



BESTSELLING AUTHOR

CHARITY PARKERSON

There's a place

DOWNTOWN

A COLLECTION OF MM EROTIC SHORTS

THERE'S a PLACE DOWNTOWN

A Collection of MM Shorts

Charity Parkerson

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—Warning: This book is intended for readers over the age of 18. Some of my books contain allusions to past abuse and trauma. I try to have nothing triggering on page and treat every situation with care.

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INTRODUCTION

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY say. There's a place downtown where all your kinks can be found.

There's a Place Downtown is a collection of short, erotic, monster loving escapades. Starting with...

Stuck on you:

Scott has a fetish. Crue has what he needs. No joke, he REALLY has what he needs.

Something Wild:

It was a typical Friday night for Dusk. He only wanted to dance. Now his life will never be the same.

A Little Evil Wicked:

The world is ripe with food for an incubus these days. Oddly, Damon only wants one man.

AUTHOR NOTE

THIS IS A COLLECTION of erotic, monster-fucking short stories. As such, it won't be for everyone. There's tentacle play, size difference, and descriptive Little play. Enjoy!

STUCK ON YOU

SCOTT HAS A FETISH. Crue has what he needs. No joke, he REALLY has what he needs.

Once a week for the past eight months, Scott has paid for a monster-like experience. Everyone has their thing, and that's his. He hates he doesn't think anyone will accept that side of him in a real relationship, but he's accepted his fate. Scott just feels lucky to have found someone like Crue to play along.

Crue isn't playing. He really is the monster Scott craves. Crue just hasn't figured out a way to break down that barrier yet. So Crue keeps accepting Scott's money and getting his feelings hurt when Scott runs for the hills after each encounter. This time, Crue is done. He wants more, and he's determined he won't answer Scott next time he calls since it's obvious Scott is only looking for a good time. Except, maybe he won't have to wait as long for a miracle as he thinks.

Stuck on you is a short, monster love romance meant to titillate you on your lunch break.

CHAPTER ONE

THERE WAS A PLACE downtown. Everyone knew the spiel. If a person had the right connections, or the wrong ones, anything went. For Scott, his vice was monsters. Not real ones, of course. Those didn't exist, obviously. If they did, he would fuck them. He was all the way into that shit. Most guys didn't understand his tastes, so he had sex in one place and one place only... The Rabbit Hole.

Music thumped. Lights flashed. People openly fucked, getting their kink on in every corner. Scott's addiction waited downstairs in the basement. It always struck him as funny that even within the community, he was kept hidden in the depths. That was fine. He was about to get nasty. The fewer witnesses, the better.

Steam rose as Scott descended the stairs. The scent of salt and coconut overcame him. He immediately went hard. His prize already waited for him. Scott dove into the thick steam and headed for the locker room. Lust coiled in his gut like a snake ready to strike as he peeled the expensive suit from his skin.

He didn't rush. Scott hung each piece in his locker, taking care not to wrinkle anything while letting the anticipation grow.

Finally, he headed to the hot tub where Crue waited. Already submerged and in costume, Crue's gaze followed Scott as Scott strolled toward him nude. The barely existent light reflected off the iridescent contacts Crue wore, making his eyes an eerie blue.

"You're late tonight."

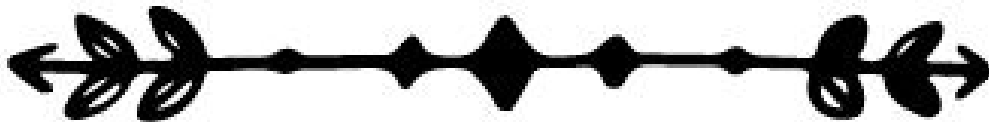
"I had a meeting."

The tentacles in the water parted as Scott descended the steps into the water. They enveloped him, their suction cups immediately going to work, massaging his skin, latching on to his cock.

"I've been lonely."

A stuttered-sounding gasp escaped Scott as he fought not to immediately come. It always felt like it had been forever since his desires were fed. "I can fix that." Even Scott heard the breathlessness in his tone. He pushed deeper inside the sucking tentacles and closer to Crue until he could capture Crue's mouth. They had an odd relationship. Technically, Scott paid Crue for these services. Crue didn't have to make their encounters personal. He could just let Scott get off on his monster fantasy, get paid, and be done. For whatever reason, Crue always let Scott make it more. A sucking tentacle worked his cock. Another probed at his asshole until it found its way inside. Logically, Scott knew Crue probably jacked him off and fisted him at the same time. In his head, he kept a tight

hold on the twisted fantasy that he needed to blow. Scott didn't understand his kink any more than someone who needed to be bound to come. People just had their thing. This was his. He loved the sensation of being overwhelmed by octopus tentacles from every direction while Crue's tongue filled his mouth. Scott gave himself over to the pleasure of sucking and tugging. The scent of salt and coconut filled his nostrils. Steam surrounded them, making Scott feel trapped in a dream. He never wanted this night to end. Scott couldn't get enough.



Lust twisted Crue's insides. Scott tasted like cinnamon. He always did. Crue knew way more about him than he should. He had searched him on the internet after their first night together. They had found each other in a chat room, but Crue hadn't expected them to go very far back then. Still, Crue had meticulously plotted their first meeting. He had boldly lied, setting the groundwork by explaining he had this octopus costume that couldn't be duplicated. Then they had their first night together. Afterward, Scott had paid big bucks to keep the encounters coming. Crue believed to his core that somewhere in the depths of Scott's mind, he knew this was real. That was why he kissed Crue the way he did. This was more than money and Scott knew this wasn't a costume he fucked.

Scott made a sound that Crue recognized. He wasn't ready to let Scott come yet. Crue pulled out, spun Scott, and bent him

over the edge of the tub. He eased the suction on Scott's cock, tormenting him as his dick found Scott's asshole again. That was something else that had Crue absolutely hooked. Humans who could handle sex with his kind were rare. Scott begged for it. He took Crue's whole cock like a goddamn champ. It was impressive and hot. So fucking hot. His dark brown hair and amber eyes were just amazing, and he was everything Crue wanted. He needed this to be more than sex.

Scott ground down on Crue's dick. "Please. Fuck. I need it." He writhed inside the grasp of Crue's tentacles. Sexy.

Crue couldn't stop kissing him every place he could reach. "That's it, gorgeous. Take it. Take what you want. That's so goddamn hot."

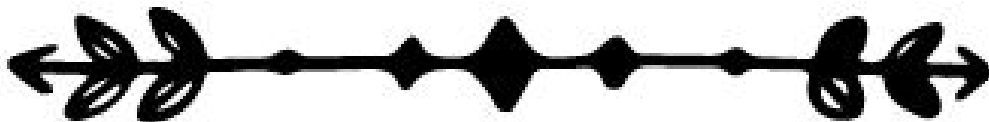
A loud cry tore from Scott. His asshole tried sucking Crue deeper. Crue gasped. Cum spit from his dick. For a moment, he was lodged inside Scott, incapable of pulling out. He grabbed Scott's throat and pulled him back against his chest, forcing Scott's mouth to his to hide the way he was stuck. Plus, he really loved kissing Scott. After a moment, his cock slipped loose. A moan vibrated around Crue's tongue. Crue fought the urge to pat himself on the back. It was harder than anyone knew, living as a half human, half octopus. If there was anyone else in the world like Scott—someone who craved the tentacles with this level of desperation—Crue hadn't met him. It was getting harder all the time to keep playing this game.

"Your payment is on its way."

The gut-check reaction Crue had was palpable. His face hardened. There was no way Scott didn't feel his tentacles tighten. "Okay."

Scott climbed from the hot tub. "I'll be in touch."

Crue took a breath. He didn't respond. Part of him wanted to say he wouldn't answer the next call, but he knew he would. He hadn't been playing a game earlier when he said he had been lonely. Crue was always lonely. It never got easier being him. He was tired of being alone. It seemed he was doomed to always be this way.



Scott had to get away. It was always this way after he came unglued in Crue's arms. Need drove him to seek out Crue. Embarrassment drove him away. Crue knew his secret. He tried to be shameless. In fact, he always was in the moment. The instant his skin cooled and reality struck again, Scott was back to the usual humiliation. Crue knew too much. Scott paid him for these encounters. The guy probably laughed with all his friends afterward. Fuck. He hated the way he felt when these nights ended. Scott angrily pulled on his clothes, berating himself for his inability to live a normal life. By the time he headed for the locker room door, he had decided he wouldn't call Crue again. He wouldn't look back. Of course, he always made the same decision around the same spot. He

never lasted long before he begged Crue to see him again. Maybe this time wouldn't be the same, though.

