



Unruly

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Description: He's been locked away for six years. She was just a kid when he went inside.

But now... she's all grown up, and he is no longer her sweet and innocent stepbrother.

He isn't the boy with the charming smile who felt the need to please everyone.

He's Dark, Dangerous, and Unruly.

Knox now has only one need. HER.

And with the thoughts running through his head, it's a good thing he's locked behind bars.

One look at his sweet stepsister and he's just become a criminal.

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PROLOGUE

Knox

“Step out of your vehicle with your hands up.”

What? Why? I was only going eight miles over the speed limit and it wasn't like I was swerving across the lines or doing anything crazy. Guess they see the price tag on my red GTR and think I'm a dealer or something. I'm not rocking the boat so I climb out with my arms above my head. Hopefully, once the officer sees the name on my driver's license, he'll let me go.

The cop makes his approach, shining his light right into my eyes. Probably checking to see if they're bloodshot or dilated. I don't do drugs, but I'm sure it's going to look like I have been now. My irises are starting to burn.

“You in a rush, boy?” He drops the flashlight, his tone extra surly. He must be having a bad day and I've just become the target for his frustration.

“No, sir,” I answer politely, hoping he'll calm down once he realizes I'm not going to cause trouble.

“Yeah, well, I clocked you at twenty-five miles over the speed limit.” That's bullshit. That would've been the case if I'd been driving through a school zone, but at eight o'clock at night there isn't a single yellow light flashing anywhere in sight. Not to mention, there's not a school around for miles. I'm on the back road on the outskirts of town, coming back from Anna's house. Not even sure why a cop is even out this

way in the first place.

“I’m sorry, sir. But my speedometer said I was going fifty-three. I know it’s still eight miles over, but...”

“You calling me a liar, son?” He cuts me off, getting right in my face.

“No, sir.” I shake my head, my nerves starting to pound in my chest. “I wasn’t trying to imply that. I’m just unsure of whether my speedometer is broken since it said I was going slower. The good news is this car has a satellite monitoring system. It’s like its own built-in black box.” Helps track and locate my car’s every move in case of theft. “And if you let me pull up the screen it will show what speed I was going.”

“I don’t need no black box to tell me what I already know, boy. And I don’t appreciate being questioned.” Dammit. Now I’ve really pissed him off. I’m just gonna have to take the ticket, along with proof from the monitoring company into the courtroom and show the judge. There must be something off with the officer’s speed gun, but I’m keeping that thought to myself. For now, I’ll nod and smile and do as asked.

Another set of red and blue flashing lights pulls up behind his cruiser and I breathe a sigh of relief. Maybe this officer will be in a better mood. A bit more reasonable and willing to look at my vehicle’s computer screen. Or at least be here to keep the cop in front of me in check.

He’s probably checking to make sure the cop staring me down doesn’t need back up. I may be big at six feet with 215 pounds of solid muscle but he should see by my school uniform that I’m not some thug out to cause problems. And as soon as he checks my ID, he’ll realize I’m not some troublemaking hoodlum either.

“You need some assistance, Ferguson?” the new arrival asks.

“Yeah.” The officer unlocks me from his death glare and turns his head. “This belligerent, spoiled little shit was just arguing with me, and I think I’m going to haul his ass down to the jail to teach him a lesson.”

Arguing ? Maybe it’s better for him not to know my last name. If he already thinks I’m spoiled, then as soon as he sees I’m Lloyd Bricker’s son, the man who owns half the commercial real estate in this town, he’s going to be even more pissed. “I’m sorry, sir. I wasn’t...” The punch across my cheek comes out of nowhere and nearly takes me down. I fall back against my car, pain radiating up my jawline and into my brain.

“You keep talking back, and I’ll knock your fucking teeth out.”

I’m beginning to think I’m dealing with a disgruntled officer. One who must be jealous of the fact that I’m a trust-fund kid. He probably assumes I live off my daddy’s credit card and don’t have an appreciative bone in my body like some of the other kids I know. He’s probably pissed that he has to risk his life day in and day out, barely making enough to retire on, while I technically will never have to work a day in my life if I don’t want to. I plan on making my own way for myself, but this guy doesn’t know that.

I expect the other officer to tell Ferguson to rein it in, but instead, he steps up with a snarl on his face, looking at me like I’m the lowest of all the criminal scum.

“I think we need to teach pretty boy a lesson on manners, Ferguson. What do you think?”

The smirk on his face has my stomach sinking. I’m outnumbered. Not only that, but they both have guns and I have nothing. If I fight back, they’ll shoot me. Claim self defense. But maybe if I take my beating like a good soldier and drop to the ground quietly, they’ll let me go. Then as soon as I get home, I’ll call the best attorney in the

state, we'll subpoena the dash cam footage, and all will be handled in court. These two dirty cops will get sentenced and I'll be getting their retirement funds.

“Good fucking plan,” Ferguson agrees, and suddenly I'm taken down by an extreme pain electrocuting my insides. My knees hit the ground and then it's all a blur. Everything becomes numb to the pain before it all goes black.

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CHAPTER 1

Myrah

I toss the white tank top down and slip the black one on again. Oh God, I'm so nervous. It's been six years since I've seen Knox. Not only that, but I have no idea what one even wears to a prison. I'm not even sure he's going to recognize me. I was twelve when he went inside. I hadn't even hit puberty yet. Everything about me has changed.

The last time Knox saw me I was a tiny little runt, two buck teeth, scrawny little legs, black rimmed glasses too big for my face, and long blonde pigtails. Now, I'm eighteen and the only thing that's the same is my eye color. Although, these days I've been getting the tinted contacts to change things up. Today, I've got my brown contacts in so I don't have to squint in the sun all day. They won't let me take sunglasses inside because somehow, they could be used as a weapon. The only thing allowed past prison security is literally the clothes on your body.

I take one last look in the mirror. Not sure if a black tank top and leather skirt is prison appropriate, but I don't want to be late for my visitation time, so I slip on my boots and head out. I want to have every possible second with my stepbrother. Talking on the phone with him has helped ease my worry over the years, but I still won't truly believe he's okay until I see him.

As soon as my eighteenth birthday hit, I filled out all the paperwork and started what turned into a ten month process to get approved for visitation. Which I'm positive took so long because of who it is I'm trying to see. But finally, the approval went

through. And now, someone will be showing up for Knox. Because unfortunately, the day he was sentenced, his dad disowned him. Saying he was a disgrace to the family and he didn't want Knox's arrest tainting the Bricker name.

I still don't understand how he could turn his back on his prized son. My stepbrother was the quintessential perfect American teenager. He was a rule follower. The captain of his football team, champion all-star quarterback, valedictorian. He wasn't some cop-hating, drug-using punk like the officers claimed in the courtroom. God, just thinking of the injustice has my blood boiling. But I keep an eye on my speedometer, making sure I don't do a single mile over the speed limit.

Getting past the security check was quite the process. For a moment, it felt like I was being arrested. They finger printed me, did a full body check, and pulled my records. The approval was taking so long, I started getting nervous they weren't going to let me through, but then they finally gave the green light.

"This way," the officer orders, leading me through the doors and into another locked corridor. He enters a code into the panel and puts in a key, causing a loud buzzer to sound. "If at any point you get nervous or want to leave, you just give me the signal and I'll escort you out."

I nod in spite of my annoyance by his suggestion. I have nothing to fear with my stepbrother. Knox isn't the evil monster they've claimed him to be. And since he's been in prison, he's not only gotten a college degree, but he's gotten his master's too. He's been the perfect inmate. Yet, every time he's been up for parole, none of his stellar behavior has mattered. The two dirty cops come in claiming he's a danger to society, and within two minutes the parole board has their mind made up.

In another two years, he'll have another shot at parole, and this time I'll be there with proof in hand that he isn't the monster they've painted him as. I'll have his transcripts and letters from his old teachers showing what a calm, sweet boy he was. I'll also

have the computer printout from his GTR showing the proof that he wasn't speeding so there wasn't even a reason to pull him over in the first place, only adding to the suspicion spotlight on the officers. I wish I could figure out how to get ahold of the deleted patrol car footage because that'd be the only proof I'd need, but that's beyond my means.

Interesting how both police cruiser cameras malfunctioned at the exact same time. I still can't believe the judge just took their word for it and didn't even question the fact. But like Knox told me, the judge was part of the same good ol' boy system, and without a proper attorney, my brother's defense was a matter of his word against two high-ranking police officers who have received exemplary accolades during their careers. My brother didn't stand a chance against those lying pigs.

The thick metal door finally opens and the officer leads me into a big, barren room with nothing but tables and chairs. There are a few other prisoners sitting with their visitors, but the place is by no means hopping.

"You take a seat. Raid will be brought in shortly."

Raid? Is that his nickname in here? My sweet Knox never told me they call him that.

I take my seat and cast my eyes to the tabletop, studying the lines running along the laminate, making sure I don't make eye contact with any of the inmates. I don't know what they're in for, and I definitely don't want anyone thinking I'm staring at them or judging them in any way. Knox warned me that some of the other inmates are so crazy even a smile could set them off.

A loud buzzing sound, followed by another metal door clanking open has me looking up. The air gets trapped inside my lungs as I watch them drag a giant prisoner forward. His ankles are bound in heavy chains and his wrists are still cuffed. He must be unruly or doing time for something really bad. Everything about him screams

danger.

I should look away before he catches me staring, but I can't. I'm drawn in like a moth to a flame, studying the viscous-looking dragon tattoo running up the side of his neck and curling around his shaved head, breathing fire in my direction. It's as if I can feel the heat from its mouth coursing through my veins, burning me up from the inside out, making me feel flushed in the most inappropriate places.

My taste for bad guys is another reason my stepfather hates me so much. He thinks I'm a wild child. A rebel who doesn't fit his perfect WASP mold. But why would I ever want to please a man who would turn his back on his own son. A boy who was a perfect kid, doing everything his father ever asked of him. Including, getting accepted into Harvard.

Honestly, I think the only reason Lloyd hasn't kicked me out of his house yet is because I'm a tax deduction. In spite of the millions my stepfather has in the bank, he's as greedy as they come. The man will never have enough money.

The prisoner's eyes scan the room, like they're clocking every single person in the place. Like he's looking for his next victim. God, I just hope he isn't on the same cell block with Knox. A guy like him would beat my brother up just for having long shaggy hair. Every inch of the prisoner is sculpted and primed to kill, like he's had nothing but hard time to turn his body into a weapon— and man is it lethal.

Finally, his head turns and those dangerous eyes land on me. Oh my God . He used to have long, shaggy hair that was always tucked under a backwards baseball cap. His soft cheeks would split into a charming smile every time he saw me. And his kind eyes used to be so full of warmth and love, they'd make me feel like I was being hugged anytime I walked into a room. Knox was boyishly handsome the last time I saw him. Every cheerleader's crush. But now...

Now his eyes are dark and his glare menacing, searing my skin as he trails over my body. His body, which was always strong and built, has practically doubled in size. And he obviously went through his final growth spurt while behind bars because he's definitely taller than I remember. He has to be at least 6'4" now and every inch is corded with muscle. Knox was a clean-cut prep the last time I saw him, but now...he's covered in ink and oozing with raw deadly power.

It's so contradictory to the guy I chat with on the phone. My stepbrother is my best friend. The one and only person who knows me inside and out. Who knows all of my secrets. I knew his voice had grown deeper, but all of him has changed. He's no longer the cute boy who I loved to play hide-and-seek with and follow around all the time. He's transformed into the ultimate bad boy. Sexy and dangerous.

The butterflies start fluttering around in my stomach as his eyes connect with mine, finally finished studying how I've changed too. I'm no longer the little bucktoothed girl with pigtails and chubby cheeks. I now have black hair with magenta highlights running through it. My blue jean overalls I used to love have been traded for black lace and leather. And my teeth finally fit my mouth which is painted in pin-up red.

Based on the glare in his eyes and the purse of his lips, I'm not sure he likes the new me. Our physical changes never came up in conversation, mostly because I was afraid to taint the image he had of me. Now, I'm thinking I should've given him a warning.

"You better behave, Raid, or your ass will be thrown in the hole."

The officer's voice gains my attention. I don't understand why they're giving him the warning. As far as Knox has told me, he's never been thrown in the hole or done anything to get himself into trouble. He keeps on the up-and-up in hopes of getting released early. But now that I'm seeing him in person, I think maybe he was saying those things in fear of tainting the image I had of him .

Knox practically growls at the officer and the cop jerks back, his hand clutching his gun at his waistband. He looks absolutely terrified of my stepbrother. Seeing how intimidating Knox is to even the man holding the weapon is causing a stir low in my belly. Oh God. I can't be turned on by him. Knox is my family. The only true family I have left. But Lord, is he my exact type. If I had to describe the man of my sexual fantasies, it would be him. Every single detail to an exact T.

Shit. This is so not good.

He starts stalking towards me. Each step slow and measured. The chains locked around his ankles obviously slowing him down. Which is a good thing. Because as the space between us disappears, the butterflies grow more anxious.

My panties are not supposed to be getting wet. I'm supposed to be excited to see him, not aroused. But the sensation is crackling up my skin. My hormones are getting in my way and causing all of my synapses to misfire. I need to get my shit together. Fast.

When he stops before me, a rush of heat floods in, drowning me in lust. I can't catch my breath and I know I'm visibly shaking but I can't control it. My knees are getting weak. And if I don't take a seat soon, I may collapse.

"I won't hurt you, Myr. Never."

The steel rumble of his voice shatters me further. I tilt my head back, finally finding the courage to meet his eyes. The last thing I want is for him to think I'm afraid of him. That's not what has me shaking like a leaf. It's the sheer magnitude of desire that's trying to bury me alive.

"I know you won't, Knox." My voice is barely recognizable, breathless due to the lack of oxygen in my lungs. He's even hotter up close. His rigid jawline is etched in

stubble, and all I can think about is how it would feel running across my inner thigh, tickling against my skin as his mouth... Oh God. I have to stop.

“Been six years, sis. Need you to wrap those arms around me and give me a hug.”

I push past the rattle in my nerves and step closer, swallowing harder. In my next gulp, I’m nearly swept off my feet. Locked into a tight embrace. Body pulled flush against his massive frame. The warmth and love radiating off of him running straight through my veins, melting me further into his chest.

I didn’t realize until this exact moment how much I truly missed him. I bury my face into his shirt, rubbing over him like he’s my big stuffed bear, seeking his strength and comfort which I’ve needed for so long. But as I breathe him in, my body grows uncomfortable low in my belly. His intoxicating rugged scent fills my nose, and a shiver runs down my spine. My mind’s beginning to travel back into dirty territory again.

“Missed you so damn much, sis.”

God, I need to remember that word. Yet the reminder that we’re family doesn’t stop the pulses between my legs. They’re growing achingly worse by the second. I need to pull away before my face isn’t the only thing I’m rubbing against him. If he saw the thoughts running through my head, he’d think I’m deranged. Given that I want to fuck my stepbrother, I probably am.

I give him one last tight squeeze and then pull out of his embrace. “I missed you too, Knox.”

I take my seat at the table, no longer able to hold myself upright. He sits down across from me, putting his hands out for me to hold. I’m not sure it’s a good idea, but I don’t want him to think I’m scared of him. But the moment our fingers are locked

together, my hands start sweating. If I don't get myself under control, he's really going to think he's making me nervous. He is, but not for the reason he'll assume.

"That officer called you Raid," I say, trying to distract my thoughts. "Why does he call you that?"

He glances over at the guy, then back. "Because to them, I attacked innocent cops without being provoked. Made a raid on law enforcement." His hands tighten around mine. "Works for me." He smirks. "The way they act around me makes the inmates nervous. It's one of the reasons no one fucks with me in here."

