



Bad Man (Blue Collar Bad Boys #1)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Ella:

Romance was the last thing on my mind when I moved to Blackwood Falls. I just want my new home to be a safe haven where my stalker can't find me. After almost being kidnapped, I'm sure I can never trust anyone again, let alone fall in love. But when the handsomest man I've ever seen walks into my home and makes me feel safe for the first time in my life, I realize it's time to move on from my past.

Michael:

I've lived in Blackwood Falls my whole life and I know everyone here, so when a new resident hires me to set up her Internet, I'm intrigued. When I meet her, I know without a doubt that for the first time in my life, I'm in love. I will stop at nothing to protect Ella, even if it means betraying her trust and resorting to methods that aren't strictly legal. When the man who ruined her life tries to kidnap her again, I'm ready for him...

Bad Man is a standalone safe stalker, ex-military hero romance.

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Michael

As I approach my final job of the day, I can't deny I'm intrigued by whomever lives here.

There are cameras posted all over the outside of this place; I don't think there's a single inch of the property that isn't covered.

I already knew this connection was for a new resident – not only is the service order labeled as a new client hookup, but I know damn near everyone who lives in Blackwood Falls and I don't recognize the woman's name.

That doesn't mean I didn't look her up, though.

There wasn't a lot of information available about Ella Wheeler online.

Most people our age have some sort of social media account, or at the very least a LinkedIn profile.

Not her. There was one article about a stalking case that her name was mentioned in, but Wheeler is a pretty common last name.

Without doing an in-depth search – something I'm more than capable of – I have no way of knowing whether or not our new resident was involved.

in that case. If she was the victim, it was no wonder why she would want so many cameras around her house.

Pushing that speculation out of my head, I get out of my work van, and walk around to the rear of the vehicle.

As I pull open the back doors that are emblazoned with the internet company logo, I feel eyes on me.

When I glance toward the house, I catch sight of the curtains in an upstairs window falling back into place.

It seems that Blackwood Falls' new addition is just as curious about me as I am about her.

She's waiting for me when I get to her front door. My knuckles barely graze the red-painted wood before the barrier between us swings open, revealing a pair of bright blue eyes staring up at me. I almost get lost in them and forget where I am.

I've seen beautiful girls before, but no one compares to Ella. Her sapphire eyes are just the tip of the iceberg. Her face is perfect, plump cheeks and pouty lips. And that hair... God, I can already imagine those red locks gathered in my fist while I shove my cock into that plush mouth.

Fuck, I'm starting to get hard in my jeans just looking at her. I need to control myself.

"You're here to connect the internet?" she asks. Her voice is soft, low, and just as alluring as the rest of her.

"I am," I confirm, my voice husky with need. I clear my throat before saying, "You're Ella Wheeler, right?"

Her eyes widen as she glances around behind me. It's almost like she's checking to make sure no one heard her name. Then, after her survey, she steps back to allow me

entry before closing the door and locking it.

“Sorry about that,” she says, twirling a strand of her thick, red hair around her finger. It has to be natural; no salon could recreate those subtle highlights. “Safety first and all that.”

I hum, slipping off my shoes so I don’t track dirt onto her pristine, white carpet and taking stock of the mostly-unpacked home.

It’s cluttered with boxes and bags, but I note the presence of cameras inside, too.

I recognize the brand. The picture quality is great, but, speaking from experience, they put up almost no resistance to hackers.

For someone who seems so concerned about safety, she should have done more research; she’s practically begging someone to watch her.

“So,” I say, pushing that thought out of my mind. It’s best I don’t think of anything that could be related to my other job while I’m working this one, “do you know where your modem is?”

“In the office,” she says, her eyes lingering on me. There’s something hot in those twin pools of blue. I want to explore it. “I’ll show you.”

“Lead the way,” I say, falling into step a few paces behind her, watching the way her ass sways as she walks. God damn. Everything about this girl is perfect.

The office is the only room in the house that isn’t a mess of boxes. It’s unpacked and tidy. On the desk next to her computer is a daily calendar and a monthly planner, both full of her handwriting. She must have a work from home job, something normal that doesn’t justify all of these cameras.

If she had my job, the one that no one knows I have, the one where I take people out for a hefty sum of cash, then all this security would make sense.

From what I can tell, this poor thing is just needlessly paranoid.

I could fix that. Whatever it is that's scaring her, I could take care of it.

Maybe what she needs is someone else in this place with her, protecting her from whatever danger is out there.

"I'm glad you were able to come out today," she says, hugging her arms around her small, feminine frame. "I've already missed so much work because of the move. I didn't realize leaving the city would be such a hassle."

"That sounds rough," I say, bending down so I can take care of the connection, grateful for the way the position hides my half-hard cock that only seems to get harder as Ella speaks. "Can't say I've ever had the pleasure of moving any notable distance."

"You've been in Blackwood Falls your whole life?" she asks, taking a step closer so she can watch what I'm doing. I can smell her perfume, a light vanilla scent mixed with honey – good enough to eat – wafting off of her. "I read that it's safe; is that true?"

"Pretty damn safe," I confirm, swallowing hard as my cock screams for her. "I know the sheriff. He's tough on crime, so there's rarely ever a problem."

"That's good," Ella says, her body relaxing a little bit. I can't help but wonder what made her so skittish. Maybe she's the Ella Wheeler from that article after all.

I make a noise of affirmation in the back of my throat as I turn that possibility over in

my head.

The man that stalked the Ella Wheeler in the article got off without even a slap on the wrist. He's walking free while his victim lives in fear.

I swear to god, if my Ella was his victim, I'll kill him.

I'm good at it. A military tour and a few years of working as a hitman will do that.

"Alright," I say, glancing over my shoulder, my breath catching at how gorgeous she looks from this angle.

I bet she'd look even better if our positions were reversed.

I cough in an attempt to push that image out of my head.

If I'm not careful, she's going to see how hard I am just from being in her vicinity.

"You should be online, but do you mind logging onto your computer to check the connection for me?"

Ella nods, turning around to open her laptop. With her eyes off of me, I stand up and adjust my cock in my pants. Once I get the bulge hidden, my attention snaps back to her. Just in time too, because she's turning back toward me with a smile on her face.

"It's working," Ella says, tilting her body so I can see the loaded webpage to a company I don't recognize. "I've run out of scheduled posts, so I have to get back to work tomorrow. I don't know what I would have done without you."

"You work online?" I ask, noticing the sparkle in her eyes.

“I do,” she says with a nod. “I manage the social media for a clothing brand. They donate half of their profits to help fight homelessness.” She’s passionate about her job, and I love that fire I see in her eyes as she rattles off statistics about how many families they’ve been able to provide shelter for.

“That’s incredible,” I say.

There’s a beat of silence as we stare at each other. There’s something simmering between us, and I know she can feel it, too. She starts to lean in toward me, her body starting to come out of the chair before she forces herself back down.

“Do you think you could help me connect my cameras to the internet?” she asks breathlessly after a pause.

It’s obvious that she doesn’t want me to leave, and I don’t want to go either. So, even though I don’t usually help customers with their electronics, I decide to make an exception for her. God, I’d make so many exceptions for Ella.

“Of course,” I say, my response making her body relax. “I’d be happy to help.”

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Ella

As a rule, I don't trust new people. It was a rule long before I was stalked, but I'm even more staunch about it now.

Something about this man – his name tag says Michael – has me breaking that rule.

I can't explain it, but just being around him makes me feel safe, safer than I've felt in a long time... maybe ever.

So, even though I'm more than capable of getting these cameras connected to the system, I ask for his help.

"I have to admit," he says, typing away at my computer as he completes his task, "I was surprised to see so many cameras around here."

"I know it seems like overkill," I say, hesitating for a moment before deciding I don't care if Michael knows what happened to me before I came to Blackwood Falls.

Then, he turns those warm, brown eyes on me and I'm spilling my guts before I can think about it any harder.

"I left the city because I was dealing with a... stalker situation. It's made me a little paranoid. "

His body freezes up, and I see something flash over his face. Then, he turns back to the screen, and I catch his forearm flexing, the tattoo sleeve there stretching over the

muscles beneath. God, this man is ridiculously muscular for a network technician.

“I’m assuming he’s still out there, since you’ve taken all of these precautions,” Michael says after a moment. He’s trying to sound casual, but his voice low and full of something dark. It gives me chills, but I’m not entirely convinced they’re from fear.

“No,” I say, high-pitched and breathless. “He was the prosecutor’s son. Even though I had plenty of evidence against him, they dropped the case as soon as they saw his name.”

“Sounds like someone should take care of him,” Michael growls, his hands balling up into fists.

“You’re right, I didn’t even know his name until the trial.

Up until that point, he was just the guy who always stared at me a little too long at the coffee shop every morning.