A splash caught Scott's attention, and his gaze moved toward the hot tub. Crue climbed from the pool with his head down and shoulders hunched. As Scott looked on, Crue's tentacles became legs. Scott immediately stepped into the shadows, where he wouldn't be seen. He hadn't imagined things. Scott had seen what he had seen. While it had been a quick process, the transformation hadn't been so fast that Scott could doubt his mind. Crue's tentacles were real. It wasn't a costume.

Scott pressed a hand to his stomach. His gaze turned inward. A small part of him wanted to panic. He wanted to run screaming from the building, but his feet didn't budge. His dick was already hard again. He had known. Deep down, he had always known. It was only a sense of reality that kept him doubting his own mind, but their encounters had been too real. There had been too many things Crue had done to him that a costume shouldn't do. Scott hurriedly slipped back inside the locker room before Crue spotted him.

Crue glanced up as he came through the door.

Scott pretended he had been waiting there the entire time. "Hey."

Crue blinked. "Hey."

Scott put his hands in his pockets before pulling them out again. He honestly didn't know how to act natural at this point. "If I asked you on a real date, would you go? I mean, you can say no. I don't want to fuck up what we have. If you don't

want to, please forget I even asked because I really like meeting you here and I would hate it if you didn't meet me anymore because I stepped out of line.”

By the time Scott finished rambling, Crue wore a huge smile. “I would love to go on a real date. What are you doing right now?”

Scott took a breath. A feeling of everything being right in his world washed over him. “Hopefully, spending the rest of the night with you.”

Crue bit his bottom lip. He was so incredibly sexy with his light blond hair and the smattering of freckles across the bridge of his nose. He looked so innocent for someone who had such a powerful body. Scott wanted to taste him again. “Let me get dressed and I'm yours.”

Scott liked the sound of that. Especially since Scott fully intended to keep him.

CHAPTER TWO

CRUE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT he expected from a date with Scott. He was a gentleman, which surprised Crue a little. Scott always dove into sex with Crue like a goddamn Viking. Yet he opened the passenger side door on his Jag for Crue like Crue was a treasure he had to pamper. It was the best date of his life. Scott held open every door, paid at the restaurant he let Crue choose, and talked freely about his work. He treated Crue like a friend... or like he intended to see him again. By the end of the night, Crue was even deeper in trouble than he had been from just fucking Scott for the past eight months.

“I’ve dominated the conversation all night.”

Crue smiled at Scott’s sudden announcement. “I’ve enjoyed it. It’s been nice hearing about your life.”

They stood outside Crue’s apartment, holding each other’s stare. Scott looked too serious. His expensive business suit was at complete odds with Crue’s t-shirt and jeans. Yet Scott didn’t seem to notice or care. “I feel like I missed my chance to learn all about your life. Now I’m disappointed in myself.”

Crue couldn't stop smiling. He knew it was a bad idea. Scott still thought he had an agreement to meet Crue to get freaky with an octopus costume once a week. All the good sense in the world couldn't stop Crue from wanting what he wanted. "You could come in and we could keep talking."

Scott didn't budge. "If I come in, we're not talking, and we both know it."

A shaky-sounding breath escaped Crue. Either Scott would run, or he wouldn't. "My kind raises themselves, so I don't have any family. I'm a dockworker during the day."

Scott didn't seem even a little surprised. "At night, you meet people like me."

Crue shook his head. "I spend my nights swimming in the ocean. It's the only time I feel free." He hesitated before adding, "Other than when I'm with you. You're the only man I'm meeting. You're the only man who can handle me."

Scott licked his lips. His gaze dropped to Crue's mouth. "You should show me, for real. No more games. I want you as you are."

It was Crue's turn not to budge. "Is this your way of setting up a new payment arrangement with me? If so, I'm not interested. It's not your fault, but it hurts me when you run away afterward. I don't want that anymore."

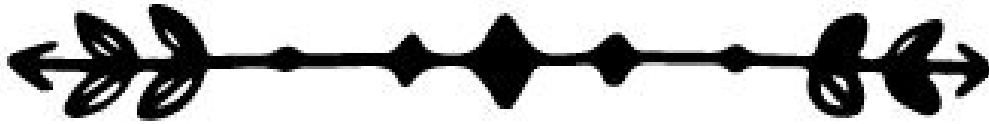
"Take me inside and show me for real, Crue. You and I both know this isn't a game. You and I both know you belong to me."

The air that filled Crue's lungs felt like the first real breath he had taken in ages. With a nod, he headed for the door. He felt Scott on his heels as he unlocked his front door. Scott's lips touched his nape. Crue's eyes fell closed. This was really happening. There was no going back. Inside, he dropped his keys on the sideboard by the door and toed off his shoes while Scott's intense gaze watched his every move. Crue had never been more nervous.

He took Scott's hand and led him through the small apartment. "This place isn't that big, but that's not why I chose it." He headed inside his bedroom and into the bathroom from there. Crue flipped on the light. "It has an amazing shower." Crue motioned toward the gigantic walk-in shower, complete with multiple shower heads and a bench so he could relax. He let go of Scott's hand and stripped while Scott watched. "I like to come home and sprawl out inside here while the hot water gushes over me." Nude Crue stepped inside the shower and fired the water to life. As the water ran down his skin, his lower body shifted and changed. Crue settled onto the bench, holding Scott's stare as all his tentacles unfolded.

A flush rode high on Scott's cheeks. "Beautiful."

For the first time in what felt like years, Crue's muscles relaxed. He knew Scott meant it, and Scott wasn't afraid. Scott hadn't run for the hills. In fact, he looked ready for round two. Crue couldn't ask for more.



Scott couldn't get undressed quickly enough. Unlike all the times at the club, where he had taken great care and let anticipation build, Scott tore his way out of his clothes. He waded his way inside the sucking tentacles, knowing they were real this time. The moan that left him came from his soul as the suction latched on to his dick. It was everything he had ever wanted. For the first time in his life, he wasn't crazy. He had a reason. A purpose. He wasn't a freak. His desires made sense. The way he felt existed because there was a person out there who needed him. They matched. He had a soul mate. His eyes burned and his nose stung at the realization. He wasn't alone. Then Crue's mouth found his and everything fell into place. He was home.

With one hand braced against the wall and one foot resting on the bench next to Crue, Scott relinquished control. He let the tentacles weave their way through his legs and have their way with him. His hips thrust. He rode the suction on his cock while Crue's huge dick probed his hole. He realized now he had always known that the slick, humongous tentacle was actually Crue's cock. Scott liked to make himself believe that fucking inside a hot tub left him leaking, but he knew it was Crue. Crue shot jets of cum, filling him full of sticky juices. Scott wanted it. Damn. He wanted it for the rest of his life.

Crue held his stare as his dick tickled Scott's asshole, seeking entrance. It started skinny and then got wider and more intrusive the deeper it went. He secreted his own form of lube. That thought alone had Scott's cock swelling. Scott pushed himself downward, taking all of it. He loved the pain. There was so much pleasure in the stretching and pulsing. Crue's dick had little suckers on it that found the perfect spot inside him and drove him out of his mind. Scott would do anything for more. He would give anything to keep this forever.

"Fuck me harder. I want it. I love it when you leave those round sucker marks all over me."

A sexy chuckle rumbled from deep inside Crue's chest. "And you thought it was a costume."

Scott whimpered. "Don't tease me. I know I'm dumb. Jesus, you're so fucking sexy. You're all I dream about." Scott was in a dangerous place. One where he would confess anything for release.

The suction on his dick got stronger. "Do you care about me, or am I just an itch you can't live without scratching?"

Scott wrapped his arms around Crue's neck and dug his fingernails into his skin, trying to get even closer. "Are you joking? I stay mad at myself because I can't be with you every day. That's no game. I thought you might be laughing with your friends about my sick desires."

Crue suddenly went still.

Scott whimpered at the loss of suction. He was so close.

Crue held his stare. “Do you really think I would laugh at you? You’re all I think about.”

Scott’s heart skipped a beat. “You’re all I think about too. This is real to me. You’re all I want.”

“Good.” Crue’s mouth slammed down on Scott’s hard enough he tasted blood. The assault on his body resumed with a renewed vigor that had him seeing stars. His balls drew up tight, and his muscles strained as he fought to reach the edge. He wanted to blow cum all over his sexy octopus lover. A cry vibrated through their kiss as an orgasm rocked him. Spasm after spasm shook him as the tentacles pumped and probed him into oblivion and took him to heaven. Crue cried out against his lips. The thick cock inside his ass jerked and pulsed, nearly sending Scott over the edge again. For several minutes, he relaxed, cradled in the mass of tentacles and Crue’s thick arms while Crue’s tongue explored his mouth. His body cooled. Crue’s cock slowly slipped from his ass. A shaky breath escaped Scott as Crue pulled away just enough to hold his stare.

“I think I’ll keep you.”

Scott couldn’t argue, even if he wanted to. He was too tired and too awestruck. This was the other half of him. His safe space. He had come home. Crue couldn’t get rid of him now if he tried. They were together for life. Two halves of the same whole, accepting each other in a way no one else would. They were perfect.

