

Filthy

OBSESSION

YOU'LL BE MINE SERIES

LIZZY WEST

Filthy Obsession

—
You'll Be Mine Series

Lizzy West

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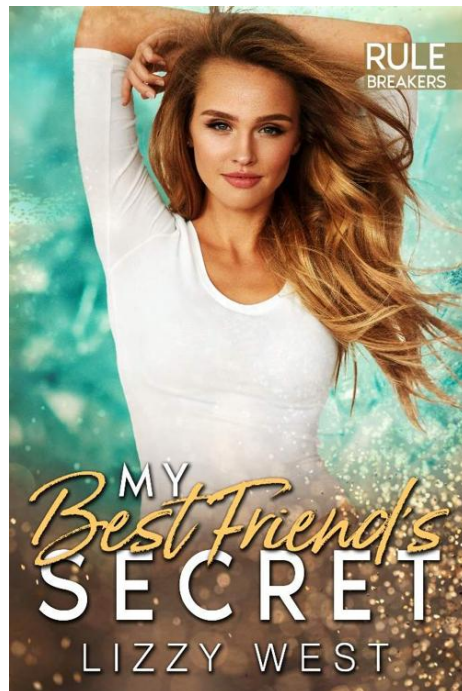
First Edition

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FREE Book Just for you!



Caroline

My best friend Jake has always been a part of my life since forever.

When he chose to join the army in Pennsylvania, it seemed the obvious choice to move closer to him to study two years later. Although we speak on the phone most of the time, it's been years since I last saw him.

Some pretty weird things have been happening to me since I started college. Thankfully, Jake being Jake, came to my aid when I needed him the most. And after seeing him for the first time in years, I really needed him...more than *I realised*.

*If you love a good over the top, completely obsessed hero,
with a few complexes of his own. You might like this one.*

Give it a try!

Huge thank you to [Cormar Covers](#) for designing this series.

Thank you for your support, enjoy! ~Lizzy



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Chapter One

Michael

Boring.

I sigh, barely paying attention to what's on the television screen as I surf the channels. Days off from my job at the police department are always mind-numbingly boring. Sure, it's not like I usually see a lot of action – maybe things would be more exciting if I lived in Chicago instead of McHenry – but at least I'm contributing to our community's safety when I put on that uniform. What good am I parked in front of my TV?

I'm about to give up on finding something to watch when I land on the local news channel. The anchors have a grim look on their faces, and scrolling across the bottom third of the screen are, "ACTIVE HOSTAGE SITUATION AT HARVEY'S DINER." I lean forward in my seat, immediately concerned. Harvey's is my favorite place in Woodstock. I might know whoever's trapped in there.

"Police on the scene are now telling us they've made contact with the assailant," the female reporter says. "No word on whether or not the hostage was injured in the gunfire."

Gunfire? Fuck, what else have I missed?

I get up and grab my abandoned phone from the kitchen counter. There are a few messages from my friends on the force there. The most recent update I have is that the hostage should be released in the next few minutes.

Relief floods through my body as I make my way back to my recliner. I joined the force to help innocent people, and I always feel guilty when something happens on my days off... even if it's the next town over. As I'm checking the rest of the messages, the commercial break ends.

“Welcome back to The Star News. We're about to show you live images of the hostage being released,” the man says.

The screen cuts to shaky footage from the ground. Red and blue lights flash against the innocent looking diner. A line of police stand with their guns drawn in anticipation of the release, and a female officer stands ready to take the victim to safety. Then, after a few tense seconds, the door to the diner opens and a girl is shoved out, falling to her knees from the force.

The officer runs forward, pulling the now-free hostage to her feet before hurrying toward the line of police. As they get

closer to the camera, I can hear the reporter offscreen asking for an interview. The girl's escort answers, but I don't hear what she says – I'm too enchanted by the girl.

It's obvious she's been crying, her face is red and her eyes are puffy. Pieces of her strawberry blonde hair are stuck to her cheeks. Even with the dim lighting, I can tell there's a smattering of freckles across the bridge of her button nose. She looks like she's in her late teens, early twenties. Protectiveness flares in my chest. She's been through the worst, and I can't let something like that happen to her again.

I immediately send a message asking for the police report as soon as it's written up, then I return my attention back to the anchors. Apparently, the girl's going to give an interview.

Probably a stupid idea for the cops to let her do that, I think to myself. At least I'll get to see more of her, though.

Almost an hour later, the newscast is interrupted with a "BREAKING NEWS" screen. They cut quickly to the scene in front of Harvey's. The police presence has thinned, and the field reporter is standing next to the gorgeous woman. She introduces herself and the victim – Sabrina. She's then given the opportunity to provide her version of events that unfolded earlier in the evening.

As soon as Sabrina opens her mouth, I'm spellbound. Her voice is sweet and lyrical, the words coming from her perfect lips are melodic. It's almost like she's singing a song. I could listen to her speak for hours. How could someone take this beautiful angel hostage? What right did this asshole think he had?

I suddenly find myself wanting to know all about her; what are her interests, her passions in life, her favorite movie? I want to know what she likes to do on a weekend but most of all, I want to protect her. But how?

Come on, Michael. You don't even know this girl!

It's so unlike me to be thinking like this, about a complete stranger. What is up with that? Still, my mind deliberates over all the ways I can take care of her. She deserves someone that anticipates her every need, attends to them without her even asking. Someone who will do *anything* to protect her and keep her safe. Bad guys always seem to prey on the sweetest, most innocent of people.

That's the last time this prick gets to lay eyes on Sabrina again.

My phone vibrates; it's my friends from the force. Turns out the assailant, Lester Povich, attempted to rob Harvey's Diner but things took an ugly turn after a member of staff called the

cops. So, Sabrina was taken hostage, finding herself in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I turn my attention back to the girl on the screen.

Sabrina is mine. She just doesn't know it yet.

Chapter Two

Sabrina

Whenever I close my eyes to sleep, visions of that night dance behind my eyelids. The last time I woke up peacefully and well-rested was two months ago, the day I decided to review Harvey's Diner for my blog. I curse myself for that choice every single time I check my recently-installed cameras before entering a room. Needless to say, the local business reviews have been postponed indefinitely.

Somehow, even after going through a dramatic, life-altering event, I've managed to keep going. Things won't ever be the way they used to. Thankfully, I'm able to work from home – running a recipe blog doesn't really require too many adventures into the outside world, especially since I can do most of my shopping via grocery delivery apps.

But when I do have to leave my apartment, I'm filled with dread. Panic attacks sometimes appear daily, just out of the blue. I'm lucky enough to have my Mom and best friend, Bianca, to face time me each day. Without them I'd be lost. After the incident, they were able to stay with me for a few days at a time, but they have their own lives and jobs and can't watch me 24/7.

Eight weeks on and I'm still scared. Still checking the cameras and watching the news. The nights are the worst. I check the locks two, three, four times until I'm completely satisfied no one can get in.

A sharp knock on my door jolts me out of my thoughts, pulling an involuntary yelp from my throat. Before checking to see who's there, I go into my app to ensure the groceries I'm expecting to arrive today are still being driven across town. They are.

So, who's at my door? I never get unexpected visitors.