I had no idea he’d been following me home every day.

” I sigh, something warm growing in my chest to see how much he cares.

After having half the city against me, it’s nice to see someone in my corner.

“Unfortunately, I don’t think that’s going to happen.

That’s why I moved. There’s no chance of running into him here. ”

“You’re a smart girl,” he tells me, his voice sounding strained – dry, almost.

“Can I get you something to drink?” I ask, scratching the back of my neck. Where are my manners? I was raised better than this. “I’ve only got water and tea, but...”

“Water would be great,” Michael says, the corners of his mouth lifting and making my heart do funny things in my chest.

I scurry out of the room and into the kitchen, fixing him a glass of ice water. By the time I get back into my office, he’s finished on the computer and doing something on his phone. When he notices my presence, he puts the device away and smiles at me, accepting the glass when I offer it to him.

“I appreciate you helping out,” I say, my face flushing when he locks eyes with me. “It takes a lot of stress off of my back.”

“I’m happy to help,” he says, gaze like fire on mine. “With anything you need.”

“Yeah,” I say, swallowing hard when he sets the glass down and stands.

I have to look up to maintain the burning hot eye contact.

My panties start to get wet when I realize how much bigger he is than me.

It should scare me, a big man that I don’t know well in my house looking at me like I’m his next meal, but I love it.

Desire courses through my veins, and for the first time in my life, I find myself wanting to do something about it.

The moment between us is broken when a car backfires outside. I jump, flinching hard and bracing for impact, my heart beating against my ribs for an entirely different reason now. I’ve flung myself forward, directly into Michael’s chest, my face buried

between his strong pectoral muscles.

Michael doesn't seem to mind the contact.

His arms are wrapped around me tightly, enveloping me in a protective embrace.

I relax against him further, breathing in his comforting, spicy scent as he rubs a comforting circle against my back.

Somehow, he's made me feel even safer around him.

I don't want him to leave. I don't ever want him to leave.

"There's nothing to worry about," he says soothingly, and I realize that he's been murmuring words of comfort since I jumped into his arms. "I won't let anyone hurt you, Ella."

"Michael," I say after a moment, his name tasting like honey in my mouth.

I keep myself pressed against him for a few more seconds before I pull away just enough to look at him once again.

"Sorry. I just... I'm not used to the sounds here yet.

It's usually so quiet, any little noise just feels so much louder. I'll be okay."

"Of course you will," he says with so much conviction that I have no choice but to believe him. "Blackwood Falls is safe. I told you that."

"I know..." I reply, feeling silly for my outburst.

Still, I can't seem to extract myself from Michael's hold.

His touch, his strength, seems to quiet the voices in my head that have been a constant for the last year and a half of my life.

Letting go of him would mean the chatter telling me I'm unsafe, that I'm being watched, will come back with a vengeance.

Michael senses my hesitancy, because his arms get even tighter around me. He makes me feel like he's the one that doesn't want to let go. It's like I'm the thing keeping him steady rather than the other way around.

"How about I stay?" he asks after a moment, his voice close to a whisper. "I'll make sure you feel safe."

"I'd like that," I say, even though I know I'll be okay alone. I have my cameras now. My phone is always in my hand. There isn't anything to worry about, not really. Yet, I want him here. "That would make me feel a lot better."

"Good," he says as one of his arms drifts up my back to cradle the back of my head. "I would do anything to keep you safe. I swear."

"I know," I say, more truth in those words than has been in anything else I've said. "I know you will."

Then, Michael's leaning in, his intent clear. I should run. I'm not ready for something like this, not after what happened before. I'm damaged goods. I'm afraid of men. But I'm not afraid of Michael. I want him. I want all of him.

So, I stand on my tiptoes, meeting him halfway. Our lips brush together softly at first. His mouth is sure, confident, like everything he does, while mine is more hesitant. I

smile into the kiss, feeling silly for doubting myself. Then, I'm returning his attention with fervor.

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Michael

I've been half-hard the entire time I've been in Ella's presence, and the touch of our lips against each other, even though it's chaste, makes me throb with desire.

She tastes just as sweet as she looks, like candy, and I need even more.

So, I deepen the kiss, licking into her mouth greedily and swallowing the sound she makes in response.

Ella opens up to me obediently, her mouth parting as she allows me to take what I want. And I do. I'm unrepentant in the way I explore her mouth.

All it took was one kiss, and I know without a doubt in my mind that she's mine.

I'm going to take care of her in every sense of the phrase.

She's never going to be afraid again, I'll make sure of that.

I'll make sure that bastard never bothers her or anyone else ever again.

I don't have his name yet; I guess the journalist who wrote the article I read wasn't about to expose a prosecutor's son, even if they had no problem mentioning Ella by name.

That doesn't matter, though; all it'll take is one call to my buddy – Blackwood Falls' sheriff – and I'll have my hands on it.

My touch drifts over Ella's body. The fingers I have threaded through her hair tighten, and the hand that's been resting on her back starts to drift lower. I'm less than an inch away from her ass when she pulls away, her cheeks bright red and an almost apologetic look on my face.

Dammit. I should have known better than to move so fast. My poor girl has been through hell. I'm probably scaring her.

"What is it?" I ask, gritting my teeth to keep from leaning in and nipping at the swell of her spit-slick bottom lip.

"Nothing," she giggles nervously, averting her eyes. "It's just..."

"Tell me," I urge her, grabbing her chin between two of my fingers. When her eyes meet mine again, they're blown with lust.

"I've never..." she starts again, breath hitching when I squeeze her hip. "I've never done anything like this before."

Fuck. She's a virgin. Not only that, there's a pretty damn high probability that this was her first kiss. My cock aches with need, and I know I'm a fucked up man. The idea of being the only one to touch her makes my body scream for her, a glob of precum escaping the tip of my dick.

"But, um," she says, shifting awkwardly in response to my silence. "I still... I still want this. As long as it doesn't bother you."

"Oh, it doesn't bother me, sweetheart," I say, leaning in to kiss her again. I want to bend her over and take her right here, but my girl deserves better. "Now, tell me. Where's your bedroom? I want to kiss that tight, virgin pussy."

Ella shivers at my words, her chest heaving with desire. I can see the gears of her brain turning, gummed up by my vulgarity. After a moment, she manages to say, “Across the hall.”

Using her directions, I burst out of the office and kick the partially-open door of her bedroom wide open to allow us entry. This room, like the rest of the house, is still mostly in boxes. There are floral sheets on the well-made bed, almost like her mattress is welcoming the two of us.

I put her down on top of the comforter gently despite the way every fiber of my being is telling me to throw her onto the bed, hold her down, and breed her. I have to remind myself that she’s never been with anyone before. There will be time for that later, as long as I don’t scare her off now.

“You’re beautiful,” I say, letting my hands drift up her sides as I lean down to kiss her again.

She arches up into my contact, kissing me and pressing her breasts against my chest. My cock throbs with need for her, but my brain screams at me to take care of this beautiful girl. I need to taste her, need to make her cum on my tongue with my name falling from her lips.

Without breaking the kiss, I slip my fingers into the waistband of her leggings. Ella makes a noise in the back of her throat before lifting her hips, clear permission for me to do what I want. Smirking into the kiss, I pull her leggings off, taking her panties with them.

After tossing the garments to the side, I pull away from her mouth reluctantly.

The way she chases after me, leans up off of the bed in an attempt to prolong the kiss, makes me ache and I feel another glob of precum wet the front of my boxers.

As I move down her body, I palm myself to get a little bit of relief.

This part of her body is just as perfect as the rest of her. Her folds glisten in the low light of her bedroom. She's so wet for me, just as revved up as I am. God, seeing the evidence that she wants me just as much as I want her is enough to make me groan.

"What— what are you doing?" she asks, sounding fucked out even though I haven't done anything more than kiss her yet.

"I told you I was going to kiss this perfect pussy, didn't I?" I reply, spreading her legs and maintaining eye contact as I kiss my way up her thighs. "That's what I'm going to do."

Ella's entire body reacts to my words, shuddering in anticipation. Under my gaze, she grows even wetter. My mouth waters, needing to taste her from the source.

As I kiss a trail up her inner thighs, she pants, her breathing labored.

Above me, she's the picture of eroticism.

Both of her hands are fisted in the sheets, and she's watching me through half-lidded eyes.

The thick, heavy shirt she's still wearing is rucked up, exposing the bottom half of her stomach. All at once, I need to see all of her.

"Take your shirt off," I practically growl.

My words spur her into action. With shaking hands, she grips the hem and sits up. Then, she yanks it over her head and tosses it to the side, revealing a perfect set of tits.

“Fuck, baby,” I groan, nipping at her sensitive skin. “You weren’t wearing a bra?”

