



# Grave Obsession

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** I've been fascinated with Kayce James since the night we first met.

My infatuation with her has only grown as we spent countless nights revealing our darkest secrets and deepest desires with each other. There is only one word to describe what I feel for her—OBSESSION.

One small thing plagues our otherwise perfect relationship. Kayce only knows me as the masked man behind her computer screen.

But that's about to change.

She's mine. She just doesn't know it yet.

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# Page 1

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## CHAPTER ONE

### GRAVE

Kayce James.

She's mine.

She just doesn't know it yet.

The garnet, rust, and mustard fallen leaves rustle around my sneakers with the unseasonably light, warm breeze as I wait for her. I sit in the same place I do every Thursday afternoon, a wooden park bench across the street from McArthur Hall, where she has Psychology 402 with Professor Stewart until 3:15 p.m.

Pulling my phone from the front pocket of my jeans, I take a quick glance at the time— 3:21 p.m.

She's late.

Kayce is never late. She is overly punctual and always adheres to her routine. It has served her well, garnering her early admission to medical school at Dartmouth and the likelihood of securing her place as valedictorian in the spring.

She's as fucking smart as she is beautiful.

I put my phone away as I stand and grab my bookbag, ready to scour McArthur Hall

before searching for her at her dorm. As I step off the curb to cross the street, Professor Stewart walks through the opening door and holds it for Kayce to pass through.

The sun accentuates the natural cinnamon highlights of her dark auburn hair as the breeze picks up and tousles her lightly curled locks across her face. She brushes them to the side, over her round, rosy cheeks and tucks them behind her ear.

I can barely pull my gaze from the golden caramel of her hazel eyes. The shade of them is mesmerizing, but that isn't their sole draw. Like always, I stare, hoping that just for a moment, she'll look at me. That she'll finally see me. But not once does she peer in my direction.

Another set darts my way, they belong to Professor Stewart. Catching my stare, a look of fatherly concern flashes over his face. Throwing the bookbag in my hand over my shoulder, I wave at the other students walking through the door beside him.

His features soften with every step I take toward their group. Continuing my ruse, I make mundane small talk with one of them to further blend in. I continue to walk with them, even though they are heading in the wrong direction—I don't need to follow Kayce to know with near certainty where she is going .

She'll leisurely cross the quad toward Wheaton Hall if she follows her normal routine. Once there, she'll make a quick trip inside to the coffee shop to grab an iced oat milk espresso and, more often than not, a small snack.

Ditching the group of guys, I double back across campus toward the Latte Lounge. When I pass the open shop front, Kayce is standing at the counter making small talk with Becca, the regular weekday barista, as she waits for her order. Linger near the entrance, I can't help but chuckle to myself when Kayce mentions needing the double-shot to stay up to study tonight.

That's definitely not how she spends her evenings.

Everyone on campus thinks she's so sweet and innocent. If they knew the truth, they'd be as obsessed as I am. Her secret is safe with me, though—no one else deserves to know her the way that I do.

Keeping my distance, I follow behind Kayce as she walks toward her dorm. She's oblivious to my presence as she enjoys slow, savory sips of her iced coffee every few steps. When she reaches her destination, she swipes her keycard at the front of her dorm, Sullivan Hall. Kayce pulls open the main door of the building and pauses. Standing unwaveringly still, she glances over her shoulder.

Do you know I'm here?

Can you feel me?

She shakes her head, visibly acknowledging what she thinks is a foolish feeling, not realizing it's an intuition she should probably listen to .

"See you soon, cinnamon," I mutter to myself before heading to my apartment at the edge of campus.

I sit at my desk, intending to study for my upcoming physics exam, but I find myself spending more time glancing at the clock instead of my textbook or notes. The minutes tick by like hours, waiting until it's time.

At 9:58 p.m., I pull the mask from my desk drawer and slide it over my face. Giving a quick glance in the mirror to ensure my face is covered, I click the link to join our private chat.

## Page 2

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### CHAPTER TWO

#### KAYCE

Standing before the mirror, I finish deepening my smoky eye before adding my winged liner and a few extra swipes of lengthening mascara. My fingers run over the delicate lace of the black masquerade mask sitting beside my makeup bag while I give my mascara a second to dry and mull over my current life choices.

This is not how I intended to pay for college .

I unzip my oversized Oakridge University hoodie, slip my arms out of it, and let it fall to the floor near the laundry basket. Stepping back in front of the mirror, I slide the mask over my eyes as I stare at my reflection. The lacy, black push-up bra I'm wearing amplifies my already ample cleavage, while the high-waisted matching panties accentuate the waistline of the generous curves filling out my frame.

Having saved them for last, I pull on the uncomfortable thigh-highs and slip on the even more uncomfortable black stilettos.

Thankfully, I won't have to stand in them long.

After ensuring the door to my single is locked and dimming any unnecessary lights, I grab a few of the supplies needed for tonight's date. I arrange each of the toys neatly on the plush, white duvet and position my laptop in its usual spot before climbing onto my twin mattress.

Double-checking my camera placement, giving myself a final once over, and confirming everything is perfect, I take a deep breath. My fingers hover over the mouse as I slowly exhale, hoping the agency scheduled a tolerable client for tonight.

While I am not one to yuck anyone's yum, some of these men I meet online give me the ick. Like, it wouldn't surprise me to see them on the news someday, ick.

I force a smile before clicking the link to start tonight's session. My gaze is immediately drawn to the soft, blueish-gray eyes staring back at me through the screen.

Grave .

I don't need to glance at his perfectly coiffed jet-black hair or the skeleton mask that always covers the lower half of his face to know it's him.

I could find those eyes in a sea of faces .

Grave, the screen-name I know him by, is my most frequent client. And my favorite. I find his face on the other side of the screen most nights I work, and I definitely don't mind. Along with being my best client, he's also the youngest—by several decades—most charming, and I actually enjoy his company.

Probably more than I should.

Without seeing his whole face, I can't know for sure, but from his eyes, voice, and our conversations I assume that we are relatively close in age. Our age is where our similarities end, though. The two of us are so vastly different. Grave is everything I'm not—fit, non-conforming, and confident as hell. I still can't fathom why a guy like him is paying so much for my company night after night. I imagine he must be able to pull any girl he wants.

Yet, he spends his nights with me.

“How was your day, cinnamon?” Grave’s rich, deep voice billows through my laptop speakers.

“Good.” I feign a smile, trying hard not to let my actual emotions show. I’ve been an emotional wreck since I left Psych 402 this afternoon, and I’ve spent the evening trying to figure out how to deal with what happened. If I hadn’t needed the money from tonight’s session so badly, I probably would’ve canceled. “And you?”

“Don’t lie to me, cinnamon,” he scolds as his eyes bore into my soul through the screens separating us. With a tone full of sincere concern, he continues, “That was the fakest smile I have ever seen spread across that gorgeous face of yours. I never want you to lie to me.”

With any other client, I wouldn’t say a word. But Grave isn’t any other client. In the months we have been talking, we’ve developed a relationship of sorts. I might always be in lingerie when we meet online, but there isn’t always sex involved. He probably knows more about me than anyone in my actual life, with how much time we’ve spent simply bullshitting about random nothingness. Some nights, he really just wants to talk. Other nights, he wants to watch me come until I nearly pass out.

Balance, I guess.

“Tell me what’s wrong,” he presses.

“I had a pretty shitty day,” I lament.

His brows furrow slightly, and the displeasure of my statement is clearly readable in his eyes.

