



Betrayed

Author: *Evangeline Anderson*

Category: Romance, Paranormal, Fantasy

Description: Connor:

I lied to protect her... but now I'd burn the world to keep her.

It started as a lie.

I found the letter in my cellmate's trash—his little sister reaching out, just wanting a connection. I missed my own sister, so I wrote back, pretending to be him. Just one letter. One lie.

But I couldn't stop.

By the time I got out of prison, I only meant to give her one good memory—proof her “brother” was doing okay. But Sunny wasn't what I expected. She was sunshine in human form... and the Wolf in me roared that she was mine.

Now I'm trapped between a lie I never meant to tell... and a mate I can't walk away from.

Sunny:

I shouldn't want him—but I do. In every filthy, forbidden way...

For years, I wrote letters to the brother I barely remembered—until the day he finally wrote back. He was kind. Thoughtful. Everything I needed.

When he got out, I begged him to stay with me. But now that he's here, nothing feels right... except the way I feel when I look at him. Because he's not really my brother, Kane.

And the truth? It shatters me.

Worse, the real Kane is out of prison now—and he's not just a liar.

He's a killer. And he's coming for me.

I just hope I survive the fallout... of being Betrayed.

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BETRAYED

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1

CONNOR

The lights flash on at six am—same time as always but I've been awake since five. I'm sitting on the side of my bunk, blinking in the overhead fluorescents that bathe my cell in harsh white light.

It's just another day in prison.

Across from me I see my image in the flat, scratched metal plate that serves as a kind of mirror welded to the toilet/sink combo. A tall man with pale gray eyes and longish dark brown hair stares back. They shave your head when you first come in, but I've had three long years to grow it back, so I did because why the fuck not?

There's an ugly scar from my left eyebrow down to my left cheekbone, courtesy of another inmate who had a box cutter with a blade that had been dipped in silver. How he smuggled it in, I don't fucking know but it was damn effective—he barely missed my eye. Silver wounds don't heal cleanly for a while, so I'm stuck with the scar for life.

The man staring back at me is unrecognizable as the one who first came

to Briarcliff Maximum Correctional Prison hardens you. It's not just the tattoos that mark you as someone who's spent time on the inside. It's the wary, dangerous look in your eyes—the same expression a cornered wolf gets right before it rips out someone's throat.

It's hard to see myself like this, but I have to be honest. This is me now. Nobody looking at the brooding, scarred, tattooed man in the mirror would mistake me for the heir to the Lowell fortune. But there we are.

My private introspection is interrupted by the clomp of the guard's boots and the jingle of keys as, one by one, the cells are opened. I hear the groans and grunts and angry mumbling of the fifty other men in Cellblock C—the maximum security block for Rogue Alphas—as they start to wake up and make their way through another day.

But it's not really just another day—not for me. For me, today is the last day in this hellhole. The last time I'll stand in line at the chow hall and get a tray filled with the disgusting, inedible slop that passes for food here. Meatrock, anyone? Or how about a nice slice of nutri-loaf?

It's the last time I'll work in the prison woodworking shop, the last time I'll go out to the yard and lift, trying to avoid the inevitable fights that always break out because some stupid fucker has a beef with some other stupid fucker and they think they have to throw hands to settle it.

It's the last time I'll take a shower with twenty other men, watching my back the whole time. The last time I'll have to sleep with one eye open—though honestly, since I got moved to a two-man cell that locks at night, that part has been a little better.

Not because my cell mate is a saint—quite the opposite. I'm pretty sure that Kane Black is a sociopath—which isn't unusual for a Rogue Alpha. We got into it exactly once when I first moved in here. The minute he found out I can hold my own, he

left me alone, which suits me fucking fine.

We don't even talk, my cellmate and me and I certainly wouldn't call us "friends" but without even knowing it, Kane has kept me going for the past two years—or at least, his connections have.

Speaking of my bunkie, he's still snoring in the upper bunk, dead to the world. He prefers to sleep through breakfast and then steal several other inmates' lunches to make up his calorie deficit later. He's one of the few people in here who doesn't have a job—he's the head of a trafficking ring in the outside world and he still has enough pull to keep his prison canteen card full. He's not hurting for money, so why work?

To be clear, I'm not hurting for money either, but I couldn't hang around the cellblock all day—I'd go fucking crazy. So I've always had a job in prison. First it was the kitchen—you have to get up at 4am to start your shift in there. And then, once I got into the two-man cell, I moved to the woodworking shop so I could sleep in.

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But of course, you never get really good, deep sleep in prison—you never know when you might have a shank with your name on it. Looking at someone wrong is enough to get you poked—I can attest to that, having been on the wrong end of a homemade shiv once or twice myself. It's a damn good thing we were healed quickly or I'd be dead right now.

That's another last—the last time I have to worry about getting stabbed in my sleep. Won't that be fucking nice? I think so, anyway.

The guard reaches me at last, unlocking the door to the cell as he calls my name and Kane's.

“Connor Lowell and Kane Black!” he bawls, like I'm not sitting right there on my bunk, looking at him.

“Here,” I said for both of us. It's the morning count—the first of many. We get counted throughout the day to make sure no one has escaped. I get a little shiver down my spine when I realize that this is my last morning count—tomorrow they can call my name all they want, I won't fucking be here.

The guard moves on and Kane farts and rolls over in his bunk with a loud creaking of the metal springs. I barely even notice. He's still asleep—that's what counts. Which means it's safe to look.

Reaching under my own bunk, I pull out a folded envelope. I have time to read it over a few more times before I have to report to the prison office so they can process my release.

I take the letter out of the envelope—I've read it so many times it's worn and creased but the words, written in a round, feminine handwriting, are still legible.

Dear Kane, (it reads)

I can't tell you how excited I am to hear you're finally getting out! See—I knew you could make it. I had faith in you and it paid off. I'm so proud of my big brother!

I know we haven't seen each other since you were ten and I was three, but I hope you can make some time to stop by once you get out. I'm not that far from you and maybe I could help you get on your feet again. I've heard it can be hard for people getting out of the prison system to adjust to life on the "outside" and I'd really like to be there for you if you'll let me.

These past two years have been amazing. You've been out of my life for so long but I feel like we've really reconnected ever since you started answering my letters. I want you to know how much your support has meant to me. Thank you for reading my letters and writing back—I'm so glad we finally got to know each other. Even though I have no idea what you look like, I feel so close to you. I've told you things I would never dare to say to another living soul and you never judge me—thank you for that!

Well, things are getting busy in The Pie Shop now, so I have to run. I don't have anything else to say except I love you and I want to see you! Stop in and I'll give you a piece of my famous Strawberry Streusel pie and a big hug for my big brother.

Your baby sister,

Sunny.

PS—here's the picture you asked for. What do you think of our new uniforms?

I read the letter twice more and look at the photograph she included. A beautiful young woman with warm amber eyes and shoulder-length black hair drawn up in a ponytail smiles back at me. She's wearing a powder blue waitress uniform with a cute, frilly white apron. There are freckles across her pert little nose and she's curvy in all the right places.

Extra curvy, to tell the truth, but that's exactly how I like my women. I'm a big guy—6'6" with muscles to spare after working out every damn day for the past three years—I don't want to be with some frail little thing I'm afraid I might break. Give me a girl with thick thighs and a heart-shaped ass over the stick-thin supermodel type every day of the week.

Sunny Young—(she and Kane had different fathers but the same mother, hence the different last name)—is everything I could ever want in a woman. She's sweet and kind and thoughtful and beautiful and her letters have been keeping me going for the past two years. It's a damn good thing I'm getting out today because Kane is getting out soon too. Without him here, I wouldn't get any more letters from my beautiful Sunny.

Not that I'll be dating my cellmate's little sister anytime soon, no matter how adorable she is. I don't even know how I started writing to her and pretending to be Kane in the first place.

Oh Hell, yes I do. I know what got me going. It happened to find a crumpled envelope in the trash about a week after I first moved into Kane's cell. He was out in the yard and I was taking some time for a rare moment of privacy—something that's in very fucking short supply in prison.

I had nothing else to do so I picked the letter out of the trash. It was addressed to Kane in round, flowing handwriting that made it obvious the sender was a woman. But he hadn't even bothered to open the envelope before he crumpled it up and threw it away.

I'm not normally the nosey type but for some reason this letter caught my eye. Maybe it was the cute Snoopy stamp she used or just the way her handwriting looped over the creamy white paper. There was something hopeful about it.

Looking around to see that no one was watching, I opened it and read my very first Sunny letter.

It was addressed to "my big brother" and contained a lot of gossipy news about Sunny's hometown, her boyfriend, the diner she worked at called The Pie Shop, and how she was trying to remodel the kitchen in the house their mother had left her when she died. (Apparently Kane's father got custody of him when the two of them split which isn't unusual in the Wereworld. It's believed that a boy needs his father to train him to be a successful Alpha more than he needs his mother to care for him in our culture.)

The whole letter was written in a sweet, intimate tone that almost felt like someone writing in a diary, as though Sunny was just writing for her own satisfaction, with no expectation of a replay. But at the very end she said,

I know you never answer these letters, but I'm not going to give up on you, Big Brother! I want you to know that someone on the outside is rooting for you and loves you. Please be safe and know that I'm praying for you every night. I hope someday you'll write back but until then, I'll keep sending you all my love and hugs,

Your baby sister,

Sunny.

That damn letter got to me. It sounded like maybe Sunny had been writing to her big brother for years but Kane was too much of a sociopathic asshole to even answer a single letter. It made me fucking angry—she sounded so sweet and kind and

vulnerable—she just wanted her big brother to love her.

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It also reminded me of my own little sister, who I lost before I went into prison. Bethany and I had always been close and I still missed her. If she'd still been alive, I knew she would have been writing me letters just like Sunny was writing to Kane.

Before I knew it, I found myself composing a letter back to her in my head. Prison is fucking boring—it's the same damn thing day after day after month after year. Anything new or interesting makes a huge positive difference in your life. And Sunny's schatty little letter did that for me.

I somehow convinced myself it was okay to write back to her, pretending to be Kane. I mean, I considered letting her know I was Kane's cellmate instead, but I was afraid I'd scare her.

How would it look, having some strange inmate writing to her from prison? Some scary guy who stole the letter she wrote to her big brother and read all her private thoughts? Pretty fucking creepy—that's how it would look. So I decided just to write back as Kane.

Sunny's next letter was much longer and more involved. She was thrilled that her "big brother" was finally writing back after years of trying to get in touch with him. I had been right—she'd been carrying on a one-way correspondence with Kane ever since she'd tracked him down in the prison system years ago and he'd been ignoring her weekly letters for just as long as she'd been writing.

I had intended to only write back once—I swear that's true. But her second letter got me hooked. She mentioned gossipy little details of her life and painted a picture of the

small town she lived in and the diner she worked at so vividly, I could almost see it all in my mind.

I was starved for any little bit of affection—I heard from Branson regularly, but he's my business manager and he's not about to send me cute little notes to brighten my life. That's not his job.

It wasn't my job to write back to Sunny either, but I couldn't help myself. She started asking my opinion about things in her life—asking my advice. She sent me pictures and in every one she looked so fucking adorable—so sweet and innocent—everything I knew I should avoid because I'd just fuck it up.

I told myself I'd stop writing. But every time I saw a new envelope with Sunny's round handwriting in the trash, I felt like a moth being drawn to a flame. I literally could not fucking resist. Every letter was like a ray of light piercing the gloom of my dark, ugly prison cell.

Before I started corresponding with her, I saw no reason to go on. It's not exaggerating to say that she gave me a reason to live. How could I ever give that up?

So that's why I've been writing to my cellmate's little sister for the past two years, pretending to be him and the reason I'm planning something I know I shouldn't even be considering now that it's time for my release.

Even though I know it's fucking wrong, I want to go see Sunny in person.

2

CONNOR

I follow the guard who came to get me through the prison yard on my way to the

office where my discharge papers are waiting. Placed at three-foot intervals around the perimeter of the cracked concrete rectangle that counts as “recreation space” are the cages. Each one is three by five—not very fucking roomy, especially for a big guy like me—you have to crouch down on all fours to get in one. Yet almost every full moon I’ve been crammed into one of these until my Shift was over.

You can probably see the point of the cages. After all, you can’t have a bunch of Rogue Alphas running around in their Wolf forms. The prison I’m in—Briarcliff—is one of the few that accepts my kind.

The human world and the Wereworld don’t mix much, but there are a few people who straddle the line between both. One of them is the warden here. He’s a blank—a Werewith no wolf in him—but he apparently recognized the need for a facility that could handle my kind. After all, what’s worse than a hardened criminal running around loose? A hardened criminal who shifts into a huge, powerful wolf is the answer to that fucking question.

So cell-block C was established and the cages made an appearance. They’re made of solid steel and painted with silver, which makes them strong enough to keep even the most determined Werewolves in place during his Shift.

Honestly, they’re not as bad as being thrown into solitary once a month—which is what used to happen before they brought in the cages. At least you can see the sky and feel the moonlight working on you when you’re in a cage instead of being held underground in the dark. But I’ll still be fucking glad to never see them again.

It sends a shiver down my spine to think that this month, when the moon gets full, I’ll be able to Shift and run and hunt in freedom with no bars to hold me back. I’ll go to the woods and bring down a deer, like I used to. I can almost taste the fresh venison now—it’s a hell of a lot better than nutri-loaf. But then, almost anything is.

Once in the office they take their time with the paperwork and eventually they give me back my clothes and things I came here with. I'm surprised that I get it all back. I finger the gold Rolex Ultra, which was a gift from my old man before he passed. He wanted so much for me—he would be disappointed to see me now.

Or maybe not. I think he'd understand if I explained why I did what I did to get in here.

My mom died from breast cancer the year after my dad went. Then Bethany...but I hate to think about how she died. And why I did what I could for her but it was too little, too late.

The result of all this is that I have no family to meet me as I come out of the prison and walk across the road to the dusty gray parking lot beyond. I just have Branson.

Of course, it's not Branson's fault he's all business. I'm glad he is—he did a great job keeping things running while I was gone. Which is why I'm sure he can keep it up just a little while longer.

To give Branson credit, a genuine smile breaks over his face when he sees me heading his way. He gets out of the Bentley and waves at me. When I get to him he gives me a hearty handshake that I'm sure would be a hug if he was just a little less uptight. Or maybe if I looked a little less threatening.

"Mr. Lowell—Connor!" he exclaims. As my family's most loyal employee, he's earned the right to be on a first name basis. Which I have often told him, but he almost never takes me up on it. The fact that he does now lets me know how excited he really is to see me.

"Branson!" I pump his hand gratefully. "Thanks for coming to get me."

"Of course, Mr. Lowell." He's all business again. "Er...I brought the vehicle you

requested,” he adds and nods distastefully at the beat-up old pickup truck I asked him to buy.

“Good. Perfect!” I walk around the truck, noting the dents and the dirt. Exactly right. Something Sunny would expect her big brother to drive in keeping with the fiction I’ve built around him.

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I couldn't tell her that Kane was a sociopath who got put away for trafficking sweet young things like herself—as well as moving a shit-ton of Fentanyl and all kinds of other dangerous drugs. And I couldn't tell her he was rich either—he probably is, but the way he's getting his money from the outside is still from those twisted activities and I didn't want to have to explain that to her.

So this is what Kane would drive—the Kane I made up for Sunny. This dented, dirty pickup with faded blue paint and a crooked side mirror on the passenger's side.

Kane wouldn't wear what I'm wearing either. I had on a suit when I formally surrendered to serve my sentence. It's way too expensive looking for the fictional Kane and besides, it doesn't really fit me anymore. Three solid years of pumping iron has me bigger than I've ever been, so everything I have on is too tight.

“You brought the clothes too?” I say, raising my eyebrows at Branson.

“Yes, of course.”

He pulls a Walmart bag out of the Bentley. I've never worn anything from Wally-world in my life, but I'm not too proud to wear clothes from there now. Branson has included some work boots too, I see with satisfaction. Perfect.

“You're absolutely sure you need to go on this, er, errand, Sir?” Branson asks, frowning as he watches me examine the clothes and the truck.

“Absolutely. Oh, here—I won't need this.” I hand him the Rolex. “Take care of it for me, would you? I'll get it from you when I finish this.”

Branson pointedly doesn't ask, "Finish what?" He has an idea of what I'm doing, but he's too proper to ask for details. He just knows I have someone I want to visit on the way home—someone who doesn't know me as me, Connor James Lowell the Third.

"How long will you be?" he asks instead. "Would you like Richards and I to follow you in the Bentley so you can ride back with us after your, er, errand?"

"No." I shake my head. To be honest, I'm not completely sure how long this will take. Not too long, I don't think. Just long enough to see Sunny in person and have a piece of her famous pie. (She makes all the pies for The Pie Shop diner, as well as waitressing there.)

Of course, I thought about showing up and confessing the truth to her—letting her know how I first started reading and replying to her letters. But again, I was afraid of coming off as creepy. I don't want that. I've built Kane up as the perfect big brother. Well, not perfect but at least someone who's willing to try. All she knows is that he went in for drug charges but he's clean now and working hard to stay that way.

I don't want to ruin the pretty picture I painted for her in my letters. I want to be that perfect big brother—to give her a hug and thank her for her encouragement and kindness while I was locked away. Then I'll leave her with the happy fiction I created of a big brother she can be proud of—one who's well along the road to recovering his life.

I'll even keep in touch...for a while. Then gradually, the letters will taper off. After a while, Kane will move away, leaving her with a nice warm feeling that his life is back on track and he loves her, even though he had to go.

That's my plan, anyway.

"I'm playing this by ear," I tell Branson, who's still frowning at me skeptically.

“It shouldn’t take long. I’ll get in touch with you later—okay?”

“Very well, Sir—as you wish. There is a cell phone in the bag of clothes should you wish to call me. My number is programmed into the contacts.”

He gives me a formal nod, fully back in Business Manager mode. Did I mention he was our family’s butler before my father promoted him for his business savvy? Probably not and you wouldn’t guess it to look at him, but when he starts calling me “Sir” and talking like we’re both from Wayne Manor, it becomes abundantly apparent.

“Thanks, Branson.” I clap him on the shoulder and nod. “I can’t tell you how much I appreciate everything you’ve done over the past three years. I just need to run this one errand before I come back and settle down.”

“The Board will be relieved when you come back,” he tells me. “They’re extremely happy you’ve been released.”

I have my doubts about that—but I don’t doubt Branson’s own relief and his happiness to see me. It shines in his eyes, which have more wrinkles around them than they did when I went in. Also his hair has turned from salt and pepper to full silver. Running Lowell Enterprises had been hard on him these past three years, I can tell. I’ll take that burden off his shoulders soon.

But first, I need to go see Sunny.

3

CONNOR

The trip to Sunny’s hometown of Singing Rock takes me about two hours. It’s not far

from the prison—close enough for a visit, but those were strictly denied to the inmates of Cellblock C. Rogue Alphas are considered too dangerous to have any kind of contact with the outside world. Which is actually a good thing because Sunny would have come for a visit in a heartbeat if she'd been allowed.

The non-visitation policy allowed me to keep up the fiction I built through my letters—the idea of a kind and caring older brother. If she'd ever been able to come and see the real Kane in person, that idea would have been blown up in the first five minutes.

I drive through the Appalachian Mountains, marveling at all the beauty...and the freedom. It's been a long time since I've been behind the wheel but the truck handles surprisingly well and I'm able to enjoy the nature around me. Spring is just fading to the first hints of summer, so everything is green and growing or bursting into bloom.

I roll down the window and inhale deeply, taking in the scents of the forest on either side of the road. The Wolf inside me howls in delight to scent the wild lands around me instead of being constantly surrounded by concrete and cinderblock, smelling the stink of fifty other men who could use a shower and the disgusting odor of what passes for food in the chow hall. Oh fuck yeah—this month's Shift is going to be amazing.

Speaking of the chow hall, I skipped both breakfast and lunch today—I was too excited about my release to be able to eat. But now my stomach is growling. I think about stopping along the way to get something, but I'm almost to Singing Rock now, so I figure I'll save my appetite for some of Sunny's pie—if I decide to stay that long.

I hope I look all right for this meeting. The jeans Branson bought me are a little too tight, as is the plain black t-shirt. But of course, he was buying for the man I was when I went inside and I'm not that guy anymore. Like I said, prison changes you.

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At any rate, the work boots with their steel toes fit great, as does the leather bomber jacket he got me. I'm not sure where he bought it—definitely not Walmart. It's made of buttery brown leather and it fits me perfectly. I already love it—it feels like freedom to wear something with a metal zipper which is something we were denied in prison—(you can turn almost anything metal into some kind of weapon.) I've got the cell phone stowed in one pocket and my wallet, which Branson thoughtfully loaded with cash, in the other.

At last I reach Singing Rock—so named because it's not far from a rock formation that seems to “sing” when the wind blows through it. That's what Sunny told me anyway, in one of her letters.

It's just a wide place in the road—one of those “blink and you'll miss it” towns. I see a tiny post office that's sharing room with a small rural library, a gas station with a single pump, a convenience store that advertises fresh vegetables and groceries! on a faded banner hung out front, a tiny Baptist church with a miniature steeple, and—sure enough—The Pie Shop diner.

There's parking around the rear of the building—the parking lot has nearly been swallowed by the encroaching trees, but I find a place for the truck and park it. It's late for lunch and early for supper, but there are a few other cars and trucks scattered in the lot.

I get out of the truck and glance in the side mirror. A scarred and tattooed man stares back. I hope I don't scare Sunny. She often said she wished she could get a picture of me, but of course I had no way to take one for her and cell phones are strictly forbidden in Cellblock C. That didn't stop some inmates from smuggling them in, but if you got

caught it meant a month in solitary—I wasn't willing to risk that.

Solitary is fucking brutal, especially for a Were. When a regular human man gets thrown in, he's only got himself to worry about. But the Wolf inside me craves stimulation and sensation like a drug addict craves Heroin. Being locked in a dark concrete cell with no lights, no bed, no windows—no fucking nothing—was torture. The sensory deprivation nearly drove me insane during the months where I had to endure my monthly Shift down there. That's why even being crammed into a three by five cage was better.

I try to put such thoughts out of my mind and shake off the bad memories. I'm free now, I remind myself. I know that lots of convicts get PTSD from their time in prison, but I hope I'm not one of them. I'm going to focus on the here and now and try to forget the past. And right now my mission is to see Sunny and play the part of the perfect big brother.

Taking a deep breath, I head for the door of The Pie Shop. I'm going to keep this short and sweet and then I'll be on my way, back to my old life.

That's what I tell myself, anyway. I have no idea that this one meeting with Sunny is about to change my life forever.

4

SUNNY

“Sunny? Order up!” Cookies shouts through the window and rings the bell.

“Coming!” I call back. I put the check down for Table Five and give the family sitting there a big smile. “There's no rush on that, folks. Just whenever you're ready.”

They smile back and nod, still stuffing their faces with the pie of the day—my famous Blueberry Bacon. You wouldn't think you could find a way to make those things go together, but I managed it. Momma always said I had a real knack for baking and Cookie seems to agree because he lets me try just about anything in the kitchen and it usually sells real well.

I hustle over to the window and pick up the Blue Plate Special for old Mr. Cochran at Table Three. It's heaped high with Cookie's special meatloaf, homemade mashed potatoes swimming in gravy, and a big portion of fresh green beans that have been stewed with fat back until they're tender and delicious. The whole thing comes with one of my big, fluffy yeast rolls that I baked this morning. I almost always get to The Pie Shop early so I can do the baking before the morning rush begins.

I know it's not a very glamorous life, living in tiny little Singing Rock, baking in the morning and waitressing the rest of the day, but it pays my bills. I'm even saving money to do some more college courses online. I've done several already and made really good grades—someday I'll be more than a waitress but for now, I'm content.

I have my regular customers and my boyfriend, Charles, who's sweet as can be, and Cookie, who's a good boss, even if he's kind of grumpy at times. Plus I own my house free and clear—not everyone can say that these days. Momma left it to me when she passed and all I have to do is keep up on the taxes. I manage that all right, though sometimes things get a little tight if my tips aren't good.

I'm in the act of setting the Blue Plate Special down in front of old Mr. Cochran—who comes in every Friday for the same thing—when the little bell over the diner's door tinkles and someone new walks in.

It's a man—an extremely big man—he has to be over 6'6". He's wearing a brown bomber jacket that can't quite hide his muscles. He also has on tight, new-looking

jeans and work boots. His hair is longish but clean, which is nice. I don't mind men with long hair providing they know how to care for it.

But it's his face that really draws my attention. He has pale eyes like a Husky and a scary-looking scar that runs through his left eyebrow and down to his cheekbone. That must have been a close call—it's clear he almost lost one of those pale, arresting eyes. His nose is sharp and his jaw is strong—I think he looks like the morally gray heroes in my dark romance books. Scary but sexy at the same time.

Then he opens his mouth and rumbles my name.

"Sunny?" he asks, raising his eyebrows at me. "Is that you?"

Realization breaks over me. It's him! After all these years, it's finally him!

The Blue Plate Special drops from my nerveless fingers. It lands on the table and gravy splatters everywhere. Mr. Cochran gives a grunt of protest but I don't even notice—I'm too busy running to greet my big brother.

"Kane!" I shout, flinging myself into his arms.

He looks surprised but he catches me anyway as I launch myself at him. I wrap my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist, not caring that my powder blue waitressing uniform is riding up to show my thighs.

One of Kane's arms goes around my waist and the other hand supports my bottom. I don't care—I'm just so happy to see him!

"Kane—big brother!" I babble and cover his face with kisses. I've been dreaming of this day for literally years—I can't believe it's finally here!

My brother looks shocked when I finally stop kissing him but then a slow, almost shy smile, spreads across his scarred face.

“Sunny...baby sis,” he says, which is what he always calls me in his letters. I can’t help noticing that he smells really good—is he wearing cologne? It just makes me want to hang on to him and never let go.

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“You didn’t say you were coming today!” I accuse him. “I would have gotten the day off work so we could spend some time together.”

“Oh no,” he begins. “I don’t really think?—”

“Well, never mind,” I say briskly. “You’re here now so I’m going to feed you.”

Giving him one last smooch on his bristly cheek—he needs a shave but I kind of like the stubble—I slide down his long body and stand on my own two feet again. I drag him by the hand over to Table Six, right by the window that shows the mountains. Then I put one of our laminated menus in his hands and smile down at him.

“Get anything you want—it’s on me.”

“Oh no—I can pay,” he starts to protest.

I give him a stern look.

“Not in my diner you won’t! This meal is my treat and I want you to get whatever you want. I’ll be back in a minute, so you just study that menu and decide.”

I go back to Mr. Cochran’s stable and help clean the gravy off his shirt. He’s speeved with me but he lightens up when I explain that Kane is the big brother I haven’t seen in well over twenty years.

“Well...it is always nice when family comes to town,” he allows, after I get him all cleaned up and offer him a free slice of pie for his trouble.

“Very nice,” I agree, smiling.

Then I hustle back to Kane with a glass of ice water.

“Well?” I say, raising an eyebrow at him. “What’ll it be, Big Brother?”

“Hmmm...” He’s frowning in concentration as he looks at the menu. “I can’t decide. Which is better—the Blue Plate Special with the meatloaf or Granny’s buttermilk brined fried chicken?”

“Both are delicious,” I assure him. “So I’ll bring both, since you can’t decide.”

He frowns.

“Oh no—I couldn’t.”

“Yes, you can and you will,” I say bossily, but I give him a smile to let him know I’m half teasing. But serious too. “You’re a big guy—you can handle both,” I tell him.

In fact, my brother is a lot bigger than I dreamed he’d be. And he doesn’t really look much like me. I have black hair and amber eyes like Momma did. I guess our fathers must have been really different looking guys. Also I’m short and compact with wide hips and a big behind—thicc with three Cs is how I heard it described a while back. My boyfriend, Charles, is always after me to lose some weight but Kane held me like I weighed nothing when I jumped into his arms.

These are all my thoughts as I head back to the kitchen and put in both orders to Cookie.

“And be sure you give him plenty of sides, too,” I tell him. “These orders are for my

big brother.”

“The one I saw you climbing like a tree?” he asks, deadpan.

“The same.” I lift my chin. “He hasn’t had decent food in a long time, so make it good.”

“It’s always good,” Cookie grouses. “You know that.”

But he gets to work, dishing up the food. Soon I have two piping hot platters to put on my tray. One is loaded with meatloaf and mashed potatoes and green beans and the other has fried chicken, buttery corn, and a heaping helping of Cookie’s famous four-cheese mac ‘n cheese. I can’t help but be proud when I see how good it looks—I hope that Kanewill like it.

I add a big glass of iced sweet tea and carry the whole thing to his table. His pale eyes get wide when he sees the spread.

“Oh my God—I think I died and went to Heaven,” he groans as I unload the tray, putting both steaming plates and the tea in front of him. “This looks fucking amazing. Uh, sorry for the language,” he adds, looking at me.

I can’t help laughing.

“That’s okay—Cookie will take it as a compliment that his food made you swear,” I tell him. “Goon—dig in. I have to take care of a few other customers but I’ll be back in a little so we can talk.”

I don’t have to tell him twice. He’s already spearing a bite of the meatloaf as I walk off, a little smile playing around my lips. I can’t believe how lucky I am—my big brother has finally come home!

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And I intend to keep him with me as long as I can.

5

CONNOR

The food at The Pie Shop is the best thing I've ever put in my mouth. I don't say that lightly, either—before I went to prison, I led a privileged life. I've been to restaurants with three Michelin stars and steak houses where there was nothing under a hundred dollars on the menu. But after three years of prison slop, the food in front of me is more than gourmet—it's fucking ambrosia.

It feels strange to eat with metal silverware again. In prison, we always got plastic—it's way too easy to stab someone with a metal fork or sharpen a spoon into a shiv. The metal feels unfamiliar in my mouth but whatever—this is just part of the taste of freedom.

I inhale both plates and drink the sweet tea which Sunny keeps refilling. It's not too sweet, which is nice. Just as I'm finishing up, she comes to sit across from me in the red vinyl booth and puts down two pieces of pie.

“There you go—Strawberry Streusel, just like I promised you,” she says, smiling. “And that other one is today's special pie—Blueberry Bacon.”

“Blueberry Bacon?” I repeat, raising my eyebrows. It sounds like a strange combination.

Sunny gives me an impish grin, her pert, freckled nose wrinkling.

“Doesn’t sound very good, does it? But it is, I promise. Go on—try it.”

I’m getting really full, but I’m not about to say ‘no’ to her pie—not after all the letters she wrote me describing the many different kinds she makes. I’ve been wanting to eat her pie for years now—which sounds really dirty, but get your mind out of the gutter. I’m pretending to be her big brother.

I take a bite of the Blueberry Bacon pie and I’m surprised at how delicious it is. It’s made with fresh blueberries in a light, flaky crust sprinkled with tiny, crispy bits of bacon and the whole thing is topped with fresh maple whipped cream. It’s fucking amazing.

“This is fucking amazing,” I say to Sunny as I shovel in another bite.

“See, I told you!” She grins at me, looking so damn adorable I want to lean across the table and...and what?

She’s supposed to be your little sister, I remind myself again. But there’s something about her—something about the way she felt in my arms when I held her. And something about her scent too—it made my inner Wolf perk up. Which doesn’t make any sense—she’s human, I’m sure of it. It had to be Kane’s father who was a Were. If his and Sunny’s mother had any Were blood at all, it was probably diluted.

But the way her soft, curvy body felt against me when she launched herself into my arms and her warm, feminine scent... I try to push the forbidden thoughts away.

I’m sure if anybody else had run at me that way, I would have gone into defensive mode at once. Living in prison, you learn to watch your back. But Sunny didn’t feel like a threat—she felt warm and she smelled so sweet. I can still feel her eager kisses all over my face...

“...ask if my friend Annabelle can come cover my dinner shift,” Sunny says and I realize

that I missed something she said.

“Uh, what? Sorry, I was focusing on the pie,” I lie and take a bite of the Strawberry Streusel—it’s even better than the Blueberry Bacon.

“I said I’m going to get someone to cover my shift so we can go back to my place and get reacquainted,” Sunny tells me.

“Oh, I don’t want to interrupt your work,” I protest. “I really just stopped by to say hello and try some of your famous pie.”

“You want to leave already?”

Sunny pouts—an absolutely adorable expression on her sweet face. She pushes out her lush lower lip and makes sad eyes at me. Then her expression changes—gets more determined.

“You don’t think you’re just going to eat my pie and then walk out on me, do you?” she demands. “I don’t think so, big brother—I’ve been waiting years for this reunion and it’s not nearly over yet.”

She’s a bossy little thing—I kind of like that.

“Well...okay,” I said. It can’t hurt to go see her house and chat some. Her letters kept me going in prison and gave me hope—the least I can do is take some time to “catch up” with her.

Sunny doesn’t wait to hear any more. She goes up to talk to the cook and owner of The Pie Shop, who just goes by “Cookie.” I know all about him from her letters. He’s a veteran and outwardly gruff but according to Sunny, he’s a “marshmallow inside.”

Apparently he really is a softy because even though I can hear him grumbling, Sunny comes back with a wide smile on her adorable face.

“Come on.” She tugs at my arm, pulling me up to a standing position. “Let’s go.”

“I have my truck out back—should I follow you?” I ask her.

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She shakes her head.

“No need—I just live down the street.” Oh right—she did tell me that. She’s within walking distance of work, which is nice.

“Okay.” I nod through the back window at Cookie as we leave and he nods back grudgingly. We walk out the front door of The Pie Shop and take a right, heading down the sidewalk.

As we walk, Sunny links her arm through mine and looks up at me.

“Come on, Big Brother—let’s go home.”

She’s so much shorter than me, the top of her head doesn’t even reach my shoulder but I find I like feeling her beside me. I like her arm through mine even more.

I’ve been avoiding physical touch for so long—in prison, getting physical with someone almost always means violence. But with Sunny, it’s warm and comforting and sweet—I don’t think I’ve ever met anyone who lives up to their name better than her. So even though I promised myself I’d only stay for pie, I let her lead me along willingly.

Apparently we’re going home.

I'm so excited to finally show my big brother around my house! It's a good thing I did a little cleaning last night—not that I ever let it get too messy. Momma taught me to keep things neat and that's how I like it.

My house is a big old Victorian one block down and one block over from The Pie Shop. It's the only house like it in town and I love it but I won't lie—it costs a lot to cool in the summer and even more to heat in the winter. Since it's the tail end of Spring, things are still a little chilly but not cold enough to turn on the heat. So it's kind of nippy inside when I push open the door.

“Sorry about the temperature,” I apologize to Kane. “I know it's chilly in here.”

He only shrugs, his broad shoulders rolling.

“Doesn't bother me—I run hot anyway.”

As if to prove it, he takes off the brown leather bomber jacket he's wearing, revealing a skintight black t-shirt underneath that shows the most mouthwatering male chest I've ever seen in my life. Then I remind myself that he's my big brother—I shouldn't be looking at him that way.

But still... I can't help comparing him to my boyfriend, Charles. It's not that Charles doesn't look nice, he does. But there's nice and then there's... this. Chiseled abs and bulging biceps and... I make myself look away.

“Make yourself at home,” I say, hoping my voice doesn't come out too high and squeaky. “Just watch out for Miss Sassy, my cat. She hates most everybody but me.”

As if she heard her name, Miss Sassy comes sauntering out from behind the couch with her furry tail riding high. She's a Ragdoll that I got from the animal shelter over in Cunningham. Supposedly they're the most loving cats in the world. In fact, they're

supposed to flop over like a rag doll the minute you pet them or pick them up—which is how they got the name.

MissSassy, however, does not fit that stereotype. She's bonded with me and I'm the only one she wants—she hisses and swipes at everyone else who comes in the house. Even my friend Annabelle, who loves animals and has so many pets she practically qualifies as a Disney Princess, can't make any headway with my stubborn cat.

So I feel justified in warning my brother.

"She acts like she might be friendly at first but then she'll scratch the crap out of you if she gets a chance," I warn him again, because he is actually bending down and holding a hand out to the cat.

MissSassy comes over cautiously and sniffs his fingertips. Then, to my utter shock, she rubs her furry cheek against his hand and begins to purr!

