



Savage Monster (Boys Without Remorse #2)

Author: West Greene

Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: Hes got two stalkers only one of us will get to keep him.

Ive been watching him for a while now.

Hes kind. Tender.

And Im obsessed with him.

When Dad puts me and my brothers on the task of eliminating a serial killer from our town

Well, I never expected him to target whats mine.

Korain Choi has no idea what really lurks in the darkness. Whats really watching him.

But I do.

And Ill keep him safe, no matter what it takes.

Even if that means breaking into his house and revealing myself to him.

****Please read the note from the author at the beginning of the book before deciding to read.**

Total Pages (Source): 11

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:25 pm

prologue

Onyx

Wraith leaned over me from behind, his arms braced on the top of my desk chair, which forced me to lean back. Growling in agitation, I reached behind me, shoving the heel of my hand against his forehead to make him get off. He grunted, his eyes glued to my computer screen, where I had every single camera at Hornet State Park pulled up so I could watch my boy.

Korain Choi.

He was twenty-five with inky black hair that fell over into his eyes more often than not when he didn't have half of it pulled back into a bun at the back of his skull. His eyes were almost as dark as his hair. The moment I'd become latched onto him, I'd taken a deep dive into his history, desperate to find out everything about him. His biological parents had passed away in a car crash when he was five while coming to pick him up from after-school daycare, and he'd been alone in the world ever since.

Well...up until I'd laid my eyes on him, that was.

My obsession with him had happened instantly. Pops said it was normal—said it was a trait of being a psychopath. Dad, on the other hand, was extremely worried about my near-carnal desire to claim Korain in every single fucking way I could. I wanted him bound to me for life so he could never escape me.

Pops was a psychopath like me and my brothers: Vargas, Ike, and Wraith. We were

quadruplets, and every single one of us took after Pops. Our youngest brother, Sabbath, took after our dad. He felt everything , and we protected him fiercely because of it. No one got near him without going through me, my brothers, and Pops first.

“Still stalking him?” Wraith asked.

I gave him a stiff middle finger. “Fuck off, Wraith.”

He snorted. “Pops wants a family meeting downstairs,” he told me.

I sighed, pushing back from my desk. I didn’t want to move away from my computer. Not when Korain was traipsing through the woods on one of the many group excursions he did each weekend. But fuck—when Pops summoned us, we moved our fucking asses.

Wraith left the room, and after locking my computer—not that it would truly keep out my brothers if they really wanted to snoop—I followed, closing and locking my bedroom door behind me.

All of us lived at home still, even though we were adults. We all had more than enough money to move into our own places, but we liked being close to home—mostly due to Sabbath and Dad, who were the more human ones out of all of us. We were...protective.

I wasn’t sure how we would cope with Sabbath going to college next year, though. He would be too far away for us to truly protect and keep watch over, but both Pops and Dad were adamant he get to experience life without us breathing down his neck.

We didn’t fucking like it.

Everyone sat in the living room when I made my way downstairs. Sabbath was chilling on his beanbag, a cup of coffee in his hands. I swore he was a fucking coffee addict. It was the only way we could get water into his body at this point. And Pops indulged him instead of forcing him to be just a little bit healthier.

“Coffee again?” I asked as I settled onto the couch beside Ike.

Ike snorted. “I swear, when he dies, they’re going to find coffee in his veins—not blood.”

Sabbath shot him the middle finger. Pops heaved an annoyed sigh, immediately shutting us up.

“Leave him alone,” he ordered. Dad gripped his arm, giving it a little squeeze. Pops—Winston Dean—and Dad—Kasey Dean, formerly Tobias—were an...odd pair. Their story was one from a horror movie. It was dark and fucked up and depraved, but it worked for them in some weird, twisted way. Dad couldn’t function without Pops, and Pops was completely fucking unhinged without him.

Codependency at its finest.

And to think it all started fucking twenty-three years ago in a haunted forest attraction, where Dad was chased through the woods by Pops, held down, and forcibly fucked until he gave in and bent to Pops’s will.

Yet I was expected to keep my hands to myself when it came to Korain. Expected to monitor him from a distance and nothing else. Talk about double standards.

“There’s a serial killer in the area,” Pops began. The room went deadly silent, the playful note in the air becoming ominous. “Four bodies have popped up in the past week. All with slit throats. All seeming to be murdered from behind. All arranged to

have their hands resting on their chests as if they're fucking Wednesday Addams, peacefully sleeping."

I frowned. "Why the fuck isn't this in the news?"

Dad shrugged, leaning forward and bracing his elbows on his knees. "Our guess is that cops are trying to keep it under wraps. Don't want the community to panic."

"You all are going to put a stop to him," Pops instructed. "Split up. Do recon. Do some investigating of your own. Hit me with all your findings. Keep your burner phones on you, and watch your fucking backs."

Pops, a hitman for a local crime lord, now also ran his own vigilante shit. I knew he occasionally still did hits for his "boss", but he mostly worked as our boss now. And I assumed we were only on some vigilante shit to keep Dad happy...especially considering Vargas, the oldest of us, had gone off the fucking rails about two years ago and almost killed someone. The only reason we knew was because Dad caught him up late one night, plotting the fucking murder.

Vargas had always been the most unhinged out of all of us—like his humanity was basically a spec. Just enough to keep him from being a total lost cause. Pops kept him on a tight as fuck leash.

"Where was his last hit?" I asked, leaning back and crossing my arms over my chest.

"A mile from Hornet State Park," Pops informed us.

I clenched my jaw, anger burning in my chest. I rolled my neck around, and my shoulders stiffened. Every part of me wanted to go to that fucking park, drag Korain back here, and chain him to my bed, where he would be safe from this fucking serial killer. Granted, I guessed I was one, too, though I didn't have a pattern. I just killed

when given the order and lived my life otherwise. He would be safe here, even with Vargas's unhinged ass living under the same roof.

"Do not go off half-cocked," Dad warned, pinning me with a hard stare. "Keep a level head. Understand?"

I gritted my teeth.

"Understood," I growled.

I sipped at my energy drink, watching Korain sleep. He had no idea I had little cameras everywhere in his house. I wanted eyes on him at all times when he was at his most vulnerable. Rolling my shoulders, I leaned over, opening the drawer beside me to snatch out a chocolate candy bar. My stomach was growling, but I was too lazy to go downstairs and make myself a sandwich or something. And I couldn't just throw leftovers into the microwave considering Wraith had eaten all the damn food.

He was such a pig.

Movement on one of the outside cameras caught my eye, and I abruptly sat up, enlarging that screen. Gritting my teeth, I shoved back from my desk and snatched up my phone, dialing Korain's number—that I'd stolen—while trying to find my fucking car keys.

He didn't answer. Goddammit ! I called again. And again. And again.

And by the time I parked my car outside out of the park's gates, he still hadn't answered his fucking phone.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:25 pm

one

Korain

I jerked awake, my eyes snapping open. A shriek I would never admit to ripped from my throat when my eyes instantly landed on the chair across from my bed—a chair that was supposed to be empty . Yet, sitting right there was a fucking stranger . In my chair. In my bedroom. In my fucking cabin. In a state park that was closed to the goddamn public .

I snatched my gun off the nightstand, pointing it at him. The man just smirked—only a tiny movement of his lips. He was the perfect picture of calm. Steady. Completely unaffected. Meanwhile, my heart jackhammered against my ribcage, and breathing was becoming a fucking issue.

“Who the fuck are you?” I demanded, gritting my teeth, thankful the gun didn’t shake in my hand.

“Onyx,” he said simply.

I scoffed. I highly doubted that was his real name. He cocked his head to the side the slightest bit—a move that unnerved me and made my stomach curl. It was... predatory.

“Can you put the gun away? I’m not here to hurt you. If I was...” He shrugged. “Trust me, you’d already be dead.”

I swallowed thickly. His voice wasn't threatening, but his words sent a chill of trepidation down my spine.

"Why the fuck are you in my house?" I demanded.

He lifted one leg, resting the ankle on his knee before he steeped his fingers together over his flat stomach, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair. Daylight was just beginning to break up the darkness, and it cast an almost eerie look over his too-handsome face, gleaming across his dark brown curls and lighting up his blue eyes.