While I'm trying to calm myself down, the knock comes again, but this time it's a little softer; whoever's on the other side must have heard me yell. For a moment, I consider ignoring them, but something tells me to open the door. So, I steel my nerves and begin the process of undoing all five of the locks.

When I finally get a glimpse of my visitor, my heart skips a beat in my chest. In front of me is the most handsome man I think I've ever seen. He must be in his early thirties, he's impossibly tall with a wide, muscular chest. His jet black hair is cut neat, almost like it's part of a uniform. I wonder what his sharp jawline would feel like beneath my fingertips.

“Hey! Erm...I’m so sorry if I startled you,” the irresistible stranger says, with a boyishly handsome grin, holding his hands up in a non-threatening gesture.

“It’s okay,” I reply, blinking rapidly as I try to clear my head of the strange line of thinking I was about to go down. My cheeks are burning.

“I thought I’d drop by and introduce myself,” he says, offering me his hand. “I’m Michael. I just moved in next door a couple weeks ago.”

“Oh,” I murmur, opening the door a little more and accepting Michael’s hand, sending a jolt of electricity up my arm. “I’m Sabrina.”

He gazes straight at me, “It’s a pleasure to meet you.” His deep, dark brown eyes are firmly fixed on mine, not breaking eye contact for a second. I’m suddenly very conscious that we’re still holding hands long after is socially acceptable.

“You too,” I say breathlessly, confused by how my face and body is reacting to this handsome stranger. Why is my face betraying me in such a way today?

“Are you expecting someone?” he asks, nodding towards my phone and finally releasing my hand – I miss the contact immediately. “I don’t want to keep you.”

“No! Just my groceries,” I reply quickly, not wanting him to leave. Then, as if I can’t stop my mouth from moving, I say, “I’m trying out a new recipe for my followers tonight. Sorry, where are my manners? Please! Come in!”

“Followers?” Michael says, walking into my apartment, an eyebrow raised in interest as his eyes sweep over my entire body. “Are you an influencer?”

“Something like that,” I blush again, feeling warm under his gaze. What is up with that? “I have a blog.”

“A blog?” he says, genuine curiosity in his tone. “I have a cousin who blogs, actually. Don’t ask me about what though. She has told me but it’s slipped my memory.”

Is he blushing?

“Well,” I say, hoping he may stay a little longer, “If you have time now, I can tell you about it while I cook.”

“I’d love to. I’m sure this isn’t something I’m likely to forget in a hurry.” He gazes down at me, neither one of us breaking eye contact, then his gorgeous face breaks into a reassuring yet devilishly handsome grin making me feel at ease, yet completely flustered at the same time.

Damn. Focus girl. Ok, back to cooking. Where was I...?

“Ok, great,” I say, leading him into the kitchen, smiling until my face hurts. I open a kitchen cupboard and several pots and pans fall out and onto the floor all around us. “Oh shit. Sorry...I mean...this doesn’t usually happen. I’m normally a little bit more organized and less flustered than this.”

Micheal’s laugh comes through loud and deep as he kneels down and starts helping me pick up the pans, “Don’t worry, it happens to the best of us. Even pro’s like yourself.” He looks at me with a suggestive smirk and I wonder whether he knows exactly what he’s doing to me.

“Well, that’s pushing it a little” I snort, instantly regretting buying so many pans. I catch a glimpse of my reflection in one of the aluminum pans and also regret not wearing any make-up today. I make a mental note to start putting make-up on again every morning from now on. My gaze then lingers on his shapely ass whilst he picks up the last pan.

Good lord.

“You okay?” he says, breaking me out of my trance.

“I’m fine!” I respond, my voice embarrassingly high pitched.

“Uh, right let’s get started.”

I start grabbing some ingredients to prepare, so I can show Michael what I’m capable of – as my first visitor, since my world was turned completely upside down, I’m suddenly feeling ready to impress.

Chapter Three

Michael

Since I first saw Sabrina on my screen two months ago, I made a vow to myself that I would protect her through whatever means necessary. So, I made a few calls and made sure I added myself to her security team. Protecting Sabrina has become somewhat of a priority for me lately. Call me crazy, but I feel like if I don't do this for her then I'm not doing my job. More importantly, I can't risk losing this girl before I've even had the chance to show her the type of man I can be to her.

So obviously I've already seen the kitchen many times, through the cameras, but I still show an interest in every single appliance Sabrina shows me. She talks about each of them like she's sharing the most precious parts of herself with me. Something in my gut tells me that's exactly what she's doing.

God she's so sexy when she talks about this stuff. Stuff that's important to her. Man, how I wish I was that kitchen counter she was pressing herself up against right now.

The tour of the kitchen takes nearly half an hour, but I don't mind. Her voice is even more enchanting in person, and I could listen to her talk forever. It wouldn't matter if she were

reading poetry or the phone book, I just want the sweet sound of her washing over me.

“Shoot,” Sabrina murmurs, looking at the empty hook on the wall. “I think I left my apron in the laundry room.”

“I can grab it,” I say when I realize she’s opening a home security app.

She must be afraid of the retaliation her attacker promised in his only public appearance before being thrown in jail without bail. I’ve talked to the bastard, and from what I can tell, he’s a lone wolf. That threat was probably empty, but that can’t be easy for Sabrina to believe.

Seeing her trauma in person fills me with a sense of guilt. Even though I’ve been stalking her for her own safety, she’d probably view this as a violation of her privacy. I can’t stop, though. Especially now that I know how afraid she is in her own home. I’m confident the justice system will deal with him, but that does nothing for Sabrina’s peace of mind.

I *have* to watch her. She just can’t know.

“You don’t mind?” she asks, looking at me with shining forest green eyes.

“Of course not,” I reply, making a beeline for the laundry room – our apartments have the exact same layout.

“Thanks,” Sabrina says when I return with her pink and cream-colored apron, our hands brushing against one another as I pass it to her. As she puts it on, she says in a quiet voice, “There was a hostage situation at Harvey’s Diner a couple months ago... I was the hostage. Now... I guess I’m just scared of everything.”

“I heard about that at the station,” I say – not exactly a lie, but not exactly the truth. I follow the statement up with a lie, though. “I had no idea it was you.”

“At the station?” she asks, cocking her head to the side curiously. “You’re a cop?”

“I am,” I confirm. “I just transferred here recently.”

“Thank god,” Sabrina says, wrapping her arms around herself protectively “Well, I feel safer knowing you’re in the same building as me. Ok, let’s begin! Sit down, officer,” she says playfully. “I’d like to thank you for your service to the community. I hope you like dumplings.”

“I do,” I confirm, smiling at her flirtatiously as I take a seat at the breakfast bar.

Sabrina gives me one last satisfied look before she begins. While she cooks, she explains every step of the process, taking photos every step of the way. Watching her work is mesmerizing, and even though I don't understand what she's saying about the way flavors balance each other, I nod enthusiastically whenever she makes eye contact with me.

“Isn't that beautiful?” she asks as she takes several photos of the finished product – perfectly shaped dumplings that are garnished with a sweet and spicy sauce topped with chives.

“Yeah,” I say, looking straight at her. “Stunning.”

It takes a few seconds for it to dawn on her that I'm not actually talking about the food, when her cheeks flush furiously.