SOMETHING WILD

IT WAS A TYPICAL Friday night for Dusk. He only wanted to dance. Now his life will never be the same.

The Rabbit Hole is the best place in town for a certain type of escape. Dusk has been a member of the exclusive kink club for years. His life is uncomplicated. That's exactly how Dusk likes it. Until one huge entanglement steps from the fog and changes everything.

He was only out for a late-night stroll. Restlessness drove Josh. Nothing else. Then a delicious scent, carried on the thick fog, leads Josh straight into the path of the sexiest man he's ever seen. He can't resist one night of release. But the morning might bring more than either of them can handle. Now all he can do is hope Dusk doesn't run.

Something Wild is a short, monster love romance meant to titillate you on your lunch break.

CHAPTER ONE

MUSIC THUMPED IN THE alleyway, giving a small glimpse of the party raging inside the unmarked building. The members-only club was like a second home to Dusk. A thick fog swirled throughout the city, making it hard for him to see. Luckily, he knew the place like the back of his hand. He had no trouble navigating the dark alley.

At The Rabbit Hole, people had to know the current password to get inside. It was sent via text to current members in good standing every Wednesday and Sunday. Dusk dug his phone from his back pocket and checked the latest message. He didn't want to make a mistake.

“Howl.”

Dusk chuckled to himself. It was fitting on this eerie, full moon night. As he neared the metal door that led inside the club, he heard a shuffling sound behind him. He glanced over his shoulder, expecting one of the many patrons to be heading to the same place as him. It was Friday. The place would be

slammed. People would come and go all night. Mostly come. The Rabbit Hole was a kink club, after all.

To Dusk's surprise, the alley was empty. He chalked it up to a rat or a cat. The hair stood on the back of his neck the moment he looked away. Something felt off, as if invisible eyes watched him from the shadows. He picked up the pace. A breeze skirted across his skin. He reached for the door handle. The clouds parted, casting an eerie glow across the foggy alleyway. He glanced up and caught sight of the moon.

"Is this the line for the bathroom?"

Dusk jumped. His gaze shot over his shoulder. A huge man stood behind him. He flashed Dusk a bright smile.

A blush touched Dusk's cheeks. "Sorry. I guess I'm blocking the door. Sometimes, I get distracted."

They held each other's stare.

Dusk fought a sigh. He was such a big guy. A solid bear. Dusk was a tiny five foot five and a hundred fifteen pounds. He wanted to wrap his hands around the guy's bicep to see if his fingers would touch. Luckily, it seemed they were headed to the same place.

"Are we going in?"

Dusk startled. A smile snapped to his lips. "Oh. Sorry. See. I'm a space cadet."

The man smiled. It was slow. Only one corner of his mouth lifted in a sexy smirk. "You're adorable."

With his bottom lip between his teeth, Dusk turned away and opened the door. His new friend reached over his head and held the door while Dusk headed inside. The smell of sweet and sultry cologne washed over Dusk. He forced himself to keep moving. Dusk headed for the doorman.

“Password.”

As Dusk opened his mouth, he felt a heavy arm drape over his shoulders. Dusk didn't react, but inside, he melted. He squeaked out the word from the latest text. “Howl.”

The doorman nodded. “You two have fun.”

His sexy bear touched his lips to Dusk's ear as he steered Dusk deeper into the club. “I'm Josh.”

“Dusk.”

“Dusk? That's adorable. What's the name of this place?”

Dusk stopped cold. He turned Josh's way. “Are you being serious?”

There was a hint of guilt in Josh's bright smile. “I was just taking a walk when I spotted a sexy sprite.” He glanced around, obviously noting the blatant sexual acts taking place around them before meeting Dusk's stare again. “You're the one who led me inside a... sex club,” he said, sounding questioning—like he took a stab in the dark. “That part was just a bonus.”

Dusk covered his eyes. He couldn't believe this. “Oh. My God. This can't be happening.” Josh could have been anyone. He could've meant the people here harm. Dusk had just

walked him inside. He might still mean to do something awful. Dusk didn't know him. He was humongous. Dusk couldn't stop him if he went on a rampage.

Josh pried Dusk's hand away from his face. His sexy dark green eyes held a hint of sympathy. "Hey, don't look like that. I'm not bothered. Come dance with me. This is much better than what I had planned for the night."

Even though Dusk was still horrified, he had to admit his hand felt warm and safe in Josh's grip. Josh looked nice. He had kind eyes. "Okay."

At his agreement, Josh swept Dusk onto the dance floor. His outrageous behavior didn't stop there. He lifted Dusk from the floor by his ass, leaving Dusk no choice but to wrap his legs around Josh's waist. A wicked-looking smile stayed plastered on Josh's face while he held Dusk like he would a kid and danced.

After a few seconds passed, Dusk caught himself smiling as well. Josh was too irresistible. Plus, Dusk had a much better time than he expected. Normally, he spent his nights searching every face, looking for the perfect partner and never finding them. If not here, though, then where? Dusk was an oddity in such an unbending world. He had to find love for the night here or he would never find it.

Josh honestly smelled so nice. When the music slowed, Dusk couldn't stop himself from burying his face in the crook of Josh's neck and inhaling. His fingers found Josh's soft brown hair at the nape of his neck and twirled. A vibration of

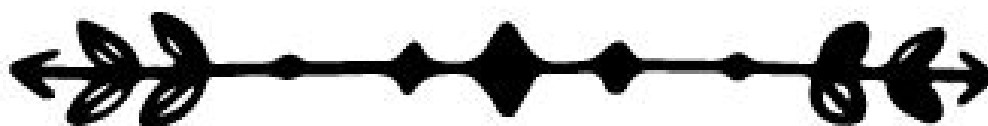
contentment flooded through him. Josh was so warm, cuddly, and seemingly kind. Part of Dusk wanted to doze in his arms right then.

Warm lips touched his cheek and then his ear. Dusk's eyelids dropped. His body stirred. Josh lightly kissed his ear again. "Let me carry you out of here. My place isn't that far. Let me take you to bed. We can stay like this all night."

Damn. That sounded nice. Truthfully, Dusk would know if Josh meant him harm. He had always had a sixth sense for survival. Not to mention, Dusk didn't want to give up the strong arms holding him.

"Okay."

With consent given, Josh headed for the door. Dusk kept his eyes closed and savored his warm, cuddly spot. He never got this type of affection. Dusk would soak up as much as he could in the few hours Josh gave him. The night had turned out perfectly already. Anything more would be a gift.



The moment they stepped into the alleyway, Josh turned left and headed away from the city. While the warehouse—he hadn't known it was a club—was downtown, it was only a few blocks from the edge of a preserve. His long stride easily carried them toward his place. Dusk weighed next to nothing. Josh felt like he carried a backpack on his chest while hiking.

When he felt Dusk go limp, a smile exploded across his face. Dusk was like a child getting carried to bed in his daddy's arms. Except Dusk smelled like something wild, and the way his inner fire had flashed at Josh earlier proved he was anything but innocent. He captivated Josh. Josh needed to get him alone. He had to know more.

With Dusk asleep, Josh used his powers. He held tightly to Dusk and ran toward the woods on the edge of the city. Once out of sight, he dodged trees as his feet pounded the ground toward his house deep in the preserve. He didn't even break a sweat with the extra weight. As he neared his small clapboard house, he slowed. For a moment, he debated waking Dusk before deciding against it. Soon enough, he would have what he wanted.

When Josh stepped through his front door, Dusk lifted his head. His light blonde hair stood on end from the wind. He blinked as he glanced around. His sexy blue eyes finally focused on Josh.

"This is nice. I can walk now."

Josh didn't release him. "I know you can, but you don't know the way." He kept moving, passing through the living room before heading down the hall. Josh walked to the end and through his bedroom door. He kept going until he reached his mattress. It was on the floor with no frame. Josh had his reasons. He dropped to one knee and gently set Dusk on the soft mattress.

"Oooh. This is comfy." He wiggled a little. "It's like a cloud."

“I’m going to kiss you now.”

Dusk’s smile disappeared. His expression turned heated. As Josh slowly lowered himself, Dusk’s hands swept up his chest, as if savoring the feel of Josh’s body. Then he wrapped his arms around Josh’s neck and lured him even closer. His eyes closed as Josh neared. Josh didn’t close his eyes until after their lips met. Something sparked inside Josh the instant their tongues met. He ran his fingers through Dusk’s hair and pulled away in shock. He had never felt anything so soft in his life. Josh kept rubbing, fascinated. Dusk kissed his neck and collarbone, clueless to Josh’s distraction. Josh couldn’t stop petting his hair.