I think his size is another reason. Anyone would have to be an idiot to confront a man who looks like him. They'd get squashed under the heel of his foot.

"Since when did your eyes turn brown?" he asks. "You used to bat those baby blues at me to get me to buy you extra candy at the movies."

I shake my head, pulling my hands away to take out my contact. "See. Still blue."

CHAPTER 2

Knox

Fuck. I should've held my tongue. "Put your contact back in before you lose it." My dick is already in a painful way. Don't need those topaz beauties adding to my depraved state. It's bad enough that the moment I laid eyes on her, I drank her in like a man dying of thirst, my cock instantly growing erect in my jumper. I was praying to God I had it wrong and that the sexy-as-fuck vixen in black leather was not my stepsister but was someone else's sister that I was going to demand an introduction to.

But when I saw the little birthmark under her left eye, I knew my wish wasn't coming true. The girl making my cock stiffer than the steel bars keeping me locked in this joint is my sweet little Myrah. My baby stepsister. The girl I'm supposed to look out for. I shouldn't be wanting to rip off that leather skirt and violate her right in front of everyone in this goddamn room. Show all the fuckers looking her way that she's mine.

"Next time you come, wear pants."

Once again, her shoulders rattle in fear from my harsh command. I need to rein my shit in. It's obvious I'm scaring her. The girl's been shaking like a leaf since I walked in. I'm the last person on this earth that would ever hurt one hair on Myrah's head. Which is why I shouldn't be having these damn thoughts.

Just knowing I want to wedge her thighs apart and brand her pussy with my cum is a

betrayal. She trusts me. Looks up to me as a brother. Hell, she's all the family I have left since that asshole of a sperm donor decided I wasn't worthy to bare the Brinker name anymore. I'm a disgrace to the family.

All those millions in his bank account and he wouldn't pay a single dime to fight for me to have a retrial; one where the judge wasn't in the officers' favor. It was pretty damn obvious that it wasn't a coincidence that both officers' dash cams malfunctioned at the exact same time and there was no footage to prove my innocence. But Judge Pratwick didn't even question the fact. Neither did my father.

He believed the policemen's word over his own son. Didn't even matter that my body was black and blue, ribs broken, concussion showing on the scan, and that only the one cop had a black eye, which those fuckers obviously staged to back their claim on how I threw the first punch. In my father's eyes, the law was truth. And now, I've lost all respect for the system—and for the man I once called Dad.

Have to say there's one good thing that came out of this entire shit situation. Make that two. First and foremost, it brought me and Myrah even closer than we already were. It's proven to me that shared DNA means absolute jack shit when it comes to family. She and I aren't related by blood, but we're thicker than thieves. And I know no matter what, she'll never turn her back on me like everyone else did. Even Anna wrote me off.

The other rainbow that's come from this shitstorm is that I'm no longer living a lie. The kid I was back then was who he wanted me to be. I did everything to please him, to earn his pride, but it was all for naught. I kissed his ass and he still washed his hands of me the second I was arrested. Because innocent or not, I'd tainted his name.

The kid that took the beating from the officers, thinking it was the right thing to do, was weak. And that boy is long gone. I'm stronger now, and when I get out of this place, there won't be a single person who will ever be able to take me down again.

I just wish Myrah was out from under the asshole's thumb as well. Soon enough, she will be. Which reminds me. "Did you have a chance to look at those listings I sent?" I carefully scoured through commercial properties, making sure the ones I sent her are not owned by Bricker Investments.

"I did." She nods, shifting uncomfortably in her seat. "But they're a little out of my price range, Knox. I found a place on the outskirts of town I think will work."

Not fucking happening. "I told you not to worry about the money, Myr. I have it covered." Thanks to Monk teaching me a few things in here, my pockets are deep. Whatever she needs is hers. "And you're not setting up shop out in the sticks where any fucker can come in, have his dick get all hard from the sexy little mechanic, then take advantage of you."

Her cheeks flush a pretty shade of rose. She can be mad all she wants but she better not fight me on this because I guarantee she won't win. "Besides, you need to be on the main drag in town or you'll have to spend a killing in advertising."

"You should be using your money on attorneys, Knox. Not on me."

What the hell for? It won't do me shit. No matter what I fucking do, they'll continue to throw the book at me. I've been the model inmate. Gotten two college degrees. Kept my nose out of trouble. Always do as I'm damn told, and yet, I'm still a "danger to society." All because the parole board side with their own. And that will always be the case. So, no, I'd rather spend my money watching Myrah's dreams come true than fatten another attorney's bank account.

"I have enough for attorneys and your place, Myr, so don't worry about that." Not that I'm ever going to piss more money down the legal drain, but I'm not going to tell her that right now or she'll refuse my offer.

“I don’t understand, Knox. Your dad froze your accounts. How could you possibly have that much money?”

I crack my neck. The selfish prick didn’t just freeze my accounts, he took over my trust, transferring every single million that my grandfather had left me into his account. “He did,” I grit through clenched teeth. “But I’ve managed to make money.”

Her brow cocks up. I know she wants to know how, but I don’t want her to be disappointed in me. Siphoning people’s bank accounts and retirement funds isn’t exactly legal, but the bastards I’m stealing from deserve it. “Can’t tell you how”—I glance toward the guard, hoping she’ll drop the subject—“but there are ways.”

She squeezes my fingers, sending a sizzling fire through my palm and to all the crevices throughout my body. Damn, when the hell did she grow up on me? She still sounds just like that twelve-year-old girl when we speak on the phone. But fuck. She’s become a siren.

“Just promise me you’ll never do anything that will get you into trouble. I can’t handle being away from you for any longer. I need you.”

My dick responds to those last three words, but when I see the tears in her eyes, he gets knocked back down to size. It’s not him that she needs. She needs her big brother to take care of her.

“Come here, sis.”

I shift to the side and tug on her hands, urging her over. She slowly rises from her chair and comes around the table. I pull her down on my lap, keeping her on my left thigh so she doesn’t feel the protrusion laying long and hard on my right. “I’m never going to risk being kept away from you for longer than I already have to. Don’t you dare worry that pretty little head. Okay?”

Her arms wrap around my neck and her head tucks into the crook. God, it feels good to have her in my arms. Too good. I'm chalking up the damn desire coursing through my veins to the fact that I've been locked away for six years, only having had a brief taste of sex before I was arrested. That's the only explanation I'm mentally willing to give light to.

But I sure as hell don't remember being this wound up though. Waited two years for Anna to be ready to have sex, so by the time it happened, I was wound so tight I wasn't sure I'd make it all the way inside her before I was blowing my load. Right now, all Myr would have to do is rub her thigh against the crown of my cock and I'd be creaming in my jumpsuit.

"Since when did you grow up on me?" I say, running my fingers through her raven hair, the magenta streaks like the fire running through my veins. "No more pigtails."

"Do you hate it?" There's a hint of insecurity in her voice and it strikes me in the chest. How could I possibly hate it? She's a fiery punk goddess. Gorgeous and wild. Too damn sexy to be entering a room full of inmates who haven't had sex in a long-ass time.

"It's sexy as hell, babe." Shit. Maybe I shouldn't have used those words. Need to remember I'm not on a date. I'm visiting with my fucking stepsister.

"I like your new look, too." She gives me a shy little smile, running her soft fingers over the side of my head, tracing the flames coming from the dragon's mouth. "Never pictured you the type to ever get tattoos." Yeah, me neither. But again, that was because I was never thinking for myself. Never made any decisions based on what I truly wanted, just what was expected of me.

"They make you look dangerous." She trails her fingers down the side of my neck, and a whole bunch of inappropriate feelings follow its path. "Powerful."

If she keeps teasing my skin with that delicate touch, I'm going to be in trouble. Fuck. The cum is already seeping down my leg. I need a distraction. Something to get my brain back to neutral territory. 'Cause right now all I'm thinking is how I could show her just how powerful I am.

"So, tell me how work's been, Myr."

She sits back and glances over toward the officer then leans in to whisper in my ear. I swear, if it weren't for the words coming out of her mouth, I'd have a hard time concentrating on anything other than her warm breath casting over my skin. But I don't like a damn thing I'm hearing.

"You know my friend Rowan that I've told you about?" I nod. "She keeps getting pulled over by the same police officer. First it was for speeding, which was legit. Then he pulled her over for an expired tag, which he claimed he misread. Last week it was a brake light that was out. But I looked at it and there wasn't a single thing wrong with it. Not even a loose connection. Then, the other night, he followed her to work and offered to come back when she got off shift to ensure she made it home safe. So, I went home with her and stayed over at her place. Thankfully, he didn't show his face. But still. She's really freaked out about it, and it's not like she can report him."

Nope. Calling his ass in will get her absolutely nowhere. I know personally how these fuckers like to stick together. They'll tell her the cop is just doing his job, trying to keep her safe, and suggest she stop breaking the law. Motherfucker. And I sure as hell don't like Myrah being wrapped up in this shit. One look at my hot little sis and the officer could have a new target.

"Did she get a name on the officer?"

She shakes her head. "No. He keeps letting her off with verbal warnings, so she

doesn't know his name. She did get his plate number."

"Did she give it to you?" If I at least have that, I can find out which dirty pig is stalking the poor girl.

"No." She shakes her head. "We were so busy the other night at work and then I completely forgot to remind her about it. I'll make sure I get it the next time I talk to her."

I squeeze her in closer, wishing I was on the outside and could protect her and her friend myself. I'd make damn sure the officer never laid one finger on either of them. He'd be taking his last breath if he even tried.

I may not be able to protect them myself, but I know just the person who can. "I have a friend who just got out and owes me a favor. I'm gonna ask him to step in on this and have him watch out for your girl."

There's suddenly a weary look in her eyes. "I'm not sure I want an ex-con near my friend, Knox."

I bite back a chuckle, flipping her hair just like I used to back when it was in pigtails. "Relax, babe. I'd never let someone I didn't trust anywhere near your friend. He would never hurt her. Promise."

Those cheeks are blushing again for some reason. I can't help but run my thumb over her pretty pink skin. So soft. I'd love to make her flush for a different reason— one I need to bury in the very back recesses of my mind and never think of again.

"He did time for fraud," I tell her, trying to get my thoughts back to where they belong.

“You trust a fraudster?” She hits me with a skeptical look and I brush my nose across her scrunched one. I trust the man with my life. Monk is like a brother to me now.

“I do.” I nod. “So talk to Rowan about it and see if she’d be okay with meeting with him. In the meantime, I’ll reach out and put him on alert. Get him to start tailing the cop as soon as I get the plate number from you.”

“Are you sure you trust him? She’s really pretty. Like gorgeous.”

I tuck a stray piece of her hair behind her ear. Doubt she’s as gorgeous as the girl sitting in my lap. “I’d trust him with you.” I tip her nose. “And you’re the prettiest girl I’ve ever seen, babe.”

Her entire face and neck get flushed red as her eyes drop down to her lap. For some reason the compliment has embarrassed her, which is why I need to keep a clamp on my mouth and quit saying awkward shit. She’s my stepsister. I’m supposed to think she’s cute, not drop-dead sexy as fuck. And I need to quit using the damn “B” word. Fuck.

“What did you do for him that he owes you a favor?” she asks, thankfully steering us back to safer ground. Though it feels like I’ve just taken a kick to the balls from the way they’re aching.

I lean forward, making certain she’s the only one who can hear me. “I showed him what he did wrong. How he ended up getting caught.” The student became the teacher, and now I’m a better hacker than he is.

“I also spent four years being his personal trainer and bodyguard. Helping him turn his body into a weapon and making sure no one in here fucked with him.” The two of us with our size and power were a brute force that no one tempted their fate with. And now, no one on the outside will ever fuck with Monk again.

The guy was bullied all throughout school. Beaten up so bad, he has a scar from chin to temple, a crooked nose from it being broken so many times, and is now deaf in one ear. Monk came to prison a weak victim, trying to extract vengeance in the shadows of the cyber world. But by the time he got out, he was one scary-looking dude and no longer needs to hide behind his computer screen. And the fuckers who wanted to pick on the kid because they felt stupid next to him better watch the fuck out because Monk is ready to get his revenge once and for all.

“Okay.” She nods. “I’ll talk to Rowan about it.”

“Now,” I say, “tell me what else you need for your shop so I can start placing the orders.”

She opens her mouth to argue, but I hold my finger over it—so damn tempted to run it across her red lip, to tease between the seam and feel the lick of her tongue. Goddammit, I need to stop. “You either give me a list, or I’m going to make sure you’re decked out to the hilt like the best auto shop in the world.” I plan on doing that anyway, but I want to make sure I’m getting the brands she likes.

Those eyes of hers roll just like they used to when I told her she could only have candy if she ate some veggies. “You’re so stubborn.”

I’m stubborn? Me? Oh, that does it. “You’re calling me stubborn, sis?” I move my fingers into her sides, finding the vulnerable spots I remember and then start tickling her senseless. Her giggles fill the room and my chest at the same time. That sweet sound eases some of the tension that’s been holding me hostage for the last six years. “Your stubborn little ass is going to agree to let me spoil you, or I’m not going to let up.”

She squirms in my lap, begging me to stop, but I won’t until I hear the words. “Say it, Myr.”

“Okay,” she practically cries through her laughter. “You can buy me stuff.”

“Good,” I tell her, letting up. Her giggles slowly fading as she settles back down on my lap. She pins me with what I’m sure is meant to be a glare but just looks damn cute.

“I know you’re not ticklish,” she says, still trying to catch her breath, “but I’m going to find a way to get you back for all the times you’ve tickle-tortured me. Mark my words, Knox.”

I’d like to see her try. “You’re threatening a convicted criminal, sis. Better be careful,” I growl into the side of her neck then nip at her bare shoulder. Realizing too late that I shouldn’t have put my mouth on her because my mind sinks back into the gutter as I struggle not to lick across her soft skin. Instead, I run my nose up her collarbone, filling my lungs up with her sweet vanilla and holly berry scent. Cum leaking from my cock, wanting her to rub that smell all over me—and him.

The little noise she makes almost sounding like a scared whimper snaps me out of the blistering inferno I got trapped in. What the hell am I doing? I’m about to come in my pants scenting my damn stepsister. Fuck. Maybe I do belong locked behind these walls. I’m not sure on the outside I’d be able to keep my hands off her. At least in here they won’t let me pry her legs open and act out my perverted fantasies on my little stepsister’s pussy.

“Sorry, you just smell like home.” I pull back, wishing they had restraints on my damn thoughts like they do on my ankles. “Been a long time since I’ve seen or smelled anything so good.” Though, as I recall, my dad’s house smelled like a tobacco room from all the cigars my grandfather used to smoke.

I dare a look at her face to see the damage I’ve done and sure enough she looks like she’s about to freak out.

She shakes her head. “It’s okay, Knox. Don’t apologize. I’m sure you miss a lot of things being in here.”

Goddamn, she has no idea. Although, I never realized how badly I missed sex until she walked in today looking like a wicked temptress. Still can’t get over how much she’s changed. “Tell me what you need for the shop, Myr,” I breathe through clenched teeth, desperate to get my shit under control. “How about you take your seat and I’ll get Burbank to bring us a piece of paper and a pen.”

She scurries back to her side of the table like she can’t get away from me fast enough. My nerves tighten like a noose has been wrapped around each and every one. I’m not sure she’s going to come back next Saturday. I’ll be lucky if she does. Before I lose the only family I have left, I need to figure out how to recover this. So, for the rest of the visit, we’re making the plan for her shop and I’m going to keep my damn hands and awkward comments to myself.