I flash her a giddy smile, loving the way she squirms under my attention. After a few seconds, she ducks her head and grabs our plates before coming to the other side of the counter to slide onto the barstool beside mine. She watches me with interest as I spear one of the dumplings and bring it to my mouth.

“How is it?” she asks.

“That might be the best dumpling I’ve ever eaten in my life,” I say with conviction, going in for another bite.

“You’re just saying that,” she says, blushing even harder as she turns her attention to her plate.

“I’m not,” I promise when I swallow. “You’re an incredible cook.”

“You’ve only eaten one of my dishes,” she says, sounding pleased with the compliment. “It’s a little early to say that.”

“I guess you’re just going to have to cook for me more often, then,” I say, nudging her playfully with my elbow.

Sabrina giggles, “I guess I am.”

I love the sound of her laughter – the longer I spend with her the stronger my obsession becomes.

Sabrina looks at me with a frown, then takes her napkin and moves closer towards me, “You have a little sauce on your chin. Do you mind...?” The next thing I know, she’s tenderly

removing the sauce. I feel a little embarrassed, but that quickly passes. I'm mostly grateful to have this sweet girl as close to me as she is right now. I can feel the warmth of her body as her cheeks flame. The natural scent of her is intoxicating.

I reach out and gently take hold of her wrist. "I should probably get home," I say, but what I actually want to do is stay and explore where this is going.

"Yeah," Sabrina replies, looking at me intently like she wants to say something else.

I'm quiet, waiting for her to speak again.

The seconds that pass between us expand beyond anything I've ever felt before or will again. As our eyes lock, I can feel her pulse racing.

How I wish to place my own mouth on those sweet cherry red lips. I've wanted to since I first lay eyes on her two months ago. To hold her body close to mine, keep her warm and safe and promise the world to her. I'll make damn sure no one or nothing will harm her again. Not as long as this heart is thumping in my chest, just as it is right now a gazillion miles an hour.

The tension is building and my heart is racing as neither of us have said a word since our eyes locked. I close the short distance between us, taking her cheek in my other hand. Her breathing accelerates as I lean in to capture her lips in a gentle kiss. She removes her wrist from my grasp and wraps both hands around the back of my neck, pulling me closer to her. The urgency of the kiss almost sends me over the edge.

Suddenly, she breaks free and we're no longer kissing. She looks at me with concern in her eyes. But there's more. Uncertainty on her part?

I know I want this. I just have to make her comfortable first.

"You're nervous," I guess, cupping her cheek in my palm, a rush of affection running through my body when she leans into the touch.

"Yeah, you could say that" she breathes, her eyes shining up at me.

"We'll go slow," I promise her, pressing a sweet kiss to her lips. I move my lips across her face, planting sweet kisses across her eyes and nose, enchanted by the freckles that decorate her cheeks. Man, I could just sit here and kiss her for hours.

“When you’re with me, there’s no reason to be afraid,” I say, hoping she can feel the conviction in my words.

She wraps her arms around me again, kissing me more enthusiastically than before. “I want this” she whispers breathlessly in-between kisses.

Matching her energy, I explore her sweet mouth with my tongue as I untie the apron she’s still wearing. We part briefly so I can pull it over her head. Her mouth is back on mine before it hits the floor, her hands sliding under my shirt and her fingers caressing my skin as she pushes the garment further up.

“This is in the way,” I say when I step back to rid myself of my top. Then, my fingers curl around the hem of Sabrina’s shirt.

She lifts her arms, letting me take it off exposing her white lacy bra. Underneath the lace, I see two erect nipples just begging to be teased. I can’t wait to explore them further and imagine what they would taste like in my mouth. Whilst I slip my hand underneath her bra to greet my new best friends, she reaches for my belt buckle, the urgency growing with every second.

“Micheal?” she groans tenderly in my ear as she’s reaching her hand into my underpants. I want this but I need you to know I’ve never done this before.”

“You’re a virgin?” I say, swallowing a growl when she bobs her head in the affirmative, my head about to explode with this new information. I can’t believe I almost didn’t come today. I almost just carried on watching her from afar. I have to pinch myself. I can’t believe I get to kiss and caress this sweet girl. Then it dawns on me.

I get to be her first.

“I’ll take good care of you,” I promise.

“Okay,” she breathes, smiling as she leans in to kiss me again. “I was hoping you might say that. “Please be gentle with me.”

Sabrina smiles, biting down now on her bottom lip. Her hands shake in anticipation as she undoes the clasp on her bra and throws it to one side. Then she does the unthinkable and steps out of her jeans, exposing her little white panties. She hesitates, before pulling them down and stepping out of those too. She is stunning. I can’t wait to breathe her in and explore every last inch of her. I’m so hard for her now.

I lift her up and we begin kissing again, unable to get enough of one another. She wraps her legs around me as I carry her through to the bedroom. I can't wait any longer to have her perfect body writhing against mine, feeling the fullness of her breasts against my chest and the wetness between her legs against the length of my cock. I can't wait to taste that sweet pussy of hers. I bet it tastes sweeter than any dish she's served before.

I lay her on the bed then kneel just slightly above her just so I can take a moment to admire her before pulling down my jeans and boxers and settling myself between her legs.

I connect our mouths again, kissing her slowly then moving down to her neck until I eventually reach her supple breasts. Her nipples standing to attention to my touch as I trace my lips over each one whispering her name, teasing her and me.

I just want to put her sweet pink nub in my mouth but also want to savor this moment as who knows when I may get to do this with her again. God knows I want to. I need to make sure she's begging for more. Begging for more of me. No one else. Just me.

She groans as I continue to tease her body with my lips. My tongue gently licks at her left nipple. She tastes so sweet, just like I knew she would, my beautiful girl. She groans again in anticipation as I lick her other nipple, this time with the flat of

my tongue. Her body responds as her hips begin to writhe her movements imprecise and unpracticed. What she lacks in experience, she makes up for in enthusiasm. My cock throbs in response, and I press it against her so she can feel what she's doing to me.

When she gasps at the contact, I start sucking on those beautiful hard nubs latching my mouth to her right nipple, only pulling away so I can shift my attention to the other, sucking and nipping until she's frantically gasping my name and pushing her hips up against me.. I begin moving further south until my head is between her toned and slender, beautiful legs.

"Oh, Michael," she moans when I slide the flat of my tongue along the folds of her pretty pink pussy.

I repeat the motion, groaning at her sweet taste, and get a similar response. She tastes so good. When I attach my lips to her clit, sucking gently at the bundle of nerves, she practically screams. Her fingers tangle into my hair as she holds on, tugging at the strands.

Oh you like that do you?

Encouraged by her reaction, I flick my tongue over her clit rhythmically. The sounds she makes get more urgent and rise in pitch. She cries out, her grip on my hair tightening.

“Sabrina, I want you to cum for me” I say as I stroke her clit with my thumb now, kissing her thighs. She grabs me by my hair again and moves my face back to her swollen wetness. I start again with a groan. Licking her clit with slow laps, building momentum, feeling her clit getting bigger on my tongue. She’s pushing herself into my face now, grinding against my mouth.

That’s it I think to myself. You cum all over my face. There’s a good girl.