Then Dusk wiggled beneath him, and Josh’s body remembered exactly where they had been a moment ago. He went back to work. Josh reached for the hem of Dusk’s shirt. Dusk lifted slightly and let him have it. Josh’s body responded to the surrender like Dusk was already ass up. It was crazy how wild Dusk drove him in such a short time. Josh didn’t act this reckless with anyone. This was a huge risk. He didn’t know if he could go all the way with Dusk. Dusk’s tiny body might not take him. Josh didn’t want to hurt him. None of those thoughts stopped him. Josh kept undressing Dusk and Dusk let it happen. It was Dusk’s scent. It drove Josh wild. He had never encountered any being with the same essence. Josh couldn’t stop licking him every chance he got.

When he got Dusk nude, Josh froze. He eyed every inch of Dusk, taking in every detail. Dusk was nothing like him. They were opposites in every way. His hair was light blond all over

while Josh's was dark. Dusk was tiny. He was slender and bite-size. Josh was massive. His mattress was on the floor because he broke frames. That was mostly because of his supernatural size. He weighed over six hundred pounds in his true form. Another spike of fear hit Josh. He didn't want to hurt Dusk. Dusk held his stare as his hand headed south. As Josh looked on, Dusk palmed his cock and stroked, as if he was too horny to wait.

Josh snapped. He flipped Dusk onto his stomach. Dusk immediately drew his knees up, presenting his tight puckered asshole to Josh. Static ran through Josh as his body fought to shift. He squeezed his eyes shut and drew a slow breath. The static eased. Josh's impatience didn't. He ripped off his clothes and led his dick toward Dusk's waiting hole. Reality hit. He couldn't just shove his way inside. Dusk would be ripped in two. He shifted positions and licked Dusk's asshole.

"Oh, yum. Do that again."

Josh fought the urge to pat himself on the back for saving the moment. He licked again and then again when he realized how much he liked the way Dusk tasted. Josh settled between the cheeks, lapping at Dusk's asshole because he couldn't resist making Dusk a full meal. He stiffened his tongue and pushed past the tight ring of muscles surrounding Dusk's asshole.

"Fuck. Yes. That feels good."

Saliva ran from Dusk's asshole to his balls. Josh decided to play with those too. Before he knew it, he was sucking balls and tongue-fucking Dusk's ass. His cock was dripping pre-

cum all over the place. Once he had Dusk like putty in his hands, and drenched, he moved back to his knees. His dick throbbed when he palmed it and led it toward Dusk's waiting asshole.

Even after getting Dusk soaked with spit, he felt moved to warn him. "You're so tiny. This will probably hurt."

Dusk moaned. His back arched.

Josh bit his bottom lip and hoped for the best. He pressed his crown against Dusk's hole. Just by eyeing the size difference, it didn't look good. Still, he pushed. Dusk's hole widened, accepting him. A loud moan came from beneath him. Josh risked going a little deeper. Dusk panted.

"Give it to me. I want it all."

Sweat coated Josh's face from holding back. At Dusk's demand, he thrust. To his surprise, Dusk did too. He pressed back at the exact time Josh moved forward. Dusk took the whole thing. Josh froze, fearing he had done real damage.

Dusk writhed. "Fuck me. Oh, God. Please. Fuck me. I need it."

Josh risked a few shallow thrusts.

Dusk scratched at the sheets like Josh drove him insane. He thrust a little harder. The sexiest moan he ever heard came from Dusk. Josh lost control. He grabbed Dusk's hips and used him. Dusk became like a rag doll, being treated as a sexy toy. Josh's animal side took over. The static was back. He ground his back teeth, but Dusk felt too good. His dick expanded,

shifting inside Dusk. It was out of Josh's control. Dusk went wild. It didn't matter he was beneath Josh. He fucked Josh. Dusk used Josh's dick. He rocked fast and hard, taking Josh the way he wanted. All Josh could do was watch his fat cock slide in and out of Dusk's hole at a rapid pace. Then Dusk let out an adorable-sounding whimper. His body convulsed, trying to suck Josh deeper.

Josh saw stars. His arms grew hair, and his claws grew. Josh fought harder not to shift as the unexpected waves of ecstasy hit. He pumped Dusk's tiny body full of cum. It didn't matter. He couldn't get or spread disease. But Josh wanted to lick him clean later. That was important to him. The static disappeared as his dick twitched out the final drops of jizz. He collapsed, rolling to the side at the last second so he didn't break Dusk. Josh brought Dusk with him when his cock got stuck. Shit. He was trapped. Josh played with Dusk's dick to keep him distracted. He ended up distracting himself. Dusk's cock was as soft as his hair.

"Holy shit. That was... wow."

A smile snapped to Josh's lips. "It really was."

"I can still feel you twitching inside me. I've never been this full."

Josh didn't doubt it. "I can't believe you took all of me. Finding partners is a little hard for me." It was a lot hard. He didn't know why he had taken a risk on Dusk. Josh had wanted him too badly. This could have gone very differently.

Very badly. His cock finally slipped from Dusk's ass. The thought of hurting him had him losing his erection.

“Mhmm.” The tired-sounding agreement had Josh sneaking a peek at Dusk's expression. His eyes were closed. Josh bit his bottom lip to keep from smiling like an idiot. He settled back down. Dusk couldn't stay the night. That wasn't safe for him, but Josh could let him rest. He had earned that. Josh closed his eyes and snuggled closer. He couldn't stop whisking his lips across Dusk's temple. In a few minutes, he would clean Dusk and send him on his way. For now, this was nice. He liked holding Dusk. Josh wasn't ready to stop.

CHAPTER TWO

JOSH'S EYES FLUTTERED OPEN. Sunlight filtered into the room. A delicious scent tickled his nose. He stretched. Something warm wiggled on his chest. His head lifted. Tiny blue eyes met his stare. They widened. A squeal rent the air. A roar escaped Josh when the same sound attempted to burst from him. He scrambled in one direction while the small white rabbit bolted in the opposite direction. The tiny animal cowered in the corner, shivering, while Josh's gaze skirted the room. Dusk's clothes were still there, but he was nowhere to be seen. Josh sniffed the air, searching. He moved closer to the rabbit as he caught Dusk's scent. As he moved closer, the rabbit released another terrified scream.

Josh froze. He glanced down. Fuck. He was in his true form. Josh took a breath. He focused on slowing his heart. His bear form disappeared, leaving behind the man Dusk had met last night. The bunny dropped, flopping onto its side. Josh dashed across the room. He knew rabbits' hearts were fragile. It wasn't unusual for them to be literally scared to death.

“Oh, shit. Please don’t be dead. Please don’t be dead.”

He lifted the tiny white rabbit and pressed his ear to its chest. A small beat pounded. Josh’s head spun in his relief. He carried the bunny to the mattress and sat. Josh grabbed a pillow and set Dusk on top, cradling him on the pillow on his lap. His fingers brushed through Dusk’s fur. It was the same soft hair he had run his fingers through last night, explaining the unnatural softness.

Dusk was so adorable. Josh’s chest squeezed. How had this happened? What were the odds? Then again, Josh had been drawn to Dusk. He had caught a scent while out walking. The wild, alluring smell had driven him crazy with a need to find it. At the end of the trail had been Dusk. Josh had been incapable of resisting him. But a bear and a rabbit; who had heard of such a thing? Still, Josh couldn’t stop touching him. Cradling him. He needed Dusk to be okay.

Suddenly, the rabbit came to life. A second later, Josh held a naked Dusk. Dusk leaped from his lap. He held his hand out. “Please don’t eat me.”

Despite the situation, a laugh burst from Josh. “I distinctly recall you begging me to keep eating you last night.”

Confusion replaced the fear in Dusk’s expression. He moved toward his pile of clothes while keeping one eye locked on Josh. Dusk snatched his clothes from the floor and backed toward the door with the clothes hiding his nudity.

Josh realized he intended to leave. Panic struck. He shot to his feet and beat Dusk to the door. With his back pressed against

the wood, he blocked Dusk's escape.

"Please don't go."

Dusk's gaze shot around the room, obviously looking for a second exit. "Why? What do you plan to do to me?"

Hopefully, lots of things. Josh didn't think Dusk would appreciate that answer. "I've never met anyone else like me. Well, I mean, obviously, you're not exactly like me. But I mean, I haven't met anyone else who can shift like me."

That got Dusk's attention. He stopped moving and held Josh's stare. "What do you mean, you've never met anyone else like us? Don't you have a family?"

Josh shook his head. "Well, I had a mom once. But I barely remember her, and I don't remember her ever being anything but human. She went to work one day when I was little and didn't come back. It's just been me ever since. What about you?"

An adorable smile snapped to Dusk's lips. "I'm a bunny. Of course, I have a family. I have twenty-five siblings."

Josh blinked. "Twenty-five..."

Dusk laughed at his open shock. His shoulders visibly relaxed. The clothes he held in front of him were seemingly forgotten as they dropped to his feet. He didn't hide his nudity any longer. That distracted Josh more than he wanted to admit.