Why the fuck was I thinking about his looks? Jesus, I needed to get my head on straight.

"Stop cursing at me," he stated calmly.

I blinked at him. Was he seriously giving fucking orders in my house? I scowled at him.

He sighed. "Someone was snooping around your house last night, and you wouldn't answer the phone."

I scoffed.

"You mean you ?" I harshly demanded.

He rolled his eyes. "Look at your phone, Korain."

I shivered at the way my name rolled off his tongue. My name shouldn't have sounded so fucking sexy when he said it, but it did . In fact, it sounded downright erotic .

I tightened my fingers around the grip on my gun. “You just want me to put the fucking gun down.”

He moved faster than I could ever prepare for, but instead of snatching the gun from me, he gripped my wrist and pressed the barrel right over his heart. Vomit rushed up my throat, and my fingers shook around the weapon.

“Go on,” he taunted, his voice low and dangerous. “Pull the trigger, baby. End me right here, right now.”

I couldn’t pull the fucking trigger. Wouldn’t pull the trigger. And he knew it just as well as I did. Fuck .

Sighing, I loosened my grip, letting the gun fall to my lap. I swallowed thickly when he lifted my wrist and pressed a kiss to my palm, his eyes locking on mine. I curled my fingers into a fist, drawing in a shaky breath, unable to look away from his intense, blue-eyed gaze. I was a deer caught in the headlights, unable to decide if I should run or stay.

He slowly released my wrist and backed away, freeing me from his hypnotizing eyes. I quickly snatched my phone from the nightstand, and sure enough, there were over a hundred missed calls from an unknown number, all of them the same. I looked toward my window before looking at him.

“Why didn’t you call 911?” I demanded, trying to find reasons, grasping at any fucking reason I could, to make him the bad guy. Who the fuck broke into someone’s house and just watched them sleep? “Why didn’t you wake me up when you got here? Why didn’t you alert park authorities?”

He opened his mouth to answer, but he was abruptly cut off when a sharp, high-pitched, female scream echoed through the park from the direction of the campsites.

My heart lurched into my throat at the same moment I threw back my blankets. Every human emotion fell from Onyx's face, freezing me in my steps.

It wasn't normal to go as blank as he just did.

The scream abruptly cut off, and my heart stopped for a moment, too.

"Onyx?" I asked quietly.

He clenched his jaw.

"Get dressed," he said quietly. Stepping closer to me once I was out of bed, he gripped the back of my neck, towering over me by a couple of inches. When he tilted his head down to look at me, some of his curls fell into his eyes, and my fingers twitched with the urge to push them back. "Do not leave my fucking sight," he growled.

Something in his tone warned me not to argue. Warned me he was the true predator here, and disobeying him could turn very ugly. So, instead of opening my big mouth, I just nodded, remaining mute.

We possibly had much bigger things to worry about anyway, especially if he was right and someone had been snooping around my cabin. What if that person had hurt a park visitor?

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:25 pm

two

Onyx

I walked beside Korain as he rushed to where the scream had come from. Someone was already on the radio, saying they were on their way, since this was supposed to be Korain's day off. But nope—my boy wanted to rush head first into what could potentially be a dangerous situation. When he told the ranger on duty he was already headed that way and was closer, the other ranger just let it go.

What a douchebag.

Up ahead, people were freaking out. Some were recording. Others were taking pictures. A couple seemed to be on the phone with 911. Two other people were throwing up.

I had a feeling this was about to be a fucking disaster.

“What the fuck?” Korain mumbled, breaking into a jog. He pushed through the throng of people and immediately gagged at the sight before him.

I clenched my jaw.

It was a young girl—probably eighteen or nineteen. She was still in her pajamas, and her hair was wrapped in a messy bun, strands falling out everywhere as if she'd just rolled out of bed. It looked like she'd been on her way to the restrooms just up the hill. Fuck, she was even wearing her damn bedroom slippers—like she couldn't have

been fucked to find regular shoes for the trek from her campsite to the bathrooms.

But what was horrific was her slit throat, the cut so deep, it nearly decapitated her.

Korain was green, his skin clammy as he quickly called it into the local sheriff's office. I stayed close to him but scanned the area, my jaw clenched. The killer was still on the loose, and I had no doubt in my mind it was the same motherfucker who had killed the other four people. Gritting my teeth, I pulled out my burner and texted Pops.

Onyx: Can you send me a map of the bodies with the dates they were killed?

Pops: Check your email.

Opening up my email, keeping a keen ear out for Korain, I clicked on the encrypted file, scanning my eyes over the map. A snarl twisted my lips when I realized there was a path of sorts.

A path that led to here . Too close to my fucking boy.

Police showed up, ushering everyone away and back to their campsites. I doubted anyone would be staying any longer. Most of them looked pretty freaked out and panicked. The park would be empty by nightfall if these tourists had any fucking sense about them.

Korain came to stand beside me, his arms crossed over his chest, his eyes scanning the area around us before they landed on me.

“What do you think?” he quietly asked me as police chattered around us.

I shrugged one shoulder. “Pretty fucking grim,” I said, my tone coming off bored.

He glared at me.

“What?” I asked. “I’m a fucking psychopath, Korain. This shit,” I waved my hand toward the lifeless, bloody girl, “doesn’t faze me.”

He scoffed. “But you had a whole freakout over someone snooping around my cabin.”

I turned to face him, my face serious. He swallowed thickly when he looked up at me, like I made him nervous.

“You are mine ,” I quietly warned him. I took a step closer to him, the tips of our shoes touching. “I don’t want anyone around you. I tolerate your fucking coworkers. But the creep around your place last night?” I leaned into him, our chests brushing. He was breathing a little too fast, his lips slightly parted, his pupils dilating as he focused on me like he was waiting for my next words with bated breath. “When I get my hands on them, I’ll slaughter them.”

He licked his lips. “You’re fucking crazy.”

A cold smirk tilted my lips. “I never claimed not to be,” I coolly reminded him. “But no matter what, you’re always safe with me. That I can fucking vow. And it’s a vow I’ll take to my grave.”

An officer caught Korain’s attention before he could respond, and he blinked like he was coming out of a trance. Clearing his throat, he stepped away from me, going to the cop and avoiding looking at the body as much as possible. I couldn’t hear what was said, but I watched closely, reading his body language. Korain tensed, and I cocked my head the slightest bit. Whatever he was being told, it had him on edge.

Which had me on edge.

My burner phone vibrated in my pocket. With a sigh, I tugged it out, answering Pops's call.

"Yeah?" I grunted.

"Why did you need that info?" Pops asked me. "And where the fuck are you?"

I sighed. "There's been another body." He remained silent. "I'm at the scene of the crime."

"Why?" he finally bit out.

I grimaced, knowing he'd chew my ass out for this one. "Some fucker was creeping around Korain's place last night. I rushed over here because he wasn't answering his phone, and I sat with him until he woke up. But?—"

"You what?" Pops growled.

"Can I finish?" I snapped. He made a low sound of warning. I sighed. "We heard a scream. Came to check it out. Girl about eighteen to nineteen. Slit throat." I looked at her again. "Her hands are resting on her chest like some Wednesday Addams kind of shit—just like our fucker's MO."

"Fuck," Pops sighed. "Unless there's a copycat running around, which I highly doubt there is, it's the same person who killed the other four."

I gritted my teeth. "Yeah... And he seems to be taking a path." I watched Korain nod at the officer and shake his hand. "I'm sticking around here whether you like it or not, Pops. The only way you're prying me away from Korain is with me in a body bag."

Pops sighed. "I'll rein your dad in because he's not going to like this." Yeah... Dad

tried to keep us as “human” as possible, but it didn’t always work. We were too much like Pops. “Be careful. And call for backup if you need us, understand?”

“Got it.”

I ended the call just as Korain turned, looking at me. Our eyes met, and I held his gaze, my focus calm and unwavering. His shoulders slumped just the slightest bit. I doubted he even noticed.