"She seems all right." Kane caresses her with one big hand and she arches her back, the purring ratcheting up to an even higher volume.

"I don't believe it!" I say blankly, watching him pet her. "Usually she doesn't like anyone!" She's even scratched me a fair few times, despite the fact that I'm her "designated human."

"Animals like me," he rumbles.

"They do?" I ask.

He nods and gives me a look I can't interpret.

“Maybe they sense something in me...you know?”

“Uh...maybe.” What they’re sensing I don’t know. But wait, maybe I do. There’s no denying that my big brother exudes a kind of animal magnetism. I certainly feel it when I’m around him—it’s like there’s something primal inside him. I know that sounds dramatic, but it’s true. Probably it’s his pale eyes—I can’t decide if they’re gray or blue.

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Meanwhile, he's still petting my cat.

"You know, guys in prison would love to have a pet like this," he murmurs, straightening up. Miss Sassy continues the love fest—winding her way around and between his legs, purring up a storm. "I even knew a few who tried keeping bugs or mice as pets in their cells—just anything at all that they could love."

His words bring a lump to my throat and it's brought home to me, all over again, how terribly lonely he must have been all those years on the inside. I've read a few books and articles about helping ex-cons re-acclimate to the outside world and that's one of the things they all mentioned—the emotional isolation of prison.

"That's so sad," I whisper. Impulsively, I wrap my arms around his waist and hug him.

He doesn't seem to know what to do at first...but then he slowly puts his arms around me and gives me a careful squeeze, as though I might break.

"I hope you don't mind," I say, looking up at him—I have a long way to look because he's so tall. "I'm a hugger and it seemed to me that you could use a hug just now."

The uncertain look on his face fades and he gives me a smile—it's little more than one corner of his mouth crooking up, but it counts as far as I'm concerned.

"Well, thank you, baby. That's sweet of you."

I like the sweet nickname. In his letters to me, he always called me "baby sis" which is nice too. I give him a squeeze and reluctantly let go. I'm wondering again what cologne

he wears—whatever it is, it’s the best thing I’ve ever smelled. It’s kind of woodsy and wild with a dark, dangerous spice as the under-note.

“Okay, well...let me give you the tour of the house,” I tell him. I take his hand and tug. “Come on—this way.”

7

CONNOR

Bemused, I allow Sunny to lead me around the old Victorian mansion. The house has good bones but I see several places where the wood is getting rotten and areas where it’s been chipped or broken.

I could fix that, I think and catch myself wondering if Sunny has access to any tools. Then I remind myself I’m only here for a quick house tour and then I’ll be on my way again. After all, I have to get back to Branson like I promised sometime, right?

Sunny takes me all over the house—well, the downstairs, anyway. The upstairs is shut off because, as she explains, it costs too much to heat and cool it. And since she’s the only one living here and she has her bedroom on the bottom floor, why should she pay money to heat or cool empty rooms?

She shows me an old-fashioned kitchen with a gas stove and a pea-green refrigerator.

“The same one our Nan bought when she first moved in here when Momma was just a little girl,” she said proudly, patting the ancient but still humming appliance. Then she puts a hand over her mouth. “Oh, I’m sorry—do you remember Momma or Nan at all? You were so young when your dad took you away...”

“No, afraid not,” I say, truthfully enough, shaking my head.

Sunny gets a sad look in her pretty amber eyes.

“Momma never got over losing you, you know,” she tells me. “She used to cry for you sometimes—I remember wondering why she was so sad when I was little.”

I’m not sure what to say to this. It’s a sad story but not an unusual one in the Wereworld. When two people split, the male Were almost always keeps any sons while his mate gets the daughters.

“What about your father?” I ask, to change the subject.

“Oh, he died before Momma did.” She sounds sad. “I lost all of them in the space of three years—first Nan, then Daddy, then Momma. That’s why I was so thrilled when you finally wrote me back. It made me feel so good to have family in my life again.”

I feel kind of bad, continuing to deceive her like this. But it’s clear she needs a big brother and I’m happy I can fill the role.

“I was glad too,” I tell her truthfully. “You know, your letters got me through some really dark times. Whenever I read one, it felt like a ray of sunshine was coming right into my cell.”

Sunny breaks into a smile.

“Oh, Kane—that’s the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me. Thank you!”

She hugs me again and this time I hug her back with less trepidation. I love how warm and soft she feels in my arms—I haven’t been this close to a woman in years. In fact, living in Cellblock C, I barely even saw any women since they didn’t allow any female guards around the Rogue Alphas.

I'd forgotten how soft and sweet women can be—how warm and gentle and loving. It's nice to be reminded.

But her soft body against mine produces an unintended effect. As her full breasts rub against my abs, I can feel my cock getting hard. Hastily, I shuffle back a bit, putting some distance between us. I can't be getting a hard-on with my own little sister! Even if she isn't really my sister at all, I still don't want to offend her.

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Sunny doesn't seem to have noticed my problem, or at least, she doesn't say anything about it. She just smiles when she pulls away and then takes me by the hand.

"Come on—let's get comfy on the couch so we can talk."

She leads me back to the living room which contains an overstuffed sofa with a faded floral print. I'm willing to bet this was also one of her Nan's original possessions. There's a hand-braided rag rug on the floor and a TV on a stand across from the couch. Everything is shabby but extremely neat and clean. It appears that Sunny lives in genteel poverty but you'd never know it by the pride she obviously takes in her home.

The living room is lit by two chunky, old-fashioned lamps with broad shades. They cast a warm, golden glow in the room which is good, since the outside light is fading.

It's going to be time to go back to my truck soon, I think, noticing the rapidly approaching dusk. But somehow I can't bear to leave yet. I want to sit with Sunny and talk—to catch up on all the people's lives she told me about in her letters.

I told her some about prison life and the inmates around me too, but none of the violent, scary parts. I told her the funny stuff—like the time I was working in the kitchen and made a cake out of mashed potatoes and frosted and decorated it with whipped lard.

Everyone in the chow line was eager for a taste but I was saving it for a certain inmate who had given me trouble. I cut him a fat slice and he dug in before he even examined

it. His face when he got a mouthful of cold mashed potatoes and lard “frosting” was fucking priceless! Sunny had gotten a real kick out of that story.

“So what’s going on?” I ask her as we settle on the couch, which is surprisingly comfortable. “Did your friend Lucy find out if she’s pregnant or not?”

Her eyes widen.

“Yes—and she is. But let me tell you, her husband is not happy about it!”

And we’re off. She fills me in on what happened since her last letter and I do the same, though I don’t talk nearly as much as she does. That’s fine with me though—I could listen to her sweet voice and watch her gorgeous face as she “spills the tea” all night long.

God, I can’t believe I’m actually here with her! I imagined this so many times—thought about sitting with her and just talking, like we are now. Just being able to communicate face-to-face instead of with letters. The reality is even better than my fantasy—her smile warms me all the way through.

I had some concerns that we might not be able to connect in person the way we did on paper, but those prove to be completely unfounded. If anything, we get along even better in person. We fit together so well, I can almost hear an audible click.

We end up talking for hours and the windows are completely black by the time I finally sigh and say,

“Well, I guess I should get going now.”

“Get going where?” Sunny demands, narrowing her eyes at me suspiciously. “You got somewhere to be?”

Actually, I do—I promised Branson this “errand” wouldn’t take long. But the fictional Kane I built doesn’t have anywhere to be or anyone to see and Sunny knows that.

“Well...” I say slowly. “It’s just getting late and I know you usually have to get up early to bake pies and make dinner rolls for the diner.”

“That doesn’t mean I’m going to kick you out!” She sounds horrified at the idea. “You’re staying here tonight.”

“Here?” I look around blankly. “Really, Sunny—you don’t have to?”

“Yes, I do!” she says firmly. “You’re my big brother—where else should you stay but with your little sister?”

“Well...” I say again, but Sunny takes that for an acceptance.

“Great, but let’s watch a movie before we turn in—they have monster movie marathons every night on the SlashTV channel. Are you up for it?”

“Well...sure.” I shrug, defeated. It looks like I’m staying here tonight. I’ll have to text Branson and let him know.

“Okay, I’m going to change into my jammies so I can get comfortable,” Sunny tells me. “I’ll be right back.”

She disappears into the back of the house and I take the opportunity to let Branson know I won’t be seeing him until tomorrow. By the time I put my phone away, Sunny is back.

She’s wearing a silky white nightgown that falls to mid-thigh and a white silk robe that goes over it. I try really hard not to notice how her full breasts and tight nipples

poke at the thin material or the way her short but shapely legs show under the lacy hem. Why does she have to be so fucking gorgeous when I'm pretending to be her brother and she's completely off limits?

Sunny settles on the couch beside me and grabs for the remote. She flips to the channel she wants and it turns out to be a movie about werewolves, of all things.

Inwardly, I sigh—the human world almost never gets it right when they talk about my people. But this one is fairly accurate—only the males in the story have Wolves in them—that's right, at least. They all Shift in the most gruesome, slow-motion way with lots of blood and guts, though—it's not really like that, thank the Moon Goddess!

All the time we're watching the movie, I'm watching Sunny. I'm still trying to figure out if she has any Wereheritage or knows anything about the Wereworld. It's hard to tell by her reaction—she gasps and gives cute little screams when the bad werewolves attack. At one point she grabs my arms in fright and I notice how cold her hands are.

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“Hey, you’re freezing.” Gently, I capture her hands between my own. Leaning down, I breathe on her chilly fingers.

“Mmm, your hands are so warm!” She looks up at me with big eyes. God, she’s gorgeous! “I’m always cold at night,” she adds. “I love this house but it gets really drafty.”

Part of the problem is that she needs some new insulation and to fix some of the warped wood around her doors and windows. I could do that, whispers a little voice in my head. But not tonight—tonight she just needs to be warmed up.

“I run hot, like I said before,” I say. I’m still holding her hands in mine and somehow we’re looking into each other’s eyes, the werewolf movie forgotten.

“Could you...would you think it was weird if I asked to cuddle up to you?” Sunny murmurs. “I mean, I know we just met...”

“That’s not true,” I object. “We’ve been talking for two years—it’s just that this is the first time we’ve met in person. But it feels like I’ve known you forever, baby.”

Her eyes soften.

“It feels like that to me, too,” she admits.

“Come here.” I let go of her hands and hold out my arms to her. “Let me warm you up.”

Sunny hesitates for just a second, then scoots over to sit close so our thighs are touching. She lays her head against my chest and I wrap one arm around her shoulders and pull her even closer.

She makes a little sound like, “Oh!” and then melts against me. I can feel her soft breasts against my side and smell her warm, clean, feminine scent as she slides one arm around my waist and cuddles close.

From that point on, the movie is a loss. I can't pay a spec of attention to it because I'm wholly focused on Sunny. She's looking at the screen, so I can look at her without her catching me.

I find myself studying her features. Her thick black hair, loosed from its ponytail, spills over my chest like a glossy shawl and I have to stop myself from petting it—from petting her. My fingers itch to trail down from her shoulder and slide over her waist and hip, tracing her curves, but I resist the urge.

I still can't figure out if she has any Werewolf blood or not. Her scent is a mystery—one I desperately want to solve. I think I detect a note of feminine heat in it, but I must be mistaken. After all, she thinks I'm her big brother—there's no way she's attracted to me the same way I have to admit I'm attracted to her.

Of course, all this closeness and cuddling is bound to have an effect on me. I curse the fact that my jeans are too tight—they make it really obvious that I'm sporting a hard-on. I shift uneasily on the couch, wishing I could adjust myself. I feel like a fucking high school kid all over again—popping a boner the minute a pretty girl gets near me.

Sunny seems oblivious to my condition, despite the fact that my cock had formed a long, thick ridge in the crotch of my jeans. She seems focused on the TV and the movie about the werewolves, which is coming to a bloody and predictable end.

I'm completely focused on her—every time she shifts against me it feels like her small, soft body makes more contact with mine. I've been starved for physical touch for so long, though I don't think I knew it until now. I feel like a man who's been on a hunger strike for years suddenly faced with a juicy steak.

That's not a very romantic metaphor, but it's how I'm fucking feel. Like I'm hungry for Sunny—like I could eat her up if I'm not careful.

That thought brings on another—a fantasy of pushing her down on the couch and spreading her deliciously thick thighs. I wonder if she has on panties under the silky white robe and gown. I wonder if they're lacy little things I could pull off with my teeth. I wonder if her pussy would get wet for me and if she'd spread her legs willingly to let me in. I wonder what her juices taste like—if she'd moan and quiver under my tongue as I tasted her pussy and she cried my name...

God, I have to stop thinking like this! I give myself a mental slap. What's wrong with me? Sunny is a sweet, innocent girl and I'm supposed to be her big brother. I can't be imagining going down on her, picturing her pulling my hair and moaning for me while I part her lower lips with my tongue and tease her tight little clit...

And there I go again. I swear my mind's in the gutter. Fuck—I wish I could just go jerk off but the movie is almost over and I'm afraid she'd know what I was doing in the bathroom!

At last the movie ends and I breathe a private sigh of relief. Now she'll go sleep in her room and I can stay out here on the couch and maybe get some relief from this raging erection that refuses to go down.

But when I look down at Sunny again, she's asleep. Her breathing is soft and even and her eyelashes are like black fans across her high cheekbones. She's like a little girl, curled against my side, trusting me to take care of her.

I'm surprised at the rush of tenderness that overcomes me. I haven't felt this emotion—the desire to protect, to cherish and guard—in so long that it feels completely foreign...but also completely right. I just want to keep her safe.

“Guess it's time to get you to bed, baby,” I murmur, stroking a strand of long, silky hair out of her face.

Sunny mumbles something in her sleep, “Bedtime,” it sounds like and sighs contentedly.

I guess it's up to me to tuck her in.

8

CONNOR

I scoop Sunny carefully into my arms and she only murmurs a little bit before snuggling her cheek against my chest again. Rising from the couch, I take her down the hallway to her room, which she showed me briefly earlier.

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Her bed—a queen size that looks huge to me after the narrow prison bunk I’ve been sleeping in—is neatly made up with a patchwork quilt and soft, fluffy pillows. It looks like Heaven after the flat, dirty mattress and the scratchy wool blankets I’ve been used to these last three years.

I have my hands full so I have to maneuver some to pull back the quilt and sheet so I can slip her into bed, but I manage. Sunny murmurs sleepily and scoots around so that her nightgown rides up. Before I know it, my earlier questions are answered—yes, she’s wearing panties and yes, they’re lacy—but pink lace instead of white like her nightgown.

The sight of her soft little pussy mound under the panties makes my cock get hard all over again. I let out a low, involuntary groan and rub my aching shaft through the brutally tight jeans. God, I need some relief!

I turn to go back to the couch—but first to the bathroom to ease this tension—when I’m surprised by a little hand on mine. Looking down, I see that Sunny’s eyes are half open, looking up at me with a sleepy gaze.

“Don’t go, big brother,” she whispers, clearly half-asleep.

“I have to,” I object. “I’ll find a blanket and sleep on the couch.”

“No.” She shakes her head. “Don’t want you out there. Sleep in here—with me.”

“In the same bed, you mean?” I can’t believe she’s asking me this—that she’s trusting me this much.

“Mmm-hmm.” Shenods. “Come on—come to bed.”

“I don’t have any pajamas with me,” I object. Of course, Branson didn’t know I’d be staying overnight so he didn’t buy me any. I’d been planning to sleep in my clothes on her couch, but I don’t want to get in bed with my clothes on—I might mess up her sheets.

“Just wear your underwear,” she tells me. She half sits up and slips off the white robe she’s been wearing over her nightgown. I have to bite back a moan when I see how fucking see-through the white silk of the gown is. Though the room is lit only by a small bedside lamp, I can clearly see her tight, dark pink nipples pressing against the thin fabric.

“I shouldn’t,” I say, and my voice comes out hoarse.

“Why not? We’re family—there’s no harm sharing a bed,” she objects. “Hurry up and get in—I’m tired and I have to get up early.”

Her bossy tone has returned, though it’s half sleepy too. I wonder if she has any idea what she’s asking. Or is she really so naïve and trusting that she believes I can sleep beside her all night and not want her?

Of course I can keep my hands to myself—I have self-control and I’m not a fucking monster. But I know for a fact I’m going to be fantasizing about her all night, especially after seeing her bare breasts under the thin silk nightgown.

Reluctantly, I slip out of my jeans and t-shirt, work boots and socks, which leaves me wearing nothing but a pair of black boxer-briefs. I wish now that Branson had bought me regular baggy boxers. These hug tight to my body, outlining my aching erection which by now feels like it’s going to explode.

I need to go to the bathroom and take care of this now...but if I do, Sunny might guess what I'm doing. I decide to get in bed with her and wait until she falls asleep again before I slip out to take care of business.

I turn off the light and slide into bed beside her, pulling the sheet and quilt up over both of us, but Sunny pushes her side down again.

"Too hot!" she complains, though she was cold earlier. She's laying on her back, slightly turned to me. In the moonlight streaming through the window beside the bed, I can still clearly see the outline of her full breasts and tight nipples. Also, her nightgown has somehow ridden up again, once more showing her lacy little panties. Her thighs are parted, giving me an excellent view.

I grit my teeth and try to look away. God damn it! Does she have any idea what kind of show she's putting on?

But a glance at her face shows that no, of course she doesn't know—she's out again. Apparently she woke up just long enough to boss me into bed with her and then went right back to sleep.

Looking at her luscious body—her full curves, tight nipples, and thick thighs—I feel like I can't stand it anymore. Another glance at her face lets me know she's really asleep. Feeling desperate, I pull down my boxer-briefs and take hold of my shaft.

I know I should go to the bathroom to do this, but I can't wait one more fucking minute for relief! Also, I can't stop looking at Sunny—she's so fucking beautiful. I don't touch though—I just look while I slowly stroke my aching cock and imagine what it would be like to rip that thin white nightgown off her and suck those pink nipples.

I want to slide my cock into her tight little pussy and feel her wet warmth all around me...I want to hear her moan my name as I pound into her. I don't think I could be

gentle—not the first time, anyway. I want her too badly and it's been too long since I've had a woman. I just want to fill her over and over until I flood her sweet pussy with my cum and she begs me not to stop...

It doesn't take me long—I've been on the edge for what feels like hours.

“God, baby,” I breathe harshly as my balls get tight and I feel my orgasm building. “God, so fucking beautiful! Why do you have to be so fucking hot?”

And then I'm coming—my cock jerking in my hand as rope after rope of pearly white seed paints my belly.

Sunny stirs in her sleep, moaning softly. The movement makes her breasts jiggle, which makes me come even harder. God damn it, why does she have to have such big, beautiful tits?

Thankfully, she doesn't wake up. She sleeps through my entire orgasm, which is a damn good thing. What the hell would she think of me if she saw me, jerking off to my own little sister? Of course she's not really my sister, but you know what I mean.

Feeling drained, I go to the bathroom at last and clean up my mess. When I get back to the bedroom, Sunny has turned on her side and is shivering. I slide in beside her and pull the covers up over both of us. This time she doesn't protest, though she does sigh and murmur as she burrows deeper into the cushy mattress. Then she scoots back some, until her lush bottom is pressed to my crotch and her back is against my chest.

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When I try to move away, Sunny murmurs a protest and backs up against me again. I try again with the same result. At this rate, I'll fall off the bed if I don't stop trying to get away.

With a sigh, I give up and put an arm around her. I never intended to spoon her, but here we are—I guess we're spooning. She sighs happily and relaxes at last. It looks like this is the way we're sleeping.

As I lay there with her small, soft body curled against my own, much larger frame, I have a moment of post-nut clarity: I need to leave tomorrow morning and try my best to forget about Sunny and let her forget about me. There's no future for us while she thinks I'm her big brother and it's too late now to tell her I've been pretending for two years. She'd feel betrayed if she found out—I have to keep it a secret. But I'm afraid if I stay here, I'll end up wanting much more than she can give me.

I need to leave.

But, fuck—I don't want to leave! Dipping my head, I carefully press my face to her hair and breathe in her sweet scent. It's fucking addictive but what is it? Is there a trace of weed in it? I don't know but I do know I shouldn't be doing this—it only makes me want her more.

I fall asleep still arguing with myself but I know what I need to do is say goodbye before something bad happens.

Something Sunny will never forgive me or herself for.

SUNNY

I can't believe he jerked off to me!

I lay there, quietly in bed, watching as he did it. My eyelashes are really long so I can keep my eyes cracked just a little and you'd never know I was awake. But of course, it wasn't my face my big brother was looking at. It was my breasts...and between my legs.

I let him look—I admit it. I kept thinking of the books I read, about how ex-cons come out of prison with these deep, sexual needs because they haven't been with a woman in so long. I wanted to help him meet those needs—at least, indirectly. I mean, I wouldn't have let him touch me or anything, though I admit I couldn't help watching him back.

I've never seen a cock as big as his—none of the boys I dated in high school are anywhere near that huge. And as for my boyfriend, Charles, well...if you want to know the truth, he's a little on the small side. Not that I was comparing him to Kane or anything. I'm just saying...

Anyway, I know he's my brother, which makes me feel all kinds of guilty for letting him look at my body while he got himself off. But in another way, I feel like it's the right thing to do—helping him when he's so desperately starved for any kind of sexual release.

Besides, even though we've been corresponding for the past two years, he doesn't feel like my brother. He feels like a handsome, muscular stranger who came into my life just when I was wishing for a little something to perk me up.

I'll be honest, things have been rough lately. Parts of my house are broken and I don't

have the money to fix them. I suppose I could ask Charles for a loan—his Dad owns a car dealership over in Clariton, so he's got plenty of money. But I don't like doing that—Momma raised me to be independent and that's how I like to stay.

Besides, things with Charles haven't been great lately. He's been pushing me to set a date for the wedding—apparently his mom is bugging him for some grandbabies. But I'm just not ready to settle down and start popping out babies.

And he hasn't even asked me to marry him yet—I mean, not formally. I'm not saying “I do” until he gets down on one knee and offers me a ring. It doesn't have to be anything fancy like a four-carat diamond—I'm not greedy. But it has to be something he put some thought into and so far I haven't seen any indication that he's willing to do that.

I sigh and snuggle against Kane, pressing my back more firmly to his broad chest. When I first settled against him, he tried to move away from me—maybe thinking it wasn't right for us to be so close. But he's so big and warm, I just couldn't help myself.

I don't feel offended that he tried to scoot away—on the contrary, it makes me like him more. Despite his sexual starvation, he was trying to act like a gentleman—I appreciate that. It makes me feel safe with him. Thought to be honest, I was already feeling safe. If I hadn't been, I wouldn't have let him look at me or offered to share my bed with him in the first place.

Some people might think I'm crazy, trusting an ex-con, but those people haven't read Kane's letters. They're so deep and thoughtful and personal. I could feel his heart in every line. Even though it was nothing but words on paper, it was enough to let me really know him...and I know that he'd never hurt me. But where do we go from here? Well, to be honest, I'm not sure.

I don't want him to leave—that's the one thing I'm sure of. I think I can get Cookie to offer him a job and of course he can stay with me. I want to help him get back on his feet and reacclimate to the outside world.

But for now, I just want to be close to him. He smells so good and I feel so warm with his big body surrounding mine.

I might not have known my big brother for long, but I already love him. Not like that, though, I hasten to tell myself. I love him in the right way—the family way. Nothing else.

Secure in that knowledge, I finally drift off to sleep in his arms.

10

CONNOR

I wake up early—even earlier than Sunny—and get silently out of bed. I need to leave and let her get on with her life, even though the thought of never seeing her again makes me feel like my heart is being cut up by a sharp pair of scissors. Still, it's better this way.

I pull on my jeans and socks and work boots and I'm about to squeeze into the too-tight black t-shirt again when I hear Sunny say,

“Good morning, big brother. And where do you think you're going?”

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“Um...” I turn to see her staring at me in the darkness. She flips on the bedside light and both of us wince at the sudden brilliance, even though it's not really that bright.

“You wouldn't be slipping out on me, would you?” Sunny arches an eyebrow at me. “Because that wouldn't be very nice of you.”

I sigh and run a hand through my hair.

“Look, I just think maybe it would be better if I got going, you know?”

“No, I don't know,” she said tartly. “Just where are you going? Do you have a job lined up?”

Actually, I have a multinational corporation to run that I've been neglecting for far too long. But Kane doesn't have anything like that.

“No,” I admit, sticking to my “big brother” persona.

“And do you have anywhere to live?” she demands.

I have to say “no” again, since the Kane I made up for her is definitely homeless.

“I didn't think so,” she says. “So why not stay here with me until you can get on your feet?”

“Stay here?” I ask blankly.

“With me,” she repeats. “Look, our last dishwasher quit a week ago and Cookie is looking to find a new one. I know it’s not a very glamorous job but I thought it would let you save a little until you can get out on your own.”

After working in the prison kitchen—which included dishwashing duty—I swore I’d never do anything like that again. But if it lets me stay close to Sunny...

No, you can’t stay close to her! a guilty voice shouts in my head. You want more than she can give and you know it!

“I can’t, baby,” I say heavily. “I think maybe it’s just better if we go our own ways. I don’t think I’d be any good for you, hanging around here.”

I’m standing by the side of the bed and Sunny is still half reclined, leaning on one elbow and looking up at me. But when she hears my words, a determined look comes over her pretty face and she gets out of bed and comes over to me. She looks me right in the eye and asks,

“Does this have anything to do with what happened last night?”

I feel my stomach twist into a knot of guilt but I don’t let it show on my face. After years in prison, I’m good at concealing my emotions.

“What happened last night?” I repeat.

“You know when you, er, were stroking yourself.” Her cheeks get pink with embarrassment but she refuses to break eye-contact.

Inwardly, I groan. And then outwardly too, because I can’t fucking hold my poker face around her for some reason.

“Fuck—you saw that?”

“I was only half asleep,” she admits. “Look, Kane...” She puts one small hand on my bare chest. “I think I understand what’s going on.”

“You do?” I’m surprised that she doesn’t seem at all upset.

“Yes, I do.” She nods firmly. “You haven’t had any contact with a woman in over three years. It’s like that part of you is starved. I don’t blame you for looking at me while you, uh, gave yourself pleasure anymore than I would blame a starving man for taking some food from my kitchen.”

Her words so exactly echo my own thoughts from last night that I’m stunned into silence for a moment. At last I lay a hand over hers, which is still planted in the middle of my chest.

“And...you’re really not angry or upset with me?” I ask.

She shakes her head.

“No, of course not. I mean, we shouldn’t do anything else—you are my big brother after all. But I don’t mind letting you look, if...if you need to.” Her cheeks are pink again—actually almost red. She’s embarrassed to be saying this—embarrassed but excited. I can hear her heart pounding and her scent just suddenly got hotter.

“You’d let me look at you again?” My voice comes out hoarse with lust and my eyes stray down to her breasts, semi-visible beneath her white silk nightgown. Her nipples are tight—poking at the thin fabric.

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Sunny lifts her chin defiantly.

“Yes, I will.”

As if to prove she’s not joking, she pulls her nightgown over her head and drops it to the floor. She’s standing in front of me in nothing but those pink, lacy panties with her full curves on display and damn does she look fine!

“See?” Sunny demands. She puts her hands on her hips and her full breasts jiggle with the motion. Then nipples are even darker pink than I thought. I have a sudden dark urge to lean down and suck one into my mouth while I pinch the other until she squirms and gasps. But I can’t do that.

I clench my hands into fists at my sides to keep them from reaching for her.

“Baby... Sunny, you don’t have to do this.” My voice sounds slightly strangled.

“I’m just proving a point—I’m not mad at you for looking,” she retorts. “You haven’t seen a woman in a long time—you probably need to look.”

That’s not all I need to do. My cock is throbbing in my jeans again, a hard ridge pressing against the too-tight denim as I take her in. God, she’s fucking perfect, from her full, bare breasts down to her wide hips and ample, heart-shaped ass. She’s exactly the kind of woman I’ve always had a thing for—my “type” if you will.

I ought to say no. The smart, responsible thing to do is to leave Singing Rock and Sunny behind, go find a willing woman to fuck and try to get

my fake little sister out of my system.

But I can't do that. I know I can't as I stand there watching the emotions play across Sunny's face. Embarrassment...pride...determination. She wants me here and she's going to keep me, no matter what it takes. I remind myself that she'll feel like she's losing her big brother if I go. As far as she knows, I'm the only family she has.

"You're going to stay until you can get on your feet," she tells me, getting bossy in that cute way again. "You're my big brother—my home is your home. And if you need to look at me sometimes, well...that's okay. I promise I won't get upset."

"All right," I hear myself saying, against my better judgment. "I'll stay."

"You will?" Sunny's face breaks into a smile. "Yes!" She throws her arms around me spontaneously and I feel her warm, bare breasts and tight nipples press against my abs. "Oh, sorry!" She jumps back before I can decide if I should hug her back or not. "Forgot I was topless." She gives a self-deprecating giggle.

"You'd better get dressed," I tell her. "Or we're going to be late to the diner."

"You're right." She bends down to pick up her nightgown and presses it to her chest, which is a good thing—I was having a hard time looking at anything but her gorgeous tits.

"Thank you," I tell her and mean it. "I mean, for asking me to stay even after last night. For not being mad at me. You're right. It's like...like a hunger," I finish lamely.

Sunny nods.

"I understand." She looks up at me earnestly. "I just want to be here for you, big brother—I want to help you any way I can."

I'm touched by her concern. She's so sweet—so completely unselfish. I don't think I've ever met anyone with such a pure soul.

“Thank you, baby.” I cup her cheek and look down into her eyes for a long moment. Impulsively, I lean down and press a kiss to her forehead.

Sunny sighs and smiles up at me when I pull away.

“You're welcome. Now come on—let's get dressed! We need to get going.”

Then she crosses over to the dresser across from the bed and starts rummaging for clothes.

There's nothing for me to do but pull on my t-shirt, which I had almost forgotten. I can't believe I just agreed to live here with her. This is such a bad decision on my part. But somehow I can't leave her. I just fucking can't.

I guess I'm staying...at least for now.

11

SUNNY

My heart is pounding as I dig for my clothes, keeping my back to my big brother to conceal my burning face. I can't believe I hugged him half-naked! I just kind of went overboard, like I always do. I probably shouldn't have showed him my breasts either, but I wanted so much to let him know I wasn't mad at him! I had to prove it somehow. Anyway, I think he got the point.

I find my baking clothes—yoga pants and an oversized t-shirt along with a new pair of panties and a bra that matches. I'll change into my spare uniform at the diner later

on, when it's time to start serving.

I start to take the clothes into the bathroom to change. But then I realize that will look like I'm hiding myself from Kane, and I just told him he was free to look at me.

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So, cheeks still burning, I turn to face him. As nonchalantly as I can, I slip off undies and throw them in the hamper. Usually I would take a shower, but there's no time now so I just step into the fresh pair without trying to hide what I'm doing.

I can feel his eyes on me—those pale eyes that aren't quite gray and aren't quite blue. I can't help remembering how he looked without his shirt. He's so muscular all over—his muscles have muscles! Seriously, it's like hugging warm, solid steel when I'm in his arms.

I like his tattoos, too. He has one that's especially interesting on his left biceps. It's a wolf's head with the muzzle pointed up—maybe howling at the moon. It's clear it wasn't done in a regular tattoo parlor—some of the lines are rough and crude. But the tattooist had real talent—it's like a primitive work of art.

He also has a brand on his left wrist. My daddy had one like it, as I recall. I wonder if it means anything. Whenever I asked my dad about his, he always said, "That's for daddies to know and little girls to find out" and that was all the answer I ever got from him.

I think about asking Kane about his, but what if it's a scar from prison? I don't want to bring back bad memories.

At last, I'm all dressed and ready to go and so is he.

Time for work. I hope Kane likes it—I want him to have a reason to stay.

SUNNY

“You know,” he says, after I feed Miss Sassy and we head out the door towards The Pie Shop. “If I’m going to stay here, I need to get some new clothes. These are the only ones I have.” He nods down at himself.

“Oh, I can help you with that,” I say. “I mean, I don’t have a whole lot saved up right now and I try really hard not to live on my credit cards, but?—”

“Hey—no!” He gives me a horrified look. “I’m not saying I want you to buy me some clothes—I have some money saved up. In fact, I’m going to pay you rent while I’m staying with you.”

“You will not!” I say sharply, frowning up at him. “Kane Michael Black, you are not going to give me one dime! You’re family—I wouldn’t dream of charging you rent!”

He looks taken aback by my vehemence.

“Well...at least let me fix a few things around your house,” he offers at last. “I mean, you’ve got some warping around the front door and some of the windows. If you’d let me replace the wood there, it would be a lot less drafty inside.”

“Hmm, I like the sound of that.” I know that he worked in the prison’s wood shop for most of his time there. It’s an assignment that only the most trusted inmates can get because they have to handle power tools and sharp objects you could use to hurt somebody with. Kane told me in his letters that they accounted for every tool multiple times a day—just like they counted the inmates all the time, to make sure none of them had escaped.

We get to The Pie Shop and I let us in through the back entrance. Most people know we

don't open until seven, but if you turn on the front house lights, people will start showing up regardless of what the sign on the door says.

The kitchen is small, but neat as a pin. Cookie spent some time in the military and he's a stickler for keeping things clean. The Pie Shop has never once failed a health inspection—a fact that we're all really proud of. And when I say “we” I mean me and Cookie and my best friend, Annabelle, who's the other full-time waitress. We have a few other girls who pick up shifts occasionally and up until last week we had a dishwasher/busboy but he's gone now—he got a scholarship and moved away for college.

I wish I could afford to go to college full-time—I've said as much to Kane in my letters to him. He's always very encouraging, telling me he's sure I'm a great student. As a matter of fact, I am, but it's nice to hear that someone else besides me thinks it.

As soon as we get situated and wash our hands, I put on an apron. I put one on my big brother too.

“You sure about this?” He looks uncertainly down at the frilly pink apron. I have to admit, he looks funny—a big, muscular, hardened ex-con in an apron. But he has to wear it.

“Yes, I'm sure,” I say firmly. “You don't want to get flour all over yourself—you're going to help me make pies.”

He looks interested.

“Never made pie before. Most of the stuff I cooked in prison was freeze-dried and disgusting.”

I know all about the prison food—he wrote about it a lot. That's how I knew he needed

a good meal when he showed up yesterday. The poor man has been eating slop for the past three years! Well, that ends now. From now on, I'll be making sure he eats good food. But he's also going to have to learn to make it.

"I have faith in you," I tell him and go to the walk-in freezer to get out my prepared pie dough. I frown when I see there isn't much of it. I usually make a double batch but this time we used more of it than I thought. Probably because the Blueberry Bacon pie was a hit, so I kept on making more.

"Can I help with anything?" Kane asks when I come back with an armful of flat dough disks wrapped in plastic.

"Sure—you can help me make more dough—this isn't nearly enough," I tell him. "I need to drag that big container of flour over to the mixer," I say, pointing.

This is one of my least favorite parts of the job. Not that I mind making dough—I could do it in my sleep. But those huge drums of flour are heavy. And the metal mixing bowl of the industrial mixer is almost as big as I am—it can be really difficult to deal with. I can't lift it, of course. Usually I just scoop out the pie dough until I get it all out—a time-consuming chore.

But my big brother makes it look easy. He lifts the 55 gallon drum of flour like it weighs nothing at all and brings it over to the mixer.

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“Okay—how much?” he asks as he puts it down.

I tell him and then nod at the scoop on the wall.

“That’s the one you want—just start scooping it in while I get the butter ready.”

Really good pie dough can be made with lard or shortening or butter—to me, butter tastes the best. It costs more than using the shortening but the name of the diner is The Pie Shop so the pie has to be perfect. As Cookies says, we don’t skimp on ingredients.

I get the butter out of the freezer—we have these huge blocks of it—and start grating it into fine pieces. The secret to flaky, tender pie dough is to freeze the butter and use ice water. Everything has to be as cold as possible. You also don’t want to knead it too much and overwork the dough.

I explain all this to Kane as I dump the butter in and get the mixer started. Once the butter is incorporated into the flour, I start adding ice water from a huge pitcher I keep for this purpose.

