

E.V. Olsen

MINE TO

CLAIM

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Tropes & Trigger Warnings

TROPES

Virgin love interest, age gap, MM dark romance, OTT (over the top) alpha male, praise kink

TRIGGER WARNINGS

This book contains some themes that may be distressing to readers including: dubcon, descriptive sex scenes, impact play.

Let's Be Besties

Once a month I send out an email with new releases, special deals and sneak peeks of what I'm working on. If you want to get on the list I'd love to meet you!

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Chapter 1

The July sun beats on me like an unstoppable furnace as I pick through abandoned cars and ransacked shops, sweat dripping down my back. Glass shards crunch under my boots.

Even the diner has been picked through by looters.

Same old shit, different town.

I can't wait to ditch this wasteland of a town and get back to the mountain cabin where I've been staying. Safer there. Carrionites roam through the populated parts of towns and cities in their packs.

I snort. Not that they're loyal. Those fuckers will gut each other over a damn stale cookie. Even eat their own dead. Fuckin' cannibals.

Just another bitch of this world gone to shit.

But they stay out of rural areas. Not a high percentage of running into people for them I guess. One of the reasons I trek through what's left of Pennsylvania. Most of it has always been more rural.

I turn to head out when a scrappy kid jumps between two trucks, knife pointed right at me. My gaze goes from his dark blonde, unkempt hair obscuring half his face to the blade he wields with an understated confidence that betrays his skill with it.

I smirk.

Kid's got no clue who he's fuckin' with.

I study him closer. While his clothes are ragged, they're clean. That knife's sharp enough to slice bone. He holds the blade like it's part of him. Maybe he's not such a dumbass after all.

His face is lean and hollowed but not starving. He's beating the odds out here. Staying alive's an achievement nowadays. Hell, I haven't seen another soul in two days wandering these ruins.

"Gimme your food." That sly tongue darts out, wetting cracked lips. It's the only tell in his poker face.

The ruthless part of me wakes up, the part that does what it takes to play this grim new game we've all been made to play.

I meet his gaze, bored. "Yeah, that ain't happening."

My refusal doesn't faze him. Those shrewd blue eyes sum me up, calculating. I smirk. Out here, it's survival of the most ruthless dickheads.

He takes it in stride, but the gears grind behind those intense eyes that travel over me, most likely noting my height, my health, and my relaxed stance despite the knife.

All things I'd be paying attention to if roles were reversed.

Doubt flickers across his sunken face. Dumb move trying to rob me. One wrong step out here earns you a shallow grave—if you're lucky.

Death is a luxury compared to the other atrocities people have endured.

The set of his bony shoulders says he knows he's outmatched. Smart kid, even if he has no idea the government made me into a cold-blooded killer long before society went tits up. But it just honed my skills further. And despite the slight lines of silver beginning to thread through my brown hair, I'm still a weapon.

This kid doesn't stand a chance.

"I'll trade you then," he rasps, voice rough but steady as shadows cut his sharp cheekbones.

I eye the backpack crossing his shoulders. Maybe he's actually got something worth trading.

But instead of finding out, I shrug, bored tone on point. "Doubt you got anything worthwhile enough to trade me, kid."

He rolls with it, those discerning eyes cataloging the street's resources and weaknesses. I dig his awareness. If not for him likely knifing me in my sleep, I'd say let's team up. Survival's easier watching each other's backs.

"I'll trade sex then," he says with a bold glint in his eyes.

Only color rises on his neck the moment the words leave his mouth, and I bark out a laugh. This kid's got balls, I'll give him that, even if it appears he might be regretting the offer.

His lip twitches into a little snarl, and he juts his chin out. "Heard you four nights back—with the guy in the store. You took payment in pleasure."

Well, fuck me sideways.

How'd he know that? I hadn't noticed him lurking around.

Guess I was too busy rutting.

An accountant had also beat the odds out here. We met by chance, just passing through. He gave my package a look and offered himself for the night in exchange for the meat I was getting ready to roast.

Sex is rare and fleeting out here. A form of currency.

So I did him twice that night and once more come dawn. We parted ways with no drama.

My molars grind. This kid's been close enough to hear every nasty detail, yet evade me noticing him.

Fuckin' hell.

How long's he even been tracking me?

I grind my teeth, shoulders squaring on instinct. I've never appreciated being stalked. "You watch me, kid?"

His Adam's apple bobs, his neck reddening even more.

My cock starts to swell a bit and I give his lean frame another look. His offer's not a bad one, and his audacity

intrigues me. Even embarrassed, he holds my gaze like a defiant little shit.

Not gonna lie, love the fact he watched me dominate the accountant. Railed that hole real good.

“Liked what you saw?”

He huffs, the little snarl in his lips coming back, as if trying to act repulsed. Only, the dark blush betrays him.

I tilt my head. “How old are you—eighteen?” Maybe older.

His eyes narrow. “Old enough to not wanna starve to death.”

I nod and smirk, amused I struck a nerve. Scratching my stubbled jaw, I consider his proposition.