CHAPTER 3

Myrah

The moment I'm locked inside my car, my head drops to my steering wheel, finally allowing myself the freak-out that's been building for the last hour. "God, this can't be happening." I cannot be crushing on my stepbrother. But my panties are soaked through, and the ache between my legs has been throbbing ever since I laid eyes on him.

Everything about Knox is such a turn-on. His looks. His growly voice. The way he's so eager to help me. So selfless. And how supportive and excited he is about my dream of becoming a mechanic and owning my own shop. Everyone else in my life, except for Rowan, thinks it's a ridiculous idea. That women shouldn't work on cars and that my shop will be a dud because people only trust men in this line of work. But not Knox. He thinks I'm going to be a rock star at it.

God, I'm so sick. Sick for wanting him to touch me in all the places that are forbidden to him. Sick for wanting to drop to my knees between his legs and beg him to let me take care of his cock. He has to be starved for sex since he's been locked away for six years. I'd be happy to give him the relief he needs. To let him use my body any way he wants.

I start my car, shaking off the warped feelings invading my system, praying that by the time I get home, I'll be cleared of the images running through my mind. But when I pull away from the prison, they only grow worse with every mile I drive. It's like the farther away I get from Knox the more I hunger to be with him.

Maybe visiting him is a bad idea. Maybe we should just stick to phone conversations from here on out. No! I'm not going to do that to him. I won't abandon him like everyone else has. And I'm not going to punish him for my twisted mind. He needs me, and I will be there for him no matter how tortured it makes me.

I pick up my phone, giving Rowan a call. Hoping she'll be able to stop me from thinking of Knox pressing me up against the prison cell wall and fucking me hard. Taking out six years of pent-up sexual aggression on my body. Dammit, it went to voicemail .

Right, I forgot. She's working the early shift today. "Hey, Rowan. Call me as soon as you have a break. Saw my brother today and he wants to help you with the creeper cop issue."

As I pull through the gate, entering Lloyd's estate, I'm tempted to flip the surveillance camera the bird, but I'm not going to rock the boat until I have a safety raft I can land on. Soon I'll have a lease on a place and will make it my home. Until then, I have to play by my stepfather's rules and plaster on my fake smile every time he's around.

Good news is, he travels so much I don't have to see him or my mother very often. She goes everywhere he goes so she can shop while he works. She truly has become the perfect trophy wife. He feeds her cash and she looks pretty for him and keeps her mouth shut, only opening it when he needs to shove his cock inside.

I roll my eyes at the thought, betting my father is rolling over in his grave. Dad may not have had money, which is why my mother left him, but he was one of the best men I've ever known. Altruistic to the core. He always wanted to help people just for the sake of easing someone's stress. He enjoyed seeing people's smiles more than receiving payment for his work. He's the parent I look up to. My true role model. Which is why I want to follow in his footsteps and become a mechanic.

I drop my purse on my desk and pull out my rainbow pajamas from my top drawer, the ones Knox gave me the Christmas before he was arrested. He knew how much I loved rainbows. Anytime a storm ended, I'd run to find him so we could go search for the rainbow together. "You're the rainbow of this family, Myr. Your smile can clear away any storm."

It was the most thoughtful gift I'd ever received and I've worn them almost every night since he was sent away. I've worn them so much they're nearly threadbare now. I've also grown, so they definitely fit more like underwear at this point, considering the top barely covers my full breasts and the shorts barely cover my butt. But I love them, and I won't stop wearing them until they unravel on me.

My purple vibrator catches my eye as I start to close the drawer, tempting the ache that I've been trying to ignore. I pull it out and stroke the plastic cockhead; all the thoughts rushing back in. Knox's brooding face. The power that oozed off his huge frame. The way his mouth trailed up my collarbone. His deep gravelly voice sweeping over my ear.

Oh God. It's never going to stop unless I deal with it. Just this once I'll let myself give in. I'll hand myself over to the fantasy and then I'll bury all my sinful thoughts away and never let them surface again.

I take my purple toy and my phone and cross the hall to Knox's old room. Thankfully, in spite of my stepfather washing his hands of his son, he hasn't had time to erase him from this house. Lloyd mentioned long ago that he wanted to box everything up and throw it in the trash, but Lorena, our housekeeper, hated the idea as much as I do and has yet to get to the task. Which I'm so thankful for because on the nights that I'm homesick for Knox, I sleep in here.

Today, though, I want to roll around in the sheets and pretend that he's here and has caught me snooping in his room. That my big, seriously bad stepbrother is mad and

going to punish me for looking through his things.

I pull open his nightstand drawer, taking out the box of condoms he'd stashed inside. A tiny twinge of jealousy runs up my spine knowing that Anna knows Knox intimately. She doesn't deserve to be based on the way she treated him after the arrest. She ignored all of his calls and never once visited him. They'd dated for over two years and were already talking about getting married after college, but she dumped him the moment they slapped the cuffs on him. It didn't matter whether he was innocent or not, she didn't want to have anything to do with someone with an arrest on their record.

As much as I hate the pain she caused Knox, I'm happy she's out of the picture. I never really liked her, and she's become even more of a snotty bitch over the years.

What are you doing in here, Myr? The fantasy rolls out and I turn from my spot, imagining Knox walking through the door, giving me the same look that had the officer scared shitless. I swallow hard, feeling it come alive inside my mind. My English teacher always said I had a vivid imagination, but she has no idea.

"I was just...um...looking for some candy." I turn toward my mental mirage.

He steps forward, his dangerous eyes narrowing in on my hand. "Those aren't candy, Myr."

"They aren't?" I bite down on my lip, feigning my innocence.

"I know you're not that naive, sis." His unruly eyes meet mine. "You know damn well what you've got in your hand. Now, I want to know what little runt is trying to pressure you for sex."

"No one." I shake my head. "I just want to be prepared when the time comes."

He steps forward, crowding my space, and my head tips back. My eyes closed tight, imagining Knox's stern face staring down at me. "When the time comes, you better know how to use one of those. I'm not interested in becoming an uncle at twenty-five. And I'm not sure you're ready to become a mom at nineteen. Do you even know how to put one of those on properly?"

"Yes." I roll my eyes, no longer a child. "I know exactly what I'm doing."

His brow cocks up. "You sure about that?"

I nod, positive in my skills. There's no way I want to become a mom at my age. I want to start my business and build my career first. Kids will come later.

"Well, why don't you show me how it's done then?"

God, yes. My twisted need keeps taking me deeper. I pull out a condom from the box, dropping the rest on the floor in front of me.

"Should I go get my dildo?" I ask, biting down on my lower lip, feeling the heat coursing through my veins. My need spiking to an unbearable intensity.

"You don't need a plastic cock, Myr." His eyes narrow in. The pulse at the side of his jaw ticking, and I'm practically moaning at the thought. "You've grown up, sis. You're not a little girl anymore."

I shake my head, wishing he was really standing before me, that these words were coming from his mouth. "Sit back on the bed, Myr." The voice in my head now has a mind of its own and is dragging me right back into the heat.

I do as my imagined Knox tells me. "Now open up that little packet carefully so you don't tear a hole in the rubber."

Again, I follow my instructions eagerly, getting hotter by the second. My pajama shorts nearly soaked through at this point. I pull out the magnum-sized condom and hold it in my hand, inspecting it. I've never used a condom of this size before and am actually shocked to see how big it is. Another wave of need ripples through my body, landing in my aching spot. Not only is Knox gorgeous but he's also packing some serious heat under his prison jumpsuit.

"Good girl. Now, reach inside my pants and take it out."

I reach for my dildo which I'd dropped onto the bed, and pretend it's Knox's cock in my hand. "Fuck, that feels good," he groans as his head falls forward, the pleasure sweeping through him. God, I can only imagine how hungry he is for sex. It's only been a few months for me and I'm going crazy. I can't imagine going without for years.

I run my fist up and down the plastic shaft, stroking it just like I would his dick. Wishing I could bring the starved convict pleasure.

"Enough." He grips my hand, stopping me from sending him over the edge. "Now take that rubber and place it over my tip. Then carefully slide it down to the base while you pinch the top." I sheathe my dildo and then close my eyes again.

"Perfect," he growls in that harsh tone that drives me crazy. "You know exactly what you're doing, don't you?"

I smile shyly, loving Knox's approval. Wanting more of it, just like I do in real life.

"You're staring at me pretty hard, Myr. Is there something you want?" I nod, hating the fact that I want everything from him. He's the only family I have left, and my desire for him is capable of destroying everything. "Then all you have to do is take off those little shorts and spread your legs for me, babe."

I peel the things off my body and prop myself against his pillow. Thighs spread. Knees out wide for easy access. “Damn you have a pretty pussy, Myr. So pretty and wet. You’re ready for my cock, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I whimper, eyes locked tight, trying to imagine Knox staring between my legs, his tongue slowly running across his lower lip .

“Looks like you’ve been deprived.” God, he has no idea. Deprivation has been running through my veins for three months. “That little clit of yours is already poking out .”

I rub my thumb over my swollen clit in circles, imagining it’s Knox’s hand exploring my body. A moan slips from my lips as a sizzling spark of pleasure starts building inside. “You like that,” he groans, and a gasp slips from my lips as my hips arch up for more of his touch. “This pretty little pussy should never be neglected. She deserves constant attention.” I slide my fingers down my slippery seam and circle my entrance. “She deserves to be spoiled .” My two fingers push inside and a moan fills the silent room.

“None of those runts you go to school with are good enough for you, Myr .” He shakes his head, a look on his face just like the one he gave me as I was leaving the prison. It was so intense. Almost possessive. “I’m the one who knows what you need . I’m the one who can take care of you.”

The pulses grow stronger. My orgasm is building fast but I’m not ready for this to be over. The fantasy is more potent than any experience I’ve had with a guy in real life. Shit, I’m twisted. But it’s not going to stop me from seeing this through.

“What about Anna?” I ask to the quiet of the room, adding to the forbidden tale in my mind. I know Knox is long over the girl, but I’m eager to dish her a little revenge in my sordid fantasy.

Those last few months before Knox was sent away it seemed like she was always here. I had to fight for his time and attention. And any time he'd invite me along on a date with them, she'd roll her eyes and be incredibly rude towards me. Of course, it was always behind Knox's back so he never saw it.

When I confessed the truth to him over the phone, he was pissed. He'd wished I'd told him she was acting that way because he would've broken things off with her then and there. In hindsight, I wish I had too because he truly did suffer a broken heart over the girl.

He shakes his head, leaning into my ear. "I'm done with Anna. Don't need that witch when I have the prettiest girl living across the hall from me." I know it's just my imagination, but a twinge of excitement runs down my spine knowing that Knox truly would choose me over her. "Are you going to let me crawl into your bed at night, baby girl?"

"Yes," I moan as my hips thrust forward, meeting my touch.

"Good girl," he groans as his two fingers slip inside my center. My fingers are not as thick or long as his but it still feels good. "God, you're tight, babe. Need to get you primed before I'll fit." I push my fingers in deeper, scissoring them to expand my walls, imagining Knox working me up into the crazed state I'm in.

"Can't wait anymore," he growls. "Need to feel this hot little cunt wrapped around my dick." I take the dildo and press the sheathed tip to my entrance, pushing it slightly inside then stopping. "Damn, Myr. You feel incredible. So tight. But you need to relax for me so I don't hurt you."

I rub my clit with my free hand, imagining Knox wanting to make me feel good as I press the dildo slowly inside. With each inch it slips in, I imagine Knox's face contorting with pleasure. His growls and groans getting louder.

“Knox, you have to be quiet or your dad will hear you.”

“Fuck. I know. But you feel too damn good, Myr. Never felt anything so good.” My imagination is definitely getting carried away, but I can’t stop it.

“Even better than Anna?” I gasp, as I rub my clit faster.

“God, yes. She doesn’t even compare, baby.” The smile hits my cheeks, enjoying the imaginary thought. “Don’t want to think about her when I’m buried deep inside you though. Just want to focus on making you feel good. Does this little pussy like being fucked by my dick?”

I pump the dildo deeper. Faster. “Yes, Knox. Feels so good.”

“This perfect cunt is mine now. Do you hear me? I’m the only one allowed to touch you.”

Oh God, I’m right on the edge. About to shatter into a million electric pieces. The build is climbing higher. I’m pumping the dildo in faster, imagining Knox’s control slipping. His hips are bucking against me in quick, successive thrusts. His hands slipping under my pajama top and squeezing my breasts, teasing them like my fingers are.

My phone dings in with a text causing the pleasure to stutter but I ignore the interruption. I’m at the crux of what’s about to be the most intense orgasm of my life. Whoever sent me a message can wait. I pump the dildo in as deep as it will go, my mind taking me back to the fantasy. Back to Knox. Back to him wanting me so desperately.

My phone starts ringing and it rips me back to the present again. Shoot. Why is everyone trying to reach me right now when I’m about to come? I know it’s probably

Rowan calling me back. She must be on her break, but she has thirty minutes, and all I need is one before I can call her back.

I sink back into my thoughts, my mind changing course. The image of Knox's head buried between my legs surfaces, him looking up with those dangerous eyes while his tongue hungrily dives in, and it sends me spiking headfirst into the torrential storm. A downpour of incredible shocks raining down, blasting through me like a gust of wind, almost too intense for my body to take. I have to seize the dildo in place to handle the convulsions between my thighs. Every nerve in my body is completely overwhelmed by pleasure.

My body slumps, the intensity easing. I pull the toy out, circling it slowly around my clit, wishing it was Knox's tongue licking away the pulsing little aftershocks. When I'm wrung dry of pleasure, I toss the vibrator to the side and reach for my phone from the base of the bed. There's a text from an unknown number, along with a missed Facetime call from the same number.

Unknown caller: Myr, it's Knox. Got ahold of a phone. Going to call you in one minute. Please pick up. I don't have much time to talk.

Shit! Shit! Shit. I missed his call. I hope I can get him back on the line. Shit! I quickly return the missed Facetime call, praying he'll pick up.

CHAPTER 4

Knox

F uck! I scared her off. Not once has she ever not taken my calls. But after I ran my mouth all over her body, obviously giving her the creeps, she's probably written me off like everyone else has. But in her case, I don't fucking blame her. The thoughts I'm having should have her hiding from me. She probably thinks I've become some sick criminal heathen, and is never going to speak to me again. Dammit, how do I fix this? I can't lose her. She's my everything. The only thing keeping me going in this place.

The phone in my hand starts to vibrate and I almost drop the thing. When I see her name on the screen, it slips from my hand onto the bed and my heart starts to pound in my chest. I quickly grab the thing before I miss her call.

"Damn, Myr. I was worried when you didn't pick up," I say, sounding like I just spent an hour lifting in the gym. The fear rattled me hard.

"Sorry," she says, out of breath herself. "I was busy and didn't um...get to it fast enough."

Thank fuck. The worry starts to recede. Seeing her smiling face, knowing she's not scared of me has the heaviness lifting, but so is something else. I just rubbed myself out three times in hopes that I'd be under control when I spoke to her, but damn, she has the prettiest smile. She's got the prettiest everything. Especially that little birthmark under her eye which I can now zoom in on, pinching the screen out with

my fingers to see it. It's like the shape of a little cloud, a faint little wisp reminding me of the beautiful sky, just like her eyes.

"What were you doing?" I ask, needing to focus my mind elsewhere and not where it's trying to lead me again. I zoom back out to see her. Her cheeks look bright pink like she just finished a workout herself. There's a sheen of sweat on her face too.

"Oh, um...I was just getting changed and couldn't answer the Facetime call naked."

Shit. I wish she would've. That would've given me spank material for the next nine years of this hell. Fuck. I can't be thinking like that. Keep it clean, Knox. She's your stepsister. Remember the twelve-year-old girl with pigtails you'd take for ice cream. The one you'd play tag with. I'd love to chase her down now, pin her to the ground and.... Goddammit, I need to get myself under fucking control.

