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” she grumbles with pinched brows, and it sounds so grumpy that it makes her eyes widen and forces a laugh from her chest. “Wow. I love you, D.”

Much better.



“Good girl.” I lean in for a kiss. “They’ll come around. I know they will. Either way, though, fuck the world, yeah?”

She hums, her shoulders relaxing. “Fuck the entire world. No one ever mattered but us.”

“You’re so fucking beautiful.” I kiss her again, this time slipping my tongue between her lips for more. She tastes like everything good in the world, and if anyone ever tries to take her away from me, it’ll be the last thing they ever do.

It could be us against the world and it won’t change a thing, because she’s right... no one else matters, anyway.



## Epilogue

Oh, fuck. I'm about to be late.

I barely spare a glance at Miguel behind the counter as I wave and dart toward the elevator. I was given clear, explicit instructions to be inside room 1024 by 1:00 pm sharp, and it's already 12:56.

I am so, so late.

"Come on," I hiss at the elevator doors. They're taking their sweet time closing, but the climb up to the eleventh floor is so excruciatingly slow that I almost lose my nerve.

I've never been up this high before. I know from experience and the research I've done that the ground floor is basically just the lobby, elevators, a restroom and some informational packets, and the next four floors are dedicated to basic BDSM play. Some are punishment rooms, some are praise rooms, degradation, aftercare, things like that. Rooms that are more focused on headspace than anything else.

From floor five up, the rooms are bigger, more spaced out to allow for privacy, and are specially equipped to service different kinks. The top floors are reserved for VIPs only — the senators, actors, and married rich guys who need privacy and luxury during their stays — and no one actually knows what's in the penthouse.

It's never been used.

But the rest, including the floor I'm finally navigating now that the elevator has stopped? That's where my curiosity and concern are at right now. Dean promised nothing would happen in this room that violated my hard no's, but beyond that, he wouldn't tell me anything.

*"Just be there at 1:00 pm. You'll know what to do."*

Mmkay.

When I finally reach 1024, I swipe the key and push it open, taking in the clock on the wall that reads 12:59. Relief floods through me. I did it. I made it on time... but for what?

Searching for a light switch, I find it quickly, but the damn thing is taped down. I can't flip it on. The flashlight on my phone reveals a single word scribbled on the silver duct tape that makes my stomach drop: "Don't."

Don't what? Don't have light?

My head snaps toward the window to find blackout curtains so thick that I can't see even a sliver of light coming from outside. It's pitch black when I step in and let the heavy door swing closed behind me, and the little beam of light my phone provides isn't doing me a lot of good.

Sweeping it across the room, I notice that from what I can tell, it looks pretty similar to the room I stayed in on the third floor. There's a king-sized bed decked in black, a burgundy armchair, and an open door leading to a nice bathroom.

*Thwick.*

Huh?

The room is bathed in dim, cold white light coming from a tv hung high on the wall opposite the bed. The crazily bright screen slowly fades until a slightly grainy picture appears in grey scale, and I swear my heart stops beating entirely.

It's my room. My old room, anyway. From before I moved in with Dean.

I don't understand what's happening or what Dean's trying to show me until I see myself, clad in nothing but one of his stolen t-shirts, climbing into bed with a book.

He was watching me. That's how he knew how I liked to sleep, the things I did when I thought I was alone.

He was *watching* me.

Butterflies slam into each other in my stomach as I get a little lightheaded. How long has this been going on?

My bag slips from my shoulder as the picture changes. It's still my room, but a different day. A different night. I'm in an outfit I usually wear to work, stripping it from my body. I shudder as video-me gets completely naked right there on

camera, slips on one of Dean's shirts, and grabs the black wand from the nightstand.

I know what video-me is about to do, and suddenly, I think I know what Dean's doing, too. He wants me to know how long he's been pining for me. How serious he's taken my safety. That there isn't a single line he won't cross to have me.

Fuck, I should be livid or maybe even scared, but I'm not. Watching myself masturbate, knowing Dean watched this too long before the days of our Hotel Deviant dates, that he made himself come watching his little sister take herself apart with a toy... fuck me. I need so much therapy, but not the kind a psychiatrist can give me.

I need Dean.