He might want to hate me, but instinctively, he knew I wasn’t the enemy. His soul knew I was here to protect him and keep him safe.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:25 pm

three

Korain

I'd been a mess of emotions since I woke up and found Onyx just sitting in the chair in my bedroom, watching me like a fucking creep. I both loved and hating having him so close after that poor girl's body was found. And his threat about slaughtering whoever was doing this... I was choosing to ignore how hard that had made me and how badly I'd wanted him in that moment. Because I knew I shouldn't want a creep who broke into my house and invited himself to just watch me sleep like some crazed fucking stalker.

It didn't help that he hadn't stopped being my fucking shadow since we'd left the cabin. Hell, it was a fight just to get him to leave me alone long enough for me to go piss. The only space he'd given me was standing outside of the bathroom door.

I was at my wit's end. I was a mess of conflicted feelings—wanting him close, wanting to push him away. And I hadn't had a single moment alone to even begin to process what the fuck was happening—not Onyx, not the body that'd been discovered, not the amount of people who'd been bitching at me all morning about poor security and leaving and demanding refunds for their stays.

I was on the verge of exploding.

“Can you give me two fucking minutes of peace ?” I snapped, stopping suddenly and swinging around to face Onyx.

He calmly arched a perfect, dark brow at me. I wanted to smack off his eyebrow, and I wasn't a violent person. It just went to show how goddamn overwhelmed I was.

“Seriously,” I seethed. “You’ve been up my ass all day . I want two minutes to myself. Just two. Is that too much to ask, Onyx? I can’t even piss by myself, for fuck’s sake.”

He crossed his arms over his chest, his biceps flexing against his T-shirt with the movement. He shrugged, all casual indifference. “I don’t care what space you want, Korain. Too much space and you could get killed. Not risking it. So, carry on. Just...pretend I’m not here.”

“Pretend you’re not here?” I snapped, stepping toward him so the toes of our shoes touched. Something dark and primal darkened his eyes, like something lurking inside of him was rising to the challenge I presented. I barely forced back a shiver of...what? It sure as fuck wasn’t trepidation or fear. “You’re literally right behind me. How the fuck can I just pretend you’re not existing in my space?”

His hand latched around my throat, and his fingers tightened until he cut off my airflow. He leaned in to me, his lips just barely brushing mine, and my eyelids fluttered, my mind going hazy.

“That’s it,” he murmured, his eyes boring into mine. They were such a pretty shade of blue, it was unreal. “Just focus on me, baby.” Reaching up with his other hand, he laced his fingers in my hair, his nails scraping over my scalp. If I were a cat, I would’ve purred. “There you go.” He loosened his grip on my neck and stroked his thumb right beneath my jaw. “Better?”

Lost for words, I just dumbly nodded. He hummed and dropped his hands, stepping back. I blinked at him, a little disoriented. Was he a warlock or something? How the hell did he just make my mind shut off like that? It wasn’t normal .

“How...”

“You were spiraling,” he said like my reaction to him was anything normal. “I gave your brain something else to focus on—the lack of oxygen. And then, I calmed you. Your mind knows I’m safe, Korain. Stop fighting with yourself.”

I frowned.

“I don’t even know you,” I snapped.

Onyx quirked a brow at me like he found all this amusing . Fuck him . “My last name is Dean. My parents are gay and happily married. I’m gay and the oldest of five siblings. Four of us are quadruplets. I’ve been stalking you for weeks, and my favorite color is black—the color of your hair.”

“Weeks?” I squeaked, stuck on that.

He nodded once. “Weeks. I saw you in the grocery store and just...latched on.” One shoulder lifted. “Just how my brain works.”

“How your brain works?” I asked, feeling stupid for constantly repeating what he said. But he was throwing me for a fucking loop. I’d had a stalker for weeks ? And he’d just latched on to me because that was how his brain worked ? It didn’t make sense. None of this made sense.

“I’m a psychopath,” he told me. He’d said the same thing earlier, but I hadn’t believed him. It just seemed too outlandish and too much of an easy excuse for the stalking and watching me sleep bullshit.

“A psychopath,” I deadpanned.

His lips quirked in amusement.

“Are you just going to repeat everything I say?” he teased.

I scowled at him, and without a word, I spun on the ball of my foot and marched toward the trail. I needed to do clean-up from the park visitors. They never failed to drop their trash and cigarette butts wherever they wanted, rather than holding them until they reached the end of the trail. It was disrespectful of the wildlife and just plain disgusting of them as human beings.

The scent of rotting meat reached my nose about five minutes down the trail, and I stopped, my stomach churning. Lifting my shirt to cover my nose, I stepped off the path, following the stench. It was so strong, I could still smell it through my T-shirt.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Onyx growled at the same moment I saw the half-mutilated deer carcass. Gagging, I rushed to a tree and vomited pure stomach acid and water, considering I hadn’t had a chance to eat anything that day. Onyx gripped the back of my neck, his fingers pressing into the sides, grounding me. I closed my eyes, my stomach still roiling, but I didn’t think I would vomit again.

“I need to call this in,” I rasped, standing up and wiping my mouth with the bottom of my T-shirt. I didn’t dare turn to face Onyx, terrified I would just see that damn carcass again. My stomach couldn’t handle it.

“Do what you need,” Onyx said, his voice low and growly. He didn’t release my neck, and I was thankful. As much as I hated to admit it, I needed him.

What the absolute fuck was going on around here?

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:25 pm

four

Onyx

Korain nodded at whatever the officer he spoke to said. Search teams were gathering to look for signs of someone camping out in the woods. I highly doubted they were going to find the fucker who'd killed that girl and slaughtered that deer, but I'd give them points for trying. At least, they were attempting to do their jobs.

Turning from the officer, Korain faced me, crossing his slim arms over his chest. "I'm going on the search, too."

Immediately, I scowled. He'd lost his fucking mind—clearly. "The fuck you are."

His eyes narrowed, his stance immediately becoming defensive. It would've been hot if he wasn't getting ready to throw himself into danger. "You're not the boss of me, asshole. This is my state park. Someone died?—"

"You weren't even on duty," I coldly reminded him, matching his stance. He shivered, his shoulders dropping a little, some of the defensiveness leaving his posture at the dominance in mine.

"She still died here, Onyx," he said quietly, sympathy for the dead girl leaching into his voice. Goddammit. Feelings were a pain in the ass. "That poor animal was killed for absolutely no reason. Whoever killed it didn't even respect it enough to harvest all of its meat." His chin quivered, and I stepped forward, cupping his jaw and stroking my thumb over his cheek. I didn't like seeing him so worked up. So upset. It made

me feel...volatile. Uncontrollable.

“That doesn’t mean you go throwing yourself into danger,” I growled.

He jutted out his chin, being so fucking stubborn. It was as adorable as it was frustrating. “I’m going, Onyx.”

My teeth audibly ground together in annoyance, but he stood his ground. “If you’re going, then I’m going with you.”

He opened his mouth to protest, concern leaking into his dark eyes, but I narrowed my eyes at him. “Remember, where you go, I go, baby. Don’t forget that.”

He huffed. “Fine.”

He spun away from me, forcing me to drop my hand. My lips twitched with a smirk. He was so easily riled. I fucking loved it.

After Korain pulled on a reflective vest, was issued a pistol, and given a flashlight, we set off. My own pistol rested comfortably at my back, whereas Korain’s was clutched tight in his grasp. Unlike him, I was well-trained, and my reflexes were incredible. If we came across that fucker, Korain wouldn’t have time to lift his gun before I put a bullet in that murderous creep’s skull.

We were silent as we trekked through the woods. My footsteps were quiet, whereas Korain’s were loud. I didn’t utter a word. Maybe his obnoxious steps would keep this asshole away from him for fear of being killed or arrested—if he was even here.

Chances were, he was still lurking. Relishing in his last kill. Enjoying the attention he was getting. It was a usual thing with these types. They liked to...soak in the aftermath of their murders.

Darkness began descending. Korain grew increasingly more tense, but he never said a word, and he never attempted to turn back. So, I stuck by him. I didn't understand guilt. It wasn't an emotion I was capable of feeling, but I kind of understood what it was like from Dad and how it made a person feel.

Korain needed this, even if I didn't fully understand why.