“What happened?”



### CHAPTER THREE

#### GRAVE

Whatever is bothering Kayce is strewn across her face and obvious in her body language. Someone upset her today, and at the rate rage is coursing through my veins, it is overly apparent that I don't like seeing her like this.

The mask covering my face hides the flaring nostrils of my deep, heavy breaths, and the tightly balled fists at my sides are outside the camera's view. I try to hide my anger from her, but there is no denying it in my tone as I speak through the gritted teeth of my clenched jaw.

“Did someone hurt you, cinnamon?”

“Yes...I mean, no,” she stammers and struggles to maintain eye contact with the camera. “He didn't actually do anything.”

“He obviously did something ,” I snarl, my anger unintentionally misplaced.

Tears well in her eyes—only fueling my fury—as I give her a moment to collect her thoughts before pushing for more information.

“My psych professor flunked my midterm, and I know I aced it. It's going to ruin my GPA,” she sniffles. That wasn't a fatherly look of concern at all this afternoon. That fuck was jealous of how I was looking at her. Using the backs of her fingers, she carefully wipes under her eyes to gather her pending tears without smearing her

makeup. “But he was generous enough to offer me”—Kayce air quotes—“extra credit if I fucked him.”

“There’s no way in hell you’re going to fuck him,” I angrily blurt out before I can stop myself from showing my vicious jealousy.

“I might fuck myself on camera for money, but I’m not a fucking whore,” she spits, tears trickling from her eyes as she doesn’t understand the reasoning behind my outburst.

“That’s not what I mea—” Kayce slams shut the lid of her laptop, abruptly ending our conversation before I can finish. “Fuck!”

Shoving away from my desk, I pace around my apartment for a few minutes before grabbing a gray Oakridge hoodie from the foot of my bed. I toss it on and shove my mask into the front pocket before storming into the hallway. With heavy, brisk steps, I make my way downstairs and to the adjacent parking garage.

Reaching my Audi A5 Coupe, I slide behind the steering wheel and gun the engine. My tires squeal against the concrete as I tear from the parking space and toward the source of Kayce’s problem. Delving into the people in her life seemed like overkill a couple of months ago, but tonight it’s proving to be quite fucking helpful to know Professor Stewart’s address.

He doesn’t live far from campus, and it takes only a few minutes to reach the quaint Cape Cod he lives in—alone. I drive a few houses further down the block before pulling to the curb and parking.

If I wind up fucking killing him, I really don’t want my car parked out front.

After helping myself into the backyard, I peer through his window as I pull my

skeleton mask back over my face.

Professor Stewart is enjoying a glass of red wine while sitting on the couch . Almost as much as he's enjoying the blonde co-ed kneeling at his feet, bobbing her head between his thighs as she sucks his cock.

Fucking prick.

They both startle when I forcibly let myself through the backdoor, him struggling to put his cock away as he clamors from the couch and her screaming. I storm toward him as he shouts, "Get the fuck out of my house!"

Slamming both my hands against his chest, I shove him into the couch he just stood from before turning my attention to the blonde . "Do you want to be here?"

Barely able to make eye contact with me, she shakes her head in response.

"Are you sucking his cock so you can pass his class? "

"Yes," she answers in a shameful whisper.

"Leave," I command. "You weren't here. You didn't see me."

"You leave, you fai—" My hands wrapping around his throat cut Professor Stewart's words short, and they do nothing to stop the blonde co-ed from hustling out the front door.

"Careful, Professor, because if you're that desperate to have your cock sucked, it might just wind up in your mouth before I leave," I snarl as his eyes grow wide. Tightening my grip on his throat, I loom over him, fighting the urge to remove him from existence. "That little blonde running out the front door, Kayce James, and any

other fucking student you've tried to blackmail are getting A's, aren't they?"

His bluing lips part as he futilely struggles to gasp for air before quickly nodding.

"Good," I snark, relinquishing my white-knuckled grip to just one hand. Reaching between us, I grip his cock with my free hand and squeeze with enough force that he howls in pain. I don't relent but increase the ferocity my hold until he cannot control the tears of distress streaming down his face.

"And if you so much as think about acting on another sexual thought with a student, this"—I violently twist the vise of my fist around his cock—"is going to feel good compared to what happens if I have to come back. Understood? "

With wide eyes and an agonized expression, Professor Stewart quickly nods. Tipping my head to the side, I wish he could see the maniacal grin beneath my mask as I sneer, "Not good enough. I'm going to need to hear you say it."

"I...I won't," he painfully whimpers. "No. Ssss...st...stu...students."

"Good boy." I release my hold of his throat and cock before condescendingly patting his cheek. As he doubles over in pain and relieves his stomach of its contents, I let myself out as quickly as I got in.

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### CHAPTER FOUR

#### KAYCE

I wake to a knock at my door and rub the sleep from my eyes before throwing back the covers and trying to rouse myself enough to climb from bed. As my feet hit the icy tile floor, whoever is behind the door obnoxiously knocks again. I cross the small dorm room, intent on finding out who needs to see me this early in the morning.

When I pull open the door, there is no one on the other side. I glance in both directions before looking down and finding a bouquet. The flowers look like tiny pink hearts with a teardrop falling from them. They are sadly beautiful . Lifting the vase from the floor, I carry it into my room before reading the card.

I'm sorry, cinnamon.

A barely audible gasp passes over my lips as I stare at the words sprawled across the paper in my hand, reading them over and over .

This isn't the first time I've received gifts from clients through the agency. However, this is the first time that it's been flowers and not lingerie—or some weird as fuck, obscure sex toys they wanted to watch me use. Some of those have been downright comical and an absolutely hard fucking no. If I can't wrap around it with both hands, it sure as hell isn't going anywhere near inside of me.

I'm all for girth, but I'm not fucking myself with a Pringles' can.

I lashed out at the only person willing to listen last night, and I feel horrible about it. The way he talks to me and genuinely seems to care, I know that's not the way he sees me. The other men I talk to, definitely. But not Grave.

Fuck, I wish I could call him to talk .

The agency has strict rules about fraternizing outside of its controlled online environment. Videos and chat are monitored and censored to ensure that details, like phone numbers and emails, aren't exchanged between the cam girls and their clients. At first, I always thought that it was for our safety. When some clients cleverly worked their way around the censorship, I quickly realized it was to prevent us from using the service as a vetting system of sorts for prostitution.

Taking a seat at my desk, I flip open the lid of my laptop to check my email and am quickly surprised at the number of emails I have from the agency. All of my open appointments for the next three weeks have been booked. I'm dumbfounded, yet I realize that I won't have to worry about whether I can make my final tuition payment for this semester.

Hell, I'll have enough to make a deposit toward next semester!

Pulling up my school email account, my brows furrow. Just shy of midnight, I received an email from Professor Stewart. My fingers hover over the mouse pad for a second before I click to open it.

Dear Kayce James,

Upon your request, I took a second look at your midterm examination for Psychology 402. I apologize; I must have entered another student's grade instead of yours. Your correct grade—an astounding 98% and the highest of the class—has been updated in your student account.

Sincerely,

Professor Stewart

What the fuck?

While I am not the least bit upset at this pleasant turn of events, I'm at a loss. I definitely argued with him about the failing grade he gave me. In response, he was pretty clear. The only look he was going to take at it most definitely involved one or both of us removing our pants; who that would be would determine how much my grade increased.

THREE DAYS LATER...