“Wow—it’s really coming together,” he remarks, raising his voice to be heard over the sound of the mixer.

“Yup—and this is where we stop. We don’t want to overwork the dough.”

I turn off the mixer and the dough hook stops revolving. I unhook it and clean the excess dough off. Now comes the tiresome part—getting the dough out.

“Now what?” Kane asks, looking honestly interested.

“Now we need to get this dough out of the mixer and onto that table.” I point to the stainless steel worktable where I roll out the dough for all my pies.

“Okay.” To my surprise, he reaches down and unhooks the mixing bowl. Then he lifts it like it weighs next to nothing and asks, “Should I just pour it out onto the table then?”

I stare at him in surprise. I mean, I knew he was strong—he’s got all those muscles and he lifted me last night and carried me to bed like I weighed about as much as a feather pillow. Which is not the case, by the way. But this is really impressive—that metal bowl is heavy enough on its own, let alone filled to the brim with dough!

“Yes, the table,” I say faintly, watching as he carries the big mixing bowl over and pours out the doughy contents like it’s no big deal. His muscles bulge as he works and I try not to notice. “Great—thank you,” I say.

“Should I wash the bowl now?” he asks, raising his eyebrows. I like how good he is at offering to help. Lots of men won’t do that. Charles certainly won’t—he won’t lift a finger around the house because he says it’s “women’s work.” If I’m being honest, that’s one reason I’m not in a rush to marry him. It’s also the reason I haven’t asked him to move in with me, even though he’s been hinting he’d like to for some time now.

I show my big brother the sink and he gets to work on the bowl while I start sorting out the crust. I keep some for today’s pies and wrap the rest to put in the cooler for tomorrow. Then I start making the fillings.

Today I’m making three kinds of pies. Banana cream, since Cookie bought a load of bananas that need to be used up. Lemon meringue, since we also have a lot of lemons, and a new one I just made up called, “Do Me Dirty Pie.” It’s a variation on a whiskey butterscotch praline pie that uses Kahlua instead of whiskey and has chocolate instead

of butterscotch. It's going to be really good—I just know it.

Kane finishes cleaning the mixer and asks what else he can do. I'm still making fillings on the stove, so I ask him if he knows how to roll out pie crusts.

He shakes his head.

“No, but I can learn.”

“Here. I'll show you.”

I put the vanilla pudding for the banana cream pie to the back burner to cool and come over to the worktable. I take out a rolling pin, flour the surface, and begin rolling, talking as I do.

“Roll up and down twice, then rotate it and do it again. Keep it up until you have a perfect circle about ten inches across,” I tell him. “We have nine-inch pie plates, but we need some extra to crimp on the edges.”

Kane watches me do one more and then tries one himself. It's a little lopsided, but not bad. The next one he does is even better. By the third, I know I can leave him alone and go finish the fillings.

We keep going this way. With my big brother's help, it takes me a lot less time to get the pies done. I make the yeast rolls with dough that's been rising overnight and even have time to whip up a batch of honey buns—which happen to be Cookie's favorite.

If you're thinking I'm going to try and sweeten him up before I ask him if he'll give Kane a job, you're absolutely right. I don't care if that sounds manipulative—I finally have family back in my life and I'll be damned if I lose my brother again so soon!

Cookie comes in just as the honey buns come out of the oven, all fragrant and gooey. His eyes get wide as he sees the delicious treats...then narrow as he sees Kane standing there in his pink frilly apron.

“Well, well...what’s all this about?” he grumbles. “I thought your brother was leaving after you two caught up last night.”

“He’s not leaving—he’s decided to stay a while,” I say, rather breathlessly. “But he needs a job and I thought since Cedric left and you need a dishwasher maybe?—”

“Now hold on just a second. Hold on.” Cookie puts up a hand to stop me. He frowns up at Kane. “This true? You want a job?”

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“Yes, Sir,” Kane rumbles respectfully.

“I know you’re an ex-con,” Cookie tells him. “I won’t ask you what you went in for—that’s your business. I don’t tolerate any shenanigans around here, though.”

“I understand,” Kane nods.

“I can’t pay more than minimum wage,” Cookie warns. “And it’ll have to be under the table.”

“Works for me,” Kane nods again.

“You’d be washing dishes and bussing tables mostly,” Cookie says. “Do you mind that kind of work?”

Kane shakes his head.

“I worked in the prison kitchen for a year and a half. I know my way around an industrial dishwasher and I’m not too proud to buss tables.”

“What about a parole officer?” Cookie probes. “You have to report to anyone?”

Kane shakes his head.

“No, I was released free and clear. I did my time. Now I’m just trying to turn my life around.”

“He helped me make the pies this morning,” Ichime in, smiling at Cookie. “We got done so fast I had time to make your favorite—honey buns.”

I slide one of the warm, gooey pastries onto a plate for him and present it with a smile.

Cookie gives me a stern look.

“You wouldn’t be trying to butter me up now, would you, girl?”

“Maybe.” I give him my cutest grin. “Please, Cookie—Kane’s a good hard worker. I’ll vouch for him.”

“I wouldn’t hire him otherwise,” he says.

He takes a bite of the honey bun and his eyes roll up for a second. I know that look—pure ecstasy. I love it when people get that look after taking a bite of my food—it never gets old.

“All right,” Cookie says at last after swallowing and licking his fingers. “We’ll give it a one-week trial to start with. You do good, and we’ll keep it up. Are you going to be coming in with Sunny every morning?”

“Absolutely.” Kane nods.

“All right—I’ll pay you a dollar extra an hour then,” Cookie says, nodding. “I’m glad you’ll be with her—I don’t like the idea of her being here alone in the mornings but I’m getting too old to come in every morning myself.”

“You’re not too old—you’re ageless.” I drop a kiss on Cookie’s cheek and he gets red and waves me off.

“Go on, now. Better check those rolls in the oven—I can smell them so they must be almost done.”

I skip off to the oven, my heart light as a feather. My big brother can stay! He has a job and a reason to stick around. We can really get to know each other now, not just by letters but in person!

You mean the way you got to know him this morning? Showing him your breasts and hugging him while you were topless? whispers a guilty little voice in my head.

I push it to the side. I don't give a damn what I have to do to keep Kane here—I just know that I have my big brother back at last and I'm not going to lose him.

13

CONNOR

Things are slow at first so I have a minute to go to the men's room and make a call.

“Where might you be, Sir?” Branson inquires when he picks up. “Are you on your way? Should I schedule a meeting of the Board?”

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“Not quite yet, Branson. I need to stay here for a little while longer.”

“Stay where, Sir, if I may be so bold as to inquire?” he asks.

“Er...let’s just say it’s a small town in the Appalachian Mountains,” I tell him.

“And for how long will you be staying?” is his next question.

“I’m not quite sure,” I confess.

“May I ask what you’re doing there and if there is any way I can help, Sir?” he asks next.

I frown and bite the inside of my cheek. I can hardly tell him that instead of going home to run my multinational corporation, I just accepted a job washing dishes and bussing tables. All so I could be with a girl who I’ve fooled into thinking I’m her big brother. Branson is a great guy, but he’s also kind of uptight. He wouldn’t understand.

“It’s just...unfinished business,” I say at last. “It has to do with the guy who was my cellmate.”

“Ah, I see,” he says in a tone that indicates he doesn’t see at all. “Nothing too dangerous, I hope?” he adds anxiously.

“Not dangerous at all,” I assure him. “I’m perfectly safe, this business is just taking a little longer than I thought to wrap up. I know you’ve been watching over things for three long years, but can you keep it up just a little while longer?”

Branson doesn't hesitate.

"Of course, Sir. You can rely on me."

"Good man. I know I can. You know I'm grateful, Branson."

"Just doing my job, Sir." But this voice is warm. "Please be safe and keep me informed so I can have things ready when you finally come home."

"I will," I promise. "I have to go now but I'll try to touch base every other day or so."

"Very well, Sir. Farewell for now, then."

Branson hangs up and so do I. It's time to get into my new job—one I never thought I'd be doing and probably would have turned my nose up at in my past life. But prison taught me something—I'm not too good for manual labor and even the lowest job is worth doing well.

It humbled me, but in a good way. I was kind of an entitled shit before—born with a silver spoon in my mouth and all that. It's amazing how being forced to live in a bare-bones cell and eat slop three meals a day will bring you down to Earth and let you know you're not any better than anyone else.

The first half of the day goes smoothly. The breakfast crowd comes in and The Pie Shop is hopping. Singing Rock might be small, but it turns out people come from miles around to eat here.

Cookie makes excellent diner food—I can attest to that—but most of the people come in for Sunny's pies. I'm surprised at how many of them order a slice for breakfast and they're eager to know what the special of the day is. Which is her "Do Me Dirty Pie"—a kind of chocolate Kahlu apraline pie that's fucking delicious.

The regulars all know Sunny as “the pie lady” and they give her compliments that make her blush and smile. I can’t help watching her as I buss the empty tables. Her happiness is so pure it’s infectious. Often a customer will walk in with a frown on their face but the minute they start interacting with Sunny, they start to smile. It’s like her good mood is catching in the best way.

I know I certainly catch it—I find myself smiling even as I spray off the dirty dishes and run them through the washer. I’m thinking of going shopping with her later on that day and then spending time with her alone. Not that I expect anything to happen—it absolutely won’t, I tell myself sternly. But I love the idea of just being with her and hearing her bubbly laugh and looking into her gorgeous amber eyes.

It seems like my first day of work at The Pie Shop is going to go just perfect...until everything goes to shit.

14

SUNNY

Annabelle comes in around noon and Kane and I take a break and eat a quick lunch that Cookie made us. Chef’s salad with plenty of ranch dressing for me—(he knows it’s my favorite and he’s returning the favor for the honey buns)—and Salisbury steak with mashed potatoes, green beans, and a yeast roll for Kane.

We sit at the tiny table at the very back of the restaurant—the one that has a permanent, “reserved for Staff” sign on it. No matter how busy we get, Cookie keeps that one free for his people. He doesn’t believe in letting us get run off our feet. That’s one reason Annabelle and I have stayed with him so long. He’s grumpy and crusty on the outside, but inside he’s a big softy.

Speaking of Annabelle, her eyes get wide when she sees my brother.

“Pleased to meet you—Sunny’s told me so much about you,” she says, holding out her hand.

Kane shakes and smiles politely.

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“The same. You were one of her favorite people to write about.”

“Oh...I was?” Annabelle touches a hand to her blonde hair, done up in a French Twist in the back. She’s my best friend but she’s also kind of a flirt. In fact, I had been thinking that maybe she and Kanem might hit it off and go out together.

The idea doesn’t seem to appeal to Kanethough. He’s nice and polite but there’s no spark in his pale eyes when he looks at my friend, even though Annabelle is really pretty and way thinner than I am.

Then, just an hour after noon when the lunch rush is starting to slack a little, Charles comes in.

He’s in a brand-new candy-apple red Corvette this time—I see him through the window. His father lets him take whatever car he wants from the lot out for a test drive anytime he feels like it. I thought that was fun when we first started dating, but to be honest, it’s getting kind of old now. I’ve never exactly been a car person—all I care is that a vehicle gets me from point A to point B and it has AC in the summer and heat in the winter. But Charles isn’t like that—he always has to have the flashiest car.

He comes in, swaggering a little, looking around to see who saw him driving past the diner’s front window in the sleek Corvette. He’s dressed in golf slacks and a polo shirt—he must be hitting the links over in Claritona little later.

Charles doesn’t really do regular work—he acts as a salesman for his dad sometimes but mostly he has enough free time to do what he wants. It must be a nice life—I have to admit I’m a little jealous. Of course, I love my job, but if I had as much time

as I wanted, I'd be spending it going to college to earn a business degree so I can open my own bakery some day. That's my big dream and I haven't told it to anyone but Kane.

My big brother was supportive of the idea—which I appreciate. I'm afraid that if I tell anyone else, they'll think I'm just having “pie in the sky” dreams—literally in this case, since I specifically want to open a pie and pastry bakery.

Anyway, I give Charles a peck on the cheek and get him seated at table three. I want to introduce him to Kane—I haven't even told him that my big brother is in town yet. But Kane's in the back washing dishes and I figure I can bring him out later. For right now, I ask my boyfriend what he wants for lunch.

“Something light, babe. Gotta watch it, you know?” He pats his stomach, which is fairly flat. As I said, he looks nice naked. But after seeing Kane without his shirt?—

No, I can't think like that. Kane's my big brother. I put a pin in it and suggest the Chef's salad.

“I had it for lunch and it was great,” I tell Charles.

He frowns.

“I hope you left off the cheese and used the diet dressing, babe. You're getting kind of chunky, you know?”

I bite back an annoyed retort. If I get mad at him, he'll just claim he was kidding. Or he might say he was trying to watch out for my health. But just because I'm curvy doesn't mean I'm not healthy! I'm on my feet all day baking and waitressing so it's not like I don't get any exercise. Besides, I've tried dieting—it doesn't seem to do me any good. I'm just miserable for no reason since the scales never budge. I think I'd rather be curvy and happy.

But I don't say any of this to Charles—it wouldn't do any good. Instead I ask him again if he wants the salad and he shakes his head.

“Just bring me a BLT with fries on the side,” he orders.

“Got it.” Not exactly the lightest thing we have on the menu, but not the worst either. I turn to go but Charles grabs my hand and pulls me back to the table.

“Wait—I was meaning to ask you, how about I come over tonight? We haven't had any fun for a while, if you know what I mean.”

He wiggles his eyebrows at me expressively and I suppress a sigh. Yeah, I know what he means—he wants to come over to my house so we can have sex. Only sex with Charles isn't much fun at all—at least not for me.

To be fair to my boyfriend, sex with any guy isn't much fun for me—it never has been. It's not like I was hurt or attacked when I was a child or anything like that, though. It just doesn't feel right. My body won't get excited, no matter who I'm with.

I thought for a while that I was a lesbian, but nope—I'm not attracted to girls either. So I guess I'm just one of those asexuals who doesn't like sex. I mean, I can tolerate it—which is mostly what I do when I'm with Charles—but I never really enjoy it.

He doesn't seem to notice, though. He thinks he's doing everything right and I don't have the heart to let him know that his kisses leave me cold and I'm just laying there counting the cracks in the ceiling when he's going to town in the missionary position.

So I'm not sorry at all to tell him “no” about tonight.

“Sorry, but my brother's in town,” I tell him. “I'm taking him shopping for some new clothes after work so I'm afraid I can't have you over tonight.”

“Your brother?” His eyebrows shoot up. “Babe—you mean the one that’s been in prison all this time?”

I wish I hadn’t told him that part of Kane’s story but it’s too late to take it back now.

“Yes, he’s getting his life turned around,” I say and smile. “Look, let me go put in your order or you’ll never get to eat.”

I hurry towards the kitchen window but before I can get there, the bell above the door jingles and a group of three rough-looking men come in. They’re wearing work clothes that are grimy and covered in dust—possibly they work on a road crew somewhere or maybe they’re in construction. The three of them swagger in and look around.

“Hey,” one of them says to me. “You serve anything decent in this joint, sweet thing?”

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He seems like the kind of guy who would have those stupid “truck nuts” hanging off the hitch of his pickup but I’m never rude to customers.

“We certainly do,” I say brightly. “Can I get you seated? You can look over the menu and see for yourself.”

“Yeah, okay.” He shrugs and they follow me to table two, right across from Charles.

I get them seated and hand out the menus, promising to come back with ice water in a minute.

“Nah—we don’t want water!” one of them says. “Don’t you have any beer around here?”

“I’m afraid we don’t have a liquor license,” I tell him. “Though we do have kind of a boozy pie on the menu today—it’s made with Kahlua. We call it the ‘Do Me Dirty Pie’.” I add.

“Hmmm, I wouldn’t mind doing you dirty, sweet thing,” the first man says, giving me the eye. “I love a chick with a fat ass!”

I cast a quick look at Charles to see if he’s going to say anything but he’s got his head down, studying his fingernails as though there’s something fascinating about them. Fine, so I’m on my own.

“I don’t appreciate personal remarks,” I say tartly. “Please keep a civil tongue in your head. I’ll be back shortly with your water.”

“I told you, we don’t want no fucking water!” the first man snaps, glaring at me. “What I want is a piece of that fat ass—which is a compliment, girly!”

Before I can say anything about how I don’t appreciate “compliments” like that, he reaches out and grabs my ass in one grimy hand, no doubt leaving a mark on my powder blue uniform. Not that it’s my uniform I’m most concerned with at the moment.

“Hey!” I gasp and jump away from him. “That’s sit—out!” I point at the front door.

By this time the restaurant has fallen silent. It’s so quiet I can hear the sports radio that Cookie keeps on in the kitchen while he cooks. Everyone is staring at me and the rude men. Well, everyone but Charles, who’s still studying his fingernails like they hold some mysterious secret he needs to decipher.

“Out?” The man’s lip curls in an arrogant sneer. “I don’t think so, sweetheart—you haven’t even served us yet.”

“And I’m not going to!” I snap. “I don’t serve people who lay hands on me. Get out now!”

“Who’s going to make me?” he demands.

Cookie must have heard the altercation, because he comes out from the kitchen, his cook’s whites flapping.

“Hey, what’s going on here?” he demands, frowning.

“This man grabbed my butt,” I tell him, pointing at the ringleader. “So I told him to leave.”

“That’s a mouthy little bitch you got waiting tables here, grandpa,” the man drawls at Cookie, clearly not worried in the least. “You need to fire her, talking to paying

customers like that.”

“You’re no customer of mine if you’re laying hands on my staff,” Cookiesnaps. “Getout of here—we don’t need ‘customers’ like you.”

The man and his friends just sit there.

“I don’t think so,” he says. “Wecame in here for lunch and we’re not leaving hungry—this is the only place to eat for miles.”

“You should have thought of that before you harassed my waitress,” Cookiesays. “Nowget out or shouldIcall the cops?”

The man laughs.

“Call the cops?Right—like you have a police department in a little shit-stain of a town like this!We’re not going anywhere until we get some lunchandan apology.Yourgirl there was pretty rude to us.”

Now we have a stand-off andI’mnot sure what to do.Thethree men just sit there, glaring atCookiewho is glaring right back.He’sa good boss, backing me up like this, but he’s also in his late sixties.There’sno way he could win in a fight against the rude, grimy ringleader—let alone all three of them.

“You gonna serve us old man?” the ringleader demands. “OramIgonna start fucking shit up around here?”

“How about a third option—you and your friends get thefuckout of here.”

I look over and see thatKanehas appeared and is striding towards us.Heshoots me a look.

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“Sorry, baby—I was out back, taking out the trash. But it looks like we have more trash up here that needs taking out.”

The three men take a look at him and their faces change from arrogance to unease. I can't say that I blame them. Kane looks huge, looming over their table.

He has taken off the apron he had on earlier and the black t-shirt he's wearing is soaked—probably from washing dishes—and clinging to his muscular torso like a second skin. The sleeves are high enough that you can see his tattoos. His big body is coiled with tension and his hands are curled into fists at his sides. He looks like a man who's spoiling for a fight.

“Hey, man,” the ringleader says uneasily. “We just came in for lunch—that's all.”

Kane looks at me.

“What did they do?”

“Talked nasty and grabbed my ass,” I tell him. “Look.” I nod at my uniform where, sure enough, there's a grimy gray handprint on the powder blue skirt, right over my left butt cheek.

“What?” Kane's face gets as dark as a thundercloud. “Which one of them laid hands on you, baby? He's going to fucking die.”

Now it's my turn to be uneasy. What will happen if he gets in a fight and the authorities are called? Nothing good, I'm sure.

“No, Kane—please,” I beg him softly. “You don’t want to go back to prison!”

“Prison?” The man who grabbed me now looks genuinely afraid.

“That’s right, asshole—prison,” Kane growls, leaning over him. “And I don’t mind going back if it means I get to fuck up the bastard who grabbed my baby sister’s ass!”

The man’s face has turned as gray as his grimy work clothes and he holds up both hands in a “don’t shoot,” gesture.

“Look, man, I sincerely apologize,” he says in a wavering voice. “I didn’t have any idea she was your sister.”

“But if I wasn’t around to protect her, then it was just fine for you to grab her?” Kane demands. “Is that what you’re saying?”

“No! No, I didn’t mean it like that!” the man protests. “Hey, just let us go—we’re leaving, all right?”

“You’re goddamned right you’re leaving, asshole!”

Kane grabs him by the collar of his dirty shirt and hauls him to his feet. He starts dragging the man towards the front door. The guy stammers and begs for his life the whole time and then Kane pushes him out and gives him a boot to the ass. With a muffled scream, the guy falls down the front porch steps and onto the sidewalk.

As soon as he’s done with the man who grabbed me, Kane turns to the other two men who are sitting silent at their table. Both of them look scared to death.

“Did either of you touch my baby sister?” Kane demands, his voice a harsh, almost inhuman growl of rage.

“No, man—no, we swear!” They hold up their hands in protest.

“Gary’s just an asshole,” one of them says. “I told him before he shouldn’t fuck around like he does but he won’t listen!”

Kane looks at me for confirmation.

“Did either of these two touch you, baby?”

I shake my head.

“No—just the jerk you already threw out.”

“All right.” Kane nods at them. “Then you can go. But don’t ever fucking come back here again! And tell your friend he’d better learn some manners or someone’s going to fuck his shit up permanently.”

The other two men hurry out the door, apologizing as they go and keeping a wary eye on Kane who’s standing there at the door like the biggest, scariest bouncer you ever saw.

They help the guy who grabbed me up—whose name is “Gary” I guess. He’s still lying on the sidewalk moaning that he fell wrong. Possibly he twisted an ankle because they have to grab him under the arms and drag him, half-hobbling, towards the parking lot.

“Shut your whining—your big mouth almost got us all killed!” one of them snaps.

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And then they turn the corner and I can't hear them anymore.

Kane closes the door firmly and comes back to me and Cookie, who's been standing there, watching the whole altercation with wide eyes.

"Thank you for handling that," he says to my brother. "They were right—we don't have any police around here for miles. It might have gotten ugly."

"I wouldn't have minded." Kane still looks like a simmering pot just about to boil over. His jaw is tense as he looks down at me. "You all right, baby? Are you sure you don't want me to go fuck them up. Because I'll do it. I'll be happy to do it."

The intensity in his pale eyes scares me a little. But I'm not afraid of him—I know my brother would never hurt me. I'm afraid for the three men he just kicked out of the diner. And I'm afraid of what might happen to Kane if he takes revenge for me. I don't want him getting sent back to prison.

"It's all right—I'm fine," I say quickly. "They were just jerks, that's all."

"Fucking assholes is what they were," Kane growls. He puts an arm around my shoulders. "Nobody fucks with my baby sister."

I feel a rush of raw emotion so intense I can hardly say what it is. I haven't felt so protected and safe since my Daddy died. I can tell that Kane would be willing to fight or die for me and it's a powerful feeling.

"Thank you, big brother." I say and press myself against him for a

hug. Which unfortunately, gets the front of my uniform wet.

“Uh, sorry. Got you wet,” Kane remarks when I pull away. “I was washing the dishes—the spray back there is fierce.”

“It’s okay—it’ll dry,” I assure him. “Oh, while you’re out here, I have someone I want you to meet.”

I take his arm and pull him over to table two, where Charles is still sitting, looking kind of sheepish.

“Who’s this?” Kane asks, looking down at him.

“Kane, this is Charles, my boyfriend,” I tell him. “And Charles, this is Kane—my big brother.”

Kane frowns and I can almost hear his thoughts. He’s wondering why my boyfriend sat by and let me get harassed without saying or doing anything. However, he doesn’t say anything about it. He just holds out a hand to Charles.

“Good to meet you. I’ve heard a lot about you from Sunny’s letters,” he rumbles.

Charles shakes reluctantly, I think. He clears his throat.

“Likewise. She told me she was writing to you in prison. I just had no idea you were about to be released.”

“Yeah well—here I am.” Kane spreads his arms. “But right now, I’d better get back to the kitchen,” he says. He looks at me. “You’re sure you’re all right, baby?”

“I’m okay,” I assure him, though to be honest, I still feel kind of shaken

up. If Kane hadn't stepped in, we might have had a really nasty altercation on our hands and it wasn't like Charles was going to do anything about it.

Though to be fair to my boyfriend, he's only about 5'9 and those three road crew workers would have eaten him for lunch if he'd tried anything. Still, he could have at least spoken up for me, I think, feeling resentful.

"Okay well—good to meet you, man," Kane says to Charles. He heads back to the kitchen and the other customers go back to eating. Show's over, folks—we can all relax.

"Well!" I take a deep breath and straighten my shoulders. "I guess now I should finally put in your order," I say to Charles.

But my boyfriend scowls at me as though he's angry for some reason.

"Forget it," he says shortly. "I lost my appetite."

"What? Why?" I ask, but he doesn't bother to answer. He rises abruptly from his table and pushes past me towards the door. "Charles?" I call after him, but he's already gone, slamming the door behind him and making the little bell tinkle wildly, as though to announce his departure.

"Well, it looks like somebody's got a bug up his butt," Annabelle murmurs, coming up to stand beside me. I'm not sure where she was during the altercation with the workers—in the corner, maybe, keeping out of the action. Not that I blame her.

"Yeah, I don't know what his problem is," I remark, frowning.

"He's probably mad that your big brother had the guts to come rescue you when he was too scared to do it," she remarks, giving a disdainful sniff. "I always said

you were too good for him.”

“Now Annie, don’t be mean!” I say, frowning at her. But inside, I can’t help secretly agreeing with her. Even if he thought he might get his ass handed to him, Charles should have said something to defend me!

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“Well, I guess we better get back to it,” Annabelle says. “But you let your brother know I thought what he did was amazing. Not to mention freaking hot.” She fans herself with one hand and I laugh and nudge her with my elbow. But I have to admit, she’s right. Kane was so masterful just now and yes, I guess that is hot. Or it would be if he wasn’t my big brother.

Anyway, it’s time to get back to work. I push the confusing feelings I have away and go check on my tables. I’m sure everything is going to be just fine.

15

CONNOR

“Ugh, I’m beat!” Sunny sighs as we walk into her house. “It’s good to be home.”

I have to agree with her. After a full day of work, the two of us went out shopping. She helped me pick out clothes she liked on me, sending me into the dressing room multiple times to try things on.

I’m not much of a shopper usually, but I humored her because I loved the look on her face when she found something she really liked on me. Plus, it feels good to have new clothes, even if they’re cheap ones from a discount store.

I didn’t buy a whole lot—it’s hard to find my size outside of a big and tall men’s store and they don’t have anything like that in Singing Rock. But I have enough that I won’t have to wear the same thing two days in a row, so that’s good.

I also bought a pair of long pajama bottoms to sleep in but no tops—I'm always too hot unless I sleep shirtless.

"I need a shower and I'm sure you want one too," Sunny says to me. "Why don't you take the first one and I'll make us some movie snacks? Then I'll grab a shower while you find us something to watch."

We've been together all day, but I don't mind spending more time with her. In fact, I love it. She's so much fun to be around—her smile lights up the room wherever she goes and she gets so excited about little things. Like when we finally found a pair of jeans that fit me right and she gave me a big hug.

It makes me think of how she'd hugged me that morning, after she showed me her breasts and told me she wasn't mad at me for looking. I think the feeling of her full, soft breasts pressing against my abs is burned into my brain forever.

I try not to wonder if there might be anything else like that on the menu for tonight. We already had dinner—fast food while we were out shopping. But I find I'm hungry for something else now.

Something that my "baby sister" cannot provide, I remind myself sternly as I head into the bathroom. Sunny still thinks I'm her big brother—there can't be anything between us.

I take a quick shower and pull on my new sleep trousers. They're made of soft gray cotton that feels good against my skin. I'm not wearing my boxer-briefs (I got a whole new pack of them) because I generally don't sleep in my underwear. I just hope that Sunny doesn't start cuddling up to me tonight—I'm afraid having a hard-on in these sleep pants would be a lot more obvious even than the tight jeans I had on last night.

I brush my teeth, (I bought a toothbrush and toothpaste and shampoo and soap too,) and go out to the living room.

Sunny has her back to me, doing something to the couch cushions.

“I’m out,” I say. “Shower’s all yours.”

“Oh good! I’ll just—” She turns as she’s talking and her words cut off abruptly. Her eyes go wide as she looks me up and down.

“What?” I look down at myself. I’m bare-chested and wearing just the gray sleep trousers. My hair is still wet and there’s water beading on my shoulders and chest. “Is there a problem?” I ask her.

“Uh, no. No problem at all.” She smiles a little too brightly. “I’ll just run in and take a shower myself. “Um, I hope you like popcorn—I’m making some in the microwave,” she adds.

“Popcorn’s fine with me.” I shrug, still wondering what’s wrong with her. It’s like she can’t stop looking at me. Seriously, is there something on my chest? I look down at myself again but I still don’t see anything.

“Okay, well I’d better jump in the shower.” Sunny hurries past me, leaving me to wonder if she’s really all right.

Well, I guess she’ll figure it out, whatever it is. I settle on the couch and pick up the remote. I’m down for any kind of movie but another werewolf flick.

I start flipping channels and in the background, I hear the shower cut on. I try really, really hard not to picture her naked in there with the water running down her lush, curvy body. I can just imagine it beading on her tight pink nipples and sliding

down to the soft cleft of her pussy...

Stop it, Connor! I scold myself. You can't think of her like that—she's supposed to be your sister!

But I can't seem to help it—the mental images keep coming back. Now I'm picturing myself in the shower with her, kneeling down to tongue her pussy open as she moans and clutches my shoulders for balance...

Damn it, now I'm hard again! I should have jerked off in the shower but I didn't need to at that moment. Now I'm wishing I had taken the edge off before agreeing to another movie night with my “baby sis.”

I concentrate hard on the TV, looking for anything good to take my mind off my lust for Sunny. I've just settled on another monster movie—but this one is about vampires or maybe zombies—when Sunny comes out of the bathroom.

My jaw drops and I try but fail not to stare. Her long black hair is damp and curling around her shoulders. She's wearing a tiny little nightgown made of silky, light pink fabric. Somehow it seems to be even more see-through than the gown she had on last night. I can clearly see her full breasts and tight nipples swaying as she walks. I'm not sure she's wearing panties under the gown either—I swear I can see the outline of her soft little pussy slit and her neatly trimmed mound of curls above it.

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“Everything okay, big brother?” Her voice is slightly breathless as she comes to sit beside me.

“Uh...yeah.Sorry.” I drag my eyes away. “I, uh, found us this to watch,” I say stupidly, nodding at the TV screen. Damn it, why does she have to be so fucking gorgeous?

“Did you? What’s it about?” she asks casually.

“Vampires. Or zombies, I think,” I say. I’m making myself stare at the screen but I’m not seeing anything on it. Instead my attention is on my peripheral vision—I can see Sunny from the corner of my eye. She’s sitting there, relaxed against the couch with her tight nipples pressing against the thin material of her night gown...

“Kane? Big brother?” She touches me lightly on the arm and I nearly jump.

“Uh, yeah?” I say, still making myself stare at the screen.

“You can look at me if you want to,” she says, which makes me turn my head at last.

“What?”

“I mean...what we talked about this morning. About you being, you know, hungry.” She sits up and thrusts out her breasts a little more. God, her nipples are so tight!

“You mean you dressed like that on purpose?” I ask, my throat going dry. “For me?”

“For you,” she assures me. “I don’t want you to feel bad—look as much as you want. I don’t mind.”

“God, baby... I shouldn’t,” I groan but now that I have her permission, I can’t seem to stop looking. She’s such a gorgeous, curvy little package sitting there on the couch beside me. My hands itch to palm her tits but I curl them into fists and keep them at my sides instead.

“Let’s just relax,” Sunny suggests. “And watch the movie.” She shivers. “Do you mind if we cuddle like last night? I’m cold.”

I ought to say no—I’m sure I should. Instead, I open my arms for her and say,

“Come here, baby.”

Sunny cuddles up against me, her full, braless tits pressed to my side as I put my arm around her. We watch the movie in silence for a few minutes, but I don’t think either of us is seeing any of it. I can smell her scent—she’s hot. This is turning her on as much as it’s turning me on. My cock aches and there’s an embarrassing tent in the stretchy cotton fabric of my new sleep trousers.

“I think Charles is angry with me,” she says, apropos of nothing.

“Who?” It takes me a minute to remember the name. “Oh—your boyfriend, right? Why?”

“I dunno.” She shrugs, which makes her tits move against my side. God, she’s killing me here! “Well no, I do know,” she goes on. “He’s mad because he wanted to come over and have sex tonight and I told him no because you’re here.”

“He did?” My arm tightens around her shoulders and I feel a possessive growl rise in

my throat at the idea of that cowardly little weasel fucking Sunny. I don't want to even imagine his hands on her, let alone his dick inside her!

Mine, whispers a primal voice in my head—the voice of my Wolf. Mine, she ought to be mine!

“Yeah.” She sighs. “Only, I don't enjoy sex with him much,” she says in a low voice, as though admitting a shameful secret. “It just doesn't feel right—you know? I mean, I don't even like kissing him.”

“Maybe he just doesn't know how to kiss you right, baby,” I murmur, looking down at her.

“Maybe.” She looks up at me and her eyes are on my mouth. “Could you...would you...No, never mind.” She looks away.

“Could I what?” I ask her softly.

“Well, the thing is, I've never enjoyed kissing anyone,” Sunny admits breathlessly. “And I thought maybe...maybe I'm doing it wrong. If you could just teach me...But I know that's a weird thing to ask. I mean, you are my big brother.”

“No, no—it's okay,” I say quickly. “I can teach you if you want.”

“Would you?” She looks up at me from under those gorgeous long lashes of hers. God, she's so tempting!

“Yeah, baby—if you want,” I say. “Though I might be a little rusty—I haven't kissed anyone in over three years.”

“That's okay,” Sunny breathes. “I don't mind.”

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And she leans towards me, her mouth tilted up and her soft lips just inches from my own.

I shouldn't do this...but I can't fucking stop myself.

16

SUNNY

I can't believe I'm doing this—it's wrong, so wrong. I mean, isn't it? Kane is my big brother, I shouldn't be asking him for kissing lessons. And I also shouldn't be sitting here beside him in the naughty new nightgown I bought while he was looking for clothes. I bought a few more things too—things I don't dare to wear around him, though I wish I could.

But the thing is, even though I know this is wrong, it feels so right. For some reason I feel drawn to Kane in a way I've never felt drawn to any other man. And being near him makes me feel things—things I've never felt before, not even with Charles.

My heart is racing and my nipples are tight. Between my legs my pussy is so wet it's embarrassing. It's never gotten wet like this for Charles, not even when he tried kissing me there. Not that he kept it up for very long—he explained that it's “just not his thing.” But Kane hasn't even touched me—well, other than putting an arm around my shoulders—and yet my body just feels ready in a way it never has before.

Not that we're going to do anything but kiss, I remind myself. And then our lips meet and I feel like fireworks are going off inside me.

Kane's mouth is hot but gentle, though I can feel the urgency in his big body. He's tense—he needs this. He probably has lots of pent-up sexual frustration and I'm more than willing to help him relieve it.

After a moment I feel the tip of his tongue tracing the seam of my lips. With a little moan I open for him, inviting him in.

He groans softly and cups the back of my head in his big hand, drawing me even closer. His tongue explores my mouth—he tastes like cinnamon toothpaste and something else...something wild.

Then he withdraws, panting.

“It's like that, baby,” he growls softly, looking into my eyes. “Did it feel good? Better than with Charles?”

“A lot better,” I admit. “You're really good kisser.”

“Mmm, you are too.” He kisses me again and this time his darting tongue seems to invite me to explore him the way he explored me. Experimentally, I slip my tongue in his mouth and he sucks on it gently, making a shiver go down my spine. Oh God, I've never enjoyed kissing until this minute but now it seems like I can't get enough!

At last I pull back, panting. I feel like my whole body is on fire and even though I know it's wrong, I want more. More than just kissing, I mean.

I think Kane wants more too. In fact, I can tell he does—there's a really big tent in his gray sleep pants and there's even a little wet spot forming at the tip—he must be leaking precum. The thought makes me excited for some reason.