As her legs begins to buckle against the movement of my tongue on her massive clit, her thighs tighten around my head and her quiet sweet grunts turn to loud orgasmic waves of pleasure as she comes against my face, my hands now holding her up as her body disobeys her as she can no longer hold herself up.

Then, I lay her body down on to the bed. Her face and chest flushed in response to her orgasm just moments ago. My tongue travels back up the length of her body and settles on her left nipple. Then, I kiss her tenderly on the mouth.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” I whisper. “Is that okay?”

I place my finger into her wetness and begin rubbing her clit again. She groans in response. My finger dips in and out of her rubbing her clit with my thumb. Her legs are wide now and she's begging me to tease her nipples again with my mouth.

"Well?" I ask, waiting for her response.

"Oh Michael, please," she groans, pulling me into a kiss and whining when she tastes herself. "Please fuck me."

"You must tell me if this hurts, ok Sabrina?"

Sabrina nods slowly, all the while biting her bottom lip. I can't believe she's a virgin. She's so hot and I feel like the luckiest man alive.

Slowly, without separating our mouths, I slide my neglected cock into the tight wet heat between Sabrina's legs. I swallow a groan at the sensation of her previously untouched pussy fluttering around my length. I know I'm not going to last long.

Then, after giving her a few seconds to adjust to the intrusion, I start rocking into her slowly. I look to her for signs of pain, but there are none. Her eyes are fixed firmly on mine, her cheeks rosy, red, her lips full and slightly moist, panting. She wants this. She wants me.

Her hands find my back, her nails scratching lightly against my skin... She rocks with me and we begin to find our rhythm. The way her body feels around mine is what does it for me. She feels even better than I could ever have imagined.

With every stroke of her sweet pussy, I'm getting closer and closer to the edge. Sabrina pulls me in deeper and wraps her legs around me. Her mouth finds mine and we continue to rock slowly, whilst building up a pace. I can feel her thighs tightening around my waist as her clit hungrily takes no time at all to find and rub against my abs.

Such a hungry girl.

Faster and faster our bodies move in time together now. Sabrina's breathing accelerates once more. I look into those beautiful green eyes and this time say out loud "Oh good girl, that's it, cum for me now that's it. Cum for me baby. Oh Sabrina, cum with me, cum with me."

Sabrina takes no time at all to follow my instructions as her second orgasm approaches. She clamps down with her legs and roars into my ear, taking me with her over the edge as the most intense orgasm of my life rips through my body and into hers as we cum together.

I have never felt as satisfied as I do now, and judging by Sabrina's cum soaked, flushed and shaking body, neither has she.

We lay down on the bed together, our limbs intertwined, panting, exhausted yet utterly and truly satisfied.

"You should sleep," I eventually say, pulling her into my chest.

"Mhm," she agrees, barely awake. "Will you stay with me tonight?"

I don't hesitate to answer "Of course. I'm here. I'll protect you," I whisper as we both begin to drift off. "No matter what."

I turn to face Sabrina, but she's already asleep.

Chapter Four

Sabrina

The last week with Michael has been incredible. I'm still paranoid, checking the cameras before going into any room in my apartment, but his presence is calming and his patience is heaven sent. Plus, he goes on grocery runs for me without complaint, always grabbing me a little treat like candy or an iced coffee.

He's been slowly helping me rebuild my confidence. I'm nowhere near where I want to be, but two days ago I went to the supermarket with him for an item I forgot to ask for, holding his hand with a vice grip as we walked down the aisles. Yesterday, I picked out tomatoes while he was in the dry goods aisle. Progress!

I might have been looking over my shoulder the entire time, but I picked the vegetables for a recipe out all by myself – something I haven't done since before the incident. Sure, Michael didn't seem to want to let me out of his sight, but I insisted. I felt safe knowing he was in the same building, only a few feet away.

Right now, Michael's at work. When he left this morning, he told me to call him if anything happened, and when I promised I would, he stressed that I could call him about *anything*. It was weird, but not exactly out of character for him. Maybe he's just starting to fall for me the same way I'm falling for him.

To pass the time, I'm scrolling through the web in search of recipe inspiration. I've been exceptionally productive today, and I already have my next three recipes planned. I don't want to burn myself out, so I decide to take a break and check the local news site. Immediately, I wish I hadn't, because the top headline is my worst nightmare.

SUSPECT IN HARVEY'S HOSTAGE SITUATION ESCAPED CUSTODY

Developing Story

Blood rushes in my ears, and I'm transported back to that day in an instant. I feel like I'm a captive in my own home, and without Michael here, I can't help but think I'm vulnerable. Whatever progress I made in the last few weeks vanishes. I'm frozen.

After a few seconds, I shake myself out of my stupor to check the cameras. I'm thorough, staring at each room longer than I usually do. Then, when my breathing slows, I check the sliding door to my balcony is locked. I know it's irrational to

think someone would scale four stories to get to me, but after being taken hostage and having my life threatened by the assailant, I feel like there's no such thing as being too careful.

Confident that I'm alone and safe within these walls, I sink back onto the couch and pull up my message thread with Michael. The most recent text must have come through when I was checking the balcony, and it contains only one sentence – a question.

Is everything okay?

His attentiveness brings a smile to my face. There's no way he could have known I was freaking out, but somehow, he knew to check in on me. I consider telling him everything that I know about my captor's escape and I'm worried about my own safety again. I don't though, instead replying that I'm fine and can't wait for him to get home from work. Less than thirty seconds later, he responds, ensuring me he'll be back soon.

That message placates me even more than checking the cameras and the locks. I'm not sure what I would do if Michael hadn't walked into my life. Even now, knowing I'm in danger again, having him here makes me feel calm in a way I didn't know was possible. It feels like no matter how perilous the situation, he'll protect me.

Michael gets to my place a few hours later, coming to check on me as soon as he kicks his shoes off. Worry radiates off of him, but it wanes the moment we make eye contact. He kneels in front of me, taking my face between his hands and looking at me like I'm something precious. I try to give him a reassuring smile, but it feels forced.

“What is it?” he asks, picking up on my unease.

“It's silly,” I say dismissively, trying to be brave for him.

“I'm sure it isn't,” he replies as he slides his hands down my neck, letting them come to rest on my shoulders. “Tell me what's bothering you.”

I sigh before saying, “I think you already know.”

He's a cop. I'm sure he was one of the first to know about the escaped convict.

“So, you've heard,” he murmurs, rubbing circles into the cardigan covering my body.

I nod, swallowing hard and saying, “It's stupid, but I'm so worried he's going to show up here and make good on his promise to kill me.”

“I’m going to keep you safe no matter what, okay?”

“Okay,” I reply, tears starting to blur my vision.

“If there’s anything, absolutely anything, I can do, you tell me, alright? I’ll make it happen.”

I pause, considering whether the next question I’m about to ask him is the right one. But it feels so right. To me, anyway, “Will you move in?” As soon as the words leave my mouth, I instantly regret it. I hate how small my voice sounds. It’s too soon. He must think I’m so pathetic.

“You mean I haven’t already moved in?” he says, squeezing my shoulders in a playful manner.

His answer comes instantly and completely takes me by surprise.

“I’d be happy to move my things in so I only have to leave for work.”

