



My Stalker,
my protector

JESSA KANE

MY STALKER, MY PROTECTOR

JESSA KANE

CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Epilogue](#)

Cash

I don't have to search for her profile on Instagram, because I never close it. It's always open on my laptop, her angelic image probably burned into the screen by now. Every single picture she's ever posted has been memorized down to the tiny flyaway hairs around her temples, the position of her fingers, the amount of cleavage she's showing.

Scout Snyder is my fucking obsession.

The first and last one I'll ever have.

And she went to the movies last night.

Jealousy sears my skin like a raw steak being tossed onto a frying pan. The sensation is so unholy that I lean back in my chair with a hiss, my fists slamming down on the table and bobbling the laptop. It doesn't matter that Scout only went to see a movie with some girlfriends—I wasn't there. I wasn't there to sit in the shadows and protect her, because I had a goddamn baseball game. I *always* have a game these days, but my mind is never on the sport anymore. It's on her. Where she is, who she's with, what she's wearing and how I'm going to maul her when I finally snap. I'm so distracted by my deranged thoughts that my coaches are beginning to whisper about it when they think I don't notice.

Not good. I'm on scholarship.

This is my final year to be scouted by the major league.

But ever since my college best friend introduced me to his younger sister, little miss Scout Snyder, I've been burning alive. Before the season started this spring, my nights consisted of following my freshman target from her dorm to the library to parties where I pretended to run into her. *Oh*, she would laugh, *my honorary big brother is here*. Meanwhile, I was putting the word out to every man at the party that she was forbidden to them.

Just being a good honorary big brother, right?

Looking out for my best friend's kid sister.

Wrong. If any man besides myself ever lays a finger on her, I will dismantle them limb by limb. Murder. It's something I never expected myself to be capable of. Ever. I've always considered myself to be a normal, all-American jock. I've dated girls my whole life, never getting attached to a single one of them. I've always been easygoing. The only thing I cared about was baseball. Making it to the pros.

The second Scout waltzed into my life, everything changed.

It's almost like she has altered my psychological makeup.

I'm not normal anymore. I'm...

A stalker.

I stalk her. I break into her dorm in a hood and a surgical mask just so I can run my fingers through her panty drawer. Lay down where she sleeps. I write her letters. I email her anonymously, informing her that if she dates another man, I will paint the campus in their blood. How else am I supposed to tell her? In person?

No.

She's my best friend's little sister. And I don't think that fact alone would be enough to stop me when I need a girl this fucking much. But these aren't normal circumstances. I'm her *stalker*. I've been following her around for seven months, taking pictures of her...

Terrorizing her.

If I take Scout on a date, it's over. I'm never letting her go.

I wouldn't be a typical boyfriend. I'd ruin her life.

I'd keep her under lock and key. I'd be even more of a maniac than I am now.

Still, just the thought of being Scout's man has me leaning back in the chair, tugging the hem of my T-shirt up to my throat and working down the zipper of my jeans. With my cock out and pulsing against my bare stomach, I quickly scroll to one of my favorite pictures. Scout at the lake on her family

boat eating a grape popsicle, her plush lips wrapped around the frozen treat, her green eyes sparkling with happiness. She's wearing a big cover-up T-shirt with a crocodile on the front, but her thighs are spread and there it is, just a tiny hint of her bathing suit bottoms.

The wet pink and white stripes that hug her virgin cunt.

I know it. I know she's a virgin.

Fifty-six days ago, I hugged her a little too long at a party. I lifted her off the ground and let my lips brush over her cheek and she blushed like a tomato. Could barely look me in the eye afterward. Goddamn. Would she blush while I fuck her?

My expulsion of breath is loud in the kitchen, that first mean stroke of my fist causing my booted feet to shuffle on the floor.

"Come here and sit on my lap, Scout," I demand through my teeth, picturing her wide green eyes, her indecision, but ultimately her trust and compliance. She trusts me completely. It's the ultimate joke. "No, not like that. Face me." She gasps and I reach up, in my mind, tangling my fingers in her blonde hair. "Sit down on my fucking lap. Legs wide open. Cunt to cock. Apologize for going to the movies without me. Rub yourself on my dick until I accept."

"Sorry, Cash," she whispers, sticking out her bottom lip, those big eyes swimming with contrition, her tits settling against my chest, hips starting to roll. "I didn't want to go without you. I love knowing when you're there. I feel so safe."

A groan emits from my throat, my fist tightening around my cock. Moving faster. My eyes are strained on those pink and white stripes, her suckling mouth on the popsicle. "Next time, you stay home like a good little girl. Or else."

"Or else what, Daddy?" she whispers in my ear, her cream beginning to seep through her panties, so I can feel it on my shaft. *Daddy*. Oh God, it's the best/worst part of my daily, sometimes hourly, fantasies. I'm only four years older than Scout, but there is something inside of me aching to be the ultimate authority in her life.

Her guardian, her enforcer, her favorite.

"You'll learn to stay home when I'm busy or I'll take away your popsicles. No dessert for a week." In my fantasy, this is where I press her face into the slope of my neck to muffle her protests about her punishment for unknowingly disobeying me, because I need to bury myself in her cunt. I

can't wait any longer. I rip her panties to the right and start shoving my hard meat into her untapped fuck hole, my eyes unblinking on the bikini bottoms on my laptop screen, imagining what it must be like. Tight and innocent. Shy but slick.

"I'm trying so hard to take it," she says haltingly. "I want to take it for you, Daddy."

"You will." I throw her down onto an imaginary couch and flip her over, spitting on her little round ass cheeks, prying her thighs apart and guiding my dick to that sweet pink entrance, feeling it contract with nerves around my pressing head, only allowing in the first fat inch. "You were such a big girl, going to the movies by yourself, weren't you, angel? That means you must be big enough to handle my cock, right?" I backhand her ass cheeks. "Relax your fucking cunt or this is going to get rough for you."

Beads of sweat are rolling down my stomach, my back, the sides of my face.

In all my millions of fantasies about Scout, I've never once gotten fully seated inside of her before ejaculating and I'm not going to make it now, either. Even the imaginary version of her is too sweet, too perfect, too much of a mindfuck to let me last. My head drops forward and I violate myself roughly, grunting, panting, my balls thickening—

There's a loud knock on the door of my apartment.

I swallow my next moan and slow to a stop, my sweat turning to ice on my skin. I feel exposed, like I'm going to get caught engaging in this ultimate shame. Fantasy fucking my best friend's sister, being far too aggressive with her, making her call me Daddy, stripping her of anything resembling independence, because I'm a sick bastard who wants to possess Scout.

Own her.

I take a deep breath, trying to make my voice even. "Yeah? Who is it?"

"It's Russ. Let me in."

Russ.

Scout's brother.

My best friend.

Did he hear anything I was saying through the door?

I slam the lid of my laptop shut and force my cock back into my jeans, wincing as I zip. "Uh. Hold on. One second," I call toward the door, looking furiously around the apartment for any proof of my stalking activities. But no, my letter writing paraphernalia and all the items I've stolen from her

dorm room are in a special box in my closet. The pictures I've taken are loaded onto my laptop, kept in a secret folder on my phone. Nothing is visible here. To be safe, I stow the laptop inside of my oven and jog over to answer the door. "Hey."

Russ looks stressed. "Hey," he says, shoving five fingers through his light-colored hair. "Can we come in? I need to talk to you. It's important."

"We?"

Scout steps into view, a purple backpack clutched to her chest—and a storm begins to rage in my ears. My pulse triples in speed. I clutch the doorframe to stop myself from reaching for her and dragging her into the apartment. God help me, I almost manhandle her in front of Russ, my body demanding I lay her down somewhere and press her down with all of my weight. Shout at her for wrecking my head. Making me go fucking *crazy*.

"What is she doing here?" I ask, raggedly, harnessing every ounce of my self-control.

"Scout has a stalker," Russ says, his expression one of pure terror. "I need you to protect her while I'm out of town."

Scout

S *he has a stalker.*

Hearing those four words out loud really makes the situation real.

I've been hiding my predicament from my brother for months, but seeing his reaction is making me even more scared than I already am. I'm not surprised that being in the presence of Cash is already making me feel better, though. More protected. Safe.

My honorary big brother is like Goliath. From the Bible. If he had on leather sandals and dented armor, it wouldn't even look strange. His height soars well over six foot three. He's broad and strong and...*drop dead gorgeous*. I mean, seriously. Every girl on campus wants to hook up with the star baseball player, although none of them ever seem to succeed.

I pretend not to like that so much.

After all, Cash sees me like a kid sister.

He looks out for me, keeps the creeps away at parties. Makes sure no one puts anything dangerous in my drink. Drives me home. Reminds me to lock my door.

He's my hero. Everything will be fine now that I'm with him.

Obedying my instincts, I drop my backpack and walk straight to the wall of muscle that is Cash Jenner. He must not be expecting me to embrace him—or maybe he's still stunned by the distressing news that I have a stalker—

because he sucks in a breath as my arms wrap around the sturdy trunk of his torso, the crown of my head barely reaching his chin. Slowly, though, his arms lift and close me in tight.

Really tight, actually.

His chest rises and falls on a shudder.

Oh, my goodness, he's such a sweetie. Clearly, he's worried about me.

Secretly, I'm worried about myself.

Because while the stalking scares me, there's something else...an emotion inside of me that stirs up and spins around whenever I receive a letter or an email. Almost like I'm...excited?

Shameful. Isn't it? I should be terrified. No. I *am*.

"It's okay, Cash," I say, resting my chin between his thick pecs, so I can look up at him. "You won't let anything happen to me."

His Adam's apple moves up, down. He addresses Russ, even though he's looking down into my eyes, his arms keeping me locked to his body. "A stalker?"

"Yeah." Without turning around, I know Russ is beginning to pace. "She's been keeping it from me, but I found a folder full of threatening messages while I was checking my email on her laptop. She's been getting physical ones, too. For fucking months."

My brother's fearful tone of voice makes me tremble.

"Calm down," Cash says, his voice low. "You're scaring her."

"She should be scared!"

"Russ."

That single growled word from Cash and my brother stops pacing, taking a fortifying breath. "I'm sorry. It's just that the timing couldn't be worse. I'm going out of town for a science conference. As in, this afternoon. I don't even have time to go to the police, which she should have done months ago."

He's right.

I should have.

I don't think I wanted to believe it was really happening.

And maybe, just maybe, a teeny tiny part of me didn't want it to stop.

"Why...me?" I say quickly, to banish the humiliating thought. "Why do you think they chose me?"

It's very quiet, very subtle, but I think I hear Cash scoff. "Scout." He shakes his head at me. "You can't be serious. You're the most incr..." He seems to realize something, like maybe his train of thought wasn't

appropriate to speak aloud, because it would scare me more? Whatever the reason, he trails off, shaking his head. Hard. “I mean, it could happen to anyone, right? If someone is stalking you, he’s not...*reasonable*. He’s not normal.”

“Right,” Russ agrees. “That’s what scares me.”

I cuddle closer to Cash. “Why are you assuming it’s a man?”

He’s silent for several beats. “You’re right, I shouldn’t assume that.” His fingers begin toying with the ends of my hair. “I suppose it could be anyone.”

“Are you able to keep an eye on her over the weekend?” asks Russ. “I know it’s a lot to ask during baseball season. Don’t you have a game tonight?”

“Yeah,” he rasps. Oh, my goodness, Cash is so worried about me, I can feel his heart slamming against my cheek. For some reason, though, his worry doesn’t exacerbate my own, it calms me. Because he’s taking this seriously. He’s going to keep me safe. I’m so glad my brother brought me here. Cash equals safety. “I, uh...maybe Scout should go home to your parents while you’re gone.” His lips brush against the peak of my forehead and I feel a funny little tingle between my legs that is probably turning my face the color of a flamingo. It’s so weird that Cash is the only one who makes my face get hot...but the tingle? That is new. Is it because he’s been holding me in his arms so long? Longer than ever? “I don’t know if I’m the right man for the job, Russ.”

“You’re the only one I trust with her,” Russ says. Then reluctantly, “But if you don’t think you’ll be able to guard her properly—”

“I didn’t say that,” Cash cuts in, his darkening eyes tracking up to my brother, a muscle snapping in his jaw. “I can guard her better than anyone.”

No one says anything for several seconds. The atmosphere in the room has grown charged, but I don’t totally know why. I only know that ticklish feeling within the depths of my sex is growing more exaggerated the longer I spend in Cash’s embrace. Especially when he says things like *I can guard her better than anyone*.

And he’s right.

I can’t even fathom the thought of going anywhere else.

“I don’t want to leave campus,” I say. “I...don’t want to run away scared.”

Cash scrutinizes me, strokes my hair. “Does he scare you, angel?”

“Yes,” I whisper, honestly.

He swallows audibly, then leans down to speak quietly in my ear. “You should run home to your parents, little girl.”

The funny sensation spreads. So intensely and so fast that I’m now embarrassed to be feeling it in front of my brother. *Little girl?* “No,” I say back, lifting my arms to wind them around his neck, sighing when he corrals me closer. “I want to stay with you. You said it yourself that you can guard me better than anymore.”

“Scout...” he says, sounding winded. Pained.

I look up at him and employ the Scout Method, putting out my lower lip and blinking back the moisture in my eyes. “Please?”