“We should stop, baby,” he growls hoarsely, his eyes sweeping over me. “You’re too fucking gorgeous. Kissing you makes me want to do...other things.”

I know what things he’s talking about. I want them too, but I can’t have them because, as I remind myself firmly again, he’s my big brother. But why do I feel so drawn to him? He just doesn’t feel like a brother—or family at all.

“Are you feeling...hungry again?” I ask hesitantly.

Kane’s pale eyes are half-lidded as he looks me up and down.

“Fucking ravenous, baby,” he growls.

“Do you want to...to touch yourself while you look at me?” I offer breathlessly.

“Or maybe...do you want me to touch you?”

My hand hovers over the hard ridge in his sleep trousers. I know I shouldn’t but really, would it be so bad? I’d just be giving him a hand job. That’s not a big deal, right?

Kane’s pale eyes are burning with hunger.

“You sure you’d feel okay with that, baby?” he growls softly. “Touching me, I mean?”

“Yes, I’m sure.” I try not to sound too eager. I can’t forget how big he looked when I watched him touch himself last night but then I could only see the shadow of what he was doing because it was so dark in the room. I want to see him in person—up close with the lights on.

“Then go ahead.” Kane spreads his arms, offering himself. “Touch me however you want.”

I don't even hesitate. I peel down the front of his gray sleep trousers and my eyes go wide when I see my prize. He's huge. So big that when I finally take his shaft in my hand, my fingers won't wrap all the way around it.

Kane draws in a hissing breath as I handle him and I freeze.

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“Everything okay? Did I do it wrong?” I ask anxiously.

“No, baby—you’re doing it so damn right,” he assures me. “Don’t stop—love the feel of your soft little hands on me.”

Encouraged by his response, I take a firmer grip and begin to stroke him up and down. He groans and shifts his hips, spreading his thighs wider as he thrusts into my hand. His cock feels like warm, velvety steel in my palm but I want to see more of it—I want to see all of it.

Impatiently, I push the gray sleep trousers down until Kane lifts himself obligingly so they fall down to around his ankles. I start stroking the entire length of him now and let me tell you, there’s a lot to stroke. I wonder how he ever fits this monster inside a girl to have sex at all.

And then I see something strange...down near the base of his cock is a kind of swelling that’s considerably thicker than the rest of his shaft.

“Er...what’s this?” I ask, running my fingers over it.

“God!” He bucks his hips again, clearly loving my touch. “That...that’s my knot, baby,” he says and his voice is a deep, hungry growl.

“Your what?” I frown.

“It has to do with my pack—er, I mean, it’s something I inherited from my father,” he explains. “It’s part of me—a sign of my people. Like this.” He shows me the brand on

his wrist—the one I wanted to ask about earlier. “See, my father was in a kind of, uh, club,” he explains. “A club with people that all have the same genetic markers. And I inherited them from him.”

“Oh. My dad had a brand like that, too,” I say, pointing at his wrist.

“He did?” His eyebrows shoot up.

“Uh-huh.” I nod. “But I don’t think I inherited any kind of, uh, genetic markers from him. Nothing like your knot, at least.” I stroke it again, using my nails to tickle it and Kane groans aloud. “Tell me more about it—what does it do?”

“It swells inside a woman’s pussy when I’m fucking her,” he growls. “It ties us together and helps me breed her—makes it more likely she’ll get pregnant when I shoot my cum deep inside her.”

Oh God, why did I imagine him doing that to me when he said it? Why do his words, spoken in that low, growling voice, make me feel so hot? I try to make myself sound normal.

“Really?” I look at the knot uncertainly—it seems like it’s gotten bigger since I started stroking it. I can’t imagine having it in my pussy. Of course, I shouldn’t be imagining having any part of my big brother’s cock in my pussy, but my mind won’t stop showing me pictures—really naughty ones. I try to push them away and concentrate on stroking him.

Kane groans again.

“God, you’re driving me fucking crazy baby!”

“You like it when I touch you like this?” I ask him. “Do you like to watch me do it?”

“I love to watch your tits when you’re stroking me,” he growls hoarsely. “Love the way they jiggle. Fucking hot!”

Impulsively, I shrug my shoulders and let the spaghetti straps of my gown slither down my arms. The pale pink gown falls low, baring my breasts and my tight nipples which are aching with need.

“God, baby—so fucking beautiful!” Kane growls. “Can I touch them?”

“If...if you want to.” I lean even closer, thrusting my breasts out as I continue to stroke him up and down with one hand.

Kane palms one of my breasts and squeezes lightly. Then he cups it and begins to run the pad of his thumb around and around the tight tip of my nipple.

Sparks of pleasure shoot through me. A guilty little voice in my head is shouting that I shouldn’t be doing this. I shouldn’t be letting my big brother caress my breasts while I jerk him off.

But it feels too good to stop. Kane’s spicy scent seems to invade my senses as I lean towards him, urging me on. I wonder if I smell as good to him as he does to me. I stroke him faster—I can’t lie, I want to make him come. I want to see him lose it and know that I’m the reason why.

Meanwhile the way he’s teasing my nipple is driving me crazy. His big hand is so warm and he’s pinching me now, tugging lightly and sending sparks of sensation straight down to my pussy, which is so wet I’m afraid I might leave a spot on the couch.

I feel Kane go rigid in my hand—his cock gets even bigger and harder, if that’s possible. And then he starts to cum.

My eyes get wide—I've never seen anything like this. I mean, I've seen Charles come before, when I didn't feel like having sex and jerked him off instead. But he only pumped out one or two weak spurts and he was done.

With Kane, it's different. His thick cock jerks in my hand and rope after rope of creamy white cum shoots from the tip, painting his hard abs and belly.

He's not quiet when he comes either.

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“Oh fuck, baby!” he groans, thrusting his shaft into my hand. “God, your soft little hand feels so fucking good! You’re making me come so fucking hard!”

I’ve never been with a man who’s vocal when he comes but I find that I like it—I like it a lot. It’s so hot that he lets me know how much he likes what I’m doing to him. Also, I can’t believe he’s still coming. I never knew a guy who made so much cum in my life!

At last Kane relaxes back against the couch with a satisfied groan and his shaft gets a little less hard in my hand, though it doesn’t go completely soft.

“God, baby—you don’t know how much I needed that,” he tells me. “I haven’t had a woman’s hands on me in so fucking long.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” I say, smiling. I liked it too, to be honest. It made me feel powerful to bring such a big, strong man to his knees, so to speak.

“Well...” Kane looks down at himself and makes a face. “Looks like I made a fucking mess.”

“Hang on—I’ll get something to clean you up,” I tell him.

I hop off the couch and run to the bathroom to get a wet washrag. But as I’m reaching for one from the stack in the linen cupboard, I noticed that some of Kane’s cum got on the back of my hand. Not surprising since there was so much of it.

Impulsively, I bring my hand to my mouth and lick it. I don’t know what makes me do

it—I just want to taste him for some reason.

To my surprise, it tastes really good. Salty but sweet—a little spicy too, like cinnamon candy. How strange. I lick some more until my hand is clean. I know it's a weird thing to do, but it seems like I can't stop myself.

I look in the mirror and see a girl with flushed cheeks and her gown falling down to show her breasts. What am I doing?

I pull up the straps of my gown, hiding my breasts again—well, covering them anyway, there's no hiding behind the thin, see-through fabric. If I'm honest, that's why I bought it. Then I get on with business.

I run the water until it's warm and get the washcloth good and wet before I wring it out. Then I carry it into the living room, where Kane is still sitting on the couch, his flat belly painted with his cream.

For just a split second, I have the urge to forget the washcloth and clean him with my tongue. I know that's wrong—I shouldn't want to do that with my big brother—shouldn't crave the taste of his cream. But I can't seem to help it—I want him.

I push the wanting aside and kneel beside him on the couch and start cleaning him up.

“Hey, it's all right, baby—I can do that,” he objects.

“No, let me,” I insist in my bossiest voice. “I'm the one who made you make this mess—I should be the one to clean it up.”

“Well...all right.” He subsides, watching as I wipe his belly and shaft. To be honest, I really just want an excuse to handle him some more, but as I do, I can feel him getting hard all over again. Wow—he really has some stamina! Charles is usually only

good for once a night, which I don't mind because I don't like sex with him anyway. But I really liked what I did with Kane just now. Does that make me wrong or sick?

I push those thoughts away—the part of my mind where I put things I don't want to think about is getting really crowded tonight—and finish wiping him. Then, impulsively, I lean down and kiss the broad crown of his cock.

Well, I said “kiss” but what I really mean is suck—I suck the head briefly into my mouth, swiping my tongue over it and tasting one more droplet of his cinnamon candy cream before sitting up to look at him.

“There—all clean,” I say, as though what I just did was no big deal.

Kane's looking at me with half-lidded eyes and I can't help noticing that his cock is now fully hard all over again. I wait, my heart pounding, for him to ask me why I kissed him there. But he only nods at me.

“Thank you, baby—that felt fucking amazing,” he growls softly.

“I...I'm glad you liked it.” I feel suddenly shy, even though I was so bold earlier. “Did it help your, uh, hunger?”

“It took the edge off,” Kane says.

“I'm glad,” I say and really mean it. “I know how hard it must have been for you, never having anyone to touch you or make you feel good for so long,” I tell him. “I want you to know, I don't mind helping you. You know, when you get ‘hungry’ again.”

“What about you?” He raises an eyebrow at me.

“What about me?Whatdo you mean?”Isay, frowning.

Kane gives me a knowing look—it feels like he can see right inside me.

“Doyouever get ‘hungry,’ baby?” he rumbles.

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“Oh, I...” I can feel my cheeks getting hot. My nipples—especially the one he was touching and teasing—feel tight and my pussy juice has made my inner thighs all wet. But it’s hard to admit all that to him—it feels like crossing a line somehow.

And jerking him off wasn’t crossing a line? demands a guilty little voice in my head. But I ignore it.

“It’s okay, you don’t have to answer if you’re shy,” Kane rumbles. He reaches out a hand and cups my hot cheek. “I just want you to know, it’s all right to have needs, baby. Women get ‘hungry’ the same way men do.”

“I don’t,” I say softly. “Or, well... I never have before.”

He frowns.

“What do you mean?”

“Just that... being with guys doesn’t turn me on. I mean, I’m not a lesbian or anything,” I explain quickly. “Honestly, I don’t know what I am. I just know that sex has never done anything for me before. But now...”

“Now?” he echoes softly.

I drop my eyes, too embarrassed to go on. Too shy to let him know that what we did just now turned me on more than anything I’ve ever done with any other guy I’ve ever been with. That’s crazy, right? I mean, he’s my brother. Why would being with him turn me on even though no other guy has ever pushed my buttons? Do I have some kind of

weird fetish or something?

It's just that he doesn't feel like my brother—not at all. He feels like something more—something important. But what? I don't have any answers.

“Never mind. It's late and we have to get up early tomorrow. Let's get to bed, okay?” Isay.

“Sure.” He shrugs, his broad shoulders rolling. Then he sits up and pulls up his sleep trousers. There's a tent in them again, but I try not to notice. “Er...do you want me to sleep out here tonight?” Kane asks, nodding at the couch.

“No!” Isay, before I even think about it. “Uh, that is...it wouldn't be good for your back,” Isay quickly. “It's really lumpy. I think it's better if you sleep with me again in the bed. If...” I look up at him shyly. “If you want to.”

“Of course I want to, baby,” he rumbles. Reaching out, he strokes a strand of hair out of my face and pushes it behind my ear. “I always want to be close to you,” he tells me.

“I want that too,” I whisper, dropping my eyes as my cheeks get hot again. What's wrong with me? I'm so bold one minute and so shy the next. I don't know why I can't just be normal. But somehow being close to Kane makes my heart pound and my knees feel weak.

“Come on, baby.” Kane stands up and holds out a hand to me. I take it and he pulls me off the couch. “Let's go to bed,” he says.

“Okay.” I nod and notice that he hasn't let go of my hand. He entwines our fingers and tugs me gently, leading me to the bedroom.

I'm still not quite sure what just happened between us and if I feel guilty about it or

not. To be honest, I'm confused and my body is still aching for a release. But I try to ignore it—I've been bad enough already tonight. I tell myself that I need to get control and go back to normal.

And I'm determined to do exactly that.

17

CONNOR

I can't believe she did that—can't believe she jerked me off. But even more than her soft hands stroking my shaft, I keep coming back to that one moment after she cleaned me up. When she leaned down and sucked the head of my cock. I can still feel her soft lips wrapped around me in a brief but thorough kiss. I can still feel her wet tongue brushing over me, as if she was curious to taste my seed.

Stop it, I tell myself. You know you need to stop. She's already done more than she's probably comfortable with. Don't forget, she thinks you're her brother!

Still, I can't forget how she let her gown down, or the feel of her breast—soft and warm and heavy in my hand. I know she was as turned on as I was—I could smell her scent, which got hotter and hotter as she stroked me and I teased her nipple.

I think about how she said her father had a brand like mine—my brand is the mark of my pack. I got it when I was just a kid. Not all packs brand their members, but ours did. Of course, I got kicked out just before I was sent away to prison—that's one thing that makes me a Rogue Alpha—no pack affiliation. But the brand is permanent.

Does the fact that her father had a brand mean Sunny has Wereblood running through her veins? Her scent is getting stronger—especially when she's hot—but I still can't quite be sure. One thing is certain, she's never been through a Heat Cycle before. Not if

she's never gotten turned on by sex.

For a female Were, their Heat Cycle is a monthly thing. They come into heat once a month and need to be bred. But it sounds to me like that has never happened to Sunny. So maybe I'm wrong. Because if she did have Were blood and she hasn't had a cycle yet, well, that would mean she's probably a dud—a female with no Were instincts like the need to be bred. Or else some kind of Repressed Omega, but those are so rare they're just legend. So that can't be it.

Maybe she's just one of those women who can't get turned on unless they're with a man they trust and know really well—a demi-sexual. I listened to a podcast series about it once.

Though Sunny and I have only known each other in person for a few days, there's no doubt that we're close. We poured our hearts out to each other in our letters. So it would make sense for her to feel closer to me than to that cowardly little asshole of a boyfriend.

Just thinking of Charles makes me clench my jaw. I bet he never takes the time to give her pleasure—to really turn her on. He's probably all about getting his rocks off and doesn't give a damn if she comes or not. No wonder she doesn't enjoy sex with him!

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I wish I could make her come. How many nights in prison did I dream of having a warm, willing woman in my bed? Of touching her just the right way to make her moan...

That's part of being a Were, I think—wanting to give your woman pleasure. Of course, you meet some assholes who don't give a damn about anyone but themselves, but most Were males I know are all about making their woman come.

Then I push the thought aside and remind myself yet again that Sunny thinks I'm her brother. I really have to stop pushing the envelope here. I don't want her to feel guilty or bad about letting me stay with her. I only want good things for her. So I'm going to go straight to sleep and keep my hands to myself.

That's what I tell myself as I climb into bed beside her and I swear I mean it—really I do.

18

SUNNY

Kane is quiet as we get into bed. I get the feeling that he's thinking hard about something—maybe about what we just did together. Does she think I'm bad or disgusting now? God, I hope not!

I shoot a look at him before I turn off the light but I still can't guess what's going on in his head. I wish I could.

I settle down on the right side of the bed and try to get comfortable and go to sleep. But I can't—even with the quilt, I'm cold. It's my own fault—this thin little

nightgown I bought is way too flimsy to keep me from getting chilled to the bone. I wrap my arms around myself and draw my knees up to my chin but I can't stop shivering, no matter how hard I try to get warm.

"Baby?" Kane's deep voice rumbles in the darkness.

"Mmm-hmm?" I have to turn my head to look at him—I'm lying on my side, facing away from him and he's lying on his back.

"Are you okay?" He reaches out a hand and it lands on my arm. "Hey—you're shaking!" He sounds really worried about me. "What's wrong?"

"I'm just c-c-cold," I say. "It's all right—I mean, I'll be f-f-fine."

"No, you won't—not if you keep shivering like that. Come here." And he wraps an arm around me and pulls me close.

I think about protesting that I'm fine, but the truth is I'm not. And the minute I come in contact with his big, hard body I breathe a sigh of relief. He's so warm.

"Mmm, you're as hot as a furnace." I turn to face him and snuggle close to his side. I don't even care that my nightgown has ridden up so that my bare breasts are pressed against the side of his chest. I do try to keep my hips back, though. I'm afraid if I rub against him down below he'll feel how wet my pussy still is and that would be so embarrassing.

"I'm a furnace, huh? Well, you're a little icicle," he growls and pulls me even closer.

I wince in embarrassment as I feel my pussy pressing right against the bare skin of his side, just above the waistband of his trousers. Can he tell how wet I am?

If he can, he doesn't say anything. He just rubs his big hands up and down my back and pulls me closer so that my head is resting on his broad chest.

"Mmm, baby—you feel so good in my arms," he murmurs, which sends a flash of heat right through me.

"It...it feels good to me too," I admit breathlessly. Recklessly, I throw my right leg over his hip. Yes, it brings me into even closer contact with him, but I tell myself I don't care.

"That's right—get comfortable. You're getting warmer now?" he asks.

"Yes, thank you." I nuzzle against him, pressing my face to the side of his throat and breathing in his spicy fragrance. "What's that cologne you wear? It smells so good."

"Don't wear cologne," Kane rumbles. "Never have."

"Oh...I guess it's just the way your skin smells, then." I inhale again. "Mmm, it's really nice."

"Thanks, baby. I like your scent too." He presses his face to my hair and inhales. "Mmm, so sweet."

"Thank you," I say, wishing I could get even closer. I'm rubbing against his hipbone now—I can feel it against my pussy. He's so big and hard all over—I swear I can feel my outer lips parting as I wiggle and squirm against him.

"Whoa, baby—settle down. You're all over the place!" He gives my bare ass a smack and I gasp and go still but my clit is still throbbing.

"Sorry," I whisper against his neck. "I'm just...restless, that's all."

“You’re ‘hungry,’” Kane corrects me. “You got me off but you didn’t help yourself.”

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“Help myself?” I ask, feeling my cheeks getting hot. “You mean I didn’t, uh...”

“You didn’t pet your soft little pussy—didn’t make yourself come,” he growls softly in my ear. “Isn’t that what you need, baby? Don’t you need to come?”

“I...I shouldn’t.” I can feel my cheeks getting hotter and hotter.

“Why not?” Kane asks reasonably. “Do you feel guilty when you touch yourself? Because you shouldn’t—it’s natural to want to pet your soft little pussy sometimes.”

God, his words, spoken in that deep, rumbling voice, makes me so hot.

“I’m...I don’t need that,” I protest even though I do—I really, really do.

“Yes, you do,” Kane counters. His voice drops in the darkness. “I can feel how wet and hot you are, baby. Your little pussy needs to be touched. She needs to come. If you’re embarrassed to do it yourself, do you want me to do it for you?”

“You...you’d do that? I mean, you want to...”

“To pet your soft little pussy until you come for me,” he growls. “Yes, baby—I want that very fucking much. But only if you want to let me do it,” he adds.

“But...wouldn’t it be wrong?” I ask, nibbling my lower lip. “I mean, you’re my brother. I shouldn’t let you...you know, touch me there.”

“You let me touch your breasts,” he reminds me. “When I was hungry to touch someone, you gave yourself to me.”

His words make me think. Have I been selfish, barely letting him touch me? After all, how could one hand job erase three long years of unbearably lonely confinement without a single person to love him or touch him?

“Are...are you hungry now?” I ask softly. “Do you need...do you want to touch me again, big brother?”

“Only if you want me to,” he repeats. “But yes, baby—I’m fucking hungry. Hungry for your soft little body—hungry to make you come.”

“Then do it.” I scoot away from him a little and lay on my back. My nightgown is still pushed up, baring my breasts and pussy. I feel so naked...so vulnerable. And yet so hot.

Still, there have to be limits. When Kane leans over and takes one of my nipples into his mouth, I moan and push at his head.

“No,” I said breathlessly. “No, Kane—hand stuff is okay. But mouth stuff, well, that’s going too far.”

He sucks hard for a minute longer, making me squirm, then slowly, he lets my aching nipple slip from between his lips.

“No mouth stuff—got it,” he growls. “But I can touch you any way I want to?”

“Any way you want,” I breathe and spread my thighs a little wider. “Go ahead, Kane. I don’t mind helping you when you’re hungry. If you need to pet me—to touch my breasts and my pussy—I’ll let you.”

“Mmm, you’re so sweet, baby,” he growls and his big, warm hand runs all over my bare breasts. I moan as he palms each for a moment before tugging my nipples. God, why does it feel so good to let him touch me when I never wanted to be touched by any other man?

I have no answers and before I know it, Kane’s hand is sliding down my trembling belly to cup my pussy.

“Is this okay, baby?” he rumbles in my ear. “Can I touch you like this?”

Actually, I wish he’d touch me more. He’s just cupping me right now but I’m aching inside—so wet and needy but I’m embarrassed to admit it.

“Yes,” I whisper and roll my hips, pressing my pussy deeper into his hand. “You can touch me like that, Kane.”

“What about like this?” Suddenly two long fingers are parting my pussy lips, opening me down there, making me gasp. “Can I spread your soft little pussy open and touch you like this?” Kane murmurs, looking into my eyes. “Can I stroke your sweet clit, baby?”

As he speaks, one long finger begins circling the aching button of my clit. I give a little cry and my hips buck on their own. Oh God, it feels so good!

“Yes, Kane!” I moan. “You...you can touch me there too.”

“No, I want to hear you say it,” he tells me. “Say, ‘yes, you can stroke my clit.’”

“Yes, you can...can stroke my clit,” I moan. Oh God, why is he making me say this? But it makes me even hotter to hear the dirty words coming out of my mouth.

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“What about this?” Kane asks and his teasing fingers dip lower to circle the mouth of my pussy. “Can I put my fingers deep inside you, baby? Can I fingerfuck your soft little cunt?”

“Yes! Oh God, Kane—yes!” I’m moaning steadily now—I can barely get the words out.

“Say it,” he demands again. “Say what you want me to do, baby!”

“I want you to...to put them inside me,” I moan. “To put your fingers deep inside my pussy and fuck me with them. Fuck me, Kane!”

His growl is low and savage as he thrusts two thick fingers to the hilt inside me. I cry out and arch my back as I spread my thighs even wider, opening myself for him completely.

“Good girl,” he growls in my ears. “Such a good girl to spread your thighs and let me fuck your soft little pussy!”

He’s thrusting inside me but then he starts doing something else—something different. I feel him rubbing some inner spot—a spot I didn’t know I had. At the same time, the pad of his thumb starts rubbing my aching clit again. Suddenly my pleasure jumps to a whole new level—I can feel the sensations building inside me and I know I’m going to come.

“Oh...oh, Kane!” I moan as my hips start rocking to his rhythm. “Oh that feels so good! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

I don't know why I'm so vocal—I barely make a peep when I'm with Charles. But I never feel much of anything with him. With Kane, it's different. It's like he has somehow woken my body up—like I was asleep my whole life before I met him and now I'm coming awake and alive.

“That's right, baby—work for it,” he urges me. “Fuck yourself on my fingers. Good girl—you're so close.”

I am close and suddenly, I'm there—the pleasure washes over me and I'm coming. Coming harder than I can ever remember coming in my life.

Usually my orgasms—when I have them—are meek, timid little things. I barely feel them at all—just a gentle crest of pleasure, like a soft wave lapping at the shore. But this... this is a tidal wave. I feel it rush through my entire body, sending sparks of pure light through every bit of me. It feels so good I can barely breathe, but somehow I want more.

“Kiss me!” I demand breathlessly and tug at his hair. “Kiss me while you make me come!”

Kane lets out a low growl of pure pleasure and covers my mouth with his own. Our tongues meet and my hips buck as the intense pleasure goes on and on, washing over and through me until I can barely think anymore.

I don't know how long it lasts, but finally I break the kiss and collapse back against the bed, panting.

“Ohhhh...” I moan softly. “Oh God, that was amazing.”

“It was fucking amazing for me too, baby.” Kane kisses me on the cheek. “Your soft little body is so responsive.”

“It...it never has been before,” I admit, panting. “I mean, I’ve never had an orgasm like that in my life! It was like my body was asleep and you woke it up.”

“Mmm, I’m glad to hear it,” he rumbles. “Does your soft little pussy feel better now?” As he speaks, he moves his fingers inside me, making me twitch my hips and moan.

“Yes. Much better,” I admit.

“Good girl.” He draws his fingers out of my pussy and then—to my surprise—sucks them into his mouth.

I watch, wide-eyed, as he sucks every last bit of my juices off his fingers, holding my eyes with his own as he does so.

“Just like I thought,” he growls, his eyes going half-lidded in the moonlight coming from the window. “Fucking delicious.”

I nibble my lower lip.

“I tasted some of your, uh, cream too,” I admit. “I really liked the flavor of it.”

“You mean when you sucked the head of my cock?” he rumbles and I can feel my cheeks getting hot.

“Yes,” I say softly. “I, uh, don’t know why I did that. I know I probably shouldn’t have,”

“It’s okay,” Kane assures me. “But maybe we should stop before we go any further. It’s getting late and we have to get up early to make the pies.”

“True.” I sigh and roll over on my side, trying not to picture sucking his cock

again—but taking more of it this time, not just the head. Why do I want to taste his cream again so badly? What's wrong with me?

“Come here, baby—let me spoon you.” Kane draws me close to him and loops a muscular arm around me.

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I can feel the hard ridge of his cock against my bare ass and I can't help thinking that if he just pulled down his sleep pants—just enough to let that long, thick shaft slip free—and then pressed it forward, right between my pussy lips... I wonder if I could take him? He's so long and thick but I'm really wet right now...

But no—I have to stop thinking like that! Even though he doesn't feel like family, Kane is my big brother—we really shouldn't have done what we just did. It was wrong.

I had to help him out though, I argue with myself. He's been in prison for three years—he has needs. He gets hungry.

I try not to think about how hungry I got for him or the way I opened myself and begged him to fuck me. I try not to remember the way he growled, “Good girl,” in my ear while I moaned and came for him—came harder than I ever had my whole life. I won't do that again, I promise myself.

Because no matter how good and how right it feels, I know deep down that it's wrong.

19

CONNOR

I can't believe she let me touch her like that... that she let me make her come.

I know I need to sleep, but I keep replaying it over in my head. The way Sunny opened herself for me... the way her soft, curvy body responded as I touched her. I've never

been with such a responsive woman before—not even during breeding on a Full Moon night. It was like her body was made for mine—made to respond just to me.

I've never felt like this for any woman. I cradle her close to my chest, savoring the scent of her hair and skin, loving the way she feels against me. I fucking never want to let her go. It's like she's a drug and I'm already addicted.

Be careful, Connor, whispers a little voice in my head. You're getting into dangerous territory here. If you don't watch it, you're going to fall in love with her. Then what the fuck will you do?

It's a good question. It's not like I can stay here forever. I have responsibilities back home—people who count on me. Branson has held everything together for three long years but it's not fair to ask him to keep doing it. At some point, I have to go home and leave Sunny behind.

But even the thought of that—the thought of leaving her—makes my heart clench like I'm having a fucking heart attack.

Mine! howls the voice of my Wolf. My mate—MINE!

No, Sunny can't be my Fated Mate—it's impossible, I tell myself. I'm a Rogue Alpha—we don't get to have mates like other males. We don't form bonds—it's one reason no pack wants us for long. I didn't just get kicked out of my home pack for the crime I committed—they also didn't want one of my kind around.

I tell myself I need to leave. I can't stay here. The longer I stay, the closer Sunny and I get and the more it's going to hurt when I eventually have to leave her.

But not yet—I can't leave her yet. I'll stay just a few more days, I tell myself. Just a little while longer before I go.

Thinking that and holding her soft, small body close to mine, I finally drift off to sleep.

20

SUNNY

I wake up feeling surprisingly refreshed, despite the fact that we were up late the night before. When I remember what we were up late doing, I can feel my cheeks getting hot. But surprisingly, I don't feel too guilty. I mean, not nearly as much as you'd think after what Kane and I did together.

I was just helping him out, I tell myself. He has a lot of needs—a lot of pent-up sexual frustration. What kind of little sister would I be if I didn't help my big brother with his hunger?

I feel better after thinking that because well, I like to be helpful. And Kane is important to me. I can't think of anything I wouldn't do for him.

What if he has other needs, though? whispers a little voice in my head. What if he needs to fuck you? What then, Sunny?

I push the voice aside but not before an image pops into my mind—it's Kane kneeling over me with his cock in one hand, fitting it to the mouth of my pussy as I spread my thighs for him.

"Do you need to put it in me?" I hear myself asking him. "Because if you really need to, I'll open for you... I'll let you fuck me if you need to, Kane."

"God, baby—I haven't been with a woman for so fucking long," he growls. "And your little pussy is so wet... so tight..."

“Go on...put it in me,”Iurge him.“Fillme with your cock,Kane.Idon’t mind.”

“Good girl,”he growls and begins pressing into me.Weboth watch as his big cock slides deeper and deeper into my soft, unprotected pussy, filling me up.

I feel my inner walls stretching as he feeds that thick shaft deep into my tight, wet channel and we both moan as he bottoms out inside me and his knot begins to swell, tying us together.

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I know then that he's going to do more than fuck me...he's going to breed me and spurt his cream deep inside me. He might even get me pregnant, but I don't care—I just want to be open for him, want to help him with his hunger and if he needs to breed me to be satisfied, well then, I'm willing to let him. Willing to let him pound into me, filling my pussy over and over with his cock and his cream. Willing to?—

“...need to get going,” Kane says and I realize that I was lost in my dirty fantasy and haven't been paying attention to anything else.

“Oh, right. You're right,” I say, my cheeks getting hot.

I was so lost in my vivid mental image that I got distracted and put my shirt on inside out and backwards. I don't notice it until Kane points it out and then I have to switch it around quickly.

“You ready to go?” he asks me. He's already dressed.

“Uh yes—just let me feed Miss Sassy,” I tell him.

I give her some food and then we head out the door. As soon as we're outside, Kane grabs my hand and entwines our fingers, like he did last night. We walk to The Pie Shop hand-in-hand looking more like lovers than brother and sister.

And to be honest, it feels more like we're lovers too. No matter how hard I try, Kane just doesn't feel like family. That doesn't mean I don't want him with me though—if anything, it makes me want him even more.

What's happening to me?

I don't know, but I can't help liking it.

The morning goes swiftly making lots of pies. I find myself craving cinnamon, so I make an apple pie with some Red Hot cinnamon candies I have left over from Valentine's Day and call it "Red Hot Lovin' Pie." It comes out perfectly and fills the kitchen with the scent of cinnamon and spice—just what I'm craving.

Kane laughs when I tell him the name of the new pie flavor and—because no one else is in the diner yet—he pulls me close and kisses me. Just once—a sweet, lingering kiss on the mouth that makes my heart pound. Then he lets me go and gets back to rolling out the dough.

I feel wonderful—light and floaty and extra happy. My whole body feels good—maybe from the extra intense orgasm I had last night. The only problem is my breasts—for some reason they feel extra tender and my nipples are really sensitive. Which is weird—Kane played with them some last night but he wasn't really rough or anything. So why are they so tender today?

Regardless, I can mostly ignore it, so I do and just go back to making pies.

Things are great until a little after noon when Charles comes in again. I get him seated at a table and ask what he wants to eat.

"Look, Sunny, I'm not really here for food." He keeps his voice low and his face is so tense it looks like a crumpled ball of paper.

"You're not? Then why are you here?" I ask. I had thought that maybe he would apologize for storming out the day before, but that's clearly not what's on his mind.

He leans forward, still keeping his voice low.

“Sunny, I don’t think you’re safe.”

“Huh?” I frown at him. “What are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about that big brother of yours!” he hisses. “I don’t like the way he looks at you—or the way he calls you ‘baby.’ It’s not right.”

I’m immediately on the defensive.

“It’s a nickname—short for ‘baby sister’ which is how I signed all my letters to him,” I inform Charles. “There’s nothing wrong with that!”

“Sunny, just think about it—he’s an ex-con! He could have been in prison for murder for all you know!”

“No he wasn’t—it was drug charges,” I counter. “Besides, he served his time—he deserves to get another chance at life.”

“But not in your house, sleeping under your roof!” Charles insists. “I’m telling you, it’s not safe—he could snap at any minute!”

“That’s ridiculous,” I say, putting a hand on my hip. “Kane would never hurt me. He’s my big brother and as long as he needs a place to stay, he has one with me!”

“One what?” Kane’s deep voice interrupts us as he comes up to join the conversation.

“Uh, nothing. Nothing at all.” Charles goes pale at once and leans back, away from me.

“Is everything okay?” Kane asks, frowning at me.

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“Fine,” I assure him. “Charles was just trying to decide between the tuna salad and the veggie burger.” I smile at my boyfriend maliciously. The only thing he hates worse than vegetarian food is tuna in any form.

“I’d say the tuna salad,” Kane remarks. “Cookie gave me a bite of it—fucking delicious.”

“No, I... I really can’t stay.” Charles rises quickly and pushes in his chair. “I just came to say ‘hey’ to Sunny but I have some business back at the dealership.”

“Oh, the dealership?” Kane frowns and snaps his fingers. “That’s right—Sunny told me your dad owned a car dealership and he lets you play with the cars whenever you want.”

“I do not ‘play’ with the cars,” Charles says stiffly. “I’m one of the top-selling salesmen! People buy our cars because they see me driving around in them and decide they want one.”

“That’s a nice way to think about it,” Kane says, nodding. “So really, everywhere you go, you’re just doing ‘marketing’ for your dad. Even if you’re not really doing anything but showing off.”

Charles’s face goes dark.

“It’s not like that. I have to go.” He nods at me. “Goodbye, Sunny. Think about what I said.”

“What exactly did he say?” Kane asks after Charles leaves with a tinkling of the bell.

I sigh.

“He’s got this weird idea that I’m not safe with you because...” I trail off.

“Because I was in prison?” Kane raises his eyebrows.

“Well, yes. But he’s a jerk—I told him that as long as you need a place, you have one with me,” I tell him.

Kane cups my cheek in one big hand...then appears to remember we’re in public.

“Better get back to work now,” he rumbles. “I think table three wants their check.”

I go to give it to them, but I’m still fuming. I can’t believe Charles was trying to get me to kick my own brother out of my house!

But I can’t help thinking about him saying he doesn’t like the way Kane looks at me and calls me “baby.” There does seem to be something growing between the two of us—is it really that obvious to other people? If so, we’d better tone it down. Of course if Charles really knew what was going on between me and my brother, he’d probably be horrified. Probably the whole town would be.

But I don’t care about them—any of them. And I don’t feel guilty for “cheating” on my boyfriend either. Because I’m not really cheating—I’m just helping Kane with his hunger. I’m helping him get used to life outside of prison. It’s better for him to get his sexual needs met with me than some skanky prostitute that might have all the diseases—right?

That’s what I tell myself anyway and I don’t feel bad at all.

I go on about my day, but by the time we clock out, something weird is going on with me. My nipples are strangely tender—almost painful. Kane asks if I want to go anywhere but I shake my head and tell him I need to get home. I need to get a moment of privacy to look at my breasts and see what's happening there.

Because on top of my nipples being tender, my boobs look bigger too. I mean, I might be imagining it but the top of my waitressing uniform feels tight and I swear I've never filled it out so well before. My bra straps feel like they're cutting into my shoulders—I need to get out of here.

So we go home.

We ate at the diner so we just take showers—I let Kane have the first one again while I go into my bedroom to examine myself in the mirror. Besides being tender, my nipples are darker than usual and sure enough my boobs do look a little bigger. What's going on with me?

My boobs aren't the only thing bothering me, though. My pussy feels wet and swollen between my thighs. And I feel...restless somehow. Hungry. Yes, that's it. It's like my body was asleep for years but now it's awake and I suddenly have a sexual appetite that needs to be satiated, just like Kane after his long stay in prison.

In the shower, I try touching myself, but I only manage to irritate my sensitive clit. I wish now that I hadn't been asexual for so long because maybe I would have bought myself a vibrator. I wish I had one to use now! Annabelle has one she named "George" and she giggles about it all the time.