“I didn’t think I needed one,” she replies, sounding shy all of a sudden as she lies back down. “I was just at home, and I didn’t think—”

“You’re perfect,” I say, cutting her explanation off.

“That’s so fucking hot, just sitting around with your tits loose under your shirt.

I don’t ever want you to wear a bra around me.

” My hands slide up her abdomen, stopping at her breasts, cupping them in my big palms – a perfect fit.

“I want to be able to reach under your shirt whenever I want to feel these. Understand?”

“Yes,” she breathes, arching up into my touch, whimpering when I take her pebbled nipples between my fingers. “I understand.”

“Good girl,” I praise before removing my hands and shifting them to her hips, gripping her hard and pulling her toward my mouth.

I’ve waited long enough. If I don’t taste Ella soon, I might die.

At the first slide of my tongue through her folds, she cries out. One of her hands leaves the bedspread and buries itself in my hair. Almost without thought, she grinds against my tongue. I smirk against her sex – I’m just getting started.

Ella tastes just as good as I imagined she would. She’s sweet, a flavor that reminds me a little of peaches with a tang that’s uniquely her. Already, I’m addicted. I’m

never going to get enough of this. She's my drug that I'm going to spend my entire life chasing.

Not that I'm going to let her get away.

I suck at her body, letting my tongue teasingly breach her opening. She squirms, making a pathetic, desperate noise. My name falls from her lips as she babbles mindlessly, unable to put coherent words to the pleasure she's experiencing.

When I finally close my lips around her clit, flicking my tongue over the numb of nerves, she screams. The sound is sweet, even sweeter than her juices in my mouth. I need to pull more of them out of her. I need to inject them into my veins like they're my lifeblood.

Bringing two fingers up to her opening, I press them inside. There isn't any resistance despite how tight she is. She's so wet that she opens right up to me.

"Michael," she whimpers, her fingers tightening in my hair.

I can feel her pussy contracting around my digits, and I know that her orgasm is imminent. I just keep doing what I'm doing, focusing on giving her as much pleasure as I can, ignoring how hard the sound of her pleased cries makes me. Then, I hook my fingers upward, and I know I've hit her g-spot.

Ella screams my name, her entire body shaking with the force of her orgasm. I work her through it, groaning at the way her pussy clenches around my fingers. I don't pull away until the hand she's tangled in my hair goes limp.

"Wow," she breathes, looking up at me with huge, innocent eyes. "Nothing's ever felt that good before."

“I promise, there’s a whole world of pleasure I’m going to show you,” I tell her, adjusting my cock in my jeans.

“I can... Do you...” she stutters, gesturing at the bulge in my pants. “I could try to—”

“It’s okay,” I say, even though my entire body is screaming for her, to plow deep inside of her, to shoot my seed into her fertile womb. She isn’t ready for that yet. “You can help me take care of it next time.”

“Okay,” she says with a satiated grin.

My balls ache, but I know waiting will only make it better. I want to save all of my cum for her. The next time I cum, it’s going to be inside that untouched pussy.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 1:10 pm

Ella

It takes me a few minutes to fully recover from the mind-blowing orgasm I just had. My brain has gone completely blank, and the only thing that I can think about is Michael. He's in the bathroom right now, leaving me to stare at my ceiling.

As he comes back into the room, I'm tying my short silk robe around my waist. Michael makes a sound of approval, and when I look over at him, his eyes are tracing up my legs. The action makes my face hot and my pussy dewy.

"I, um," I say, shifting my weight between my feet.

I shouldn't have lost my virginity to a stranger like that.

He came to my house to perform a service.

I don't know anything about him; he could be married, for all I know.

But I know in my heart that he isn't, that he's all mine, and I don't want him to leave.

"I was thinking about making dinner. I don't have much but there's enough for options.

You know... If you want to stay for a while. "

"I'd love that," he tells me, crossing the room and wrapping his arms around my waist to pull me in for a kiss.

“Awesome,” I say when we part. “Do you prefer—”

“Anything you do is perfect,” Michael tells me, voice filled with conviction that makes me wonder if he’s still talking about dinner.

I nod, my heart flip-flopping in my chest. Is it possible to have a heart attack from infatuation? I don’t think there are any documented cases, but I think I might be the first. Especially when Michael takes my hand in his and leads me out of the room.

In the kitchen, he helps me chop vegetables for the pasta I’m planning. As we work, he tells me about his time in the military, and suddenly everything makes sense. Of course I feel safe with Michael. He was part of our armed services. For six years of his life, it was his job to protect others.

When I get the chicken started in the pan, Michael pulls me against him and kisses me hard. I respond in kind, sighing against him. I love how he holds me. It’s like he’s a security blanket. A very attractive, very muscular security blanket.

After a few minutes of making out, he pushes me against the counter, caging me in with his arms on either side of me.

Again, a part of my brain tells me that I should want to get away, but a louder, more insistent part tells me that this is exactly where I want to be.

As if moving on autopilot, my legs spread to accommodate him.

He accepts the space I’ve given him, pressing up against me. I can feel his hardness through his pants and the thin material of my robe. It drives me crazy knowing that I’m the reason he’s like this. I want more of him, and I want it now.

“Michael,” I moan against his lips, my eyes fluttering closed as his big, strong hands

roam over my body. The silk of my robe feels like heaven against my sensitive, goose-pimpled skin. “Michael please.”

“Please what, pretty girl,” he says, his voice in its lowest register. The pet name sends shivers down my spine. “Use your words for me. Tell me exactly what you want me to do.”

“I–” I start, not really knowing what I want. All I know is, “I want all of you.”

“All of me?” he asks as he kisses a line from my jaw to just below my earlobe. “You want my cock, pretty girl? You want me to fuck you and fill you up with my seed? You want my load? Is that it?”

“Y-yes,” I say as my mind short circuits.

His words are filthy, filthier than anything I’ve ever heard in real life. Heat bubbles beneath my skin. I think I might combust. I’m so wet from his kisses and the way that he’s speaking to me that I can feel slick dripping down my thighs.

“Anything for you,” he tells me as he sucks a pulse point on my neck. “I’ll do anything for you. It doesn’t matter what. All you have to do is ask.”

Before I’m able to process that, he’s tugging at the belt of my robe. When he gets it free, he pushes the garment from my shoulders. Michael eyes me hungrily before leaning in to attach his mouth to my hardened nipple, sending shockwaves of pleasure through me.

“Oh my god,” I whine, my hips twitching forward, my body aching to be filled. “Please.”

“Alright, alright,” he says, pulling away and leaving the nub glistening with his

saliva. "I'll give you what you want."

That's all the warning I get before I'm being spun around and bent over the counter. I brace myself on the granite, my nails sliding across the slick surface. Anticipation thrums through me.

Michael's hand swipes through my sex again, two fingers breaching my opening. He hisses under his breath before pulling away. Then, the pressure is replaced with something else. The dull head of his cock slides through my dripping folds.

"Oh my god," I whine, throwing my head back when he breaches my pussy. The stretch is otherworldly, almost painful but so, so pleasurable.

"You're so tight," Michael groans, thrusting into me in short, measured movements. I can tell he's trying his best to hold back, but he's on the verge of losing his composure.

I think I want him to.

"Michael," I whine, my body twitching, pushing back against him as if on instinct. "Please."

At the sound of my broken voice, he unleashes the beast that's been lurking inside of him. His hands tighten on my hips, gripping me so hard that I wouldn't be surprised to find bruises when we're done. He almost pulls out of me completely before slamming back in.

A high-pitched moan catches in my throat. Michael sets an unforgiving pace. He drives into me like he's been starving for this, his lips pressing kisses against the sweltering skin on my bare shoulder.

“Gonna fill you up and breed you,” he says, the way he sounds almost unrecognizable from the network technician that showed up at my house hours ago.

“This tight little pussy is mine, you understand that? No one else is going to make you feel as good as I do. I’m going to ruin you for any other man.

Not that you’re going to get to be with anyone else. You’re mine, Ella.”

His .

That concept, those possessive words... I should want to run. I should tell him to get off of me. I should be scared... But I’m not. Instead, I’m more turned on than I thought possible, obsessed with the idea of being his. Not just the idea – I am his now.

“Yours,” I grind out, my sweaty palms scrambling for purchase on the countertop.

“That’s my good girl,” he says, still holding my hip tightly with one hand as he moves his free hand between my legs, circling my clit. “You going to cum all over my cock? You gonna take my seed like a good girl?”

“Yes!” I exclaim, my thighs shaking as my orgasm barrels toward me.

Michael growls in my ear, continuing his onslaught. I feel untethered, but in the best way. With each thrust of his hips, Michael is bringing me toward my peak, and my only job is to enjoy the ride.

The second my pussy starts to clench around his length, he groans and asks, “Is my good girl about to cum for me?”