Normally, I sit around and watch the clock until my nightly session—awaiting my impending doom. The last couple of nights, though, it hasn't been like that. Each night, I've been pacing the room as I count the minutes, hoping that Grave is the man waiting for me when I click the button to join the chat room. The last two nights, it wasn't, but hopefully tonight will be different.

I keep telling myself it's so I can apologize to him, but I also know I'm lying to myself.

I like him .

It goes against every rule I set for myself when I started camming, but I can't help it. I like him. Not like that matters much; he probably lives on the other side of the country and we'll never actually see each other in person.

Crossing my fingers on my left hand and clicking the mouse pad with my right, I sign into the private room, and I am unable to control the grin that spreads across my face.

“How’s my cinnamon tonight?” His tone and that damned pet name have an undeniable effect on me. My breath hitches for a split-second as goosebumps prickle over my skin in excitement.

“Better.” I coyly smile. “Much better.”



### CHAPTER FIVE

#### GRAVE

Fuck, I've missed her.

I might follow Kayce virtually everywhere she goes on campus, but it is no comparison to having her undivided attention like this.

"Did you miss me, cinnamon?" I tease but hope desperately that the answer is yes. While I know she thinks about me, I want to hear her finally say it out loud.

I need it .

"I did." She bashfully dips her chin toward her bare shoulder. It's cute and flirtatious. But it's also authentic. Kayce doesn't act for me. "For the past couple of days, I've really wanted to apologize for blowing up at you."

Shaking my head, I respond, "You have nothing to apologize for."

She fidgets slightly and stares into her lap before mumbling, "It's better, by the way."

"Better?" I ask.

Although I'm a little saddened Professor Stewart will not require another visit to drive home my threat, I much prefer Kayce returning to her usual bubbly personality. As much as I wanted to see this side of her sooner, other assholes had booked her

time slots. To ensure that's not an issue— and that no one else has the pleasure of enjoying my girl —last night, I booked every appointment she posted for the next three weeks.

“Yeah.” Kayce shrugs with an adorable half-smile. “He emailed the other night and changed my grade. It's weird, but I won't press the matter.”

“Good.” I return her smile from behind my mask. “Now, this missing me thing...” Her round, naturally rosy cheeks pinken a little more, a dead giveaway to the embarrassment she's trying so hard to hide from me.

“Did you miss me a little? Or a lot?” I playfully bait her.

Not willing to show her hand, she smirks as she dusts the back of her hand over the swell of her tits spilling from the cups of her silky gray bra. Her tone low and sultry, she whispers, “More than I should have.”

My eyes follow her hand down her body as I fight to suppress the feral growl rising from my lungs. Palming over my already hardening cock, I groan, “Did you touch that pretty pink pussy of yours when you missed me?”

“Yes,” she timidly mutters. Undoing my pants to make room for my rapidly growing length, I'm about to press for more when she quietly discloses, “Thinking about you taking me from behind.”

A fantasy I also have quite often as I fuck my hand.

“Was I gentle?” I turn off my camera and pull out my cock, stroking it lightly while I wait impatiently for her answer.

“No.” Her gorgeous hazel eyes meet mine on the screen as she paws at her own

breasts. “You roughly bent me over the bed, buried my face in the sheets, and fucked me until I screamed your name into the mattress beneath me.”

“Do it again, so I can watch how you dream about me fucking you.”

I continue to languidly slide my hand along my rigid shaft, giving myself a small bit of relief as Kayce slides from the plush duvet on her bed. She widens her stance and starts to bend over. “You’re forgetting to remove your panties, cinnamon,” I interrupt.

“No, I’m not.” She grips the fabric covering her cunt and pulls it to the side. Her breaths grow ever more rapid, and she grabs a dildo from the bed. She quickly rubs the thick head through her arousal and roughly plunges the entire silicone cock into herself with a moan. “You couldn’t wait to be inside of me.”

Oh, fuck!

There’s literally nothing I want more.

Kayce repeatedly slams the fake cock into her tight cunt, her round ass jiggling and her thighs quivering from the brutal thrusts. I match her pace with my hand, imagining I was the one stretching her out and how fucking good she’d feel sliding over my length. Her pants and moans pour through my speakers like a fucking symphony as she hurtles toward her release.

“Am I going to make you come?” I gravelly whisper through the sweet sounds of her impending orgasm. Her glistening cunt rhythmically pulses around the toy sliding into it. It’s muffled by the sheets, but when Kayce moans my name, it nearly does me in. She slows her thrusts as she rides out her euphoria, and I demandingly pant, “Don’t fucking stop... I’m not done yet, and you’re going to take my fucking cock until I’m coming inside of you.”

Doing as I instructed, she quickly works herself back up to a punishing pace. “Grave,” she groans— and my name sounds like fucking heaven— as she struggles to continue to fuck herself.

“You’re doing so good for me,” I grit through my teeth, trying to fight the urge to spill over my hand. “My dirty girl would take my cock all night long to please me. Letting me use you until you’ve come so fucking much that you’re begging me to stop and praying that I make you come again. Is that what my girl wants?”

“Yes!” she screams and her body explodes again as she continues to ride the thick dildo. Glancing over her shoulder at the camera, she pleads, “Please. Grave.”

The look in her eyes does me in, and I spill over my hand with a guttural groan. Trying to catch my breath, I watch Kayce pull the slick rubber shaft from her dripping cunt. “ I can’t wait...to actually be...inside you,” I mutter through my heavy breaths.

Kayce bites her lower lip, trying to hide the smile pulling at the corners of her mouth.

You’re mine, cinnamon...

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### CHAPTER SIX

#### KAYCE

Grave has been my only client all week. Every night, I click into my private room and meet those eyes that mirror a cloudy day. With every session that passes, I grow more excited that it's him because I don't think I want to do this with anyone else anymore.

It's absurd...falling for the masked man in my laptop.

He has to like me, too. There are a thousand cam girls out there he could be getting off to. Why else would he keep booking me night after night?

And it's not like he only books me to get off.

"This is the fourth time this week, Grave," I teasingly draw out each of my words and arch a suggestive brow. "I'm starting to think you might be a little obsessed with me."

While I can't see his mouth, his eyes brighten and show signs of the growing smile beneath his mask. With a deep chuckle, he leans toward the camera. "I am definitely not a little obsessed with you."

The deepness of his tone causes his words to vibrate off his lips. We talked for hours last night, and I intended to do the same tonight. But his ability to cause my pussy to flutter, using nothing but his words, quickly changes my mind. Tonight, I need his voice and moans in my ear when I pretend the hands roaming over my body belong to

him.

“What are we doing tonight?” I stare at his piercing eyes through the screen as my fingers flirtatiously linger over neatly arranged toys beside me—an air vibe, a gag, a wand, and the thick dildo I’ve repeatedly imagined is him. “I grabbed all of your favorites.”

“Is that so?” He arches an inquisitive brow as he eyes over the colorful toys on the bed. “Those might be your favorites, cinnamon, but they definitely aren’t mine.”

“You lie,” I exclaim as I lift the large silicone dildo from the bed. Sliding my hand from balls to tip, I tease, “I’ve heard you get off watching me fuck myself with this.”

Twice this week, actually.

We might be on video together now, but Grave always turns his video off before pleasuring himself. I’ve never actually seen him come. I’ve never seen him . He watches me come—eagerly following his commands—but I watch a black screen as I listen to him. The sounds that come through my speakers between his deliciously dirty words are feral. As curious as I am to see him finally, I don’t need to actually see cum erupt from his cock to know how hard he comes watching me.