His eyes close. “God help me.” When he opens them again, they are trained on my face and full of fire. Like he’s vowing to protect me with his life. “I’ve got her, Russ.”

I pull my lower lip back in and beam at him, blinking away my tears.

Which only seems to make that fire burn hotter.

Behind me, Russ breathes a sigh of relief. “Thanks, man. I’ll try and come back early.”

“You do that.”

My brother approaches to my left, laying a hand on my head and ruffling my hair. Curiously, Cash’s gaze narrows at the action, his pupils seeming to expand and encompass the entirety of his eye. “Do *everything* he says, Scout. All right? When I get back, we’re going to handle this with the police.”

“Okay, Russ. Don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine.” I rub my cheek against the center of Cash’s chest, enjoying the rapid pound of his heart. “I’m in good hands.”

Without another word, Russ leaves the apartment, the door clicking shut as he exits.

Cash

This is a very dangerous turn of events.

I'm all alone with my prey and she is smiling up at me like I'm her savior.

She has no idea how badly I want to occupy every aspect of her life, take up all her fucking oxygen so she can only gasp, preferably while I'm slam fucking her. She has no idea that I keep a Ziploc bag of her hair that I've collected from her pillow, a little cloud of blonde that I rub against my cheek like a ritual before bed every night. She's been handed over to me like a giftwrapped present with the expectation that I'll keep her safe.

But I'm the one from whom she needs to seek shelter.

"Thank you for doing this," Scout says, letting go of me and stepping back, that maddening flush turning her face pink, her demeanor suddenly shy. "I know you probably don't want your friend's pesky little sister hanging around. I'm not..." Some of the sparkle dims in her eyes. "I'm not going to interrupt any dates this weekend, am I?"

Me giving the time of day to another woman? Laughable. "Nope."

"Oh." She starts a slow walk around my round, dining table and I suppress the urge to break it in half, so there won't be a barrier between us. "It's so funny, I don't see you with girls very often, but Russ said you used to date all the time."

Fucking Russ.

Putting the image of me with other girls in Scout's head.

If he was still here, I'd strangle him with my bare hands.

"That's right," I admit slowly. "But I haven't dated in a good while."

"Why not?"

I shrug. "Focused on baseball."

"Even in the off season?"

Is she fishing? Jesus. Does Scout...maybe have a little crush on me? Wouldn't that be the cruelest prank the universe could play on me? My obsession having a crush on me?

Yes. It would.

Because she doesn't know who I really am.

How I've been putting the fear of God in her, via emails and letters, to keep her from dating and driving me further into the pit of madness.

"Yeah, angel. Even in the off season."

"Hmm."

"What?"

"Nothing." She is flitting around my apartment in a short skirt and skintight bodysuit and my dick is growing harder. And harder. And fucking harder. I want to put it in her more than I want to live. "It's just that so many girls are interested in you. How do you resist?"

"Maybe I know they can't give me what I want," I grit out.

Immediately, I know I shouldn't have said that. She stops in her tracks on her way around the table, her antenna obviously going up. "Oh. What do you want?"

Don't say it.

Don't say it.

But maybe there is a part of me that is still good. That wants to give her a warning to stay the hell away from me, because I'm a monster. Because I'm *her* monster.

I'm already walking toward her. Closing in on her. Backing her up against the table.

Her ass hits the piece of furniture, inching it across the floor, startling her.

She's breathing faster. Faster.

Good.

"I want a girl who shuts her mouth and takes my dick when I decide to give it to her." *Make it worse. Let her know she needs to stay away. That*

you're not safe. Nothing about you is safe for her. “I want a girl who reports her movements to me or knows she’s going to be tracked down, spanked raw and put on her knees for a suck and fuck session.” I crowd so close to Scout that the table scrapes several more inches backward on the floor, her green eyes wide as silver dollars as my disgusting warning continues. “I want a girl who gets on her fucking back on command and moans for Daddy, even while her thighs and neck and tits are being bruised up by my hands. Maybe even because of it. What do you think of that, angel?”

“I-I don’t know. I...don’t know.” She furrows her brow, looking down the length of her delicious body. A shudder snakes through her. Hot or cold? “It makes me feel s-s-strange, I guess,” she finishes in a whisper.

I’m holding my breath. “Strange how?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never felt it before. I can’t describe it.”

It’s fear.

Of course, it’s fear. Alarm.

Probably a sixth sense telling her I’m not what I seem.

But I take another step and her gorgeous body is up against mine now. My cock is *throbbing*. She’s been thrown to the wolf right at mealtime and I’m not well. I’m not fucking well, because of *her*. My hands move on their own, grasping her around the waist and dragging up her ribcage, watching her distracting lips pop open in response. “Cash?”

“We need to check your clothes and belongings for listening devices. Apple tags. He could be tracking you without your knowledge.” I am. I’ve been tracking her for months. But not through the use of a device. I stole her phone at a party ages ago and shared her location with my burner phone. “Hell, they make devices now the size of an ant. It could be attached to your clothing. In between the pages of your planner. Inside your phone.” Christ, I’m so wrong for this. I *know* I’m wrong. But I need to invent a reason to get my hands on her. I have to find a way to touch her while disguising this uncontrollable infatuation. If I don’t touch her, I’ll die. “I’ll go through your backpack, but first we need to take off your clothes. We need to search them.”

“Really?” She watches my hands as they skate down her arms and grip her hips, massaging them, desperate to rip off the fucking skirt and yank her thighs open so I can finally get a look at my dream pussy. “You think he’s tracking me right now?”

I track her from her bedroom to her bathroom and back. To her kitchen,

to the store, to her couch. Daily. Hourly. Just watching the dot move with my dick in my hand. "Anything is possible."

"Oh gosh." Her cheeks turn the color of roses. "You want me to take my clothes off right here? In the kitchen...in front of you?"

"That's right. I need to search everything, angel. Right here. Before you go somewhere to change your clothes and it falls out, unnoticed. If he knows you're here, we'll have to move." Pretending to be all business, even though I'm sweating like a marathon runner beneath my clothes, I reach around to the back of her waist and find the zipper of her skirt. Sliding it down slowly. Letting it slither down her hot legs and pool around her feet, my palms smoothing eagerly over her buns, squeezing them, before dragging my middle and ring finger up the crack of her ass, feeling that tight rear breach through the thong. Oh my God, she's sweet. Touching her is making me high. "We're going to need to take off these cock tease panties, too."

Jesus, if Russ walked back in right now, I'd never be able to explain this. I'm sick. I'm immoral.

I'm performing a search that I know damn well isn't necessary.

But these supple ass cheeks are in my hands and she's wearing an emerald green thong that fits her like a glove, dividing up her sexy backside, clinging to her hot cunt like it was painted on and there's no stopping this train now.

I've never been alone with Scout. This is why.

Me losing control has always been inevitable.

"I'm taking your panties off now, Scout," I say into her ear, sounding choked.

"Um..." She shifts against me. "No one has ever taken off my panties before."

My balls squeeze like they're in a vise, as does my skull, my soul, every cell in my body. "Are you saying you're a virgin?"

"Yes," she whispers, sneaking a look up at me, as if to get my reaction.

I scrub my palms down the slopes of her buttocks and clutch it hard in both hands, erotic visions plaguing me. How easy it would be to bounce her up and down on my cock like a tight little toy. "I already knew, Scout."

She sucks in a breath. "How?"

I drag her thong down, over the pert cheeks of her ass, past the crease on the underside, letting it drop to midthigh. And immediately I know I overestimated my control. Simply knowing her sex is exposed in my kitchen

is enough to make me goddamn feral. My mouth begins to water, my pulse thundering in my ears. The need to spin her around and shove her face down over my table for a fuck is nearly unbearable, but I overcome it, because this obsession with Scout is multifaceted. I want to slake my lust with her body. I want to scare her to keep her from dating. Right now, however, when she is standing in front of me, so soft and warm and trusting, all I want to do is be her hero. Make her feel safe.

These impulses war with each other, turning my head into an inferno.

What should I do? The good side of me begs me to let her go. Set her free.

She's not in danger from anyone but me, after all.

But she says something to eclipse that last vestige of good inside of me.

Shock blends into the mix when she lifts up onto her toes, pressing her mouth to my jawline. "Should I take my shirt off now?"

My stomach muscles contract so violently, I have to grind my teeth. There is something in her tone of voice that I wasn't expecting. Is it a hint of...excitement? Is that too much to hope for? I tilt her chin up with two fingers, searching. Hoping. "Do you *want* to show me those pretty freshman tits, Scout?"

Her eyelids appear to grow heavier. "I...I don't know." Her voice falls to a whisper. "I think so."

Color blossoms in my brain, turning the black and white to vibrant shades of green and scarlet and indigo. She wants to take her shirt off for me? Is this a dream? Perhaps it's not an authentic crush, though. Maybe she's just grateful that I am willing to guard her for the weekend when she's obviously very scared.

Don't take advantage of that. Don't.

Lord, I can't help it.

"I'm not just going to protect you, Scout," I vow, tucking a long strand of blonde hair behind her ear. "I'm going to catch this motherfucker."

She seems to be holding her breath. "Really?"

"Yes." I trace her jawline with my thumb, shaken by how smooth she is everywhere. "In order for me to do that, though, I need to think like him. I need to get inside his head. Do you understand?"

A line forms between her brows, like she's confused. "How will you do that?"

I should stop this, but it's too late to turn back now. "By wanting what he

wants,” I say, beginning to breathe hard at the sheer anticipation. “By having what he dreams about. That’s how I’m going to get inside of his head, Scout. Starting now.”

The panties around her knees fall the final distance to her ankles. We both see it happen in our periphery and now *she* starts to breathe faster. Not out of fear. No, I know the difference. Perhaps she’s nervous about exploring new territory with me, but she’s a horny girl and I haven’t let her sow a single oat since she arrived at college. Now? She might be apprehensive, but her caution and judgment are being clouded by hormones.

Lucky man.

Evil man.

Taking advantage of this fresh-faced girl. Entrusted to you by your best friend.

Fuck it. I’d go to hell just to witness a bat of her eyelashes.

“Arms up,” I say, against her mouth, slowly unsnapping the body suit where it fastens against her pussy, letting my fingers brush those sweet lips before pulling the garment up, over her white strapless bra, over her head and tossing it onto the table behind her. There is nothing between me and Scout Snyder but a B-cup bra now—but it’s still too much. My fucking skin is too much of a barrier between me and her. The scant inches of air separating us are offensive to me. I want to be *fused* to her. Suctioned. And that desire has me hissing breaths through my teeth as I unfasten the front clasp of her bra and watch those perfect titties appear, two ripe, palm-sized fantasies, all peachy flesh and rosy nipples.

Jesus Christ. She’s *edible*. Literally.

In this moment, I think I might actually be capable of eating her. Sinking my teeth into her and feasting on her delectable flesh, getting her inside of me by any means necessary.

“God knows he’d want to play with these, wouldn’t he?” I say thickly, stumbling forward and skidding the table back another few inches while my palms rake down her tits, massaging them with immoral hands, my cock leaking down the leg of my jeans. Overcome with the fervor I usually handle alone. “He probably jacks himself off thinking about these sweet little breasts. How much they like being touched.”

“How can you tell...they like being touched?” she gasps, arching her back.

“You’re pushing them right into my hands. And these nipples...” I pluck

them with my knuckles, two, three times on each side, absorbing the sound of her moan into my bloodstream. “God, baby. Look how fucking stiff they are.”

The longer I fondle her tits and pinch her nipples, the more she starts to whimper and move restlessly against the table. I can’t take my hands off them. I can’t stop splaying my fingers over the entirety of them and arcing my thumbs over those pretty buds in the center. But surely my obsession is beginning to bleed through, so I move on, forcing my hands to move lower along with my wild gaze, caging her hips and gripping, pressing both thumbs into her belly button, before tracking them down to the slit of her cunt, massaging circles into the very top of it.

“Ohhhhh,” she whines, tilting her hips—and I finally look down at her sex to find her bare and glistening. A shiny, virgin treasure that I’ve obtained through foul means, but so be it. Her cunt is a work of art, pure and fresh and wet. “You think he wants to touch me there, too?”

I sound like Satan himself when I answer. “I have no doubt he wants to touch you here most of all, angel. This is what I need to do to get into his head. So I can find him and stop him.”

She nods at me bravely, biting her lip, slowly boosting herself into a sitting position on the edge of the table. “Okay.” She spreads her thighs open just barely an inch and my seed almost bursts out everywhere. Can she not tell at this point that I’m insane? My eyes feel like glowing coals, my skin tighter than new leather. My dick protrudes beneath the zipper of my jeans and rests against her inner thigh. Does she not know what my stiffness means? Or is she too caught up in my touch to register my arousal? “I trust you,” she whispers.

The little conscience I still have weighs down with guilt, but it’s nothing compared to my desperation to possess this girl. “Good, angel.” I spread her pussy flesh open with the pad of my thumb and rub gentle circles on top of her clit, witnessing the death of her innocence up close, the moment she discovers why women like to fuck, as much as men. Because of that little button she’s been keeping just for me—her pet monster. “But let’s be extra clear, I’m the *only* person you will ever trust. Over your brother, your parents, your god. Everyone. There’s no one but me.”

“I don’t...” She’s slurring her words, her neck loose, barely able to keep her head up. “Why? I don’t understand.”