"Wait. How are you calling me?" She peers closer to the phone, finally realizing that it's not our scheduled call time and that she's actually seeing me on the screen. "Knox, where did you get a phone?"

I smirk. "Did a favor for someone and received it as a gift."

Her eyes narrow in and that sweet smile turns down into a frown. "What exactly did you do, Knox?" I can see the stern rigidness of her brow trying to scold me for a crime I didn't commit. "I'm worried you're going to end up getting caught with all your shenanigans and the next time you're up for parole, they're going to throw the book at you again."

They're going to do that anyway, but she's wrong. This favor was actually legal.

"Relax, Myr. One of the guys in here needed some help with his daughter's college applications and helping her figure out how to apply for scholarships. I offered some

assistance and she ended up getting into every school she applied to with a full ride. Didn't expect payment since he was just trying to help his kid out, but he was so appreciative he gave me this phone."

"How did he get it?"

"There are ways, Myr." I grit my teeth at the undeniable truth. "Remember, there are a lot of dirty cops in this world."

Her eyes narrow again, those plump lips pursed in a scowl. She hates that the system is so broken, but it's a damn fact we're faced with. I do believe though that there are still some decent officers in the world that will fix it one day. At least...I hope so. "By the way, did you talk to your friend and get me the plate number?"

"No." She shakes her head. "I tried calling her but she's at work."

I gave Monk a ring, wanting to give him a heads-up, but he didn't pick up. Figure it's going to take him a moment to decipher where the number is coming in from to make sure it's really me on the other end of the line. Once he traces the call, I know he'll give me a shout.

"So, does this mean I can call you anytime I want?" she asks, bringing back that cute smile that warms my heart every time.

"Nah, babe. Unfortunately, there are only certain times we can chat. But you can text me anytime you want and when I get to check my phone, I'll respond back. Just don't freak out if it takes a while before I get back to you." I could call her at three in the morning when the whole cell block is sound asleep, but she'll be asleep too. And between school and work, Myr needs her rest. She doesn't need to be keeping my lonely ass company during the wee hours of the morning. But maybe If I have a picture of her, I won't feel so alone.

“Hey! Send me a pic of yourself. That way I can look at it when I’m missing you.”

She does it right in the next beat. Holding the phone out, blowing me a kiss. Fuck Me. Maybe that was a bad idea. Now, I’m going to be using her damn selfie at three a.m. when my cock is lonely. The image dings in and I open it, immediately taking note of the rainbows and her nipples showing right through the material. My mouth opens before my brain has a chance to filter my dick’s thoughts.

“Those are the pajamas I got you. Let me see them, Myr.” I close out of the picture and watch the live video streaming on the screen, which suddenly feels like a live porn. My sweet Myr is biting down on her bottom lip, a blushing smile heating up her cheeks.

“I wear them every night.” She holds the phone above her head, showing me her pajama top. She must be laying down based on the angle. My fingers move to the screen, pinching it out so I can have a closer look. Her taught rosebuds are poking right through the tight material, hinting to their dusty shade of pink. And at the bottom hem of the shirt, the base of her full breasts are revealed. The shirt must be riding up. She’s obviously outgrown the pajamas. When I bought them for her she was a scrawny, little teeny thing; now she’s all woman— and all curves.

I’d like to claim I’m a better man, but maybe prison life has rubbed off on me because I’m taking a screenshot to add to my late-night collection. I zoom back out, seeing her face again. Her hair all sprawled out on a pillow. “Can’t believe they still fit,” I say, my voice coming out gruff. I clear my throat, trying to hide the lust clogging up my vocal pipes. The cum she’s eliciting is clogging up my other pipe and making it ready to burst.

“They’re a little small, but they make me feel close to you.”

Damn, I need to get my shit together. She’s sharing how much she misses her

stepbrother , and here I am mentally fucking her in every which way possible, ready to argue that in no way, shape, or form are her breasts small. Damn, they'd fit right into the palms of my large palms and give me a good handle to grab onto while I rode her... Fucking A. I need to quit this shit.

“Do you still have the teddy bear I gave you too?” I ask, trying to change the topic, but realizing I've just dug up another set of dirty ideas.

She nods. That was another gift I gave her right before my sentencing. I told her to hug it anytime she needed a hug from me. “Show me.” I let my dick's desires slip right through my mouth. I need to seal my lips up before I ask her to hug the thing between her thighs and ride his soft snout like she'd ride my mouth. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

She goes to a sitting position and then moves to stand. “I have to go get it. It's in my room.”

Then whose bed is she laying in if she's not in hers? “Where are you?”

Her cheeks turn a deeper shade of pink. “Yours. I...um...missed you so I came in here.”

And here I was worried sick she'd left here and was never coming back. Instead, she drove home, put on the pajamas I gave her, and went and snuggled into my bed. My chest feels tight knowing that she loves me that much. And those damn inappropriate thoughts thankfully fade into the background.

“I figured Lloyd would've gotten rid of my shit by now.”

She shakes her head. “He wanted to, but Lorena never did it. As soon as I get my own place, I'll pack up your things and take them there.”

“Show me my old room, Myr.” The only thing I miss from that house is my stepsister, but I’m curious as to how I’ll feel seeing it.

She flips the camera angle around and slowly starts to circle the room. It all looks the same. The football posters on the wall. Trophies lined up on the shelf. My desk piled high with books. The pictures of me and Anna from prom tucked into my mirror.

My eyes drop down from the pictures to the reflection in the mirror, and...Holy Shit. Myrah said she was getting changed when I called, but in her rush to call me back, she must’ve forgotten to put on her pajama shorts. And mother of all things holy, she’s got the prettiest little pussy.

I only get the briefest look before she moves the camera, taking her bare cunt out of view, but she’s about to get to the other side of the room which has my full-length mirror hanging on the wall right next to my shelf of signed footballs. “Are my footballs still there, Myr?”

“Yes.” She turns the phone and then pauses the camera on the shelf, the mirror coming into view. “They’re still here. See. I can box them up and put them in my room just to be safe.”

I couldn’t give a shit about the balls. The only balls I’m thinking about are the ones under my shaft, tightening up and turning blue from what I see on my screen. I’ve zoomed in and can see every bit of her pink lips, the tuft of hair that matches her natural blonde color sitting as a little crown on top of the prettiest little princess. Her mouth-watering clit is right below, poking out from under its hood like it came out to play.

I snap the screenshot before she realizes and takes my view away. Later, when I’m in the dark cell, lights out, I’m going to study every detail of the image while I’m thinking about the fact that her bare little pussy was laying in my bed, rubbing against

my sheets, trying to feel close to me.

She keeps scanning to the other side of the room and that's when my bed comes into view, making me even harder. The sheets are all a mess from where she was laying. Wait...there's something laying in the middle of the bed. Once again, I pinch my screen out to have a closer look. Holy fucking shit. It's a vibrator. That's why she didn't answer my call. She was getting herself off. In my room. In my bed. Wearing the pajamas I gave her. I'm not sure how to stop from reading into that.

I snap another shot of the evidence, just to make sure my sick mind isn't playing tricks on me.

"Oh my God!" The camera suddenly turns to the ground, following her panicked voice. She must've realized her toy was out in the open and dropped the phone. After a quick scuffling sound, she comes back onto the screen, looking even redder in the face than before. "Sorry, dropped my phone."

I nod, pretending like I didn't see a thing. Last thing I need right now is for her to freak out in embarrassment and go into hiding.

"Room looks the same," I say, keeping my voice calm even though my heart is racing a mile a minute. Cock pulsing just as fast. She ran home from our visit, put on the pajamas that remind her of me, and then climbed into my bed and fucked herself with her toy.

My mind is reeling over the fact that all signs point to the fact that she was just as stirred up from our visit as I was. I wasn't the only one who felt the immense heat when we were together. That I'm not alone in my perversion, but that she's also craving her older stepbrother to fuck her hard into the mattress. Only thing is...how do I get her to admit the fact?

“What about your room, Myr? Does it still look the same?”

She nods and rises up again, obviously walking across the hall to her bedroom. She shows me her room. It’s exactly the same too. Pink everywhere. Neat as a pin. Bed not even touched. The giant teddy bear I gave her taking up half of it. My dirty mind gets excited at the sight of her stuffed toy and I can’t help myself. Maybe I can tease the feeling out of her.

“Wish I were that bear,” I say. “He looks like he has a cozy spot.”

“I give him a good-night hug every night, wishing I was hugging you.” Fuck me. I know she means it in the most innocent way, but I’m a dirty bastard who’s well aware she’s got a bare pussy that just got off, hence her clit poking out from its hood. She’d just worked it over, hopefully, while thinking of me. I know that if she rubs it on that plush fur right now, it will make her feel good. And I’m hoping that I can get her worked up again so I can watch her go off.

“How about you go over and give him a big hug right now and show me.”

She smiles and nods, then takes me with her to her bed. She gets settled down on top of the giant stuffed toy, propping the phone up next to her to show me as she gives its neck a big squeeze.

“When I bought that thing, he was nearly three times your size. Now you’re almost as big as him, Myr.”

“But I’ll never be too big to cuddle with him.” She nuzzles into him again. This time burying her face into his neck. I wish I could see the lower half of her body. I’m wondering if it’s rubbing against the fur.

“Is he nice and soft, babe?”

Her head turns to the side, cheek brushing over him, eyelids lower than they were a moment ago. It looks like my plan may be working. She doesn't seem to be laying still. It looks like she's rocking back and forth.

"Yes. So soft." Her voice is even softer.

Fuck. I wish I could see her mounted on the thing, writhing her pussy against him.

"Raid, you need to hide your shit. They're coming through and doing random checks." TJ's voice has popped the sexy little bubble my girl was in and I can see her eyes are now as big as saucers.

"Shit. I gotta go, sis. But I'll call you as soon as I can. Love you."

She nods, saying I love you back, and I hit end much sooner than I wanted. But there's no way in hell I'm letting this phone be taken from me. Not when it's now holding pics of the sexiest girl in the world. No one will ever get their hands on it.

CHAPTER 5

Myrah

The screen goes black and then he's gone, and my nerves are now completely rattled. I hope he doesn't get into trouble and get his phone taken away. I finally have a way to talk to him and see him. It almost makes it feel like he's here with me. Then again, if he were in this room with me, he'd see me half naked and rubbing all over this teddy bear.

It's out of control. My desire for Knox is overtaking my body. It's like I'm possessed. Had we stayed on the phone any longer, I probably would've rubbed myself off on the teddy and not given it a second thought. Hearing his gruff voice, seeing his sexy face, along with feeling the plush fur against my sensitive skin was an overwhelming combination. One that was building me up quick.

My phone dings in with a text and I immediately open it, praying it's Knox telling me he's in the clear.

Jared: Party at my place tonight. Just a heads-up, Zig will be there. And bring that hot little friend you work with.

So, Zig's back . I wonder what his excuse will be this time. The last time he disappeared on me it was to go take care of his "dying grandmother" whom I found out had already been dead for seven years. In the process of looking up her name so I could send her flowers, I came across Zig's mugshot. He wasn't taking care of anyone. He'd been arrested for vandalizing a church and apparently was too ashamed

to tell me the truth.

Stupidly, I forgave him, understanding that he was worried I'd break up with him over it. It was a stupid stunt that he and his buddies pulled when he'd had too much to drink. This time, he left without a word and has been gone for three months. I've decided I'm done with him so I haven't bothered wasting my time on looking up his rap sheet to see what crime he committed this time.

I may have a thing for bad boys, but Knox is right, the company you keep has the power to take you down, and I'm trying to build a name for myself in this town. A brand that people trust. If I'm dating a guy who's known as a repeat offender, I'll never get anyone to trust me with their business.

Besides, I promised my stepbrother I was done with Zig. Knox has listened to me cry over the guy one too many times, and he begged me to find someone worthy of my heart. He said I was too good for a jerk who didn't have the guts to be honest with me. And I know he's right.

But...that doesn't mean I can't go to a party with my friends. And when Rowan's call comes in interrupting my thoughts, I ask her if she wants to come to the party with me tonight, letting her know that Jared, who's smoking hot, was asking for her to be there.

"Definitely!" she agrees. "I'll go anywhere so I don't have to face my mom and Ryker tonight."

"Ryker?"

"Yeah," she grumbles, sounding irritated. "I haven't had a chance to tell you, but apparently, my mom has a new boyfriend."

“Another boyfriend?” I’m shocked that the woman can keep landing men, not that they’re ever any good-looking, nor do they stick around for very long, but still. Rowan’s mom is the most horrible woman I’ve ever met. She must have a golden pussy because her personality is vile. Then again, I’ve only ever seen her interact with Rowan, whom she despises. For all I know, Rhonda could be an entirely different person around the men she’s with. Just like my mother.

“Yep. Remember the two guys who were seated in my section on Thursday night?” I try to recall, but we were so busy at the restaurant nothing is coming to mind. But then it clicks.

“Oh yeah, the two older hot guys.” They both were built like drill sergeants. I’m guessing late thirties. Both looked like they were dripping in money based on the way they were dressed. And both equally gorgeous.

“Yeah, well, the older hotter one is apparently dating my mom.” Holy shit.

“Hold the freaking phone,” I practically shriek. “How is that possible? He is like way out of her league.” Seriously, I don’t get it.

“I don’t get it either,” Rowan echoes my thoughts, sounding pissed. “But a few nights ago, I had the joy of listening to them fuck all night long. Then last night he brought dinner over, and my mom threatened me before he arrived so I had no choice but to play along.”

I seriously can’t wait until Rowan graduates and moves into her dorm. She deserves to be free of the bitch. I would’ve let her move in with me, but my asshole stepfather won’t allow any friends of mine to spend the night. He thinks all the “freaks” I hang out with will steal from him. Rowan is the furthest thing from a freak but it still doesn’t matter to him.

“Then, get this,” she says. “Ryker had the nerve to act like he was my dad and practically kicked Hunter out.”

“Hunter?” What the hell is she doing hanging out with that jerk again? That guy doesn’t deserve a second of her attention.

“I know,” she sighs, shame dripping from her voice. “But I was wound up from the whole thing and needed a release.”

I get it. Here I am getting dressed up in one of my sexy little black dresses, thinking that maybe one last good fuck with Zig will cure me of my twisted illness and get me to stop perving on my stepbrother. Though, I’m not sure which poison is more toxic. Getting into bed again with my ex whom I just got over, or lusting over Knox.

“I’m not judging, girl.” After the fantasy I just played out, I’m definitely the last one to judge. “Just know that you deserve better than that rich little prick.”

The jerk has been yanking Rowan around for the last two years. Too afraid to take a girl from the wrong side of the tracks home to meet his parents. Apparently, she’s good enough to fuck but not good enough to be seen with in public. Another reason why I hate this side of town and the snooty people who live on my street. Money outweighs humanity.

“I know I deserve better. Believe me. My heart does not belong to Hunter.”

That’s news. I guess I was wrong in assuming she still had strong feelings for the jerk. Maybe she’s finally over his bullshit and is just using him the same way he’s used her all this time. For sex.

“Shoot. My break’s up, Myr. I get done at nine then just have to swing home to get changed. Do you want me to come get you?”

“Nah, I’ll drive tonight. That way if the creeper cop is out, he won’t spot your car.”

I hate that she’s got a dirty cop tailing her now. But hopefully soon, my brother’s friend will be here to protect her. Which reminds me. “Hey, Rowe. As soon as we hang up, text me that cop’s plate number.”

“Will do. See you in a bit.”