My gaze trails over his lean frame, lingering on the corded muscle in his arms, the sharp cut of his cheekbones. A spark of heat ignites in my core. Claiming him fiercely, rutting into tight, young heat ... it’s an appealing thought.

Too appealing.

I tamp the ember down. Business first.

“Here’s the deal. I tap that tonight, you get fed. Weapons stay outside. You stay ’til morning, got it? No garroting me in my sleep.”

His lips pinch thin, but his traitorous stomach rumbles loud enough to wake the dead. We’ve got an accord. That blade vanishes behind his back, smooth as silk.

Consider me impressed.

I gesture left with my chin. “That way, you walk in front. I’ll steer us straight. At the door, strip and ditch your shit. I’ll whip up some chow after.”

He scowls and stalks off, back rigid with annoyance. Probably hates me calling the shots. But I didn’t get this far by being reckless.

I trail a pace behind, eyes drawn to his shoulders’ lean strength beneath the frayed shirt. His worn jeans pull taut over a trim ass as he walks. I imagine grasping those slim hips, rutting into his...

I shake my head.

“What’s your name, kid?” I ask, tamping down the urge to satisfy my hunger a different way.

“Devon.” He bites as those intense eyes rake the empty street, aware and calculating.

More boy than man in attitude, though his body tells a different tale. I need to verify. “Again, how old are you?”

He glances back, eyes narrowed, lips sealed stubbornly.

“Gotta make sure you’re legal. So if you want food, tell it to me straight.” The rest of the world may have lost its morals, forever stuck living in shades of gray, but not me. Couldn’t live with myself if he wasn’t legal.

Eyes forward. “Eighteen, old man.”

Old man. Since when is thirty-eight one foot in the grave? But out here, guess I’m goddamn ancient.

“Name’s Rex,” I offer.

Chapter 2

I steer us through the corpse-streets, but Devon strides ahead like he owns the damn place. Irritation prickles my neck. Cocky little shit's been tracking me. Of course he knows where I've been staying.

As we approach the cabin, he slows, faking hesitation. We both know it's bullshit. His eyes meet mine, hard and resigned. We've got a deal to uphold, and we'll both get something we need: him something to eat and me human contact.

Rare and essential shit nowadays.

Before the accountant it'd been over a year since I'd gotten any form of touch other than my own hand.

At the door, I pin him with a glare. "So just how long you been tracking me?"

The kid's upper lip twitches, jaw clenched tight, and shoulders squared. "Who says I'm tracking you, old man?"

My eyes narrow. "Cut the crap, kid." I step closer, using my height to loom over him. "Now tell me why the hell you've

been spying on me.”

He juts his chin up. “I gotta eat, don’t I?”

I snort. “And stalking me seemed like the way to do it?”

He lifts his chin. “Maybe I wanted to see if you were really worth robbing.”

I bite back a laugh at his defiant bullshit. Something more than hunger drove him. Doesn’t take four days to figure out if I’ve got anything worth stealing. Maybe he’s lonely or crazy or both.

But damn if his insolence doesn’t just make me want to bend him over my knee.

When I shove him against the door, that fiery gaze shows no fear, only simmering with a challenge that awakens an answering heat deep inside. A need to tame and claim this feral boy, to earn his submission.

Inside, I slam the door and pin Devon with a glare. “I told you before. Strip. Leave your gear against the wall.”

His eyes track me warily as he disarms. I keep my distance, letting him shed his ratty clothes reluctantly. My pack already lays discarded in the corner.

He stands there in tattered boxers, arms crossed, daring me to comment. Lean muscle cords his underfed frame, ribs jutting out sharply. A light, happy trail leads from his flat chest down...

My eyes narrow. “Boxers too. That wasn’t our deal.”

He hesitates, color draining from his face. He looks down, fingers fidgeting with the elastic waistband. “Can’t I keep them on?”

“No. You agreed to all clothes off.” I let my gaze travel over his lean frame. “Unless you wanna back out and go hungry tonight?”

He shoves the boxers down with a snarl. His soft cock nestles in coarse hair, and though he covers himself quickly, a glimpse of the pink and slim shaft stokes heat low in my groin.

And he’s circumcised.

Fuck if that’s not making me hard already.

Reminds me of Mac, which makes my cock give a twitch. Mac and I served together, and while I haven’t seen him in four years, I still vividly recall his cock, and I haven’t played with one as pretty since Mac.

My gaze continues to wander over him as I adjust myself, noticing how goosebumps prickle the kid’s bare skin.

Devon shivers but meets my gaze defiantly when I finally look at his face. “There. Happy now, perv?”

I bite back a growl at his insolence. “Let’s eat before I put you over my knee.”

His eyes narrow but his traitorous stomach rumbles loudly. Hunger wins out, and he turns to stomp off down the hall.

I watch his taut ass disappear, that primal urge flaring to follow and claim what's mine. To take and mark and make him surrender. To make him forget anyone else who's been there before me.

My jaw clenches tight at the last thought.

In the kitchen, I toss him a rag to cover up as I cook the quail trapped earlier this morning.