“Uh huh,” I whine, squeezing my eyes shut as the first wave of my climax bowls into

me.

I lose myself to the sensations. My entire body trembles in ecstasy as he continues to plow into me. Beneath me, my legs buckle, and if it weren't for Michael's steady hand at my hip, I'd collapse.

I'm gasping for breath, still riding out the last tendrils of my climax when Michael yanks me hard against his chest, burying his cock deep inside of me.

His cock twitches hard, then I'm filled up with something entirely different.

His cum, his seed. I groan, my toes curling as he claims me in the most primal way.

"Fuck, Ella," he curses as he pulls out.

"Yeah," I agree, going easily when he turns me around and brings me to his chest, reeling me back down to earth. "Will you stay tonight?"

"You don't even have to ask," he replies, tightening his arms around me.

I soak up his contact. The security he provides me is like nothing I've ever experienced before. I'm content to stay like this for the rest of my life.

Unfortunately, a few minutes later, the kitchen fills with smoke. We jump apart, and my eyes land on the stove. The chicken breasts I put on before we got started are burning, and likely seconds away from catching fire.

I stare at it, frozen in place, but Michael jumps into action. He turns the stove off and removes the pan from the heat. Then, he turns around with a smile on his face.

"Guess we got a little carried away, huh?" he laughs, already opening the cabinet

where I keep my pans to pull out a new one.

“Yeah, I guess so,” I giggle, feeling light and satiated. I bend down to pick up my robe from the floor. “I’ll start more chicken.”

“Don’t worry about it,” he says casually as he goes to the fridge. “I’m the reason we were distracted. I’ll take care of this. You just sit over there and look pretty for me.”

My heart flutters and my mouth goes dry. I nod, doing my best to suppress another round of giggles. Michael gives me a wink and goes back to his task. I take the opportunity to observe this handsome, handsome man, thinking about all the things I’d like him to do to me after dinner.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 1:10 pm

Michael

As I sit in my vehicle outside the location where my mark will arrive, I can't stop thinking of how peaceful Ella's sleeping face was when I left.

I didn't want to go, and at first I thought it was her anxiety getting to me, but then I realized that letting her out of my sight made my stomach turn. Unfortunately, I have a job to do.

Thankfully, I hacked into Ella's cameras while she was grabbing me that glass of water earlier.

At least if I can't be there, I can keep an eye on her.

Plus, this job shouldn't take too long. The man I've been hired to take care of comes to the same remote spot every day to drink a pint of vodka before walking back home to harass his wife.

She's the one that hired me for the hit, paying me through cryptocurrency. Her alibi for tonight is solid. Once I take care of him, she'll both benefit from his life insurance policy and be free of his abuse.

After checking the clock, I pull up the cameras to check on Ella.

She's still sleeping soundly, holding onto the pillow that I slipped into her arms when I left.

I'm content to sit and watch her, but then a text from Blackwood Falls's sheriff comes through – attached is the report Ella filed about her stalker.

I read through the report, incrementally looking up from the document to make sure I don't miss the abusive son of a bitch that's going to be here.

As soon as I have a name – Tyler Harris – I proceed to gather as much information as I can on him.

Ella's never going to have to worry about him again, not after I'm done with him.

As I'm reading through his information, I keep checking the cameras to make sure my girl is still safe.

Knowing that he's in a city two hours away should be enough to quell that worry, but there's a sinking feeling in my gut – and my gut is never wrong.

I've never felt this way about a woman before, though.

The intensity of my desire for her might be throwing my judgment off.

I also can't help but wonder if I'm no better than this guy. He was obsessed with my girl to the point of tracking all of her movements. I can't say that I don't have the same desires.

I'm different from him, though. He pushed Ella, made her feel unsafe in her own home.

In the statement that she gave to police, she reported that he attempted to kidnap her, waiting down the block from her apartment to ambush her when she left to go out with some friends.

If it weren't for a good samaritan jumping in, he'd have taken her away.

My fingers tighten around my phone when I imagine what this bastard might have done to her if he was successful in taking her.

Regardless of my growing obsession with Ella, I'd never do anything like that.

My only goal is to keep her safe; I'd never put her in harm's way or do anything that would hurt her.

I'm different than Tyler Harris. I might not be perfect, but Ella feels safe with me, and I have the skills to keep it that way. It's my job to shield her from all the evil in the world, and I take everything I do very seriously.

Still... I can't deny that I do get a sick thrill when I look at the cameras and see Ella's peacefully sleeping form.

Blood shoots to my cock every time I check in on her.

If I'm not careful, if I don't exercise a little more self-control, I'm going to have to murk this guy with a hard on.

While it wouldn't be my finest moment, it's not like the motherfucker will have time to notice.

Tearing my attention away from the camera feed, I go back to my search. I know all the basic information about this guy – everything but his address. It shouldn't be too hard to find, though. Hell, in this day and age, kids on the internet find people's home addresses for fun.

Sure enough, it only takes me another couple minutes of searching before I find it.

I allow myself a private smile when I see that he lives alone in a standalone house about fifteen minutes outside the city.

Taking care of him will be easy. The only thing I have left to do is plan this operation out.

That'll have to wait for later, though. My mark's car pulls up with the lights off, and I scoff to myself – there's no one out here but me. Who's he hiding from?

I reach over, grabbing my silenced pistol from the glove compartment of my car.

Then, I wait for him to get out. My client told me that he has a tendency to start drinking in the cab of his vehicle before getting out to take a piss.

It's a ritual they once partook in together when they were teens, and while she grew out of it, he never did.

Ten minutes later, the drunkard stumbles out of his car. I snarl at him, watching the way he sways. This bastard was probably drunk on the drive over, putting anyone who was on the road at risk, too. This job is a service to the community, regardless of what the law says.

I don't bother getting out of my car quietly. This guy is too gone to realize I'm here. While his back is turned, I approach him, lifting my weapon and aiming for his head. Then, with one squeeze of the trigger, I blow his brains out.

His body falls to the ground with a dull thud. I walk over to the sorry bastard. Taking lives shouldn't be so easy, but this guy deserved it. The drunk driving aside, this guy beat his wife, the woman that he's supposed to protect. He's trash, and I'm glad that I took him out.

With one last sneer in his direction, I pull out my phone to check the time. His wife is still out with her friends. Her alibi is solid. The last thing she has to do to get her money is report him missing. Unless someone else finds the body first.

As I walk back to my car, I roll my shoulders back and clear my head. I'm about to go back to Ella, and I don't want to carry any of this bullshit with me. Besides, it's just a job.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 1:10 pm

Ella

“Mm,” I hum, wiggling a little as I slowly come into consciousness.

There’s pressure between my legs, and I’m not quite sure it isn’t part of a delicious dream. I let out a sigh, lifting my head and staring down the length of my body. My breath catches when I realize what the intrusion is.

Michael is there, poised between my legs, watching with rapt attention as he slides his fingers in and out of my pussy.

As it turns out, I wasn’t just having a really good dream.

All that pleasure I was feeling was from him.

I didn’t think this was something I’d be into, but now that it’s happening to me, a rush of wetness escapes me.

“Oh,” he says, amused. His gaze shifts from my most private parts up to my face. “You’re awake.”

“Yeah,” I say, grinding my hips against the intrusion. “What are you doing? What time is it?”

“It’s around six thirty,” he replies, his voice lust-drunk. “And I just couldn’t help myself. I woke up and you were laying here without any clothes on... you just looked so fucking delectable that I had to touch your pretty little pussy.”

“Mhm,” I breathe, moaning when he hooks his fingers upward and brushes them against my g-spot. “Oh, that feels good.”

“I bet it does, pretty girl,” he says, adding another finger to my pussy. I groan, longing to be stretched out even further, but unable to voice it. “God, I want you so bad. Your reactions are just so beautiful.”

“Michael, want you,” I slur, feeling like I’m floating. There are familiar tendrils of pleasure swirling around my stomach. “Please.”

“I’m so glad you asked,” he groans, removing his fingers. “Because I was going to take it anyway.”

I don’t have much time to mourn the loss of his fingers, watching as he yanks his shirt off.

His pants and boxers go next, and I finally get a good view of his cock.

He’s gorgeous, long and thick. My mouth waters at the sight, and I find myself wanting to take him between my lips and taste his essence on my tongue.

For now, I’m happy to kiss him while he drags his tip through my wetness. He goes easily. There’s no resistance. I’m even wetter than I thought I was. The thought of him playing with me enough to have me dripping while I was sleeping makes me hot all over.

Without any warning, he thrusts his cock inside me. I squeal, grappling to get a grip on his back as he starts fucking me hard without any preamble. It feels incredible, his cock touching the deepest crevices of my body.

This is so different than the first time.

While I'm caged in by his body like I was in the kitchen, I don't think I could get away from him if I tried – not that I want to get away.