"What do you do to survive, bear?"

He assumed Dusk wanted to know what he did for a living. “I work remotely for a Fortune 500 company as a data analyst.”

For a moment, Dusk only blinked. “Oh.”

Josh realized Dusk had expected him to be some sort of wild beast in the woods. He couldn’t stop smiling at the idea. “What about you?”

“I’m a bunny,” he said again. “It’s my job to be cute.”

It was Josh’s turn to blink. “Does that pay well?”

A sexy laugh burst from Dusk. His eyes flashed with humor. Josh wanted to lick him. “Yes. I’m a model. That’s not a job that pays well for everyone, but it does just fine for me.”

Josh wanted to talk to him all day. He was always alone. Being with Dusk felt freeing as hell. “I smelled you last night. While I was out walking,” he added, unnecessarily. “I couldn’t resist your scent.”

Dusk’s smile fell. “That’s probably because you wanted to eat me.”

“And again, I already did, and you liked it.”

Dusk shifted from foot to foot. “Well, what do we do now?”

Josh shrugged. “I guess I make you breakfast.”

Dusk backed away.

Josh sighed. “Cook something for you for breakfast,” he clarified.

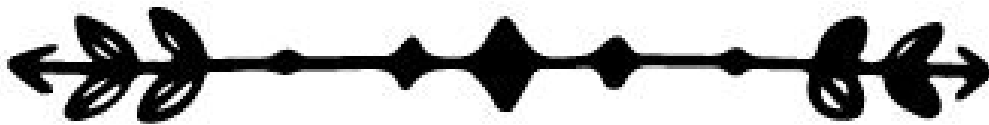
“Oh.” Dusk didn’t look any less uncomfortable. “I’m a vegetarian.”

Josh made a dismissive motion. “That’s cool. I don’t eat much meat either, and I’ve never eaten rabbit meat. How could anyone kill something so cute?”

“Right? I’m fucking adorable.”

Josh’s cheeks hurt from smiling. He genuinely liked Dusk. Josh had to convince him to stay. “So, breakfast?”

Dusk’s chest expanded on a deep breath. He eyed Josh for a moment before finally nodding. Relief washed over Josh. For a few minutes longer, he would get to keep Dusk. He would make the best of it.



Not one damn time in Dusk’s life had he fainted. He had also never been so scared. Like Josh, Dusk had never met anyone outside of his family like him. He had never assumed they were oddities, as much as people like them never showed themselves to anyone. It was too dangerous. He honestly didn’t understand what happened last night. Dusk didn’t shift in his sleep. In fact, he usually had to focus hard to change forms. Not one time had he simply woken up a bunny. So, new fear unlocked there.

Somehow, on Dusk’s roller coaster ride known as life, he ended up wearing nothing but Josh’s t-shirt while helping him put together a fruit tray. Life had taken a surreal turn. He kept sneaking glances at his giant bear from beneath his lashes.

God. He really was gorgeous. Their night together had been next level. Now that the fear had passed, Dusk kind of wanted to pat himself on the back for taking a bear. He wanted to do it again.

“So... do you have any of your model pics handy? I’d love to see your work.”

Dusk knew Josh only made small talk. Still, he indulged him. While hiding a smirk, he pulled up photos on his phone of his latest spread. He passed his phone Josh’s way. Josh’s eyes widened. He cleared his throat. The scent of lust hit Dusk, weakening his knees.

“Oh.” Josh cleared his throat again. “Um. You’re that type of model.”

Dusk’s smirk grew. “You met me while I was headed inside a sex club. Surely you didn’t think me innocent.”

Josh handed Dusk’s phone back as if reluctant to relinquish Dusk’s naughty pictures. “I would never assume anything. You look amazing. I can see how people would clamor for more.”

Dusk was oddly flattered. Lots of people had said similar things. Coming from Josh, it mattered, and he didn’t know why. “Thank you. I’d ask to see your work, but I’m not very smart. I wouldn’t understand it.”

In a flash, Dusk found his ass planted on the countertop with Josh between his thighs, going nose to nose with him. “Take that back.”

Dusk blinked. “What?” He genuinely had no clue what had triggered Josh.

“Don’t insult yourself. Take it back.”

Without thinking, Dusk’s palms slid up Josh’s chest. His arms encircled Josh’s neck. He found the soft hair at the nape of Josh’s neck and twirled a lock around his finger. “I’m sorry. To be honest, I only thought I spoke the truth. I didn’t think I talked down about myself.” Dusk was serious. He was honestly a bit conceited, but he was also realistic. Dusk didn’t think he was very smart. After all, he was with someone who might kill him any second and he gave no shits. Surely that was proof of his stupidity.

Josh’s gorgeous green gaze moved over Dusk’s face. “I think you’re flawless in every way. I won’t hear a bad word about you. Not even from you.”

“You just met me.” Dusk felt moved to point out that tidbit. After a few weeks or so, Josh would probably think Dusk was dumb too. Everyone did.

Josh shook his head. “I can’t explain it, but it doesn’t feel like we just met. Looking at you pulls at my chest. It’s like I’ve always known you. Like I’ve been waiting for you.”

That was the sweetest thing anyone had ever said to him, and strangely true for Dusk as well. Good sense said he should run. He couldn’t move. Dusk felt at home—like he could just stay because this was where he belonged.

As Dusk looked on, Josh slowly leaned in, as if giving Dusk a chance to escape. Dusk didn't move. He wanted this. Dusk met him halfway. Their lips met and lingered. Josh sucked Dusk's bottom lip before delving inside Dusk's mouth. Their tongues played. Dusk held Josh's face and savored every second. The shirt he wore moved higher as Josh pushed the material up Dusk's thighs. His entire being focused on what Josh's hands did. He silently begged to be touched.

Josh's mouth moved to Dusk's ear. "You look so sexy in my shirt."

"You should fuck me in it."

A soft, inhuman growl vibrated against his skin. Dusk moaned. It was out of his control. Josh ripped open a nearby cabinet and pulled out a container of coconut oil. Dusk watched as Josh used the oil to soak his erection. He looked like an animal in human clothing as he dragged Dusk to the edge of the counter.

"Mine."

A shiver ran down Dusk's spine. Josh aroused him like no one else ever had. Dusk wrapped his arms around Josh's neck as his ass left the counter. Josh held Dusk's stare, looking possessive, and turned on as hell as he lowered Dusk onto his cock. Dusk had never met anyone as strong. He forgot to care as Josh's huge cock slowly pushed inside him, stretching him as widely as possible.

Dusk tilted his chin up and sucked air. The most delicious scent wafted over him. His arousal doubled. Fuck. He never

wanted to be anywhere else, and it didn't make sense. Dusk felt complete in a way he never had. No one had ever driven him this wild.

“More.” The demand tore from Dusk's throat, sounding raw.

Josh spun, finding the nearest wall. The cool wood touched Dusk's back, making him gasp. Then Josh destroyed him. Dusk loved every second of the hard way Josh thrust inside him. He savored every second of watching the way his hard cock bobbed between their bodies. Each time his chin lifted, he found Josh's stare waiting for him. He looked determined and so fucking hot.

Pressure climbed Dusk's shaft, drawing his balls up tight. The sensation only made him greedier. “Faster. I want to blow cum all over you.”

Josh didn't let him down. His cock sawed in and out of Dusk, stealing his breath. A blinding orgasm struck. A cry tore from Dusk's throat. Josh threw his head back and roared while Dusk still rode the final wave. After two more solid pumps, Josh's chin lowered. He met Dusk's stare. They both panted while Josh's dick still twitched inside him. Dusk very much feared he understood now. He had an undeniable feeling in his gut. This was his mate. A bear.

“We should probably eat breakfast so I can get out of your hair.” The words came out sounding as breathless as he felt.

“Or you could just stay.”

Dusk's gaze moved over Josh's face. His heart knew the truth.
"Or I could just stay."

That was the only real choice. Dusk couldn't turn his back on this. Not yet. Probably not ever. He had to stay and find out for himself.

CHAPTER THREE

SOFT MUSIC FLOATED THROUGH the air of the brightly lit grocery store. The place was a sharp left turn from where Dusk used to spend his Friday nights. He couldn't be happier. Almost eight months to the day, he had gone home with Josh. Dusk hadn't left. Each night, he fell asleep next to his sweet bear, and he woke up every morning as a rabbit. That bullshit had nearly driven him crazy. Thankfully, his mom had cleared things up for him. It seemed Josh was his true mate, after all. His wild side brought out Dusk's. They were their most vulnerable with each other. It was kind of nice knowing his inner bunny felt that safe with Josh. Goddess knew he had never loved someone so much.

“Hey, baby.”

Dusk turned his head at Josh's stage whisper. A bright smile snapped to his lips. Josh held a bear-shaped bottle of honey next to his face.

“It's me.”