Devon watches me as I work, his blue eyes floating from the meat to me, seemingly particularly taken by the tattoo sleeve running up my left arm.

I turn to the side to hide my smile, pleased he's looking, that he's really seeing me.

But the pleasure turns to a dull ache as I finish dressing the quail and truly take him in. Yes, I'd seen he was thin and haggard earlier but not how thin, how emaciated he truly is.

If he ever met up with Carrionites, he'd never stand a chance.

It's all I can focus on as I cook the quail, then plate it and place it before him. He grabs it, going on to inhale every morsel, eyeing my plate next. With a sigh, I slide it over to join his empty one. He demolishes that too, gulping water desperately between mouthfuls.

“How long you been by yourself?”

Devon shrugs. “Long time.”

My eyes narrow and I cross my arms over my chest, leaning back in the chair. He swallows whatever he was chewing and huffs. “Since I was about twelve.”

“Fuckin’ hell.” If Devon lasted this long, I’m the one who underestimated him. No way he would’ve survived all these years without being somewhat dangerous and resourceful.

“What’s it to ya?” He shoves the last pieces of meat into his mouth.

I get up from my chair and make my way over to his side of the table, gripping his nape when the last bite of food is gone. “Just wanted to get to know you a bit.”

He flinches but doesn’t pull away, pulse fluttering under my palm like the wings of an ensnared bird. “Don’t see you with anyone, old man.”

“Alone just like you. But not for as long,” I say, steering us toward the bedroom.

At the bedroom door, he pauses, a hint of nerves showing through the attitude. “Let’s just get this over with.”

I press against his back, desire mounting, and nip his ear. “Eager to have me tame that feisty mouth?”

He shivers but lifts his chin. “You wish.”

I chuckle, then open the door and give him a light shove inside. His false bravado doesn’t fool me. “Oh, the things I want to do to you, boy. The ways I’ll take you apart piece by delicious piece.”

And have him begging for more before the night is through.

Chapter 3

“On the bed. Stomach to the mattress.”

Devon hesitates, shifting on shaky legs as reality sinks in. For a moment, I think he might bolt for the door, but he moves to the bed, limbs stiff, eyes filled with unease.

Once he’s settled, he clears his throat, face buried in the crook of his arm. “Don’t hurt me too much back there, okay?”

My eyes widen, one brow raising. “Have you done this before?”

No way this kid is a virgin. No way he’s survived all this time alone being untouched.

But dammit if my cock and heart don’t give an erratic shudder at the notion regardless.

His body tenses, and he jerks his head up to glare at me, his icy blue eyes filled with a fire I’d missed until now, one whose flames are not only rooted deep but whose fire forever burns.

“What’s it to you?”

I undress, then cast my clothes aside, and he flinches at my nudity. Or maybe at my erection. Can't really tell. "I'm an asshole but not a monster. Not going to go fast if you haven't done this before."

But fuck.

My dick's fully hard now and twitching when the thought of him being a virgin takes hold again.

He sighs, face flushing bright red. "No, I've never... . Please, just go slow."

His admission sends heat spiking through me and precum leaks from my slit. Tonight I'll be his first, his only. I'll take what no other man has taken.

Make this boy mine.

And fuck if that doesn't ignite a bone deep need I've never felt before.

A possessiveness that burns bright.

I sit on the bed, then brush his hair back from his worried eyes. So different than the defiant little shit he was earlier. "Don't fret, boy. I'll take good care of you. Even make you moan real pretty for me."

His eyes go wide, lips parting slightly as he gives a tiny nod, his slim shaft starting to plump up.

The corner of my mouth pulls up into a tiny smirk at his reaction. Didn't think he'd respond to praise.

Something flashes across his face and a second later, he flings an arm up a bit too fast, hiding his face in the crook, as if not being able to see will somehow make it not real.

That won't do. I want to see his reactions, figure out what he likes, wash away the embarrassment he obviously feels.

Make him forget whatever memory flitted through his mind that made him hide.

I stroke his sides, gentling him like a skittish colt. He gradually relaxes into the touches, arching closer. I trail my hand lower, and when it brushes his semi-rigid shaft, my own cock twitches.

My boy likes my hands on him.

Good.

I smile and grab the lube, slicking my fingers, eager to explore him. Besides food, it's the one other necessity I make sure to search for when scavenging.

Devon flinches when I reach his ass, seizing up.

Fuck, it's been so long since my first time. I've forgotten how overwhelming this must be for him.

"Easy, Devon." I spread lube around his furled hole, massaging gently, and when I finally ease a finger inside the impossibly tight heat, my throbbing cock jerks, oozing precum.

He inhales sharply as I slide in a little farther, those deliciously taut inner muscles clamping down in panic.

I work the digit slowly back and forth. “Try to relax for me.”

But he only trembles harder, both arms now covering his face, whimpering as I try loosening him up.

This goes on for another two minutes. I sigh, then withdraw my finger, not wanting to hurt him. “This is too much too fast. Let’s try something else.”