A twig snapped to my left, and I reached out, snagging Korain by the back of his shirt. He made a small noise, but I lifted my other hand, smacking it over his mouth as I yanked him back against me, plastering our bodies together. And right at that moment, his fucking flashlight flickered and died.

His petrified whimper was silenced against my palm as I scanned the darkness around us, straining my ears to listen over Korain's rapid, heavy breathing.

Another twig snapped, this time a few feet in front of us. I released Korain's shirt and snatched out my gun, the safety off and pointed in front of us in mere seconds. When I heard more shuffling, it was farther away—like whoever was with us was retreating.

I stayed stock still, straining my ears for any other sounds. And a few moments later, someone screamed right before it broke off into garbled gurgles—as if someone was choking on their own blood.

Fuck .

I was done playing these fucking games.

I snatched Korain's wrist in my grasp, my gun still in my hold, and sprinted back the way we'd come. I didn't normally run from a fight, but Korain was more important. I'd never do anything to risk him, and with nothing but a bunch of trees and darkness surrounding us, there were too many variables I couldn't control. It was too

dangerous for him.

We burst from the woods a few minutes later, the officers in charge of handling communication looking at us in alarm. For a moment, their eyes flickered to the expensive gun in my grasp, wariness entering their gazes, especially since they hadn't issued me the weapon.

"I think you just lost an officer," I told them as Korain panted next to me. He was shaking, clearly going into shock. Today had been way too much for him. I needed to get him back to his cabin, so I could take care of him. "Someone is in those woods with us. I suggest ending the search until there's daylight again."

"If one of our officers?—"

"Did you not fucking hear me?" I growled, dropping my mask. I was so tired of this shit, and I needed to get Korain somewhere safe. The officer stepped back, fear flickering through his eyes. "There's no mistaking the sound someone makes when they choke on their own blood," I snapped. "You leave your men out there, and you're risking their lives. No doubt, your man will be left right where he was murdered. It's this fucker's MO."

Korain's teeth chattered. Without another word, I tugged him down the asphalt toward his cabin. He didn't even protest, just followed me like he was lost and didn't know what was truly going on around him.

He was still—shaking but still—as I fished the keys to his cabin out of his pocket. After I unlocked the door, I tugged him with me, doing a sweep of the place to make sure we were alone. Once I was positive we were safe, I tugged him toward his bedroom, only one thing on my mind.

Clearing the horrors of the day out of his head.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:25 pm

five

Korain

My ears rang. My head buzzed. I felt like my body didn't belong to me. Putting one foot in front of the other to follow Onyx as he dragged me away from the officers and to my cabin felt like pulling teeth. I couldn't focus. I felt so cold inside. My teeth chattered, and I couldn't stop shaking.

"You need to sit down," Onyx suddenly said, spinning to face me. I almost crashed into him, but his hands gripped my shoulders. He leaned down, and his eyes bore into mine, his blue eyes so bright in the darkness of my cabin, they seemed to have a light of their own. "You're about to fall on your face."

"I-I'm f-f-fine," I stuttered.

He scowled at me and shook me roughly. My head snapped back and forth, and I blinked at him through blurry eyes as he squeezed my jaw in his large, calloused hands, his nails biting into my skin. "You're going into shock, Korain."

"N-not sh-shock," I bit out, getting frustrated. What the fuck was wrong with me? A man in my position couldn't go into shock. It was unheard of. I was meant to be smart and steady in delicate situations. Keep a level head on my shoulders. Be able to lead when no one else could. Yet I was falling apart at the fucking seams?

Onyx sighed like he was thoroughly put out with me. And something inside of me broke. Without thinking twice about it, I reached up, gripping his shirt tightly in my

fists, fearful he would leave. He was the only thing in this whole fucked up day that was real and tangible and something I could focus on. He'd stuck by when I went crazy on him. He kept me safe in those woods when someone was being murdered mere feet from us. He held his ground against those officers, the only thing on his mind being getting me away so I could calm down.

Before I could question it, I yanked him close and smashed our mouths together. It wasn't pleasant. The kiss was fucking painful. Our teeth knocked together, and then his hand tangled in my hair, tugging harshly on my strands as he bit down hard on my bottom lip, drawing blood, which trickled down my chin and bled my collar, wetting the fabric. My back slammed against the wall, and I whimpered, my hands clawing at his shirt as he pressed our lower halves together, his hard cock grinding against mine.

My mind blanked. The only thing that existed was him. The world fell away. His scent, his taste, his panting breaths, his sure, pressuring touch—they were all-consuming. Onyx fucking Dean was all-consuming.

I sucked in a sharp breath of air when Onyx ripped his mouth from mine and spun me around to face the wall. Gripping my wrists, he slammed them against the wall beside my head, and then, he purred in my ear, "Keep them there."

I nodded, my tongue not working well enough to speak. Reaching around me, he made quick work of my belt and my cargo pants before yanking them down my legs with my boxers. My cock slapped against the wall as soon as it was freed, and I groaned, a shiver rolling down my spine. A moment later, the rustle of his jeans hitting the floor sounded in the dark hall, and I swallowed thickly.

Wet fingers pressed between my cheeks, spreading me open, and then— fuuuck .

Onyx's tongue swiped over my hole, and I whined, my fingers curling against the wall in desperate restraint. It took every bit of my willpower to keep my hands where

he wanted them rather than grip my cock and fuck my fist as Onyx ate me out like I was the best fucking ice cream he'd ever had on a blistering hot summer day.

“Onyx,” I moaned. “Fuck, please don’t stop.”

He groaned against me, and I smacked my forehead against the wall, hoping the pain would keep me from coming. I was already so close. It'd been so long since another man had touched me like this, and Onyx was blowing my fucking mind. I might as well have been a virgin with the way my body warmed and my cock leaked, ready to explode at any fucking second.

“You gonna come for me?” he growled, and I whimpered, nodding. When he wrapped a wet fist around my shaft, my knees just about gave out beneath me. “Give it to me, my boy. Let me see you fall apart. Let me feel your ass strangle my tongue.”

With that, he speared me on said tongue and began to pump his fist over me. My eyes rolled back in my head, something unintelligible spilled past my lips, and I fucking shattered, my cum splattering all over the wall and Onyx's hand.

My brain was still trying to come online when Onyx rose to his feet and pressed in behind me, his cock notching at my entrance. I whimpered, pressing back on him. The slipperiness of my hole let in his tip, but I wasn't stretched enough, and it burned as he pushed inside.

He wrapped an arm around my chest, pressing my back to his chest. I whimpered when he pressed in more. He sucked at my neck, and my mind went a little blank until pain brought me back online, yet still left me in that slightly fuzzy headspace where nothing but him and how his cock felt inside of me mattered.

“Let me in, my boy,” Onyx rumbled in my ear. Reaching beneath my cock, he cupped my balls, rolling them in his hand. I whimpered, my jaw falling slack as bliss

rocketed through my body. “That’s it,” he praised. “So good for me. Your body knows you’re made for me.” He moaned as he sank deeper inside of me. “God, you’re so hot and tight inside. You’re going to drive me fucking crazy .”

“More,” I panted. “Please. More. Onyx?—”

He sank in deeper. The burn was almost too much, but I wanted it. After the day I’d had, I needed the pain Onyx inflicted. A pain that was almost too much to bear but brought so much fucking pleasure. Because he was glancing over my prostate now, and I was seeing fucking stars .

With a grunt, he bottomed out inside of me. Then, he eased out, spit on his cock two times, and eased back inside of me. It was a little easier that time, and I dropped my hands. He didn’t reprimand me, so I reached back and gripped his hair-roughened thighs, digging my nails into his skin as he fucked me. My cock ground against the wall with every brutal, punishing stroke into my ass, but it was everything . I couldn’t think. All I could do was feel .

Feel him . Onyx. The man hellbent on owning me.

And goddammit, I was going to let him.

Grunts and moans sounded from behind me as his hips smacked against my backside over and over and over again. Whimpers and breathless pleas for more, for him to never stop, fell from my lips as Onyx wrecked me.

“I’m so close,” I whimpered, my hand coming around to stroke my aching, leaking cock. It was rough, just this side of painful, and it was everything I needed. “ Onyx ...”