I'm not sure what changed between then and now, but now it's like something primal and animalistic has been unleashed.

I claw at his back, doing everything I can to anchor myself as he relentlessly drives his member into me. With each of his thrusts, he hits my g-spot and brushes my cervix. I am insane with pleasure, like my body is being played like an instrument.

The depth of his devotion to me is evident.

As he fucks me ruthlessly, Michael presses kisses to every inch of my skin he can reach.

My lips, my cheeks, my jaw, my neck. It's one step away from devouring me, and the thought makes my arms erupt in goose pimples.

I think I might like this rough, ruthless side of him even more than the man who's my protector.

He's the only person I could ever trust with my body in this way.

As if he can sense my thoughts, can tell how much I like his recklessness, Michael nips at my jaw. I shiver, whining as I throw my head back to give him better access to my neck. He takes the invitation, continuing the brutal thrust of his hips as he leans in to suck bruises against my neck.

My toes curl in delight. His mouth is hot and wet against my throat.

Delicious tendrils of pleasure-pain shoot through me, originating at the spot where

he's marking me up.

When he's done with me, anyone who looks in my direction will know who I belong to.

Then, when the marks fade, he'll just make more.

God, I love the idea of belonging to him. I know I've just met him, that I've just dealt with a stalker who made me fear even being in my own home, but it doesn't matter. If Michael's here, I'm safe. If Michael's here, my past doesn't matter. Only the present and the future are concerns of mine.

"Fuck, I needed this," he groans, and I don't quite get what he means.

He's been here with me, hasn't he? Maybe he had a dream about me, or maybe there's something I don't know about him. I'm not in any position to think that statement over for long. The way he's fucking me is making me a little brainless, the first tells of my orgasm are already approaching.

"This creamy pussy is all I can fucking think about," he curses, his mouth back against my neck.

He nips at me again, making me yelp in surprise.

"You get me so hard and you don't even have to do anything.

You were just lying there asleep, and I was bricked up.

I had to touch you, I just couldn't stop myself. "

"I liked it," I squeak out, lifting my hips up to meet each of his thrusts. "I l- I liked

waking up to your hands on me.”

“Yeah?” he asks, his voice dipping down even lower. “You liked it when I took what I wanted from you? You like being my little toy? You like letting me do whatever I want to you whenever I want?”

“Yes,” I hiss, his words punching the air right out of my lungs.

“Bet you’d like it if you woke up with my cock already inside this tight little pussy, wouldn’t you?” he growls, accentuating his words with a sharp bite to my collarbone.

“Uh huh,” I agree, starting to feel insane as my orgasm approaches. It won’t take much longer until I’m cumming all over his length.

“You’re a filthy little thing aren’t you?” Michael says, his voice quivering. I can tell he’s getting close, too. “And you’re all mine. No one else gets this pussy but me.”

“Yours,” I say as the muscles in my stomach clench in delight. “Yours, Michael.”

“That’s right, pretty girl.” He pulls back, moaning in ecstasy. “Fuck, are you close? It feels like you’re close.”

“Y-yeah,” I whimper, my pussy spasming around his length. “A-are you?”

“Fuck. Yes. So close,” he says. “Gonna fuck you pregnant. Gonna give you a child. Fuck.”

Those words unlock something deep inside of me. Before I even register it, my climax is bowling into me. Michael’s name is on my lips as I shake with pleasure.

This orgasm is so much more intense than any of the others I’ve shared with him. The

mix of his filthy words and his complete ruthlessness has ignited a part of me that I didn't know was there. Somehow, I become even more attracted to this man, more attached to him than I can believe.

“Just like that,” he groans, his words breaking on the last syllable. “Fuck, I’m—”

He doesn't finish his sentence, but it doesn't matter.

I'm pumped full of his seed, his cock right up against my womb.

It seems to prolong my orgasm, sending shockwave after shockwave through me.

Michael's grip gets even tighter, his hips going in and out of me with shallow thrusts as he milks the last of his pleasure from his body.

A few minutes pass, the two of us breathing in each other's air as we recover from our orgasms. Eventually, Michael pulls out but keeps me in his arms. I sigh, content to be held against his chest.

“I might have gotten a little carried away there,” he admits, running a big, strong hand through my sweaty hair.

“I already told you I liked it,” I say, leaning into his contact.

“Shit... you're going to be the death of me, Ella.”

I giggle, feeling outrageously happy at the way he chuckles in response.

I don't know how I got so lucky or why the universe decided to present me this hunk of a man on a silver platter, but I'm not one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

There might be a voice in the back of my head telling me I shouldn't get too comfortable because I don't really know this man, but my gut tells me I'm safe, and I've always been one to trust my feelings more than logic.

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Michael

About an hour later, I reluctantly left my girl.

As I got myself ready, I could tell that she wanted me to stay, and I would have if not for the fact that I can keep an eye on her through her cameras.

Still, as I gave her goodbye kisses at the door, part of me wanted to say, “Fuck it,” and not go to work today.

Maybe if I hadn’t taken out a hit last night, I’d have allowed myself the day off.

Unfortunately, to keep my cover, I have to maintain business as usual.

As I take care of connecting clients to the internet and troubleshooting problems they likely could have taken care of without my help, I watch the video feed on my phone.

I can’t sit and observe her every move like I desperately want to, but having confirmation that she’s safe has to be enough.

I’ll get back to her soon. She practically begged me to come back after I finished work for today – I didn’t have to bring it up.

It seems like she’s just as gone on me as I am on her.

When midday finally rolls around, I decide to skip out on getting lunch in favor of keeping an eye on Ella.

Being away from her has put an awful pit in my gut.

There's a nagging feeling that something could go wrong now that she's all alone at her house.

It might be daylight hours, but that's never stopped a determined criminal.

Ella's in the same place she's been all day long. She sits in front of her laptop, a planner spread open before her, a pencil between her fingers tapping against the desk. Every few minutes, she reaches forward to type out a message on her keyboard.

Watching her work is hypnotizing. She's so focused on everything she does, whether it's jotting notes down in her planner or working on a new social media post or answering a question from someone on her team. Her workflow is meticulous.

Plus that that focused look on her face is so, so sexy.

I can't help that I start to get hard as I watch her. Most of my arousal is just from seeing my gorgeous girl in her element. Another part of it, a part of it that I'm almost ashamed of, comes from the fact that she has no idea that I'm watching her.

Not for the first time, I wonder if I'm too much for her. One day, she might realize I'm watching her without her permission. I can only hope that she understands.

Who am I kidding? I'll make her understand. This is for her own good, not for my own enjoyment – no matter how much pleasure I am deriving from this. Ella's not getting rid of me.

I take a moment to click through the cameras that cover the outside of her home.

The neighborhood looks normal, unassuming.

I'm not surprised by that. I can't remember the last time we had anything major happen in residential neighborhoods of Blackwood Falls.

Sometimes the tourists will have a little too much to drink and stir up trouble, but Ella's home is pretty far away from those areas.

It's not something she needs to worry about.

Looking around to make sure there isn't anyone around, I reach down to palm myself through my pants. Ella rests the end of her pen against her lips. She bites down on it, pondering whatever's on her screen. My cock twitches in interest as I imagine my cock entering her mouth.

As I'm considering pulling out my length and jerking off to her gorgeous image, she jumps, flinging herself as far away from the window as she can.

I frown, immediately concerned by her behavior.

Quickly, I flip through the rest of the video feeds, searching for the source of her fear.

When I can't find it, I fire off a quick text to ask her what happened before I can think about what I'm doing.

I'm just so goddamn worried about her.

I watch her read the message, and she smiles slightly as she begins to type out her reply.

Then, her face goes blank before contorting into fear.

I realize my mistake when she looks directly into the camera she has positioned in her

office.

She rises to her feet, running toward the camera.

A second later, the video feed is disconnected.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, FUCK.

I should have thought before I sent that message.

I should have trusted what I saw on the cameras, that everything was okay, and it was probably just the sound of a car backfiring that scared her.

Hell, I still could have sent the message, but I could have phrased it differently.

Anything to keep her from realizing I'm watching her.

As my mind is spiraling, Ella's response finally comes through. I can't bring myself to read the entire thing, but her intent is clear. She's furious with me for invading her privacy, and she doesn't want to see me ever again.

I groan, throwing my head back against my seat. She's not going to want me gone forever, she's made that obvious. This incident just freaked her out, that's all. I need to give her time to calm down before I explain myself.

That doesn't mean I'm going to leave her alone, though.

A quick check of the other cameras around Ella's house confirms that while she disconnected all of the feeds inside of her home, the ones that watch her perimeter are still online. She doesn't want to be watched, which I can understand, no matter how much I want to keep my eyes on her.