I have Devon turn on his side, then slide in behind, wedging his legs open. He grunts anxiously at being maneuvered and exposed, his breathing fast and shallow.

I stroke his chest until his racing heart calms under my palm. His breaths finally come slower as he unconsciously arches into my touch—starved for contact as I am. “That’s perfect. Just breathe.”

I nuzzle against his silky dark blonde hair, keeping the caresses soft and unthreatening. “That’s it. Just let go. I’ve got you.”

Gradually, he melts against me, some of the fear bleeding away as I trail my hand lower, gliding over his soft cock. He twitches but soon presses into my palm as I resume stroking him. His cock, though not as large as mine, is impressive nonetheless, as if somehow made to fit perfectly in my hand. He pulses now as I tighten my strokes, and before long, he’s rocking his hips.

“Good boy,” I praise, nibbling his shoulder.

My free hand wanders over his body, then tweaks a nipple. He whines, grinding his ass against my swollen, aching length,

and the sound somehow only makes me harder.

I grasp his leaking cock with more force, more speed, pumping steadily as he pants and gasps. My other arm bands tight around his chest, holding him close as I grind my throbbing, leaking cock along his crease.

He jerks and grunts each time my engorged tip catches his snug rim, oversensitive and overwhelmed. I grind against him slowly, letting him feel my solid length nestled against his crease.

“Feel that, boy? Feel what you do to me?”

He whines, ass rubbing shamelessly against my cock that’s now so hard, it might fuckin’ explode. And when he releases a deep moan, his cock utterly soaked with precum, I know I have to have him.

“Yeah, you want it, don’t you? Want me to fill you up, make you mine.” I jerk him faster as he pants and scrambles at my arm, whining desperately, shaking and right on the edge.

“Come. Show me what a good boy you are.”

He cries out, spilling in my fist. I stroke him through it, keeping my hips flush to his clenching hole.

At the height of his climax, I have no choice. My cock has to feel that tight hole, so I wedge just the swollen head inside his spasming heat. It’s enough to pull my own hot release, a release that seems to go on forever and leaves me completely spent in a way I haven’t been in years.

We lay entwined, breathing slowing, his body relaxed against mine.

I've made him mine.

Chapter 4

“You did so well for me.” I nip Devon’s shoulders, savoring the feel of his slender body entwined with mine.

But he tenses in my arms, and before I can question it, he jerks away. “I didn’t want to ... do that.”

I cup his chin, trying to meet his downcast eyes. “What do you mean, you didn’t want to do that?”

Devon glares up at me now, a storm swirling in those dark depths. “Wasn’t supposed to feel good! I just wanted food—”

“You didn’t want it to feel good?”

“Shut up.” He turns away, a deep flush rising on his high cheeks.

Releasing his chin, I study his turned back. His shoulders are tense, his entire body radiating discomfort. But why?

I move closer, and then lean over him. “Nothing to be ashamed about.”

When he doesn't pull away, I swipe a hand through his release on his stomach, bringing my slick fingers to his lips.

He turns his head, blushing fiercely. And when I gently angle his face back, he tugs from my grasp, looking away again. But he hasn't moved, which I interpret as a good sign. I just need to be slow with him.

I let a few seconds pass before I ease one finger against his lips again. This time he doesn't pull away but tentatively swipes his tongue out.

"That's it. Taste what you did for me. Taste what pleasure feels like." I work the finger slowly into his mouth until he's sucking eagerly, then withdraw to swipe more and push two fingers back in.

His lips seal around them as I pump them slowly. "You were made to give and *receive* pleasure." I want this feral boy to know, no matter what shit the world's come to, everyone deserves to experience pleasure.

He stops sucking a moment, body tense, his thin brows furrowed, as if my words are somehow alien.

Shit. This kid's even more broken than I realized. Doesn't even know what he's doing is okay.

I brush my thumb along his bottom lip, and he trembles. "Nothing wrong with this. Understand me?"

He doesn't verbally comply but goes on sucking, and as he does, his body loosens, and he moans.

“That’s my good boy. You felt so good stretched around my tip. Can’t wait to fully claim you. Fuck you deep next time.”

His gaze is unfocused, body pliant.

Time to prep him for more. He quivers beneath me, accepting the pleasure as I work him open, pushing my cum back inside.

I withdraw my fingers, then kneel between his splayed thighs. Teasing my swollen tip down his crease, I nudge against his sloppy rim, and a thrill spreads throughout.

“Ready?”

He takes a deep breath, then nods.

I press in slowly, groaning as his tight heat envelops me.

“That’s it, open up for me.”

He whimpers, inner muscles fluttering as I sink deeper.

“That’s it, Devon. You’re doing so well.”

Once fully seated, I start a measured pace, snapping my hips harder, punching grunts from his throat. The headboard slaps out my relentless rhythm as I drive into him, while our slick skin bonds us as one.

I fuck him deep and thorough, drunk on his smothering heat, every thrust calling up my release. Eventually I slow to a deep grind, hooking his knees wide.