“Thank you,” I whisper. I throw my arms around his shoulders and wrap my legs around his waist, kissing him all over his beautiful face.

“Oh, It’s my pleasure, my sweet girl.”

Our eyes meet and his gorgeous face is beaming right at me. I rub my thumb along his lips. He leans in to kiss me, still holding me in his big strong arms. It’s slow and sweet, conveying his promise to be here for me no matter what. I close my eyes, letting his gentle care wash over me. My hands find their way to his hair, fingers tugging playfully. The gesture only eggs him on, and he deepens our kiss.

The slide of our lips gets more passionate, and I struggle to keep up with Michael’s enthusiasm. His tongue finds its way into my mouth. Arousal starts to make itself known in my panties despite my earlier fear.

Michael growls, pulling my body closer and pushing me against the wall. He’s holding onto me so tight, I think he might leave bruises. I’ve never seen this possessive side of him before, and I want more. He’s always been so gentle with me, treating me like I’m going to break. I think I want things to be rough. When his hands move to my breasts, squeezing my nipples through my shirt, I yelp unintentionally.

Michael stares down at me, something possessive and interested glowing in his eyes. I think he’s going to go back in for another kiss, but instead he rests his forehead against mine saying, “I’m so glad we found each other.”

“It feels like fate,” I say, wanting to say so much more.

“Yeah,” he replies, his gaze growing dark when he steps back.

“Like fate.”

Chapter 5

Michael

I've been watching Sabrina, and she doesn't have a clue. At first I just wanted to be able to check up on her when I was at work, but it's devolved into something entirely different. Having this kind of access to her has done nothing to quell my obsession. Sometimes I scare myself with how gone I am on her, and I worry how she'll react if she finds out.

I don't intend to let her find out.

Gaining access to the cameras was easy enough. I was assigned to a special investigations unit pretty quickly after transferring here. It's not much different from what I was doing on the force before, and apparently my name carries more weight than I thought. So, when I asked one of my old buddies from the technical services unit if they could hack into a home security system for me, he did it with no questions asked.

I swore I'd keep her safe. And that's what I intend to do. She only checks the cameras before she enters rooms. I'm able to monitor her home all day. Plus, I can keep an eye on the balcony door. It's the only entry point to her apartment that

isn't reinforced. She keeps it locked, but glass is easily broken. Since Lester Povich escaped, I feel a little more justified about my constant monitoring – especially because of how distraught Sabrina was when she heard the news.

I'm not even sure how the bastard got away. There's rumors floating around that he has an accomplice on the outside.. Our priority is finding the guy and putting that son of a bitch back where he belongs.

As much as it pains me, I've been spending more time at work the past few weeks. Obviously I want to be with Sabrina, but my top priority is her safety. Listening to the police scanner while I'm at her apartment isn't really a productive use of my time. I'm more effective when I'm at the station with all of the precinct's resources available to me.

This week, I'm working the night shift. Thank god for her home security system, and the app on my phone that allows me to watch what she's doing.

As I'm clicking through each of the cameras in search of my beloved, something catches my eye in the living room. It's nothing too strange, just a shadow stretching across the sparkling clean hardwood floor. I make a note of it, continuing my search for Sabrina.

When I find her asleep on the bed, I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. She looks so serene and at peace, and I'm tempted to linger on the video feed for a few minutes. I force myself to look away, though – I can stare once I work out what's casting that unusual shadow. It's probably nothing, but something in my gut tells me it's something.

I go back to the living room cameras, leaning closer to my computer screen as I try to locate the source. I follow the dark lines to the balcony window, the pit in my stomach growing. There's something new out there, something shaped suspiciously like a person.

I have to get home. Now.

Without bothering to tell anyone where I'm going, I tear out of the building, racing into my police cruiser and taking off toward Sabrina. There's a glimmer of hope in my mind that I'm wrong about this, but my instincts are rarely wrong.

As soon as I get onto our street, I kill the lights and slow down. To anyone watching me pull into the parking lot, I look like I'm coming home for lunch. It's exactly what I'm going for – an inconspicuous approach.

When I look up at Sabrina's balcony, I worry I might be too late. On the sliding glass door, there's no reflection, almost

like the glass isn't there anymore.

My blood runs cold, and I run for the entrance, taking the stairs two at a time to the fourth floor. I step into the hallway, rage coursing through my body when I hear my girl's muffled screams. How dare this bastard come into our home, the one place she feels safe.

This motherfucker is gonna pay.

Without a second thought, I kick the door down, tearing her multiple deadbolts out of the wooden frame. The sound of her struggle gets louder, no longer muffled. I see red as I tear through the apartment in search of her.

Lester has a knife in his hand, gripped tight and pointed directly at Sabrina in our bedroom. She's holding him at bay, her eyes wide with fear and determination. She kicks at him, but he sidesteps the movement, nearly dropping his knife in the process.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?!" I yell, coming at him from behind.

Both of them falter, Sabrina's eyes snapping to me. Her assailant takes the opportunity to twist free of her grip, turning to face me fully. His eyes are wild, his hair unkempt. There's a

bright red mark on his face, and I can't help but feel a swell of pride – Sabrina had to be the one to give that to him.

“Fuck you,” he curses before surging at me.

I'm prepared, grabbing him expertly and knocking the knife loose from his hand. Somewhere outside of my line of vision, Sabrina gasps and her back hits her dresser, knocking over photos of her friends and family. In my grasp, Lester thrashes, slamming the top of his head against my chin.

My teeth clack together, pain radiating through my jaw. I don't let go of him though, twisting his arm and forcing him to take a step back to combat the sharp discomfort. I take the opportunity to adjust my hold, pulling back a fist and hitting him so hard blood trickles from his mouth. When he tries to get away, I bring him back in and drive my knee into his groin, enjoying the way he whimpers in agony and folds in half.

I know I should stop, but now that I've started, I can't. Another blow lands against his cheek, then another. I'm about to hit him again, but the sound of Sabrina crying brings me back to reality. Instead of pummeling the escaped convict, I throw him to the ground, pushing him onto his front and slapping cuffs onto his wrists while reciting his Miranda Rights.

“I’ve got him,” I say into my radio, keeping a knee on his back. “I got Lester Povich.”

“Where are you?” my captain’s voice replies. “Do you need backup?”

“42 Cherrywood, apartment 453,” I say, my eyes finally drifting from the criminal to Sabrina, who’s watching me with a mix of horror and awe. “I’ll need someone to take him to the station. I’ll stay and take the victim’s statement. She’s pretty shaken.”

“Roger that,” comes the tinny response. “I’ll be there in five.”

While we wait for the captain to arrive, Lester thrashes beneath me, unable to accept defeat. Sabrina snaps out of her fear and scurries out of the room, giving the two of us a wide berth. I can’t say I blame her for not wanting to be in the same space as her attacker.

True to his word, the captain arrives within five minutes, roughly pulling Lester to his feet when he stops in front of us. I give the captain all the information I have, promising to get Sabrina’s statement to him as soon as possible. Then, when the two leave, I go to the living room where I find Sabrina staring blankly at the wall.

“I hate to be formal,” I say, sitting down next to her and giving her knee a reassuring touch, “but I need to take your statement. It’ll help us get Lester transferred to a higher security facility faster.”