Dusk closed the distance between them and took the honey from him. He tossed it in the basket. “Damn right. You’re my honey bear.” Dusk motioned toward the cart. “You can show me later if bears really do like honey as much as the cartoons claim.”

A soft growl caressed Dusk’s ears. He had to take a breath at the sound. It seemed he had already gotten his answer. Never in his life had he wanted to drip in sticky sweetness the way he did at that moment. He couldn’t finish shopping quickly enough. Dusk rushed through the store, grabbing the final items needed. By the time they made it to the parking lot, he practically sprinted.

Like the night they met, a thick fog covered the dark city. There was something wild in the air. Dusk thought maybe it was his love.

Josh chuckled as Dusk tossed their groceries into the back of their Bronco. “What’s the rush, baby?”

Dusk snagged the bottle of honey before closing the back. “Get in the car. I’m about to suck this honey off your dick.”

Heat flashed in Josh’s eyes. He quickly returned their cart and climbed behind the wheel. Dusk had already jumped into the vehicle and gone to work removing the safety seals from the bottle.

The moment Josh closed his door, Dusk sprang. He went straight for the button on Josh’s jeans. A pant sounded loudly throughout the vehicle. Dusk didn’t know which of them made the sound.

Josh made a stopping gesture. “Hang on, sexy. Something is digging into my thigh.” He lifted his hips and dug into his pocket. Josh pulled out a ring.

Dusk froze.

A platinum band with diamonds lining the circle stayed clasped between Josh’s fingers.

Josh held his stare. “I love you. Will you marry me?”

Happiness exploded through Dusk. He launched himself at Josh. Dusk placed several kisses all over Josh’s face, answering between loud smacks. “Yes. Of course. I love you.” He pulled away. “Wait. Why was that in your pocket? Did you plan to propose at a grocery store?”

Josh’s bright smile didn’t fade, as if his happiness couldn’t be dimmed. “I’ve been carrying it everywhere lately. There was no plan. I figured I would just know when the time was right. It’s right.”

Dusk melted. He loved this man. Tears sprang to his eyes as Josh slid the ring on his finger. It was a little big, but Dusk didn’t care. He had never been happier.

He lifted his gaze from the ring to meet Josh’s stare. “I love it. Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me. You rescued me. I should thank you. Meeting you was the most random, perfect thing that’s ever happened to me. You’re the love of my life.”

“Awww.” Dusk didn’t know how he had gotten so lucky. He couldn’t stop staring at Josh. Happiness completely owned

him.

“You’re chattering.”

Dusk refused to be ashamed. “I can’t help it. I’m happy.”

Josh’s sweet smile turned wicked. “I could make you happier. Let’s get home so I can eat you. Honey pairs well with rabbit.”

They couldn’t get there fast enough to suit Dusk. Josh was right. The night they met had been random as hell and the greatest moment of Dusk’s life. Now it was time to get started on their forever. It would be great. How could it be anything less?

A LITTLE WICKED

***THE WORLD IS RIPE with food for an incubus these days.
Oddly, Damon only wants one man.***

Damon spends his weekends at The Rabbit Hole, soaking up the kink club's overabundance of lust and depravity. It's the perfect playground. But when Damon spots a chubby Little in teddy bear pj's, his one taste becomes an eternal addiction.

Occasionally, Rob transforms into his Little persona, Bobby, for reasons he can't express. He doesn't truly consider himself a Little. Before Damon came along, he allowed no one at the notorious nightclub to touch him. Damon's eyes call to him like a dark spell. Now, there's no turning back.

A Little Wicked is a short, monster love romance meant to titillate you on your lunch break.

CHAPTER one

THE SMELL OF SEX permeated the air. Most people probably wouldn't notice. Damon soaked in the smell. People-watching at The Rabbit Hole was one of his favorite pastimes. Over the centuries, Damon had spent time at countless dens of iniquity. This one was top tier. Inches from him, a man bobbed on his partner's dick. Damon shamelessly watched. He was jealous of the way the man's knees ached. Damon lived for the taste of male salt on his tongue. Quite literally, actually. An Incubus couldn't survive without sex. Damon loved everything about getting down and dirty. Getting every orifice filled and being drowned in cum was his only goal every second of the day. This place fed him. Yet nothing held his attention tonight.

Sometimes, eternity could be very mundane. He needed to mix things up, but he didn't know how. He had already done everything a million times. The restlessness in his spirit couldn't be quelled. He had no clue how to stop the howling

winds inside him. Damon supposed demons weren't allowed peace.

Aggravation filled him as he lost interest in the blowjob. He scanned the crowd again, looking for his next high. Several blatant sexual acts took place around him. He dismissed each one as being as bland as the last. His gaze drifted toward the back corner of the building. An area had been transformed into a giant playpen. Men in pajamas, diapers, or onesies crawled and performed for the men milling around the perimeter. Each one had caught the attention of at least two daddies. All but one. A plump Little in teddy bear pajamas sat coloring alone. He wasn't the typical Little. His stomach stretched the material of his outfit. He was more bear-sized than a baby. It seemed no one wanted a pudgy boy. Damon's cock stirred. He liked them big.

Damon stood and headed that way. His gaze bored into his prey, tempting him to notice Damon. His mark's chin lifted and quickly dropped after spotting Damon moving his way. Damon smirked. Oh, the dirty things they would do.

At the edge of the pen, Damon leaned the man's way. "Hello, squish."

The man pushed his crayons and coloring book to the side and turned his back to Damon. A chuckle stuck in Damon's throat at the defiance.

"What's your name?"

"I'm not supposed to talk to strangers."

Damon's smile grew. He appreciated commitment to a bit. "I'm Damon. See? I'm no longer a stranger."

The man turned Damon's way. He still looked suspicious. "I'm Bobby."

He had gorgeous blue eyes and tasty-looking lips. Damon could do bad things to him. Of course, Damon could do bad things to anyone. That was his job. "Bobby." Damon repeated Bobby's name, ensuring his voice dripped with sex. He needed his new friend to be a little nervous. A hint of fear made sex taste twice as sweet. "Would you like to sit on my lap, Bobby?" He purposely kept saying Bobby's name, using his powers to lure the man into his web.

Bobby's gaze skirted Damon's body. "I'd squash your legs."

Damon shook his head. "Impossible. I'm much sturdier than I look."

Even though he didn't look reassured, Bobby moved to his knees and pushed to his feet. As he attempted to climb over the side of the playpen, Damon lifted him up and over, savoring the shock in Bobby's expression.

"I told you. I've got you."

The awe in Bobby's expression didn't waver as Damon led him to a nearby table. He sat and pulled Bobby onto his lap. Bobby sat sideways across Damon's lap. He looked uncomfortable, as if he still didn't think Damon's attention was genuine.

Bobby twisted his fingers in his lap. "Do you like toys?"

Damon imagined Bobby meant children's toys. Unfortunately, Damon was incapable of being anything but sexual. "I love toys." Innuendo dripped from every word. "How long have you been coming here?"

Bobby shrugged. "A couple of weeks. I think this is my last time."

That piqued Damon's curiosity. "Why? This is obviously your scene."

Sexy blue eyes finally met his gaze. "Is it? You're the first person who's talked to me. I'm an oddity among oddities."

Damon didn't hide his interest. He snagged the tab of Bobby's zipper. It rested in the center of Bobby's chest. A hint of dark chest hair peeked out above the open V of his pajamas. Damon slowly slid the zipper down. "You're gorgeous." He expected Bobby would stop him any second. It didn't happen.

"You have pretty eyes. I've never seen anything like them."

A smirk pulled at Damon's lips. Of that, he had no doubt. Bobby was untainted. That would change soon. "Do you want to play a game?" He stroked the stomach he had bared as he asked the question.

Bobby licked his lips, looking nervous. "What kind of game?"

"The kind where I make you feel good." Damon dragged his gaze down Bobby's body as he said the words. Bobby's pajamas tented. Satisfaction roared through Damon. His hunger grew. It was time to feed.

"What are the rules?"

Damon tugged Bobby's zipper lower. "You have to sit very still." Bobby's erection sprang free. He wasn't wearing underwear. Damon wrapped his fingers around Bobby's cock. "And I'll show you a trick."

"Your hand is hot."

A chuckle rumbled from Damon. "That's because I'm a demon." He tugged Bobby's erection.

A shaky-sounding breath escaped Bobby. "I don't think I'm supposed to let anyone touch my private parts, especially a demon."

Damon kissed Bobby's ear as he swiped his hand down Bobby's balls and squeezed. "I won't tell if you don't."

"People can see us." Bobby whispered the words, sounding ashamed. "They're staring."

Damon licked Bobby's neck as he lost himself to stroking Bobby's cock. Bobby's lust penetrated his skin, giving him life. "What else are they doing?"

"One guy has his hand in his pants."

A smile tugged at Damon's lips. Bobby sounded horrified. "How does that make you feel?"