“God dammit,” I curse, tossing my phone into my passenger seat and tightening my hands on the steering wheel.

Despite getting minimal sleep last night, it looks like I’ll have another long night ahead of me.

To keep Ella safe and quell my own fears, I’m going to have to keep watching her.

At least I’ll be able to stay out of her sight, since she’s still allowed me access to the cameras watching the perimeter of the house.

With two eyes on her perimeter, I know that she’ll be safe.

Still, there’s a treacherous voice in the back of my head telling me that I’ve made a grave mistake.

That feeling in my gut is still there, a feeling that something bad is going to happen if I’m not with her every second.

I’ve never wanted to be wrong more in my life, and hopefully that’s what I’m going to prove to myself tonight.

Otherwise... Well, I don’t want to think about that.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 1:10 pm

Ella

There isn't a doubt in my mind that I should have known better. My entire life, I've always been too trusting, even when I'm trying to be cautious. It was naive of me to assume that just because I've gone through something traumatic that my judgment has gotten better.

Something about Michael just felt different, though.

Actually, it still does. I can't help but wonder if I've just made the biggest mistake of my life by telling him to leave me alone.

It was by no means an overreaction – I think that just about anyone would say I was being too kind, that I should have ripped him a new one – but part of me wants to ask for an explanation.

Am I crazy for thinking he might have been watching me to keep me safe? Or have I officially lost my mind?

Regardless, it doesn't matter. I've already told him to give me space, and he hasn't replied to the message.

I assume that means he's going to respect my wishes.

Just in case he doesn't though, I make quick work of disconnecting every single camera inside of my house.

I consider taking my outdoor cameras offline too, but that would leave me feeling too exposed.

I need to be able to monitor my surroundings.

Once I'm finished, I take a deep, steadying breath and go back to my desk.

Even if I want to make today a short day, there's still so much I have to get done before I can officially log off.

At the very least I need to get some more social media posts scheduled and respond to my boss's emails.

Everyone goes through tough situations; it's no excuse to leave the rest of my team hanging.

If I liked my job any less, I don't think I'd bother. I believe in their mission – our mission—so I'll power through my anxiety and make sure everyone else is set up for success before I allow myself to thoroughly freak out.

About an hour later, I've completed my duties to the best of my ability and ask my boss for permission to log off early, claiming I still have to unpack some necessities—which isn't entirely untrue. As soon as I get the okay, I slump back in my chair and close my eyes.

I can't believe I'm taking even more time off work thanks to another stalker situation. It's like I just can't catch a break. Tension fills my entire body, and I feel so stupid .

But I think I'd let Michael in again. I think that if he showed up at my door, I'd forgive him – after getting an explanation, of course.

It's impossible to deny how safe he makes me feel.

And even more impossible to pretend that I'm not worried about spending the night alone now that I know what it feels like to have someone here with me.

What I need right now is some relaxation. It's the only way I'm going to be able to function. If I don't find a way to make the muscles in my body release some of their tension, I'm doomed to spend the rest of my evening sitting in this chair, frozen by fear.

With a sigh, I push myself to my feet. Despite being alone in my house, I find myself looking over my shoulder as I make my way to my bedroom.

It's ridiculous, and I shouldn't be scared like this.

This area has practically no crime rate, that was one of the main reasons I moved here.

Michael has been nothing but kind to me, even if he was spying on me.

Besides, I made it clear to him that we weren't breaking up, that I just needed a little time to myself, so it's not like he's going to get mad and retaliate somehow.

I know I have nothing to worry about from Michael or anyone.

New houses just feel a little creepy before you move into them, everyone knows that.

It's the old paranoia, I tell myself as I slip out of my clothes and into my robe.

I haven't had time to heal from what happened with Tyler.

This situation has just brought that fear back to the surface.

No one's going to come into my house and try to kidnap me.

I'm safe here, much safer than I was in the city.

With that in mind, the words I'm safe playing as a constant reminder in my brain, I make my way to the bathroom.

One of the things that drew me to this house was the giant, clawfoot tub.

My place in the city was spacious enough, but whoever designed the apartment prioritized living space at the expense of the bathroom.

Don't get me wrong, the walk-in shower was nice, but nothing compares to soaking in a spacious tub.

As I turn on the tap, I take solace in the fact that once I'm finished here, I'll feel better about this whole thing.

Already, I can envision the weight disappearing from my shoulders.

Maybe I'll figure out a solution to these complicated feelings I'm having about Michael while the water takes my fear away.

I reach into my robe pocket and groan when I realize that I left my cell phone in the bedroom. I guess that it's a good thing, though. At least I won't be spending my entire relaxation time obsessively checking my cameras. This will be good for me.

Just as the thought passes my mind, I hear something outside. My heart rate spikes, but I force myself to take deep breaths. This is just my paranoia. It's just my

neighbors doing something outside. There isn't anyone here.

Ignoring the sound that I probably imagined anyway, I go about preparing my bath. I have a box of bath bombs, bubble bath, and bath salts tucked away under my vanity. Bending down to fish it out, I keep one ear open for any other suspicious noises.

When I pick out the supplies, I decide that I had to have imagined that noise. I'm still so fragile from finding out that Michael was watching me that I'm making things up. I just need to clear my mind and I'll stop being so jumpy.

At least, that's what I tell myself as I turn the water off. But now, without the sound of the tap running, there's definitely some rustling happening outside. It's probably just an animal though, right?

With shaky hands, I try to remove the packaging from the bath bomb I selected. I can't seem to get a good grip on it, and my nails just slide uselessly over the plastic. I'm still struggling with it when something makes me drop it.

No, not something. A crash. A loud, horrible banging noise that sounds like it's right outside my house. When it happens again, I realize that the banging isn't just happening outside – it's happening to my front door.

I curse myself for forgetting my phone in my bedroom. I never forget my phone. And now, it sounds like someone's trying to break in and I have no way of checking the cameras or calling for help.

I have to make a quick decision. If I stay where I am, whoever's trying to break in will find me here. I have to leave the bathroom and get my phone and find somewhere to hide. I have to do whatever it takes to stop myself from becoming a victim.

Darting out of the bathroom, I nearly trip over my feet. I have to stop and take a moment to steady myself. It turns out to be the wrong move, because at that moment, my front door bursts open.

I feel like I'm glued to the floor. My body won't move no matter how hard I try. I'm stuck, helpless to do anything but stand here and wait for the intruder to find me.

After a few seconds, I manage to force myself to take a step backwards. It's too late, though. I've barely moved an inch, and now I'm standing face to face with the intruder. And, when I realize who it is, any hope of running fades away – I'm lucky to maintain consciousness.

“Did you really think you could run away from me, Ella?”

Tyler, my old stalker, the man who made me afraid to leave my house, stands there with a satisfied expression on his face and knife dangling from his right hand.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 1:10 pm

Michael

“God dammit!” I yell in the cab of my car.

I knew that I should have stayed closer, but I didn’t want to disrespect Ella’s wishes. As soon as I saw that bastard on the cameras, I started my drive to her house. Still, I know in these situations that every minute, every second is important.

I’ve already failed Ella once today. I won’t make that mistake again.

Throwing my car into park, I jump out of the vehicle, my stomach turning when I see the front door wide open. I stopped watching when I took off over here, but the motherfucker’s truck is still parked in the yard. They’re both still here. I just hope that he hasn’t done anything to my girl.

If he has, I’ll have no choice but to kill him.

I grab my gun from the glove compartment and tuck it into my waistband as I run toward the house.

As I step over the threshold, I hear a male voice saying something I can’t make out.

Then, I hear Ella screaming, and my heart breaks.

All logic goes out the window. The murderous beast that lies just below the surface claws its way into existence.

“Stop!” she cries, the terror in her voice undeniable. “Please!”

“Shut up, bitch!”

No one calls my girl a bitch. No one .

I burst into Ella’s bedroom, and the sight alone is almost enough to make me pull out my gun and shoot him right in front of her. The only reason I don’t is the look on her face. She’s terrified, yes, but as soon as her eyes land on me, I can see a flicker of relief.

He’s trying to tie her to the bed, and he’s almost succeeded. One of her wrists is bound to a bedpost, and he’s working on the other. She’s fighting him, even now that he’s paused his efforts to observe the intrusion.

With a well-timed kick to his groin, she sends him to the floor. I waste no time in jumping in, crossing the room in a few quick strides. Grabbing onto Tyler’s wrists, I bring them behind his back and use them to pull him upright. Then, with a look at Ella, I start to lead him away.

“You stay where you are,” I instruct her. “If you can get that off of your arm, you should. But–”

“Fuck you!” Tyler yells, struggling in my grip. I silence him by bringing my knee up between his legs, holding onto him tightly as he doubles over in pain. “Shit.”