“Look at that pretty hole stretched around me.” I swivel my hips, stroking over his sweet spot until he chokes out desperate

moans, moans that make my cock ache, knowing I'm the cause of such a delicious sound.

I swivel my hips, pressing against his sweet spot. He gasps sharply, inner muscles clenching down hard enough to nearly make me fill him.

“Looks like I found your prostate. Makes you feel so good, doesn't it?” I nail it again with targeted thrusts, punching out shocked cries.

When he snakes his hand down to stroke his leaking cock, I slap it away. “Not yet, boy. I want to play with this toy you've just discovered you have.”

I strike his prostate relentlessly as he tosses his head side to side, moaning, gasping, begging. “P-Please ... Too much. I-I can't...”

I slow my pace, letting him catch his breath, and he shudders, fresh slick leaking from his swollen head. I wrap a hand around him, pumping steadily in time with my thrusts.

“Don't fight it. Give in to the pleasure.” I twist my fist on the upstroke, wringing another moan from his lips, the sound so deep, so intoxicating, my balls rise up and tighten as a heady tingling release builds and builds.

His hands twist in the sheets, head thrashing side to side. Right as he's about to peak—me along with him—I stop my movements and pull out. I'm not near through with him. He sobs, desperately humping the air.

“You'll come when I'm done taking what I want.”

I flip him onto his stomach, pulling his hips up to kneel, then gathering both wrists in one hand, pin them to the small of his back. “Behave or you don’t get to come at all.”

He stills, whimpering as my tip nudges his now loose rim. I plow back inside in one long slide, groaning at the velvety, hot grip.

“Fuck yourself on my cock if you want to come.”

He hesitates, eyes glazed, as if his mind misfires. So I squeeze his weeping length. “Do it. Show me you want this.”

Slowly, he complies, rocking into my palm, working himself between my fist and cock. The sight feeds my twin desires—his willingness fans my possessive flames, even as it touches the deeply buried need for connection.

“That’s it. Just like that.”

He bounces desperately now, head hanging as he fucks himself on me—forward into my tight grip, then back to impale himself again.

“Look at you, so hungry for it.” I nip his shoulder hard enough to leave indents.

He sobs, muscles quivering from the strain. But he doesn’t stop, spearing himself relentlessly on my cock, desperately chasing the edge.

I deny him again at the last second. “Not until I say.”

Ignoring his pleas, I use his body roughly, rutting into his clenched hole as my own peak reaches a height I know will

leave me in tatters when I give in and descend. With a final bruising snap of my hips, I flood his depths, claiming him utterly in this moment.

Only once I've found my own shattering pleasure do I finally fist his weeping cock. It's so stiff now, when he moans, there's a sharp edge of pain ringing throughout. I increase my actions, then cup his balls with my free hand. Giving a squeeze, he unleashes an ear-splitting wail and spills over my hand that continues working him until I've wrung out every last drop of his pleasure.

“That's my good boy.”

I pet his sweat-soaked hair as I keep our bodies locked together. He shivers and whimpers softly under me.

This boy submitted and I conquered. A simple transaction, yet so much more.

As we drift off still entwined, a small voice whispers this is dangerous. I'm a lone wolf; attachment only impedes survival.

But the primal part of me snarls in defiance, tightening our embrace.

For tonight at least, he is mine to protect, mine to sate.

Tomorrow I'll worry about the rest.

Chapter 5

I jolt awake to the creak of floorboards in the dark bedroom. Blinking sleep from my eyes, I scan the dim space and find the bed cold and empty beside me.

There's a shadowy figure by the doorway, a sliver of moonlight glinting off his pale shoulders. Devon, trying to sneak out and break our deal.

With a snarl, I launch across the room and grab his slender arm, using his momentum to slam him against the wall.

He cries out, eyes wide and startled, his breath leaving him in a sudden whoosh.

Caging him in place with my body, I grasp his jaw tightly.

He whimpers, tendons straining as he tries to jerk free.

I force his face upward, our noses nearly touching. "Just where the hell do you think you're going?"

"Get off me, bastard!" Thrashing wildly, he's like a trapped animal, snarling and snapping. "I'm out. Whatever this warped

deal was, it's over.”

“Warped deal? If you think for one second anything about what went on here was warped, you and whoever told you such nonsense is an ignorant asshole.”

His blue eyes shimmer like Arctic ice in the summer sun, so close to melting and shattering the deep seated notion his words just made abundantly clear.

Yet before the sun can fracture the ice, it refreezes. “Food for sex. That was the deal.”

“Nice try. The deal was food for the night of sex. We're done when I say we're done.” It's just the kind of declarative statement Devon will hate, which is partially the point.

I like riling him up.

He leans in, then bites my lip viciously, and the coppery tang of blood floods my mouth. I slam him harder against the wall, fingers tightening around his throat.

His chest heaves, eyes burning with rage and defiance even as he pants for breath.

“Enough!” My voice is a guttural bark. “Since you want to act like an unruly brat, I'm going to treat you like one.”

He renews his struggles as I drag him to the bed. Pinning his flailing limbs in place with my leg and arm, I trap him face down against the mattress.