“Come, baby,” he growled right before he yanked the collar of my shirt down and

sank his teeth so hard into my shoulder, I screamed. My cum splattered the wall again as blood trickled down my chest and my back, and my mind went fucking hazy. I slumped back against him, letting him support me as he chased his own orgasm.

“Fuck, fuck, fuuuuuck ,” he growled, panting against my hot, sweaty, bloody skin. His cock swelled inside me, and then, he was filling me up, painting my insides with his hot, sticky cum.

Owning me .

We sank to the floor in a boneless heap, his arms banded around me and breaking some of my fall. My eyelids drifted shut, and Onyx tightened his hold on me, squeezing me to his hot, sweaty chest.

“Need to get you cleaned up,” he huffed from behind me.

“ Mmmm ,” was all I managed before I promptly passed out cold, too drained and emotionally worn out to stay awake any longer.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:25 pm

six

Onyx

I glanced down at Korain, stroking my fingers over his bare shoulder. After he'd passed out on the floor in the hallway, I'd carried him to his bed, laying him down before cleaning him up and tucking him in. After checking the house one more time and double-checking that all the windows and doors were locked, I slid into bed beside him.

He'd promptly plastered himself against me, using my chest as a pillow. I liked how he felt against me—how warm he was, how much he trusted me. I might never be able to love him, but Korain was mine . I would protect him with my life. Do my best to make and keep him happy.

The sound of the lock on the front door twisting reached my ears, and my fingers stilled on Korain's arm. Silently, I eased out from beneath my boy and tugged on my jeans before grabbing the knife off Korain's nightstand. A gun would make too much noise, and I didn't have time to put my silencer on it. Not when someone was breaking into Korain's home, bringing his life into danger.

Over my dead body would someone touch him. Would someone even get close enough to breathe the same air as him.

My footsteps were silent on the hardwood floor as I prowled from Korain's room and into the living room. Facing the TV stand, where Korain had little knickknacks resting, was the intruder I'd caught on camera the night before. A sadistic smirk

curved my lips.

He'd fallen right into my hands, and I doubted he even knew it.

I remained silent, my steps light as I made my way deeper into the living room, avoiding being caught in the reflection of the dark television screen. As soon as I came up close enough for him to sense my presence, I reached around and pressed my blade to the soft flesh of his neck, gripping his greasy, dirty hair in my other hand, a soft, dark laugh spilling from my lips.

"Game's over, motherfucker," I growled. "You're playing on my terms now."

He tensed, a low, annoyed sound rumbling from his chest. I kicked his knees out from beneath him, forcing him to sink to the floor. Calmly, I walked around him, yanking his head back to look up at me. He bared his teeth in a snarl. My smirk just widened. That all-too-familiar lust for blood rushed through my veins.

"What's your obsession with my boy, ass wipe?" I asked, cocking my head to the side the slightest bit. He glared at me. He was just like me; I saw it in his eyes. Psychopaths tended to recognize each other due to the lack of emotion in our gazes. I yanked on his hair. He hissed. "Go on. Tell me."

"He's always been my end goal," he snarled at me. "Every move was calculated. He was supposed to put it together, but he's so fucking?—"

I arched a brow at him and pressed the tip of my knife against his cheek. "If you call him anything but the fucking amazing human being he is, I'll make you choke on your teeth," I growled. "Fucking try me."

"He didn't pick up on the clues," he sneered. "I don't even think he realized I went to all this work to make our meeting so important. So consuming."

Dragging the knife down his skin, watching as blood slowly welled to the surface, I pressed the tip of my knife to his Adam's apple, grinning maniacally. "Guess what? I'm pretty sure my boy —" He bared his teeth at me, "—didn't even realize you were slaughtering people. He was oddly surprised by the woman and the position you left her in; he didn't even recognize your little calling card. But that's where you fucked up," I taunted him, digging the knife in just enough to make blood trickle down his throat. No fear glimmered in his eyes, but I knew it wouldn't. More than likely, he wasn't capable of feeling the emotion, just as I wasn't. "You shouldn't have left a trail. And then, you shouldn't have targeted Korain, either. He's mine ."

"Fuck you," he growled.

I shoved the knife into his neck, watching him choke and gurgle on his blood as I slowly eased him back onto the floor, his blood trailing from his neck and running between the hardwood slats of the living room floor. I lightly tapped his cheek, smiling down at him as he slowly faded away.

"You lost the game, motherfucker."

I watched the life drain from his eyes before I yanked the knife from his neck and wiped the blood on my jeans.

Anyone else who tried to come after Korain would meet the same fate.

I fiercely protected what belonged to me.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:25 pm

seven

Korain

I slowly dragged open my eyes, reaching for Onyx, though I knew he wasn't there. The spot where he'd been lying was still slightly warm, so he hadn't been gone long. But the house was eerily silent. Had he left ? Just fucked me and gone on with his night? Left me while some creep was literally murdering people in the state park where I lived?

I thought I was his . I thought he wanted me. Had he just gotten what he truly wanted—which was a piece of my ass—and then dipped?

But he'd carried me to bed. He'd obviously laid with me for a little while. So leaving me didn't make sense. Where in the hell was he? If he'd truly left, I had a feeling he would've taken me with him. He was too...overprotective and possessive of me not to.

I slipped out of bed and pulled on a pair of sweats that were draped over the foot of the bed. Padding barefoot into the hallway, I headed for the living room, and a strange man's voice reached my ears.

“Fuck you,” he snarled.

My heart stopped in my chest, and though I wanted to turn around and flee, I forced my feet to continue moving forward.

I quickly rounded the corner, my heart in my throat, just in time to see Onyx shove his knife into the neck of the man in front of him. The stranger was on his knees, his face twisted into an angry snarl. A chilling smile tilted Onyx's lips as he shoved the blade into the man's throat, his eyes lighting up with wicked glee as the man gurgled and choked on his own blood.

My stomach churned, threatening to revolt. There was so much blood. So fucking much .

Onyx slowly laid him back, being careful not to make a lot of noise. I was pretty sure I was going to vomit. Bile rushed up my throat. That gurgling sound made my stomach roil.

He lightly tapped the dying man's cheek as the life left his eyes, a more pleasant smile pulling at his lips. Onyx going easily from a chilling, cold-blooded monster to a seemingly normal person in the blink of an eye should have freaked me out. But he hadn't hurt me yet. So...he wouldn't, right?

"You lost the game, motherfucker," he taunted, like he just couldn't help himself. Like he needed to have the last word.

Onyx yanked his blade out of the man's neck and stood up straight, wiping the blood from the knife onto his jeans. When I looked back at the man and saw him staring up at the ceiling, his blood still trickling onto my floor, his lifeless eyes staring up at the ceiling... Well, that was when I puked.

He swung his eyes over to me, blinking for a moment before muttering a curse. I waved him away, backing up from the mess on my floor.

"Don't," I choked out.

Onyx stopped, frowning at me, his brows pulled low over his blue eyes. “Are you afraid of me?” When I shook my head, he asked, “How much did you see, Korain?”

“Enough,” I muttered, slumping against the wall behind me. My skin was super clammy, and I felt too hot. “Not afraid. I should be. Just...” I swiped at my forehead, my heart racing too fast. I could feel the throb of my heartbeat in my lower teeth. “Who...” I swallowed, trying to moisten my raw throat. “Who is that?”

“That was the serial killer who murdered that girl and was snooping around your house last night.”

My hands began to tremble. I was having a panic attack. Onyx took a step forward, and when I didn’t tell him to stop again, he erased the distance between us in three big strides and wrapped his hand around my throat, pinning me to the wall. Immediately, my heart rate slowed, and I sighed through my nose, so I wouldn’t blow vomit breath in his face, my eyelids fluttering closed at his possessive, safe touch.

“You were his end-goal, baby. He was getting pissed that you weren’t putting together the pieces. Made him impatient.”

I shivered in disgust and a bit of fear, and when he released me, I stepped into him, not ready to be apart from him. His arms enveloped me when I clung to him.

“I’m so glad you’re my stalker,” I muttered into his bare chest.

He quietly laughed and rested his chin on the top of my head, his arms tightening around me. “I need to make some phone calls. Get my brothers and my dad here, so we can get this cleaned up.”