She nods, not looking away from the wall. Then, when I get my notebook out, she starts talking. Just like I thought, Lester had come in through the balcony. When she heard the glass break, she tried to lock herself in her room, but he charged in before she could do anything. There was a bit of a scuffle, but Sabrina came out mostly unscathed, just a small cut on her wrist where the knife grazed her when she grabbed him to stop him from doing something even more severe.

“Then you showed up,” she says, finally locking eyes with me. “How’d you know?”

“I have good instincts,” I lie as I pocket the notepad. “Something told me I needed to come home.”

She hums, chewing on the inside of her cheek. Then, without warning, she shakes her head saying, “No.”

“What do you mean, ‘no?’” I ask, careful to keep my tone even for fear of betraying the truth.

“It’s like you *always* know when something happens here,” she murmurs, mostly to herself. To me, she repeats, “How did you know?”

At this point, lying isn’t going to get me anywhere. I have to be honest, to come clean about my dirty little secret.

“Your cameras,” I say.

“My... cameras?” she asks, turning to look directly at the one set up in the living room. “You don’t have the password.”

“I don’t,” I agree. “I had someone at the station hack into them for me so I could keep an eye on what was going on here while I was at work.”

Sabrina goes rigid beside me, and I’m completely unable to read her expression. Usually, she’s an open book, but now it’s like she’s a novel written in an entirely different language. It puts me on edge, but I don’t say anything else.

“How long?” she asks a few minutes later, breaking the uneasy silence. “How long were you watching me?”

She only knows about the cameras, but my obsession with her predates those by months. I’ve been drinking in every move

she's made since I saw her on TV. I found her address, her blog, and the few photos of herself she's posted on social media. I learned her schedule, when she usually buys groceries, the days when she would cook too much food for herself and leave it out for the neighbor across the hall.

"I've had access to the cameras since we met," I admit, hating that she shifts away from me. I don't want there to be any lies between us, so I continue. "But I've been trying to protect you since I saw you give that interview a few months ago."

Sabrina sucks in a harsh breath, and for a moment, I convince myself everything's going to be fine. I *did* protect her, and I never pushed. Then, staring blankly at the wall, she opens her mouth and whispers, "Leave."

I'm forced to accept my fate – the consequences of my own actions.

Guilt settles over me like a storm cloud as I drive back to the precinct. I'm able to ignore it once I get inside, focusing on getting her statement typed and delivered to my superiors. I'm tempted to open the cameras, but I know I can't. I've invaded Sabrina's privacy far too much. Besides, Lester is back in police custody. The least I can do now is accept that she doesn't want anything to do with me.

I throw myself into work for the rest of the day, staying a few hours after the end of my shift in an effort to avoid Sabrina. When I get back to the building, her car is gone and all of the lights in her apartment are off. Without access to any cameras, I'm left wondering where she is and if she's safe.

Chapter 6

Sabrina

Spending the night without Michael is hell.

I roll over in the spare bed at Bianca's house. My best friend insisted I stay with her after I called and told her everything. Michael, Lester, and the invasion of my privacy. My paranoia is worse now, even though I know the man who kidnapped me and broke into my home is behind bars. He broke into my home. I was supposed to be safe there.

So much for that.

I'm not sure how long I spend tossing and turning. I'm too wired to sleep and there is so much going on in my head. Eventually, I get up and go to Bianca's kitchen in search of a glass of water.

"You can't sleep either, huh?" a voice comes from the living room of her open plan apartment, scaring me half to death as I jump out of my skin. "Oh, shit, sweetie I'm so sorry, I didn't think..."

“It’s ok.” I laugh. If I don’t laugh, I’ll cry. Bianca comes over and gives me a big hug, as a way of an apology. The tears come thick and fast now.

“Oh Sabrina, I didn’t mean to upset you. I’m really sorry.”

“It’s not that” I choke between sobs. “It’s just...so much has happened in the last twelve hours that I don’t even know how to begin to process it. My apartment being broken into is one thing, but Michael admitting that he’s been watching me is a completely different ball game. Honestly, Bi, I was furious when he told me. I feel so betrayed by him. The one person I thought was protecting me, invaded my privacy more than anyone.”

Bianca hands me a tissue and rubs my back as we sit on the sofa.

“I know it’s not ideal, honey, but it’s obviously clear that he wants to protect you. If you think about it, if he hadn’t had access to your cameras, today would have gone down a lot differently.”

I ponder this for a second and realize she’s right. I might not be here anymore. A shiver runs through my body at the thought.

“When you really think about it, a sexy cop watching you in order to serve and protect you is pretty hot! There’s something voyeuristic about that, don’t you think?” Trust Bianca to think like that. She’s a sexual predator who practically invented the karma sutra. I love my best friend to bits, but she is a horn dog.

The next morning, as I lay awake in Bianca’s spare bed, I think about the conversation Bianca and I had the night before. When I push past my gratitude for the stalking that saved my life, I find something else there, something that digs its claws into my thighs and nips at the sensitive skin.

I think I *like* that Michael’s eyes were on me without my knowledge. The possessiveness of the gesture lights my insides on fire in the best way.

The realization that Michael’s behavior turns me on hits me like a train. I shut down and made him leave as a knee-jerk reaction because I was scared and confused. He probably thinks I hate him.

God. I have to apologize.

I get dressed, grab a bagel from Bianca’s kitchen counter and kiss her on the top of her head as she’s sat at the breakfast bar.

“Where are you going?”

“I’ve got a cop I need to see. Thanks Bianca. For everything”

She wishes me good luck and blows me a kiss as I’m already halfway out the front door.

Anxiety grips at me as I drive across town. My hands are tight on the wheel, and I can’t stop glancing in my rear view mirror. I know it’s irrational, but I keep expecting someone to jump out from the back seats to attack me.

I pull into the parking lot, relieved to see Michael’s squad car in its usual spot. Then, after killing my vehicle’s engine, I hop out and race into the building. I fly up the stairs and when I get to his door, I’m out of breath. Still, I knock three times before taking a step back and quickly run a hand through my wild hair.

“Sabrina?” Michael asks when he opens the door. There are dark circles under his eyes, and his hair is a mess. From the looks of it he didn’t sleep much either. “What are you doing here?”

“I wanted to talk to you,” I say, my heart racing. “About yesterday.”

“We don’t need to talk,” he says, taking a step back to reveal his living room. It’s bare, save for his couch and a mountain of boxes. “I’m sorry. I’m going to leave you alone now, I promise.”

“You’re leaving?” I ask as my blood runs cold. “No. Why?”

“Why?” he parrots, cocking his head to the side. “What do you mean?”

“You can’t leave,” I tell him, my eyes going wide as panic starts to set in. “I don’t want you to.”

“I thought—”

“I like that you were watching me,” I blurt, cutting him off. He stares at me, shocked, so I keep talking. “If it weren’t for that, I might be dead right now. You protected me and kept me safe. I’m so thankful for that.”

There’s still disbelief etched into all of his features as he scratches his head. I swallow down the nervousness that threatens to rise at the thought of my next words.

“I actually think it’s really hot that you were watching me without me knowing,” I say, taking a step forward and resting a hand on his chest. “It makes me feel like you own me. You know, like I’m your possession to watch over.”