Still, I don't need to be thinking about myself. It's Kane who was in prison for three long years and right now he's probably hungry again. The thought makes my stomach flutter with anticipation and I feel a fleeting bit of guilt. Should I be helping my brother satiate his hunger like this? But the emotion is easy to push away and I do exactly that

as I put on yet another cute little nighttime outfit I bought.

This one is completely see-through and it's red. It's a tiny little teddy that only falls to my hips and opens in the middle. It has a tie between my breasts, which is the only thing keeping it closed. The silky, sheer material feels nice against my tender tips.

Down below, the teddy had panties to match. They're also see-through and red with a tie in the middle, right above the slit of my pussy. If someone was to untie them, they'd fall open, revealing me completely.

Not that I expect that to happen, I tell myself as I step out of the bathroom and go to find Kane. I'll just let him look this time while he touches himself. After all, it's not like we have to go further and further every time...right?

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CONNOR

My jaw nearly drops when I see what Sunny has on tonight. The sheer red fabric of her tiny outfit doesn't hide a thing and that little bow in the middle of her breasts looks ready to give way at any minute. But maybe that's because... am I imagining things or are her breasts getting bigger?

Damn it, if they are, she really might be a Repressed Omega—a phenomenon so rare most Weresthink it's just a legend.

A Repressed Omega is a Werebitch who doesn't show any signs of having a Wereheritage until years after her first Heat Cycle should have started. Usually that happens because she's finally exposed to an Alpha's pheromones—often the scent of her Fated Mate will bring out her true nature.

But I can't be Sunny's Fated Mate—I'm a Rogue Alpha. And she can't really be a Repressed Omega—can she?

There's one way to be sure if she is or not. From what I've heard, a Repressed Omega's breasts will slowly begin filling with nectar in the days that lead up to her first Heat Cycle. Also, her pussy will start to make slick—a kind of thick, sweet, slippery honey that helps her open for an Alpha's knot.

So to be clear, the only way to be sure if Sunny is a Repressed Alpha is to taste and touch her—I need to suck on her nipples to see if I can catch a taste of sweet nectar and spread her pussy to check for slick.

But I promised myself I wouldn't go too far with her—I don't want to make her feel guilty. After all, she still thinks I'm her big brother and what big brother asks if he can suck his little sister's nipples or slide his tongue or his cock into her pussy?

Still, by the way she's dressed, she doesn't seem like she minds at least letting me look at her. That see-through little nighty she has on is hot and it shows everything she has. The panties that match it clearly show her neatly trimmed mound of curls and her soft little pussy slit. And she's not trying to hide herself as I look at her. In fact, she comes right up to me and gives me a hug.

"Hey, big brother," she murmurs, as she presses herself against me. I'm bare-chested again, wearing nothing but my gray sleep trousers, so I can feel her soft, curvy body against my own almost like she's naked.

"Hey, baby sis," I respond and lean down to give her a soft kiss on the mouth.

She kisses back eagerly...but then she pulls back.

"Sorry—I didn't mean to get carried away," she apologizes.

"It's okay." I stroke her cheek. "Are you dressed like that for me, baby?"

She blushes—she's so fucking adorable when her cheeks get pink—and nods.

"I thought maybe...maybe you'd like to look at me again. I thought maybe you were hungry."

I can tell by her sweet scent that she's hungry too—but I sense that I can't push this too fast.

"Mmm, you were right about that, baby," I tell her. "Come on—let's go get

comfortable on the couch.”

We go sit on the couch but when she starts to sit beside me, I pull her into my lap. I place her so she's straddling me, which parts her soft pussy lips, giving me a glimpse of her clit under the see-through panties.

“Oh, Kane!” she protests, putting her hands on my shoulders. But she doesn't try to get away. In fact, her breathing has gotten faster and her scent is much stronger. I can tell she's turned on. “What are you doing?” she asks me.

“Just getting you where I can see you,” I growl, looking her up and down. “You did say I could look.” God, my cock is aching and tenting my sleep pants but I know I need to take things slowly.

“Yes, that's right. You can look,” Sunny doesn't try to cover herself. I can hear her heart pounding—God, I'm really attuned to her.

“Can I look without this in the way?” Experimentally, I tug at the thin little bow between her tits, which is all that's holding the tiny garment together.

“If...if you want to,” Sunny said. “I don't mind if you need to look at my bare breasts, Kane. Not if it helps you with your hunger.”

“I'm very fucking hungry tonight, baby,” I warn her. I tug the bow and the red silk panels part, baring her full breasts for me. I palm them both, gently teasing the nipples with my thumbs and Sunny moans and writhes in my lap.

“Oh, Kane!” she begs softly. “Please be careful—my nipples are really tender for some reason.”

Yet another sign that she might be a Repressed Omega with her Heat Cycle coming

on. But there's only one way to be sure.

“Do they hurt, baby?” I ask her, still gently thumbing the tight points. “Maybe what you need is someone to kiss them better.”

Her eyes go wide and she's nearly panting with need—I can smell her desire clearly. But still, she has to play things her way.

“I know I said no ‘mouth stuff’ last night but do you need to suck my nipples, Kane?” she asks softly. “I mean, I know it's been a long time for you...”

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“Yes, I need you,” I tell her. “I’m hungry for you, baby—for your beautiful body. I need to taste you tonight—to suck your tight nipples until you moan for me. Can you let me do that?”

“Of course I can.” She thrusts out her breasts eagerly. “Anything for you—anything to help you with your needs.”

I feel guilty for a moment. She’s so sweet and unselfish—allowing a man she thinks is her brother to do things to her that no big brother should do to his little sister. Should I tell her the truth?

But no—I’ve gone much too far as Kane now. If I told her I was actually his cellmate, she’d feel horrified and betrayed. I just have to keep up the fiction I built over hundreds of letters. I’m “Kane” to her and that’s who I’m going to stay—at least for now.

“Come here, baby,” I growl and pull her closer to suck one tight, pink peak into my mouth.

She moans and writhes against me, her little fingers gripping my shoulders. I can feel her soft pussy grinding against my cock too—we’re separated only by the thin fabric of her panties and the thicker material of my sleep trousers. God, I wish they weren’t in the way!

After a moment of sucking, I taste a single droplet of sweetness. But it’s so tiny it’s hard to tell—is she starting to produce nectar or is it just my imagination? Either way, I fucking love sucking her sweet tips—she’s nearly crying with pleasure as she presses against me.

Suddenly,Iwant more.Ipull back, letting her tight nipple slip from my mouth and look her in the eyes.

“Mmm, baby—Ican feel your soft little pussy pressing against me,”Itell her.

“Oh, you mean...?”Shetrails off, looking down to where she’s practically riding the ridge of my cock through my sleep pants.

“Yeah.Itfeels fucking good,”Itell her. “Butit could feel better.Doyou mind ifIpull down my pants?”

Sunny’s eyes get wide.

“OhKane,Idon’t know...Imean, you’re my brother!Ican’t let you, you know, actually put itinme!”

“I don’t want to put it in you,”Isay quickly, though to be honest, that’sallIwant right now. “Ijust want to feel your soft little cunt rubbing against my shaft.Look, you don’t even have to take off your panties—Ijust want you to rub against me some.”

She nibbles her lower lip and then nods.

“All right.Ifthat’s what you need,I’llbe happy to give it to you.”

“It’sexactlywhatIneed,”Itell her, my voice coming out hoarse and deep. “Ihaven’t felt a pussy rubbing against my cock in three long years, baby.Canyou let me feel yours now?”

I wouldn’t push like this ifIwasn’t sure she wanted this too.Herscent is so hot it’s practically calling to me—begging for more.Butby nowI’vefigured out she has to feel like she’s “helping” me with my pent-up sexual frustration in order not to feel guilty

for what we're doing.

As long as she's rehabilitating her big brother the ex-con by letting him use her body to meet his needs, it doesn't feel bad to her. Of course, if she just admitted she wanted me the way I want her, that might come with some guilt. But we don't have to worry about that as long as I tell her what she needs to hear in order to open for me.

"I need you, baby," I tell her again. "Need to feel your soft, hot pussy against my cock—even if it's just through your panties."

"Well..." She nibbles her lip again. "I guess as long as it's only through my panties. And as long as you promise not to put it inside me." She looks down at the bulge in my sleep pants. "Honestly, I don't think it would fit anyway."

I don't tell her that if she's making slick, my shaft would slide right in with no problem. Oh, it would definitely stretch her tight little pussy out some, but she'd be able to take me—every inch including the knot.

But of course, I can't say that.

"We'll never know because I'm not putting it in you," I say firmly. "I just need to feel you rubbing against me. Okay, baby?"

"Okay," she whispers. "You can... can rub against me while you suck my nipples if you need to, Kane. I don't mind."

That's all I need to hear. Reaching between us, I push down my gray sleep trousers, letting my cock spring free. It looks almost angry—long and hard and pulsing with desire. The broad head is already leaking precum and I'm so hard I ache.

I'm dying to feel her against me and I don't have to wait for long. Sunny settles right

down on me again. She even reaches into her tiny panties and spreads her pussy lips open for me.

“There,” she says breathlessly. “That should... should let you feel me better.”

“Mmm, thank you for spreading your pussy for me, baby,” I growl softly as I grip her hips and begin to grind against her. “You’re so sweet to open yourself for me.”

“Anything to... to help. Ohhh!” she moans as I slide against her. The fabric of her panties is soaked, but I still can’t tell if they’re wet with slick or just her regular pussy juices. Leaning forward, I suck her other nipple as I grind against her, rubbing hard against her tender clit.

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But we've barely started before she pulls at my hair, making me look up.

"No, wait—stop!" she pants and I wonder if she's feeling guilty. Reluctantly, I stop grinding though it's fucking difficult.

"What's wrong, baby?" I growl hoarsely.

"I just..." She's looking at me from under her lashes again. "I feel like...like I'm being selfish."

"Selfish?" I raise my eyebrows, frowning at her. "How are you being selfish?"

"Well, you were all alone in prison for years with no woman to love you and now I'm helping you to get over it but I'm not really helping enough," she explains. "I mean, you said you needed to feel...to feel my pussy against your cock but I'm not really letting you feel it because, well...my panties are in the way."

I feel my cock throb at her words and my eyes are lazy with lust as I look down at her soft little pussy, barely hidden by the panties.

"Do you think it would be better if I untied this little bow?" I toy with the strings. I know if I untie it the two thin silk panels that make up the front of her panties will part, baring her pussy completely. "Is that what you want, Sunny?" I ask her.

"I want...want to give you what you need," she says stubbornly. "I don't want to be selfish. I still can't let you put it in me, but if you want to feel my bare pussy against your cock..."

“I do, baby,” I growl softly. “I’m hungry for you—but I don’t want to take more than you want to give.”

“I want to do this. I want to feel you against me—and let you feel me.” She raises up a little and allows me to tug open the bow. As I thought, the two silk panels part and her pussy is bare for me—and hot and ready too.

“God, baby—look how wet you are.” I cup her soft little mound in my hand and slip one finger inside to caress the tight little bud of her clit.

“I can’t help it!” Sunny moans and rubs shamelessly against my fingers as I explore her. I still can’t tell if she’s making slick. I lift my fingers to my mouth and suck them clean as Sunny watches with wide eyes. Maybe a little sweeter than last night, it’s hard to be sure.

Of course, the only way to know for sure if she’s making slick is to slide my cock inside her. Without slick, there’s no way I’d fit in her tight little pussy. With it, we’d have a tight fit but I’d still be able to slide right in.

But I can’t do that now—I promised not to put myself inside her. However, that doesn’t mean we can’t still have some fun.

“Do you want to ride my cock?” I ask her. “Do you want to part your soft little pussy lips and rub against me, baby? Do you want to help me?”

“God, yes! I want to help you!” she moans. “You were in prison for so long, Kane—I want to help you get over it. I want to give you what you need.”

“Good girl—I need you.” I take her firmly by the hips and settle her back down on my aching cock. Her outer pussy lips open to spread around me and I can feel her heat and wetness surrounding my shaft.

“Oh, Kane!” she moans and bucks her hips to slide against me.

“That’s right—good girl,” I growl, gripping her hips harder and thrusting against her. “Good girl to spread your pussy for me and ride my cock. Such a good girl to let me feel your hot little cunt against my shaft.”

She moans and her eyelashes flutter with pleasure. Her bare breasts bounce as she rocks against me, the pink nipples begging for my attention.

I suck the right one again as I tug the left one with my fingers. And all the while we’re rubbing against each other, building a delicious friction that’s pushing us both to the edge...

22

SUNNY

I can’t believe I’m doing this. I can’t believe I’m riding Kane’s cock. Well, not really riding it—just rubbing against it. But still, it’s naughty, right? I mean, I really shouldn’t do it...

But I’m helping him get over his pain and loneliness. And besides, it’s not like we’re actually fucking. I wouldn’t do that—wouldn’t let him slide that thick monster of a cock deep in my pussy and spurt inside me. Right?

I tell myself that as I hold onto his shoulders and grind against him. The feeling of his thick, hot shaft rubbing against my tender clit is sending me right to the edge! Though I couldn’t get any satisfaction in the shower earlier, now I feel like I’m already about to come.

I wonder if Kane is close too. The broad head of his cock is leaking clear pre-cum

freely. I can feel it when I slide all the way down his cock and the tip rubs against my open pussy. Once or twice, I pause and feel the head pressing lightly against the mouth of my pussy. I know if I tilted my hips and just changed the angle a little bit, he'd be sliding into me instead of against me. So I'm really careful not to do that because there have to be limits—lines we don't cross. But still, it feels nice to linger there for a split second and feel the broad crown just barely breach my entrance...

“Careful, baby,” Kane growls in my ear. “You don't want me slipping inside you, right?”

“No...no, of course not,” I pant as I keep riding him. “Oh Kane, I think...think I might come, soon!”

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“I’m close too,” he admits in a low, strained voice. “You better stop riding me now—you might get some of my cum in your pussy when I shoot if you’re not careful.”

But I don’t want to stop riding him.

“That’s all right,” I pant, still rubbing against him. My little clit is aching from the intimate friction and I’m close...so close.

He raises his eyebrows.

“You’re not worried I might get my cum in you? Are you on birth control, baby?”

Biting my lip, I shake my head.

“No. But just a little probably won’t hurt. After all, it’s not like...like you’d be actually coming inside me.”

“That’s true,” he admits. “God, baby, if you’re sure you don’t mind, I’m really fucking close.”

“I am too!” I rub against him again and suddenly I’m there—leaping over the edge as pleasure rolls through me. “Oh!” I gasp, digging my fingernails into his broad shoulders. “Oh, Kane! I’m coming! Coming so hard.”

“Fuck!” he swears. “I am too, baby! God, your sweet little pussy feels so fucking good!”

I feel his thick shaft throb against my open pussy and then he starts to spurt—I can actually feel it against my clit as the cum shoots out. I grind against him even harder and suddenly I’m sliding forward, down to the end of his cock. I feel the broad head slip into the mouth of my pussy. Then it breaches my entrance and slides into me and the next hot spurt of cream goes right up inside me!

“Fuck!” Kane groans again, when he sees that the head of his cock has slipped into my pussy. But neither of us stop what we’re doing and I don’t try to move away. I just take his hot cream inside me, wondering how deep it’s going as he comes over and over, spurt after spurt of cum shooting into my pussy.

In a strange way, I feel like I needed this. It’s almost like my pussy was thirsty for his cream, if that makes any sense. I suppose it doesn’t, but that’s how I feel.

At last we pull apart, both of us looking at each other in shock.

“Baby, I think I came in you,” he growls. “In fact, I’m fucking sure I spurted in your tight little pussy. Lift up and let me see.”

I raise my hips and the broad head of his cock, which has been lodged just inside my pussy mouth, comes free. It’s followed by a flood of creamy cum, leaking down my thighs.

“Fuck!” Kane growls again. “I’m sorry, baby—I didn’t mean to do that. Didn’t mean to come in you.”

“It’s all right,” I assure him breathlessly, hoping I’m right. “I mean, it was just an accident and you weren’t very deep inside me. I think just the, uh, head slipped in.”

“We should still get you cleaned up though,” he says. “Come on, I’m taking you to the shower.”

SUNNY

We strip naked and climb in together as soon as the water is hot. There doesn't seem to be any question of me washing myself. Clearly Kane feels like he made this mess and it's his job to clean it up.

He reaches between my legs and spreads my pussy, letting the warm shower spray bathe me. But I moan and twist my hips away, even as he's trying to clean me.

"What is it, baby—what's wrong?" Kane asks, sounding worried.

"I'm just still really tender there," I tell him. "Probably because of, you know, of all the friction when I was rubbing against you."

His eyes go soft.

"All right, baby—I'll be more careful. Here, let me use my fingers."

Two long fingers slide inside my pussy as he washes me thoroughly and I moan and grind against his hand. I'm a little worried about all the cum that runs down my thighs—Kane really came a lot and most of it went inside me, it seems. I think only the first spurt ended up on his belly—all the rest went right up in my pussy.

But he only had the head in me, I tell myself. It's probably not too bad. So I spread my legs and let Kane wash me thoroughly to get all of his cum out.

Afterwards, he dries me off with a big towel and does the same for himself. We go to bed naked and I don't say anything about either of us putting on pajamas because I don't want to. I just want to be close to him. I know it's probably wrong, but it

just feels so right—so good to be so intimate with Kane—to feel his big, hard, bare body against mine

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“Are you worried?” he asks, as I cuddle naked with him under the covers. “Because you probably don’t have to be. Even though I came in you, it’s rare for a girl to get pregnant by one of my people unless she’s also getting knotted.”

“Really?” I look up at him, feeling relieved. “So...because you were only in me a little way and your knot wasn’t inside me...?”

“You should be all right,” he assures me. “Though if you do get pregnant, I’ll stand by you,” he hastens to add. “I want you to know that, baby. I’d never leave you all alone with a big belly.”

“Thank you, Kane,” I murmur, pressing against him.

But though his words reassure me, it would be hard to explain to people in town if I suddenly got pregnant. They wouldn’t understand the love between me and my big brother—they wouldn’t be able to see that I’m just trying to help him get over his time in prison and accidents happen sometimes.

“Accidents happen, sometimes,” I say, speaking the thought out loud. “You didn’t mean to slip inside me. Things just got kind of...slippery and the head went in. That’s not a big deal, right?”

“Hopefully not,” he acknowledges. “Because I know you don’t want to be carrying my baby.”

If only things were different I’d gladly carry his child! I’d be proud to be pregnant by him...if only he wasn’t my big brother. I open my mouth to say that, but I’m not

sure I should. After all, we're already getting a lot closer than we probably should be.

"How's your little pussy feeling now?" Kane asks me. He slips one big hand between my thighs and I part for him automatically. "Are you still feeling tender inside?"

I wonder if he wants to rub against me again? I'm not sure if I can take that much friction for a second time tonight.

"It's a little sore," I say honestly.

"Poor baby..." He kisses me softly as he slides one gentle fingertip around my clit. "Do you want me to kiss it better?"

I catch my breath as I remember how he "kissed" my nipples better. Does he really want to do that?

"Do you really want to?" I ask him.

"Mmm-hmm." In the dim bedroom, his pale eyes are heavy-lidded. "It's been a long time since I've tasted pussy, baby. Would you let me taste yours tonight? Would you let me kiss you all better?"

"Well...if you really want to." I can't help remembering how Charles stopped after trying for about thirty seconds and announced that it just "wasn't his thing."

"I want to." And then Kane is sliding down the bed and flipping back the quilt so he can get situated between my thighs. To my surprise, he grabs one of the pillows and shoves it under my hips.

"Oh—what are you doing?" I ask breathlessly.

“Want you to see me do this,” Kane growls. “Want you to watch me kiss your sweet little pussy all better, baby.”

“O-okay,” I whisper breathlessly as he parts my thighs wide and settles between them.

“Watch me,” he growls again. And, holding my gaze with his, he dips his head and licks my pussy, sliding his tongue right between my lips to caress the aching bud of my clit.

“Ahh!” I cry and buck my hips, my thighs closing with the intensity of the sensation.

In response, Kane shakes his head.

“No, baby—you have to be a good girl and stay open for me so I can kiss you all better.”

He winds his long, muscular arms around my thighs and splits me wide—holding me open effortlessly as he ducks his head again.

I moan as he licks me over and over, holding my eyes with his as his tongue glides over my aching clit.

“Oh...oh, Kane!” I gasp and somehow my hands have found his head and my fingers are buried in his hair, tugging and urging him on.

Kane doesn’t seem to mind this—he growls low in his throat and keeps licking, holding me in place as he sends me closer and closer to the edge.

And then I’m coming again—my back arching and my toes curling as I explode against his tongue. God, it feels so good to be kissed here—to be licked! I never knew it could be like this—no other guy I’ve been with has been interested in doing this to me

but Kane seems to have mastered it as an art form. He eats my pussy like he's a starving man and I'm his feast. Again I tell myself that I'm helping him—giving him what he needs after those long, lonely years locked away.

He keeps on licking me, guiding me through my orgasm and holding me in place. If he wasn't, I would probably have gone off the side of the bed. It feels so good it's impossible to hold still!

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At last, I start panting and trying to push his head away.

“Kane please—it’s too much! I’m too sensitive!” I moan.

Reluctantly, I think, he looks up. His mouth is shiny with my juices and he licks his lips, as though it tastes delicious.

“Sorry, baby,” he growls. “First I come in you and then I hold you down and lick you until you’re trying to get away from me. Seems like I’m not being a very good big brother tonight.”

“It...it’s all right.” I’m still panting from the pleasure. “You just got a little carried away, that’s all. Like you said, it’s been a long time since you, you know, tasted a woman there.”

“Yes, it’s been a long fucking time,” he agrees and places one more soft kiss on my open pussy, being careful not to over stimulate me. “Thank you for letting me taste you, baby—your soft little pussy is so sweet and hot.”

“You’re welcome.” I hold out my arms to him. “But will you hold me now? I’m getting cold.”

“Sure, baby.” He comes back up to the top of the bed and pulls me into his arms. “You want to spoon again?”

“Mmm, yes—that’s my favorite way to sleep with you,” I confess.

“I like it too. You feel so good in my arms.” He turns me so my back is to his front and pulls me close. His arms go around me and he cups my bare breasts in his big hands which feels nice.

I bite my lip as I feel the thick ridge of his cock pressing against my ass. I can't help thinking this is the first time we've done naked spooning. And if his cock slips between my legs...

But so what if it does? Kane already came in me tonight. Of course, it was an accident and he washed it all out really thoroughly, but still, it happened. So there's no use getting upset if his cock happens to find its way to someplace it probably shouldn't.

At least, I tell myself I'm not going to stress over it. I sigh and snuggle back against him. I even open my thighs in a kind of invitation.

After a moment of hesitation, I feel him shift against me and he whispers in my ear,

“You sure about this, baby?”

“Mmm-hmm.” I spread my thighs wider and press back against him. “I can't sleep with that big old thing poking me all night. Just put it between my legs and we'll both be more comfortable.”

“Well, if you're sure you don't mind...”

And then the long, thick shaft is sliding between my thighs. I can't believe he's still hard after coming so much earlier. But maybe licking me and kissing me better got him excited again.

I'm still slippery too and the head of his cock finds its way between my pussy lips easily and slides over my clit as he settles against me.

“Mmm, baby—I can feel how wet your pussy is,” he growls in my ear.

“And I can feel the head of your cock sliding against me,” I murmur back.

“Do you want me to move it?” he asks considerately. “Just to be on the safe side? I mean, you’re really slippery, baby—this could be dangerous.”

“No, it’s okay,” I tell him. “Just hold still and try not to slip inside me by accident—I don’t need another load of your cream in my pussy tonight.”

“I’ll be careful,” he promises. “Goodnight, baby.”

“Good night, Kane.”

I sigh contentedly and relax completely against him. I know it’s hard to believe I can feel comfortable sleeping like this with him, but again, it just feels so natural. So right. It’s like my body was waiting for him all my life and now that he’s finally here, I’m alive in a way I never was before.

I push any guilt I’ve attempted to feel aside as I cuddle back against him and sleep finally finds me.

24

CONNOR

Okay, we really went too far tonight. I have to admit that as I lay there with Sunny in my arms. In fact, we’re still going too far. We’re naked and her soft little pussy is wrapped around my cock as I spoon her. I should not be doing this with her—especially since she still thinks I’m her big brother.

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But she doesn't seem to mind as long as she feels like she's helping me. And now I have another reason to stay close to her—I'm still trying to figure out if she's a Recessive Omega or not.

Even after having the head of my cock slip into her, (I swear that was an accident) and after tasting her pussy, I'm still not sure if she's making slick. Her pussy juices do taste a tiny bit sweeter, but it's hard to say if I'm imagining that or not. Also, only the head of my cock slipped inside her. If she was really producing, the rest of my shaft probably would have followed. So like I said, it's hard to say.

I'm a little worried I might have gotten her pregnant—but honestly, not much. Even though I shot about a gallon of cum into her, (We're always big producers,) it was a very shallow penetration. Also, what I told her was true—it's hard to get a female pregnant unless you knot her. And I wasn't anywhere near that. Really, just slipping the head in and coming in her was no big deal—right?

I try to tell myself that, but I'm just not sure. I wish I could tell Sunny the truth and take her away from here. I want her with me, in my mansion in Fairlane. I want to shower her with gifts and jewelry and pretty things. I want to make her my mate permanently.

But I'm bound by this damn lie I concocted. I just don't know how she'll respond if she finds out I'm not really her brother. One thing about Sunny—she's very straightforward and truthful and I know she admires that quality in others too. I'm afraid if she found out about my deception now, she'd hate me and tell me she never wants to see me again.

So I'm trapped. I have to keep on being Kane. But surely there's some way to tell her the

truth—a way she would accept and not hate me?

Pondering the problem, I finally drift to sleep, hoping I'll come up with a solution soon...

25

SUNNY

Kane is still hard when I wake up and at first, I don't know what happened. Why am I naked in bed with him and why does he have his shaft between my thighs? Also, why is the broad head rubbing between my pussy lips and bumping against my clit? (The pleasure is what woke me up in the first place.)

Then last night comes rushing back. I remember rubbing against him... then I remember him coming in me. Oh crap.

I shift against him and feel his shaft move between my pussy lips. What happened didn't seem like a big deal last night, but this morning I'm wondering if I'm going to be in trouble when it's time for my next period. That's a little under two weeks away which means I might even be ovulating right now.

But then I remember what he said about probably not being able to get me pregnant unless he knotted me. And no matter how much cream he pumped into my pussy, it was only the head of his cock that went into me. I was nowhere near taking the rest of his thick shaft or that monster knot of his. Although, I can't help wondering what that might feel like...

My body is feeling "hungry" again this morning, despite the two intense orgasms I had the night before. I can't help noticing that I feel kind of empty inside. I also notice that the head of Kane's cock is now lodged right against the mouth of my pussy...

He seems fast asleep—his breathing is deep and regular. This is probably what they call “morning wood” poking against me—well really, poking into me, though just a little bit.

Should I try it?

Experimentally, I tilt my hips back and open my thighs a little more. He’s so long and hard that the head immediately slips inside me, breaching my entrance with no problem at all. But then comes a problem.

Kane has one of those cocks where the shaft gets a lot thicker right below the head. I’m not sure if I can take even another single inch of him inside me...but I kind of want to try.

I shift again and spread my thighs even wider. I feel a stretching sensation...and then another thick inch slips in, sliding into my pussy as though it belongs there. And then another...and another.

Oh God, it feels really good! I know I shouldn’t be doing this, but I can’t seem to stop. I tilt a little further and feel his shaft slide even deeper, my inner walls stretching to take it...

“Baby? Are you awake?”

Kane’s voice is deep and sleepy. I freeze against him. I can’t let him know what I was doing! It’s too embarrassing to admit I wanted to feel him inside me.

Closing my eyes, I go limp and pretend to sleep.

“Baby?” He puts a hand on my arm and shakes me gently. “Baby, wake up.”

“Hmm?” I open my eyes and pretend to yawn. “What’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong is I slipped inside you again.” Kane sounds apologetic, but I notice he’s not moving—his thick cock is still inside me. “Do you feel that?” he asks and nudges in and out, just a tiny bit.

“Um...yes,” I say.

“We’d better see how deep I am in you.” Kane throws back the sheet and quilt and we both look down.

I bite my lip at what I see when I spread my thighs again. My little pussy mouth is stretched tight around his thick cock and over a half of it is inside me.

“Oh my,” I whisper as the impact of what I did hits home. I actually took his cock in me—which was exactly what I wasn’t supposed to do. But I didn’t know I was taking so much! I can’t believe he’s over halfway in me.

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“I’m sorry, baby—I didn’t mean to do this,” Kane tells me, but he’s still lodged inside me, neither of us moving.

“It’s okay,” I say breathlessly. “I mean, like I said last night, accidents happen. At least you didn’t, uh, come in me this time.”

“No and I’m trying not to,” he growls softly. “But your tight little pussy feels so good wrapped around me, I’m afraid if I move too much—even to slide out of you—I’ll start pumping you full of my cum and give you a creamy pussy.”

Oh crap—I really did it now. I can’t believe I put myself in this position again!

“Maybe if we just relax a minute and don’t move,” I suggest. Though we have to get up and get to the diner soon—those pies aren’t going to make themselves.

“I’m really sorry,” Kane apologizes again, making me feel guilty. “I swear I didn’t do this on purpose, baby. I know how you feel about letting me put my cock in you. And fuck—I’m over halfway in you!” He nudges in and out of me again, just a little, as though to prove his point.

“It...it’s okay,” I reassure him breathlessly because it feels so good having him in me. “I know it was an accident. Just take a deep breath and slide it out of me.”

“Okay,” he says.

We’re still lying on our sides and he slips one big hand under my thigh.

“I’m going to lift your top thigh to open you up some,” he tells me. “You’re so tight right now—that’s what’s making it so fucking hard not to come.”

We both watch as he lifts my leg, which only shows how deep he is in me and how tightly my pussy mouth is stretched around his thick shaft.

Slowly, inch by inch, Kan starts to slide out of me. I bite my lip as I see his cock—all shiny from my juices—slowly coming out of my pussy. I never would have guessed I could get something so big so deep inside me...and yet I can’t help wishing I could feel even more of it. I wonder if I could take his knot...

Then I remind myself again that he’s my brother and I shouldn’t be thinking that way about him. I should be horrified by what I’m watching—his thick cock sliding out of me. But I can’t seem to get upset. It feels too good to have him in me and I can’t lie—part of me wishes he’d shove it back inside—all of it this time, even the knot. I know it’s bad to think that way, but I can’t seem to help it.

“God, baby, look how tight you are—look at your soft little pussy wrapped around my cock,” Kan growls. “You really took me deep, didn’t you?”

“Not on purpose,” I lie and then add, “You feel so big inside me.”

“That’s because you’re so tight,” he tells me. “God, you feel so good around me! Fucking...trying not to come in you but it’s fucking hard, baby!”

“Take it out slowly,” I tell him. “Just ease it out of my pussy.”

“Trying to, baby,” he growls. “Trying not to come in you again...”

He’s about halfway out of me as he says this and then I feel his cock start to throb and he curses,

“Fuck!”

A hot jet of his cream fills my pussy and then he’s pulling out as fast as he can. But he’s still coming and I don’t want it all over my quilt!

Without thinking, I lean over him and take his spurting cock in one hand, feeding the head into my mouth. Hot jets of his salty/sweet cinnamon-flavored cream pulse against my tongue and I swallow as fast as I can, trying to handle it all. I can taste my own secret flavor on his shaft and I like it...like it a lot, even though I know I shouldn’t.

“Baby, what the fuck?” Kane growls hoarsely, looking down to where I’m kneeling between his thighs, sucking his cock. But he doesn’t try to stop me from swallowing his cream. In fact, one big hand comes up and he strokes the curtain of hair that has fallen over my face away so he can watch me doing it. “Fuck—you’re making me come even harder!” he groans as he sees me sucking and swallowing...sucking and swallowing.

At last the spurts stop. I give him one last sucking kiss to get the last of his cream and then straighten up, my cheeks red with shame.

“I’m sorry,” I say. “I just didn’t want it getting all over Nan’s quilt!”

“I’m more afraid of what I got inside you. Did I come in you before I pulled out? Spread your legs and let me see.”

Obediently, I lay back on the bed and open my thighs for him.

Kane spreads my pussy lips and groans.

“Looks like I did it again, baby,” he says ruefully. “I’m so fucking sorry.”

Looking down,I see what he means.Whitecream is leaking from my pussy mouth—it's clear he got off at least one or two spurts inside me before he pulled out.

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“It’ll be all right,” I say, trying to put a brave face on it. “After all, you came in me last night too. If something was going to happen, the damage is already done.”

“It’s still not good for me to flood your pussy with my cum,” he says grimly. “Even by accident.”

“But your knot wasn’t in me,” I protest. “I mean, you were only about halfway inside me when you, er, creamed me—so it should be all right. Right?”

“Hopefully.” He sighs. “Better get cleaned up, baby. We need to get to work.”

I look at the clock.

“Crap! I don’t even know if I have time for a shower!”

“Here.” He parts my thighs again and leans down.

“Hey—what are you doing?” I ask him.

“Giving you a tongue bath, baby. You can’t go around with your pussy full of my cream all day,” he says reasonably.

And then he’s licking me again, bathing my pussy with his tongue and lapping out the cream he shot inside me as I watch him, unsure of what to say. My clit tingles from his oral attention but I don’t try to protest or get away—I just let him lick me. I can’t believe we’re starting our morning like this... somehow our relationship has become a lot more intimate than I ever intended.

And I have no idea where we go from here.

26

CONNOR

I'm almost sure Sunny's making a lick now—how else could my cock have gotten so deep in her, especially while I was still asleep? Her pussy was really wet and ready, but I still didn't actually expect to slip inside her while we were spooning.

Regardless of how it happened, I now need to hang around Singing Rock long enough to be absolutely sure of two things.

First, I have to know if she's a Regressive Omega or not. If she is, she's going to need to be bred around the full moon, if not sooner. And second, I have to be sure I didn't get her pregnant. If I did, I can't leave her—not that I want to. I want to take her with me when I go back to my old life.

But to do that, I'm going to have to find a way to tell her that I'm not really her brother—I'm actually his cellmate who's been intercepting and answering her letters for the past two years. I still don't know how to manage that.

In the meantime, Sunny doesn't seem bothered by what happened between us. She's her usual bright, happy self and her pies are just as tasty as ever. She doesn't seem upset with me, even though I came in her twice. In fact, she's extra affectionate, giving me hugs and kisses when no one is looking.

I call Branson on my break and let him know I'm going to be here for a while longer. I don't tell him why and he doesn't ask.

“Do what you have to do, Sir. I have things handled on this end,” he tells me.

“Good man, Branson. Thank you.”

I hang up with a lighter heart. I guess I'm staying awhile longer. And if I'm honest with myself, I'm glad I have to. I can't abandon Sunny until I know if she's an Omega or if she's pregnant—or both. Thought to be honest, if she is an Omega, it would be almost impossible to get her pregnant without knotting her.

Also, if she's an Omega, she might be having some cravings of her own. As they get closer to their Heat Cycle, female Weres start needing penetration and male seed. Which might be one reason she was so quick to swallow mine this morning.

If she does turn out to be a Were, I'm going to have to explain the entire Were world to her. All about how male Weres have a Wolf inside and female Weres have Heat Cycles and need to be bred...that's going to be a fun discussion.

I decide I'm going to wait a while longer and see if her breasts start making nectar. That will be a sure sign she's an Omega. Also, it will be closer to the full moon. Most Weres can't shift unless there's a full moon outside, though I've heard the Royal Weres can shift whenever they want.

As for me, since I'm a Rogue Alpha, I have a little more control over my shifts. I can turn into my Wolf a few days before the full moon and a few days after it. If I can wait until that window to tell Sunny, then I can shift to my Wolf and prove to her I'm not crazy and making up weird werewolf stories.

So for now, I just need to keep the whole Were thing under wraps and wait. Also, I know I need to cool things down with Sunny. If I'm not careful, I'm going to end up full-on fucking her and I know I shouldn't do that...no matter how fucking badly I want to.

I just need a little more time, I tell myself. A little time before I tell her everything.