Bobby didn't answer right away. When he did, he sounded breathless. "I feel funny. Like I want to squirm. My wee wee tingles."

Damon leaned Bobby back a hair before delving deeper into Bobby's pajamas. He tickled his asshole. "What about right

here? Does it make this part tingle too?"

Bobby nodded.

At Bobby's admission, Damon pulled his hand away, licked his fingers, and dove back inside. He found Bobby's asshole again. He curled one finger inside him. "Does it help when I do this?"

Bobby nodded faster.

Damon went deeper, finding Bobby's prostate. "What about now?"

A whimper escaped Bobby.

Damon's dick wept at the sound. He wanted to unzip his pants and lower Bobby onto his cock. Torture was so much sweeter.

"Do you do this when you're alone, Bobby?"

Another small whine came from Bobby's throat. "I don't want to say."

"You can tell me. It'll be our secret."

He turned his head, getting close to Damon's ear. "Sometimes I put my toys in my butt. Don't tell, okay?"

Dear Abaddon. He loved the way Bobby never broke character. Bobby had a full-blown kink. That made him Damon's kind of man. "Don't worry. I won't say anything. Let's try one more thing, okay?"

Bobby nodded. "Okay."

"I want to put my tongue in your mouth."

Bobby's gaze dropped to Damon's mouth. "Why?"

Damon flashed him a wicked smile. "Trust me." He didn't give Bobby time to agree. He dipped his head and touched his lips to Bobby's. Bobby gasped. Damon shoved his tongue into Bobby's mouth. He licked Bobby's tongue. Bobby hesitated and then licked him back. Damon kept luring him into the kiss until Bobby was every bit as into it as him. Then he used the distraction to snag Bobby's cock and hammer it. He jacked Bobby's dick as fast as he could without giving away his unnatural abilities. Bobby whimpered against Damon's mouth. Damon pulled and tugged, getting higher by the second on Bobby's lust. He felt Bobby stiffen. Damon didn't let up. Damon needed Bobby's release. It satisfied his hunger like nothing had in ages.

Bobby's entire body jerked. Cum coated Damon's hand. Bobby made sounds around Damon's tongue that were like icing on the cake. Damon kept stroking until he felt Bobby's body go limp. He had taken too much energy. That happened sometimes when someone satisfied him too much. Damon tucked Bobby's cock away and zipped his pajamas. He got an odd sense of satisfaction knowing Bobby's cum still coated that delicious round stomach underneath his teddy bear pjs.

Damon kissed Bobby's cheek. "You're a good boy." With his energy refueled and his latest victim drained, Damon stood and dumped Bobby's limp body on his recently vacated chair.

"Take a nap, cutie. You'll be good in about ten minutes. Thanks for the recharge." Damon made sure Bobby's head

rested securely on the corner table and he wouldn't fall. Then he walked away without looking back. It had been a fun night. They would have to do this again.

CHAPTER TWO

FOR THE PAST THREE years, Rob transformed into Bobby for every weekend during the anniversary month of his husband's passing. There had never been a man who compared to Zach. They had shared an unshakable bond. Over the years, they had done tons of role play. They had understood each other like no one else could. Rob never interacted with anyone at The Rabbit Hole. He would simply color or play with blocks while he people-watched. It made him feel closer to Zach for reasons he couldn't vocalize. Not once had anyone else touched him since Zach's death. As of two days ago, Rob couldn't say that any longer. He also couldn't stop thinking about his encounter with Damon.

Even with two days' distance, Rob didn't understand what happened. One second, he had been soaking in his yearly pity party. The next, he had been on Damon's lap. He had never broken role. That had given him some distance from reality. Still, he was shaken from their encounter. Rob swore he still felt Damon's lips. Still heard his voice in his head. When he

went to bed at night, Rob practically shook with lust for a man he probably wouldn't recognize if he saw him again on the street. He couldn't shake him.

Several times, Rob considered going back to the club this weekend, breaking his ritual. He always rejected the idea each time it entered his mind. His trips to The Rabbit Hole had nothing to do with sex. Rob went there to remember... and to forget.

“Excuse me. Where’s your printer ink?”

Rob turned. He was wrong. Rob absolutely recognized Damon. His tongue froze. Fuck. He was even more beautiful in the bright light of day. His amazing eyes looked twice as hot. They were whiskey-colored but specks of gold seemed to float through them. He also looked so goddamn wicked. Rob had no clue what the guy had seen in him, even for an hour. He was tall and cut. His long, jet-black hair looked like raven wings. Rob ceased to function. His brain completely glitched.

“I don’t work here.”

Damon’s wicked-looking mouth quirked in one corner. “Sorry. You’re wearing the same red polo.” His gaze skirted down Rob’s body. “And a name tag... Rob.” The way he said Rob’s name weakened his knees. He thought he might faint.

Damon didn’t act as if he knew him. Rob latched onto that hope. “Sorry. I mean, I do work here, but I’m the manager over deliveries. I’m also off the clock.”

A bright smile lit Damon's face, stealing his breath. "Fantastic. That means you're free to entertain me. Right, Bobby?"

Rob's brain went back to glitching. This was like some horrible nightmare where he was nude at work. "Please don't call me that."

Damon's smile faltered. "Hmm. I suppose I imagined our night together. Sorry to disturb you, *Rob*." Damon turned and headed for the front of the store.

Rob panicked. He couldn't let Damon get away. "Maybe I can help you find that printer ink."

"I'm good." Damon didn't look back as he made the claim.

"Then maybe we could go for a walk and talk."

Damon paused. He glanced over his shoulder. "Try again."

Rob's mind raced for a way to get a few more minutes with Damon. "We played my game. Let's play yours."

A wicked-looking smile slowly spread across Rob's lips. "As you wish."

A flash of fear ran down his spine. Rob questioned his sanity as his feet carried him toward Damon. Damon had said he was a demon. That was new territory for Rob. He could be into anything. Blood play. Pain play. All the reasonable thinking and good sense in the world didn't stop Rob from walking out the door with Damon.

Damon headed for a black Camaro that looked brand new. The lights flashed as they neared. If Rob had pictured Damon in a

certain car, this one was it. The dark tinted windows and expensive-looking wheels fit Damon in a way Rob couldn't explain.

"Maybe I should follow you."

Damon didn't spare him a glance. "Get in."

With a breath for courage, Rob opened the passenger side door. The inside was all black leather and red trim. It was the perfect car to take him to hell. Rob bit his bottom lip to stop a hysterical burst of laughter from escaping at the thought. He slid inside. New car smell engulfed him as he closed the door. Then Damon climbed behind the wheel and all Rob could smell was him. Memories of their night together flashed through Rob's mind in vivid color. His body stirred at the images. He swore he could still feel Damon's hand stroking him. Rob couldn't think straight.

The car roared to life and then purred. Rob tried to focus on anything but his wayward thoughts. "Um. So. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a contract closing specialist."

Rob nodded, even though Damon's focus stayed locked on the road as he maneuvered his way through the parking lot. The store where Rob had worked for the past fifteen years was part of a large group of connected stores—like an outdoor mall. It was on the edge of an upper-class neighborhood, so the place had a high-end feel. There were fountains, greenery, and statues. People came to hang out for the day. It was a pain in the ass to drive through because traffic was a nonstop bitch.

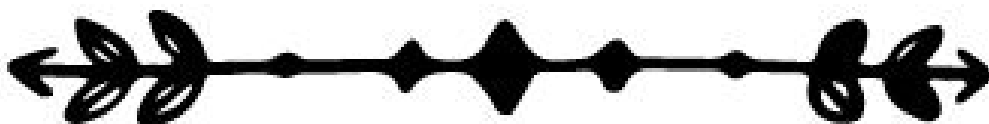
But cars seemed to miraculously move out of Damon's way, no matter which direction he turned. Traffic lights were always in his favor. Rob might not have noticed, but he was a nervous wreck and the drive seemed to move too quickly.

Damon made his way from the parking lot and turned almost immediately into the closest subdivision. The homes were well out of Rob's price range. Rob felt in his spirit the neighborhood had an overbearing HOA. In no time, Damon steered into the driveway of a house Rob imagined was every bit of three thousand square feet. It had timeless multi-colored brick and gorgeous windows. As the garage door lifted, Rob spotted a black Hummer already inside. Damon pulled in next to it.

“What kind of contract's closer did you say you are?”

Damon flashed him a smile. “A very good one.”

God. Rob believed it. He would sign his soul over to Damon in a heartbeat. Damon's eyes flashed with something dark and sexy, as if he heard Rob's thoughts. Rob licked his lips. He had no idea why he couldn't stop wanting Damon's time. But he had a bad feeling he might always feel this way.