Standing quickly, I temporarily take my eyes off the screen to ditch my clothes and locate my phone again in case he texts with more instructions. Movement out of the corner of my eye pulls me back to the screen just as I'm climbing up on the bed, and the world seems to stop around me.

I'm not alone this time in that video.

I'm passed out cold, snoring loudly enough for the camera's mic to pick it up, and Dean's standing over my sleeping body. I'm on top of the covers again with my legs splayed and his shirt rucked halfway up my stomach.

And Dean... his pants are down around his thighs, cock hard and fully exposed as he trails his fingers down my unsuspecting body.

Both versions of me moan when his hand slips between my legs. In real time, my clit is throbbing and begging to be touched like that, but video-me still isn't awake. I know I won't wake either, because I have no memory of this.

Dean takes his time touching me, licking my arousal off his fingers and lifting my shirt enough to expose my breasts. Even from here, I can see how pointed my nipples are, how easily they respond to the gentle, subtle flicks of his thumb. I hear the breath catch in my throat as my snoring ceases and Dean places the head of his cock on my lips.

God fucking damnit.

No wonder I have a somnophilia kink. Suddenly it all makes sense — all those nights I swore I could smell him, see him, feel him when I woke up from a dead sleep. I always assumed I was having sex dreams about him, but they weren't dreams at all. He really was there, touching me, using me, owning me.

Shifting on the bed, I settle my hand between my thighs and watch as Dean pushes his cock into my mouth. I jerk in my sleep, coaxing soft hushes from my step-brother as he pulls out.

Seeing him jack off, coming all over my face, pushing his cum inside my mouth and rubbing it all over my lips, my chin, my breasts, slipping his hand back down between my legs to cum-mark my pussy... Jesus Christ. I can't breathe, I can't see, I can't think.

The door clicks open, making me yelp. I can't see anything but the outline of a Dean-shaped shadow as the light from the hallway floods the entrance, and for once, there's a tinge of genuine fear pulsing through me as he locks the door and steps in without a word. The tv screen forgotten, I sit up and scramble back against the headboard, acutely aware of how wet my pussy is and how violently my heart is beating.

"You've been watching me?" I ask, like that's not so obvious, it's painful.

"Yes," he admits, his voice deep and laced with lust. "Scoot forward, baby. You're in my spot."

With my heart in my throat and reason somewhere out the window, I move to let him sit behind me. "How long, D?"

"Since you moved in there." His hand slips around me to rub my clit as he rests his chin on my shoulder. "Keep watching. I had to make sure you were safe, sweetheart. Once I started watching, I couldn't fucking stop. Look at you. You're so beautiful."

It's hard not to see what he sees. The slight rise and fall of my chest, the way my legs splay open for him, the tendrils of

hair falling over my face and spilling onto the pillow. The admiration in his expression as he snaps pictures of my messy body. I rock my hips, searching for more of his touch. “You’re beautiful,” I whisper back. “God, I wish I’d have known.”

The video feed goes out completely and flickers back on a second later, to another night, another time when Dean came and stole things from me as I slept.

“I didn’t want to lose you, but I couldn’t stay away. I never enjoyed keeping secrets from you, but I would do anything to keep you. I need you, baby.” Hot lips travel up my neck as his fingers slip inside of me. “So wet for me. Get on all fours and keep watching the screen.”

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Judging by the way my thighs are shaking as I obey, I need this more than he does.

Settling in on my hands and knees, my eyes stay glued to the screen as Dean climbs up between my parted thighs and licks my pussy. How the hell I didn’t wake up to that, I’ll never know, but it’s hard to keep watching when I feel him move off the bed and come back a second later with two bottles of lube. “Eyes on the screen, girl.”

I listen, limbs trembling as he opens one of those bottles and begins massaging the tight muscles of my ass. “You want to know why I took this job, Marlowe?”

“Because you’re a perv?” I tease, gasping as he eases a finger inside of me and I watch him eat me out on the screen. “Why did you?”