I have no idea how short the time I have left with Sunny is or how I'm going to regret my silence...

SUNNY

Kane seems subdued when we get back to my house that evening. He goes around making measurements of the doors and windows that need the wood around them replaced as well as a few other places in my house that could use some work.

I get bored and go shower, putting on another short little nighty. But even though it's see-through and shows my breasts and nipples clearly—and this time I'm not wearing any panties—Kane seems determined not to look at me.

“Do you want to watch a movie?” I ask him at last, when I get tired of trailing around watching him taking measurements.

He shakes his head.

“Maybe we should just go to bed. And maybe tonight I ought to sleep on the couch.”

“What? Why?” I demand, putting a hand on my hip.

Kane gives me a level look.

“You really have to ask? I came in you twice, baby. You might be pregnant right now. I mean, I doubt it, but it's fucking possible. We need to cool things down.”

Oh so he's upset about that. I guess I can't blame him. Actually, I should be more upset myself—I don't know why I'm not. It just feels so real with him—so right. It's like we're meant to be together. He doesn't feel like my brother—it's more like he's a missing

piece of my heart that finally came back to me. I know that doesn't make sense but it's how I feel.

"Come sit and talk with me." I lead him over to the sofa and we settle there, side-by-side. "Kane," I tell him. "You know I'm not mad at you about what we did, right?"

He sighs.

"Well, maybe I'm mad at myself. I shouldn't have let things go so far."

"Things just kind of happen sometimes," I counter. "But that doesn't mean you should beat yourself up about it. It's been a long time since you've been with a woman—I think you're doing great."

"Thanks." He gives a harsh laugh. "But coming inside you twice when you're not on any kind of birth control isn't doing fucking great." He shakes his head. "I'm just not sure how I got inside you this morning—especially so deep! I can imagine just the head slipping in but I was halfway in you, baby—your tight little pussy was almost full of my cock."

His words make me squeeze my thighs together as I remember that sight of my pussy impaled on his thick length. I'm so wet right now! Maybe I should have worn panties with this little nightgown.

"I don't want you to be upset with yourself for that," I tell him. "Because I...have a confession to make."

Kane frowns.

"A confession? What do you mean?"

“I mean...you didn’t slip into me by accident this morning,” I admit. “I woke up before you and well, I could feel you right at my entrance and I was curious about how it would feel to have, you know, more than just the head inside me.”

Kane’s eyebrows lift.

“So...you’re saying you slid my cock into your pussy yourself?”

My cheeks are burning as I nod and hang my head.

“But I didn’t mean for it to get so deep in me,” I say, pleadingly. “I couldn’t see anything because we were under the covers. If I had known I was putting so much of you in me...I mean, I just kept backing up and you kept sliding in deeper and deeper and...it just got out of control. I never meant for you to come in me again, though.”

“Hey, baby...it’s all right.” He puts a finger under my chin and lifts my face so we’re eye-to-eye again. “I’m not mad at you for experimenting a little,” he tells me softly. “It’s okay to be curious.” He lets his eyes travel over my body. “It kind of looks like you’re feeling curious again tonight, though. I can see everything through this little gown.” He cups one of my breasts and thumbs the nipple lightly, making me moan.

“I’m sorry I lied to you about how you got inside me,” I say, feeling relieved that he’s forgiving me. “You know that’s not usually my way. I just felt...embarrassed.”

“You don’t have to be embarrassed,” Kane says. He sighs. “Actually, I’m the one who ought to be embarrassed. I can’t believe I couldn’t even pull out of you without coming! I used to have better control.”

My heart starts to beat faster.

“You mean...?”

“I mean I should have been able to pull out of you without painting the inside of your pussy with my cream,” he growls. “Before I was in prison, I could have done it—I could have pushed my cock to the hilt in your tight little cunt and pulled it out again without spilling a drop.” He shakes his head. “It’s been so long since I’ve been with a woman, I guess I’ve lost my touch.”

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“Maybe...” I clear my throat. “Do you want to, you know, practice some? I mean, to try and regain your control?”

He gives me a level look.

“Now, baby—how the fuck would I practice that?”

“I could help you,” I offer. I’m trying to sound calm but my heart is pounding. “I don’t mind, Kane. If...if you need to, you know, practice your control, I’d be willing to help you do that.”

He raises an eyebrow.

“And how could you help me, exactly?”

“You could...you know, put your cock all the way inside me,” I offer. “And then hold it there for a while before pulling out. That’s all.” I shrug, like it’s no big deal but actually my body is aching for this. My pussy feels so empty and my nipples feel tight, like they need to be sucked.

“Oh, that’s all?” He gives me an incredulous look. “Are you serious, baby?”

“Of course, I’m serious!” I tell him, frowning. “I wouldn’t offer if I wasn’t.”

“Well, I know you well enough to take you at your word.” Kane looks me up and down again. “But are you sure you want me to put my cock in you on purpose?”

“If it helps you, then yes, I want you to do it,” I say with certainty. “Anything to help you feel better, Kane.”

“Well, it would definitely help me feel good, that’s true enough,” he growls and tugs my nipple, making me squirm.

“But you have to really try not to come in me,” I said, my voice coming out breathless. I’m already climbing into his lap, straddling his hips. God, I want him in me so badly I can hardly breathe! “Can you do that, Kane?”

“I promise I’ll fucking try.” He pulls down his sweatpants and his cock springs free, already leaking precum. “Do you want to use a condom? I could go get one,” he offers.

I shake my head.

“No, like you said, you came in me twice already. Any damage that could be done, is already done. You might as well go in me bare. Besides, it feels better that way so it should help you work on your control more—right?”

“You’re fucking right that it feels better. It also takes a hell of a lot more self control to pull out without coming when you go in bare,” he growls.

“All right then, do it.” I pull up the short hem of my nighty, showing my naked pussy which is already wet and ready for him.

“God, baby—look how wet you already are!” Kane groans. “I think this little pussy really needs to be filled with my cock.”

He rubs the head of his cock against my pussy, parting my outer lips and sliding against my clit until I gasp and wiggle on his lap.

“Please, Kane!” I moan. “Do it—put it in me!”

Kane gives me a serious look. “I will. But I’m not going to fuck you or put my knot in you. That’s taking too much of a risk. All right? No fucking and no knotting—just pushing all the way inside you and then pulling out again.”

“That’s fine,” I say breathlessly, though to be honest, I want to feel him fucking and knotting me too, even though I know I shouldn’t. “Goon, Kane—put your cock in me and slide it in deep—all the way inside my pussy.”

“You got it, baby.” He fits the broad head of his cock to the mouth of my pussy and we both watch as he starts to slide inside me.

It’s an erotic sight, my tight little pussy stretched around his big shaft as he enters me. I moan softly as I feel my inner walls stretch to take him. How am I able to open enough for such a thick cock? But I am—it’s working. We both watch as he passes the halfway mark—which is as far as he got this morning—and then goes even deeper. Before I know it, I can feel the broad head of his shaft kissing the mouth of my womb.

“There you go, baby,” Kane growls. “I’m all the way inside you—my cock is all the way in your pussy. All but the knot.”

“I don’t see...see how the knot can fit, though,” I say breathlessly. “I mean, I can feel you pressing against the end of my channel...” I wiggle my hips, trying to make some room inside but Kane grabs my waist and shakes his head.

“Don’t move like that baby. Not unless you want me coming in you really deep this time.”

“Sorry.” I subside obediently onto his lap. I’ve never felt so full in my life...but it

feelsreallygood.

“How long shouldIhold it in you before pulling it out?”Kaneasks, in a slightly strained voice.

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“As long as you can stand to,” I tell him. God, it feels really good to have him all the way in me! Well, all but the knot. I still wonder how that works. “How do you get the knot in, though?” I ask again.

“Oh, that happens after the first time I come,” he says. “See, having my cream inside you helps the mouth of your womb open up for the head of my cock. Once it slips into you, that makes more room down below for the knot to enter your pussy.”

“It does?” I feel intrigued by this idea. “So, what happens after the knot goes in?”

“Then it swells to tie us together so I can come in you over and over, baby,” he growls. “Not that I would. But if I was breeding you, I’d fill you with so much cum it would make a little bump in your belly. Here.” He lays one big hand over my lower belly. “You’d actually look pregnant for a little while until your body absorbed it all.”

“You mean, it wouldn’t all run out, when you pulled out of me?” I ask breathlessly.

He shakes his head.

“No, baby. See, my body also makes some sealing compounds. So once the head of my cock came out, your inner entrance would close and keep my cream inside your womb—you’d have a much better chance of getting pregnant that way. We actually had a saying about that in my pack—‘A little belly during breeding means a big belly nine moons later.’”

I try to imagine having his cum fill me so much I have a slightly pregnant belly and can’t quite do it. But then again, I couldn’t have imagined having his cock buried hilt

deep inside me a few days ago either. Yet here we are.

“How are you feeling?” I ask, wiggling my hips again—but just a little. “Do you think you could pull out of me without coming?”

“I think so. The talking helps,” he growls and grips my hips. “Get ready, baby, I’m going to try to slide out without giving you a creamy pussy.”

I moan softly as he starts to pull out of me. Part of me can’t believe we’re doing this...but part never wants it to end. Why do I feel so drawn to Kane? Why does it feel like we’re meant to be together?

He gets halfway out of me when I feel his shaft start to grow bigger and he growls,

“Oh, fuck...”

“It’s okay—it’s all right,” I tell him. I squeeze my inner muscles tight automatically, trying to help him hold out. But it’s clear from his clenched jaw he’s having a hard time. “Deep breaths,” I tell him, wishing my own voice wouldn’t sound so breathless. “Breathe through it, Kane.”

“Fuck baby—don’t know if I can do this! You feel so good around me—like your soft little pussy is just milking the cum right out of me!” he growls.

“No, you’ve got this,” I tell him. “You can do it—hang in there, Kane!”

We stay still in that position for another long minute and then he relaxes a little.

“Okay, I think I can do it now,” he says. And with one long, smooth motion, he pulls all the way out of me.

“That was excellent!” I tell him, though now I feel empty inside. “Now let’s try it again.”

“Try it again?” Kane shakes his head. “I don’t know, baby. You don’t know how close I was to coming in you!”

“Doing it just once isn’t really practice,” I say firmly. “Come on, Kane—we need to work on this.”

“Well, if you’re sure...” And he pushes back into me, both of us watching as my pussy is once again impaled on his thick cock.

This time, I don’t make it easy on him. I wiggle my hips and when he tries to get me to stop, I shake my head.

“No, you need a little stimulation. I can’t let you off easy every time.”

Kane grits his teeth and endures it. Somehow he manages not to come even though I’m practically riding him by the end.

He keeps on doing it, too—he slides his cock inside me and pulls out successfully without coming six times. It’s not until the seventh when we have an accident.

It’s my fault, actually. Because by this time, I’m really doing my best to test his willpower. I have my hands on his broad shoulders and I’m lifting and lowering myself—pretty much fucking myself on his thick cock.

“God, baby—you’d better stop that!” he warns me. “You don’t know how close you are to getting your pussy filled with my cum!”

“I’m not afraid.” I lift my chin. “If you come in me, you come in me. After all, you’ve

already spurted in my pussy twice already. I don't care if it happens again."

I don't know if it's what I'm doing or what I'm saying that pushes him over the edge—maybe it's a combination of both. But I hear Kanegroan,

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“Oh fuck—here it comes!”

And then something hot and wet is spurting deep inside me.

I say deep because the head of his cock is pressed right to the end of my channel this time. I know I ought to pull off him as fast as I can, but I figure that the damage is done now and besides, I don't want to ruin the couch. So instead of pulling off, I hold onto his broad shoulders and settle myself more firmly in his lap, taking him as deep as I can as he continues to spurt.

“Fuuuuck,” Kane groans, his hands tightening on my hips. “Coming so hard inside you, baby!”

“It...it's all right,” I tell him. “Don't worry—if you need to come in me, go ahead and do it. Fill me with your cum, Kane—I don't mind.”

“You should mind, baby!” he groans. “I'm coming so deep in you! Fuck!”

“It's okay,” I assure him breathlessly. “It's all right, Kane. Keep coming until you finish. It's all right.”

He takes me at my word and I feel him pulsing inside me over and over, hot spurts of his cream coating the mouth of my womb. And then I feel another sensation...it's like that mouth inside me is opening and starting to suck the head of his cock deeper inside me. At the same time, I feel the thick swelling of his knot beginning to enter me...

“Whoa, baby!” Kane grips my hips harder and drags me off of him. I’m still straddling his lap, but now his cock is free of my pussy.

“Why did you do that?” I gasp and look down as his cream runs down my thighs in rivulets.

“No knotting, remember?” He looks at me grimly. “You really will get pregnant if we do that—I could feel myself sliding deeper inside you.”

I could feel it too, but that doesn’t mean I wanted him to stop! I have this feeling that if only he would knot me, we could be together forever. I know it sounds strange and crazy, but I can’t help it—that’s how I feel.

“Fuck, I really filled you up, didn’t I?” Kane lifts the hem of my nighty and looks ruefully at his cream coating my thighs.

“It’s all right—we knew we were taking a risk,” I tell him. “I’m not mad at you for coming in me, Kane—I knew it might happen when I offered to help you work on your control”

“I really tried not to but your soft little pussy is so tight. Feels like it was just made for my cock.” He sighs and runs a hand through his hair. “Well, I guess I should get you cleaned up.”

But before we can get off the couch to go to the shower I hear a click and the front door is thrown open. Charles strides in and stops dead in his tracks, staring at me and Kane both half-naked on the couch.

“What the fuck is going on in here?” he demands.

SUNNY

“Charles, what are you doing here?” I demand, trying unsuccessfully to cover myself. The short night I have on is completely see-through. Add that to the fact that Kane’s cock is still out and his cum is all over my thighs and there’s no hiding what’s been going on.

Damn it, I never should have given Charles a key!

Charles stares at me blankly and shakes his head.

“I can’t believe this,” he says. “And to think, I came here to save you!”

“Save me from what?” I ask. I’m feeling angry and defensive. “If you’re going to start again about how my brother is going to ‘snap’ at any moment?—”

“That man is not your brother.” Charles points at Kane and his face twists in disgust. “Though I guess that’s a good thing, considering what the two of you have obviously been doing together.”

“What are you talking about?” I snap. “Of course Kane is my brother!”

“That man isn’t your brother Kane, though,” Charles says, glaring at him. “I went to the prison to check things out. Your brother—your real brother, Kane Michael Black—just got out and I was able to talk to him. Look—this is him!”

He holds out his cellphone and I see a picture of a man I don’t recognize. He’s big and burly with a shaved head and a thick black beard and mustache. He has tattoos all over his neck and chest and arms. But he also has the same eyes I do—the same unusual amber color that everyone always remarks on. Still, this can’t be right, can it? I mean, Charles must be lying because he’s jealous.

I look at Kane...and he won't meet my eyes.

"Please," I beg him. "Please tell me this isn't true! You're Kane, aren't you?"

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He opens his mouth, but Charles is already talking again.

“That man—the man you’ve obviously been fucking—was your brother’s cellmate. Not only that—he was in prison for murder.”

“Murder?” I can’t believe this—it keeps getting worse!

“By the way, the real Kane told me he never answered a single one of your letters. To be honest, I rather doubt he’s even literate.” Charles sniffs. Clearly he doesn’t approve of my brother—my real brother.

I let that thought sink in. Can it really be true?

I look back at Kane again...or whatever his name is.

“Tell me,” I say, my voice shaking. “Tell me what’s going on. Are you Kane or not?”

“No,” he says heavily. “But, baby, I can explain?—”

“No!” I feel sick and my voice is shaking but I know what to do. I scramble off his lap and oh God—his cum is still leaking out of me, running down my thighs! I’ve been fucking a man I don’t even know.

“Baby...Sunny...” he begins again.

“No!” I shout. “No, get out! Get out of my house right now!”

“I wanted to tell you!” he says, standing and pulling up his sweatpants. “Look, your letters saved my life! I just couldn’t—”

“You lied to me.” My voice is cold now—cold and hard though inside I feel like screaming and crying. “You lied for two whole years and pretended to be my big brother. Then you came here and took advantage of me—took advantage of how badly I wanted to have family back in my life.”

“But, baby?—”

“I want you out.” I point at the front door. “Get your things and leave—now!”

“But there are things I need to tell you—things you have to know about yourself. About what we are,” he says desperately. “Remember I told you about my people? Well, you’re one of them. You need to know?—”

“The only thing I need is for you to be gone,” I say.

“You heard her—get out!” Charles snaps.

Kane...no, not Kane—the man who impersonated my brother—gives him a dark look but it’s clear he’s finally going. He goes to the bedroom and comes back with the keys to his truck and his cellphone and nothing else. Is he not even going to take his clothes?

I tell myself I don’t care. He can leave the house naked if he wants to, as long as he leaves.

Charles stands by the door like a sentry with his chest all puffed out but the man who pretended to be Kane walks past him without even looking. Then, at the doorway, he turns and looks at me one last time.

“I’m sorry, Sunny,” he says and his deep voice is quiet and sincere. “I never meant to hurt you.”

Then he’s gone, into the night, and I’m sure I’ll never see him again.

29

CONNOR

Fuck that fucking boyfriend of Sunny’s! I can’t believe he blew my cover like that. I should have known better—should have known I couldn’t keep my lie going forever.

I get in the beat-up pickup truck and start the motor, revving the engine in pure rage. I want to go back inside and wrap my fingers around that fucking Charles’ skinny throat and choke the fucking life out of him!

But that would only make Sunny more upset. She already feels betrayed and lied to and I can’t fucking say that I blame her. She was betrayed and lied to and I’m the one who lied to her. I’m the one who betrayed her. Even if she was willing to listen to me, I doubt she’d ever believe another word that came out of my mouth.

The relationship I had with her is done—it’s over. The bridge is burned and there’s no going back. There’s nothing for me to do now but go home to Fairlane and go back to my old life—the one I had before prison.

I put the truck in gear and roar off, through the empty roads of Singing Rock—the roads that feel as empty as my heart.

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Sunny's gone and I know I'm never getting her back.

30

SUNNY

"Go clean yourself up—you're disgusting!" Charles makes a revolted face as he looks at me, standing there in the middle of the living room.

"Yes, all right," I say mechanically. I feel like I'm in shock for now but any minute I'm going to break down. It's like someone shot me through the heart and I haven't quite realized I'm dead yet.

I wander out of the living room in a daze. I can't believe this—it can't be true! But it is—it feels like a terrible dream but every time I pinch myself I don't wake up. Because I'm already awake and this is the awful reality of my life.

It hits me as I step into the shower—I don't even know his real name. The man pretending to be Kane—I don't know who he is. And now I guess I'll never know.

How could he fool me like that? I was such an idiot, believing he was my brother! Whoever he is, he's been lying to me for years. Stealing the letters I sent to the real Kane and answering them. How could he do that to me? What kind of sick bastard pretends for so long to be someone else?

I remember Charles's other accusation—that the man is a murderer and that's why he went to prison. The thought makes me shiver with fear. To think, I was sleeping with

him—I had him in my bed! He could have killed me in my sleep!

As I wash myself off and watch the stranger's seed get washed down the drain, I feel sick. I guess there's one bright spot in this whole mess. If I do turn out to be pregnant, at least it won't be my brother's baby.

Actually, I can't believe everything I did with him while thinking he was my brother. What the hell is wrong with me? It's like I was under a spell. I went further and further with him—let's be real, I actually let him fuck me! Why would I do that? Why did I think it was okay?

Because he never felt like your brother, whispers a little voice in my head. And it's true. I felt an intense attraction to him—to the stranger—but my emotions for him weren't familial in any way. Maybe deep down, I knew he wasn't really related to me. I guess that's why I allowed myself to go so far with him.

But what if I'm pregnant? Pregnant with a murderer's baby? All that crap he told me about how I probably couldn't get knocked up unless he was “knotting” me must be a lie too, right? And then saying I was one of his “people”—whatever that means—while I was kicking him out. Another lie. All of it, lies.

I feel like I might puke.

By the time I leave the shower, Charles is gone. At least he locked the door behind him. I'm guessing he and I are over now—not that I care. I just hope he doesn't start spreading rumors about me around town. What would the rest of Singing Rock think of me if they knew I'd been fucking a man I thought was my brother? My life here would be over.

I have to stop thinking like this. I wish I could stop thinking at all. I take out the bottle of sleeping pills I usually only use once in a while. I pour a whole handful out into my

hand...

Then I put all but two of them back. I'm not going to let this break me! Other women have been fooled by con artists before. I watched a whole documentary last week about a woman who sent her entire life's savings to some guy who contacted her on Facebook and pretended to be in love with her. She didn't get a cent of it back, but she didn't kill herself.

"I'm not going to let this break me," I say out loud. "I will get through it."

I take the two pills and get into bed. I'm not going to cry, I tell myself. I'm just going to go to sleep. When I wake up tomorrow, it will be a new day and I'll be fine.

But the bed feels so big and empty without him—without the stranger who pretended to be Kane. He was only in my life for a few days—less than a week—so why does it hurt so bad now that he's gone? Why does it feel like he carved out my heart with a dull knife and took it with him when he left?

I can't help myself—I start to cry. I sob myself to sleep, wishing I was dead, knowing I'll never see him again.

31

CONNOR

The trip back to Fairlane is a bleak one and it passes in a kind of dark blur. Part of that is because I'm driving at night but part of it is because I'm so fucking depressed. The Wolf inside me howls mournfully and insists that we're leaving our mate behind. We have to go back—we have to go get her!

I try to shut him up but it's not easy. How can I explain such a complicated problem to

the most simple and straightforward part of myself? I can't—the Wolf is miserable, even more miserable than me, if that's possible.

I can't help thinking of my time with Sunny—running through the few precious days and nights I spent with her over and over in my mind. How could I fuck it up so badly? Why didn't I tell her right away that I wasn't Kane? I should have explained everything right from the start. Hell, I should have explained it in my very first letter.

But it's too late now—it's all too late. She's gone and there's no getting her back—I'm fucking sure of that.

When I finally get back to the mansion, I just sit in the driveway for a while. This is my family home—a beautiful Georgian Revival style set on top of a hill with rolling parklands all around. There's a stable on the grounds—my mom and my sister both loved riding—as well as an Olympicsized swimming pool, a tennis court, a movie theater, and a two-lane bowling alley. It's so opulent...but empty—I have no one to share it with.

At last I get out of the truck. I fumble with my keys before remembering that we had just changed the locks to face ID scanners before I went to prison. I look into the camera for a long time and from several different angles before the lock finally clicks open. Yeah, I know I look different. I didn't have the scar on my face the last time I was here. Or the scars on my heart.

Inside everything feels musty and unused, even though I know that Branson has maids come in once a week to air the place out. All I see are ghosts—ghosts of my Mom and Dad and of my little sister, Bethany. They're all gone now—I have the place to myself, only I don't want it.

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I wander through the empty halls until I finally find my bedroom. It looks the same way it did before I left for prison. I used to lay on the thin, dirty mattress in my cell and dream of the huge California King-sized bed in the middle of this room. It has a luxurious memory foam topped mattress and it's covered in a designer dark green and brown comforter with gold trim—the epitome of comfort and quiet luxury.

I'm looking at my bed but not seeing it. Instead, I'm thinking of Sunny's bed with its cheerful patchwork quilt made by her Nan. I think of holding her in it, caressing her and spooning her small, curvy body, kissing her, making her come...

I make myself stop picturing the past. I'll never hold her again.

I look at the bed once more. Right now, I couldn't care less where I sleep. I feel like my heart has been torn out and I don't give a fuck if I even wake up the next morning.

I've been driving for hours and I need a shower. But if I take one, I'll wash the last of Sunny's scent off my skin—I can't fucking bear to do that.

I fall into bed, dirty and miserable, and try to get some sleep. But every time I close my eyes I see her—her beautiful face and big, gorgeous eyes, her sweet, kissable mouth and the freckles on the bridge of her nose. I keep remembering how kind she was—and how she could get bossy in that adorable way of hers.

I wish I could hold her in my arms just one more time. I wish I could explain what really happened and apologize for fucking up her life, but I'm afraid she won't want any contact with me at all now. Hell, she doesn't even know who I am! She just knows me as some guy who impersonated her brother.

I need to let her go—to leave her alone. But I'm almost sure she really is a Repressed Omega. I need to let her know what's going to start happening to her—she's going to have a Heat Cycle and her breasts are going to fill with nectar. Hell, she's going to need to be bred—her desire for male seed, both in her pussy and in her mouth, is going to be insatiable.

Sunny needs to know what's heading her way like a freight train barreling down the tracks she's tied to.

But why would she believe anything I say now? I'm a liar and a cheat and a murderer to her. I can't believe that fucking Charles even dug up my charge! Though I'm sure he didn't get into the details of who I killed and why. I had a fucking good reason for what I did.

I can't just send her a letter explaining she has Werewolf blood in her. She's been raised as a human—she'll think I'm crazy. Hell, she probably already thinks that. Who else but a crazy person would pretend to be someone else's brother for two long years? She'll probably rip up anything I send her or delete any emails or texts. She's not going to want to hear from me again at all.

My brain goes on like that, all fucking night. I swear I don't get a wink of sleep. By the time I call Branson and ask him to come over the next day, I feel more exhausted than I ever have in my life. Even my first day of prison wasn't this hard—and believe me, it was fucking rough.

My fatigue and misery must show on my face because Branson takes one glance at me and looks extremely concerned.

“Mr. Lowell... Connor. What happened?” he asks. “If you don't mind me saying so, you look terrible. Did something go amiss with your errand?”

“You could say that,” I say grimly. “The whole situation went straight to Hell, Branson.”

“Ah, I see.” He comes into the mansion’s study and sits down in one of the leather wingback chairs. All around us are shelves full of leather-bound books. This was my father’s favorite room in the house when he was still alive.

I sit across from him, looking into the empty fireplace but seeing nothing but Sunny’s face.

“Would you care to discuss it, Sir?” Branson asks. “You know your business will be kept in strictest confidence. Sometimes one just needs to talk.”

Branson is right—I need to talk. I tell him everything. How I started writing to Sunny in the first place... how I only meant to stop by Singing Rock for an hour or two and how an hour stretched into a day and a night and the rest of the time I was there.

“I fell in love with her, Branson,” I admit heavily. “But I fucked it all up. Her fucking boyfriend found out my real identity and came and told her. She kicked me out—can’t say that I blame her.”

“I see.” Branson is quiet for a long time and I don’t rush his thoughts. I’m too busy staring into the fireplace and wishing I could see Sunny, just one more time.

“So you say that you think she might be a Repressed Omega?” he asks at last. Branson isn’t a Were—he’s pure human. But my father trusted him implicitly, so he knows all our family secrets as well as our history as Weres.

“Yes, I think she really could be,” I say. “If I’m right, her first Heat Cycle is on the way and she’s going to need to be bred.”

“That could be an opportunity for you, Sir,” Branson points out. “If she reaches a

certain point where her, er, need outweighs her aversion, you might be able to reason with her then.”

“There’s no reasoning with a Werebitch in heat, Branson,” I say flatly. “There’s nothing but fucking—breeding. And I don’t want to do that to her without explaining what happened first.”

“But you fear she won’t want to speak to you or read any letters or emails you send?” he asks.

I shake my head.

“Sunny doesn’t like liars. She hates me now for what I did and I don’t really blame her. She’s sweet, but she can hold a grudge. I don’t think she’ll forgive me.”

“Well, it seems to me that all we can do is watch the situation and keep an eye on her to see if she starts exhibiting outward signs of having Wereblood,” Branson says.

“That’s what I was trying to do.” I rake a hand through my hair. “I was waiting to see if her breasts filled with nectar. If they did, I was going to explain everything to her—not just the Werepart but also the fact that I wasn’t really her brother.”

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“I can put a tail on her,” Branson offers. “Someone to keep an eye and see if she’s showing any signs. Perhaps another Were, who can smell it if her scent changes?”

“That’s a good idea.” Inod slowly. “But make sure it’s a female Were,” I add darkly. “I can’t fucking stand the idea of some other male breeding her.”

“I can do that,” Branson says. “I’ll have someone go there immediately. If she does go into—what do you call it? ‘Breeding Fever’—then I’ll have you informed at once. You can decide what to do from there.”

“Thank you, Branson.” I sigh tiredly. “I guess that’s the best we can do for now. Of course, she still might turn out to be human, but I doubt it—I think she has Wereblood for sure.”

“We’ll soon see,” Branson murmurs. “The full moon isn’t that far off.”

“I know.” I shake my head. “God, I should have told her earlier. But I wanted to wait until I could Shift and prove it to her so she didn’t think I was crazy.”

“Hindsight, as they say, Sir, is twenty-twenty.” Branson rises and places a comforting hand on my shoulder. “Take courage—this too shall pass. I do believe it will work out in the end.”

I wish I had his confidence. But at least talking to him has put my mind slightly more at ease.

“Thanks, Branson,” I tell him.

But what should I do if Sunny suddenly goes into Breeding Fever? Should I bring her here to my mansion and breed her myself? The Moon Goddess knows I want to, but would she ever trust me again after that?

I just don't know—I don't know anything. I guess I'll have to play this situation as it goes and just hope for the best.

In the meantime, there's nothing to do but wait.

32

SUNNY

The next week is possibly one of the worst of my life and that's including the time I spent grieving after first Nan, then Daddy and then Momma passed. I hate the man who pretended to be my brother. But at the same time, I can't deny it—I miss him.

Fake Kane, as I've started calling him in my mind, seemed so sweet and kind. He was so understanding—we could talk for hours and never run out of things to say. And then there was the way he made me feel...sexually.

Now that he's gone, I'm having a hard time admitting what I did with him. What was wrong with me, acting like that when I thought he was my brother? Did I go crazy for a little while? He just felt so right to me—like we belonged together. Which is insane, right?

Of course, I have to explain to Cookie that Fake Kane wasn't who he said and that he'd been lying to all of us. Cookie is sympathetic and tells me not to worry about it—it's not my fault. He offers to get me someone else to help with the pies in the morning, but I tell him no. I'd rather be alone—it would be too painful to work with someone else now that Fake Kane is gone.

Cookie does hire someone else though—a nice new girl named Samantha—Sam for short. She's apparently living with her aunt in the next town over and needs a job. She takes over the dishwashing and table bussing.

Sam's very efficient but every time I look over and see someone else besides Fake Kane spraying off the dishes or clearing the tables, I feel it like a stab in the heart. She tries to make small-talk with me, but I just can't. I'm not rude, but I'm not interested in getting close to anyone new for a while.

Speaking of being close to someone, Annabelle sidles up to me about two days after Fake Kane left and asks me if I'm okay.

"You can see I'm not," I snap at her. In fact, I burned a whole batch of Raspberry Ripple pies that morning. I haven't burned anything in years. You know I'm going through it when my oven-sense is off.

"Sorry!" Annabelle holds up her hands in a "don't shoot" gesture. "I was wondering because, well...because of something Charles is saying around town."

"What?" I feel sick. This is my greatest fear. Charles and I haven't spoken since he caught me and Fake Kane on the couch but I was hoping he would keep what he saw to himself.

Which was foolish, really. Charles has always been a terrible gossip. He's one of those people who likes to know everyone's business so he can spread it all around. And because he works at his Dad's dealership and knows so many people, he has a lot to spread.

"What is he saying?" I demand of Annabelle.

She shifts uncomfortably and won't meet my eyes.

“He’s saying he, uh, saw you and the guy we all thought was your brother together when he came to warn you that he wasn’t really Kane. I mean like...together together—you know?”

I feel even sicker. I don’t like to lie, but if this gets around, it’s going to ruin me. Instead of being the “pie lady” I’ll be known as the girl who screwed her own brother—or at least, the guy she thought was her brother.

“He’s really saying that?” I ask in a weak voice.

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“Uh-huh.” Annabelle nods. “Of course, nobody believes it,” she adds, obviously trying to comfort me. “I mean, that would be disgusting. Unless you knew he wasn’t your brother?”

“I didn’t know,” I say dully. “And Charles is being an asshole.”

Which is all true, and I’m hoping that I’ve given her the impression that Charles is lying without actually saying it, and lying myself. God, this is so convoluted! I’m just not a good liar—I can’t keep up a lie for very long before I wind up telling the truth. And I really don’t want the truth getting out in this case.

“Of course he is.” Annabelle squeezes my arm. “I just hate that he’s spreading this nasty rumor all around town on you.”

I hate it too. Because I know if he says it enough, people are going to start believing it. I’ve lived in Singing Rock all my life, but it might be time to think of moving. Where can I go, though?

I start to seriously consider that question in the next few days, because I notice people looking at me funny and sometimes whispering to each other after I leave their table. Charles is spreading the news—little by little my reputation is being ruined and that really matters when you live in a small town.

As if all those troubles and worries aren’t enough, my body starts acting up too. My breasts, which have been feeling heavy and tender for days suddenly start leaking this weird, amber liquid. It’s thick and sticky, almost like honey, and when I taste some on the tip of my finger, it’s sweet.

What the Hell is happening to me?

At least my breasts only leak a little at first so I can cover it up by putting some tissues in my bra. But the problem seems to be getting worse, instead of better. My breasts feel heavy and swollen and my nipples are unbearably tender. Should I make an appointment with the doctor? But I don't have one. Cookie doesn't make enough with the diner to pay for us to have insurance and I've always been healthy up until now, so I don't know what to do.

As if all that isn't enough, I start having strange dreams at night—sex dreams. Almost all of them feature a man in a black mask—someone who seems familiar but I'm sure I've never seen him before. In my dreams, he does all kinds of things to me. Things that make me moan and beg for more.

I wake up all hot and bothered, feeling empty inside, between my thighs. I've never experienced anything like this—I don't know if it has anything to do with the breast thing or not.

I try looking it up on the internet, but I can't find anything about breasts leaking sweet amber liquid and apparently the only people who have sex dreams are adolescent boys. None of it makes sense.

It feels like my whole life is spinning out of control and I can't do anything to stop it.

About the fourth day after Fake Kane left, Sam, the new dishwasher, comes into the ladies room just as I'm changing the tissues I put in my bra to soak up the amber liquid my nipples are leaking.

Quickly, I finish stuffing the new tissues into my bra. Then I crumple the used tissues and throw them in the trash but I can tell she saw some of what I was doing.

“Hey, you all right?” she asks casually, coming up to the sink beside me.

“Fine,” I say shortly. “Just fine.”

“Okay, great. Uh...there’s someone here who says he wants to talk to you,” she says.

“What?” My heart starts pounding. Could it be Fake Kane? Did he come back to me? Of course, I won’t have anything to do with him but just the idea that he might be here makes my heart flutter.

“He says he’s your brother,” Sam says and shrugs. “I don’t know though—the two of you have the same hair and eye color but he’s huge and you’re tiny. So...” She shrugs again.

I feel my stomach drop. That can’t be Fake Kane, then.

“I’d better go see who it is,” I say, trying to sound like it’s no big deal.

“I sat him in your section—hope that’s okay,” Sam says. She’s pulling out her cell phone, clearly about to make a call.

“Yeah, sure. Thanks.”

I hurry out of the ladies room and around the corner. I stop dead in my tracks when I see him.

Sitting right there at table three is a huge mountain of a man. He’s as big as Fake Kane was but even beefier. His head is shaved bald but he has a thick, bushy black beard and mustache and when he looks up, his eyes are the same light amber mine are. He’s wearing a white muscle shirt that shows hairy arms and shoulders—ugh.

But his excess body hair isn't what has me staring. This is the same man in the picture that Charles showed me on the night he exposed Fake Kane. This is the real Kane—my real big brother and he's sitting right here in my section of the diner.

I have absolutely no idea what to say to him.

33

SUNNY

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I don't know what to think or what to say. Slowly, I approach him.

Real Kane is staring at me in an appraising kind of way—like he's wondering what I'm worth. Which is a strange thing to think, but it's what pops into my mind when I see him watching me.

“Er...hello. I'm Sunny—Sunny Young,” I say. “You must be...are you Kane Black?”

“That's me, little sis,” he rumbles. He has a deep, grating voice like boulders rubbing together in a dry streambed.