As soon as her text comes through, I shoot the number over to Knox, hoping he’ll be able to find out which dirty cop has been harassing my friend.

CHAPTER 6

Myrah

The moment we enter Jared's house, I spot him. But I have to say, Zig lacks the luster he once had. I used to think he was the hottest guy around, but now, Knox has definitely taken that spot. Zig turns his head from the conversation he's wrapped up in, as if sensing my presence, and once his eyes are locked on me, I can feel his intent. He wants exactly what I thought I needed walking in here tonight. But for some reason, I don't think I can follow through with it.

My phone dings with a text and I pull it out, grateful to be unlocked from Zig's heated stare.

Knox: Will work on tracing the plate. In the meantime, thought this would help for when you're missing me.

A picture loads, and as soon as it comes in, I have to swallow the drool down my throat. It's an image of Knox with his shirt off. And everything from his sinfully hot face to his rippled chest covered in ink makes me wet between my legs. The tattoos don't stop at his waistband either, which is riding low on his hips. Makes me wonder just how far down his tattoos go.

My eyes travel lower and I swear it looks like he's erect. There's a bulge hanging midway down his thigh. I'm surprised the magnums even fit him if that's how big he is. Holy crap.

Another text chimes in and I read the message at the top of the screen before it disappears.

Knox: Did you notice the tat on the left?

I trail my eyes back up, and there sitting right over his heart is my name with the outline of a rainbow crossing over it. My heart starts to beat faster. A warmth soaking into my soul. And when I type my response back, it feels like there's an entirely different meaning this time behind my words.

Me: I love you, Knox. Always. And thanks for the pic. Btw, how far down do your tattoos go?

"Are you going to stare at that phone all night, or greet your man?" Zig's voice shudders through my shoulders. Your man? Wow is he full of himself. He's not my man. Hasn't been since the day he disappeared without a trace.

"You're mistaken, Zig." I turn to face him. "The day you left without a peep, we were over. What was it this time, by the way?"

He grips my waist and pulls me closer. My body is heated up but not from his presence. I'm still thinking of that picture on my phone. Still lusting over the giant cock that was pressing against Knox's prison jumpsuit, looking very much like it was needing some attention.

"Got pulled over for speeding and was caught with weed. Only reason I was held for three months was because it was a second offense."

Again, it was a minor infraction. Pot is legal in most states now, but unfortunately, not in ours. Sucks that Zig wasn't let off for it. But this is the problem. Once you have a mark on your record, everything is amped up and your punishments just get

harsher. If Zig gets caught again for something stupid, he's liable to go away for fifteen years. I hope he understands that.

"And you didn't think of making a call?" I cross my arms. Not that it matters now. I'm honestly over him. My heart is officially healed and has no interest whatsoever.

"Wanted to call, babe, but all my phone time was used up on attorneys. Plus, I was worried you'd write me off for good and I didn't want to face the broken heart while I was locked behind bars."

I call bullshit. I get that he only had three hundred minutes of phone time a month like Knox, but I'm not buying the broken heart crap. If Zig was that worried he'd lose me, I would've received countless letters of him apologizing and professing his love, begging me to forgive him and to please wait for him. I received diddly squat. Nothing. Zilch.

On the other hand, even though I talk to Knox twice a week, I get letters from him just as often. Knox pours his heart out between the lines of the paper. Confessing his dreams for when he gets out of prison, sharing his regrets from the choices he made while trying to please his father. Showing me the wound that is still open from his dad's rejection. Sharing how grateful he is that I've stuck by him and believed his innocence. Making me feel important and cherished. Loved. Zig has never made me feel that way. Not even when we were actually dating and I was seeing him daily.

"Well, I'm sorry, Zig. But I'm done. While you were worried about facing a broken heart"—I keep my eyes from rolling at his stupid excuse—"mine healed. And I'm over you."

His jaw clenches, grip tightening around my waist, tugging me even closer to his body. "Are you seeing someone else?" His question comes out harsh, his jealousy making me want to laugh. He did nothing to keep me, yet, he's going to be mad about

me moving on. The only thing I moved onto is my self-respect.

I shake my head. “No. I’m done with guys right now.”

His head dips to my ear, lips brushing across the sensitive part of my lobe. “You know that’s a lie, babe. That horny little cunt of yours can’t last without a good fucking.”

I’m not going to admit the fact that he’s right. It’s true, I can’t go long without sex. But I’ve been managing just fine with my toy. “My dildo works just fine, Zig.” The words feel like a lie as they roll off my tongue. Up until today, until seeing Knox, my dildo was doing the trick. But now...now, I want more. Just not more of the guy standing in front of me, pinning me against the wall.

“I bet you’ve been going to town on that thing,” he groans, as if the image turns him on. “But it doesn’t have a mouth attached to it.” He sucks my ear between his lips, showing me what I’m missing out on.

“It doesn’t have a tongue that can lick over that clit like a lollipop.” He swipes his tongue across my skin and I hate that my body responds. Although, not to his credit—I was already turned on before he came over. But Zig knows that oral sex is my weakness. “We both know how much your pussy likes to be eaten, babe. Let me remind her how much she loves it.”

His hands start pulling up the base of my dress as his lips start kissing and sucking their way down my neck. He’s going to do it right here, right now. In front of everyone in this room. The thrill of that is enticing, but as he drops to his knees and looks up, my stomach twists into a knot. This feels wrong. His eyes are not the ones I’m longing to see. As much as I need the release, I know undoubtedly that I’m going to regret this. Not because I’m worried that my heart is at risk of becoming attached to him again, but because I’d be breaking a promise I made to Knox.

“No, Zig. I can’t do this.” I shake my head, and his eyes go from half-mast to fully open.

“Don’t be like that, Myrah. Let me kiss you and make it up to this sweet cunt.” He nuzzles his mouth over my panties and a zap of tingles race through my clit. Shit. I have to stay strong. This is wrong. I need to stop this. Now. Before it’s too late and I’m too far gone to the feelings pulsing throughout my body. The need is stronger than it’s ever been. But that’s due to a sexy as hell prisoner twisting up my thoughts.

I grip my hands into his hair as his mouth sucks me in through the satin material. “Stop,” I breathe out, trying to get control of my body, trying to pull him away before I no longer have the strength.

“Fuck. She tastes good. Panties are soaked, babe. She needs it bad.”

She does. But they aren’t soaked because of him. They’re soaked because of the one I don’t want to let down. I don’t want Knox to be disappointed in me. But...I also need a cure for the lust that’s invading every part of my soul. Maybe I should give in.

The feel of Zig’s tongue trying to slip under the side of my panties starts to break me down. His hand yanks the material out of his way and then I feel his hot words cast over my sensitive skin.

“You still have the prettiest pussy I’ve ever seen.” His comment strikes me the wrong way. It almost seems as if he’s been with someone else since me. But if he was locked away for three months, then he couldn’t have been with anyone else. I grab onto the top of his hair and jerk his head back so I can see his face. A thought niggling in my head.

“When did you get out, Zig?”

“Last week, why?” Last week . Interesting. That means he’s had a week to come knocking and groveling. If he missed me so much, I would’ve been the first stop on his way home from County. The first call as he walked out the doors. But he didn’t come to see me. And the only reason he’s seeing me now is because Jared invited me to this party. Not because Zig did.

I take a step back, shrugging my skirt back down my thighs, removing his hands from my body. “We’re done, Zig. Don’t ever touch me again.”

I turn in search of Rowan, but Zig’s words stop me.

“Don’t be like that, Myrah. Had shit to do before I saw you again.”

Right . “Shit. ” No. He had girls to do before he came knocking again. He can’t tell me sex wasn’t on his brain the moment he got out of that cell. My sex drive may be strong, but Zig didn’t just keep up, he demanded more.

“I mean it, Zig. Don’t contact me again. EVER.”

I turn and stomp my way over to Rowan, who was snagged by Jared the moment we walked through the door. “Who’d he sleep with, Jare? And don’t you dare lie to me.”

Jared’s eyes get big and he nervously glances over my shoulder. “Don’t know what you’re talking about, Myrah.”

Fucking liars. All of them. They’d lie under oath before they break their stupid bro code. God, men are so infuriating. All of them except for Knox. Knox would never lie to me. Ever.

Rowan steps up to Jared, running her fingers down the front of his pants, giving his dick a squeeze through the material. “If you tell her who Zig fucked, I’ll fuck this

cock so good, Jared.”

I bite back my smile. My wing-girl’s got my back.

“Aw, shit,” Jared groans, closing his eyes as he enjoys my friend’s touch. He opens them and looks back over my shoulder, then back down at Rowan. “Fuck. I’ve wanted you for so long, girl.”

“Then give up the names, Jare, and I’m all yours,” Rowan purrs, giving him a solid stroking, licking her lips like she’s dying for a taste. I know she’s bluffing, but the girl puts on a damn good front and Jared is believing every word. “Fuck, man, I’m sorry. He slept with Anna and Emily.”

Anna Wilks and Emily Banner? My brother’s Anna and her best friend? What in the ever-loving fuck? Anna claimed she couldn’t be with a criminal. That being with a guy with a record would ruin her reputation. But it looks like she has a craving for bad boys after all. Man, she’s truly a bitch. And Zig is a lying asshole.

“Put your hands where I can see them!”

The roar comes from behind us and both Rowan and I turn toward the front door. There’s a police officer standing in the doorway, looking pissed as hell. Oh my God. It’s him. The guy from the other night. The one Rowan waited on. Holy shit. She didn’t tell me her mom is dating a cop.

I glance toward Rowan who’s looking like a deer caught in headlights.

“What’s the problem, Officer?” Jared steps around us.

The cop clenches his teeth, looking as though he’s about to blow a gasket. “We got a noise complaint. But I’m not too concerned about that. What I’m more concerned

with is the fact that you're serving alcohol to minors."

Jared shakes his head. "Everyone drinking is legal."

"Really?" the officer narrows his eyes further. "Because I know for a fact that girl behind you is eighteen."

Rowan steps around Jared. Her shoulders as stiff as her chin. "I haven't been drinking. You can test me if you want. But I haven't had a single sip of alcohol." I'm almost shocked my friend is talking back to a cop, especially when she knows what can happen. Not only does she know what happened to Knox, but she's been dealing with the creeper cop who's stalking her.

Her mom's boyfriend steps forward, looking like he wants to drag her out of here by her ear and ground her to her room for a year. Rowan was right. He's already trying to act like her stepfather. Could he really be that serious over her mom? She's such a wretch.

When he reaches out, gripping onto Rowan's red hair and tugging her closer, I almost rush to my friend's defense. I won't let him hurt her. But when his mouth goes crashing down on hers, I'm frozen in place. And as the kiss turns from an angry torrent to a heated frenzy, my shock shoots through the roof.

I expect Rowan to snap out of her stunned shock and push him away, but she doesn't. She grips onto his shirt and kisses him back, practically trying to climb his body. When a moan slips from her mouth, he pulls back. "I'm taking you home," he states, and all of a sudden Rowan's shoulders stiffen.

"I'm not leaving my friend. We came together." She turns and looks at me, her eyes dark and wild. I think she's just now processing what happened.

Ryker follows her stare, meeting my eyes, then something behind me catches his attention. The seething look now burning in his glare has me curious as to who he's looking at. Once he speaks, I have my answer.

"Thought you were locked up for selling drugs to young kids, Zigmond. Didn't realize you'd been let out already."

Selling drugs to kids? That's what he was in for? Oh my God. I can't believe I fell for the lie again. Knox has always said I'm too trusting, and clearly he's right. Now, I'm even more thankful I didn't get into bed with Zig.

"Got out on good behavior," Zig answers, sounding way too cocky. He's not even denying the charge. Even more horrific to that truth is the fact that he was guilty of the crime and got out, and my brother who is innocent and has been on the best behavior has had to do six years of hard time and has another nine to go.

Three months? He sells drugs to kids and only gets three months. What the hell is wrong with the system?

"Yeah, well, don't get too comfortable, Zigmond. I've got no tolerance for dealers. Let alone ones who try to harm kids. And I promise that your time will come. I'm watching you."

His threat has the hairs on my arms raising. For once, I actually think I'm standing before a good cop. One who actually believes in the law and justice.

He turns his attention back to Rowan. "Party is over so you and your friend are coming with me." He looks over at Jared. "Better clear this place out or I'm going to have to make an arrest."

Rowan ignores his remark. "You ready to go, Myr?" She gives me a look then turns

and storms right past the brooding officer and out the front door. Again, I'm absolutely stunned. I think there's something brewing between her and her mom's boyfriend. A man who's old enough to be her dad .

I follow her out, not bothering to glance back at the lying low-life drug pusher behind me. I actually think he and Anna would be perfect for each other. They should seriously revisit that, and then I can laugh my ass off when her "baby daddy" gets hauled off for a life-sentence.

I get outside, and Rowan's heading straight for my car while Ryker is hot on her heels. I'm not sure if I should stay back and watch this play out or go to my friend's aid. She stops by my passenger side door, and looks back. "Can you unlock it, Myr?"

I'm about to click my key fob when Officer Ryker pins me with a stare. "Don't. Or her stubborn ass will be in trouble." My thumb hovers over the button as my nerves lodge in my throat. I don't know what to do.

"Rowan, you and I need to have a chat." His locked jaw turns in her direction. "We'll see that your friend gets home safe and then I'll take you back."

My thumb presses down, unlocking my car for her, letting her decide for herself what she wants to do. But she doesn't climb inside, opting to turn and cross her arms, confronting him once again. "I'm sorry, Officer. If you want me to go with you, you're going to have to arrest me. Because I'm not going anywhere with the man who's fucking my mom. Sorry, but you're not my daddy."

Holy shit. I can't believe she just said that. Is she crazy?

Ryker stalks over to her. The look on his face sending a chill up my spine. "Fine. Have it your way." He reaches for her arm, turning her to face my vehicle, pinning her against it, and then... he locks the handcuffs around her wrists and starts leading

her toward his cruiser. My mind jumps into fight mode and I rush toward them.

“She didn’t do anything, Officer. Please don’t arrest her. She’s just upset and nervous.”

Rowan turns, shaking her head, looking way too calm for what’s happening right now. “I’m not nervous, Myr. I’m pissed. But only because daddy dearest thinks he can call the shots. Just text me when you get home so I know you’re safe. I’ll be fine.”

She leans in to give me a hug, whispering not so quietly into my ear. “He’s not going to hurt me. But what he wants, he can’t have.”

So that’s what this is about? A battle of wills. He wants her, but she’s not giving in. I’m not even sure what to think about that. I thought he was all into her mother. But after witnessing that kiss, who the hell knows. It’s more than obvious Rowan’s attracted to him, but she’s fighting it tooth and nail. And for good freaking reason.

He tucks her into the back of his car, and turns in my direction, looking even more tense. “We’re going to make sure you get home safe.”

I know not to question an officer, so I gulp down the million questions on the tip of my tongue and rush over to my car, watching them in my rearview mirror the entire way back to my house. Wishing I were a fly inside that cruiser.

As soon as I get inside my house, I send Rowan a voice memo, telling her to call me as soon as she’s free to talk. Then I send Knox a text.

Me: Oh my God. You’re never going to believe what happened tonight. Too much and too crazy to text so call me when you can.

I actually want to hear his voice and see his reaction when I tell him what went down tonight. I'm sure he's going to be just as shocked as I was. But considering it's one in the morning, I'm guessing I'm going to have to wait until tomorrow to share the scoop.

CHAPTER 7

Knox

My eyes fly open like clockwork. I'm positive it's three in the morning on the dot. There's nothing but a chorus of snores echoing throughout the dark space, but it's still the most peaceful time in this place. Which is why I've trained my body to get up so early. To enjoy a few hours of calm before hell commences.