“Are you?” Michael says, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallows harshly. “Are you mine?”

“Yes,” I breathe, my eyes falling closed as he dips down to kiss me.

This is unlike any other kiss we’ve shared. His mouth is insistent against my own as he nips at my lips. I whine into his mouth, and in response, he grabs me by my hips and yanks me into his apartment. The door slams closed, and he presses my back against it.

I gasp, baring my throat to him. It draws a dark groan from Michael before he leans in to connect our mouths again. My fingers grapple for purchase in the fabric of his shirt, holding onto him like he’s a lifeline in stormy water. I kiss him like he’s the oxygen keeping me alive. He holds me like I’m his most precious possession.

“That’s right,” he growls when he pulls away, twisting a handful of my hair. “You’re all mine.”

I moan in response. This is exactly what I want – the intensity, the unrelenting attention. I desperately desire more of that. I want him to be rough, to treat me like one of his prisoners. As though reading my mind, he spins me around so I'm facing the door, pinning my arms above my head. I can feel his arousal against my ass.

“Now, I'm going to take what I want from you,” he says, his breath hot against the shell of my ear, grazing his teeth against the sensitive skin and sending a shiver down my spine. “Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I moan, knowing this is his way of asking for permission.

Without any hesitation, Michael hooks his fingers into the waistband of my leggings and pulls them, along with my panties, down to the ground. I do my best to kick them to the side, but his hand finds my hip, giving a hard squeeze as a warning. Then, he lets his hand drift between my legs, my back to him, his fingers finding my swollen clit, teasing me. He makes a strangled noise when he feels how wet I already am.

I groan, pushing against his fingers in search of more friction. He indulges, slipping two fingers inside of me. His fingers caress me gently as he moves from inside me back to my clit

and back again, pulling noises from me that I didn't know I could make. My legs begin to shake.

Whilst keeping my hands in place, he momentarily removes his other hand from my aching pussy to undo the button of his jeans. At first I wonder what he's doing and I beg him not to stop. My breathing quickens when I hear the slide of his zipper.

I listen, anticipation wrapping itself around me as he allows his jeans to fall to the ground. As soon as they're off, I feel the length of his erect penis slam into me without warning. I'm unable to suppress the scream that comes from my throat. Behind me, Michael groans, letting go of my arms, his fingers now digging into my waist, controlling the pace.

He slaps my ass with the back of his hand. Over and over again. "Such a good girl," he says, his voice husky with lust. "You take me so well."

A whine is the only response I'm able to give. His praise washes over me and tears me in different directions. Despite his roughness, the words were almost gentle. It's intoxicating, enough to make my head spin. I'm dizzy now.

His pace is brutal, and pleasure builds steadily as he completely owns me. When my noises get even more high-

pitched, he moves his hand around to my clit.

He continues to deeply penetrate me over and over again whilst his fingers meet and find my swollen clit screaming to be touched, a delicious mix of filling me up entirely with his length and giving my clit exactly what it needs. I'm so close now. My orgasm approaches quickly, faster than it ever has before. From Michael's faltering rhythm, I can tell he isn't too far behind me.

"Tell me who you belong to," he demands, working me over relentlessly.

"Y-you," I manage through my cloud of desire. "I belong to you. I'm yours."

"That's right, baby. All mine."

My legs buckle beneath me and I see stars as I cum with a loud scream. I don't even care who hears. Michael holds me up, fucking me through my orgasm. With a few more thrusts and a groan of my name, he's spilling hot seed inside me, filling me up and claiming me as his own.

I've never felt more wanted in my entire life.

He pulls out of me slowly, pressing gentle kisses to the back of my neck. I turn around in his arms, and he leans in to give me a loving, lingering kiss. I'm safe again, and I know Michael will do everything to keep it that way.

"You know," he says when he pulls away, bringing his hands up to cup my cheeks. "I took the day off already."

"So you could pack your things," I say, guilt threatening to replace the afterglow of what we just did.

"Maybe," he admits. "But I think that can wait. I thought I'd spend the day apologizing for invading your privacy without permission."

"How do you intend on doing that, officer?" I ask as relief washes over me.

"Well," he says thoughtfully, "if you could accompany me to the bedroom, I'd be glad to show you."

Epilogue

6 Years Later

Michael

“Daddy, can you turn the lights on?” our daughter, Callie, asks from the back seat of my police cruiser.

She’s been begging me to take her to school in it for weeks. Now that I’ve given in, I see that she had a plan all along.

“Are you trying to impress your friends?” I say, my hand already reaching for the switch.

She giggles, squealing as a few of the other kids turn around with wide eyes to watch the lights. “Thank you, Daddy!”

“Of course, pumpkin,” I tell her, shutting off the lights before getting out to help her to the ground. As I slip her backpack on her shoulders, I say, “Mommy’s going to pick you up today, okay?”

“Okay!” she replies, leaning in to give me a hug before running to the building.

I stand there, watching her until she gets inside. Her bravery is what I'm most proud of. She's only five, but she's already a firecracker, unafraid of the world. I can't wait to see what she does with her life.

When I get back into the cruiser, I head right back to the house Sabrina and I bought a few years ago, right after we got married. I still can't believe I get to call her my wife.

Her blog has only gotten bigger, especially now that she's started using YouTube and TikTok to grow her audience. Love and support have helped her rebuild the confidence Lester stole from her.

Turns out Lester became fixated on Sabrina after the hostage situation. He followed us home from the store one day then waited until I was out before scaling the wall. She was a complete stranger to him, at the time of the incident. Lester has been known to the police for many years, for petty theft, and has been on the wanted list for some time.

It was a good day when we captured that bastard and put him behind bars for many years to come. I sometimes cast my mind back to that day he was in Sabrina's flat and what could have happened if I hadn't been watching the camera's that day. I shudder at the thought now.

After Lester's capture, I moved up the ranks quickly. Now, I'm the Chief of Police, a dream I've had since I was in elementary school. My rank comes with a lot of perks, the best one being the flexibility in my schedule. I never miss any of Callie's soccer games, and I'm always able to get her from school if Sabrina's too busy with work.

The flexibility also means I can come in late, like I'm planning on doing today.

I park about a block away from home and open our home security app, smiling when I see Sabrina's in the bedroom. She's positioned herself in front of the camera, giving me a view of her entire body. Lying back against the pillows, she lets her hands roam lazily over her body. The bra she's wearing matches her lacey pink panties.

This is a game we started playing shortly after we got together. Sabrina admitted to me that she thinks being watched through the security cameras while she masturbates would be a thrilling kind of foreplay. I couldn't argue with her, and we tried it the next day. Now we find time for this at least once a month.

My dick twitches to life as I watch her explore her body with feather-light touches. It's obvious she's teasing herself, putting

on a private show just for me. I still don't know how I got lucky enough to call her mine.

Unable to ignore the weight between my legs, I reach down to press the heel of my palm against my cock. I grit my teeth, my eyes falling closed at the sensation. When I open my eyes, Sabrina's hand has drifted to her groin, her fingertips teasing her clit through the fabric. I can't look away, absolutely mesmerized by the way she can't quite keep her hips still.