“You will. Spread your legs.” I groan over the fact that she obeys me

without question, rewarding her by moving the pad of my thumb quicker, quicker, firmer, watching moisture seep out of her innocent slit and onto the table. This is my fantasy come to life and I can barely believe it's happening. What's more, she's *enjoying* it. She's enjoying the touch of the man who has been forcing her to live in fear. Caged and helpless. I hate myself, but this madness has me in its clutches. It won't let go. "Put your heels up on the table for me. He probably wakes up every morning wondering what your little holes look like all in a row."

My God. The way she lifts her feet so easily and props her heels on the very edge of the table, all supple flexibility, while looking me right in the eye, exposing all of herself to me at once, almost sends me to an early grave. She's open and spread, mewling at the continued torture of my thumb on her clit, her mouth right there in front of me, moist and panting—and my restraint takes another nosedive, urging my lips up against hers.

Closer. Firmer.

And then I'm kissing Scout Snyder.

I'm kissing her beautiful mouth, fucking it with my tongue like it's my job while I play with that swollen pearl between her thighs. She tastes like an explosion of sunlight and honey and happiness. Redemption and oblivion and sin. She tastes like a lifetime that I need to live.

"Oh, it's starting to feel like...like m-more..." she stutters, her bare chest heaving up and down. "Like something more is happening."

I'm making her come. I'm making my angel come, possibly for the first time. Right here and now, I could do away with the pretense that I'm trying to get into her stalker's head, but if I reveal how badly I need her myself, I will be ripping off the seal that's keeping my insanity inside. It will come spewing out like a geyser. I'll conquer her and overwhelm her and dominate her. I might never let her leave this apartment again if I drop this act.

Apparently, I have one shred of decency left, because I *can't*. "Good girl. Let it happen. I guarantee your stalker is dreaming about making you come. He's dreaming of that wet squeeze around his dick and how you'll buck and hiss for it, like a bitch in heat." I lick into her mouth to capture her shocked gasp, riding my mouth wide over the top of hers, dying to consume her, letting her know this is how it's going to be with me. Vile and nasty, down and dirty. Spectacular, too, if she allows it to be. "If I can get you off, baby, I think I'll understand him better."

Not a trace of suspicion on her face. "Is the kissing going to help...get me

off?”

I kiss her hard, suctioning, lapping at her bottom lip. “Isn’t it, little girl?”

“Yes,” she whispers, opening her lips for mine, letting me plunder and pillage her, juice spilling out from her cunt and wetting my thumb, my wrist, the insides of her thighs. “Oh. Oh my gosh. Oh my gosh, Cash!”

Hearing her say my name while breathless with passion makes me feel immortal. Godlike. Transcendent. But I need it all from her. Everything. “That’s not really what you want to call me, is it?”

She presses her lips together, a combination of indecisive and turned on.

“Call me by the name I want to hear and I’ll give you a special treat,” I rasp, catching her ear with my teeth, trailing my tongue up and down the slope of her neck while my thumb starts moving at the highest possible speed. “The way you’re soaking my fingers tells me you want to say it, Scout. Don’t you want to come and help me catch this stalker of yours?”

After a moment’s hesitation, she says it almost like she’s testing it out. “Daddy.” And then her eyes roll back and she says it again, like a prayer. “Daddy.”

With a growl, I press two fingers deep into her tight, young cunt and she screams, her little orgasming muscles twisting around my digits, her thighs shaking the table so hard, the movement travels through the wooden legs and vibrates the furniture against the ground. “That’s a good girl. You give me what I want and I stuff you full,” I growl right on top of her mouth. “Let that sweetness drip everywhere. I promise I’m not going to let it go to waste.”

Looking her in the eye, I swipe my hand through the little puddle she left on the table, getting my palm good and wet, before shoving it into my jeans.

“What are you doing?” she breathes, watching me with half-mast eyes.

“Becoming him. This is what he’d do with that mess you left,” I wrap my drenched fist around my dick and begin stroking, noting the way she licks the seam of her lips, shifting her hips on the table. God. She’d let me fuck her right now, wouldn’t she?

Don’t do it. You’ll expose yourself.

Hell, I’m so close to outing myself as her obsessed pursuer already, staring her square in the eye while I grunt through increasingly aggressive strokes of my throbbing cock. Harder and harder. Drawing blood from my bottom lip with my teeth, imagining I’m balls deep in her pussy, pounding her like a fucking rag doll while I choke her pretty little throat.

“I’ll kill you if you don’t love me back,” I growl, snapping at her lips.

She blinks. Once, twice. “*What?*”

“That’s something he would say, isn’t it?” I pant.

“Oh. Y-yes.”

“Say it again. Baby, say it again. Lean back, open your thighs and say it. I’m an angel, but Daddy turns me into a wet slut. Say it. *Now.*”

She whispers those words back to me and the world breaks apart into thousands of pieces, my dick erupting in my fist, come squelching in my grip while I shove my face into her neck and wring myself out, bellowing at the top of my lungs. It feels like the first time I’ve ever had an orgasm, it’s so intense. And her scent, her shape, her smoothness only drives me higher, past a point I never knew existed until I almost black out.

The climax seems to go on for hours. When I’m finally spent, I thud into a kneeling position, body still quaking with shock over her perfection, landing between her thighs, and attempt to gather myself. Find a remaining conduit to rational thought...and somehow, I locate one, flimsy though it is.

“That was a good start,” I rasp, still overcome, but knowing I have to keep up the ruse or risk going off the deep end if she rejects me or I scare her or a million other things that could go wrong. “I’m getting an idea of how he thinks, but we’ll need to keep this up—”

Before I can finish my sentence, Scout throws herself off the table and sprints naked into my bathroom, locking the door behind her. And two things happen at once. Bad things.

One, my heart almost rips in half over the possibility that I hurt or scared my precious angel. This girl who owned me from the moment I saw her.

Two, by running, she awakens my predatory instincts so fast, I almost choke on them.

“*Scout!*” I roar, stomping after her.

Scout

I slide down the bathroom door, completely forgetting that I'm naked as a jaybird until my bare butt hits the cold tile. Absently, I reach up and snag the towel hanging on the back of the door and wrap it around myself for warmth. Because I was hotter than I've ever been a mere two minutes ago, but my ardor is rapidly cooling and leaving nothing behind but embarrassment.

"Oh my gosh, Scout," I mutter, slapping both hands over my face.

There's a loud pound on the door, but I barely process it. I'm too busy replaying the most intense, most magical moments of my life under the hands and mouth of Cash Jenner. I got completely lost in him, in what he was doing to me. Our connection felt so real. My heart even got involved, pounding like it had found its twin flame. Meanwhile...

He was only touching me to get inside the head of my stalker.

Not because he *wanted* to.

No. Cash is probably eager to find my stalker as soon as possible, so he can get rid of his best friend's burdensome little sister. Didn't he balk at letting me stay when I first arrived with my brother? Yeah, he's definitely eager to send me packing. I'll admit, his method of tracking down the person who has been terrorizing me is unusual, but what do I know about unearthing a stalker? His plan made sense when he explained it to me. Or was I just

drowning in his magnetism? Distracted by the reverent—slightly rough—way he touched me?

“Scout. I am two seconds from kicking down this door.”

Those words bring me zipping back to the present. “Why?” I sniffle into the back of my wrist. “Do you need to use the bathroom?”

“No, I don’t need to use the bathroom. I need to not have this fucking door between me and you. I need to know why you ran away from me.”

“Oh.” Wincing, I let my head fall back against the door. Why do I always have to be so impulsive? How am I supposed to explain my vanishing act to him? *Well, you see, I’ve always had a crush on you, but now that you touched me in a way no one has ever touched me, I think I might be in deep, deep puppy love.* Humiliating. *Don’t say that.* “I’m just, um...well, I’ve never had an experience like that before and I think it caught me off guard.”

A long pause ensues. “Open the door.”

“Can I just have a minute?”

“No.” Is that thud his forehead hitting the door? “You can be caught off guard while I hold you, Scout. I wasn’t thinking. I...”

I turn and look at the door, as if I have x-ray vision. “What?”

“Maybe I was a little caught off guard, too.”

My breath catches in my throat. “Why?”

“I shouldn’t have enjoyed kissing my best friend’s little sister so much.”

“You enjoyed it?” I ask, unable to keep the breathless hope out of my voice.

A snort reaches me through the door. “Scout, you think my dick could get that hard if I wasn’t enjoying myself?”

“I don’t know how dicks work,” I respond defensively.

I can hear him breathing heavily through the door. “I don’t appreciate you being so fucking...endearing when I can’t see you and touch you, Scout. I don’t appreciate being kept from what’s mine. *Open the door!*” he finishes on a bellow.

Oh, I see, he’s still trying to venture into the mindset of my stalker.

I suppose I should let him.

Cash might have enjoyed kissing me more than he expected, but he still obviously wants to return to his normal life where he doesn’t have to play babysitter. “Okay, I’ll unlock it—”

I’ve only just depressed the button when the door is pushed open with enough strength to scoot me forward on the tile floor. And then I’m being

scooped up from beneath my armpits, still naked. I'm sputtering for Cash to let me secure the falling towel, but he doesn't seem to hear me. No, he's tossing me up and over his big shoulder and stomping out of the bathroom.

Toward the bedroom.

Cash is taking me to his *bedroom*?

Is he going to touch me again? What if he thinks we should have sex to help him understand the way my stalker thinks? Should I say yes?

I would love to give my V-card to Cash, but...

I want the moment to be real. Not part of a stalker-catching initiative.

"Um. Cash..."

Before I can speak another word, we enter a pitch-black room and the university's baseball star throws me down on the bed, coming down on top of me in a split second. Pinning me, his warm, minty breath pelting my lips. "Don't you *ever* run away from me again, little girl." His right hand closes around my throat, squeezing. "Do you understand me? Don't you *dare*."

"I'm sorry," I whimper, confused by the tingle of excitement between my legs.

Confused by the desire for him to squeeze my throat harder.

Where is this coming from?

"Of course, you're sorry," he says on an exhale, some of the tension ebbing from his athletic frame, his open mouth raking over my temple, through my hair. "Perfect girl. My sweet, sexy girl would never do anything to upset me on purpose, would she?"

"No. Never," I whisper.

"I want to know every fucking thing about you. Every detail I don't already know."

In the back of my mind, I know he's getting into character. He's becoming my stalker so he can catch him. Help me. Keep me safe. But maybe...just for a little while...I can pretend it is Cash himself who really wants to know everything about me? It would be so easy in this dark, quiet room, where there is no sound except his shallow breathing and mine. We're in our own private universe and I'm literally stripped bare. I ache to be emotionally naked with this man, too. "What exactly do you want to know?"

He groans, melting into me even more, his fully clothed body heavy on top of my nude one. "What is your biggest fear?"

"Tornadoes."

I sense his surprise. "Really."

“My brother made me watch *Twister* when I was seven and I wouldn’t go outside for six days,” I whisper into the darkness, the intimacy of the moment wrapping me up like a blanket. “I still have nightmares sometimes that I’m going to get swallowed up in one.”

“I would never let that happen.”

I giggle, as much as I can with his body weighing me down. “You’re strong enough to battle Mother Nature?”

“If you were in danger, Scout, I’d be capable of anything.”

“I *am* in danger. Remember?”

“Right. Yes.” He burrows his face into the slope of my neck and inhales deeply, his thumb running a lap around the hollow of my throat. “What makes you excited? What calms you down? What is your favorite day of the week?”

“In reverse order...Sunday. Some people get the scaries, but not me. I can block out Monday until my alarm goes off. Nothing is expected of anyone on Sunday. You don’t even have to take off your pajamas.”

His chuckle is warm. Affectionate. “Do you have a favorite pair of pajamas?”

“I haven’t even finished answering the other questions yet!” I finish on a gasp when he yanks my knees up around his hips and starts licking my neck. This man has me locked down on the bed, no way to move and he’s...he’s mauling me. Dragging his tongue along my shoulders and up my throat, his right hand leaving my throat to capture both of my wrists, holding them down firmly above my head. “Um...q-questions. Um. What makes me excited? Themes. I love when a party has a theme, like everyone has to dress like a celebrity. I love that. As far as what calms me down...I would say, looking at old pictures. In albums or even on my phone. Reacquainting myself with old, happy memories.”

“Answer the pajama question.”

“You’re so persistent,” I say, shuddering, because he’s sucking the area beneath my ear. Sliding lowing. Sucking more. All the while, my hands are being held captive above my head, my body feeling deliciously conquered. “I wear panties and socks.”

He makes an amused sound but doesn’t stop his ministrations. “That’s it?”

“My feet get cold,” I explain.

“But the rest of you doesn’t?”

“No.”

He hums, his mouth tracing my jawline. “You’ll wear a pair of my socks tonight. I want to know something of mine is keeping your toes warm.” He shifts his hips between my legs and my lungs empty in one long stuttered sound. “Fuck the panties, though. They’ll only end up ripped to shreds on my floor.”

“Are you...are we going to...”

“What do you think, Scout?” He rolls his forehead against mine. “I was fingering you five minutes after your brother walked out the door. Do you think we could have an innocent sleepover together?”