His wriggling only sparks my arousal, my swollen cock nestled firmly in the crease of his ass.

My palm crashes down on his pale cheek in a stinging slap.

He jolts, cursing through gritted teeth. I spank him methodically, turning the pale flesh a heated pink. Between blows, I knead the tender skin, feeling him gradually cease fighting.

Soon he lies pliant, accepting the punishment with soft whimpers. Only then do I stop the barrage. I run a soothing hand over the sensitized flesh.

“There now. Are you ready to be my good boy?”

He’s silent, but there’s a slight nod against my leg. I smile, giving his hot cheek a light pat. “That’s what I thought.”

I help maneuver his limp body farther up the bed. He lies on his stomach, face turned away.

Gently, I grip his chin. His eyes meet mine, and while they hold an unyielding icy edge, his body is still pliant in my hands. “No more trying to run away.”

“Our deal was just for tonight.”

His words strike a painful chord in my chest, but I keep my tone stern. “The deal was you stay until morning. It’s not morning yet. You’re not going anywhere tonight. Understood?”

He glowers but gives a curt nod, and I feel an irrational urge to make him admit he’s mine, even though our arrangement is temporary.

“Think another spanking will help reinforce good behavior before morning.” I trail my fingers over his reddened backside. “Just a little reminder to dissuade misbehaving again tonight.”

The first sharp slap makes him flinch, inhaling sharply. I continue methodically, watching his reactions shift as the blows fall.

Soon his face is flushed, lips parted as he pants and grunts, arching into my palm.

“That’s it. You’re being so good for me.”

He presses back eagerly, his hips circling unabashedly now, chasing each strike.

“So perfect, taking it just how I want you to.” The soft cries each slap pulls from him go straight to my aching cock.

When I pause to knead his heated flesh, he whines.

I move up the bed, then flip him onto his back. “Time to thank me properly for correcting you so well.”

I throw a leg over his head and grip a fistful of his hair, tugging his face against my ass. He grunts in surprise, hands coming up to grip my thighs.

“Be a good boy and use that mouth to please me now.” I grind down against his clenched lips, feeling his hot breaths against my skin.

He hesitates, so I give his hair a sharp tug and he relents, tentatively swiping his tongue over my hole.

“Oh, fuck yes.” I groan loudly at the first hot contact, and quickly buck back for more. “Just like that. Keep going.”

He makes another timid lick and I curse, yanking his hair. “Come on, get that tongue in there.”

He spears his tongue against my rim, breaching the tight ring of muscle. I throw my head back with a guttural moan. “Fuck! More. Give me more.”

I continue demanding more between choked groans and curses, telling him to drive his tongue deeper, to keep fuckin’ me with it.

He licks and thrusts with growing confidence. The velvety heat of his probing tongue has my cock rock hard and leaking where it hangs above his face.

I lean over and take his hard cock into my mouth.

“Fuck!” he cries out, fingers scrabbling at my thighs as I take him deep.

I pin his hips, pulling off just long enough to rasp, “Have you ever been sucked before, boy?”

“N... . no.”

My bratty virgin is untouched in so many ways. Time to change that. I dive back down, sucking brutally, working my tongue along his throbbing cock that fills the whole of my mouth like hot velvet.

He tentatively starts licking my hole again, moaning whorishly each time I swallow around him.

“Yeah, you love this, don’t you?” I snarl, sliding off to pump his wet shaft. “Love having my mouth on this virgin cock.”

He whimpers.

“Tell me how much you love it.” I squeeze him tighter, and his cock pulses as my strokes turn rougher.

He moans, thighs tensing. “Please... . more.”

“Yeah? Love getting this virgin cock sucked?”

“Yes, yes!”

I swirl my tongue around the swollen head, relishing his slick bitterness. “Tell me who this cock belongs to now.”

He hesitates for just a second before whimpering, “You.”

“Damn right.” I take him down to the root as I readjust to fuck his open mouth with shallow thrusts.

He chokes around my invading cock, throat spasming. I pull back just enough to let him gasp once before driving deep again.

The dual sensations quickly have me hurtling toward the edge. With a final slam down his throat, I unleash my load with a guttural groan.

Devon frantically gulps to swallow it all until my moan vibrating around his cock triggers his own violent climax.

I swallow every spurt eagerly as he thrashes beneath me, then I climb off and gather him close, enveloping his slender frame with my larger one, skin to skin.

He melts into me with a contented hum, tucking his face into the curve of my shoulder.

I brush gentle kisses over his sweat-damp temples, along his sharp jawline, beneath the hollow of his throat. My hands glide slowly up and down the knobs of his spine, tracing nonsense patterns.

I want to imprint the memory of his body under my palms, to run my hands along him so many times, I know him better than.

It's a need that goes far past lust or passion.

I. Want. Him.

All of him.

But the deal is just for tonight.

He isn't mine, not really, and that aches in a way that leaves me breathless.

Gradually, his breaths even out and deepen into sleep.