“Oh, well...” I begin, but Real Kane doesn't let me finish. He gets up from the table and engulfs me in a hard hug that leaves me breathless. As he does, he bends his head down and presses his face to the side of my neck, inhaling deeply. Oh my God, he's sniffing me! Sniffing my skin and hair!

I tighten up against him and want to get out of the hug at once. This is too weird—I don't even know him! And it just feels wrong.

As he's smelling me, I can smell him too. He has a musky animal odor about him. It reminds me of going into a pet store or the place in the animal shelter where they keep all the dogs.

It's not pleasant, but for some reason I feel my body reacting to it. My nipples are suddenly tight and I'm throbbing between my legs. What's wrong with me?

Real Kane holds me a little longer, still sniffing, before finally letting me go.

“Uh-huh,” he says nodding, as though he just confirmed something. “You’re ripe all right, little sis. I’d bet on it.”

“Excuse me?” I put a hand on my hip. “What are you talking about? I took a shower this morning!”

He lets out a bellow of laughter that hurts my ears and makes heads turn.

“That’s not what I meant, sweet thing!”

“Well, what did you mean, then?” I demand.

He shakes his bald head, still clearly amused about something.

“Never you mind. Don’t worry your pretty little head about it.”

I don’t know what to say to that, so I change the subject.

“Why didn’t you ever write me back?” I ask. “I sent you hundreds of letters for years and years—the whole time you were in prison.”

He shrugs.

“Didn’t want to. I’m not much for reading or writing.”

Well, I guess I can’t argue with that, though it hurts my feelings. I think about telling him that his cellmate wrote me back—that he took advantage of me. But I don’t want to start trouble.

It occurs to me that he could tell me the true identity of his cellmate—the name of Fake Kane. But really, what would I do with that information? It’s not like I’ve ever

going to contact him and give him another chance to hurt me. Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me, as my Momma used to say.

“Well...do you want something to eat?” I ask at last, lamely. There doesn’t seem to be anything else to say. It’s not like it was with Fake Kane—I don’t feel that instant connection—that little click like a missing piece of my heart falling into place.

“Sure—I could eat. Anything you got on the menu’s gotta be better than that fucking slop they served us in prison,” he says, dropping back into his chair. “Bring me whatever’s good, sweet thing.”

I don’t particularly care for this nickname, but I figure that I probably won’t see him again after this. Despite writing to him for years and yearning to have family in my life, I find I have no interest in building any kind of relationship with this man. He feels foreign to me—strange. I’ll be fine if he leaves after eating his dinner and never comes back again.

I serve him the Blue Plate Special and a slice of pie and he inhales it all...except for the pie.

“Don’t you got any cake?” he asks, frowning at it. It’s my Chocolate Crème Supreme—one of our best sellers. “I don’t like pie.”

“Sorry—we don’t have any cake right now,” I say coldly, even though I made a big carrot cake this morning. But I don’t think this man deserves it after turning up his nose at my pie.

“Fuck it.” He shrugs and rises from his chair.

“Er, that’s going to be 16.99,” I say, tearing the check off my pad.

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“I’ll pay you later,” Real Kane says casually. “I’m sure I’ll run into you again sometime, sweet thing. Maybe even sooner than you think.”

And with that, he saunters out of the diner without even paying his bill!

I stare after him in disbelieving silence until Annabelle comes up beside me.

“Did he just leave without paying?” she asks, frowning.

“Uh-huh.” I nod. “Said he’d ‘pay me later’ if you can believe that.”

“That man looks like five miles of bad road,” is Annabelle’s verdict. “Sorry, Sunny, but I think I liked your fake brother better. Your real brother is a jerk.”

She’s not wrong. I watch his hairy shoulders disappear down the sidewalk as he swaggers away. I hope I never see him again—family or not, I don’t want anything to do with him.

I have no idea that I’ll soon have no choice about spending time with my real big brother. Or what a nightmare having him find me is going to turn out to be...

34

SUNNY

On the walk home, I get a text from a number I don’t recognize. That’s not actually unusual—everybody gets spam texts these days, right? But when I start to read the

message, my heart skips a beat.

Dear Sunny, it begins.

I know you don't want to hear from me, but I have to warn you of something. I just got word that your real brother has made contact with you. Let me warn you, Kane is dangerous! He?—"

I delete the rest of the message and block the number. My heart is aching and I'm so angry I want to throw my cell phone. Only the fact that I don't have the money to replace it keeps me from hurling it straight into a tree.

It was Fake Kane—I'm sure of it. But what does he care if my big brother is dangerous? It's not like he really cared about me—he lied to me. Used me. He's probably just using this as an excuse to worm his way back into my life. And I'm not falling for that.

I stomp home as the shadows grow long and the full moon comes out, still feeling wounded and angry. It's like he poured lemon juice on a fresh wound. I'll never forgive him for how he tricked me and used me—never!

When I get home I feed Miss Sassy and then let her out for the night. Sometimes she likes to roam and I don't blame her. Besides, she always comes back in the morning.

I take a long, hot bubble bath—trying to soak away all the anger and sorrow and irritation of the day but it doesn't work. I'm still just as angry and sad and frustrated as ever when I get out of the tub.

My breasts are aching and my nipples have turned a darker pink. They're leaking even more of the strange golden liquid—it leaves sticky trails down the undersides of my breasts.

I wash off and then dry off again and wrap myself in a towel that can absorb the liquid. I'm going to have to find a new solution. Also, I should probably go to the doctor—if I can find one that will take self-pay instead of insurance. It's probably going to eat up every bit of the tiny savings I've been able to put away in the last year or so and put me in debt, like as not.

I don't want to think about that. I decide to go sit on the couch and watch a movie to take my mind off things. I should probably eat something too...but I'm not very hungry. Maybe I'll just pop some popcorn.

But no sooner do I get settled on the couch in my towel with a big bowl of extra-buttery popcorn on the end table beside me than I hear a knocking on my door.

My heart leaps up into my throat. Who could be at the door at this hour? It's already dark outside—I don't like having people at my door after dark.

I decide that maybe if I keep quiet, they'll leave. I mute the TV—which wasn't very loud to start with—and sit there, holding my breath.

“Hey, little sis! Let me in,” a deep, grating voice calls from the other side of my front door. My heart seems to stop in my chest—it's Real Kane—my brother. “I know you're in there,” he continues. “I can smell your scent!”

What the hell is he talking about? How could he possibly smell me from outside? Especially since I just took a long soak in a strawberry-scented bubble bath.

I start to answer him...and then I remember Fake Kane's warning that my brother is dangerous. He would know—the two of them were cellmates. Now I kind of wish I'd read the rest of his message instead of deleting it and blocking him.

I decide to stay quiet. Surely Real Kane is bluffing—he can't really smell that I'm in

here.Right?

But my strategy doesn't work.A minute later,Ihear the clicking sound of a key turning in a lock and the front door swings open to revealRealKaneand two other huge, burly men.

I sit there in shock for a minute.I'mstill only wearing a towel!AtlastIfind my voice.

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“What the Hell are you doing here and how did you get into my house?” I demand.

Real Kane holds up a key.

“Got it from your ex-boyfriend,” he says, grinning. “He said whatever I want to dish out, you’ve got it coming, little sis.”

“Got what coming?” I ask, but my voice is shaking. “Look, this isn’t a good time for me,” I add.

“Too bad, because it’s a great time for me.”

Real Kane comes over to the couch, trailed by his two goons. He stands right in front of me, looming over me like an ogre in a fairytale. What does he want with me?

I’m too afraid to ask.

“You need to leave,” I tell him, trying to keep my voice steady. “I...I’m not even decent! In fact, I’m just going to go get changed right now...”

I stand up and start edging my way past him. I’m going to lock myself in my bedroom and call 911. I don’t like this situation—I don’t feel safe at all.

But Real Kane is too quick for me.

“Grab her,” he says to his goons, who are standing behind the couch. One of them reaches over the couch and grabs me by the shoulders.

“Hey! Let go of me!” I exclaim but Real Kane is already snatching my towel off.

“Hey!” I gasp again. I don’t like being naked in front of them! I try to cover myself with my hands but Real Kane says,

“Cuff her.”

The man holding my shoulders suddenly grabs my wrists. His arms must be really long to reach me over the couch, I think distractedly. I try to worm away from his grip, but he’s too quick. I feel cold metal around my wrists and hear clicking sounds.

“Let me go! Let go!” I kick and writhe, somehow managing to knock over the bowl of popcorn which spills all over the floor.

He lets go of me then, but I find I can’t move my arms—my wrists are cuffed behind my back. I stand there, naked and cold and shivering as all three men look me over.

“Look at this.” Real Kane reaches out and palms one of my breasts. He squeezes, hard enough to hurt, and a stream of the amber liquid comes from my nipple.

“Ouch! Let me go!” I exclaim.

“Nectar,” Real Kane says, ignoring me and speaking to the two goons instead. “Told you she was ripe.” He palms my other breast and squeezes until I gasp and more nectar comes flowing out. “How long you been making nectar this time, little sis?” he demands.

“What do you mean ‘this time’?” I snap. “I’ve never made it before a few days ago. And how did you even know about it?”

His bushy black eyebrows raise in apparent surprise.

“What? You mean you’ve never made nectar before? What about during your Heat Cycles?”

“What’s a Heat Cycle?” I ask him. “And stop touching me—you’re my brother, you pervert!”

Real Kan doesn’t seem to hear this last part because he keeps massaging and squeezing my breasts and pinching and tugging on my nipples. The constant manhandling hurts...but my body reacts to it too. There’s a pleasurable kind of pain when he tugs on my sensitive nipples that makes me press my thighs together. What’s wrong with me reacting this way?

“So you’ve never had a Heat Cycle before?” he says to me, frowning.

“I don’t even know what that is!” I moan. “Please—stop touching me!”

“Don’t think so, little sis. See, I can tell you have Wereblood in you but if you’ve never had a Heat Cycle, well, that makes you pretty rare.”

“What are you even talking about?” I demand, but he’s barely paying attention to me.

“What do you think, boys?” he asks the two burly goons. “Could she be a Recessive Omega?”

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“Fuck—if she is she’d be worth a fucking fortune,” one of them growls.

“Yeah—a fucking fortune,” the other echoes.

Suddenly, to my horror, Real Kaner reaches down and cups my pussy. He spreads my outer lips with his fingers and slides into my inner folds.

“Hey!” I try to pull away from him, but I’m stopped by the couch right behind me.

“Get your hands off me!” I gasp.

“Don’t think so, little sis. Need to see if you’re making slick.”

And with that, he shoves two thick and brutal fingers deep inside me.

“Stop! You’re my brother!” I shout at him.

I can’t believe he’s doing this. But even worse, my body is reacting to it! As he roughly thumbs my clit, I can feel myself getting wetter and wetter between my legs. Soon I’m dripping all over his hand! What the hell is wrong with me?

It’s not like I want this—my mind certainly doesn’t anyway. But my body seems to have a mind of its own. I can feel myself continuing to react to my big brother’s touch...and to his musky, animal smell that reminds me of fur and sharp, dark spice. I squeeze my thighs together, but I can’t get him out of me—his fingers are still buried in my pussy, pumping inside me. To my shame, my juices are sliding down his hand and dripping onto the floor.

“Look at her leaking!” one of the goons exclaims.

“Yeah—she’s deep in herCycle,” the other remarks.

“She’s tight too.Wonderif she can take anAlpha’scock?”RealKanemuses.

He reaches for the fastening of his dirty jeans with the hand that isn’t molesting me and, to my horror, pulls out a perfectly enormous shaft.

It’s as big asFakeKane’s,Ithink, as he steps up to me and rubs it against my stomach.It’s hot and greasy and his musky, rank odor is suddenly stronger, making me want to gag.Surelyhe’s not going to do whatIfear he’s going to do.

“Please,”Ibeg him in a trembling voice as he withdraws his fingers and starts rubbing the thick head of his cock against my inner pussy.Ican feel his precum coating my clit and my inner folds—it’s hot and acrid—it almost seems to burn me. “Please, don’t do this—what if you get me pregnant?I’myour little sister!”

These considerations didn’t bother me withFakeKane—he felt right to me in a wayIstill can’t explain, not even to myself.ButI’mfilled with horror at the idea of havingRealKane’schild.Theidea of letting him fuck me is awful—unthinkable!Andyet my traitorous body still continues to leak, both from my nipples and my pussy.

“Yeah,I’myour brother.Whobetter to plow your pussy and give you a big belly, little sis?”RealKanegrowls.

“You fuck her and you’re breaking theUnbreakableLaws,” one of the goons points out.

“You thinkIgive a fuck for laws?”RealKaneslides the broad head of his cock down to

the mouth of my pussy. He has to crouch to do it, which seems to aggravate him.

Turning, he sits on the couch. Then he drags me down, forcing me to straddle him. I try to fight but I can't do much with my hands cuffed behind me. Before I know it, he has me spread out and helpless in his lap.

"Gonna see if you can take an Alpha's cock, little sis," he growls.

I can't believe I'm in this position! Spread out naked in my big brother's lap—my real big brother—who's about to impale me on his cock! I have to get away! But there's nowhere to go. I'm helpless—vulnerable and open for him and unable to stop whatever he's going to do to me.

He's just starting to feed the broad head of his cock into the mouth of my pussy when one of his goons speaks up.

"Ya know, boss—if you knot her and cream in her, she's going to be worth a lot less at the auction," he remarks.

"Yeah—if she really is a Recessive Omega, whoever buys her is going to want to be the first in her pussy," the second one says. "If you give her a breeding belly, they're gonna be able to tell she's been bred. Besides, it's getting late—we're gonna need to Shift soon. You sure you even have time for this?"

Real Kane freezes and then—to my unspeakable relief—pulls away.

"Fuck," he growls. "You're right. Damn it! I really wanted to knot her! She's so fucking ripe for breeding!"

"Yeah, but didn't you say you needed money?" the first goon asks. "This little bitch could be our meal ticket for the next year or two if you sell her for enough."

“We can always find some bitches to knot once the auction is over,” the second one says. “Tonight’s for Shifting—tomorrow is for breeding.”

“You’re right.” Real Kaneshoves me roughly off his lap and I sprawl in a heap on my Nan’s hand-braided rug.

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“Ouch!” I gasp. What is this “auction” they keep talking about? Before I can ask anything, Kane is stuffing his cock back into his jeans and rising to pull me off the floor.

“Get up, you little slut!” he snarls. “If I can’t fuck your pussy and fill it full of my cum, I’m gonna sell it for a shit-ton of money instead.”

“What...what are you talking about?” I gasp. But he pays no attention. He just lifts me like I weigh nothing and slings me over one hairy shoulder.

“Come on,” he says to the goons.

And he carries me, naked, out of my house and shoves me in the back of a black van.

“What are you doing? Where are you taking me? Help! Help!” I scream at the top of my lungs.

“Take care of that bullshit,” I hear Real Kane say to one of his goons.

“You got it,” comes the answer.

And then a big hand is holding a rag over my mouth and nose. There’s some kind of liquid on it that smells sickly sweet. I fight to get away but he grips the back of my head with his other hand, crushing the rag against my face.

Slowly the world around me turns gray and begins to fade. My last thought before everything goes black is how I wish I would have listened to Fake Kane. He was

right—my brother is dangerous.

And now I'm going to pay the price for not heeding his warning.

35

CONNOR

“What do you mean, Sunny's gone?” I demand, hearing the panic in my voice. “What the actual fuck, Branson? She was there yesterday—I texted her! And I know she got my text because she blocked me.”

“I'm sorry, Sir, but this morning she didn't show up for work at the diner,” Branson tells me. “I had our informant go check on her and she found the door wide open and Sunny was nowhere to be found, though there were signs of a struggle.”

“What signs?” I demand. “And what else did she find—anything? We need to know what happened, damn it!”

Branson details the fact that there was popcorn spilled all over the living room floor, which isn't like Sunny—she keeps everything neat and tidy at all times.

“There were scents in the air too—the scents of three males, from what our informant could smell,” he says. “And I'm sorry to tell you this, Sir, but she's certain that one of them was a Rogue Alpha—most probably the girl's brother. He was in the diner earlier and she smelled him there.”

I groan and rake my hand through my hair. I should have gone after her yesterday as soon as we got word that Kane was in Singing Rock. But last night was the full moon and I couldn't risk driving when I knew I was going to have to Shift.

The night of the full moon is the only time Male Werewolves are forced to Shift to our Wolf forms. And once in that form, we can't change back again for hours. So I had stayed home and Shifted and roamed the woods on the edge of our property, as I always had growing up.

But all night long my Wolf was worried. He wasn't joyful and excited to be out hunting as I had thought he would be when I first got out of prison. All he could think about was Sunny.

Danger! Our mate is in danger! he informed me over and over until I thought I was going to go crazy!

By the time I was finally able to Shift back to human form, I was worried to fucking death for her. Sometimes the animal side of me knows things my human side doesn't. I was praying my Wolf was wrong but almost the minute I got back to the mansion, I got the call from Branson that Sunny had disappeared.

"Kane must have taken her somewhere," I say, raking a hand through my hair distractedly. "But where?"

And what had he done to her? I felt protective fury rising inside me. If he'd touched one hair on her head I was going to fuck him up beyond all recognition and then fucking kill him!

I could feel my Wolf growling his agreement. Sunny was our mate—no one else was going to touch her and live!

"Well, Sir, I know that the night after the full moon is generally the time when the Elite Bitch Auction is held," Branson offers.

"The EBA? Fuck—I forgot about that! It's still going on?" I ask.

“The authorities shut it down for a while but it’s made a comeback, from what I’ve heard,” he says blandly. “If Sunny really is a Recessive Omega, like you believe her to be, she would fetch a pretty penny at a place like that.”

“Where is it at? Where is it being held?” I demand.

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“I don’t know—the location is changed every month,” Branson says. “I only know as much as I do because I’m careful to keep tabs on the Wereworld. It behooves me to know the family’s business, since I am a mere human myself.”

“Can you find out the location and get me an invitation?” I ask him.

“I’ll do my utmost,” Branson promises.

“Work fast,” I tell him. “I don’t care how much it costs in bribes—get me a time, a place, and a ticket. I have to be there!”

“What if that’s not where Kanetook her, though?” Branson asks.

“He took her there—or he’s taking her. The EBA is where he’ll get the most money for her. The bastard makes most of his money in trafficking,” I growl. Inside, I can feel my Wolf agreeing with me and I know I’m right. The Wolf’s gut instincts are never wrong—tonight when the auction opens, Sunny will be there, up for sale.

And I’m going to be there to buy her freedom and kill anyone who’s dared to touch her or hurt her in any way.

36

SUNNY

“Get ready—your girl is up next,” someone says. I look around and see it’s the guy wearing a microphone in his ear. He’s the MC for this weird event, I think. At any

rate, I heard him introducing himself and welcoming people to the monthly “Elite Bitch Auction” earlier. That was before I was herded up a flight of wooden stairs into the backstage area of this vast auditorium.

It’s been a rough twenty-four hours since Real Kane kidnapped me. First of all, I was knocked out and locked in the back of the van for hours. When I finally came to, I heard a lot of scary sounds outside—howling and growling and snarling. It sounded like a pack of wolves was fighting over some hapless prey animal out there.

I was freezing cold because I was still naked. In one corner of the van, I found an old blanket. It smelled horrible and it was stiff with what I was afraid was dried blood. But I held my nose and wrapped it around me—what else could I do? It was use the blanket or get hypothermia!

When the sun finally started coming up, the van doors were thrown open and I saw Real Kane and his two goons standing there—all three of them were naked.

I was scared to death they were going to gang-rape me and then kill me. The three of them were covered in dirt and there was blood smeared on their faces and around their mouths.

But my brother only looked me over and nodded.

“Good—let’s get dressed and take her to the auction.”

“But boss, we ain’t got nothing for her to wear!” one of the others protested. “The EBA is fucking fancy! Don’t they get all the girls dressed up for it?”

“I know someone,” was all Real Kane said. “Don’t fucking worry—this isn’t my first rodeo.”

“Wait!” I begged when they started to close the doors on me. “Please—I really have to pee! And I’m so thirsty.”

“Fine—but don’t think you’re getting away from us.” Real Kane dragged me out of the van and set me on my feet. He stripped away the blanket, leaving me naked again. We were in the woods, I saw—not far from my house. If I could go behind a bush and then sneak off while I was pretending to pee...

But my sadistic brother wasn’t having any of that.

“Squat,” he ordered, pointing to his feet.

“What, here?” I demanded. “In front of all of you? That’s disgusting!”

“That’s the only way you’ll get to go,” he said flatly. “Piss right here or you can piss yourself in the back of the van—either way, I don’t give a fuck.”

I was forced to squat there in the dirt with the three of them watching me. I nearly lost my balance twice because my arms were still handcuffed behind me. A stear of humiliation rolled down my cheeks, I somehow managed to do my business.

When I was finished, Real Kane yanked me up again and pushed me back into the van. He shoved a half-full bottle of water at me but I couldn’t take it.

“My hands!” I pleaded. “Can’t you at least cuff them in front?”

He grumbled about how I was a mouthy bitch but at last produced a key from the pocket of his discarded jeans and uncuffed my arms only to bring them around in front of me and refasten the cuffs.

“Go easy on that water,” he growled. “It’s all you’re getting. And don’t think we’re

going to make any fucking pit stops—this is a one-way trip. You have to go again, you can pee in the fucking bottle, little sis.”

They slammed the doors to the van shut again, leaving me naked and shivering in the back with nothing but a half-full bottle of lukewarm water and the dirty, smelly blanket.

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I had no idea where they were taking me, but I was hungry and thirsty and I had to pee again long before we got there. The water was long gone and I was doing my best to hold it when the van finally stopped traveling and the doors opened again.

Real Kanewas standing there. Beside him was a man dressed in a navy blazer and slacks. He had carefully styled silver hair and looked kind of like a game show host, I thought. He looked me up and down and nodded at my brother.

“Well, I’ve seen worse. I’m not sure how much you’ll get for her though—she’s overweight and nothing special, though her face is pretty enough.”

“She’s a Recessive Omega and this is her first Heat Cycle,” Real Kaneshot back. “That’s worth a Hell of a lot!”

The other man’s silver eyebrows shot up.

“Truly? If you’re right, she might fetch a pretty penny.”

“I’m right,” my brother said firmly. “Smell her scent. She’s been living as a human all this time and just now came into her Cycle. She doesn’t know anything about the Wereworld.”

“All right—you have my interest,” the man said. “I’ll style her for a cut of what you get for her. I’m thinking... fifty percent.”

“You fucking high? I’ll give you five,” my brother snarled.

They went back and forth like that, bargaining with my life like I was nothing but a possession. I thought about trying to run but the two of them were blocking the exit from the van and there was no way to get up to the front—there was a metal partition there.

At last they agreed on twenty-percent of the profits from my sale and the well-dressed man took me by the arm.

“Come along, young lady,” he said stiffly. “And be sure you behave yourself. I don’t want to punish you, but I will if I have to.”

I didn’t have much choice—I was still naked and handcuffed. Also, I didn’t see anyone around I could ask for help. The man was leading me into what I assumed was his house—it was a big old Colonial set back in the woods. There was nothing around us but trees.

“I’ll be back for her later,” my brother said, and left in the van.

The minute the van was out of sight, I began to talk.

“Please, Mister,” I began. “I don’t know who you are, but please help me! That man is my brother but he kidnapped me. He?—”

“I know perfectly well who your brother is, which means I also know better than to cross him,” the man snapped. “My name is Raymond and I’m a stylist—that’s all you need to know about me. And there’s no point in begging me to help you because I won’t.”

“But...but I have a life back home!” I protested. “You can’t just grab me up like this.”

“I didn’t do that—your brother did,” he said. “As for your old life, forget it—it’s gone

and you're never going back to it."

I thought of Cookie and Annabelle and The Pie Shop and Miss Sassy, my cat and felt tears starting in my eyes.

"But what's going to happen to me?" I asked. "I don't understand—I just keep hearing about some kind of auction."

"Indeed—the Elite Bitch Auction—also known as the EBA." He was ushering me inside his immaculately decorated house now. I would have stopped and admired it if I hadn't been so upset. "I'm going to clean you up as best I can..." Here he made a face, as though I was a tough project he was taking on. "And then you'll be sold to the highest bidder," he finished.

"What?" I couldn't believe it. "But why? Why me?" I demanded. "There's nothing special or 'elite' about me! I'm just a waitress in a diner."

"According to your brother, you're a Recessive Omega," he told me. "That's extremely rare."

"But what even is a Recessive Omega?" I asked, feeling bewildered. It seemed like everyone was talking in code. "And for that matter, what is the 'Wereworld' that my brother was talking about?"

Raymond gave me a surprised look.

"You really are innocent, aren't you? The 'Wereworld' refers to the community of werewolves that resides within the larger human population."

"The community of what?" I was so startled that I actually started laughing. "You're joking, right? I mean, you must be."

“I most certainly am not,” he said stiffly. “Being a Werewolf myself, I wouldn’t joke about such things. Nor should you, since you are also a Werewolf.”

“I don’t know what kind of delusion you’re under, buddy,” I said. “But I have never in my life turned into a wolf during the full moon or any other time.”

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“Of course you haven’t,” he said impatiently. “Female Weres don’t have Wolves—only Males do.”

“Well, isn’t that convenient?” I said, raising an eyebrow at him. I would have put a hand on my hip if my wrists weren’t still cuffed in front of me. “You could say that any woman is a ‘Were’ if you went by those standards! And who could prove any different, since none of them have ‘wolves’ inside?”

“You need only look at your own body to know you’re one of us.” Without warning, he whipped the filthy blanket from around my shoulder and dropped it on the floor with a grimace of distaste. “Ugh! I’ll have to burn that!”

“What are you talking about?” I demanded, but I was afraid I knew. He kept saying I was a ‘Were.’ Was that why my breasts kept on leaking the strange amber liquid and my pussy was so wet that my juices were dripping down my thighs? Also, my body felt so wrong...so achy and empty and?—

No! This couldn’t be right. I couldn’t just accept that I was somehow a werewolf. That was crazy talk—right?

“I can see what you’re thinking,” Raymond, who had been watching me struggle with myself, remarked. “Yes, the reason your breasts are leaking nectar and your...other parts are leaking honey is proof that you’re a Were. A Were who’s going into her first Heat Cycle. Which means you’re going to need to be bred very soon.”

I suddenly remembered that Fake Kane had talked about “breeding” too. Also, he’d had a knot at the base of his cock and so had Real Kane. Did that mean that both of them

were “Weres?”

“Does all this have something to do with knotting?” I asked uncertainly.

“It does.” Raymond nodded. “Come into the bathroom,” he added. “You’re filthy.”

“First answer my questions,” I said stubbornly. “What is a Recessive Omega? And how could I possibly be one?”

“A Recessive Omega is a female Werewolf who doesn’t come into her Heat Cycle until late—most Omegas go into heat as early as fifteen,” he remarked. “Of course, they can’t be bred at that age—or they shouldn’t be—but a Recessive Omega might not enter her first Cycle until ten years later than that.”

“But what does it mean that I’m having this, uh Cycle thing?” I demanded.

“As I said, it means you’ll have to be bred very soon or you could go into Heat Fever,” Raymond told me. “That’s a nasty illness that can kill you very quickly. Some advice to you is, whoever buys you, get him to breed you at once.”

“What? I’m not going to beg some stranger to breed me!” I protested. But I couldn’t help remembering Fake Kane’s knot and how much I’d wanted to try having it in me. And that was, presumably, before my “Heat Cycle” even really got going. I was much further along than I had been then and I felt empty inside—almost desperate! But I wasn’t about to admit that.

“You’d better beg,” Raymond the stylist said grimly. “Unless you’d rather end up dead. And believe me, death by Heat Fever isn’t pretty, my dear. You literally roast from the inside out. Your body temperature will go higher and higher until you die from heat exhaustion. I’ve even heard of a few neglected Omegas dying from spontaneous combustion.”

“You’re just trying to scare me!” I said, narrowing my eyes at him. “That can’t be true!”

He shrugged his narrow shoulders.

“I truly don’t care if you believe me or not. My only job is to get you ready for the EBA tonight. So come on—into the shower.”

He pushed me forcefully into the bathroom where a large marble shower with four jets—two overhead and two on the side walls of the shower—sprayed me from all angles. He made me wash my hair with expensive smelling shampoo and scrub my body all over with equally expensive body-wash.

None of this was easy with my hands still cuffed, but I managed. Honestly, I wanted to get clean as much as he wanted me clean—I hated the smell of the filthy blanket I’d been forced to use to keep warm all night. I didn’t like being naked in front of him, but it was pretty clear he wasn’t attracted to me, which made things a little easier.

Once I came out, Raymond dried me off and wrapped me in a towel. He was going to start styling me immediately, but I begged for something to eat. I hadn’t had a thing since the few handfuls of popcorn I’d eaten the night before and I was starting to feel faint.

“Oh, very well,” he sighed. “But nothing too bulky—we want you looking fierce tonight!”

He sat me, still in a towel, at his butcher’s block kitchen table and made me one of the best Caesar salads I’ve ever eaten. I might have enjoyed it more if I wasn’t about to be sold off.

“Please,” I said, after finishing the salad. “Can’t you help me escape? I just want to go back home.”

Raymond frowned at me coldly.

“Save your begging and pleading,” he told me. “Nothing in this world or the next could convince me to cross your brother. Do you know I once saw him skin a man alive? Slowly.”

I felt sick and the words of Fake Kane’s text came back to me again.

“Kane is dangerous,” he’d said. And now I believed him, but it was too late.

“Look at it this way,” Raymond told me. “You’ll be starting a whole new life as the spoiled mistress of a very wealthy man. Only the richest men in the world can afford tickets to bid at the EBA. Whoever buys you will probably keep you in opulent luxury.”

“How can you be sure of that?” I asked.

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“Because, I was once in your position,” he said. “I am one of the rare Male Omegas—I too, was auctioned off, though it was many years ago. And look at what I have now...”

He spread his arms, as though to indicate the entire house, which really was a very nice one.

“Do you think I could have gotten this on my own?” he asked. “My family was dirt poor—they could barely afford to feed me and my brothers and sisters. The man who bought me, an Alpha by the name of Drake Malbright—may he rest in peace—kept me in style for many years until he passed. And then he left everything to me.” He sniffed and his eyes were suddenly shiny with tears. “I still miss him.”

“Well, I’m glad your story had a happy ending, but that doesn’t mean mine will,” I pointed out. “What if someone cruel and abusive buys me?”

Raymond shrugged.

“If they pay enough for you, they generally won’t abuse you. At least, in my experience. I mean, you wouldn’t buy a Picasso and then deface it, right? Now be quiet—I need to get you dressed and styled. The auction is an hour away from here so we need to get moving.”

He wouldn’t listen to anything else I said and eventually threatened to tape my mouth shut if I didn’t stop begging for help. Finally I shut up while he dressed and styled me because I could see that he wasn’t going to budge.

And now it's my turn on the auction block.

37

SUNNY

"Bring her up—she's next!" the MC tells Real Kane. My brother grabs me by my elbow and shoves me from the backstage area into the spotlight at center stage.

I can barely see the audience because of the brilliant light shining in my eyes—I vaguely make out that the auditorium is only about half full and every one of the men in the audience are wearing expensive suits. They're also wearing masks—black half-masks that cover the top half of their face and leave only the mouth and chin bare.

I guess the masks are for anonymity. If these are all super rich Weremen, they probably don't want to be seen at what's essentially a slave auction.

Speaking of that, at least my hands are uncuffed. But I still can't run away—and not just because there are too many guards around. What I'm wearing is completely obscene and would get me either raped or arrested in a heartbeat. And that's assuming I could find someone human to help me—which is really doubtful in this crowd.

I wish I could cover myself, but Real Kane already warned me not to.

"Hands to your sides, little sis," he hissed in my ear as he shoved me on stage. "Show off the goods. If nobody buys you tonight, you're coming home with me and I'm going to fuck the shit out of you!"

That was enough to make me keep my hands to my sides. No matter who buys me,

ithasto be better than going back home with my sadistic big brother who apparently has no qualms at all about committing incest.

Still,IwishIcould cover myself.The deep red gownI'mwearing has a plunging neckline that shows my breasts.AndImean the nipples too.Infact,I'mwearing a kind of demi-cup corset type garment which points my bare nipples up and out, so the nectar that keeps flowing from them drips on the ground at my feet instead of on the gown, which is apparently quite expensive.

Down below, the gown doesn't get any better.It has a high slit up the front which puts my pussy on display as well as a split up the back, which shows my ass.

Instead of panties,Raymondmade me put on a kind of harness with a single gold ring in the center.The ring fits around my clit and the straps spread me open, which lets my "honey flow freely" as he put it.

"TheAlphasare going to want to see that you're ripe for breeding," he told me whenIprotested this obscene get-up. "Believeme—you'll be thanking me when you get bought by a billionaire who wants to spoil you."

I don't know about that.Idon't want to be bought by anyone—no matter how rich he is.Ijust want my old life back.Butit doesn't look likeI'mgoing to get it,Iadmit to myself.EvenifIwas free to go,Icouldn't find what my body needs inSingingRock.

I hate to admit it, but the "BreedingFever" or "HeatFever" asRaymondcalled it, has been growing in me.Mybreasts are full of nectar that needs to be sucked out and my pussy is so empty—it needs to be filled and knotted.Iwouldn't be able to find anyone inSingingRockto breed me—not likeIneed to be bred with a thick knot inside me.Justthe thought makes me shiver with unwanted lust.

"All right now folks, this is the one you've all been waiting for."TheMC'svoice cuts

into my thoughts. “AgenuineRecessiveOmega—this girl has been living in the human world with no idea of herWerestatus.This is her very firstHeatCycle—and as you can see, she’s deep into it.”

He throws out a hand, indicating my state andI can feel my cheeks getting hot as every eye in the audience examines my leaking breasts and slippery pussy.I wish the golden ring around my clit didn’t make it so noticeable!

“Be the very first to breed her!” theMC says. “Thevery first to fill her pussy with your seed and plant your heir in her belly!Now—since she’s so special,I’m going to start the bidding at ten thousand.”

I bite my bottom lip as the bidding begins.The other girls were started at five hundred.I really must be a hot commodity.Who could have guessed that rich men from all over the world would bid for me, a lowly waitress without even a college education?I certainly wouldn’t have.

“Ten thousand and doI hear twenty?Twenty thousand, who’ll give me thirty?”

The bidding is brisk.I wonder whoI’m going to end up with and ifI can run away from him after he breeds me.But where canI go that a freaking billionaire can’t find me?He’ll have all the money and resources in the world andI have nothing at all—not even my cell phone or wallet.

“Fifty thousand, doI hear sixty?” theMC calls. “Ah-ha—seventy-five from the gentleman in the corner.”

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I squint to see who he's talking about but all I can make out is a sea of faces, all covered in masks.

"Seventy-five and who'll make it eighty?" the MC asks.

I bite my lip. Eighty thousand dollars would have changed my life if someone would have given it to me while I was still in Singing Rock. I could have redone my house and gotten that college degree I wanted. Hell, I might have had a little left over to open my own pie and pastry shop.

"Eighty thousand and who'll give me ninety?" the MC asks. "Ah—one hundred thousand from the gentleman in the corner."

I feel another shiver run down my spine. The "gentleman in the corner" must really want me. None of the other girls they auctioned off sold for more than ninety thousand—that was the highest bid. But the bidding for me sales right over that mark and just keeps going higher and higher.

Two hundred thousand...three hundred thousand...five hundred thousand...

I can't help believe the bidding is so high! A Recessive Omega really must be rare, like Raymond said. Then again, he'd told me he was a rare Male Omega and his bidding went high too.

"Don't be surprised if you go for more than a million," he told me as he sent me off with my brother. "I did and that was years ago."

At the time, I thought he was crazy. But as the bidding goes into astronomical territory, I begin to believe he might have been right.

And then it happens. The man in the corner—whoever he is, stands up and says in a firm, clear voice,

“I bid five million.”

A hush falls over the room and nobody moves. They’re probably afraid if they so much as twitch a muscle it will be seen as another bid and nobody wants to top that offer.

“Five million once,” the MC says. “Five million twice...sold to the gentleman in the corner for five million dollars!”