“No,” I breathe, unable to keep my eyes open, the sensation of his thumbs pressing deeply into my inner wrists is somehow so arousing that I feel my sex begin to dampen again. “N-no, I guess not.” Eager for a taste of him, I tilt my face and graze our lips together. “My turn to ask the questions. What scares *you*, Cash?”

“You finding out I’m a monster,” he says in a rush. “Running away from me in fear.”

Ah. We’re still playing the game. He’s pretending to be my stalker. But I’m ignoring that for now and pretending he’s just Cash, I’m just Scout. And he really cares about me. Really wants me, the way that I want him. “And do you wear pajamas?”

“No. I sleep in the glow of your face on my computer screen. It’s the only thing I want to wear. The image of you projected onto my skin.”

A warm shiver works its way up my spine. “What makes you excited?”

“You.”

“What calms you down?”

“You.”

“What is your favorite day of the week.”

“You—”

Laughter bursts out of me. I’m gasping for oxygen within seconds, because there is already precious little air in my lungs, due to his weight pressing me down. But I only laugh harder when Cash joins me, mirth vibrating his chest, resonating in his throat. Laughing with him in the dark with our bodies pressed together so tightly feels new and exciting and a little forbidden...and I sense the shift inside of me. I’ve only been with him in this apartment a short time, but I’ve gone from crush to puppy love to infatuation. Hero worship of my protector.

Something else is happening, too.

I'm gasping harder and harder for air, because my laughter has depleted me of oxygen and now, he watches me struggle to breathe in rapt fascination. His shaft thickens against my thigh more and more as my lungs begin to burn, his muscled chest starting to rise and fall. Quickly. His breath grows short, too, but not because he can't breathe, but because he's excited. I can feel the electricity of him. How it snaps and sizzles.

"C-Cash," I manage, beginning to kick my legs, attempting and failing to free my wrists from his grip.

"Don't fight me, you'll make it worse," he says thickly, rolling his hips.

I don't expect what happens next. I don't expect it at all.

My vision starts to wave like the edges of a flying flag, rippling in the breeze. At the same time, that place Cash rubbed me earlier begins to throb. Tingle. I drag in just enough oxygen to make my vision temporarily normal and moan as he rocks against me, wetness starting to spread between the seam of my sex. My air grows scarce again and Cash kisses me, suctioning his mouth over mine, as if to prevent me from breathing and I whine, thrashing, he allows me a sip of air and humps me, my skin beginning to turn slick with sweat.

What is happening?

Why do I...do I like this?

"Does it make you hot knowing I control whether you live or die?" He sinks his teeth into the side of my neck, the bed springs creaking with the forceful rides of his hips. "If not, someone needs to tell your pussy. It's hotter than a fucking oven."

"Cash," I whisper. "I'm scared."

"Of what, angel?"

He lessens the pressure on my chest, so I can inhale. Speak. "My body is confusing me."

Cash searches my face, his features transforming with myriad emotions. Dawning surprise, desire, pride. In me? "You..." He's panting. "You really don't want me to stop stealing your air."

It's not a question, but I answer it anyway. "No. I don't want you to stop." I wet my lips. "That's why I'm confused."

"Unbelievable. I...didn't expect you to feel this way. Jesus." Eyes on fire, one of his hands leaves my wrists, dropping to his fly. Unzipping it. Taking out his erection and resting it on my stomach where it pulses like a big, heavy

snake. “My cock is the answer to everything now, Scout. When you’re scared, it’s because you want me to fuck you. When you run away, you want to be hunted down and violated.” He slaps his shaft against my belly three, four times. “When you giggle under me in the dark with no clothes on and your legs open, you want Daddy to make you a whore.”

In the dark, in this moment while I’m shivering with anticipation and hoping he’ll take my virginity, that explanation is impossible to deny. “I...I think you’re right.”

With a guttural sound, he presses his weight back down onto my chest, robbing my oxygen...and that telltale tingle instantly kicks up a fuss once again between my thighs, my toes curling into the denim covering the backs of his thighs, my lips opening in an O. “When your brother comes back to town,” Cash rasps into my neck, “you’re going to have a swollen mouth and bruises, a new education in those pretty eyes. And he’s going to know he made a huge mistake, little girl. Especially if he tries to take you away from me.” He pins me with more insistence, so much that I can’t even suck in an iota of air. “You don’t have an address or a fucking dorm anymore. You live inside me now.”

My vision is waving again and I’m not even trying to breathe or struggle, I’m just opening my legs wider for him, my nipples in hot, sensitive points, my back arched, my body begging to be a servant to this man. Forever.

I’m being transformed here in the dark in ways I don’t fully understand yet, only that I’m not scared to be possessed this deeply. It’s something I’ve been destined to find all along. It’s why the ideal of a normal relationship never appealed to me.

Isn’t it?”

“You’re my home,” I manage in a whisper.

He breaks off a sound, planting kisses on my face. “Scout. My Scout—”

An alarm goes off somewhere in the apartment, a tri-tone jingle, causing Cash to stiffen on top of me. “What’s that?” I ask, breathlessly.

“Fuck.” He slams a fist into the headboard. “That’s my phone. It’s my final warning to get ready for the game. It starts in an hour. I should already be there warming up.” His forehead finds mine and he rolls it side to side. “Fucking you is the only reason I’d miss a game, Scout, but...” He brushes a hand over my hair while looking into my eyes. “I think you need a little time to get used to what we just discovered. Don’t you?”

Yes. Tears prick the backs of my eyelids and I nod.

“Then time is what you get,” he says, kissing me thoroughly, a rumble sounding in his throat. “Speaking of time, of course, I lose it with you. I could lose decades without noticing.”

My heart lifts and flutters.

But...

Wait.

Is he being sincere? Or is he getting into the head of my stalker?

I have no idea what's real anymore. I only know what I *want* to be real.

If Cash's affection and feelings are only make-believe...what have I just revealed to him about me? That I like being smothered and choked and called names that should make me recoil? What demons has he dragged out of me with his playacting?

“I guess you should hurry up and go, then,” I whisper, trying not to sound conflicted.

Crestfallen.

“You're coming with me, angel.” He picks me up and carries me out of the room, back into the dining room where he settles me on the table, dressing me with single-minded intensity. “You come *everywhere* with me now.”

Cash

I can't concentrate on the upcoming game.

I'm standing in the outfield stretching, but all I can see is Scout in the seat behind the dugout, licking an ice cream. My breaths flow harshly to my ears, deafening me. I'm sweating, even though it's a cool evening. Cool enough that there is a breeze fluttering the edges of Scout's short, white pleated skirt. She's all I can see. All I can think about.

This has been the case since I met her.

But it's different now. My God, it's very different.

For one, I never imagined she'd laugh with me. We *laughed*. In that precious moment in my bedroom, I could see us married, living in a house surrounded by a white picket fence, a dog snoozing at our feet, a fat diamond on her finger.

I groan with pure ecstasy into my leather glove, willing the image to subside, before I get an erection in front of a crowd of thousands. All eyes are on me. I'm the chosen one, the shortstop with the golden bat, the player with the promise of ending up in the majors. Even now, my image and my stats are on the jumbotron, people are calling my name from the stands. But I'm not here. I'm back in bed with my girl. I'm feeling her giggle pass all the way through me...and stab me in the heart like a dagger.

Because as blissfully normal as that moment was, we are not normal.

I am not normal.

I'm Scout's stalker. I'm violently and irrevocably obsessed with her.

Violent and sick enough to enjoy watching her struggle for breath and wonder if she *deserves* to be scared as payback for sinking her claws into me so deeply. Ravaging me, ruining me, turning me into a beast that lives to lick her skin, put marks on it. Watch her squirm for pleasure. Suck her whimpers down my fucking throat, so I can own them forever.

Christ, I don't even know myself anymore.

And even more crazy and unexpected, she doesn't know herself anymore, either.

Scout enjoyed me being in control of her next breath.

Our sinister playtime excited her.

She was ready to fuck, ready for *anything* I decided to do to her. In the space of an afternoon, I've become her Daddy. Her protector. Her man. She's looking at me right now, licking that ice cream, and she must know it's making me hot. She *must*. I make an excuse that I need to tape my fingers and leave the stretching circle, jogging to the dugout, saluting a group of students who chant my name as I pass. I have tunnel vision, though. See nothing but Scout.

My little submissive.

That's what she is, isn't she?

I'm the dominant one and something inside of me must have known she'd be my perfect complement. My *only* complement. The counterpart I'd need to survive. And the fact that I need her beyond reason becomes even more startlingly obvious as I reach the dugout and we lock eyes over the roof, her tongue covered in white ice cream as she licks, looking right at me. The breeze causes her skirt to dance higher on her thigh and a bead of sweat rolls straight down the center of my forehead. My balls squeeze in my jock strap, which suddenly feels extra tight. Like I could tear the seams if she continues her torture.

And she does.

Maybe she doesn't even realize she's doing it, licking her treat and shifting in her seat, but every flip of her hair or flutter of her eyelashes is like a lash of a whip to my sanity. I'm salivating. I'm about to rip the roof off this dugout and all I can think is, why didn't I skip this game? So I'm being scouted. So what? Nothing matters without her. Nothing matters unless I'm surrounded by her, inside of her, consuming her.

“You all right, son?” my coach asks, coming up beside me, spitting a sunflower seed at the speed of bullet. “You can’t be distracted tonight. We’ve got three major league scouts behind home plate. They’re here specifically for you.”

“I know.”

The coach exits the dugout in order to follow my line of sight. “Ah. I see. It’s a girl that’s taking up your thoughts.”

“You have no idea.”

He makes a sound in his throat. I’m staring at Scout, so I can’t see his face, but I know he’s watching me closely. Maybe even clocks the obsession that I’m incapable of hiding, especially now that I know she likes to be roughed up. By me.

“Listen, son,” he says, dropping his voice. “We’ve got thirty minutes to the first pitch. If you want to bring her into my office to get some relief, we can get your focus back where it needs to be. On this game.”

My cock thickens, my stomach muscles rippling with hunger for that fucking pussy. “But the office is in the locker room. Everyone is going to head in soon.”

He shrugs. “Keep the light off and keep her quiet.”

There’s a part of me that wants to wrap my hands around his throat and choke the life out of him for talking about my female like he knows anything about her. But I’m too horny now. Too desperate and sweaty and hard. And I’m already crooking a finger at Scout, signaling her toward the edge of the dugout. At first, she looks confused, but she does as she’s told, rising from her plastic seat and coming closer. Closer. Until I can catch her by the wrist and tug, hard, toppling her down from the stands into the dugout. Into my arms.

A ripple of shock goes through the crowd, but the roar of starvation is louder in my ears, drowning everything out as I stride down the hallway carrying Scout.

“What are you doing?” she breathes.

Almost there. Office in view. “What I need to do.”

“Which is?”

“Spreading your legs.”

The ice cream is melting down her knuckles by the time we make it into my coach’s office and I kick the door closed behind me. I throw her ass down onto the top of his desk, reach underneath that mindfuck of a skirt and tear

open the crotch of her panties.

“Cash!”

“Lick that ice cream again. Do it. Lap it up off your fingers.” I drag her to the edge of the desk, snapping my teeth against her little ripe cunt, watching it clench with mounting lust. Enough to capsize an ocean liner. “Every time you lick that ice cream, I’ll lick your clit. You can have my cock when the ice cream is all gone.”

She’s still reeling from the last minute of her life, but her lashes are fluttering, and her hips begin to twist on the desk, ever so lightly, the prospect of being licked between her thighs too tempting to dismiss. I groan when that pink tongue peeks out and takes a healthy lick of the mostly eaten ice cream. Unable to break eye contact with her, I gently saw my tongue between her folds, parting them and making contact with her sensitive nub.

“*Ohhhh*,” she whines, arching her back. “Oh, that feels so good.”

“Keep licking and I’ll do the same, angel.”

She nods, eyes unfocused, and begins to lap eagerly at the ice cream, the scoop nearly even with the top of the cone now. Keeping my eye on her and that eager tongue, I mimic her movements, plastering the flat of my tongue over her clit and sliding it up, back, up, back, seeing her thighs flex in my periphery.

Voices are beginning to approach from a distance, no doubt my teammates are entering the locker room for the final pep talk before the game, but I don’t give a fuck about anything but her juicy little cunt and the way she’s licking that ice cream, so lost in the sensation of me servicing her. Vanilla streaks are dripping down her chin, the way my come is going to do one day very soon. God yeah, she’s going to suck my giant cock like she was born for it. Same way I was born to slick the tip of my tongue through her flesh, reveling in the increase of moisture and the heave of her titties, the way she cries out and drops the ice cream cone onto the desk, not a drop of vanilla left anywhere but her chin.

“A-are there people coming?” she asks, twisting around on the desk to look through the wall of windows looking out into the locker room.

“*Shhh*,” I say, capturing her fragile jaw and turning her to face me again. “You look at me and nothing else. If I brought you here for a fuck, you trust me that it’s safe. Understand?”

After a beat, she nods. “Yes, Cash.”

The controlling predator inside me growls in victory. “You’re a mess, all

covered in ice cream, vanilla all over that chin. It's going to look just like that between your thighs in a few minutes." I press her knees open wide, licking my lips over the way the ripped crotch of her panties allows me to expose her, not a secret left for her to keep. "But there's going to be a little cherry syrup mixed in soon, isn't there, baby?"

A flush appears on her cheeks. "Yes."