I press one last lingering kiss to his messy hair, a sweet yet sad tenderness filling me for this prickly, contrary, vulnerable boy before I fall asleep as well.

Chapter 6

Morning light filters through the torn, dark green curtains, pulling me from sleep. I stretch, wincing at the pleasant ache in my muscles as memories of the night wash over me. Devon's soft cries and trembling body beneath mine...

I shake the thoughts away, gathering my scattered clothes from the dingy floorboards. Behind me, the sheets rustle.

I glance back, and Devon watches me warily, clutching the sheets to his bare chest. His guarded response douses the contentment I felt waking up together.

"You're safe, Devon. Our deal's done. I won't touch you again unless you ask."

He continues staring wordlessly, a flush creeping up his neck. His lips part as if to speak before pressing closed again.

I pause dressing, curiosity piqued by his odd reaction. "What is it?"

He seems to steel himself before asking in a rush, "Is it ... is it always so intense?"

My hands still on my boot laces. I'm not sure exactly what he's referring to. "Intense how?"

The blush on his cheeks deepens, the color now more a delicious crimson instead of a frail pink. He flings an arm over his eyes, hiding his face from me. "You know ... the way it felt. Overwhelming. Consuming."

I wince, rubbing the back of my neck. Did I go overboard in my eagerness? "No. Not always. I got a little too ... enthusiastic last night."

"It felt good. Mostly," he mumbles, almost too softly for me to hear.

Something powerful stirs in my chest at his shy admission.

Even if the intensity overwhelmed him at times, he found pleasure in my touch. That I could show this beautiful, broken boy some joy, if only fleeting, means more than it should and makes me feel alive in ways that frighten me far more than anything the hell we live in has to offer.

But I tamp the feelings down, focusing on getting dressed. This world leaves no room for affection. "It should feel good, if you're doing it right. And with the right person."

Where the hell did that come from?

The right person.

As if there's room for love anymore amidst just trying to survive.

I shove the feeling down, because there's no denying I've fallen for the boy, and straighten up. "Should probably head out. But... you want me to stay awhile longer?"

Of course my dumbass hopes that last night meant something to him too. That he might share the same feelings.

Devon looks away, his scowl deepening in irritation or perhaps embarrassment. But he remains stubbornly silent.

The rejection carves out a hollow space in my chest that I scramble to fill with hardness instead. "Yeah, of course, you've got your own path. I'm heading out. But don't let me catch you following me again."

He meets my eyes with that defiant glare I know so well. "You didn't catch me last time."

Devon's insolent tone only twists the knife of rejection deeper. I bristle, hands clenching at my sides. "Yeah, well now I'll be watching for you. So don't test me. Got it?"

He merely scoffs.

"Try me. You won't like the punishment that'll be doled out." I infuse the warning with some real bite, trying to mask the hurt.

But he just turns his back on me. "Whatever, old man. Shouldn't you be leaving?"

His words slice through me like a knife. Last night he was pliant in my arms, now he can't get away fast enough.

Clearly I mean nothing to him beyond a means to survive another day.

Just a transaction, a deal to get what we each needed.

Fuck, I'm such a fool. As if I'll ever find any real happiness is this fuckin' hellhole we call Earth.

Fuckin' moron!

I walk downstairs, doing my best to ignore my foolish heart, which still longs for the impossible and, as I reach the doorway, Devon's soft snores drift down from the bedroom upstairs, oblivious to the tempest he's left raging within me.

With a deep, shaky breath, I heft my pack over my shoulder. Time to get my head out of my ass, shove these feelings down deep, and refocus on surviving solo.

I step outside and force my feet to carry me down the overgrown path, away from the little cabin, a bitter hollowness gnawing at my core as the truth sets in.

He was never really mine last night.

Chapter 7

I trek through the morning, the sun baking the brittle grass. Around midafternoon, I stop to rest in the shade of a withered tree.

The Alleghany mountains used to be a favorite spot I used to hike through with my former military team when we had time off. Who knew when the world had gone to shit, it would be the place I found safest.

As I eat, a hot breeze stirs the branches before fading. Most of them are dead. Mac settled down. Not sure how the fucker does it. Living in one place. I couldn't do that.

Ran into Colt two years ago near Roanoke.

Wonder if they're still alive?

Damn assholes would definitely be giving me shit for sulking about some defiant brat, that's for sure.

Moments later, the nearby tree shakes too long after the wind dies down. I freeze mid-bite, eyes narrowing. The branches still, then a pinecone thuds to the ground.

I circle the tree, fairly certain of what I'll find. Hopefully, because if someone else can get this close to me without me noticing that's a problem.

Not a chance in hell my awareness skills have deteriorated that much.

Peering up, my suspicions are confirmed and my heart damn near skips a beat when I lock eyes with his icy blue ones.

But dammit.

He's up too high.

I let out a snarl. "What the hell are you doing here?"

Devon glares down, still as unrepentant as ever. "I'm hungry."

What a load of shit.

My brows furrow. "I left you food, enough for the day. So why the hell are you really here?"