Because I know how fucking hard I come from listening to him.

“That might be true, but you’re still wrong.” He holds fast to his claim.

“Fine,” I huff and overtly roll my eyes. “Which toy is your favorite, and I’ll get it?”

We sit in silence for a moment, his eyes raking over every inch of my body as I assume he’s thinking back through our previous sessions together to give me an answer.

When he doesn't reply, I break the silence. "Well?"

"You, cinnamon. You are my favorite toy," he answers matter-of-factly, and I can feel my cheeks warm. "The toys you use to please yourself make no difference to me. I get off watching you come. Listening to your moans and screams. Fantasizing that you're doing it with that tight cunt of yours wrapped around my cock."

Crimson flares up my neck, flushing over my face, and I gulp as his words travel like electricity straight to my core. He ignites a need in me that burns like a fucking wildfire. A fire I only want him to throw gasoline on.

"Now, tell me the most depraved place you've ever thought about getting fucked." He pauses to carefully pull his shirt over his head, ensuring not to disturb the mask covering his face.

He's fucking perfection...every inch of him... perfection .

My eyes linger over his body as I lift my hand to physically verify that my chin isn't actually sitting in my lap. The intricate ink covering his hands and arms also covers every inch of his torso. I follow the lines of the cracked skull and fire spread over his firm pecs and down the well-defined contours of his abs, not stopping until I reach the well-trimmed tuft of jet-black hair at the bottom of my screen.

"I'm waiting, cinnamon," he insists, "Tell me, so I know exactly how to play with my dirty little toy."

### CHAPTER SEVEN

#### GRAVE

Kayce fidgets nervously as her full cheeks grow a deeper shade of red. It might embarrass her a little to be called my dirty little toy, but I know damn well that the flush covering her face isn't the only effect my words have on her. The more I degrade her, the wetter she fucking gets for me.

"Which part embarrasses you, cinnamon," I taunt. "Being called my dirty little toy or how fucked-up your answer to my question is?"

"Y...yes," she stammers with her voice just above a whisper. "I mean, both."

"We both know you're always a dirty whore for me and that you like the idea of being my little fuck toy." I lean back in my chair and undo the button of my jeans as I continue, "So, how fucking depraved is your answer to my question?"

"Very," she stalls, and I truly have never been more intrigued to learn about a part of her. The more I learn, the more I wonder how she manages to be so outgoing and keep this side of her so well hidden.

"Tell me," I continue to pry.

"I can't," she drops her face into her hands in an attempt to hide her societal-induced shame. "It's morbid."



And I'm so fucking intrigued...

"I can't fulfill your fantasies if I don't know what they are, cinnamon."

"I'm pretty sure that you pay me to fulfill your fantasies," she quips.

"Pleasing you is my fantasy," I retort, immediately enjoying the defeated pout of her slightly protruding lower lip. Deepening my tone, I gravelly whisper, "Tell me."

Kayce diverts her eyes from the screen and quietly mumbles, "A cemetery."

"Speak up," I correct her. "Use your words and look at me when you tell me about the morbid and depraved place you want to be fucked like a dirty little whore."

She slowly turns her gaze back toward the camera. Her eyes stare unwaveringly into it, and for the first time, it feels like she actually sees me. Her tits heave with her deep, sputtered breaths, her hands still fidgeting as she finds the confidence to answer. When she's ready, and with her eyes boring into my soul, she confesses, "I want you to fuck me in a cemetery."

A smile pulls at my lips, spreading wide and broad beneath my mask. "You really are a dirty girl, aren't you?"

Relief visibly washes over her upon finding that I am not the least bit appalled at her divulgence. "You aren't disgusted?"

I shake my head in response to her question. "I'd fuck you anywhere you asked me to if it meant I got to be inside of you."

"I want that," she exhales between her rapidly increasing breaths. "I want you inside me."

Don't fucking tempt me, cinnamon.

"Does that mean you're already wet for me?" I inquire. She nods, confirming what I already knew. We've never had a call where she wasn't as eager to play for me as I was to watch her. Shifting in my seat, I adjust the hardening length growing against my zipper. "Show me."

She slips her fingers beneath the lace of her panties. Chewing her bottom lip and trying to stifle her moan, she slips them into her cunt. She takes her time, pulling them from beneath the lace and presenting them to me as she rubs the glistening arousal coating her index and middle fingers against her thumb.

Instead of her slick fingers, my eyes are drawn to the small honeybee tattoo on her inner wrist.

That beautiful fucking bee .

One night when I was lonely and horny as fuck, I stumbled onto a site for cam girls. Pure happenstance put me in a room with Kayce. I was immediately infatuated with her beauty and ample curves, particularly her thick thighs and the cute little tummy pouch she tried so desperately to hide from me. But it was her sharp wit and closeted depravity that truly drew me in and made me want— no, need —to see her again.

I just never expected I would see her in Wheaton Hall. Waiting in line at the Latte Lounge to order a black coffee; I spotted that unmistakable bee before I realized it was her.

Coincidence put us in that chat room together, but fate put her within arm's reach. With my ability to get more of her no longer confined to scheduled appointments online, my need for more became all-consuming. Obsessive .

Flipping off my video, I pull out my cock and begin lightly fisting over my length. My hand feels good, but I would much rather take her up on the offer to stretch out her cunt. I rub through the bead of precum dripping off my tip and drag it down my shaft, instructing, “Show me exactly how you dream about getting fucked in the cemetery.”

### CHAPTER EIGHT

#### KAYCE

Spending my Saturday night at the Alpha Iota Xi annual Halloween party was not on my to-do list. I went to enough frat parties for a lifetime during my freshman year, back when I hadn't yet gained my freshman fifteen— or thirty— and was still pretty enough to date the now the AIX President. The possibility of running into Jackson nearly convinced me to forgo this party.

Unfortunately, it's the social event of the fall and not attending essentially turns you into a social pariah. The girls in my dorm all but forced me to come with them after demanding I change out of my skinny jeans and Oakridge hoodie. I stupidly listened and am now traipsing through the Oakridge Cemetery wearing nothing more than a strapless black mini-dress, a pair of Vans—after fighting hard about refusing to wear stilettos—and kitten ears during late Fall in New England.

Just rolling with the great life choices, Kayce ...

Thankfully, the party is in full swing, with the warmth of bonfires scattered throughout the portion of the cemetery being used for the party. I make my way through the sea of ghouls, goblins, zombies, ghost faces, and skeletons as I walk deeper into the party.

This place is a dark romance reading girly's wet dream.

Top Fifty hits through speakers at a volume more than sufficient to rouse the dead as

people congregate around kegs of— probably warm— beer. I join them to fill my plastic cup because a little flat, stale beer is the only way I'm going to successfully suffer through this evening.

Wedged between a group of other partygoers, I wait my turn to fill my cup. It might be my self-conscious screaming from being out in this tiny dress, but I can't shake the feeling that someone is watching me.

"Is my dirty little toy ready to play?" a deep, familiar voice whispers immediately behind me.

Goosebumps prickle over my skin, and my heart races uncontrollably. Spinning around, I find myself eye-to-eye with a very startled frat pledge. My eyes dart at the other freshmen standing beside him, stopping abruptly when I see a guy pushing through the crowd.

Those eyes...

My brows furrow in disbelief, and I exhale, "Grave?"

His blue-gray orbs glimmer in the moonlight as he stares back at me, the devilish glint only growing with every second of our locked gaze. Shoving my way through the sea of people, I try to follow him .