The locker room is full now, my teammates horsing around, shoving each other. Someone has turned on Lil Wayne. If they cupped their eyes and peered into the office, they'd see me and Scout, but my dick is too hard to stop or question the wisdom or depravity of what I'm doing. If I don't get my seed into her before the first pitch, I'll be useless. Hell, I might be useless no matter what, because I doubt one fuck is going to be enough to sustain me for the next few hours. I'm going to be a fiend for this girl. I'm going to burn alive forever.

With a snarl, I lean in and capture her mouth, using my tongue to open it wide and accept my assault while I'm unfastening my uniform pants. She's all worked up from having her cunt licked out, so she kisses me back eagerly, even though there is a room full of men mere yards away. As soon as my cock is free, I recline her back a few inches and guide my tip to her hole, rubbing a circle around that pretty, wet breach.

"Don't make a fuss," I grunt, pressing into her tight center, gritting my teeth at the pleasurable pain she's causing me. "Just take me like God intended. With your thighs open and your mouth shut."

"Oh..." She squirms at the discomfort. "Oh!"

"Yes, Daddy, is the response you're looking for."

"Yes, Daddy," she hisses, struggling a little as I fill her full of my inches. "Y-yes."

I inhale her, slanting a kiss over her mouth while I thrust the remaining distance, occupying her completely—and the barrier rips gently, accompanied by her soft cry of my name. And it's like glass shattering in my head. I've blasted through the ceiling of my obsession and blasted into outer space. "Mine now. You are mine. *Mine*. Oh, my fucking *God*, you're tiny here. My tight angel, aren't you? *Jesus Christ*. I can't even believe I got it in. Can't even pump, baby, don't lock up on me. Let me ride."

She shifts against me, her hands dancing around on my shoulders. "I don't know how. It's so big. I didn't know it would be so big!"

"You'll get used to me."

“I don’t know...”

“Look at me, angel. Focus on me.” I wait until she does what she’s told, though her tits are still heaving up and down in her tank top. “Ignore the pain and think about what we’re doing. I’m giving you your first fuck, Scout. You made me so stiff, I had to drag you down here to fill you with dick.” I rear back and start to slap home, watching the mixture of pain and curiosity flicker in her eyes. I watch her transform from unsure to brave to bold, looking down at my shaft as it tunnels into her fuck hole, thick and monstrous compared to her smooth, sexy mound. “Your pussy was made for this. Shaped just for me. It was time to let me have it.”

A little moan escapes her. “It’s starting to feel so much better.” Her breath catches, a tremble jiggling through her thighs. “Ohhhh. Keep...keep doing that.”

I gather her closer, keeping the angle but allowing myself to grind on her clit with every thrust and she squeals, literally, the girlish sound loud in the small office. Vaguely, I can hear my teammates wondering out loud about the sound...and now the desk is rocking on the floorboards, too, along with the heavy grunts I can’t control. My hips thrust and retreat, angling down, my forearm corralling her to the edge of the desk, my lower body beginning to unhinge itself, ass swinging back and pounding forward, down, the pace turning wild.

She’s not timid anymore, not a single complaint about pain.

No, she’s looking me right in the eye like she wants it harder. Like she’s fucking challenging me, as if she doesn’t like me holding back. She’s looking at me with a horny, half-lidded little pout like she’s daring me to burn her world down—and I’m all too willing to make that happen. I’ve been going half speed because she’s a virgin, she’s my world, but that ends when I draw her ankles up and prop them on my shoulders, pressing down over her and rutting her tight hole like it offends me. A scream hiccups in her throat, then belts out in a stuttering pattern, and it’s music to my ears.

“That’s right. I’ll fucking wreck you.”

“Ohhhh. Please, Cash! Cash! *Harder.*”

My coach had begun his pep talk, I see, but it cuts off now.

Everyone turns to face the office, frowning, curious. Some of them are smiling slyly.

“They all hear us now, angel,” I say, my balls smacking off her tight ass. “They think I’m in here, fucking some groupie slut. Because virgins don’t

usually scream to get a cock harder. And they damn sure don't bend over in a skirt and ripped panties for their first time."

"I'm not...I'm not bent over in a—"

I let her ankles drop from my shoulders, using the momentum to flip her around, pressing her face down over the desk and slamming into her from behind, shocking her onto her tiptoes with a throaty whimper. "Yeah, they think you're some faceless brat I snuck down here for a quickie, but that's not it at all," I say, leaning down to rasp the truth into her neck. "I'm giving it nasty to the girl of my dreams. The girl who locked me down with a smile on day one. That's who I'm inside of. That's why it feels so fucking good." I rake my open mouth all over her. Over her hair, the nape of her neck. "I love you, Scout. Baby, I love you. I fucking love you so much."

That confession has opened a floodgate of emotion and physical release and immediately, I know I only have a few more thrusts into her slickness before I come. Determined to give her relief first and always, I reach down and massage her clit, which I'm praying is still sensitive from my tongue, and thank God it is, because she orgasms with a moaning shudder, her wet warmth sliding down the tips of my fingers, coating my digits all the way to my knuckles, making me groan like an animal.

She's perfection.

She's mine. My life.

I bust. There's no other word for it. I feel like a bomb goes off in my loins, setting loose a sea of relief so powerful, it busts through every dam, every barrier, my body collapsing forward onto hers, pinning her to the desk while my hips ram her from behind, eager beastly sounds mixing with smacks of stomach meeting ass. Balls bouncing off everything.

"FUCK!" I bellow, feeling turned inside out. Alive. More alive than ever. Emptied.

But somehow still burning alive with need for her. Starving.

She's given me an edge so sharp, there's no sanding it down. It remains.

I start to repeat how much I adore her, love her, but there's a tentative knock on the office door. "Three minutes to game time, Jenner."

"Yeah," I call back raggedly, swiping sweat from my upper lip, turning Scout over in my arms. "Hey." Why isn't she looking at me? "Hey. Angel. Give me your eyes. What's going on?" Panic assails me, spinning the office around me in a circle. "Are you okay?"

"Yes." Finally, her green eyes shine up at me, earnest and beautiful. "I'm

great. I'm incredible. I didn't know it would be like that."

"It will only be like that with each other," I say, kissing her hard.

Making sure she hears me.

"Good luck tonight," she whispers.

I nod, every cell in my body screaming at me not to leave her. To bring her home, damn the game to hell. But I want to give her everything. I want her to have comfort and luxury and stability. Getting recruited will enable me to do that. "Stay where I can see you."

"I will," she whispers.

"For the rest of your life," I say against her mouth.

And then, though it kills me, I leave the center of my universe to go play a baseball game, knowing my mind will be on her the whole time.

Today, tomorrow, until I take my last breath.

Scout

After the game, I meet Cash behind the stadium. The same security guard who babysat me during the game waits with me and as soon as Cash storms through the rear entrance, hair still wet from his post-game shower, I'm swept up into his arms without so much as a hello, his arms banding around me possessively on the way to the parking lot. He settles me into the passenger side of his truck, the scent of soap clinging to him.

I inhale it like a beggar, my nipples puckering in my tank top as he slides the seatbelt in between them, my lungs ceasing to function properly. My virginity is gone. He took it. On a desk. While the entire baseball team and coaching staff were within earshot. I'm still reeling from the experience...and wondering why I wouldn't change a single detail.

I loved it. I loved how he spoke to me with such harsh language.

I loved how roughly he handled me.

I loved the sensation of his come spurting inside of me, hot and thick, the way he groaned as it happened, like he'd been waiting his whole life to give me what his body produces.

"You played great," I say, sounding totally breathless. Like a simpering freshman mooning over the star baseball player, because that's exactly what I am. Aren't I? "Two home runs. Three RBIs. The pitcher looked like he

wished he'd stayed in bed."

He pauses in the act of fastening my buckle, his gaze dragging down over my body. My breasts, my thighs, then back up to my lips, which seem to plump beneath his rapt attention. "I was just trying to end the game so I could get back to you."

"Oh," I whisper, studying him for signs that his feelings are authentic. Not make-believe. "Because you were worried about the stalker?"

A drawn-out silence ensues. "Something like that." He clicks the buckle home, his big warm palm sliding up my thigh, massaging me just beneath the hem of my skirt. "I've been thinking, maybe we should go somewhere in public. Like we're on a date. See if we can draw him out into the open."

I'm in a weird blissful purgatory.

On one hand, the idea of going on a date with Cash makes my heart race wildly.

On the other, he keeps implying it's all in the name of catching my stalker.

Maybe it is.

Maybe I'm being naïve in thinking he wants to be with me beyond this single weekend.

And perhaps I should enjoy him while I have him. "Okay," I say, swallowing the knot in my throat. "What do you want to do?"

Am I imagining things or are his pupils dilating? "I bet he's always wanted to take you to the movies. Is there anything you want to see?"

"I love the movies," I say, enthused, sitting up straighter. "I went to the movies yesterday with friends. We saw a rom-com...so maybe we should go see *Hidden Master* tonight? The one about the guy who follows his ex-girlfriend to college and follows her everywhere..." I trail off with a wince. "Or maybe that's a little too close to home."

"No. I think that's the perfect choice."

"Maybe it is." I shrug. "I hear she kills him at the end. It could be empowering."

His expression is momentarily strange. Like a combination of amusement and dread. But it fades into thoughtfulness. "Do you...feel powerless, Scout?"

"A little bit," I say honestly. "Some faceless person is controlling my life from behind the scenes. Telling me I can't date...or he'll kill me. Giving me nightmares. Forcing me to go everywhere with protection, wondering when

I'll receive another letter or email. It's scary." I lean forward, pressing my nose into the freshness of his neck. And I leave out the part where the letters make me feel buoyant. Alive. Itchy. "But I don't feel scared when I'm with you. I feel safe. And the fact that we're trying to catch my stalker makes me feel proactive, instead of like I'm hiding."

"Good," Cash says, sounding a little choked, his fingers combing through my hair. "Nothing is going to happen to you as long as you're with me. That I can promise."

"I know," I whisper, following an impulse to touch my tongue to his neck, surprised when he releases a guttural sound, his hand tightening painfully on my thigh. But I'm shocked to find that it's a pain I like. I like the way he inflicts it, like his body is out of his control. "I've always wanted to make out at the movies," I breathe into his ear.

With you, I say to myself, afraid to reveal that I've been harboring serious feelings.

But maybe I should have said it out loud, because in a flash his hand is around my throat, squeezing just enough to make me gasp. "You've always wanted to make out at the movies with a boy? Is that right? Any boy will do?"

"N-no."

"No?" he shouts, pinning his forehead to mine.

"I've only wanted to try it...recently."

"Recently," he repeats. "Explain that."

"I...well..."

His hand tightens and it's the strangest thing, but my sex flexes between my thighs, like there is a corresponding electrical cord between my throat and those sore little muscles. I like his treatment, even though it scares me a little. What is wrong with me?

"Explain what you meant, Scout."

I wet my lips. "Sometimes when I go to the movies with my friends and I see couples making out in the back of the theater in the dark...I wonder what it would be like to do that with you." As soon as I make the confession, I close my eyes as tightly as possible, not wanting to see pity or laughter transform his features. "I've liked you since my brother introduced us, okay? But, you know...*all* the girls like you, so I figured...I don't know. Why would you pick a dorky freshman?"

His hand drops from my throat like it weighs a thousand pounds. "You've

liked me?”

I nod, my eyes still closed.

“Christ. Don’t tell me that, Scout,” he rasps.

“I know. I know. You don’t want to tie yourself down, especially when you’re graduating soon and probably going pro—”

His gusting exhale blows around my hair. “You have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Finally, I crack an eyelid, finding him pale. “I don’t?”

“No.” He spears his fingers into my hair, his mouth roving over mine. “I’ve stayed away because I was trying to save you.”

“Save me from what?”

He shakes his head. “Doesn’t matter. You’re fucked now. We both are.” His right hand travels down the front of my body, kneading my breasts, right then left. “Nah, I’ve been fucked from the start, haven’t I? Soon as you blinked those big eyes at me. Asking to be corrupted without saying a goddamn word.”

I thought it was impossible for my heart to race faster than it already is, but there it goes. “You...like me, too?”

“Scout, you think I’d agree to protect just anyone’s little sister? Anyone else, I would have told to fuck off. But it was you. It was you.” His hand moves lower, sliding between my sex and the seat, rotating his fingers until my mouth pops open on a whimper. “I couldn’t make it five minutes without fingering you, baby. I can’t get through warmups without balling you on my coach’s desk. And Jesus, the more time I spend with you, the more I just want to talk to you in the dark. I want to know every last thought in your head. I want to be in your fucking head while you’re dreaming so I don’t miss anything. So I know what your subconscious is doing without my permission. I’m broken over you, Scout. And this is only what I’m *letting* you see.”

My thoughts are racing, connecting dots, seeing our acquaintance through an entirely new lens. All the lingering hugs, the ambiguous looks across the parties, the gravity with which he says my name. I’m barely capable of breathing. Cash Jenner has it bad for me and somehow I’ve been totally oblivious?

“Let me see the rest,” I murmur, shifting my core into his hand, rolling my hips. “Don’t hide anything from me.”

He pulls back, allowing me to see that his pupils are completely blocking

out his irises. “Be careful what you wish for, Scout.”