I reach up into the air duct, the one place they never think to check, and pull out my cell phone. Had to stash the thing quickly when they were coming through for night checks, so I never got to respond to Myrah's message. Her wanting to know exactly how low my tattoos go. I'm tempted to text her back that she'll have to find out for herself. But I need to tread lightly. Not sure if I'm misreading this shit or not. For all I know, she could've gotten horny over a movie she was watching in my room and just decided to take care of things. Though, I'm hoping that wasn't the case. I'm hoping I was the sole cause of the tickle that was riding low in her belly.

I sit back onto my bed, tucking my phone behind my pillow to hide the light, propping myself against the cold cement wall. I immediately open my text messages and see I have another one from her. It's got me curious as to what happened this evening, though she's probably sound asleep. But I send her a response anyway.

Me: I'll call later today. Just hope you're okay, babe. Btw, tats go all the way down to my thigh.

The second I hit send, I realize I shouldn't have called her babe. Fuck. My brain is

having a real hard time remembering that she's not my girlfriend but my stepsister. At least, not fucking yet. The picture I sent her earlier was meant to tempt her further. I wanted to reveal exactly what she'd get to enjoy if she wanted to. I know she's got a thing for muscles. She's told me time and time again that she doesn't like scrawny twigs, and that she needs a guy who could carry her without breaking a sweat.

I'd be able to hold her above my head and lick at that pussy all night without breaking a sweat if she'd let me. Thinking of her sweet little pussy, I pull up the screenshot I snapped and zoom into the pretty spot. Damn, her cunt is incredible. I've only ever been with Anna, but I've seen a lot of porn in my life and can't say I've ever seen a pussy as sexy as Myr's. Her lips are light pink and smooth as a baby's butt. That little pearl is sticking out below its little shell, and knowing it had just gotten off in my bed has my hand reaching into my drawers and pulling out my stiff junk.

I wonder if she left a smear of her juices across my sheets. Wish I were there so I could see and smell the evidence. Damn. My palm strokes firmly, tightening my grip as I think of her fucking that dildo. I flip to the other pic and zoom in on her toy, noticing the condom sheathing it. I'm guessing she did that to spare herself from having to clean the thing. If it were my dick she were fucking, there wouldn't be a barrier between us. I'd be raw dogging her hard and fast. Making her dirty my dick all up. I want to feel it slick with her cum. Her arousal dripping down my balls.

The cum starts leaking from my tip. I'm not going to last much longer. I scroll to the next shot I have of her in her pajama top blowing me a kiss. Bet that mouth would feel amazing wrapped around my cock. Sucking my head between those plump red lips. I pump faster, zooming in on the screen to see the two parts I want to suck on. Her tight little nipples which are poking through the shirt. More evidence that sex had been on the brain before I called.

Her breasts are fucking fantastic. All that cushy flesh spilling out under the hem of

her shirt. More cum starts dribbling over my hand as I imagine myself sucking on them. I scroll back to her pussy, wishing I could suck on that too. It was always one of my favorite things to do with Anna, and she claimed my mouth was incredible. I have a fetish for licking pussy, and Myrah's... goddamn, I'd spend hours between those legs, swallowing every last drop, rolling her through one orgasm after another.

Fuck. The cum comes spewing out, making a mess of my abs. I fight the urge to roar like a beast as the orgasm blasts through me. Six years of fucking my hand, less than a year of sex with Anna, and not once have I come this hard. Shit. Now, I'm in even deeper with my obsession. Wanting Myrah even more than I did before. How the hell do I go back to just being her stepbrother when all I can think about is fucking my little stepsis ragged?

My phone lights up the cell; a text has just come in.

Sis: Wow! All the way down to your thigh. Can I see?

The smirk lifts my cheeks as my dick lifts right back up as if I didn't just drain myself dry. She wants to see my ink. She'd be seeing a whole lot more than the dragon's tail if I showed it to her now.

Me: I'll show you next time you're here. Too dark right now and can't have the flash going off.

Sis: I think I'm going to get one.

Myrah with ink. Now that would be hot. Based on her edgy style, I'm surprised she didn't go out right when she turned eighteen to do it.

Me: What are you going to get?

Sis: Maybe a dragon like yours.

I like the idea, but don't want her to go shaving her head and covering her body from head to toe like me. Her skin is too pretty to be hidden away. But if she wanted to get a small one wrapped around her ankle or wrapped under her bicep, that would be cool.

Me: Where would you get it?

Sis: Was thinking of the putting the head over my heart, then wrapping it across my chest and around my stomach so the tail sweeps across my lower back.

No fucking way. Not only are her tits too damn perfect to be tainted, but the artist would have to see and touch her gorgeous breasts in order to ink her.

Me: Don't you dare cover up any part of those incredible tits, Myr. How about you design a tattoo for my body and leave yours unblemished?

Now that I'm thinking about it, I'm not digging the idea of another man putting his hands on any part of her bare flesh, especially not without me being in the room. One look at her face and he'll be trying to put a lot more than ink on her body. If she wants a tat, I'm going to demand she goes to a female artist. One that I've selected and arranged to come to the house.

Fuck. The seconds keep ticking by, and still no response comes through. Why the fuck did I say that about her tits? I've gone too far and now she's probably over there thinking I'm a perverted freak. My sexually deprived mind clearly read the earlier situation wrong.

Sis: But what if I wanted to get your name tattooed over my heart like you did with mine? You wouldn't approve?

Phew... Thank fuck she's still talking to me. If I'd scared her off, I don't think she'd want my name on any part of her body, let alone the most sacred place. Damn. The thought of her branded with my name is definitely something I want, but again, I don't want that silky porcelain skin covered up.

Me: How about we decide on a spot the next time you're here?

I need time to think of exactly where I want my name to be. On her ass would be a damn good place, but then again, her peach is too perfect to be tarnished either. I'm still thinking her arm, or maybe behind her ear. Wouldn't mind it wrapped around her ring finger, laying right under the place her wedding band would sit. Shit. Am I really fantasizing about marrying my stepsister? Yes. Yes, I fucking am.

Sis: Okay, fine. We can talk about it when I see you. But I still think right here is the perfect place.

A picture comes in of the left side of her chest. The top of her left breast exposed to the camera to show the place over her heart. She sent me a picture of herself in a damn bra. A lace one that's barely covering her pink rose which is peaked and pointing right at me, like it's saying cheese for the camera. How am I not supposed to read into that?

Me: Like I said. Too damn perfect to cover up.

Again, I'm waiting on the edge of my seat for her to respond. Not that I gave her anything to respond to. What is she supposed to say? Thanks?

Sis: What about across my rib cage? Right here.

Another picture loads on the screen, showing the front of her bra with her finger pointing to the spot under her breast. Holy fuck. I think she's trying to tease me. And

damn is it working. She's teasing the cum right from the end of my dick. That lacey thing she's got on is now pulled up, revealing the curve of her breast. She didn't need to show me her plump flesh for me to see the spot on her ribs she's talking about. I could've seen it just fine without the striptease.

Me: Definitely worth considering that sexy little spot. Any other places you think it'd work?

I'm hoping she sends me a picture of her ass next. Need to see those sweet cheeks so badly. There's another long-awaited pause, only building the excitement in my shaft for what's to come.

Sis: Maybe here?

It's not a picture of her ass, but it's even better. It's a full-frontal of her reflection in the mirror and she's now pointing to a place along the side of her hip. But I'm not looking there. I'm looking at her matching lace thong that's showing off her most private parts; parts that should be forbidden to me since I'm her stepbrother. I've already seen her pussy in the buff, but the fact that she's actually allowing me the view this time makes it so much better. This time she wants me to look. And that tells me, my intuition was right. She was rolling around in my sheets with her dildo, wishing I were there.

Me: Careful, sis. I've been caged for six years and that body is capable of bringing even the devil to his knees.

I give her my warning. If her intent isn't to tease me with that sinful body, then she'll tuck tail and quit sending pics. But if she's trying to get a rise out of my dick, wanting to see this through, then I expect something even better to show up on my screen. Damn, I'm dying to know what her next move is. Nervous that she'll change her mind and retreat.

The silent seconds ticking by feel longer than any prison minute. And then... I have my answer. My jaw locking tight as I read the message on my screen.

Sis: You'd have to be on your knees to see the tattoo if I got it here.

The picture of her sitting on the bed, knees propped wide, her barely covered pussy on full display and her finger pointing to the very inside juncture of her thigh, right next to the obvious wet spot on her panties, has me nearly busting my load way too fucking soon. She's not only giving me permission to look at that pretty little pussy that's made a mess of herself already, but she's giving me an invitation to take this to forbidden territory. And damn if I'm not going to accept. Right or wrong, her little pussy is going to be quivering for me.

Me: I'd have to be on my knees, face buried between your legs to see it there. If you're good with that, then I think we found the spot.

I'd make her show it to me every time she comes to visit, swiping my tongue right under her panties while I admire her ink and worship her sweet little cunt.

Sis: I'm more than good with that.

Hell yeah. Fuck, I wish I were there. I'd be making her scream my name over and over again as I suck the pleasure right out of her.

Me: Quit fucking teasing, Myr. I'm a starving man over here.

My cock is dribbling precum like a running faucet. Lubing me up as I stroke. Making it even harder to stave off the eruption.

Sis: Is this what you're hungry for?

The picture she gifts me with is an up-close view of her pink lips slick with her lust for me, swollen little clit begging for attention, and a tiny little slit sitting below her seam which doesn't even look like it could fit my massive rod. Damn, her pussy is a sight for sore fucking eyes. And is making my cock real fucking sore.

Me: If I were going to be put down in here and they asked me what my last meal was, it'd be you. I'd be licking over every inch of that pretty little pussy, babe. Running my tongue up and down those plump lips, getting every drop of your sweet nectar. Sucking on that little gumdrop you've got poking out at me. Being extra thorough and giving my sweet sis the attention she needs.

I squeeze my shaft to hold myself off, but thinking of what I would do to her is making my balls turn blue. I'm going to have to give in soon before I'm suffering from extreme pain. I'm just hoping I'll be able to hold off until her next text comes through.

Sis: You know what else needs attention...

A picture comes in of her naked tits. Nipples like two little rosy mountain caps. So tight and perfect. I'd climb Mount Everest to get to them if I had to. Dredge through violent winds and snow just to get my mouth on them.

Me: They would definitely have my undivided attention.

If I were free of this place, I'd suck on them so often they'd start feeding me milk.

Me: Wouldn't miss a single spot on your incredible body, babe. God, I want to devour you whole. My dick has never been so hard, Myr. Tell me you're close. Won't come until I see yours dripping out of that sweet center.

I release my grip on my cock, too on the verge of orgasm to hold back anymore. One

more touch, one more stroke, and I'm going over. But I want her to come first. It feels like a life sentence as I wait for her text. What the hell is taking so damn long for her to respond? She's got me on the brink of madness. Where the hell did she go?

Sis: Your turn. Better put your phone on mute.

This time a video comes in with her text. I mute the side then hit play. And holy fuck. My sweet Myr is on full display, gorgeous face all heated with arousal, tits being palmed and played with by her free hand. The other between her legs, fucking that tiny slit in and out with two slick fingers.

My eyes are glued to the screen, watching every part. Her mouth is open and I see my name falling from her lips over and over again. Nipples now being twisted and plucked. Pussy pumping forward to meet her every thrust. And then...it happens. Juices come squirting out of her as her body arches off the bed. She's coming so fucking hard all over my sheets, and my dick is following suit. Cum erupting like lava, going everywhere.

As I'm coming down from the pleasure, I watch my phone. The camera comes back up to her face. She's panting as she blows me a kiss. Then the words I love you form on her lips.

Me: I love you too, babe.

Sis: Came so hard, I'm about to pass out now.

She's tired. As much as I don't want to let her go right now, that I wish I were there to cuddle her, she needs her sleep.

Me: Good night, sis. And P.S. Myr...branding or not, that pussy is mine now.

Don't care whether it's stamped with my name or not, she belongs to me. No more texts come through and I assume sleep has taken her. At least, that better be the reason she didn't respond to my text.

CHAPTER 8

Myrah

A thrill runs through me as I reread Knox's last message from the wee hours of the morning. My body turning molten again even though I've spent half the day masturbating. I've been waiting for Knox's call. But as the hours keep passing by, I'm worried he's not going to call. God, I hope it's just because he's been tied up and not because he's having second thoughts or regrets about what happened between us.

My phone starts ringing in my hand and my heart speeds up double time. But when I see Rowan's name on the screen, it crashes down into my stomach.

"I'm sorry about last night," she hesitantly says into my ear.

I'd forgotten all about the craziness that went down between her and her mom's boyfriend. I've been solely focused on the craziness that went down between me and my stepbrother.

"What happened?" I ask, sitting up and pulling the blanket over my body. Not that she can see me, but I feel awkward talking to her while I'm butt-ass naked.

"Something that shouldn't have."

Oh my God. I think she slept with her mom's boyfriend. I can't help but smile at the thought. Her mom's a total bitch and deserves to be stabbed in the back for once. Lord knows she's tormented Rowan all her life.

“Why not? I think you should steal the guy away from the witch as payback for all the shit she’s done to you, then invite her to your wedding.” That would be fucking fantastic. I’d pay to watch that horrible monster see her daughter stealing her dreams away.

Rowan launches into her story, talking so fast I can barely keep up. My eyes growing wider with shock as she goes. All of a sudden, another call beeps in. I look at the screen and see that it’s Knox. Shoot. My friend needs me, but I don’t want to miss his call. Thankfully, I know she’ll understand.

“Rowan,” I interrupt. “Can I call you right back? Knox is calling.”

“Yes, of course! Just call me after.”

“I will.”

I click over and his sexy, dangerous face appears on the screen.

“Hey.” I smile, sounding breathless. The excitement is already taking over my body.

“You doing okay? You look mad.” His eyes are tensing around the edges. God, I love how intense he is now. Sweet Knox from growing up was my kind-hearted teddy bear who’d tell me to ignore the names kids would call me. But Raid...he looks like he would kill anyone who put a frown on my face.

“No.” I shake my head. I’m just shocked. “Rowan was just telling me what happened after I saw her last night. She’s kind of freaking out a little.”

“Tell me,” he says, settling back on his cot, leaning against his prison cell wall. I’d rather talk about what happened between us, but I’m not going to be the one to initiate that conversation.

“Rowan and I went to a friend’s party,” I start. “But not long after we got there a cop showed up.” Knox’s jaw clenches, the anger already constricting his features. “He’d gotten a noise complaint. But come to think of it, the music wasn’t even that loud.” And it’s not like the people were being rowdy or acting like drunken fools. It was low-key.

“Anyway,”—I shake the thought—“it turned out that the officer who arrived is the guy who’s dating Rowan’s mom. And he was pissed because he thought Rowan had been drinking.”

Knox’s eyes narrow in. “You better not have been drinking, sis,” he scolds in that harsh tone that used to make my eyes roll, but now sizzles through me. He’s always been overprotective, worried that I’ll get slipped a roofie and that some jerk will take advantage of me. I’ve never taken a drink that wasn’t physically opened in front of me. But last night, I hadn’t even been drinking.

“I wasn’t drinking, Knox. Not a single sip.”

“Good.” He nods. “Keep going.”

“Yeah, so Rowan told him to give her a breathalyzer test, but instead of taking out the little machine, he kissed her.”

“The fuck?” Knox sits up, looking like he’s about to come through my phone. “Dirty cop did fucking what?”

“No.” I shake my head. “He’s not a bad guy. And Rowan wanted him to kiss her. She practically climbed up his body.”