“Just stay here, Ella,” I say again, twisting the man’s wrists to inflict more pain on him. “Let me take care of him, and I’ll be right back.”

“Do you want me to call the police?” she asks, already working toward freeing herself.

“That won’t be necessary,” I say, my voice dark. “Actually, it’s probably best that you don’t call them.”

With that, I shove the struggling intruder out of her room.

As much as I want to shove him onto the carpet and blow his head off right here in the hallway, I don’t want to create any mess.

Plus, I probably shouldn’t use the gun at all.

Even silenced, I’m sure Ella will be able to hear what I’m doing.

Everything I’m doing is to keep her safe. And that includes keeping her in the dark about the reality of what I’m going to do to this man.

I throw him onto the tile floor of Ella’s kitchen hard enough to knock the wind out of him.

Tyler scrambles to lift himself up, but I put a stop to it with a sharp kick to his ribs.

When he rolls over, clutching the injury, I drop down on top of him, letting my knee dig into the soft flesh of his stomach.

“You really fucked up, Tyler,” I say, using my other knee to crush the wrist that’s gripping his side.

It snaps with a sickening noise, and he lets out a cry of pain.

“I was just going to come to your house and put a bullet in your brain. You were going to get to die in your own home without any pain. It would have been over,” I say as I grab his other hand.

Then, as I say my next words, I break his wrist. “Just like that.”

“Please,” he pleads, reduced to pathetic begging.

I should have known that he was the kind of person to do this.

He couldn’t own up to his crimes, probably always has his father bail him out when he finds himself in hot water.

“Please don’t kill me. I’ll leave Ella alone.

I’ll never come back to Blackwood Falls.

I’ll say that I fell on a trail here and broke my wrists. Just... Just don’t kill me.”

“It’s a little late for that now, don’t you think?

” I ask, lifting myself off of him so I can shove him onto his front.

This time, when I put my weight onto his back, I aim for one of his kidneys, planning on inflicting as much pain as I can before I take his sorry life.

“You could have just left her alone, taken your win. Although, I wasn’t going to let you have that.

You fucked with my girl, and that’s not something a man like me can let slide. ”

“I’ll give you anything,” he pleads, sobbing as he begs for his life. “My family has money. I– I have a couple classic cars, you could have them all.”

“You think that I’d trade Ella’s peace of mind for any amount of money?” I ask,

grabbing onto his head and leaning down so I can look into his tear-filled eyes. “Unlike you, I don’t look at her like a possession. So, any last words, you scumbag?”

“I–” he begins, but I don’t give him the chance to finish.

With practiced ease, I snap his neck. In truth, it was still too kind of a death for him. God knows what he was planning with Ella, but he deserved to suffer for that. Fortunately for him, Ella’s in the next room.

I lie his head back on the floor, another act of mercy. The thought of dropping it, letting his skull crack against the tile, crosses my mind. There’s no point in that, though. He’s already dead. He can’t hurt Ella anymore.

I stand up, giving his body a once over. It won’t be hard to deal with him. He’s not very big, a scrawny guy. Taking care of him shouldn’t be a difficult task. As soon as I get done checking on Ella, I’ll be back for him.

My top priority now is making sure my girl’s okay.

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Ella

It didn't take me long to get my wrist free from the binding.

Tyler, despite managing to overpower me, didn't do a good job of tying the knot.

I like to think that if Michael hadn't shown up, I'd have been able to get free on my own.

If I was smart, I might have been able to get out of here and away from him.

The what-ifs don't matter now, though. Michael showed up and saved me. In fact, he showed up so quickly that Tyler didn't have a chance to do anything but bring me into the bedroom. I don't have to think about what would have happened if I were left alone with him because Michael...

Michael was watching the cameras.

The realization hits me hard. I was so upset with him for spying on me that I didn't consider that he could be doing it for my protection.

Irrationally, though, I still want to be angry at him for spying on me.

The thought of him makes my heart race, even now that he's proven himself to be my protector.

The longer I sit here alone, the low sounds of male voices conversing in another part

of my home, the more I realize that what I feel isn't anger. It's something that borders on primal. It's arousal.

It's not just because he saved me, even though that's a huge part of why I'm feeling this way. I think I like being watched. Only by him, though. I press my thighs together, sucking in a breath as I give myself a little bit of friction.

Before I get a chance to pick those thoughts apart any further, Michael appears in the doorway. He looks calm, though there's concern set in the lines of his face. From what I can tell, he didn't even break a sweat. That turns me on even more.

"He's not going to bother you ever again," Michael says, his voice so sure, so confident that I have no choice other than to believe him. I can just imagine Tyler scurrying away like the rat he is.

"I thought I was safe here," I say lamely, my heart pounding in my chest as he crosses the room and sits next to me on my bed.

"You are safe here," he tells me, taking my hand – the one that was bound to the bedpost – in his own and checking my wrist for injuries. "You're safe as long as I'm around. I promise you that, Ella."

"I know," I say, leaning my body against his and letting my eyes fall closed for a moment. "You saved me. Thank you."

"You don't ever have to thank me," he assures me, grabbing my chin and tilting my head up.

When I open my eyes, he's looking at me with an expression that I can't quite read.

"I love you, Ella. This is the kind of thing I do for the people I love. I don't expect

anything in return. You being safe is enough of a reward.”

“You—” I start, my mind catching on the three word phrase. “You love me?”

“I do,” he says, even more confident now. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” I say, feeling tears prick at the corner of my eyes.

He cups my cheek and pulls me even closer. Our lips touch in a soft, gentle kiss. I sigh into his mouth, and he takes the opportunity to lick my bottom lip.

My own tongue meets him, and our kiss deepens. He goes slow at first, like he’s trying to ensure that I’m okay. Once he realizes that I’m fine, that I want this, it’s like that same beast that was released this morning rears its head again.

Michael lies me down, dragging me up to the pillows without his mouth ever leaving mine. His hands go to the front of my robe, which somehow stayed on through the entire ordeal that happened tonight. Slowly, he unties the knot holding it tightly to my body.

“I know you were unhappy with me for watching the cameras,” he tells me, peppering kisses over my cheeks as he exposes my breasts to the warm air of my bedroom. “But I only did it to keep you safe. I couldn’t stand the thought of something happening to you.”

“Michael,” I whisper, running my hands up and down his back as he teases my hard nipples.

“I won’t lie to you though, Ella,” he says, his mouth close to my earlobe.

His hot breath against my skin makes me shiver.

“I did like watching you in your office. You’re such a sexy little thing.

I couldn’t help myself. And when I realized how easy your cameras were, I couldn’t stop myself.

I hope you can forgive me, but I can’t promise I won’t do it again. ”

“I liked it,” I admit, my stomach swooping as I admit my feelings. “I– I think I like having you watch me.”

“Oh?” he asks as he slides the flat of his palm down my abdomen. “Is that so?”

“Yeah,” I breathe as my eyes fall closed in response to his touch getting even firmer as he moves his hands lower.

“Then we’ll have to get you some better cameras,” Michael says, leaning in to nip at my earlobe. “The ones you have are way too easy to hack into. I can’t have anyone else watching my girl.”

“Uh huh,” I say, sucking in a harsh breath when he finally swipes the pad of his fingertip against my clit.

Blood rushes in my ears, and my entire world narrows to that touch. A whine is pulled out of my throat as he continues his ministrations. The motion of his hand along with the way that he’s mouthing at my neck is lighting every part of my being on fire.

“You’re so wet,” he groans in my ear. “Do you want me to fuck you, princess? Want me to put my fat cock in this sweet little pussy?”

“Yes,” I moan, grinding my hips against the intrusion of his fingers. “Please.”

Michael groans before pulling back. Then, he works himself out of his pants as quickly as he can, standing up just long enough to kick them to the side. As he's climbing back on top of me, he throws his shirt off too.

"God, I love how you feel around me," he says as he pushes into my pussy. "Feels like you were made for me, Ella."

"I was," I say, believing those words more than anything else that I've said in my life. "Just for you. I'm yours."

"That's right," he says, slamming into me hard enough to force a squeak out of my body. "You're mine. This pussy is mine. Your body is mine. Your soul is mine."

"Yes," I moan, his possessiveness heightening all of my senses. "I'm yours. Everything I am, it's yours."

"Fuck," he curses before capturing my lips in a heated kiss once again.

I give him everything I have, doing my best to stay connected to this moment despite the way his thrusts are starting to make me feel a little brainless.

Michael continues to blow my mind with how good he makes me feel.

And, after this incident, I think he might know me better than I know myself.

I wonder what else he'll be able to teach me.

I know that we have the rest of our lives together to figure everything out.

My orgasm approaches even more quickly this time around.

I never thought I'd be the kind of person who was turned on by being rescued, but I'm undeniably keyed up from seeing Michael burst in to save me before anything bad happened.