While Damon had looked extensively into Rob's life before coming to claim him, he hadn't expected to find a completely different person. Not that he thought Bobby would stay in a

Little persona full time, but he was most definitely Rob outside of the club. Damon hadn't decided yet how he felt. But Rob had challenged him, and Damon still wanted him. He hadn't felt as satiated as he had after feeding from Rob in centuries. Maybe longer. People bored him. Rob hadn't. Not yet anyhow.

As he led Rob inside, Rob tried looking in every direction at once. He made Damon curious. Damon couldn't stop listening to Rob's thoughts. They were all over the place, from admiring Damon's possessions to wondering why he had agreed to this. He also wanted Damon again. Damon particularly enjoyed those thoughts. He wanted to savor Rob first.

Damon took Rob's hand and led him to the couch. Side by side, they sank into the plush leather. He needed to make Rob squirm.

"Tell me."

A blush exploded through Rob's cheeks, telling on him. "What?"

His red face exposed him as a liar. He knew exactly what Damon meant. Still, Damon would indulge him. "I want to hear the story behind your transformation." He already knew. Damon just needed Rob to be uncomfortable.

Rob cleared his throat. "Oh. That. Well, it's kind of depressing. Are you sure?"

Damon brought Rob's hand to his mouth. He flicked his tongue across Rob's knuckles. "I want to know you. All of

you. Even the dark parts.” Especially those.

Rob’s eyes showed his every emotion. His longing. “I’m a sub. At least, I was.” Rob shook his head, as if shaking off Damon’s spell. “I was married,” he said, obviously trying to string his thoughts together with Damon’s powers clogging his mind. “My husband and I had a unique relationship. He did everything for me. I was his brat. He spoiled me. In the bedroom, we did a lot of role play. Things were never boring. When he passed, I was lost. Nothing made me feel the way he had. I tried going to The Rabbit Hole as myself, but I still didn’t feel like me. On the first anniversary of his death, I crumbled. I found myself wearing one-piece pajamas he had given me and crying into two bottles of wine. Recklessly, I made my way to the club. I crawled into the playpen with the Littles, and I didn’t move until closing time.” A self-deprecating smile touched Rob’s lips. He stared at nothing, as if only seeing the images in his head.

“Even though I still didn’t fit, and life still felt wrong without my other half, it was like I was immersed in the same world. Men doted on the other Littles while I watched. It wasn’t happening to me, and I didn’t want it, but I could see the world hadn’t ended. I know it doesn’t make sense.”

It did. While their marriage hadn’t been a daddy slash Little situation, they had lived a power dynamic, and the weaker link had survived. Damon felt how lost Rob had been.

Rob’s gaze finally locked on him. “But then you appeared from nowhere and I felt a spark I haven’t felt in a long time. I

don't know why I played along. That's not who I am. Well, I guess it's sort of who I am, but I'm not really a Little. I'm just... I don't know anymore."

He was clay, waiting for someone strong to mold him. Damon loved the idea of it. He could shape Rob into anyone. The need to corrupt rose inside him.

"You're perfect."

Rob bit his bottom lip and looked away, trying to hide his smile.

Damon touched his chin and forced Rob to meet his stare. "I'm serious."

Rob's smile faded. He swallowed hard enough Damon heard it happen. "What do you want from me?"

"Everything." Damon had never meant anything as much. He wanted Rob's body, heart, and soul. Rob wouldn't even recognize himself after Damon. "Get undressed." Damon shamelessly used his powers against Rob, throwing some persuasion behind his words.

Rob stood and peeled off his shirt.

"Keep going." Damon readjusted his growing cock as Rob unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. He licked his lips as Rob's erection sprang free. Damon let Rob see his open lust. "Eternity with me will be exhausting. Sex is my drug. My fuel."

For a moment, Rob faltered. "Eternity?"

Damon sat forward and snagged Rob's hips. "I didn't stutter." He hauled Rob closer and licked his erection.

A tiny cry escaped Rob. He stroked Damon's hair, making his inner demon purr. "I want to please you too. You didn't get off last time."

A smirk exploded across Damon's face. Even to him, it felt evil. "Oh, I got off. But if you want my cum dripping from your asshole, you can say that. I'm not opposed."

Rob's face was bright red even as Damon continued licking his cock. "Well, I mean, we should use a condom," Rob stuttered, sounding unsure but firm.

How tiresome it was, pretending to be human. "As you wish." He went back to savoring Rob's dick. Damon loved the way Rob's emotions roiled. It drove his inner beast insane. He felt Rob's frustration boiling to the top.

"Is that it? It's all or nothing."

Damon hid a smile. "Ask for what you want and it's yours."

"I want you to fuck me."

A roar of satisfaction rang through Damon's mind. He sat back, leaving Rob with his wet cock hanging out. "Then bend over and show me your asshole."

Rob looked horrified.

Damon didn't as much as blink. He needed Rob to understand who was in charge. While blushing horribly, Rob turned and bent at the waist.

Damon snapped his fingers. Lube appeared in his hand. "Spread your cheeks." He felt Rob's mortification as if it was a tangible thing. It was obvious Rob wasn't used to being inspected in the light of day like this. His embarrassment only fanned Damon's flames. Rob would learn to be shameless. It was inevitable.

Rob did as told.

Damon opened the lube and squirted it into Rob's crack, watching as the thick liquid rolled over his asshole. "That's a good boy. Don't move." Damon stood and released his dick. He snapped his fingers again, and a condom appeared in his hand. An irritated sigh rang through his mind as he tore open the package. This, too, would pass. He suited up and then positioned his crown against Rob's hole. Rob's anticipation practically clogged the air. Damon gave him what he wanted. He thrust, going hard and to the hilt without warning.

A loud gasp tore from Rob.

Damon held still and savored the heat, squeezing his cock while he gave Rob time to adjust. Then he slowly backed out and thrust again. "This time, it'll be quick." He thrust again. "Then we'll head upstairs and shower." Damon kept thrusting, letting Rob know who owned his ass. "Afterward, we'll play some games. If you can still walk tomorrow, then we'll play some more." He stroked Rob's back. "Either way, make no mistake. This ass is mine now. Do you understand?"

Rob whimpered.

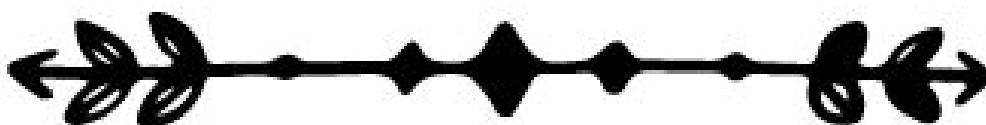
Damon froze while buried to the hilt. "Do you understand?"

“Yes, sir.”

Possessiveness grew in Rob’s chest. “Do you consent?”

“Yes, sir.”

Power surged through him. It was another contract signed. But this one differed from the usual bargain. Rob belonged to him. He would stay with Damon and never grow old. They would be a bonded pair. Rob’s full-time job would be pleasuring Damon. Damon would make it worth his while. It wasn’t a bad deal as far as contracts went. They both benefited. Rob would see.



Time passed with no meaning. All Rob knew was pleasure. Everything ached, but he didn’t care. Damon’s gorgeous eyes stayed locked on him while he sucked Rob’s dick. Too late, he had realized Damon hadn’t been playing. He was a demon. There was no other explanation for the unnatural way he kept Rob hard. The orgasms kept coming. Rob’s body dripped with cum. He no longer cared, as long as the next orgasm came.

Bruises covered his knees. His throat hurt. He had lost his voice too long ago to recall. Pressure climbed his shaft with Damon’s hot mouth, pulling him toward release. Another orgasm slammed into him as hard as all the rest. His body jerked. Damon chuckled. The sound vibrated around his cock. Rob saw stars.

Damon kissed a path up Rob's body. He nuzzled Rob's neck as he finally settled in to cuddle.

"You should rest."

Rob gasped for air. "Holy shit. That was... goddamn. How long have we been here? One week? Two?"

Damon shifted to his elbow and eyed the clock. "Three hours."

"What? Three hours? I'm just... what?"

Damon laughed and settled back down. "Imagine what eternity will look like with me."

Rob couldn't. His heart would give out. He needed a shower and a cab back to his car. It wasn't that far. Under normal circumstances, he could probably walk back, but his legs no longer worked.

Damon kissed his ear. "Sleep. You're mine now, remember? Everything will be fine."

Rob's eyelids grew heavy. Damon was right. He belonged to Damon now. Everything would be fine. He never needed his car again. Life and time were meaningless. His job was pointless. All that mattered was the lust. Damon was his purpose now. He would please his master and the reward would be this. Forever. Only a fool would balk. Rob was no fool.

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Thank you, Charity.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

CHARITY PARKERSON IS AN award-winning and multi-published author with several companies. Born with no filter from her brain to her mouth, she decided to take this odd quirk and insert it in her characters. One of her greatest loves is writing morally gray characters. You'll find them scattered throughout her hundreds of titles.

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