A guard comes from the backstage area and, taking me by the elbow, hustles me down the stairs that lead from the stage to the main part of the auditorium. Before I know it, I’m being handed over to an extremely tall man—the man who bought me for five million dollars.

He’s tall, like I said, and muscular—the immaculate black tux he’s wearing can’t hide that. His dark brown hair is cut in a short, fashionable style but I can’t see his eyes—they’re hidden by the mask he wears.

“Come on,” he says to me, taking me by the hand. “Let’s get out of here.”

“Wait!” I pull back against him, unwilling to just follow wherever he leads. I don’t care what he paid for me, I did not consent to be sold in the first place!

He turns to look at me, a frown playing over his sensual mouth. I wish he would take off the mask so I could see his face! He looks familiar but I’m sure I don’t know any six

foot six-tall billionaires.

“What is it?” he asks me. “Don’t you want to get out of this place?”

“I...I want to know your name,” I say in a voice that wavers more than I like. “Please...I know you bought me but I didn’t know anything about the, uh, Wereworld until today. Also, I was kidnapped—it’s not like I asked to be sold.”

“I understand.” He nods. “All right then. My name is Connor James Lowell the Third. There—satisfied?”

I nibble my bottom lip.

“Sort of. Why did you buy me? I mean, aside from me being a, uh, Recessive Omega. Or is that the only reason?”

“You’ll find out—but not here,” he says sternly. “Now are you coming with me willingly or should I throw you over my shoulder?”

He looks like he could do it with no problem. I don’t like the idea of being carried like a sack of flour.

“I’ll come,” I say unwillingly. “It’s just...we’re going through this whole crowd and look how I’m dressed.” I indicate my gown which shows my breasts and pussy and my new owner makes a sound like a hungry growl.

“Yes, I can see how you’re dressed,” he remarks, his eyes raking over me. “But I like it that you don’t want anyone else looking at you now that you’re mine. So here.”

He takes off his extremely expensive tux jacket and drapes it around my shoulders. He’s so tall that it fits me almost like a trench coat. I put my arms through the

sleeves gratefully and pull it close around me, being careful not to let the fabric rub my tender nipples.

The tux jacket smells like him—a warm, spicy scent that is somehow familiar. Do I know him? To be honest, he looks a little like Fake Kane. He's got the height and the muscles, anyway.

But then I remember the beat-up pickup truck and the Walmart clothes. The shaggy hair and the way he was willing to work as a dishwasher and busboy. No...no way those two are the same person. No billionaire in the world would stoop to such manual labor.

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“There—much better.” My new owner nods in satisfaction as I pull the jacket around me. He takes my hand again. “Now come on—we don’t have all night!”

He tugs on my hand and I follow him this time without complaint. He pulls me through the vast auditorium and out into the night.

Apparently he owns me now. I guess I’m going home with him.

38

CONNOR

The moon—just a night past full—shines down on us as we make our way across the wide, grassy expanse towards the venue’s parking area. It’s strong tonight, making my skin itch from the inside-out. I shrug my shoulders against the itch. I don’t have to shift right now like I do on the night of the actual full moon, though I could if I wanted to.

Speaking of shifting and my Wolf, he couldn’t be happier. We finally have our mate back—I can feel him inside me, wagging his tail.

I don’t have the heart to tell him that we probably won’t get to keep Sunny. I don’t expect her to forgive my deception, just because I bought her. Though at the moment, I don’t believe she knows who I am. She hasn’t yet connected me with the guy who lied to her and pretended to be her brother for two long years. I’m not exactly in a hurry to tell her either—I want to keep her with me for as long as possible—I fucking missed her.

Plus, she's going to need to be bred. Her Heat Cycle is well advanced—even now her warm, feminine scent is teasing my nose and making my cock rock hard in my tux trousers. I'm not sure if I should tell her who I am before that or not. On one hand, I want her so much it hurts. But on the other, I don't want to deceive her again—she really needs to know it's me who's breeding her. And?—

“So, bunkie—I wondered if it was you. I can't believe you paid five million for this little slut.”

The voice of my old cellmate stops me dead in my tracks. Instinctively, I push Sunny behind me.

Kane steps out from the shadows of a copse of nearby trees, his eyes glowing with Were-light.

“The fuck do you want?” I growl, glaring at him. “Stay away from my mate!”

The words are instinctive, they just come out. At the same time, I feel the Wolf inside me raising his hackles and growling. Kane is most definitely the enemy—especially considering that he's already kidnapped Sunny once.

Behind me, I hear her give a little gasp as she understands who I am. Well, it's too late to explain myself now—I'll try to talk to her once I get rid of Kane.

“Just thought I'd come say hi to my little sis,” he says casually, but his body language is anything but casual. He's glaring at me, trying to intimidate me, looking around my shoulder to catch a glimpse of Sunny.

“You said enough to her when you kidnapped her out of her home and sold her to the highest bidder,” I point out. I can't imagine the trauma Sunny must have gone through. “All she ever wanted was a big brother who cared about her,” I say. “And look what she

got instead!”

“You’re one to talk, bunkie—you’re the one who tried to sell yourself to her as me. And you were the highest bidder,” he counters. “Thanks for the five million, by the way. Now I’ll be able to get my network back together and go back into business.”

I know what his business is—trafficking underaged girls and selling them to men who use and abuse them. My hands curl into fists.

“Get the fuck out of my sight!” I growl. “You make me sick—I only paid that much to be sure Sunny got free of you.”

“Well, she’s not quite free yet.” Kane takes another step towards me. “She’s so rare—a Recessive Omega. And I’m her only kin.”

“I doubt she wants to see you again, but that will be up to her,” I growl. “What’s your fucking point, Kane?”

“My point is that as her only male relative, I get to say who breeds her first,” he says.

I shake my head.

“That’s an old ruling—nobody goes by it anymore.” In fact, it was a law meant to keep female Werese in check over a hundred years ago—no pack that I know of uses it anymore. It’s like saying women are still the property of their male relatives like they used to be a long time ago before women got the right to vote—it simply isn’t true anymore.

“I go by it,” Kane insists. “As her only male relative, I get to choose who breeds Sunny her first time. And I say I should get to breed her first.”

“What?” I stare at him blankly. “You’re fucking kidding me. That violates the Unbreakable Laws and you fucking know it!”

“So?” He shrugs, as if he doesn’t care about the basic principles that unite all Weres around the world.

The Unbreakable Laws are sacred and the two most important ones are No Incest and No Breeding in Fur Form. That is, you can’t Shift into your Wolf before or during breeding a female. It could hurt them because most Weremales have pretty huge Wolves with equally huge equipment.

“You’re fucking with me,” I say shortly. “Well, it’s not funny. Get out of the way, I’m taking Sunny home.”

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“Not before I breed her. Been smelling her sweet scent for hours on the trip up here,” Kane growls, still looking around my shoulder to try and catch a glimpse of Sunny. “I just want a taste of that sweet little pussy and then you can have her all to yourself.”

I glare at him.

“I knew you were a fucking degenerate, but I didn’t think you’d stoop this low. No, you’re not breeding Sunny. She’s a person—not a bottle of wine I just bought that you can have the first drink of,” I tell him. “Now get out of my way unless you want trouble.”

“So you want to fight for her, then,” Kane says and it’s not a question.

“You really want to do this?” I demand. “You remember what happened the last time we fought?”

“That was in the cell—no shifting allowed,” he says. “But I know my Wolf can take yours. I’ll give you one more chance—let me breed her right fucking now or I’ll rip your throat out and breed her in my Fur Form.”

The Wolf inside me howls with outrage. How dare he threaten our mate? I can already feel my body starting to change.

“You want a fight?” I ask, my voice coming out in a low, inhuman growl. “I’ll fucking give you one.”

Kane is starting to Shift too, but there's something I need to do before I let myself go completely. I turn to Sunny, who's pale in the moonlight.

"Here, baby—you need to get to safety," I tell her, shoving the keys to my car into her hand. "It's a black Lincoln Escalade. Press the key fob to find it and then lock yourself in. I'll come find you as soon as I finish this."

She takes the keys, her eyes wide.

"Kane," she begins. "I mean, Connor?—"

"Later, baby," I tell her. "There's no time now."

Then I turn away and throw myself into my Shift. This fight is to the death and I don't intend to leave Sunny to fend for herself.

I'm going to kill this fucker if it's the last thing I do.

39

SUNNY

I step back as the two men begin to change—morphing into something new and strange. My eyes are mostly on Fake Kane—Connor, I mean. I need to get used to calling him by his real name.

I still can't believe he's rich enough to pay five million for me...or that he's willing to fight for me like this.

But all of that takes a back seat to what I'm seeing right now. The two men are changing. Connor's knees are bending the wrong way and, as he drops to all fours, I see

his ears migrate to the top of his head and become more pointed. His face elongates into a muzzle and his body gets bigger. He bursts out of his clothes and fur flows over his skin, covering his entire body. Last, a tail sprouts from his back end and there, standing in front of me, is one of the biggest wolves I've ever seen. Seriously—it's as big as a pony or a small horse!

Its fur is pure silver and it has Connor's pale eyes. And standing across from it is a huge black wolf—which must be my brother, Kane.

I take a step back as the two wolves start circling each other, snapping and snarling, looking for an opening. Part of me is struggling to process what I just saw. I feel like I've been transported into one of the monster movies I love so much only this is real—it's real life. It's actually happening. The shredded clothes and discarded shoes lying on the grass are proof that both Connor and Kane actually turned into the massive wolves right in front of me.

I know Connor told me to go find his car and lock myself in, but I feel frozen to the spot. It's like I'm in shock—I can't seem to move.

But maybe it's more than that. The cool night air is bringing me the scent of both wolves—musky and dark—fur and spice. I can't say it's pleasant but it is compelling. It seems to be doing something to me.

The nectar coming from my nipples is flowing much more freely now and my pussy is so wet and hot I feel weak in the knees. I'm so empty inside that it hurts. What's wrong with me?

“Heat Fever,” whispers a warning voice in my head. “Remember what Raymond said—you could die if it if you're not bred!”

But there's nobody to breed me now—just the two wolves—the black and the

silver—fighting each other.

I don't know if you've ever seen a dog fight but it's like that only on a much bigger scale and incredibly vicious. Fur is flying and they're rolling on the ground, growling and snapping.

I take a few steps back, but my knees threaten to give way. God, I'm so far gone in the heat. I can't even act to save myself! I should be running for the car, instead I'm still here, waiting for the winner to breed me.

And then it happens—the enormous black wolf gets the silver one by the throat. My heart sinks as I see Connor sink to the ground with the black wolf on top of him. Kane growls viciously, sinking his teeth to the bone in the other wolf. But Connor doesn't react—he just lies there—still and unmoving.

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“Connor!” I gasp. I feel sick. Is he dead? He must be. But this is wrong—this isn’t supposed to happen! The bad guy isn’t supposed to win.

Belatedly, my body unfreezes. I turn and start running for the parking lot...only to be knocked to my knees by a huge, shaggy wolf.

“No, please!” I gasp but the black wolf is already on top of me. He bites my shoulder, getting a mouthful of the tux jacket I’m still wearing and holding me in place as he mounts me.

I curse the horrible dress I’m wearing. The high slit up the back means I’m completely exposed. I feel something hot and wet nudging between my legs, then finding the mouth of my pussy.

The world spins around me. Oh my God, Kane’s actually going to do it! He’s going to fuck me in his Wolf form!

I try to get away but he growls warningly. The message is clear—“hold still while I breed you.” And God help me, part of me wants this.

But no, I don’t want it exactly but I need it. My whole body is on fire—burning with the Heat Fever. I can’t stand it anymore—I need to be knotted, need to be bred. Even if the one breeding me is a man I hate with all my heart...

But just as I feel the enormous shaft starting to slip inside me, there’s a low snarling sound. A silver shape flies through the air and knocks the black wolf off of me.

I look around me, dazed—was that Connor? But I thought he was dead!

Apparently not—maybe he was just waiting for the moment when Kane was distracted. The silver wolf has the black one by the throat and he's not letting go. Kane's wolf struggles wildly but he can't get free. He makes high-pitched wining sounds, as though crying for mercy. But Connor's wolf has none for him.

He takes a firmer hold on the black wolf's throat and then jerks his head to the side. Blood sprays in an arc, black in the moonlight. The enormous black wolf spasms and lets out a last breathless howl of pain... then I hear a crack. Suddenly he goes limp in the silver wolf's jaws. Connor's wolf lets him drop to the grass and the black wolf lays there, his golden eyes staring sightlessly at the sky.

I roll on my side, crying. Dead—my long-lost brother is dead. But I'm not crying because I lost him—the last of my family. No, I'm crying out in pain. The Heat Fever is reaching a crescendo inside me. My skin is hot all over. I feel like I'm on fire—I'm so empty inside and I'm burning... burning.

I'm dying and there's nothing I can do about it.

40

CONNOR

I shift back as quickly as I can. In the moonlight, I see Sunny lying on her side, moaning and crying weakly. She's only a few feet from the black wolf's body, but she doesn't even seem to see the remains of her brother.

I'm naked after the shift back to human form, but I don't care. I rush to her and put my hand on her neck. Fuck! She's burning up!

“Please...” she’s moaning. “Please...so empty inside.Please!”

I know what she needs and there’s no time to ask for consent.Ihave to breed her here and now.Ihave to knot her and spurt my seed deep in her pussy—Ineed to flood her womb with my cum.It’s the only way to save her.

Quickly,Istrip my tux jacket off her.Thechilly night air on her skin should help cool her at least a little.Butof course, the source of her high fever is internal.Sheneeds male seed in her womb to quench it completely.

I get her to her hands and knees again andSunnyhelps me.Sheseems to know what she needs.

“Please,Connor!” she begs and despite the desperation of the situation,Ifeel my heart jump.Shecalled me by my name!Myreal name!Ididn’t know how badlyIwanted to hear that until she said it.

“It’s all right, baby,”Itell her. “Justspread your legs for me andI’llbreed you—going to fuck you nice and deep and give you my knot.”

“Yes, please!” she begs. “That’swhatIneed—Ineed you inside me,Connor—deepinside me.”

She doesn’t have to ask me again.I’malready fitting the head of my cock to the mouth of her pussy.She’sso wet withlickthatIslide in immediately, the crown of my cock finding the end of her channel with a single deep thrust.

Sunny cries out and arches her back.Ican feel her inner walls caressing me—almost milking me.God, she feels so good around me!Herbody is begging for my cum andIwant to give her exactly what she needs.

I grip her hips and pull halfway out before ramming home again. Breeding is no time to be gentle. She needs it rough and deep—it's the only thing her body will respond to.

“Fuck me!” she's moaning. “Oh God, please Connor—fuck me harder and fill me with your cum!”

I thrust deep inside her several more times and then I can feel my first orgasm coming over me. My balls tighten and I shove home inside her and let go, bathing the mouth of her hungry little womb with my cream.

Sunny cries out in relief, but she still needs more. Now that her body has had a dose of my cum, I feel her inner mouth opening and the head of my cock slipping inside. Since I'm in her womb, there's more space down below and my knot starts to slide into her.

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“Yes!” Sunny is grabbing at the grass, arching her back and tilting her hips to try and get me even deeper. “Yes, knot me! I need to be filled—just like that! Just like that!” she moans.

I shove even deeper, determined to get all the way in and the base of my knot is swallowed by her hungry little pussy. God, it’s such a hot sight—the way she’s taking me in so fucking deep! The minute I’m all the way inside her, my knot starts to swell, tying the two of us together.

Now, at last, some of the Breeding Frenzy dies down. Sunny moans in pleasure and contentment and her voice doesn’t sound nearly so frantic.

“Oh, Connor,” she whispers, turning her head to look over her shoulder at me. “I feel you in me so deep—your knot is so big inside me!”

“Is that what you need, baby?” I growl hoarsely. “To be knotted nice and deep?”

“Yes, but can you come in me again?” she pleads. “I need more of your cream in me. Remember you said you’d make my belly swell with your cum?”

“I remember, baby,” I tell her. “All right then, get ready—here it comes again.”

And then I’m coming again, spurting directly into her womb. Sunny moans and backs against me to take every drop.

“Good girl,” I murmur. “Good girl to take my cock so deep in your pussy and take all my cream. Just relax and let me come in you, baby—let me fill you with my seed.”

“Yes, Connor!” she moans. “I can be a good girl... I can open myself for your seed. Oh God, fill me up all the way!”

I’m doing my fucking best to do exactly that. God, she’s so fucking sexy, writhing under me and begging for my cum! I can still feel her inner walls massaging me. Clearly she’s coming too—which isn’t unusual during breeding. It’s like one long orgasm.

Reaching around, I palm her breasts and tug at the nipples, helping her nectar flow. Once I finish knotting her, I’ll suck it out but for now, at least I can ease some of the pain she must be feeling from her overfull breasts.

I don’t know how long we stay that way, locked together. I’m aware that some of the other attendees of the auction are coming out but a set of guards comes out also and keeps everyone away. It’s not unheard of for a public breeding to take place after the EBA, since so many of the women for sale there are being sold during their Heat Cycle.

So we go on and on, straining together as I fill her with my cum. I never want it to end because once it’s over, I’m not sure if Sunny will ever talk to me again.

41

CONNOR

The moon is much lower in the sky when I’m finally able to withdraw from Sunny. There are sealing compounds in my cum, so hardly any of it leaks out. I get between her legs and lick her clean anyway—noticing with satisfaction that her lower belly is rounded by the amount of cream I filled her with. We called that a “breeding belly” in my old pack.

But now comes the hard part...waiting to see what Sunny will think of what just happened between us now that her Breeding Fever has been quenched and she's coming back to her right mind. She's lying on her side, panting in the grass—clearly completely worn out by her first breeding session.

"Sunny? Baby?" I cup her cheek and look into her eyes. "Are you okay?"

"I don't...exactly know." She sighs and shifts uncertainly. "I feel so full...down there."

"That's because I gave you a breeding belly," I tell her. "Remember I told you if I bred you that your body would hold my cream for a day or two until it absorbed?"

She looks down at herself in the moonlight. The dress she has on has been ripped and pulled askew by the force of our breeding. But through the slit in the front, it's clear to see that her lower belly is significantly rounded.

"Oh my God, you really filled me up!" she says faintly.

"I gave you what you needed," I point out, hoping she won't be upset.

"What I need right now is to get out of here." She looks around, like someone waking from a dream. "My God—we're out here in public!"

"I'll take you someplace private if you want," I offer. What I want is to bring her home with me. Luckily, the auction wasn't held too far from my family mansion.

Sunny nods tiredly.

"Okay—whatever. I just want to be someplace inside."

She tries to stand up but she's weak as a kitten—not surprising at all. A lot of girls are

disoriented after their first breeding.

“Here, baby—let me.” Iscoop her up in my arms. “Do you still have the keys?”

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Miraculously, she still has them clutched in one hand.

“Good girl,” I tell her. “Hold onto them—we’re going home.”

I carry her to the parking lot, ignoring the curious stares we get from some of the other auction goers. Most everyone has gone home now, but there are still a few lingering.

“What about...what about Kane’s body?” Sunny is looking over my shoulder at the corpse of the black wolf, still lying in the grass.

“He’ll be buried by the guards, I imagine,” I tell her.

She nibbles her lower lip.

“But...you killed him. That doesn’t mean you’ll go back to prison, does it?”

I shake my head.

“The EPA is a safe space for dominance fights. Besides, he was trying to violate the Unbreakable Laws—we can both testify to that if there’s an inquiry.”

“Oh...okay.” She nods and lays her head on my shoulder tiredly.

“I’m sorry I had to kill him,” I say in a low voice. Though I’m not a bit sorry the fucker is dead, I am remorseful that I had to kill him right in front of Sunny.

“He was no good,” she says softly. “Hewas trying to...to breed me as a wolf.Eventhough he was my brother!”

“Yeah, he didn’t care much about breaking the rules,”Igrowl, feeling the fury rise in me again whenIremember the huge black wolf crouched overSunnywith his thick red cock nudging just inside her open pussy.I’mfucking glad he’s dead—fucker got what he deserved.

“I don’t want to think about him anymore,” she whispers. “Allthose years, trying to reach him, praying he would get in touch with me.Andwhen he finally did, he kidnapped me and sold me!”

“It’s a good thingIwas there to buy you, then,”Isay gently.

“Yes,Iguess so.”Thereare tears fillingSunny’seyes andIcan tell she’s grieving for the relationship that never was—the one she wanted so badly with her last remaining family.

“It’s okay, baby,”Itell her and kiss her forehead gently. “Comeon, let’s get you home.”

We’re finally at my car andIput her into the passenger seat carefully.Istrap her in and recline it some, so she can rest.

“Relax,”Itell her asIpull on a spare pair of sweatpantsIkeep in the car in case of an unexpectedShift. “I’mgoing to take care of you, baby.”

AndImean it—Iwant to take care of her forever.

If only she’ll let me.

SUNNY

I feel all worn out from all the crazy experiences I just endured. The auction was bad enough and then the wolf fight and the breeding... I feel like I just lived through a hundred years in one night!

Also, the intense breeding seems to have taken something out of me. I'm so tired I can barely keep my eyes open. I'm also sore inside, but in a good way, if that makes any sense. At any rate, my body feels satiated in a way it never has before. I sense that my "breeding belly" as Connor calls it, has something to do with that. My womb can't claim to be empty when it's swimming with his cum.

My breasts are still full of nectar though. They ache, but it's a dull pain, one I can ignore—for now. I drift off for a little while from pure exhaustion and when I wake up, we're pulling into the circular driveway of what can only be described as a mansion.

"Wow!" I blink, wondering if this is a dream. "Is this where you live?" I ask Connor.

He nods.

"This has been my family home for generations."

It strikes me all over again that he's rich—I mean, really rich—and yet he was willing to stay in Singing Rock with me and do manual labor. But why?

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“I don’t understand,” I say, as he comes around to the passenger side and takes me in his arms.

“Don’t understand what, baby?” he asks as he carries me to the front door—a huge, imposing slab of oak that’s carved into intricate patterns with an old-fashioned brass doorknocker in the shape of a wolf’s head.

“I don’t understand why you’d take a job as a dishwasher,” I tell him. “I mean, you have all this...” I wave my hand vaguely. “Why come live in Singing Rock?”

“Because that’s where you were,” he says simply. “I wanted to be with you.”

His answer makes my heart flutter, but I’m still not happy about his deception.

“But why did you pretend to be Kane for so long?” I ask him.

Connor shakes his head.

“Listen, I promise to explain everything but first we need to get you cleaned up and out of that crazy breeding outfit.”

I have to agree with that. We can’t hash everything out standing here on his doorstep. Or at least Connor is standing and I’m in his arms.

“Okay,” I say, nodding. “But I want to know everything.”

“Everything,” he promises.

He leans in to show his face to a shiny black panel and after a moment, it clicks and the door swings open. Connor carries me inside and I gasp at the opulence around me. I thought Raymond the stylist had a nice house, but this puts it to shame. It really looks like something you'd see in an article about "Homes of the Rich and Famous" or something like that.

"You like it?" Connor asks as he carries me through the massive, round foyer and into the back of the house.

"It's gorgeous," I admit.

"It's empty," he says flatly. "I don't have anyone to share it with."

"But...what about your family?" I realize I don't know anything about him—not really. Does he have a family to share this with?

Connor shakes his head.

"Gone," he says. "All dead."

"Oh my..." I put a hand to my mouth. "What happened?"

"My parents both died of natural causes," he tells me. "My sister, Bethany..." He shakes his head and I sense it hurts to talk about. She must have been killed suddenly in some way.

"That's all right—you don't have to say it," I tell him quickly.

"Thank you. I'll tell you later," he promises.

We walk down a long corridor—this is the kind of house that has "wings"—with lots

of doors. When we get to the end, Connor pushes inside and we find ourselves in a massive bedroom. In the center is a bed with four intricately carved wooden posts. It has a fluffy dark green and brown comforter with gold trim that looks like it costs more than my car. It probably did, I think.

But Connor doesn't give me much time to admire his bedroom. He carries me into an ensuite bathroom that has a fancy shower stall and an enormous marble tub.

He places me carefully down on the broad edge of the tub and raises his eyebrows.

"This okay, baby? Can you sit for a minute?"

"I'm fine," I assure him, though to be honest, I still feel really weak. Not like I'm going to fall over though—I can manage to sit on my own.

"Good."

Connor starts running a bath in the tub. He adds some good smelling bubble bath which foams up at once and then turns to me.

"All right, let's get you out of that dress."

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I'm too weak to help much, but he does it all, extracting me from the now-ruined dress and helping me out of the crazy harness with the golden ring around my clit. It's all sticky from my honey and I'm more than glad to get it off.

As soon as I'm finally naked, Connor helps me into the tub. I sigh in delight as the sweet smelling, warm water surrounds me. It feels so good on my aching body and too-full breasts!

"There now, baby." Connor kneels beside the tub. "How do you feel?"

"Better," I admit. "But my hair's going to get all wet."

"Here." He leaves for a minute and comes back with a hairclip—maybe one of his sister's? Anyway, he twists my hair up on top of my head and clips it in place. Then I can really relax and I do, sighing contentedly.

"All right now, let's get you clean." Connor takes a big, puffy sponge and begins to wash me. I think about protesting that I can do it myself, but honestly, I don't feel like it. And I kind of like being taken care of.

"Thank you," I murmur as he washes me. "Oh!" Because the sponge is sliding over my too-full breasts.

"I'm going to help you with those in a minute, baby," Connor promises. "And now that you've got a breeding belly, your breasts should stop producing nectar for a while."

That's good news to me—I'm tired of feeling like my breasts are too full and sensitive

and being sticky all the time.

Connor finishes washing me and lets me soak in the tub for a while. He gets me a glass of cold apple juice that's pretty much the best thing I've ever tasted. It quenches my thirst and makes me feel refreshed.

At last he takes me out and dries me off, paying special attention to my breasts and my rounded belly. I can't help thinking that this is how he would treat me if I was pregnant...which seems like a distinct possibility in the near future, considering how he bred me. What will I do if it turns out I'm carrying his baby?

At this point, I just don't know.

Connor wraps me in a big, fluffy towel—one of those really enormous ones they call a “bath sheet”—and carries me into the bedroom. When I protest that I could walk on my own, he says,

“Why should you when I can carry you?”

He places me down on the bed and tells me to relax a minute while he takes a shower.

I agree and he leaves me for five minutes and comes back with a towel wrapped around his waist and damp hair. Water droplets are beading on his broad shoulders and muscular chest. It reminds me of how he looked that first night at my house and how I couldn't stop staring at him.

“You look amazing,” I say frankly. “I mean, I really like the new haircut.” I gesture to his hair, which is considerably shorter than it was when I first met him.

“Oh yeah...” He laughs and shrugs. “I let it get long in prison but I figured I'd better cut it before I met with my company's board for the first time in three years.”

“You own a whole company?” I ask, raising my eyebrows.

He shrugs again, as though it’s no big deal.

“Lowell Enterprises. It’s been in my family for generations.”

“You said you’d tell me more about your family,” I remind him. “I mean...if you want to.”

“I do.” He sits on the bed beside me. “You deserve to know everything after the way I lied to you. I’m so sorry about that, Sunny. I should have been up-front with you in the beginning.”

“Yes, you should have,” I say, because it’s true. “I still don’t understand why you lied and pretended to be Kane, though.”

Connor sighs and runs a hand through his hair.

“It started as a way to keep myself occupied in prison. About a week after I moved into Kane’s cell, I saw your letter in the trash. I was bored and curious and he clearly didn’t give a shit what happened to it so I took it out and read it.”

I try to remember what I wrote in that letter but it’s impossible—I wrote so many over the years, just praying that my big brother would make contact with me.

“So...you liked my letter?” I ask tentatively.

“I more than liked it.” Kane takes one of my hands in his. “Baby, your letter felt like a ray of light in that dark, dirty cell. It was like I was drowning and you threw me a lifeline.” He sighs. “I wanted to write back but I was afraid if I told you who I was—just some random guy who was your brother’s cellmate—you’d think I was weird and

creepy.”

“Well...I probably would have,” I admit. “It would be scary to get a letter from prison from a complete stranger.”

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“That’s exactly what I thought,” Connor says. “So I pretended to be Kane. I didn’t mean for anything to come of it—I really didn’t. I thought you deserved to have a big brother who cared about you for a change.” He shrugs. “So I pretended to be that brother.”

“But then you came to see me and kept pretending,” I pointed out.

“I know—I shouldn’t have done that,” Connor admits, and I can see the contrition in his pale eyes. “But in my defense, I really only meant to stay an hour and have a piece of your famous pie. Then I was going to move on and let you believe that your big brother was happy and doing well. But then you insisted that I stay the night.”

“Yes, I did, didn’t I?” I nod reluctantly. “I just felt so...so drawn to you,” I admit to him. “Though not exactly in a sisterly way.”

“No, clearly not,” he says dryly. “I’m sorry about that, too—making you think you were, uh, doing sexual things with your own brother.”

“You never felt like my brother though,” I tell him. “I think, deep down, I knew you weren’t. I just wanted to be close to you.”

“I felt the same way.” He cups my cheek in one hand. “To be honest, baby, I think you might be my Fated Mate, even though Rogue Alphas like me usually don’t have mates.”

“Fated Mate?” I frown. “What does that mean?”

“It means you’re the one woman in the world who’s meant just for me. And I’m the one man in the world for you,” he tells me. “I can tell you that my Wolf certainly thinks

you're our mate. He was miserable when I had to leave you."

"So your Wolf...likes me?" I remember the huge silver wolf, as big as a pony, fighting Kane's Wolf to keep me safe.

"He loves you...and so do I," Connor says in a low voice. "I probably shouldn't say that, but I can't help it—it's how I feel. It's show I've felt from the first minute I picked your letter out of the trash and read it."

"Oh, Connor..." My heart swells but there's still something I have to know. "I'm sorry," I tell him. "I want to let myself feel the same way for you that you feel for me but I have to know...why were you in prison in the first place? Was it really for...for murder?"

He nods soberly.

"It was. I'm afraid it has to do with my little sister, Bethany."

"Oh, the one who...who died?" I ask softly.

He nods again.

"She killed herself. After a while we renamed Rodger Buckley raped her." His voice grows hard and his eyes flash. "The fucker thought he could get away with it! I found out what had happened after Bethany killed herself—I read her diary," he adds. "And I went after him. He didn't even try to deny it!"

"Oh my God, that's awful!" I exclaim. "I'm so sorry, Connor!"

He shrugs grimly.

“What’s done is done. I killed him and was brought up before the Weretribunal for judgment. That’s kind of like going to court for a human,” he adds in explanation.

“So what happened? Couldn’t you tell them why you did it?” I ask.

“I did,” Connor says. “And I showed them Bethany’s diary too. They judged that it was a righteous killing—that means I had the right to take his life for what he’d done to a female in my family. But any time you take a life outside of the right boundaries in the Wereworld, you have to pay the price. They ordered me to spend three years in prison as punishment...” He raises his hands. “Which is how I wound up locked in a cell with your brother in the first place.”

It all makes sense now. I understand why he killed the man who raped his sister. I don’t blame him a bit for it, either.

“I don’t blame you for what you did,” I tell him. “You must have been so angry and sad after losing your little sister.”

“I was—Bethany and I were really close, especially after our parents passed,” he says in a low voice. “That’s one reason I wrote back to you, I think. I was angry that Kane just didn’t give a shit about his own little sister when I missed mine so much.”

“Oh, Connor...” I wish I could hug him. I reach for him but I can’t help wincing when the towel rubs against my breasts.

Connor sees my expression and seems to know the cause right away.

“I’m sorry, baby—I promised you I’d take care of you and here I am just talking. Here, let me see those.”

He opens my towel and I let him—it feels right to let him take care of me

now. My breasts are way too full and still leaking the sticky nectar.

“Let me help you,” Connor says softly. Then he takes one of my nipples in his mouth and starts to suck.

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I moan softly and arch my back, offering myself completely. The gentle suction eases the pressure in my breasts but it also sends sparks of pleasure straight to my pussy. It feels so good that I shift my hips, wishing I could touch myself.

Connor seems to somehow know what's going on in my head because he lets my nipple slip from his lips and gives me a half-lidded look.

"Mmm, baby—are you enjoying yourself?" he rumbles.

"Y-yes," I admit breathlessly. "I...I really love it when you suck my nipples."

"Of course you do, baby. That's normal—especially when you're on your Heat Cycle," he murmurs. Then he sucks the other nipple, drawing the sticky nectar out and making me squirm as the pleasure builds between my thighs.

When he finally finishes, my breasts are much more comfortable, but my pussy feels hot and needy all over again.

"Connor!" I exclaim, wiggling my hips. "I feel so...almost like I need to be bred again. But you can't, can you? I mean not so soon after..." I nod down at myself and my breeding belly.

"No, I can't breed you, but I can ease your pain, baby." He slides down the bed. "Spread your thighs for me so I can taste you."

I bite my lower lip. This still makes me feel a little self-conscious. But I remember how much he enjoyed tasting me before and besides, I'm so hot I can barely think straight!

“All right,” I whisper and spread my thighs for him.

Connor growls hungrily and presses his face between my legs. I feel him rubbing his cheek against my mound of curls and then his tongue is diving in, parting my folds and licking up the juices—or honey, as the Werescall it—eagerly.

“Oh...ohhh!” I moan, winding my fingers through his thick hair. “Oh, Connor—that feels so good!”

My only answer is another low, hungry growl and he redoubles his efforts, sucking my swollen clit into his mouth and teasing it mercilessly with the tip of his tongue until I gasp and pull his hair, bucking my hips up to meet him.

I have to be honest, it doesn’t take long for me to start coming. Connor seems to know my body better than I do—maybe that has something to do with me being his “Fated Mate.” He licks and sucks and teases me until I come for him...and then he does it again and again.

At last, I start pushing him away because I can’t take anymore. Finally he stops and looks up at me. His mouth and chin are shiny with my juices and his eyes are lazy with lust.

“God, baby—you taste so fucking good,” he growls hoarsely and licks his lips. “I just want to keep you in my bed forever!”

I bit my lower lip.

“Do you mean that? Or are you just saying it?”

“Of course I mean it!” Connor is suddenly serious. He comes up to the head of the bed and takes me in his arms. “Sunny, I want to keep you with me always—I want to marry you, if you’ll let me.”

“Marry me?” My eyes fly wide. “But look at all this...” I throw out my arm, indicating his mansion and his vast wealth. “I mean, you could have anyone you wanted. Why me? I’m just a poor waitress. I don’t even have a college education!”

“You’re my Fated Mate, baby,” he growls. “You’re the only woman I want—the only woman I’ll ever want. And if you want to go to college, you can. Or if you want to open that little pie and pastry shop you’ve been dreaming of, you can do that too. Anything you want—just stay with me.”

I nibble my lower lip again.

“Can I go say goodbye to everyone in Singing Rock and collect Miss Sassy? I’m worried about her—she’s been out on her own for days now!”

“Of course we can.” He kisses me and looks into my eyes. “Baby, we can do anything you want. Just say you’ll be mine—be my mate forever.”

My heart swells and I know I can’t refuse him. He might have lied to me at first but I understand now why he did it. And I can see the sincerity in his pale eyes—he loves me. And I have to be honest—I love him too. I feel like my heart is going to burst with happiness.

“Yes, Connor—I’ll stay with you,” I tell him. “I love you too.”

“Baby! You don’t know how happy you’ve made me!”

He crushes me to him and kisses me hard on the mouth. I find myself responding, my body eager for his again as I kiss him back. I can taste my own secret flavor on his lips, and it makes me even hotter.

“Oh, Connor,” I say breathlessly, when we finally pull apart. “I feel like... like I want you again!”

He smiles, his eyes going lazy with lust again.

“That’s all right, baby—you can have me. And I can have you. Come on, let me taste you again.”

As he slides down between my thighs, I have a minute to think about how much my life has changed. Not long ago I was a poor waitress living in the middle of nowhere without much of anything to look forward to. Now I have a wonderful man who loves me to distraction and who wants nothing more than to pleasure me and make me happy for the rest of my life.

I’m so happy I could cry but I have to admit, it all started because I was... Betrayed.

THE END?