It's hard, but I resist the urge to drive home. Part of what makes this so good is the waiting. She's always soaked and begging for me by the time I get into the bedroom. The way she sounds at my first touch is intoxicating.

Her touches start getting bolder – she's losing control of herself, so it's time for me to step in and take care of her. This is my favorite part.

I put my phone down, resisting the urge to stare while I drive the short distance back to our home. When I get there, I waste no time in climbing the front steps and unlocking the door. As soon as I'm inside, I can hear sounds of pleasure coming from our bedroom.

From the doorway, Sabrina is a sight to behold. The bra is on the floor, and she's pinching one of her hard, pink nipples

between her thumb and forefinger. Her other hand runs up and down the inside of her thigh. On her panties, there's an obvious wet spot. My cock jumps at the image. She's absolutely stunning.

"Even more beautiful in person," I say, finally getting her attention. I love how red her cheeks get when she's like this. "I just couldn't keep watching you through a screen. You have no idea how hot you are."

"You were watching me?" she asks, falling into her role easily. "How—?"

"Your cameras, darling," I say as I cross the room, stopping next to her and stroking her stomach with my fingers. I look pointedly at the one aimed at the bed and say, "It's like you set them up specifically for me."

"I did," she breathes, lifting her hips to let me pull her panties off. "I was hoping you'd see."

"Oh, I did," I confirm, unbuckling my uniform pants and letting them fall to the ground, along with my boxers. "You put on a hell of a show."

"You liked it?" she asks, inhaling sharply when I dip my finger into her glistening folds.

“Mhm,” I say, circling her clit lightly. “Can I show you how much I liked it?”

“Please,” She begs.

With that, I climb between her legs, leaning down to gently lick the opening to her clit. I close my lips over the little bundle of nerves, flicking my tongue in the way I know drives her crazy. It isn't until she starts making breathy, needy noises that I pull away, chuckling at the indignant sound she makes in response.

I leave a trail of kisses up the length of her body, finally stopping at her lips. Then, giving my cock a few strokes before I line myself up. She wiggles her hips impatiently, mumbling something that might be a mix of my name and the word “please.” If I had more self-control, I might force her to wait longer. As it is, I need to be inside her.

Without another word, I push into her tight, wet heat in one smooth motion. She mewls with pleasure, her eyes falling closed as I start the relentless roll of my hips. The noises she makes are involuntary, high-pitched and desperate.

Even though I've heard them hundreds of times by now, they still drive me insane.

“I saw the way you were teasing yourself,” I say, my mouth close to her ear. “Wearing that matching underwear set I bought you.”

She whimpers, unable to speak. I love that I have the ability to do this to her.

“You’re mine, you know that?” I continue, leaning back so I can see her face properly. “I think you do, that’s why you were wearing those, right?”

Sabrina nods, forcing her eyelids open and staring at me intensely. I can’t stop myself from pressing a kiss to her lips. I can feel my orgasm building. I need her to cum first, though.

“Say you’re mine,” I command, bringing my hand down to play with her clit with my thumb. “Come on, baby. Tell me who you belong to.”

“I’m yo—” she starts, gasping at the motion. I don’t let up, but eventually, she’s able to force out the word, “Yours.”

“That’s right,” I say, fucking her harder, the sound of skin against skin filling the room. “You’re mine.”

Her pussy starts to tighten around me, and her noises only get louder and louder. It takes a few more strokes for her orgasm to rock her. I continue my thrusts, going until my own pleasure overtakes me. Then, pulling out, I collapse beside her.

“I love when we do that,” she says after a few minutes of comfortable silence.

“Me too,” I agree, reaching over to push sweaty hair off of her forehead. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Sabrina says, shifting so she can kiss me. “When do you have to leave for work?”

“Soon,” I sigh, wishing I could stay here with her all day. “What’s your schedule look like?”

“Nothing crazy,” she replies, tracing patterns into my skin. “I’m filming a crockpot video today. I also think I’m going to try to catch up on editing.”

“A crockpot video?” I ask, tickling her side playfully. “Sounds like dinner’s going to be good tonight.”

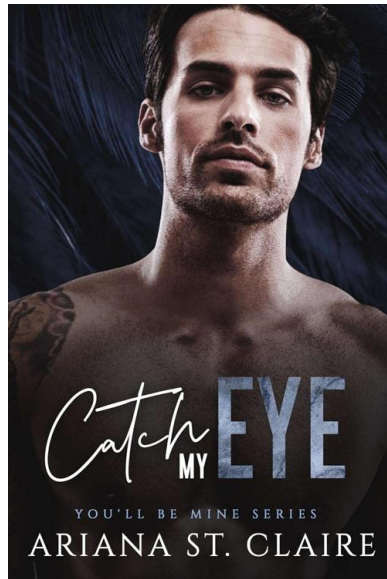
“You don’t even know what it is,” she giggles.

“If you’re making it, I know it’ll be good,” I say decisively.

We lie like that, enjoying each other’s company until I have to get to the station. Saying goodbye is hard, but at least I can check on her if I get worried during the day. I do have access to her cameras, after all.

~The End

Up Next...



Ty Simmons. Tight End for the Carolina Fury, and the guy everyone thinks is all fun and games, on and off the field. Until he sees her. Now, he needs to know everything about her, and for once in his life, his obsession is something other than just football.

Jessa Montgomery loves life and lives it to the fullest every day. Even if a few things are missing. But every girl has her secrets even her best friends don't know.

Dreams and wishes that no one knows. And she likes it that way.

You'll be Mine Books:

Series Link: <http://tinyurl.com/YBMBookSeries>

◆◆ Stalked by the Mobster - Cassi Hart

<http://tinyurl.com/StalkedbytheMobsterCassiHart>

◆◆ Spoiled by my Stalker - Evie Rose

<http://tinyurl.com/SpoiledbymyStalkerEvieRose>

◆◆ Stalked By The Biker - Elisa Leigh

<http://tinyurl.com/StalkedByTheBikerElisaLeigh>

◆◆ Stalking His Forever - Violet Rae

<http://tinyurl.com/StalkingHisForeverVioletRa>

◆◆ Filthy Obsession - Lizzy West

<http://tinyurl.com/FilthyObsessionLizzyWest>

◆◆ Catch My Eye - Ariana St. Claire

<http://tinyurl.com/CatchMyEyeArianaSC>

◆◆ Her Mountain Man Stalker - Clara King

<http://tinyurl.com/HerMountainManStalkerClaraKing>

◆◆ Owned By My Stalker - Imani Jay

<http://tinyurl.com/Owned-By-MyStalkerImaniJay>

Other Books by Lizzy West

Rule Breakers Series:

[*My Best Friend's Secret*](#) (FREE Book)

[*The Bandit's Lady*](#). (Free book on Amazon)

[*The Kingpin's Teacher*](#)

[*The Convict's Catch*](#)

Standalones:

[*Filthy Obsession*](#)

[*Inescapably Yours*](#)

About the Author:

Lizzy loves to write about wild, over the top alpha heroes, their sweet virgin heroine's, and the happily ever after they deserve. Always insta-love, steamy, and swoon worthy.

She loves long romantic walks, anything smothered in cheese, and her darling Dachshund Barbie.