“Not a bad guy?” He grits through his teeth. “He’s dating her fucking mom, Myr, and trying to get a young piece of ass on the side. Sounds just like the shit the fuckers that

arrested my ass would do.”

“I don’t know, Knox.” I shrug. “I can just tell he’s decent. When he saw Zig, he....”

“Zig was there?” His harsh question snaps through the phone, cutting me off. He looks pissed. Fuming mad. Maybe I should’ve left that detail out. But I’ve never kept anything from Knox and I’m not going to start now.

CHAPTER 9

Knox

I just hearing that punk's name makes my vision blur with red. That's the little shit who keeps breaking my sister's heart. The one she promised she'd stay away from. Not only does he keep hurting her, but his punk ass is trouble and I don't want him dragging her into his mess. She'd told me she was completely over him, so why the fuck was she at this party? Unless, maybe she didn't know he was going to be there and I'm diving headfirst to the wrong conclusion.

"Did you know he was going to be at that party, Myrah?"

"Yes," she says, her cheeks turning pink. Those pretty blue eyes of hers filling with guilt. Fuck me. She still has the damn hots for him. He probably called her up, claiming some bullshit excuse for why she hasn't heard from him for the last three months, and she forgave his ass and went running back. So, what was I? The consolation prize. She was horny, the cop had spoiled her fun, and my timing just happened to be right.

"So, you knew he'd be there, and yet, you still showed your little ass at the place?" The jealousy is burning up my vocal cords, making me sound like I belong locked behind these bars. The way I'm feeling toward that little punk, it's probably a good thing I am.

"Yes, but...I..." She's stuttering through, struggling to find an excuse. Means my hunch is correct. She's not over the piece of shit. "I wasn't going to get back together

with him, Knox. I...um...I was just...last night was the last time.”

What the fuck does that mean? Last time? For fucking what? Did something happen between them?

“The fuck were you planning to do? Fuck him for old time’s sake?” I know I’m being an ass and need to reel my shit in, but I can’t. Never wanted to hurt someone so badly in my life. But Zig better hope he never ends up in here with me because I’ll be issuing him a death sentence far worse than a lethal injection.

She doesn’t even have to give me the answer. Her eyes are saying it all. She was going to sleep with him. And probably would’ve had the officer not shown up and spoiled their fun. For the first time, I want to thank a damn cop. Because if she ended up in Zig’s bed, he’d just hurt her again.

“I wasn’t thinking right.” She shakes her head. “But I pushed him off. I stopped him before he finished...”

Before he finished? Finished what? Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Heat is blazing down my spine. I need to know what exactly the dipshit did to my sister. How far she let things get. The question is on the tip of my tongue when the fucking hairs on my neck stand up and I get the sense I’m being watched. I quickly hit end on the call but when I look up, I realize I’m too late. Officer Burbank is standing on the other side of my cell with a nasty sneer on his face.

“Hand it over, Raid.”

I’m tempted to tell him over my dead body but he’s the one with the gun and I know he won’t have a problem using it and then pull some bullshit self-defense claim. I quickly look down, going into settings and resetting the phone back to factory mode before I stand and walk over to the bars. There’s no way I’m letting this jackhole get

a look at my pretty girl.

“You’re fucked now, Raid.” His evil smirk makes me wish we were on equal footing and I could punch his lights out. “You’ve just lost yourself phone privileges for a year.”

My hands grip the bars, wanting to pull them apart and then pull the motherfucker apart limb by fucking limb. If it were any other prisoner, they’d confiscate the thing and slap their hand, warning them not to get caught with contraband again. Me—I’m known as the man who tried to murder two innocent cops, completely unprovoked, so they don’t show me an inch of mercy. And all I can fucking do is eat shit and bite my tongue, otherwise, I won’t just lose phone privileges, I’ll lose visitation too.

He turns and I watch him stroll down to the very last cell on the block. To a fucker they just brought in named Bugano, who I’ve been told is underworld slime. Part of the mob or some shit. Burbank passes the phone through the slot to the guy and then turns back and casts me another evil smirk. Motherfucker is another dirty fucking pig. Starting to think there are few clean cops left in the entire system. If any.

CHAPTER 10

Myrah

“S till nothing?” Rowan asks, walking into the break room.

I shake my head, looking up from the phone I’ve had my eyes glued to for the last three days. Knox still hasn’t called after hanging up on me. Not even during his usual prison allotted call time. God, he was so mad about Zig. The look on his face...

She takes the seat next to mine, placing her food by my untouched plate. “He’ll come around. There’s no way he’s going to let Zig come between you two. I promise. And I’m sure when you go to visit him this weekend everything will be fine.”

I shrug my shoulders. I’m not even sure he’ll see me. For all I know, he’s taken me off his approved list and I’ll be turned away at the prison door.

“By the way, I need to tell you something, but you have to keep it a secret.” She looks around the room but we’re the only two in here. “I told Ryker about the cop that’s been creeping around, and he said that the guy is a dirty cop. Ryker’s working discreetly to build a case against him and a few others he knows are bad news, but he’s having a difficult time getting hard evidence. He said an old buddy of his is helping now and working on recovering some surveillance footage that was deleted.”

My stomach suddenly jolts to life. Deleted footage? Maybe that means they’ll find the lost dash cam footage from my brother’s case. Before I can even speak my thought, Rowan continues. “I already told him all about Knox and what happened,

and Ryker said that he's going to make sure your brother gets the justice he deserves."

Hope and relief come rushing in. Finally, someone is fighting for what's right, working on my brother's side for once, and will hopefully uncover the truth. My intuition was right about Ryker. He's one of the last few decent law-abiding officers still out there.

"You need to give that man a seriously big kiss for me." I smile, reaching for my fork, my appetite returning for the first time in three days.

Her cheeks pinken, eyes turning down to her plate. I'm dying to press her for details and find out exactly why she's blushing over what I just said, but there's one thing I know about my best friend: she keeps her emotions locked down. I'm still not sure how deep she is with her mom's boyfriend, but it's obvious she's struggling with her feelings toward the man. I just hope that whatever happens between them doesn't interfere with him working on my brother's case.

CHAPTER 11

Knox

My jaw clenches as the clock on the wall strikes 1:05. It's five minutes past our scheduled visitation time and she still hasn't shown. All week I've been freaking the fuck out, wondering whether or not she ran back into Zig's arms, and whether he was able to sink his claws in and draw her back to him.

Fuck. Not being able to talk to her has driven me to near insanity. Her voice was the only thing that would get me through these days of hell. But now, all I've got are these visits. One hour to soak in her smell, her voice, her sweet smile. One hour to saturate my senses with all things Myrah and pray like hell that it gets me through the week, to the next time I see her.

That is... if she even shows. I know she thinks I hung up on her on purpose, and I'm sure she assumes I haven't called because I'm pissed, but she's wrong. That little dipshit will never come between me and my sister. But as the second hand on the clock keeps racing around the dial, I'm starting to doubt that fact. My heart is pounding as fast as the ticking seconds, and when the minute hand moves to the right again, another wave of dread settles in.

The buzzer goes off and my eyes shoot toward the door as the steel lock clanks back into its socket. My stomach starts buzzing faster with nerves as I wait to see who's arrived, praying it's her. When black leather boots with a silver heel step through, those nerves kick up a notch. Blood starts pumping through my veins again for the first time since I spoke to her. The dread finally receding. And my cock, once again,

rising to greet her.

Shit. I need to get the fucker tamped down. Burbank has been on high alert, just waiting for me to make one wrong move and then he'll wipe me of my visitation rights too. And fondling my little stepsister would definitely give them a reason to lock me away and throw away the key.

Myrah comes walking in and a battle is waged inside my head. I'm not sure whether I want to ring her neck for what she's got on, or if I want to thank her for giving me a sight that will burn bright in my thoughts until the next time I see her.

She's wearing black leather pants that are outlining every part of her sexy legs. Accentuating those curvy thighs and round hips. Leaving no part to the imagination. Thankfully, she's got on a black leather jacket that's keeping those succulent tits out of view. If those babies were on display, I'd probably be sent to the hole for eye gouging every inmate in this room. What the fuck is she doing walking in here looking like sin? This place is the breeding ground for sinners.

Finally, my eyes find their way to her beautiful face. And damn, I'm fucking screwed. She's not covering up those clear blue irises with tinted contacts today. Those dreamy orbs are sparkling just like quartz under the sun's rays. Fuck, they're so damn pretty. But man, are they glaring at me. She's definitely pissed. And the stubbornness I see stiff in her shoulders, is stiffening my cock even further. Feels like I've got a battle ram between my legs ready to knock down the barricade and siege the castle.

Cum is already dribbling down my inner thigh, making a mess of my jumpsuit. Drool is pooling in my mouth. God, I'm dying to get a taste of her. But I can't even lay one inappropriate finger on her. Burbank's eyes aren't narrowed in on my sexy-as-fuck little stepsis; they're watching me like a hawk. He's ready to swoop in, put his dirty clutches on me, and haul my ass back to my cell. Just one wrong move and I'll never

get to see this incredible sight again. Therefore, I intend to keep my shit under wraps and make sure I'm a model inmate for the next fifty-three minutes. No matter how excruciating it may be.

Myrah stops in front of my seat, pert little nose pointed down at me, stubborn chin cocked up. Not sure whether she's going to give me a hug or slap me across the face. If Burbank weren't watching, I'd swoop in and kiss the shit out of that stiff upper lip she's got. I'd lick the tension right out of her and work her over until she forgives me for not calling. But I can't do anything other than wait for her to wrap her arms around me, or else the piece-of-shit officer will probably accuse me of putting my hands on her without permission.

"You going to stand there and cock that stubborn chin at me all day, Myr, or wrap those arms around my neck and give me a hug?" I'm dying to feel her against me. To soak in her warmth and comfort. To smell her sweet scent that reminds me of Christmas: cherries, vanilla, and a hint of pine.

Those blue beauties narrow, turning almost gray like an angry storm has just moved in, covering up the clear blue sky. Her arms cross over her chest and I clench my teeth. "You don't deserve a hug after being such a jerk, Knox. Zig is a lying sack of shit that I never want to see again, yet you hung up the phone without letting me speak and then acted like a stubborn ass all week and didn't call. Now, you expect that we're just going to hug and make up? Act like nothing happened?"

Her snippy tone has me wanting to bend her over this table and spank that peach until she drops the attitude and gives me her sweetness, but Burbank is sure to hang my head if I do that. I clench my fists to my sides and close the distance between our two faces so no one other than her can hear what I have to say.

"If you'd think I'd let a little piss-ant like Zig come between us, then I've clearly done a piss-poor job of showing you how important you are to me, sis." Maybe I need

to write her a damn letter and spell it out since I'm clearly lousy with words. "I didn't hang up the phone on you. That asshole over there standing guard confiscated it then took away my phone privileges for a year."

"No! He can't do that." Her gasp rolls over my cheek and sends a shudder of need down my spine. The effect she has on me is unlike anything I ever imagined possible. Every part of me is drawn in like a moth to a flame, needing to be closer to her light, to feel her heat. I pull back before I cross the line and dive mouth first into the fire.

"That's the only reason I haven't called, baby. Nothing else would've stopped me from talking to you." Goddamn, I need her in my arms. "Now, I've been dying in here, Myr. Need you to give me some of your sweetness."

Without a single second of pause, her body slumps against mine. Arms hugging around my neck so tight I'm struggling to breathe. Having her this close is like a brutal attack against my battle line.

"I'm sorry, Knox. I should've known something was wrong." She nuzzles into my neck, giving my dick another beatdown on the battlefield. "You just seemed so mad, and then click, you were gone."

"I was mad," I admit, tucking her in closer. Never been that jealous in all my life. "Kept thinking that he was going to lure you in again and you'd end up falling for his bullshit. All week I've been pacing my cell wondering if you were back together with him. Wanting to rip my hair out at the damn thought of him hurting you again."

She shifts back on her feet, suddenly looking nervous. Please don't tell me she's about to confirm that dreaded fear. I don't think I can handle it right now, not with Burbank looking like he's about to come over here and pull Myrah away from me. If she doesn't take her seat soon, that's exactly what he'll do.

“I’m never going back to him, Knox. He’s not the one I want.” Her voice trails off, cheeks turning even brighter. “I want...I mean...um...after what happened between us on the phone...I...um...I guess I thought...”

Her nervous rambling has me biting back a smile. Before I fuck up again, I need to spell this out loud and clear so she doesn’t leave here with a single shred of doubt in her mind. I tuck a stray hair behind her ear then pull her in close so only she can hear. For all I know Burbank can fucking read lips.

“You thought right, my sweet girl. You’re mine now. Which means everyone better keep their hands off.”

She squirms in my arms, her hip rubbing across my hard dick, a moan leaving her lips as she feels the effect she has on me. I’d love to take her hand and place it into my jumpsuit so she can get the full picture of my desire, but I can’t. “That’s what you do to me, baby. He’s never been in this state for anyone else.”

“That’s enough, Raid! This ain’t a conjugal visit so you better separate or I’m going to have a chat with the warden.”

Fuck.

Myrah pops her head up from my shoulder, looking terrified. She quickly pulls out of my arms and scurries around to her chair as if fear is chasing her to her seat. She glances in Burbank’s direction and her throat chokes down a nervous gulp of air when she sees him glaring at me.

“I’m sorry,” she says, gray clouds brewing in those beautiful eyes again, stealing my rainbow away. “I didn’t mean to get you into trouble.”

I reach for her hands and lock our fingers together. “Don’t ever apologize for those

assholes, Myr. You didn't do anything wrong. I just have a target on my back right now and they're watching my every move." One wrong step and they're liable to double my prison sentence just for the fuck of it.

The tension twists in my gut. I only have forty-seven minutes left with my girl and I'm not going to let that asshole on the other side of the room steal any more of my time.

"So, tell me," I say, turning my attention back to my rainbow. "Did you look at the listings this week and figure out which location you want for your shop?"

"No." She shakes her head. "My mind was kind of a mess this week."

Damn, I hate the fact that I caused her so much grief. Not that I had any control or intention, but it still eats me alive. "Well, promise me you'll go tomorrow. I've already wired the money into your account so all you have to do is find the place and then it's yours."

Again, she tries to refuse my offer, but I shake my head. "Please, Myr. Your dreams are what I'm living for right now. So, give a man his wish."

"What about your dreams, Knox?" She squeezes my hand. "I know you have plans when you get out of here. You should save your money for your private investigator business. If that's still what you want to do?"

What I want to do and what I'll be able to do are two different things. I'd love nothing more than to become a police officer and fight to better the system. But that's not going to happen for an ex-convict like myself. I've also thought of becoming a PI so I can hunt down the truth for victims and help bring justice to their cases. What I wish someone would've done for me. But I'm not sure that will happen either.

What I'll probably end up doing is exactly what I'm doing now. Discreetly managing the dirty cops', attorneys', and judges' retirement accounts. In other words, siphoning from their funds, making some wise investments, and padding myself a hefty little account that the crooked shmucks will never know about. And when I leave this place, I'll be one wealthy S.O.B. Wealthier than Lloyd Bricker if things keep on track.

"I plan on working for you." I smile, not willing to confess my crimes just yet. Last thing I want to see is disappointment in her eyes. "I'll be happy to jack up the car, slide right underneath, and perform an oil change. I'm pretty good with my hands and will get it nice and lubed and revved up to run." I wink, unable to stop myself from going there.

Her cheeks get all rosy with heat and I wish I could feel the spot between her legs. I bet it's all cozy and warm too.

"So, anytime I ask, you'll look under my hood and make sure everything is running smoothly?" Our bodies shift forward as if gravity is drawing us together. Both of us clearly on the same sexual wavelength.