"Grave!" I shout after him, but the roaring music drowns out my cries.

Standing in the middle of the makeshift dance floor, I spin in circles, trying to find him. But he's not there. I haven't had a sip of alcohol yet, so there's no way I'm drunk or had something slipped into my drink.

It was him...

It has to be.

“You look good, baby,” a flirtatious voice softly whispers in my ear as his hands slide down the bare skin of my arms. His words and touch cause the hairs on the back of my neck to stand on end. I don’t need to turn around to know who it is.

Jackson .

His hands continue traveling down my body, firmly gripping my hips and pulling me backward into him. Grinding against my ass, he marvels, “You fucking feel good too.”

“Pretty sure your girlfriend won’t appreciate you rubbing all up on me,” I snarl and try to push away from him.

He holds fast, and I’m suddenly acutely aware that he is growing hard as he continues to slide his hips against my ass. Using his face to push my hair out of the way, he nuzzles his lips against my neck. “She isn’t here. You’re here. And I’ve missed you,” He shares, his breath reeking of booze .

“Missed me?” I scoff, finally managing to pull myself away from his tight hold. Spinning around, I stare up at him and hiss, “You haven’t talked to me in three years. Not a word since you dumped me because I was too fat for a frat boy to be dating.”

“You still aren’t good enough to date, baby.” His tone matches the disgust in his gaze, raking over my curves. “I’m just looking for some pussy. And if memory serves me correctly, you always were a good fuck.”

There’s the Jackson I know...

How the fuck did I manage to date this asshole most of my freshman year?

I dealt with his comments about my body for months. His words might have well been tattooed on my skin because I carried them long after we broke up. It wasn't until I started camming and men— like Grave— talked about worshipping my body that I started to grow more confident in my skin.

“Jackson.” My tone is sultry as I gaze up at him, teasingly sliding my fingertips down the front of his shirt until I grip the waistband of his pants. Dipping my fingertips beneath them, I press onto my toes and lean close. “I wish I could say the same about you.”

He shoves me away with a snarl, “You always were a fucking bitch. I was going to give you a pity fuck, but you can go fuck yourself.”

“At least I'll get off,” I smirk as I walk away.

Fuck! That felt good!

### CHAPTER NINE

#### GRAVE

Watching that preppy, frat asshole put his hands all over my girl has my blood boiling and me seeing red. Pushing through the people dancing around them—not caring if Kayce sees me—I am seconds from wrapping my arms around his throat and breaking his fucking neck. The only thing that stops me from ending him in the middle of the party is watching Kayce storm off with a smug smile spread across her face before I get to him.

Making her way through the crowd, she walks with an air of confidence that I have never seen in her. She holds her head high and travels with purpose, causing her lightly curled auburn locks to bounce across her back with every sass-filled step. The snug, short black dress resting high on her thighs accentuates the mouthwatering sway of her hips. While she is always gorgeous, at this moment, she is fucking breathtaking.

How this piece of shit ever managed to make her doubt herself will continue to befuddle me. Throwing my arm over Jackson's shoulder, pretending to commiserate with him, I exclaim, "What a bitch !"

"She always was a mouthy fucking whore," he snarks— unknowingly further digging his own grave— as he takes the beer I offer him. He chugs the full plastic cup. Letting out an obnoxious burp, he crumples it in his hand and throws it to the ground, slurring, "There's plenty of drunk girls at this party to fuck."



“There sure fucking is.” I playfully tug at his shoulder, pretending to eye the surrounding girls. Some of them are pretty, but nothing like Kayce.

“Put a little something extra in their drink”—He smirks and taps the front pocket of his jeans—“and these girls will let you do anything. Am I right?”

A selfish fuck. A cheater. And a date rapist.

I’m suddenly feeling like I’m doing the world a favor, instead of just Kayce.

With my arm still around his shoulder, I lead him toward the edge of the crowd. He attempts to shove himself from me when he realizes we’re walking away from the party and into the cemetery, only to find his movements are weak and sluggish. Gripping him a little tighter to ensure he stays upright, I lead him deeper into the gravestones. “What the fuck is happening?” he mumbles.

“You mean to tell me you don’t know what it feels like to be roofied?” I quip and enjoy watching how fast his eyes grow wide. He tries futilely to push me away again, causing me to stumble and nearly pull us both to the ground. “Relax, Jackson. I’m not dragging you out here to fuck you.”

“Thank God, bruh,” he slurs, exhaling his sour, boozy breath.

His body grows heavier with each step we take. I glance over our shoulders to ensure we have traveled far enough and see that the party is now a tiny sparkle of light in the distance.

Gripping the front of his shirt with both hands, I use it to keep his wavering body upright. As I fist the fabric, I pull him toward me. “I’m not going to fuck you. I’m going to fucking kill you,” I confess, shaking my head.

Using my full weight, I drive his unsteady body backward and tackle him to the ground. His head slams into the grave placard and the crunch of his skull shattering echoes around the tombs surrounding us. Standing over him, crimson blood slowly pools beneath him, filling the name engraved in the smooth marble that will soon extinguish his life. The moonlight illuminates the name Sexton.

“How fitting,” I chuckle to myself.

Jackson gurgles, gasping for air, as I turn to head back to the party. He’ll be dead soon enough. With how impaired he is, he’ll bleed out before he’s capable of getting himself off the ground. Normally, I would stay and watch, but I have much better things to do this evening.

My cinnamon is waiting .

Returning to the party, I find her dancing alone in the crowd, and I cannot pull my eyes off her. She’s so fucking perfect. Oblivious to my presence, she dances without any holding back, and I envy her hands roaming over her curves. She glances in my direction and when our eyes meet, she all but looks frozen in place.

### CHAPTER TEN

#### KAYCE

My body freezes in place like I've just seen a ghost.

Because I have .

Staring deep into the eyes that I know so well, I try to both convince myself he's not actually standing there and will my feet to run toward him. He breaks our stare and begins walking away from the party and into the cemetery.

I shove through the crowd like a crazed woman— an obsessed one— and follow him as he disappears between the mausoleums. Running between the buildings and around the gravestones, I chase after a phantom of a man. Never able to catch him. I reach a small clearing with nowhere for him to hide, but he's still out of my sight.

He is a fucking ghost...or I'm losing my fucking mind.

Trying to catch my breath quietly, I listen for any sounds that prove I'm not out here alone. But I don't get one. I've run so far from the party that the music previously blaring from speakers is now only a faint hum. Suddenly realizing the foolish and dangerous situation I have put myself in, I quickly walk back toward the party.

Sticks snap not far behind me, and a shrill scream soars from my mouth as I quickly spin around, only to find myself completely alone. Picking up my pace, I mutter, "Get your shit together, Kayce. There isn't anyone else out her?—"

A large hand clamps over my mouth, silencing me. I try to scream, but it just vibrates against his warm palm. Snaking an arm around my waist, he pulls my back tightly to his chest. With his lips dusting against the shell of my ear, he playfully whispers, "It isn't safe for you to be out here all alone. You have no idea what kind of monsters are lurking in the dark."

I scream into his palm again until I'm breathless. My heart pounds as he lifts me from the ground and carries me toward a tall, narrow tombstone. He carefully takes us both to the ground and uses his hard body to pin me face-down in the grass. Grabbing my hand, he forcibly pulls it over my head. I try to fight him, but he's too strong. He easily ties it to a piece of rope already looped around the tombstone. Roughly, he grabs my other hand and attaches it to the first.