I don’t have time to question his meaning, because he’s pulling back and slamming the passenger side door, stalking back around to the driver’s side and peeling out of the parking lot.



Cash

I’VE LIKED you since my brother introduced us, okay?

Those words pound in my head like blows from a fist.

Yes, I’ve sent her threatening letters and emails, but those correspondences were the lesser of two evils. Either she stayed single and innocent while I obsessed over her from a distance, or I swooped in like a villain and consumed her entire existence.

She was safer when it was only letters.

There will be no staying away now.

We’ve admitted our feelings. I’ve been inside of her hot little body and found it a million times more potent than I could have imagined. Because she likes being fucked roughly. She likes when my hand is around her throat. She’s mine. I must have sensed our dark compatibility from the start. Does she know how much darker I can get, though?

I don’t know. Is it even possible that someone—a girl who only recently lost her virginity—could think like me? Maybe, maybe not.

Either way, I have to come clean to her.

She needs to know I’m the one who has been stalking her.

If this relationship is going to be brutally honest enough to allow for physical aggression and the deep devotion I need from Scout, we’ll need full trust. No pretenses. No lies.

My pulse is going haywire as we pull into the movie theater parking lot.

What if she runs away from me? I reacted like a wild animal when she ran from my kitchen to my bathroom. If she tries to run away from me, as in permanently, I could self-destruct. I’m a time bomb where she’s concerned. Still, walking into the theater *with* her for the first time, after all those nights

of watching her attend with her friends from the shadows, I feel like a lion. My chest is stuffed tight with pride that I even get to hold her hand. Is everyone turning to look at us or am I only hoping they are, so I can let them know in one glance that I'm both her guardian *and* her predator? That I soothe her and scare her and soothe her again?

More importantly, what is Scout going to think about that?

I steer her into the theater, quickly cataloguing the fact that most of the audience is seated in the middle and front rows, leaving the back nice and empty. I find a seat in the furthest corner and sit down, pulling Scout down sideways onto my lap—and she goes without question, as if it was already understood that she wouldn't need her own seat. I love that. I love *her*. I don't know how I'm sitting stationary when these feelings are so huge.

Shouldn't I be torn in half by now?

The lights dim and she rests her head on my shoulder, my fingertips trailing up and down her bare thighs. My cock is hard beneath her ass and all I want to do is push up her skirt and sink into that wet, pink flesh, but I remind myself we're not in a rush. I can do slow with her. She needs to know I can give her everything. And maybe I want to stall time, because I have to come clean tonight. Tell her my secret.

The next time I allow myself to be inside of her, she should know all of me.

Even the darkest parts.

Scout has other ideas, however.

That tight ass starts moving in my lap the moment *Hidden Master* begins, her hand sneaking underneath my T-shirt to stroke my chest. Fuck. She is indescribably hot, her lips leaving little sipping kisses on my neck and I can't control my hand. It's easing open the thighs that are draped over mine and rubbing my knuckle up and down against the seam of her cunt, reveling in the wetness that seeps through her underwear, how her breath grows reedy, that butt rubbing on me like a temptation straight from the devil.

"You've got two choices, angel. Either I take you back out to the truck to ride my dick in the front seat. Or you pull down your panties and sit on my lap with your skirt around your hips while I make us come. If you want option number two, though, you have to keep that pretty mouth shut."

"I'll keep it shut," she breathes. "I promise."

"You want to fuck in the back of this movie theater?" I cup her pussy in my hand, kneading her roughly. "Be sure, Scout. Someone might see us. And

once I'm inside of you, we're not stopping. I won't pull out of you until I'm empty."

She bites her lip to trap a moan and nods, her eyes so trusting as she looks up at me. So positive that I'm going to make everything okay. Make everything *safe*. And I have to swallow a handful of sand that tastes a lot like guilt. Just not enough to stop me from getting my cock between her thighs. There's nothing on earth that could stop that.

"Pull your panties down and face forward," I say thickly.

Scout lifts her hips to follow instructions and I use the opportunity to unzip my jeans, reach in to fist and draw out my erection, tip already shiny. I turn her around, yanking up her skirt and settling her onto my lap, nestling my inches between her naked cheeks and draping her thighs over mine, opening her, wishing I could see her cunt in the glow cast by the movie screen. But there's no time, because she's already rocking her hips up and back, giving me a very slick, very public lap dance that succeeds in making me even stiffer, more ready to fuck.

There's a voice in the back of my head, though, ordering me to make her understand.

Who I am. What she's gotten herself into.

"Put my cock inside you and sit still."

She whimpers and wiggles around while struggling to fit me in and I have to drop my head back and bite the inside of my cheek until I draw blood, she's so goddamn tight. Eventually, she seats herself and collapses back against my chest, her eyes squeezed shut, the back of her head resting on my shoulder. Her legs are already trembling where they hang over mine, her feet several inches from the floor. Motherfucker, those little pussy muscles are massaging my dick up and down, clenching and releasing like God intended.

Focus on what you need to say. To do.

Ignoring the need to thrust upward into her warmth, I gather her hair in a fist, winding it as tightly as I can, casting my eyes reluctantly toward the movie screen. On it, there is a man following a woman who is unaware of his presence. She's giggling into her phone while he keeps his head down, a serious expression hidden beneath the brim of a baseball cap.

"What do you think about him following her?" I ask beside her ear.

Scout struggles to focus, her pretty tits heaving up and down. "I think it's s-scary."

I reach down between her legs, using four fingers to lightly slap her clit,

quick quick quick, and moisture comes absolutely *gushing* out of my sweet girl, slickening our bodily connection all the more. “Why do you think it’s scary? Maybe he’s protecting her.”

“She only needs protecting from him,” Scout says, unevenly. Gasping as I begin to stroke her swelling nub with my middle and ring fingers, her flesh flexing around me excitedly.

“If she simply loves him and obeys him without question, there is nothing for her to be scared of, Scout. Can’t you see that?”

“I...um...” She lets out a rush of breath. “I can’t think. All I feel is you throbbing.”

“You make it throb, angel. You make my whole fucking body throb. Constantly.”

“Can I move now?” she begs in a whisper.

“Not yet.” I stop playing with her clit, in favor of wrapping my right hand around her fragile, young throat. Squeezing. “Admit you want the girl in the movie to end up with her hidden master, even if he’s bad for her. Admit you’re rooting for them, even if you don’t understand why. Even if it’s twisted and bad, you want to watch him fuck her, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she murmurs after a moment, and I reward her by tightening my hand.

Choking off her air completely.

“It’s exciting, isn’t it? A man so obsessed with you, he can barely function. He lives, eats and breathes you, moans your name in his sleep, carves it into the headboard of his bed in the dark while everyone is sleeping, beating bruises into his chest out of misery because your head isn’t resting on his pillow.” More of her stickiness glides down around my cock and I know she’s turned on by being choked while I’m impaling her. Maybe even by what I’m saying, what’s happening on the screen and how I’m interpreting it to give her a hint. The ultimate hint about who I am. “Admit it excites you. How he is. How he thinks.”

She can’t speak, only nod.

But she’s giving me honestly. I can see it in the dazed quality of her eyes.

She’s not capable of lying to me.

“Good girl, Scout.” I loosen my grip around her throat, my dick surging harder at the sound of her gasping, filling her lungs with air, and I drop my touch to her pussy again, delivering light but vicious smacks to her clit. “That’s what I thought,” I rasp into her hair. “You’re only scared because

that's what you've been taught. To fear what you don't understand. But underneath that innocent freshman skirt is a pussy that needs to be preyed on, isn't that right?"

A shudder wracks her, but she doesn't stop juicing that dick. Squeezing up and plunging down on it, taking me to fucking heaven. "Yes, Daddy. Yes. Yes. Yes."

"You'd know my dick in the dark, even if I dragged you out into the woods, tied your hands behind your back and shoved it into your little mouth. And you'd enjoy it, wouldn't you? Scared or not, you'd suck it like one of those grape fucking popsicles you can't get enough of."

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I know I've just outed myself as her stalker, but she doesn't seem to notice, probably because I'm stroking her clit in a way that is guaranteed to make her come and she's smacking up and down in my lap, the music from the movie barely swallowing up the sound of my hard flesh plunging into her wet little cunt, her mewling noises growing steadily louder. Loud enough that I have to slap my left hand over her mouth.

"Go on. Fuck my cock like you want to get pregnant. I can be a Daddy and a father at the same time. I *will* be everything to you at once. Your hidden master, too." I raze her ear with my teeth, hissing my sexual pain into it. "And you'll love it, because you were put on this earth for me, just like I was put on this earth for you. I was born to eat you fucking whole."

Her trembles increase to the point that she's shaking the seat violently, the movements of her hips getting faster, faster, but clumsier at the same time—a sign she's going to come.

"Fuck yes, baby, soak me in your pleasure. I'll wear it on my dick until we get home and then I'm going to make you suck it off, naked on your knees. You'll love it, won't you? The way I'm going to carry you in my arms around campus like a princess, then bang you like a whore."

I watch her profile, her lust-fogged eyes going wide as she orgasms, her thighs quaking where they remain slung over mine, every muscle in her body pulling taut, her cunt constricting around me enough to make me choke, my eyes watering profusely. *Motherfucker.*

Operating on animal instinct, I swipe my fingers through the mess she's making around my cock and shove a trio of fingers into her mouth, groaning into her hair when she sucks them noisily, bouncing up and down on me one last time, as if determined to be a good girl and bring me over the edge of the cliff with her—and she does. I slam my hips upward and erupt, frothing into

the very bottom of her pussy and begging my sperm to find her womb and make me the father of her child. Tie her to me forever.

“Cross your legs and lean back,” I grate against her temple. “Take it in, angel. Bank it.”

“Anything for Daddy,” she purrs, her head lolling back onto my shoulder, expression drowsy, body replete, and yet she still finds the energy to cross right leg over left, trapping my still spurting cock inside of her. And I scoop up her buns in my hands and tilt them up, not willing to let an ounce of my come drip out of her body, but there’s too much of it. Way too much. It drips down my wrists and her soft inner thighs, onto the upholstery of the seat. “I think we got most of it, baby,” I slur, sucker punched by the immense pleasure. “If anyone is tight enough to lock it in, it’s you. Goddamn, you can’t help but fuck the last drop out of me, can you? There’s nothing like you. Nothing on this earth.”

Finally, I’m sated and my body stops moving, hers limp on top of me. Somehow, I find enough energy to pull down her skirt to cover her come-soaked pussy, my arm dropping heavily again by my side. We struggle to breathe for several minutes, but soon we find a matching cadence and I turn her sideways, snuggling her into me, cradling her like the perfect treasure that she is. Mine. My girl. Always.

After a few minutes, she whispers, “I’m feeling a little dehydrated. I think I should go get some water.”

My instinct to provide is like a fastball to the gut. I should have anticipated that she would need water. Next time I will. “You stay here. I’ll go get you a bottle of water from the snack bar, okay?” Gently, I lift her off my lap and settle her into the neighboring seat, smiling at her when she sends me the most adorably drowsy grin. “I’ll be back in a minute.”

“I’ll miss you,” she says quietly, reaching out to squeeze my hands. “Hurry.”

My heart is booming like someone is inside of me beating a drum. “Of course, I will.”

Backing out of the row, I keep my eye on her until I turn the corner and then I beeline for the snack bar, ignoring the voice in the back of my head warning me that I shouldn’t have left her alone...

Scout

As soon as Cash is out of sight, I scramble for my panties and drag them up my legs, moisture flooding into my eyes as I snatch up my purse, already eyeing the exit located in the front corner of the theater. Before I can sprint down the empty back row, however, I realize there is a phone in the cup holder. Cash's phone. He left it.

Without second guessing myself, I pick it up—and I run for my life.

Murmurs go up around me as I run as fast as possible, my attention locked on that glowing red sign. Exit. Exit. Exit. That's all I want to do. Break out of this nightmare that seems to have swallowed me up like a giant whale.

Cash Jenner is my stalker.

I'm such a moron that I didn't see it before now. I'm a naïve *idiot*.

All that ridiculous playacting, convincing me he was getting into the mindset of my stalker, when all along it was him. He must be laughing at me. I made it so easy for him to take what he wanted, in the twisted way he wanted. I handed him over my virginity and my trust on a silver platter, like the wide-eyed freshman that I am. He made me feel things that were scary and unexpected, but so consuming that I couldn't stop absorbing, taking, giving him more.

All the while, he was my stalker.

The man who has been threatening to kill me for months if I even *look* at another man.

He's deranged.

I've been looking over my shoulder every second of the day because of him.

Unbelievable. I have to call the police. I have to tell my brother. Now. Immediately.

So why don't I?

Why do I sprint across the parking lot and across three lanes of traffic, instead, vanishing behind the gas station and furiously calling an Uber. One minute away, thank God. I'm covered in cold sweat, my sides heaving in and out. I'm shaking like a leaf. How is this happening? How could I fall head over heels for my stalker? Even now, when I think about the things he said to me, how I want to be preyed on, there's a part of me that knows he was right.

That's what scares me most of all.

I want to run away from him, but I also want to run toward him.

Allow him to drag the depraved urges out of my body. Make me his love and his toy.

I'm going to carry you in my arms around campus like a princess, then bang you like a whore. That growled promise continues to circulate around my head, over and over and over, but the one I should be focused on is the line that revealed him.