I blinked up at him, not releasing him yet. Not ready to, honestly. “Your brothers and dad for clean up?” I asked, not understanding. “Why not just call the cops? They’re

camped out in cabin nine, remember?”

Onyx grimaced. “It’s...complicated. My dad works for a very wealthy, very dangerous man who can pull strings to make all of this go away while still providing families with closure. This will keep me out of the public eye, keep my family out of the news, and it’ll solve this string of open murder cases.”

I frowned, pulling back from him a bit. “When you say your dad works for a dangerous man...”

Onyx shrugged one shoulder. “He’s a crime lord. That’s all I know. That’s all I’m allowed to know. I’ve never met the man, and I have no urge to.” He traced his thumb over my jaw, smearing more blood across my skin. “That’s all you’ll ever know, too.” Reaching up, he combed my hair back from my face. “Does that bother you?”

I shook my head. “Honestly? No. After what I just saw and the day I just had... I’m a firm believer that some people need death more than jail time, where they’ll probably just get out early on some good behavior bullshit or something.” I glanced down at my arms and my torso and winced at all the blood now covering me. “I need to clean up.” I stared at his blood-soaked arms and hands, trying not to throw up again. “You probably should, too.”

“Let me make my phone call,” he told me, wiping his hand on his jeans. My upper lip curled in disgust, making him snicker. “I’ll meet you in the shower.”

I nodded and headed for my bathroom. When I flicked on the light, I stared at my reflection, swallowing thickly at the red, bloody handprint around my neck. A mix of emotions rushed through me—disgust at the blood lingering on my skin and something akin to comfort at the sight of Onyx’s handprint plastered on my neck. Weirdly, I wanted to get it tattooed—and I was terrified of needles. But the sight of his handprint wrapped around my throat just settled something inside of me.

Shaking my head, I shucked my sweats and stepped into the shower, wincing when the frigid water beat down on my back. The water quickly heated, though, and I sighed in relief, watching as it slowly turned from pink to clear as it ran down the drain. Leaning my head back, I let it wash over my hair and run in rivulets down my face.

Onyx's hands grasped my hips, and he shoved me back against the tiled wall. I choked on a gasp of surprise, spluttering when water filled my mouth. I wiped the droplets from my face and dropped my eyes, groaning at the sight of him sinking to his knees. He flashed me a wicked grin before he lapped at the underside of my cock. Whimpering, I slid my fingers into his dark, curly hair, my breath hitching in my throat. He sucked at the tip of my shaft and before I had a moment to breathe, to try to prepare myself, he swallowed my length to the back of my throat.

My moan was loud enough to wake the dead, and for both our sakes, I prayed it didn't, considering there was a dead man in my living room.

Onyx had the tongue of a god .

“Onyx...” I breathed, my hips pulsing in little thrusts, my fingers trembling in his hair. I wasn't going to last. Not with how talented his mouth was. He swallowed around me, his throat tightening around my cockhead, and I whimpered, rolling my lips into my mouth, my breathing quickening. “Fuck. Fuck . I'm not gonna last, Onyx. I'm gonna—gonna?—”

He groaned, the sound vibrating all the way to my balls, and I shouted something unintelligible, my words garbled as my cum shot down his throat so hard and so fast, I went dizzy. My knees trembled, threatening to give out on me. Onyx pinned my hips back against the wall, holding me up as I moaned and whimpered and gasped, struggling to suck air into my lungs.

When I shoved at his forehead, my cock too sensitive, he released me from his mouth. His hands gripped my hips as he rose from his knees, and once he was standing up straight, he drew me into his arms. I panted into his neck, my heart hammering against my chest bone.

“That was...” I couldn’t think. Onyx had sucked all my brain function through my cock.

He chuckled. “Mind-blowing? Earth-shattering? The best blowjob you’ve ever had?”

I scoffed, but my lips tilted up into a small smile. I burrowed deeper into him, loving the feel of his wet skin against mine. He slid his palms up my back, and I shivered.

“Your ego is too big for this shower,” I muttered.

He chuckled. “I think we’ve got a couple more inches of room.”

I rolled my eyes. “Hush and bathe me.”

He snickered and reached for my shampoo. “Yes, sir.”

eight

Onyx

I arched a brow at Ike when I stepped out of Korain's bedroom, a pair of Korain's sweats riding low on my hips and my shirt from yesterday covering my torso. Korain was much slimmer than me, so his shirts weren't going to cut it. Hell, his sweatpants rode up my ankles, so I had them pulled up to rest beneath my knees.

"You could've announced you were here," I griped, my muscles relaxing when Korain came up beside me. He grabbed my hand in his, linking our fingers together. I drew him closer to me, plastering our sides together. Pops, who had just come into the house, latched onto the movement before he looked at me, gritting his teeth, annoyance glimmering in his eyes.

"You should have followed directions, Onyx."

I shrugged one shoulder, not really giving a fuck what he thought. Korain was mine, and the only way he was ripping me away from him was by killing me. "I didn't break the code, Pops," I reminded him. "Hell, I'm pretty sure I kept the code. I protected him."

"Selfishly," Wraith said, smirking at me. I curled my lip at him and gave him my middle finger. He pretended to catch it and stuff it in his pocket. Asshole.

"Stop," Dad commanded as he appeared in the doorway of Korain's kitchen. Pops made a low growling sound, but he backed down. Dad was the only person who

could make Pops chill out.

Smiling, Dad walked over, holding his hand out to Korain. When I squeezed his hand, so he couldn't let me go, he flushed and awkwardly held out his right hand to my dad. Dad rolled his eyes at me, but I didn't give a fuck. "I'm Kasey, Onyx's dad. Why don't you come back home with me, so these boys can get your house cleaned up?"

"No," I growled, tugging Korain so close to me I felt every time his chest expanded. I wasn't letting him out of my sight. Not after some fucker had just broken into his house with the intent to kill him. Who the fuck knew what else he had planned for my boy? I was still too riled up to be comfortable letting Korain go anywhere without me, even if it was my dad.

"Onyx..." Dad said, his tone calm and soothing. He called it his psychopath-voice. It was the one he used when we were being irrational and he was trying to calm us down. "You know he's safe with me, son. I'd never let anyone hurt him."

"Dad—" I growled.

"Onyx," Pops snapped, growing impatient. "Let Korain go with your dad. You caused this mess. You're going to help clean it up."

"That doesn't mean he needs to fucking leave," I barked, getting angry. I'd take a bullet for my family, but that didn't mean they didn't work my fucking nerves like no other.

"Onyx," Korain said, gripping my arm. I swung my angry eyes to him. He gently squeezed my hand, meeting my hard gaze without a hint of fear. He'd come so far with me in the past day, and it made me fucking proud of him. "I'll go with your dad." He glanced around his ruined living room, his face paling a bit. "I don't think I

want to be here anyway. Besides, I'm safe. You...took care of the person who wanted to harm me."

I heaved a sigh before forcing my fingers to unwind from his. Gripping the side of his neck, I pulled him to me, slanting my lips across his in a hot kiss that lingered. Vargas let out a wolf-whistle behind me, but I ignored him.

"You have my number," I reminded Korain.

He snickered. "You mean from the thousand and one times you called me?"

I rolled my eyes.

He nodded. "Yeah, I have it. I'll call you if I need you. I promise."

Sighing, I released him, dropping my arm back to my side. Dad pressed his hand to Korain's upper back. They were almost to the door when Pops stopped Dad. He gripped a handful of hair at the back of Dad's scalp and crushed their mouths together in a kiss that was definitely inappropriate, especially in front of their kids. I grimaced.

"Fucking gross," I muttered.

"Like we didn't just watch you play tongue hockey with your little boyfriend," Sabbath muttered. I sneered at him. He dropped into the recliner and pulled his feet up, crossing his legs. Waving his hand at the bloody living room floor, he smirked. "Well? Get to cleaning, Onyx. This is your mess, after all. We just brought the supplies."

I scowled at him. "Fuck you."

"All of you get to cleaning," Pops snapped. He looked at Sabbath. "And you stop

egging them on unless you want to help.”

Fucking baby.