If it weren't for how clearly into this he is, I'd probably be embarrassed about how close I am right now.

"Shit," he says through gritted teeth. "I'm gonna cum. Your pussy feels so good. Fuck, Ella."

"Me too," I say, grabbing onto his shoulders tightly and thrusting up against him to encourage him to go faster. "So close."

Upon hearing that, Michael reaches between the two of us and starts working my clit with his fingers.

The stimulation is enough to nearly make me lose my mind right there.

I can't think of anything but the way he's fucking me in time with the way he's rubbing circles into the little bundle of nerves.

"Michael!" I say urgently, unsure of what exactly I'm asking for.

"Go ahead," he says, making up my mind for me. "Cum for me. Show me how fucking good I'm making you feel."

His permission is all it takes for me to go tumbling over the edge.

I nearly choke on the scream that escapes me, his name tasting like honey on my lips.

He erases all of the craziness that has happened in the last few months of my life,

replacing it with nothing but him and the safety he provides.

I'm so overwhelmed by these feelings that I feel tears pricking in the corners of my eyes.

As my pleasure starts to wane, Michael's climax grips him. His thrusts become shallow, lacking proper rhythm, and he bites down on my collarbone hard enough to leave a mark. Then, he fills me up with his seed, and a feral voice in my head screams for him to get me pregnant.

A few seconds after he finishes, he pulls off giving me an apologetic look. I can't help the pout that fixes itself to my lips as he pulls his clothes back on. I don't understand where he's going.

"Sorry," he says, pulling his shirt back onto his body. "I have to take care of something real quick."

"You act like you have to hide a body," I laugh, but he seems to freeze, not responding. "Uh, Michael?"

"Do you trust me?" he asks after a moment.

"Of course," I say without hesitation. "I trust you with my life."

"Then I have a lot to tell you when I get back," he says, coming close to me again and bending down to kiss my forehead. "Just stay here. This won't take long."

"Okay," I say, watching him leave.

His face is calm and collected when he walks to the doorway.

There's a part of me that thinks that I should be afraid of what he's capable of.

I know that he'd never turn against me, though.

He can keep me safe, and that's all I need.

I've never trusted anyone the way I trust him, so no matter what he tells me, I know I'm going to be taken care of.

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Six Years Later

Michael

Since marrying Ella, I've started relying on my network technician job for the bulk of my income.

It's certainly not as lucrative as making hits, but killing people for money is too risky now that I have a wife and two kids to take care of.

That doesn't mean I haven't completely given up the work.

Sometimes, an old contact of mine will call me with a job to take care of someone that's been hurting women, and I can't say no to getting a creep off the streets.

The last one was a few months ago, though.

It's been a few months since my last hit, though. For now, I work my normal nine to five job. Obviously, I still take any opportunity I can to watch Ella while I'm away from home.

I'm finished with my last job, so I check the cameras in the house one last time before I start the drive home.

Obviously, I still take any opportunity I can to watch Ella while I'm away from home.

She's still working as a social media manager, using the office in our new home to do her job.

Sometimes when I check on her, she's taking care of our kids.

Not today, though. Today, our children are with my parents, enjoying a fun day with them.

Which is why what I see on the cameras doesn't surprise me.

Ella is lying on our bed, clearly finished with her responsibilities for the day.

She's dressed in nothing more than some skimpy lingerie, something that I bought her for our last wedding anniversary.

The gusset of her panties is absolutely soaked, and she's rubbing circles against her clit through the lacy fabric.

As soon as I lay eyes on the sight, my cock starts to get hard in my pants. It's a feat of pure discipline that I manage to get my truck started. Then, before I start the short drive home, I put my phone on the stand mounted to the windshield so I can keep an eye on her.

"You'll be home soon," I hear Ella's sultry voice say through the video feed. Shortly after I moved her into my house, we invested in a better camera system, one with higher quality picture and a decent microphone. "So I know you're listening."

I curse under my breath. I love when she does this, teases me through the system that everyone assumes we have installed for security. She knows exactly how to get me riled up, and over the years her mouth has gotten downright filthy.

"I spent all day thinking about your hands on me," she says, breathy with lust. "I wish

you didn't have to go to work. It would have been so hot if you made me ride you while I was scheduling posts."

I take the next turn a little too hard, digging the heel of my palm against my aching dick. I'm close to home. And, when I get there, I'm going to show her exactly how badly I needed her while I was working.

"And I couldn't stop thinking about you bending me over and making me take your huge cock," she says, moaning as she no doubt gives her clit even more attention.

At the stop sign, I chance a look at the screen, sucking in a harsh breath when I see her flushed face and her wrist working her most private parts.

"When you get here, I want you to put me on all fours and fuck me until I can't see straight.

I want you to take what you want from me. I want you to leave bruises."

A bead of precum escapes the tip of my cock, and I'm grateful that I'm nearly home. If I have to listen to her talk for much longer, I might blow my load in my pants. It doesn't matter that we've been together for six years. She still makes me feel absolutely crazy with desire.

As I pull into the driveway, she's moaning my name, sounding close herself. I barely get my truck into park before I'm jumping out and rushing inside. I feel like if I don't fuck her soon, I might die.

Tearing into the house, I start stripping out of my clothes immediately, leaving a trail of garments in my wake. Ella left the door to the bedroom open, and I can hear her moans as I get closer. She's no doubt putting on even more of a show now that she knows I'm in the house with her.

When I step into the room, the bra of her lingerie is thrown to the side.

She's still wearing those damn panties, covering up the part of her that I want to see most. I waste no time in crossing the room and ripping them from her body – I'll have to replace them, but that's the last thing I'm worried about right now.

As soon as I get her stripped, I turn her over, putting her on her hands and knees just like she asked for. Then, I climb onto the bed behind her, lining myself up with her dripping wet pussy. She clenches in anticipation, and I grit my teeth as a sharp wave of desire washes over me.

"You were watching," she says breathlessly as she twists her fists in the sheets beneath her.

"Of course I was," I tell her before shoving my cock inside of her tight warmth. "And now I'm going to give you exactly what you asked for."

I don't give her any time to prepare before I start the unforgiving pounding of my hips. My fingertips dig into her skin, and I know I'm going to leave her with those bruises she asked for. For good measure, I lean over her body and suck marks into the flesh of her shoulders.

"You have no fucking idea what hearing you talk like that does to me," I growl, my teeth grazing her shoulder blade. "Thought I was going to blow my load in my pants like a fuckin' teenager."

"I thought I was– I was going to cum before you got here," she admits, gasping as I slam into her even harder. "Love putting on a show for you."

"That's my good fucking girl," I praise, taking my hand away from her hip to stimulate her clit. I'm already so close, but I need her to get there first.

“Michael,” she moans, her pussy clenching around me as she gets closer to her climax. I keep doing what I’m doing, angling my hips so I’m driving into her g-spot while I work her clit the way I know drives her insane. “I’m close! Give me another baby. Please. I want you to get me pregnant.”

“I know,” I groan, feeling my balls tug as my own orgasm approaches. “Go ahead. Show me how good I make you feel.”

All it takes is a few more thrusts, and she’s screaming my name.

Her back arches as she cums all over my cock, making my cock even wetter.

It’s nothing short of ecstasy. I can’t stop myself from falling over the edge right after she does, filling her up so full I can feel my cum dripping out of her.

God, I hope it takes. I hope I get to see her swollen with my child again.

“Fuck,” I say, chuckling at the way Ella giggles. “You’re incredible.”

“So are you,” she murmurs, hissing as I pull out of her. Then, while I’m pulling out a pack of baby wipes to clean her up from our nightstand, she says, “I think I have a lead on another job for you.”

“Is it the Thompson family? I know Rachel mentioned something about wanting to update her security system at the last PTA meeting.”

“No, not that kind of job.”

I pause, turning my head to look at her with a raised eyebrow. She ducks her head, her cheeks going pink. Normally, she stays out of my work, too squeamish about the details even though she approves of the end goal.

“My best friend called earlier,” she mutters with a shrug. “She’s been having trouble with a guy she was seeing. He won’t leave her alone and the police aren’t doing anything about it.”

“Do you have his name?” I ask, resuming cleaning her up, already making a plan to take care of this guy. Both of us know from experience that the longer you let people like him run free, the more dangerous the situation becomes.

“I already emailed you before I got in front of the camera,” she admits.

I smile at her, tossing aside the dirty baby wipe and getting into bed with her. I give her a kiss on the forehead as I say, “I’ll look into it.”

“I love you,” Ella replies, sounding like she’s already starting to drift to sleep.

“I love you too,” I say, squeezing her tightly against my chest. “And I’ll do anything to keep you and the people you care about safe.”

She hums, a happy sound that warms me from the inside out. I’m so glad I get to hear it for the rest of my life.