Scared or not, you'd suck it like one of those grape fucking popsicles you can't get enough of.

He wouldn't know that I basically live off popsicles unless he's been watching me. I've never eaten one in front of him, as far as I know. He doesn't follow me on social media, so he must be watching me from a backup account.

The Uber pulls up in front of the gas station. I peek around the corner of the building, and I don't see him, so I run toward the vehicle, prying open the rear door and throwing myself into the back seat. It hits me in that moment that I can't go to my dorm, because he'll find me and...what? Will he kill me for running away from him? Will he make me a captive?

I staunchly ignore the hot shiver that runs down my spine and lean forward to speak through the plastic partition. Just as I do this, I see Cash. He's exiting the movie theater with his fists at his sides, chest rifling up and down, looking positively out of his mind with rage. I choke on my fear,

ducking down in the seat. “Go, please. Go. Get on the highway. I just need to change my destination a little. I’m sorry.” Through the car windows, I can hear Cash roaring my name and I curl into a ball on the seat, half terrified, half wanting to jump out and run to him.

Who am I anymore? What did he do to me?

“Where to, then?”

“Uh. Umm...” I desperately try and gather my thoughts. “There is a Motel 6 on the south end of the college campus. Take me there, please.”

“Yup.”

A minute later, we’re on the highway and I exhale in relief, sitting up in the backseat.

Think. Think. What do I need to do to stay safe? Undetected?

Obviously, he has been tracking me. But I have his phone, so he shouldn’t be able to see my location now, right? What if he has more than one phone? Or he’s tracking me on a laptop. I bite my lip indecisively for a moment, then roll down the window, throwing my phone out into the night. I can’t take any chances. Knowing it’s a fifteen-minute drive to the south end of campus, I look down at his phone, as if trying to see inside of it.

A person’s life is on their phone.

What’s on Cash’s?

I tap the side button, seeing a code is required to enter.

With a sense of impending doom bubbling in my belly, I enter my birthday and the phone unlocks, forcing me to swallow a whimper. But it’s nothing compared to the sound I make when I look down at the icons on his home screen and see a folder labeled *Angel*. After I work up enough courage, I tap the folder and the screen is flooded with images of me. Some of me walking to and from class, at the movies, shopping, on the bus, reading beneath a tree, sleeping.

And that last picture was taken from *inside* my room.

In the dark.

Breath racing out of control, I continue my search, trying to pretend the awful throb between my legs doesn’t exist, because how could something so unconscionable turn me on? How? There are documents in the folder outlining my class schedule, my daily activities, the names of my friends, teachers, every person I’ve ever interacted with, accompanied by notes about each one of them. My likes and dislikes. My shoe, bra and T-shirt sizes.

We’re at the Motel 6 before I realize twenty minutes has passed.

There is an incessant buzzing in my ears, my mouth is cotton dry.
My nipples are hard, like hot metal.

I'm uncomfortably wet—and not just from Cash's fluids, which continue to leak out of me, turning my panties sopping wet. I have to face facts, there is some animal trait inside of me that Cash found and cultivated, forced me to acknowledge. I'm...excited by the fact that he followed and photographed, threatened and stalked me...as much as I'm horrified by it. But what feeling is more dominant? Excitement or fear?

Love or terror?

I don't know.

But as I thank the Uber driver and climb out of the back seat, intending to go inside and rent a room for the night, I somehow know I won't be calling my brother, my parents or the police. I just know that I won't. Because through exposing Cash, there is every chance I will expose myself as someone who enjoys his ferociousness. His obsession with me.

And deep down, I hold the firm belief that he won't hurt me.

Something inside me knows that.

At least, he won't hurt me *too* bad.

Right?

Regardless, no matter how I feel about him or what he did, the fact remains that he lied to me. Duped me. Made me believe he was helping me catch a stalker, when in reality, he was indulging in his fantasies about me. I won't *ever* put up with lies.

I think...I think I want to explore the part of me that comes alive in the eye of Cash's storm. His aggression and possessiveness. The part that likes to hunt me. But there is no way I can let him get off scot-free for being untruthful with me.

He'll pay for that before he ever lays a finger on me again.

Maybe instead of going to the authorities, I'll do something else.

We'll be equal partners in this twisted relationship or there won't be a relationship.

So, I'll show him that.

I'll give him a taste of his own medicine...and see how he likes it.

Cash

The world is on fire.

I can't find Scout and I could rip my skin off, it's so painful to be alive.

I continue to function, to breathe and move and think, but it's only to find her.

She tricked me in the movie theater, looking up at me with drowsy affection, when all the while, she was preparing to run. There's a part of me that is impressed by how well she played me, but I can't appreciate it fully now. Maybe ever.

Not until she's back in my possession.

After I leave the theater, my first order of business is tracking down her phone and when I find it on the side of the highway, I have the urge to step into traffic. Right into the path of the speeding cars. Not in order to kill myself. No. Because in my current state of galvanized agony, I am positive the vehicles would bounce right off me, but perhaps the impact would take my mind off the distress causing my heart to collapse.

I go to my off-campus apartment. Her dorm.

She is not in either place.

I roam the campus like a bleeding animal, incapable of responding to people who call my name, recognizing me from baseball. They call things to

me like “good game” as if a sport matters when I don’t have Scout. She is my lifeblood, and she has drained herself from my veins, leaving me in a zombie state.

Does she hate me for stalking her?

Is she scared of me?

Where the hell is she? Is she huddled somewhere hurt and terrified that I’ll find her? *Hurt* her? I wouldn’t, I swear. I would just tie her down securely and make her understand that *she* has made me like this. That I have no control over my response to her. Yes, I will imprison her and reason with her until she agrees to stay with me forever. That’s not the same as hurting her, right? No. It’s as humane as I can be.

At the edge of campus now, I stare out into the trees that surround the grounds, shoving five shaking fingers through my hair, realizing my hands are covered in blood and dirt. Where have I been for the last six hours? What have I been doing? The search for Scout is all a blur, but...I think this is my own blood. After I found her phone on the side of the highway, I have memories of searching in the woods, falling to my hands and knees and tearing at the earth. Bellowing her name again and again until my voice turned hoarse.

A tingle climbs the back of my neck and I spin around.

My breath in the night air creates a thin cloud of fog.

Is someone watching me?

In the distance, I hear the snap of a twig and the pulse at the side of my neck begins to pound. I’m delusional at this point, though. I’m not thinking straight. I’m looking for Scout in a place she would never be. In the woods at night? Watching me? That’s ridiculous.

Still, I reach for the last reserve of strength inside of me and shout her name, “*Scout*,” listening to that single syllable echo through the misty pines.

Nothing.

No one answers.

Oddly, I still have the sensation of being watching. Could it be the police? Preparing to take me down? Take me somewhere and question me about my eternal obsession with Scout? No, they wouldn’t be holding back like this, watching me in silence. They would move in and arrest me. My imagination has been turned upside down, just like the rest of me. But I’m positive that as soon as I return to my apartment, the police will be there, cuffs at the ready.

I’m almost eager for that outcome, simply so I can find out where Scout

is located. If she's all right. If she called the police, at least I know she's safe—and I will be back out on the streets in no time, more than willing to violate whatever protective order she slaps on me.

But when I get home, there are no police.

There is nothing but quiet.

There is a buzz of electricity in the air, though. A charged silence.

Cautiously, I unlock my apartment door and push it open—immediately catching the scent of her perfume. And it's not lingering from earlier. No. This is fresh. She was here. *She was fucking here.* With a bellow building in my throat, I stumble into the apartment and draw up short, my chest nearly caving in at the sight that greets me. A fresh bouquet of pink peonies sits in a vase on my kitchen table.

Pink peonies. Scout's favorite flower.

"What the fuck..." I rasp, gently touching the petals that remind me so much of her skin.

That's when I notice the envelope.

My fingers are numb as I pick up the white square and open the flap. Inside, there is a Polaroid picture of me looking out into the woods. Taken only an hour ago. Less.

Time seems to freeze around me.

There are only the harsh intakes and exhales of my breath, the buzz inside of my skull. I look down at the picture and know...I know Scout took it. It wasn't my imagination. She was watching me from inside the cover of the trees. And she hasn't called the police. Nor her brother, who would definitely be here by now, demanding answers.

What does this mean?

I don't know, but my pulse is beginning to clamor. Eagerly.

With anticipation. With awe.

My God, is Scout...stalking me back?

Suddenly I wish more than anything else in the world for her to be standing in front of me, because I would put her over my knee and spank the breath out of her. I'd paddle that ass until it bore my handprint for a week. Who the fuck does she think she is? I'm outraged and pissed and...*enlivened* and *turned on*. Proud. I'm proud of her. I'm worshipful and I want to teach her a lesson, all at the same time. My love for this woman is a constantly shifting enigma and it just got a whole lot vaster. Deeper.

I can feel myself slip past obsession into something even more dangerous.

All encompassing. She becomes a part of me, as vital as my beating heart.

Desperate to see if she left any other trace of herself, I walk slowly into my bedroom and find another Polaroid in the center of the bed. Pulse going haywire, I dive for the photo and snatch it up, groaning brokenly when I see it's a picture of Scout from the waist down. She's lifting her skirt just enough to let me see her panties, the tops of her shy, sexy thighs.

I'm on my hands and knees on the bed and suddenly, I'm grunting, unzipping my pants and beating off into my fist, my attention fastened on the picture. Imagining that I'm thrusting into Scout, instead of my own hand. Picturing her virgin blood on my cock as it slicks in and out of her tight hole, the way she pouts over the pressure of my cock's invasion, her green eyes slowly becoming bright with need as she's broken in, the mattress springs creaking underneath us, faster, faster as I begin to buck harder, sweating. I spit onto the photograph and stroke my fist up and down my dick, the bottom of my spine starting to tighten, my balls squeezing.

Scout is stalking me.

Does that mean she's equally obsessed?

"*Oh fuck,*" I pant, that possibility too much for me to handle and I let out jets of come all over the Polaroid, my ass pumping, flexing and holding, trying to get all the lust out, but Jesus, I'm *still hard* when it's all over. I see. There's no such thing as full satisfaction without Scout. Without her pussy, I'm destined to remain this way, hard, searching, miserable, aching. "Come back to me," I shout down at the photograph covered in my seed. "I won't survive one more day of this. *You will kill me.* Is that what you want?"

There is a movement out of the corner of my eye.

I turn my head just in time to see a flash of blonde hair outside, shooting my heart into my mouth, firing every cell in my body into a frenzy. And I'm already off the bed with a yell, fastening myself into my jeans and barreling toward the window, unlatching it and throwing it open. I'm way too big to fit through the window, but in my haste, I forget.

It's what costs me valuable time.

She's gone by the time I exit the building through the front door and sprint to the rear, but her footprints are still there, her perfume sitting on the night breeze. I can't see into the inky black night, but I know she's there. My soul feels her nearby and it's everything I can do not to self-destruct. In my frustration over having her and losing her again, I tear off my shirt and beat bruises into my chest, hoping she's watching. Hoping she's alarmed.

She should be.

I stumble around the perimeter of the building, trying to find her, but she's gone.

There is nothing to do but sit and wait for morning and that's what I do. I sit in the darkness, surrounded by the mist, staring into a void, my head locked in a vise. Eventually I begin to notice movement around me, people going to class, the sky growing lighter and I stand, drifting shirtless and filthy and deranged across campus, my remaining ability to reason telling me to follow my schedule, because if Scout is stalking me, that's where she will be, right?

Ignoring the horrified stares of fellow students who've never felt the deep wound of obsession before, I fall into my seat in class, the professor's voice muffled as she approaches me, laying a hand on my shoulder. "Mr. Jenner, I think you should go home and clean up, maybe get some sleep?" A long pause. All I can do is breathe in and out. "Maybe we should just call an ambulance. Or the campus nurse...?"

My spine begins to tingle.

I'm speared by awareness, as if I've been plugged into a socket. I whirl around in my seat, positive Scout is there. Somewhere among the sea of alarmed faces. Where? "Where?" I shout, lunging to my feet and pitching sideways, due to my loss of equilibrium. My loss of *her*. "Scout. Where is she?" I start picking my way through the lecture hall—and a hooded figure goes slipping out the opposite side. Urgency tears through my insides and I give chase, bolting from the hall and running down the hallway in the direction of the hooded figure.

She exits the building into the dreary rainstorm—when did that start? And I follow her, my heartbeat deafening in my ears, animal lust digging its claws into my gut. She is running as fast as possible toward the forest and I'm approximately thirty yards from catching her when she disappears into the trees, but I don't stop. God no. I hurtle myself through the same break in the woods, jumping over logs and dodging branches while following her footsteps.

"*Scout!*" Her name leaves me, raw and agonized. "Stop this. Stop running Now. *Now!*"

A ripple of blonde to my right.

I change directions, increasing my pace until my sides are heaving from exertion, but it pays off—because there she is. I reach her, twisting my fist in

the back of her jacket and hauling her to a stop. Throwing her face down on the forest floor, before rolling her over and looking down into two very pissed off green eyes.

She slaps me across the face.

I rip her shirt clean down the middle, filling my palms with her pert tits, straddling her hips as she squirms in the mud, rain soaking us both in seconds.

“That’s enough now,” I say hoarsely, stroking her nipples with my thumbs. “Open your fucking legs.”