“Cute,” he deadpans, then tosses the numbing lube in front of me to see it. “So cute you must not need any more of that one. Hope I put enough.” Teeth dig into my skin before he continues. “I took this job because I thought I’d never have you. I knew I wanted to fuck. I’m a human with a pumping heart, but I didn’t want to date. I didn’t want to lead girls on and make them think we’d ever be anything more than sex. We never would be, because the only person in the world I would have ever been more with is you. When I wasn’t here, I was making sure my girl was safe.” Another finger slips inside and it absolutely wasn’t enough numbing lube, but I accept the

punishment for my smart mouth and brave on. “I also wanted to punish myself. Those times I took from you without you knowing, I’d edge for a week, then end up right back at your bedside. I couldn’t fucking stay away.”

His voice is getting more growly by the second, his fingers more insistent until I’m gasping out and twitching from the burn. “You made me like this,” I mumble, watching my sleeping body tremble as it tries to release on his tongue. “My kinks, the things I crave... it was all you.”

“A good man might apologize, but that’s not me, little sister. I’ll never regret that our kinks match. You were a natural, though. All I did was awaken what was already there.”

Shit. He’s three fingers deep now, and it’s hard to keep my eyes open, but a tight fist in my hair focuses me again. Simultaneously, I watch video-Dean’s cock slip into my pussy as the version behind me slows to match the video’s pace. “This was after our last time here. I dropped not being able to take care of you and I needed this. It was so hard not to just climb into your bed and hold you.”

Those fingers pull out of me, and after he adds some lube to his hand, I hear him pump his cock a few times before he’s lining up.

As he slides in, I question whether he used any numbing lube at all, because I feel every single inch as he guides his cock inside my ass. “Shit.” My fingers curl in the sheets, body tensing at the intrusion, and I know I don’t need to tell him I dropped too after that. He was watching me. He saw it. “Will you stay this time?” I ask. “Take care of me?”

“Of course I will. I’m so fucking sorry I wasn’t there for you.” Sorry isn’t a word he throws around lightly. “Never leaving again. There’s no time limit in this room, baby. We can stay here all night.”

Once he’s bottomed out inside me, he reaches around to play with my clit, sending warring sensations through me: split-open discomfort and bleeding, mounting pleasure. It makes me twitch, squirming on his cock, nearly missing when he comes inside my sleeping body on the screen.



“Fuck, that felt so damn good,” he growls behind me, hips snapping even deeper. “You knew it was me that morning, huh?”

“Yes,” I grunt, grateful that the video seems to be over so I don’t have to split my attention. “Who else would it have been? No one else has ever come ins-inside me.”

Those words awaken that possessive beast in him, making him start a brutal pace as he continues to play with my clit. “Because you’re mine. You’re going to be the mother of my babies one day, Mar.”

Oh god. Oh god, oh god, oh god. My clit throbs violently as those words sink in and I imagine myself pregnant. It has me writhing, needing release. “Dean, I’m gonna come!”

It’s as close as I can get to asking permission right now, and when he chuckles behind me, I fear he’s going to deny me. “You want to come, sweetheart? You want to come with my cock splitting your ass open? Do it. Show me how much you love my cock in your ass.”

I fucking lose it, trembling and clawing at the sheets as I come all over nothing at all. My limbs are shaking as he moves his hand further and hooks two inside of me, then rails my ass like he’s completely lost control.

It’s all I can do to stay steady and take it, the moans escaping me sounding a lot more like screams as he takes me apart. “Dean!”

“Fuck,” he gasps. “Say my name again.”

The second I do, I feel his cock lurch deep inside my abused ass and he comes with a growl, my hair being tugged back painfully as he ensures he’s filling me up as deep as possible.

I’m glad we’re not leaving this room for a while, because the way it stings tells me I won’t be walking anywhere for at least a few minutes. I stay with him as he catches his breath and rolls his hips, enjoying the heat and tight squeeze as long as he can, then gently ease off of him once he lets my hair go.

Collapsing on the bed with a breathless laugh, I roll to face him. “Feel better now, baby?”

“Yeah.” He curls around me, placing a kiss on my shoulder. “And I’m glad you know the last secret I had from you. Everything is out in the open now, Mar. You know all the darkest parts of me.”

I do. He’s long since told me about the threats he made and how he stabbed Neil in the hand, but it was easy to let those things go. He only ever hurt the men who tried to get close to me or use me, and that won’t happen ever again.

For better or worse, whether our parents ever come around or the world ever accepts us, Dean Gatlin will be the only man I ever love, the only man who ever gets close to me.

And I couldn’t be happier.



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