My heart beats so fast, my fuckin' palms sweat like a dumbass ready to fall to my knees in happiness. Only, the shit told me to get lost this morning, and that still stings.

He shrugs, making the branches quiver and my stomach lurch. "Wasn't enough."

I cross my arms, temper rising. "Maybe you should've been foraging then instead of wasting energy trailing me."

At that, he scowls, and his jaw tightens. "I want sex."

I nearly choke on my saliva, while he looks like he wants to punch me in the face. How the fuck does this kid go from

saying he's hungry to wanting sex. Unless...

I pinch the bridge of my nose, screwing my eyes shut against the mounting frustration pounding through my skull. "Devon, are you telling me you want sex because you actually want food?"

He squints, lips thinning. "No."

"Bullshit," I shoot back. "Get out of that tree. I won't strain my neck for this conversation."

With startling agility, he shimmies down, landing lightly as a squirrel, chin raised. "So, sex first, then food?"

I step closer, using my height to loom over him in an attempt to intimidate, remind him who's in charge.

But he refuses to shrink away or back down. His stubborn audacity simultaneously frustrates and impresses me.

I'd like to spank his ass, only it's not really a punishment for him. Turns out, the little shit enjoys it.

He's not the only one. Damn if I didn't nearly blow my load when turning that ass of his a deep red.

I turn away and rummage through my pack, fighting to steady my breathing as heat swirls low in my belly. "Sex burns calories. And your skinny ass has none to spare."

I toss him almonds and watch warily as he tears into them. Despite his gaunt features, wiry strength cords his arms. If provoked, I have no doubt he could inflict serious damage in an instant.

He inhales the almonds, not bothering to try and make them last. Swiping a hand across his mouth, he turns guarded eyes to mine. “Now the sex?”

“No, Devon.”

Shock and wariness flare in his eyes. “But ... what do you want as payment then?”

His assumption that he owes his body in return for help squeezes my chest tighter than a damn vice grip.

I turn away quick before he sees the pain in my eyes. Can't stomach the thought of him viewing affection as currency.

“You don't owe me anything, Devon.”

I start walking, hoping he'll split off alone, but, deep down, a foolish part wants him near. Relief, like cool spring in the summer heat, washes over me when his soft footfalls trail behind.

We walk on in silence thick as smoke before he pipes up tentatively. “We gonna fuck after dinner at least?”

My shoulders slump like the fight's gone out of 'em. I want this kid for more than just a roll in the sack. “No more sex deals.”

I glance back, and there's hesitation swirling with something more in those dark eyes. “What'd you do for food before me?”

He shrugs. “Scraps. Killed a few people. Sex seems easier.”

Red hot rage flashes through me at the thought of others using and discarding my boy.

My boy.

“You’re sticking with me and I’ll teach you to find food, set traps. No whoring yourself out.” The words tear my throat like glass.

No one is touching my little psychopath but me.

He’s mine to keep safe.

Mine to fuck.

Mine to love.

Like hell will I allow anyone else to take what I claimed. To hurt what belongs to me.

Devon stares at me, brows furrowed, then nods, and I breathe a little easier knowing he’s safe for now.

Which means I’m gonna have to convince him to stay.

Permanently.

I snort. Maybe I should just tie him up, collar him like a slave. Can’t get away from me then.

But the feral brat would fight tooth and nail, and last thing I want is for him to hate me, to associate being with me as anything other than pleasurable.

Speaking of, there is one thing I’m curious about. “Why didn’t you try putting me down in my sleep?”

His lips quirk up, a glimpse of the attitude I know so well. “Because I liked it. The sex. With you.”

That shy admission warms me. Maybe last night meant something more to him after all. Is that why he tried to run in the middle of the night? He got scared?

Fuck if he ain't the only one.

Never expected to feel so possessive over someone. Won't walk away from him again, that's for sure.

"You sure that's the only reason?"

His neck and cheeks turn red.

So fuckin' easy to read him.

"Yup."

Such a liar. But I won't push. Not on his feelings.

Not when that beautiful blush tells me exactly what I need to know.

"You'll make sex good for me though, right? Like before?" he tacks on, glancing away, a fragile glow of hope in his eyes, the ice slowing, melting again.

"Yes, Devon. Promise I'll make it good for you."

As we walk on, pride lifts his bearing. Time to knock him down a peg, especially since he feels like withholding from me. "I warned you what would happen if you followed me again."

Over his shoulder, that defiant glare sparks an answering heat in my core. He'll be trouble for certain. But I crave the challenge, the chance to tame him.

One corner of my mouth lifts unbidden.

I fuckin' love my wild boy.

Thank you for reading. If you enjoyed the story please make sure to leave a review.

Want to read more about Rex and Devon? Click Here and grab Mine to Protect (Book 2)

About the Author

E. V. Olsen is a romance author who loves to write about Over The Top alpha males who are possessive and completely obsessed with their person or mate. Nothing will get in their way from claiming what's theirs. She enjoys writing darker type romances whether in the contemporary world, PNR worlds, or even post-apocalyptic worlds.

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