“No.” Her palm cracks against the side of my face again. “No!”

I reach for the hem of her skirt. “Yes.”

We struggle in the mud, Scout leaning sideways to sink her teeth into my arm, making me shout.

“Did you like how it felt to be stalked?” She hisses up at me. “Wanting me and not knowing how to find me?”

“No, I hated it,” I growl, yanking her skirt all the way to her hips and shoving down her panties. “Don’t you ever do this to me again. Promise.”

“I’ll promise not to disappear again if you promise not to lie to me. Ever!”

I still my actions, zeroing in on her words. “Lie to you. Is that what this is about?”

“Pretending you only wanted me for one reason—to get into the head of my stalker.” To my horror, tears fill her green eyes. “It was so confusing. Our relationship felt like more, but I was so unsure. You made me unsure of myself. Of you.”

She might as well be carving my heart out with a dull knife. “I couldn’t tell you I was your stalker, Scout. You would have been scared. You would have run, just like you’re doing now.”

“Maybe I was scared at first,” she whispers. “But you could never really h-hurt or kill me, right? Those threats were only to ensure I complied. You didn’t mean them.”

“Right,” I say raggedly, not even stopping to analyze whether I fully meant them or not. I’m too eager to be back in her good graces. My quick agreement is how I get there.

Some of her tension ebbs. “The main thing I hated about your letters and emails and threats...was not knowing how to find you. I belonged to you and you weren’t coming to claim me. That lost feeling you experienced today,

that has been me for months.”

“No,” I rasp, denial lancing my throat. “I’m sorry, angel. I’m sorry. I should have come for you sooner. I didn’t know you had a twisted soul that matched mine. I should have.”

She reaches up and spears her merciful fingers into my hair, scratching my scalp lightly. “No more lies. No more pretending and watching from afar. We do this up close.” She arches her back, showing off her bare tits, danger glinting beautifully in her eyes. “If we’re going to be sick, we’ll be sick together.”

“Yes,” I push through my teeth, my cock straining painfully in my jeans. “Together with my angel. Fuck food, water and shelter. You’re all I need to stay alive.” I frame her jaw with my right hand, tilting her face up to examine it closely. Every pore. “You and this pretty mouth.”

Scout wets her plump lips, leaving a sheen behind. “Use it, Daddy.” She shifts beneath me. “Use all of me.”

I’m too desperate for relief from my soul mate to do anything but walk on my knees until my lap is even with her mouth, fall forward and stuff my cock inside. With a continuous, guttural sound, I bang her little mouth, pumping myself past her gag reflex, watching her eyes water, my erection made stiffer by the broken choking sounds, the way my balls drag up and down her smooth chin.

“Good girl. You lay there and handle this motherfucking cock. Suck it down, baby.”

My hips begin to piston, her throat so fucking tight, so wet, her hands stroking up and down my outer thighs, around to my ass, which she grips and squeezes, as if letting me know it’s okay to let loose—and God, I want to. I want to drain my come into her belly, but after what we’ve been through together, I need to be face to face with my Scout.

I need our connection.

I need her to see the love in my eyes, without tempering it. Disguising it.

Pulling out of her throat with a wincing groan, I sit down on the forest floor, lifting her into a straddle on top of me, licking her whining mouth as she sinks down onto my thickness, her hips jerking up and back, riding me like a horny girl should.

“I think stalking me made you hot,” I manage into her ear, overcome by the push and pull of her cunt, the delicious twists of her hips, how hot it is inside of her. How tight and wet she became from having her mouth fucked.

“Didn’t it, angel?”

“Yes,” she gasps, holding on tight to my shoulders. “It made me feel... alive.” She leans back, propping her hands on my thighs and undulating on my cock, giving me a front row seat to my struggle to get in, the wet glide on the way out. “But nothing could make me feel as alive as I do right now. *You* do that for me. Your touch, your heartbeat, your breath on my face. I never want anything less again.”

She’s working me so well, lifting on her knees and wiggling back down, tucking her hips back and circling on my tip before giving me one thorough scoop, taking my dick to the hilt, before starting the erotic pattern all over again...and I realize Scout owns me. Not only have I been *her* hidden master all along, but she has been *mine*.

I have no idea where this twisted ride will take us, but I know one thing... I can’t let her get away with running away from me. Not entirely.

Scout is mewling and shaking, on the verge of coming when I flip her over hard into the dirt, face up, wrapping my right hand around her throat. Tightly. Watching surprise and that addictive touch of fear mingle in her wide eyes. “Run from me again and see what happens, little girl.”

“Sh-show me, Daddy,” she manages, blinking, her voice nothing but a thin bit of string.

I’m all too happy to comply with her request, biting and bruising and slapping and choking my soul mate to a shrieking, convulsing orgasm on the forest floor, after which she clings to me, gasping and boneless, whispering the many ways she loves me into my neck...begging me to do it all again tonight...and I have a feeling life is going to be very different from now on.

I can’t wait to live every single depraved second of it.

EPILOGUE

Scout

Five Years Later

My eyes are trained on the television screen, on which my husband is playing in game two of the World Series. The voices of the commentators fill the dark hotel room. The only other sound is my measured breathing, in and out. In and out. Cash's face comes up on the screen and I make an eager noise, my knees pressing together, my wrists pulling on the bonds that attach me to the bed. I writhe my naked body in the sheets, imagining what he'll do to me when the game is over. When he returns.

After Cash was drafted, I left school to go on the road with him. Of course, there were a lot of objections from my brother and parents, but there was no other solution. We can't be away from each other. Even now, as I watch his jaw grind on the screen, I know he's thinking of me. I know he's counting the minutes until we're together again. To the untrained observer, that wild flame dancing in his eyes would look like competitive spirit, but I know better. He's on the verge of madness from not being able to touch and

smell me.

“I love you, I love you, I love you,” I whisper, arching my back in the Egyptian cotton sheets, the cool air causing my nipples to stiffen, the flesh between my legs growing wet in anticipation. Ninth inning.

One more out and Cash can leave. Honestly, he’s done more than enough on the field today to earn them the win. He’s a future hall of famer, my husband. He’s driven and talented and there isn’t a pitcher in the league that wants to face him from the mound. I get keyed up watching him play—and he knows it. It’s one of the reasons I’m tied to this bed right now.

The other reason is simple. I’m his. He does what he needs to do with me to stay sane. And that includes bringing me on the road, keeping me hidden away in various luxurious hotel rooms, tied up, waiting for him to come home and ransack my body.

The pitcher on our team throws the final out and my breath immediately begins to grow thin, my breasts heaving up and down in the television light. I’m an addict for my husband and it has been six hours since he was inside of me. I’m aching and growing more delirious with need by the second. On the screen, I watch Cash leave the field. He’s the first one off. He won’t stick around to do press or listen to post-game talks with the coach. He won’t even shower. He’ll grab his things and drive back to me, his withdrawals equally as bad as mine.

These accommodations were part of his contract when he signed with his current team. We’re a package deal, me and Cash. I travel with him to every city, though we travel separate from the rest of the team, because he can’t stand his teammates looking at me. Nor can he keep his hands off me long enough to take a flight. We learned that the hard way the first time I traveled with the team on their private plane and Cash took me up against the bathroom door, my moans carrying all the way to the cockpit.

I slither my body in the expensive sheets, enjoying the pain of the bonds around my wrists, picturing Cash as he’ll appear in the doorway, sweaty, still wearing his uniform, his erection curving the front of his white pants. I can’t wait for the season to be over so we can spend some time at home. I’ll garden and read and walk on the beach—and Cash will watch me do all of those things. He’s *always* watching.

My head turns to the left so I can smile for the camera, preening and stretching out to tempt him, knowing Cash is watching me on the screen of his phone.

Is our behavior sick? Is our addiction to one another healthy?

A lot of people would say no.

And we'd agree with them. It's why we decided against having children. Before we were even married, Cash admitted he liked the idea of *getting* me pregnant, but he hated the idea of me having to remain home with a baby while he went on the road. Having to share me. Not being able to have access to me at the drop of a hat. I didn't want any of those things, either. I only need him. Wolfishly. Therefore, our family will always remain at two and I couldn't be happier with that decision. It's the responsible one, considering who we are.

How we...engage. Like animals.

I lie in the stillness and count my breaths, needing Cash to come put me out of my misery. It's agony without the weight of him pressing me down, anchoring me. Without his body on mine, I feel insubstantial, like I could float up through the ceiling and out to the sky.

He's getting close to the hotel.

I can feel him.

I begin to tremor, a light sheen of perspiration forming on my skin, even though the room is air conditioned. My stomach muscles contract and release, my nipples tingling like they're being brushed by a feather. I can already feel his breath on my belly, the nape of my neck, in my ear. I can already feel him consuming me, so by the time his key card dips into the slot of the hotel room door, I'm whimpering in excitement.

And I know as soon as his cleats sink into the carpet that I'm in for a rough evening.

His relief that I am there, safe, is clear, but there is a hard glint in his eyes.

"What's wrong?" I whisper.

He rips off his baseball cap and tosses it aside, leaving his hair in sweaty disarray, then he approaches the bed while unfastening his pants, that thick, generous part of him already forming a hard ridge, as I knew it would. "The reporters outside the stadium were asking about you again." He plants a knee on the bed, his eyes devouring me, starting at my toes and ending at the crown of my head. "Where is your wife, Mr. Jenner? Is it true you make her watch the game from the hotel?" He shoves my thighs apart, groaning and fondling himself, spitting once, twice on my sex. "Why don't you allow her to attend the games?"

I bite my lip and begin to tremble when he takes out his big, meaty shaft, my toes digging into the mattress with glee over the way it sticks straight out, a messy shine of precome decorating the bulbous tip. “Don’t listen to them. Don’t worry about them,” I manage, my voice sounding funny. Breathless. I’m *always* winded in his presence. “They don’t understand.”

“No...” He skims his palm up my inner thigh, kneading my wet center for a moment and making me gasp, before his touch continues up my ribcage, higher, five fingers wrapping around my throat and cutting off my air. “They don’t understand that when you attract attention with your beautiful face and body, a dark part of me wants to kill you, do they?” He climbs on top of me, adding his second hand to my throat. “They don’t get it. You’re safer tied up to my bed at the hotel. Safe from other cocks. Safe from your own husband.”

I start to struggle, because black is creeping into the edges of my vision and he loosens his double grip, allows me to gasp, to fill my lungs before he flattens me completely with his body, baring his teeth against my lips. I taste blood and I love it. I feel his violence and I want it to wreck me, leave me in tatters.

“Nothing matters but this,” I whisper, wrapping my legs around his hips. “There’s no one but us. It’s all noise out there. It’s all fake. We’re the only thing that’s real.” I rub my inner thighs up and down his ribcage, slowly, tilting my hips up to give him access to my drenched pussy. “They wish they could feel an ounce of what we feel every single day.”

“You feel lust for me, angel. You *love* me.” He rakes his open mouth over mine, side to side, his expression agonized. “You don’t want to choke me and bruise me for simply existing. For daring to conquer my every waking thought. To make me feel like a prisoner inside my own body. You fuck me up so bad, I can’t think or see or do...*anything*.” In one quick movement, he reaches down and shoves himself inside of me, throwing his head back and groaning like a mating beast. “It’s no wonder when you’ve got such a tight, young cunt, is it? *Fuck!*” He thrusts for a full minute, his drives aggressive, frantic, his muscular body flexing in the muted light. “I can feel it pulsing around my cock every second of the day. I can see your green eyes looking up at me, trusting me not to crush you, not to *punish* you for being alive.”

He begins pounding me, shaking the bed, my cries of delight filling the hotel room.

All I can do is lie there and take it, my wrists tugging on the bonds, my eyes full of tears that eventually overflow and track down my temples. He

fucks me until my voice is hoarse, snarling in my ear about the pain I cause him, the misery, the beauty I provide, the color I bring to his world, how he wants to spank me until I can't walk.

“Do it, Daddy,” I say, pouting, opening my thighs as wide as I can, being rewarded with violence pumps of his lower body, his sharp spit on my tits. “Punish me. They don't understand. They'll never understand. Mark me everywhere. I love it. *I love you.*”

“Goddammit, angel,” he breathes, a shudder wracking his chest. “I love you, too. Forever. For fucking ever. I love you more every single second. It's breaking me. *I love you.*”

“You hate me a little, too.” I clutch my sex around him, making his eyes bulge, the cords stand out on his throat, a raw, tortured sound leaving his mouth. “Show me.”

My husband unleashes his lust and love and fury on me, fastening his mouth over mine and sucking up all my oxygen while his hard length rifles in and out of me, his show of primal aggression making me orgasm in seconds, the pleasure stealing my breath even further, unconsciousness starting to threaten from a distance, then growing closer...close...

And as Cash slants his mouth over mine in another grinding kiss, without allowing me to breathe first, I wonder if this will be the time his obsession takes over and he finally kills me.

I don't care.

I know that he'll find me in whatever afterlife awaits us.

He'd find me anywhere.

Just before I black out, he breaks the kiss and I gasp wildly, replenishing my lungs, his twisted, lovesick expression the final thing I see before I'm flipped over and taken from behind with my cheek pressed to the mattress, wrists crisscrossed and straining in their bonds, his chants of my name and cracks of his palm against my flesh filling my ears.

THE END