With my hands secure, he pushes himself from my back and kneels with his legs straddling my lower spine. Through my struggles and screams, he manages to slip soft fabric over my face, causing everything to go black. My heart pounds so hard that it thumps in my ears and echoes through the hood pulled over my head.

His lips press against the side of my throat, and my whole body involuntarily tenses so hard that all my muscles throb. He places a trail of wet kisses along the length of my neck as he works the zipper running the length of my torso. Gingerly pulling my dress down my legs, he leaves me bound in nothing but my bra and panties. "I'm going to give you everything you've been dreaming about," he gravelly whispers.

"I don't want this," I spit as I pull at the ropes holding me in place.

Cool blades of grass rest against my skin as he rolls me onto my back. He climbs on top of me, pressing his warm, bare skin against mine. His heavy, heated breaths blow over my breasts as his lips dust over them. As much as I want to deny his touch, my body betrays me, and I let out a small whimper when his mouth slides over my bra-covered nipple. Teasingly rubbing his lips around it, he taunts, "Are you sure you

don't want this?"

"Yes," I bark, trying to hide my fear. "I'm fucking sure."

His lips continue to dust over my heavy breasts as his hands caress every inch of my exposed flesh. "You are so fucking beautiful," he breathes against my skin. "As much as I want to explore every fucking inch of you, I won't without your permission."

I scoff, and he lets out a deep chuckle. "You're going to be begging me to fuck you. You just don't know it yet."

### CHAPTER ELEVEN

#### KAYCE

He's fucking delusional. That's the only explanation. Grabbing me in a cemetery, tying me to a headstone, stripping me from my clothes, and then thinking I'm actually going to beg him to fuck me.

He's fucking crazy.

“Don't believe me?” His deep voice vibrates against my skin as he kisses down my soft stomach to my thighs. His face rests against my panties as he draws in a deep breath and exhales, “I can smell your sweet arousal. Your body knows how badly you want me, even if you haven't figured it out. You'll be my dirty little fuck toy before tonight is over; I'm sure of it.”

Something about him is familiar, but between trying to keep my composure, the panic raging through me, and a myriad of thoughts racing through my head, I just can't seem to place it .

He places a soft kiss over my panty-covered pussy. A sputtered breath falls from my mouth when his lips drag over the fabric just hard enough that I can faintly feel them against my clit. In response, he lets out a short, deep growl. It vibrates to everywhere I'm telling myself I don't want him—even if it is a lie—and I can't hold back the moan that rattles from my lungs.

“You like my mouth on you. The way it feels against your sweet cunt.” He places

another, firmer kiss, and my thighs tremble. “How many nights have you spent dreaming about what my tongue will feel sliding through your pussy? Because I’ve spent every fucking night for months wondering what you taste like.”

He pants against me, his rapid hot breaths wafting over my pussy and thighs as he continues to nuzzle his face against them. “To finally be this fucking close, it’s fucking torture not to bury my face in you. I’m going to relish in the taste of you until your thick, creamy thighs squeeze around my head as you come all over my tongue. And when I’ve finally had my fill of feasting on you, I’ll fulfill the rest of your morbid little fantasy.”

Grave?

He’s the only person I ever shared that with.

Every logical thought running through my mind is begging me to fight him. To scream for help. But as I relax and let my thighs fall open, I realize logic has no place here. His tongue licks slowly and hard against my panties and up the entire length of my pussy until the tip of it flicks across my clit. Hooking a finger under the wet fabric, he pulls my panties to the side and coaxes, “I’m going to need to hear you say it.”

I suck in a deep breath and implore, “Please.”

“Are you begging me?” he teases as he places a wet kiss against the bare mound of my pussy.

“Yes,” I groan, barely finishing the word before he’s licking and sucking at me. He moans against me as though I am the most delectable thing he’s ever tasted, and he continues to lap at me like he’ll never get enough.

And fuck, does it all ever feel good.

Gripping the ropes binding my arms above my head, I pull at them as he expertly brings me to the edge.

“Are you going to scream my name when I make you come?” He kisses the words against my clit between the firm laps of his tongue. I don’t get a chance to answer. He licks and sucks at my clit, silently demanding that I come for him.

“Fuck... Grave... Please... Fuck!” I cry out as my entire body courses with a wave of pleasure.

I tremble as he continues to tease my clit. Wrapping his muscular arms around my thighs, he pulls me tighter, and my hips writhe against his face as he relentlessly licks and sucks at me. “I want my face fucking covered in you by the time I stop, cinnamon,” he groans from between my thighs.

It really is him ...

“Grave,” I moan his name and tug at my restraints, desperately needing to touch him. Wanting to lace my fingers through his jet-black hair as he devours me. To pull this hood from my head so that I can see him and know that he’s real.

“One more on my tongue,” he demands, as though he can read my mind. “And then I’ll give you everything you want.”



### CHAPTER TWELVE

#### GRAVE

All the nights we've spent together online and every fantasy I've had about Kayce pales in comparison to finally having her in my arms. Every gorgeous inch of her body molds against mine like she was fucking made for me.

Feasting between her thighs, I can't get enough of the sweet tang of her cum on my tongue. Even as her arousal drips down my chin, I want more.

I need it .

My fingers dimple the supple flesh of her thighs as I hold her open, forcing her to endure the blissful pain of my tongue repeatedly lapping against her over-sensitive clit. Listening to her whimper, she begs me to stop as she simultaneously grinds harder onto my tongue. Pulling her tighter to my mouth and enjoying the way she bucks wildly against my face only makes me want more of her.

I could eat her sweet pussy for days .

She screams as she comes so hard that her body arches from cool autumn ground. I know I said, "one more" but it's not enough . Holding her hips in the air, I pull her clit into my mouth. Sucking hard, I flick it with the tip of my tongue. Her heels dig into my back, and she continues to cry out in pleasure.

"Grave... I can't... It's too mu—" Her protest is cut short as her entire body

convulses in my arms. After releasing her swollen clit, I swirl my tongue around it a final time before placing a tender kiss against her cunt.

Oh, but I knew you could, cinnamon.

And you do it so fucking well.

Gently lowering her to the ground, I hook my fingers under the lace of her soaked panties, pull them down her legs, and toss them to the ground beside us. As I kneel between her thighs and admire her dripping cunt, I undo my pants and free my throbbing cock. Aligning my tip with her entrance, I fight the overwhelming urge to slam into her. And fully give into her dark fantasy. As much as I want to be inside of her and give her what I know she wants, I want to see those gorgeous hazel eyes staring at me when I finally get to sink into her.

Leaning over her, I pull at the rope to free her from the makeshift cuffs. The second her hands are free, she furiously tears at the hood covering her face. She pulls it from her head, and our eyes immediately lock onto each other's. Our heavy breaths are the only noise breaking the silence, our stare is unwavering .

Kayce's lower lip quivers, and she drags it between her teeth as her hands slide along my shoulders. A groan rattles from my lungs as she begins to trace over the ink on my chest. Her hands finally sliding over my skin feel amazing. Unable to hold back any longer, I thrust into her with a long, slow stroke. An adorable breathy grunt spills from her parted lips as I suddenly stretch and fill her.

"I've waited far too long to feel your tight fucking cunt wrapped around my cock," I groan against her lips. They part for me eagerly. Staying buried deep inside of her—allowing her to adjust to my size—I take my time exploring her mouth. Her tongue massages against mine as she whimpers into my mouth.