Sabbath huffed but kept his mouth shut. Ike stuck out his tongue at Sabbath, earning a scowl from our little brother. Pops pointed a finger at Ike. “Stop egging him on, Ike. I swear, you all are fucking toddlers.”

Rolling my eyes, I headed over to the front door where all the cleaning supplies I needed were sitting. Vargas came up beside me and roughly elbowed my side, a teasing smirk tilting his lips. I grunted.

“So, is his mouth as good as it looks?” he asked.

I pushed him hard enough to knock him on his ass.

“I’m going to shove my knife in your throat, too, if you don’t fuck off somewhere,” I growled.

“Enough!” Pops barked, his patience gone. We immediately went silent. He pinched the bridge of his nose. “Jesus fucking Christ,” he growled before stomping off to the back porch, his phone in his hand.

“Look what you did,” Sabbath grumbled. “Now, he’s going to be a dick all day.”

“Not once Dad gets his hands on him,” Wraith said. We all grimaced.

“Seriously?” Sabbath groaned, glaring at our brother. “I think I need bleach for my brain.”

The house was quiet when I got to Dad and Pops’s place, though the lights were on.

My brothers headed upstairs to their rooms to shower and change, and I went in search of my boy. It wasn't hard to find him. He was on the back patio with Dad. Both of them were sipping from mugs of coffee, and they had turned on the TV behind the bar, their eyes glued to whatever adult cartoon was on.

"Hey," Korain breathed, turning to look at me when he noticed my presence. Dad muted the TV and turned to look at me, as well.

"Hey, yourself." I looked at Dad. "Pops is heading for the shower, I think." He got up without a word. I looked at Korain. "Wanna come upstairs with me?"

"Hold on." I glanced behind me at Pops, who was stepping outside. He wrapped an arm around Dad's neck when he reached him, and both of them looked at us as Korain stood, coming to stand beside me. Sensing his trepidation, I grabbed his hand, linking our fingers together. Pops looked at Korain. "You're family now, Korain. And we protect family."

I could sense the but in there, and I clenched my jaw.

"But if you betray this family," Pops continued, "we will do what's needed to protect ourselves."

"Pops—" I growled, taking a step in front of Korain. I'd kill him before he ever hurt my boy.

Pops held up his hand. "I'm not threatening him. I'm reminding him of his place. He has a home here—and family if he wants it. But I will not let him bring harm upon you, your brothers, or your dad."

"Sir—"

“Winston,” Pops corrected Korain.

Korain cleared his throat. “Um, Winston, I don’t have any urge to do anything that would harm you guys.” He looked up at me then, nervousness shining in his eyes. “I... I think I love Onyx. And I don’t want to be without him.”

Dad sighed, a small smile tilting his lips. “You do know my son may never be capable of loving you back?”

Korain nodded, his fingers tightening around mine. “I know. And I’m okay with that. But last night, he did something for me no one else ever has. Something no one else has ever been willing to. I know he’s not...normal, but I’m okay with that.” Korain squeezed my hand. “I wouldn’t ever change him.”

I tugged Korain closer to me and folded my arms around him, a smirk tilting my lips. “You love me, baby?”

His cheeks flushed. “Yeah... I think I do.”

Growling, I gripped him beneath his thighs and lifted him. He squeaked, his cheeks burning red, the flush spreading down to his neck and disappearing beneath the neckline of his shirt.

“Tell my brothers to plug their ears,” I told my parents as I passed them.

“Onyx!” Dad admonished.

Pops just chuckled and clapped me on the back. “As long as I’m not forced to hear, I don’t give a fuck what you two do.”

“Winston!” Dad snapped.

I snickered and walked inside. Then, I took my boy's mouth in a hot, searing kiss that burned my soul and lit me on fire. And his soft, answering moan was everything .

Korain

“Have a great day, everyone! And remember, I’m in the cabin just over there,” I pointed in the direction of my cabin, noting Onyx’s car was in the driveway, which made my smile widen, “if you need anything during your stay here.”

“Thank you, Mr. Choi!” a little kid called, waving at me with his free hand as his dad grabbed his other. They were doing a father-son camping trip. It always made me so happy to see parents getting out with their kids. I mostly saw older couples coming out for a relaxing weekend, especially around this time of year when the air was cooler and Halloween was just around the corner.

The state park had become a spot of fascination with the murders from the year before. They’d found missing the cop the next morning—throat slit, hands resting on his chest just like the girl who’d been murdered the morning Onyx broke into my home to protect me.

Crazy to think all of that happened just a year ago. And now—I glanced down at my wedding band—well, now, I was fucking married to my stalker . We’d hyphenated our last names, but it was easier for people to call me Mr. Choi rather than Mr. Choi-Dean.

I’d fallen seamlessly into Onyx’s family. They welcomed me in with open arms. And Kasey was more than happy to have another person in the family who wasn’t a psychopath. I knew he loved his sons, but I understood how draining it could be when almost everyone around didn’t understand some of the emotions we experienced. I still had to explain things to Onyx when I felt fear or sadness or guilt.

Sabbath, their youngest brother, was like Kasey through and through, though he definitely had his brothers' sarcasm and hate-the-world personality traits. Kasey did his best to keep Sabbath's hands clean of everything his brothers did, but there was only so much shielding he could do.

I pushed open the front door of the cabin and stepped inside, closing the door behind me as I toed off my boots. After locking the door, I headed deeper into the cabin, finding Onyx on the couch, shirt missing, legs spread, and a beer in his hand as he flipped through TV channels. He looked up when I walked into the room, setting the remote aside and his beer on the side table. Reaching for me, he grasped my hips and tugged me down onto his lap, pushing his hands under my shirt to stroke my ribcage. I shivered. His touch never failed to both settle me and turn me on. It was an odd, confusing combination, even with all the time that'd passed.

"I thought you'd still be in the shower," I admitted, adjusting my knees to get a little more comfortable. I sucked in a sharp breath when I realized Onyx was hard, his cock pressing right against mine.

"Already showered." He leaned in and nuzzled my throat before he gently sank his teeth into my Adam's apple. I whimpered, my fingers sliding into his hair. "Been waiting on you to get home. Dad wants us to go over there for dinner. But I need you first."

I sucked in a sharp breath when he abruptly flipped us so I was lying on the couch and he was hovering above me, his hips cradled between my thighs. Our cocks pressed together, and I moaned, arching my hips to get more friction.

"Rough day?" I panted, already breathless and needy for him.

He grunted. "This one was a fucking screamer," he muttered before he took my lips in a hard, bruising kiss that had me seeing stars. "I'd much rather hear you scream."

Jesus fuck .

“I’m on shift,” I panted. “Can’t go to your dad’s.”

“You know he’ll just drag the whole family here then.” He yanked my shirt over my head before licking a stripe between my pecs. I groaned and pressed my head back into the cushions, every part of me aching for his touch. He sucked one nipple into his mouth before nipping at it. Then, he dragged his lips to my other, lavishing it with the same attention.

“Fuck, yes,” I moaned when he unfastened my jeans and tugged them down my legs, my boxers following right after. He speared two fingers inside my hole, still slick and wet from when he’d fucked me against the shower wall this morning. “Onyx, please ,” I begged, my fingers curling into the edges of the couch cushion. “Need?—”

My words broke off on a strangled yelp when he pushed my thighs back and shoved his cock inside of me in one brutal stroke. And then, he was moving, fucking into me hard and fast. Each stroke punched the breath from my lungs. All I could manage were breathy ughn ughn ughn s over and over again as he wrecked my hole and used me up to sate the monster inside of him.

He was always like this after a job that wore on his nerves. Sometimes, the kills were easy, and he was in a good mood when he got home. Others, like this one, irritated him and awakened the beast inside of him. The monster.

I loved both versions of Onyx the same. Needed them both just as much.

“God, your hole is always so fucking tight ,” Onyx growled, his nails biting into my thighs as he pushed my legs back farther, practically bending me in half. “I can’t fucking get enough of you.”

His blue eyes locked on mine, burning so brightly for me, for a moment, I couldn't breathe. Couldn't remember how. Onyx may not be capable of loving me, but his possession and ownership were all I fucking needed. Every time he looked at me with those bright eyes, like he wanted to shove me inside his body, so he never had to live without me, I knew I'd made the right decision in letting him stick around.