Pulling back, I leave a trail of kisses down her neck as I pull her tits free from her strapless bra. Her breasts fill my hands as I roughly knead them and roll her taut nipples between my fingers. Licking across her ample cleavage, I suck both her nipples before returning my lips to hers.

I'll give her what she wants tonight. I'll fulfill her fantasy. But the next time I fuck her, I'm going to explore every fucking inch of her with my mouth and hands before sinking my cock into her.

Slowly thrusting deep into her tight pussy, I kiss her until we're both breathless and she's all but begging me to fuck her. When I wrap my hand around her throat, I squeeze just hard enough to constrict her blood flow as I pull back and slam my cock into her. "Don't worry, cinnamon. I remember every detail of how my dirty little whore wants to be fucked."

### CHAPTER THIRTEEN

#### KAYCE

With his hands tightly encircling my throat, Grave plows into me so hard it almost hurts. And I fucking love it . He takes me exactly the way I described my fantasy to him. His pace is punishingly relentless, and I can already feel my release building in the pit of my stomach.

Everything about this is surreal. I can't believe he's here. With me. That a man that looks like him—and fuck, does he look good— can't get enough of my body.

“You aren't a good girl, are you?” he snarls as he continues to thrust into me from his knees. Gripping my hips, he drives into me even harder. Staring up at him, I push my fingers into my mouth. After sucking at them and thoroughly coating them with my saliva, I reach between my spread thighs and rub them over my clit. Grave stares down at where our bodies meet, watching me vigorously thrum over my tender, swollen clit .

“No,” he smirks and shakes his head before grunting through thrusts, “Good girls don't fuck like this. Do they?”

“No...” I pant.

“Then what does that make you?”

“A dirty... a dirty girl.” I struggle to speak through his tight hold around my throat as

I teeter on the edge of my orgasm. “Your... dirty... your dirty whore.”

“That’s right.” he rubs his thumb over my lower lip and presses it into my mouth. I suckle on it as he stares at me with pride, “ My dirty fucking whore.”

His cock, my strumming fingers, and his deliciously dirty mouth throw me over the edge. My orgasm tears through me, and my silent screams vibrate against Grave’s firm grip around my throat. Not releasing his firm hold on me as I ride out my high, he groans, “Fuck! My dirty little whore feels good. Squeezing so fucking tightly around my cock when you come.”

Barely missing a stroke, Grave pulls back and flips me onto my stomach. He pulls my ass into the air and shoves my face toward the ground as he drives back into me. With a firm grip on my hips, he drags me over his length, demanding, “Slam that beautiful, big ass against me as you take my cock.”

Driving my hips backward, I violently meet each of his thrusts as he repeatedly bottoms out inside of me. He gathers my hair and wraps it around his fist, pulling it taut and forcing me to arch my back. When he thrusts again, he hits every nerve from the new angle, and a cracked whimper falls from my lips. I come for him again and again, every bit of me satiated and approaching exhaustion as he continues to drive into me without abandon.

“You’re such a good little whore for me,” Grave pants from behind me. “So fucking good that I’m going to fill this tight fucking hole with my cum. My dirty girl would like that, wouldn’t she?”

“Yes,” I blurt out my answer, not caring about any potential consequences. I want him to claim me. I want him to finish in me like he’s promised so many nights before. “Come in me. Fill my pussy. Please.” I beg. “I want to feel you dripping from me.”

“Oh, fuck. You’re so fucking needy for my cum that I want to fill you day and night.” His cock grows more rigid inside me as he drives through a few more strokes. With a guttural groan, he spills himself inside of me. Using his hold on my hair, he drags me up to his chest and pulls my mouth toward his. This kiss is tired and sloppy, both of us clearly exhausted. Pulling back, his lips vibrate against mine. “You’re so fucking perfect, cinnamon.”

Resting against his body, I know we need to get up and get dressed. It’s far too cold to sleep out here in the elements, but I’m so tired I can barely keep my eyes open. As I take in his gorgeous face, I stare into his eyes and wearily dust my fingers along his rugged jawline, still trying to convince myself he’s real. Fearing that I’m going to fall asleep against my will, my voice sounds panicked when I say, “Grave...”

“Don’t worry, cinnamon. I’ve been watching you for months.” He strokes my hair and continues to hold me against the warmth of his body. “I’ll take care of you. I’ll always take care of you.”

If this is a dream, I don’t want to wake up...

### CHAPTER FOURTEEN

#### GRAVE

It takes a minute for Kayce to register my confession. Confusion spreads across her face, and her brows lightly furrow as she stares up at me, but it disappears as quickly as it arrived. The caramel pools of her eyes sparkle in the moonlight as we gaze into each other's eyes, with me watching her eyelids growing ever more heavy by the second. Her lips part, and I half expect her to realize how insane this moment is. For a scream or yell in response to her realization. But she doesn't.

"You're too perfect to be real," she softly sighs as she fights against the exhaustion, trying to stay awake a little while longer. Her fight is futile. "Don't be a dream," she says before succumbing to her exhaustion.

Her warm, feathery breaths blow against my chest as she rests. She looks so peaceful and heavenly, sleeping against me.

Something I've fantasized about almost more than what it would be like to actually touch her.

She feels more like mine in this moment than she did when I was fucking her.

Dipping my head, I press my lips to her forehead and softly whisper, "You definitely aren't dreaming, cinnamon."

If anyone is dreaming, it's me.

The last thing I want to do is let her out of my arms, but the two of us can't stay here. Temperatures are only going to fall throughout the evening. Being careful not to wake her, I move her from my chest to my hoodie spread across the cool ground beneath us. I hastily tuck my spent cock back into my pants and quickly zip them. After gathering our discarded clothes, I shove her panties into my pocket and pull on my T-shirt. Kayce stirs slightly when I sit her up and help her into my hoodie. It'll be warmer— and easier to put on her— than that tiny dress she was wearing tonight.

Slipping my arms under her knees and around her back, I lift her from the ground. Her face lolls against me as I hold her tightly against my chest and carry her toward my car. Reaching it, I carefully place her in the front seat. Her eyelids flutter as I fasten her seatbelt, and she groggily mumbles, "Grave? Where are we going?"

"It's okay, cinnamon," I sweep my fingers through her now matted locks and tuck her hair behind her ear. Pulling the remnants of a leaf from her hair, I answer her question, "I'm going to take you home. "

My home.

I place a soft kiss against her temple. Another against her cheekbone. And a final one at the corner of the swollen lips of her mouth before shutting her door.

The Oakridge Cemetery is almost within walking distance from campus. This late at night, the streets are nearly void of traffic, and it only takes a few minutes to reach the parking garage that adjoins my apartment building. Instead of heading toward my usual space, I pull to a stop in the utility area on the main level. It is the closest I can get to the service elevator, which we'll be able to take to my apartment floor. I can't very well shlep a sleeping Kayce through the lobby. Even if there is a good chance it would be empty at this hour, she is currently pantiless, and my hoodie barely covers her.



She's mine now.

No one else gets to see her like this.

She grumbles as I pull her from the car but doesn't actually rouse. I carry her to the elevator and continue to hold her in my arms as the cab travels up to my apartment. Taking her straight to the bedroom, I lay her on my bed and pull the dark gray blankets over her before taking a moment to strip from my clothes. I round the bed, dressed only in my boxer briefs, and pull back the blankets to join her. Sliding across the cool softness of the sheets, I'm drawn to the warmth of her soft body. I wrap my arms around her and nuzzle tightly against her.

Lying in the dark, I listen to the soft sounds of her sweet slumber. I nuzzle my face into the crook of her neck and press my lips against the soft, rhythmic thump of her pulse.

"You're mine." I kiss the words against her skin.

### CHAPTER FIFTEEN

#### KAYCE

The brightness of the sun flickering over my face wakes me. I stretch with a groan, quickly realizing how sore every muscle in my body is. Every muscle . I press my hand between my thighs and against my bare, aching pussy.

Bare?

My panties...

It wasn't a dream.

Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I quickly realize that I'm not in my dorm room. I toss back the covers, and the cool breeze prickles over my bare legs. After swinging my feet over the side of the bed, I sit up and groggily scan the massive bedroom. The furniture and decor are clean, minimalist, and masculine. I'm about to climb from the bed when the mattress shifts behind me, and I startle.

How didn't I realize I wasn't alone?

"Get back in bed, cinnamon," Grave's deep voice is sleepy, yet demanding. Second-guessing the situation I've put myself in, I hesitate to slide back into bed with him. My toes rest against the cool hardwood floor and sit unwaveringly still as try to decide whether to stay or go. Everything about last night— and the months leading up to it— isn't normal. Men from the Internet tying you up in a cemetery is an

episode of Dateline; it shouldn't feel like a grand romantic gesture.

But it does.

Grave didn't just listen when I told him my fantasy. He paid attention. Every detail of my fantasy. From taking me by surprise to breeding me and everything in between. The mattress jostles again, and his muscular, tattooed arm wraps around my waist. Without warning, he drags me back into bed with him, playfully growling as he pulls my back flush against his rock-hard body. "I said, get back in bed."

I squirm against him, and my ass inadvertently grinds against his hard morning length, causing him to groan in delight. He works his hand beneath the fabric of the hoodie I'm wearing and rubs it over my full stomach for a moment before tenderly squeezing my left breast. Even as logic screams at me, I can't stifle my moans as I enjoy the feel of him on my skin. "This is crazy, Grave. Grave? Fuck! I don't even know your real name."

"Grave," he lightly laughs against my shoulder as I try to pull myself from his grip. Kissing along the length of my neck, he gravelly whispers, "Grave Henderson. Do you need me to sign it over your clit with my tongue again so you remember?"

Flashbacks of his face between my legs momentarily turn my brain to mush, and all I can think about is letting him have his way with me again. "This...this isn't—" I stammer.

Grave interrupts me. "Normal?"

"Yes!" I exclaim. "This. Us. This isn't normal."

"No, it isn't," he confirms the validity of my thoughts. "But nothing about you is normal. You are fucking exquisite and all-consuming. From the night we first met,

I've been fucking enamored with you."

"You don't even really know me." I shake my head, trying to rationalize.

Abruptly rolling me onto my back and pinning me to the mattress, he stares down me. "I know you, Kayce James. Your name. Your birthday. Where you're from. That the tiny honeybee tattooed on your hand is a reminder if you work hard, you can accomplish anything. Even things you don't actually want. You're going to Dartmouth next year to study medicine to appease your family, but you'd much rather be accepting the scholarship you received to Mass Art. Your eyes are hazel, a gorgeous shade of caramel, but the left one has a few tiny flecks of green around the iris."

My chest heaves, and my heart races as I listen to him. Heat floods my face, and he smirks as he continues, "And that your naturally rosy cheeks adorably flush to a beautiful shade of ruby when I pay you compliments. I know you, Kayce James."

"Grave..." His name trembles off my quivering lower lip.

"I never thought I'd meet the perfect girl online or that I'd fall for her the way I've fallen for you." His lips crash against mine, and I'm suddenly lost in him again. Logic and rationalization— even fucking common sense —can't compete with the way Grave makes me feel .

Breaking our kiss for a moment, he pulls his sweatshirt over my head. It barely clears my face before his lips are back on mine as his hands explore every inch of my body. His lips dust over mine, and I speak through our kiss, "Somewhere, I fell for you, too."

He pulls back just far enough to stare into my eyes as he softly strokes his fingers along my jaw and over my lips. His eyes never leave mine as he leaves a trail of

kisses over my breasts and down my stomach. He takes his time exploring every inch of my body with his mouth, and I'm ready to explode by the time his face is between my thighs. Unlike last night, his licks are slow, gentle, and deliberate as he savors me until I come with a toe-curling orgasm that will probably wake his neighbors.

"I know you have to be sore after last night." He settles between my legs and aligns his thick cock to my entrance. "I'd promise to be gentle, but I don't want to lie to you."

### EPILOGUE

### GRAVE

### A LITTLE OVER ONE YEAR LATER...

The light flurries preceding tonight's massive snowstorm fall from the sky. The icy droplets blow against my face and stick to the wool of my camel-colored jacket before promptly melting. Temperatures are dropping fast, and the brisk winter breeze is growing colder every minute that I wait for her.

With my hands shoved into my pockets to keep warm, I sit in the same place I do every Thursday afternoon; a wooden park bench across the street from Branford Hall, where she has Mixed Media Studio with Professor Jameson until 4:25 p.m.

Pulling my phone from the front pocket of my jacket, I take a quick glance at the time— 4:42 p.m.

She's late.

She's always late.

At times, I think she might be more obsessed with this art class— with all of her art classes— than she is with me. The door to the building pushes open, and Kayce briskly walks toward me, still pulling on and buttoning her navy peacoat.

Reaching me, she huffs, "I know, I know. I just couldn't stop. We have plenty of time

to get across town to meet them.”

She unnecessarily apologizes because I don’t care that she’s late. Even on the nights she completely loses track of time in her studio and leaves me waiting for hours, I don’t care.

Because she’s mine.

I know exactly where she is, and I absolutely love how fucking happy this move to Massachusetts has made her.

Pulling my plaid crimson and navy cashmere scarf from around my neck, I loop it around her before using it to drag her close. I won’t let my girl feel the cold. Forcing her onto her toes, I pull her toward my mouth to finally taste her pouty lips.

It’s been hours too long.

I teasingly run my tongue between them, and she eagerly opens for me. I take full advantage of her offer and plunder her mouth until she’s breathless and needily whimpering into mine as we stand in the middle of the busy sidewalk.

I hold tight to the scarf as she unsteadily lowers herself from her tippy toes. Running my thumb over her already swollen lower lip, I gently demand, “I want you to remember those words, cinnamon.”

She looks up at me with bewilderment as she tries to catch her breath from our passionate kiss.

“Later. After dinner with your parents, when I finally get you home and all to myself, you’re going to hear them again,” I promise.

A tiny smirk tugs at the corner of her mouth, and a devilish glint sparkles in my

favorite caramel eyes as her bewilderment turns to intrigue.

Tucking her hair behind her ear, I dip my head until my lips are pressed against it and whisper, “When you have your knees draped over my shoulders and those thick fucking thighs trembling against my face, I’m going to continue to lick and suck until pretty little tears are streaming down your face. And when mascara stains your face and you look like my dirty little whore, I’m going to keep making you come on my tongue as I remind you that I just couldn’t stop .”

Her chest heaves against me, and her sputtered, warm breath blows over my cheek as I continue, “When you’re spent, and on the verge of exhaustion, I’m going to use you like the dirty little whore you are. Fucking you hard and filling all your tight little holes with my cum because I just couldn’t stop . And when I’ve finally had my fill of you, I’m going to spend the rest of the night reminding you how much I fucking love you.”