"I'm gonna come," I gasped right before my cock spilled between us, spurting cum all over my belly and chest. Onyx was a goddamn expert at making me come untouched.

Onyx shouted my name before he spilled inside of me, his hips falling off rhythm as he marked me. Claimed me.

Owned me .

"I love you," I rasped, my body slumping into the cushions. I knew we needed to get up and get showers before he called his dad to break the news to him that I was on shift still, but I couldn't bring myself to move. I was all fucked out of energy.

Onyx cupped my cheek, his thumb stroking my bottom lip. Somehow, I managed to open my eyes and look up at him. Strands of his curly, brown hair were sticking to his sweat-damp forehead, but his eyes were soft. For me.

Only ever for me.

"If I could love anyone, Korain, it'd be you," Onyx told me quietly.

A dopey smile tilted my lips. "I know."

Onyx

I walked out onto the back patio, the sun instantly burning my abs and chest. It was hot as fuck today, and for some fucking reason, Dad wanted everyone together to “spend quality time together”. I’d been annoyed, but Korain had been excited. I understood he loved being around my big family since he didn’t have a family of his own anymore, but still... Couldn’t I have one weekend without Dad requiring some kind of family get-together? Just one weekend where I could spend every moment Korain wasn’t working buried balls deep inside of him, listening to him whimper and moan and beg.

Korain looked up when my shadow fell over him, and he smiled, reaching up to take the beer I’d grabbed for him. He sat up, allowing me to sit behind him on the sun lounger. Wrapping an arm around his chest, I pulled him back against me, dipping my head to tease the shell of his ear with my tongue.

“I can’t stop thinking about what better things we could be doing right now,” I rasped before nipping at his earlobe.

He sucked in a sharp breath and pulled his knees up a bit, trying to hide the erection he was beginning to sport. A low, deep chuckle sounded from my chest. Fuck, I loved riling him up.

“Onyx, can you not?” he hissed, his cheeks flushing.

I snickered and nuzzled at his neck before flicking my tongue over that spot that drove him crazy. He whimpered before he could catch it, and then he smacked his

hand over his mouth. I hummed and flicked my tongue over that same spot, listening to him audibly swallow to keep himself from making any sound. I blew air softly over the spot, and a shiver rolled through his body.

“Are you sure you want me to stop?” I teased. “We can sneak off upstairs, and I can make the ache go away, baby.”

He huffed, looking around at my brothers. They were in the pool, not even paying attention to us. Dad and Pops were over by the grill, and I was pretty sure that Pops was trying to do the same thing I was, which was kind of gross.

Korain finally stood and walked inside. Grinning, I slid off the lounge, following after him. I knew one of my brothers was watching me chase after my husband, but I didn’t give a fuck. Wouldn’t be the first time one of them caught us fucking.

I couldn’t get enough of Korain. Sue me.

When I entered my room, Korain was on me immediately, his mouth sealing to mine. I groaned and nudged the door shut behind me with my foot before blindly flipping the lock. Then, I spun him around, pressing him against the door. I knew we didn’t have long before one of my brothers decided to be an asshole and interrupt us, so I shoved his swim shorts down his slim thighs and crouched.

His gasp was pure magic to the blood pumping through my veins when I spread his cheeks and slid my tongue over his hole. His palms flattened against the door, and he pushed back on my tongue when I pressed inside of him. I groaned, my fingertips digging into his soft flesh. I knew I’d leave bruises, but they would just be added to the rest of the fingertip-shaped bruises I left all over his pale skin.

I was addicted to him. Addicted to leaving my mark on him. Addicted to fucking him.

After standing, I snatched lube out of my top dresser drawer and smeared some on

my fingers, pressing them into him without warning. He groaned, his forehead falling to rest against the wooden door. I wrapped an arm around his hips and gripped his cock in my fist, slowly stroking him.

He whimpered. “Onyx...”

“I know,” I rasped. “Just gotta stretch you out.” I sank my teeth into his shoulder, grinding my cock against his ass. “Fuck, you’re always so hot and tight inside.”

He moaned, reaching back to clasp my hip. I pulled my fingers out and dropped my shorts to just beneath my ass and slicked my cock up. His mouth opened on a silent O as my slick cock rubbed between his cheeks, and once I pressed inside of him, breaching that first tight ring of muscle, a breathy little gasp punched from his lungs.

I pressed in until my hips were flush with his cheeks. Then, I yanked his hips back, my arm still wrapped around him, and I began to fuck him. Hard. Brutally. Savagely. He moaned and whimpered and whined, choked breaths ripping from his lungs the harder and faster I pounded into him.

“Onyx. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Right there. Right—ughn. Gonna come. Gonna—Onyx?—”

He spilled into my fist, and I snarled, sinking my teeth into his shoulder again just as one of my brothers banged on the door. I wasn’t even sure Korain heard it, considering he was still gasping and flooding my fist. I hammered into him harder, chasing my own release. Fuck whatever brother was on the other side.

“Pops said to stop fucking and get downstairs to eat!” Vargas called, laughter in his voice. “The fuck are you doing to him, man?”

“Fuck off!” I barked right as I came, groaning into Korain’s neck, my heart slamming against my chest bone.

Korain slumped, his cheek pressed against the door, his breaths panting from him. Reaching up with my messy hand, I gripped his chin and turned his head so I could kiss him, lazily fucking my tongue into his mouth.

“Better?” I asked, a smile tilting the corners of my lips.

He nodded, a dopey smile tilting his lips up at the corners. And fuck, if I could melt for him, I would. He was always so damn beautiful when he was all fucked-out and cum drunk.

“You always fuck so good,” he groaned.

I snickered and kissed him again. “Let’s get cleaned up. Vargas has already come up here.”

Korain groaned. “They’re going to give me so much shit,” he muttered, allowing me to turn and lift him so I could carry him into the bathroom. His limbs never cooperated when he was all sated and fucked like this.

“Nah,” I told him as I set him on the bathroom counter. “I won’t let them, and Dad won’t either.” Grabbing a washcloth, I wet it and began cleaning his face. Then, I gently cleaned around his abused hole. He winced, but when I looked at his face, he just gave me that sleepy smile I adored.

I adored every fucking thing about him.

“I might need the rest of the day to recover,” he told me.

I pressed my thumb into his bottom lip before tugging on the kiss-swollen flesh. “You’ve still got this pretty little mouth, baby.”

He flushed, his eyes going all hazy again. I hummed and leaned in, sucking his lower

lip between my teeth. He draped his arms around my neck, clinging to me.

“I love you, Onyx.”

I kissed him again because I just couldn’t fucking help myself, drawing him closer to me.

Dropping his head to my shoulder, he nuzzled into the curve of my neck. “Do you think I can get away with a nap?”

I snickered. “Probably not up here, but you’re more than welcome to nap outside,” I told him. “I’ll even move one of the umbrellas over us, so you don’t burn your pretty skin.”

He nodded. “Okay.” When I was done washing my hands and fixing our clothes, he wrapped his legs around my hips, locking me in against him. “Carry me.”

I huffed a laugh but dutifully picked him up, carting him downstairs. As soon as I was outside, Vargas opened his mouth, ready to give some fucked-up joke, but when I shot him a dark look, he snapped his jaw shut, just grinning at me. My brothers loved to push my buttons, but they knew when I truly wasn’t in the mood. And them making jokes would pull Korain out of the headspace I’d managed to put him in. And that would only serve to piss me off.

Pops shook his head at me, but a smirk played at his lips. Dad rolled his eyes. “You’re all disgusting.”

I snickered and dropped onto the lounge, leaving Korain wrapped around me. I looked at Ike. “Mind moving that umbrella?” I looked down at Korain, snickering when he snored. “He’s out.”

Ike laughed, grinning. “Sounded like you two were going to break the door.”

I glowered at him, glad Korain wasn't awake to hear his bullshit. "I should be concerned that you all like interrupting my time with Korain and listening in. It's weird."

Ike rolled his eyes. "If he didn't moan the whole fucking house down, no one would know."

I shot him the middle finger, which he pretended to swipe out of the air and stuff into his pocket.

Dick.