"You wouldn't have to ask." I lick across my lower lip, envisioning her up on all fours, my mouth braced under her pussy, waiting for her to grind down against my tongue. "In fact, you may need to remind me to check my brakes. After being locked in here for so long, I'm not sure they'll be working."

A soft little moan leaves her plump lips and she quickly bites down on the bottom one as if just remembering we're not alone and everyone including the asshole standing by the wall can hear her. I glance toward Burbank, and for once, his eyes aren't clocking my every move. They're locked in on the back corner of the room where TJ looks to be getting it on with the girl sitting on his lap. Funny how he's allowed to get away with that shit, but I get called out for giving my girl a long hug.

Guess TJ has worked out a deal with the dirty cop. He must be paying him to look the other way. Although, Burbank sure isn't looking elsewhere. In fact, I think the fucker may be getting off on the show. His hand is clutched over his damn cock, adjusting his junk.

I'd love to call him out on his voyeuristic ways, but he'll hand me my ass if I do. Instead, I use his momentary distraction to my advantage. I reach up, pulling Myrah's neck forward, then slam my lips to hers. The sexy mewling sound she releases as our mouths come crashing together has me pulling back and looking toward the cop, but he's still too engrossed in the live porn to notice what's happening in this corner of the room. I dive right back in. This time, Myrah stays quiet and I get to take my time savoring her sweet mouth, loving on her hungry tongue and soaking up her eagerness. Committing it all to memory so I can get through this week.

When I hear a low grunted moan coming from the back of the room, I know my time is up. Sounds like TJ has finished busting his nut, which means the show is over and Burbank's attention will be back on me. Reluctantly, I pull away from my girl, seeing her hooded eyes staring at my mouth, yearning for more. I'd give anything to give her more, but I can't. And when I look back over at Burbank, his eyes are staring me down again. Though I don't think he saw me going at my girl, otherwise, he'd be hauling my ass out of here. There's no way he'd let my actions slide.

"It's not fair," she whispers, drawing my eyes back to her pretty face. "I can't go without talking to you, Knox. Is there any way you can get another phone?"

"I'm trying, babe." I rub my thumb over the inside of her wrist, feeling her racing pulse point. "Believe me. I'm going to do everything I can. But it's going to take some time." Time and a hell of a lot of money. Unless I can figure out a way to nab mine from the fucker Burbank gave it to.

"Oh my God!" Her voice suddenly heightens with excitement, yanking me from my

pondering thoughts. “I can’t believe I almost forgot to tell you.” She perks up in her seat, glancing around the room before she leans in closer to whisper. “You know how I was telling you about the cop who broke up the party last Saturday?” I nod. Sure do. In fact, I still owe that man my gratitude.

“Well, Rowan told him about the creepy officer who’s been following her around, and Ryker said that he’s already aware that the guy is evil. Apparently, Ryker’s been working on trying to take him and a few other dirty cops down. He’s in the process of collecting hard evidence against them. Rowan told him about your case and he promised he’d look into it and uncover the truth.”

As much as it pleases me to hear that someone is finally doing something about this shit, I’m not going to put too much stock into it. Even if it were a one-to-one ratio—one good cop versus one bad—the good guy still won’t end up on top. The fact that it’s one man against a drove of dirty pigs, forget about it. There’s no way Ryker’s going to be able to get me out of this place. But I’m not going to burst Myrah’s hopeful bubble. Her smile is too beautiful to see it deflate.

“That’s good fucking news, babe. You keep me posted on his progress.” In the meantime, I’ll keep planning the demise of all the snakes who were involved in my case. And once I’m released, I’ll put my plan into action. None of the fuckers responsible for sending me away will even know what hit them. And all of them will find out what happens when you steal an innocent man’s life away.

“So, what’s going on between them?” I ask, not wanting to let my vengeful thoughts get in the way of my time with my girl. There are plenty of lonely hours in my day to do that. “Is Rowan with the cop now, or is he still dating her mom?”

I’ll admit, it sounded like a crazy situation. And when Myrah launches into everything, using up the rest of our time together, filling me in on what’s been going on with her friend, I feel like I’m listening to an episode of *Days of Our Lives*.

“Raid, time’s up!” Burbank’s harsh shout has my heart plummeting into my stomach. Damn. All the other hours of the day seem to drag on like an eternity, but the time I have with Myr flies by like a speeding train. I go to stand, pulling my girl into my arms for one last hug. She wraps herself around my waist and nuzzles into my chest. I give her a good squeeze then tip her chin up to face me. She hates the goodbyes as much as I do. But instead of her leaving here sad, I want her leaving here hot and needy.

“Want you to do me a favor, babe.”

She pops her head up onto my chest, looking up with those big blue beauties. “Anything.”

“Want you to go home, strip this sexy body down, and then crawl into my bed.” She wiggles against me, making it harder for me to get the words out as my cock grows painfully thicker against my pants. “I want you to imagine me coming home tonight and finding you asleep in my bed.” Her eyes get a little heavy and my balls follow suit.

“I strip down to my boxers,” I continue with my fantasy, loving the pink flush of her cheeks. “And then I slide under the covers, surprised to find my little stepsis in my bed.”

I soak up the shiver that rocks through her. Fuck me. I’m about to bust in my pants.

“You get startled by my arrival, but then in your sleepy state, you’re excited that I’m home and lean in to give me a hug. That’s when I discover your naked little body,” I whisper the words against her ear, nibbling her soft lobe. “Being a hot-blooded male with the sexiest girl I’ve ever seen in my arms, pressed against me, I start getting all kinds of inappropriate thoughts.”

Her moan keeps me traveling into the sordid depths of my need. “In the dark space, only lit by the light of the moon, I ask for a welcome home kiss. And after you place a sweet peck on my cheek, I turn and place one on yours, earning myself one of your sweet smiles. So, I kiss it again. And again. Giving my sweet girl little pecks all over your cheeks. Neck. Down to your collarbone. Across your bare shoulder. Telling you how much I’ve missed you while I’ve been away. Listening to your sweet giggles as my fingers find all your tickle spots. Making you squirm in my arms.”

Damn, I wish I could watch my girl following my orders. If I had a phone, I could play out the scene for her while she rubbed that little clit good and fast.

“As you wiggle against me, giggling away,” I continue, “I can’t help but watch those tits bounce around. Making me crave a taste of the forbidden fruit.” I slip my hand under her leather jacket, giving one of her plush mounds a discreet squeeze. Rubbing the side of my thumb across her taught nipple.

I glance over to Burbank, thankful that he’s heavily engaged in a private conversation with TJ and the girl who he’s visiting with. If the asshole weren’t distracted, I’m positive he’d be pulling me away from my girl. My heated thoughts were carrying me away and I wasn’t thinking about the consequences for a moment. But based on what I’m seeing, I think I have a few more minutes before I need to release my girl. Burbank looks to be working out a deal with the couple, and I’d bet money I know what kind of payment he wants in return.

“You finally can’t take any more and beg me to stop my tickling torment, so I let up and you flop back onto the bed, all out of breath and on full display.” She lets out another moan and I can feel her weakening in my arms like she’s too turned on to hold herself up. I’m bearing her weight so she won’t sink to the ground, wishing I could wrap her legs around my waist and bear down on that horny little crotch instead.

“That’s when I reach out and give your tit a squeeze, asking when you grew up on me, leaning forward and giving the tip of your nipple a kiss.” I pinch over the spot through her shirt, teasing it as I tease her with my words. “I kiss all around it and your soft whisper hits my ear. You ask me what I’m doing in a breathless voice. It’s obvious that you like it, but aren’t sure if you should.”

Again, she sinks forward. Her hand clutching onto my jumpsuit. My hand traveling up to the rim of her tank top. I run my fingers along the neckline, dipping them lower as I go, taking another peek in Burbank’s direction. Fucker wants to be the vanilla cream in that cookie sandwich. I’m just thankful that he’s so engrossed with his own sexual desire that he’s not paying any attention to mine.

“I slowly pull back, licking around your pink rose, asking you if it feels good. You nod eagerly so I move to the other breast and give it the same attention. You start getting too loud with your needy whimpers so I warn you that you need to keep it down because our parents are asleep. And like a good girl, you try to keep quiet, but your body is too hungry and when I kiss lower, finally getting to the place I’m dying to taste, you shout my name on a moan.”

My name comes whispering from her lips as I palm her full tit. Running my tongue across her lobe like I would her clit. Fighting my urge to drop to my knees and bury my face between her legs. Goddamn, I’ve never wanted something so badly. I want her pussy riding my tongue more than I want my freedom right now.

“I’m so overtaken with my need to lick and taste every part of your juicy pussy, that I don’t pay attention to the footsteps coming down the hall. I keep sucking and licking. Plunging first my fingers, then my tongue inside your hole. Working your pussy up into a frantic state. And right as I get you jumping over the edge of that mountain, free-falling into pleasure, there’s a knock on my bedroom door.” I shake my head as if it’s happening right in this moment. Nothing is going to interrupt my fun.

“But there’s no way I’m stopping,” I say. “Not until I finish riding you through every last ripple of your orgasm. Then once I finish suckling at your swollen clit, I pull the blanket over top of you and crawl back up to lay by your side. That’s when I call out for the person to enter, and in walks my dad.”

I can see the horrified expression in my mind’s eye if my father caught my stepsister in my bed. Naked. He thought I was a bastard for being arrested, he’d undoubtedly think I’m a criminal lowlife for defiling her. Once upon a time, I actually would’ve cared what he thought of me. I wouldn’t have allowed myself to act on these feelings raging inside. Now, I couldn’t give a shit what he thinks when he finds out Myrah and I are together. And if this fantasy was playing out in real life, I’d react exactly the same.

“You’re too blissed out to even feel ashamed by him finding us together in bed, and the only thing running through my mind is how I’m not done with you yet.” Her breathing picks up and I know she’s excited about where I’m going with this sexy tale.

“Lloyd stands at the foot of my bed, seething in anger. He tells you to go back to your room. You shift, ready to follow his orders, trying to be the obedient stepdaughter, but when my fingers start rubbing your clit under the comforter, you settle back in and stay put, getting lost to the feelings stirring again in your belly.

Seeing how badly you need it, I become desperate for another taste and tell my dad to get the fuck out and to turn the light off when he leaves. Then I slide back down under the covers before he’s even turned away and give my sweet girl another forbidden blast of pleasure.”

The sound of our panting breaths, along with our rolling hips, is inching me past the point of no return. I’m about to lift her up, slam her against the jailhouse wall, and then dry fuck the shit out of her needy pussy. Goddamn, I’m losing the battle fast.

Then again, I'm not sure I ever stood a chance.

“Raid! Fucking time to go!” Burbank’s blaring voice thankfully cuts through the sound of my shouting need. I look in his direction. He’s now finished his conversation and is waiting for me at the door. Again, if he’d seen what I’d been up to, he would have cuffed me by now.

I look down at my girl, staring at her tempting lips, wishing I could kiss her. “Now, run along and do exactly what I told you, Myr. And know that when I’m back in my cell, I’ll be imagining you playing with yourself in my sheets while I’m stroking my cock.”

She trembles on a moan and I take her weight, giving her one last hug before I lead her to the exit and watch as the guard takes her away from me. Not sure how the fuck I’m supposed to get through nine more years of seeing her walk away from me, but talk about the longest bout of foreplay in the history of all relationships. That’s if Myrah’s willing to stick it out with me for that long. God, I hope she will. But... I won’t blame her if she can’t.

CHAPTER 12

Myrah

My foot presses down on the gas pedal, sneaking past the legal speed limit. I can't get home fast enough. Knox's hot words are burned into my mind and burning me up. Finally, I pull into the driveway, barely remembering to put the car in park and remove the keys before I'm darting up the stairs to my stepbrother's room.

I throw open the door, not caring whether it shuts behind me or not as I struggle to get my clothes off. I'm the only one home which means I can be as loud as I want today. Lloyd and my mom took off for Barbados this morning, and Lorena always has off on Saturdays.

Once I'm fully naked, I slide my body across Knox's silky sheets. Every part of me is overly sensitive. My nipples are getting teased by the Egyptian cotton. My bare pussy, which I just waxed, is gliding over the material, leaving a trail of my arousal in its path. I get to his pillow and bury my face into it, kissing it as I would his mouth. My tongue wishing it had that wet friction he gave me. God, he's an incredible kisser. It was the hottest kiss of my life. So forbidden. So dangerous. Intense .

I drop my head to the side, needing to catch my breath, and the fantasy starts playing out in my mind. I close my eyes, pretending I'm asleep. Imagining Knox entering the room. Stripping down into his boxers and crawling into bed. I grab the extra pillow and give it a hug as if I'm wrapping my arms around him. His hot words playing in my mind. His reaction to finding me naked in his bed.

The forbidden feelings settle in and make my pussy flustered with need. I reach under the blanket and pull out my vibrator. It's not anywhere near as incredible as Knox's mouth but it will do the job.

I slip it between my legs, not powering it on until I'm all teased up and in need of more. That's when I press the button and feel the instant intense jolt as it begins vibrating against my clit. I'm so sensitive it's almost too much, but I hold it in place, circling my clit, then buzzing through my folds. Up and down. Until I need even more, and that's when I start to push it inside. Imagining it's Knox's cock. That my older stepbrother can't control himself. That he shoves me onto my back, forces my thighs open, and inserts that giant dick of his, groaning as every thick inch slips inside.

The moan comes out loud and they keep coming as I build closer to my climax. It's like my pussy is thread on a spool, spinning tighter and tighter. Wrapping every nerve ending in my body up in pleasure. My hand thrusting the plastic cock in faster and faster as I near that final thread. I throw my head back, an animalistic cry falling from my lips right as I bend over the crest and begin falling into an extreme wave of all-consuming heat.

"There it is."

The low male groan has my eyes snapping open. The shocks still crashing in. The sea of my pleasure flowing out between my legs, down the plastic shaft. A scream of horrified shock comes out but it's muddled with the heat still striking me down. My stepfather is standing at the edge of the bed, staring between my legs, witnessing my orgasm rocking through me. It's almost exactly like the fantasy Knox described. Although, in the fantasy, I didn't mind Lloyd barging into the room. But right now, with the way he's looking at me, I want him to leave. I don't have Knox here to protect me, and my stepfather is looking at me like a perverted predator.

Finally breaking free of my shock, I snap my legs closed and pull the blanket over my body. What is he still doing here? I thought he and my mom had already left for their vacation.

“There’s no need for modesty now, my darling stepdaughter.” He adjusts himself in his pants and my nerves spike higher. “You put on quite the show. Came so hard you made a mess of those sheets.”

“I thought you guys left for Barbados,” I say, ignoring his disgusting comment.

“You know your mom.” He shakes his head. “She had to go out and buy a whole new wardrobe for the trip. She’s still not back, so I pushed our flight until she returns. It’s a good thing she’s not here or she would’ve heard your screams.”

His smirk grates like sandpaper under my skin, causing goosebumps to prick up my arm. “You know. Maybe you could teach your mom how to be more vocal. Or better yet”—he steps closer—“you can be my little screamer, and she can be my subservient mouse. Looks like you’re in need of a real dick, my darling girl.”

I gulp back the vomit that’s creeping up my throat along with my fear.

“You’re my stepfather,” is all I can think to say.

“Your point?” His chin cocks. “It’s not like we’re related. Besides, I think we could work out a deal you’d be happy with. I’ll give you an allowance of ten grand a month, along with an unlimited credit card. And you give your daddy’s dick some real good attention.”

“I’m not a whore,” I spit through my anger. I don’t care how much he offers; I’m not taking his blood money. The man repulses me in every way. His greed makes him hideous.

“I was being nice by offering you money since I know you’re trying to open that stupid shop of yours. But maybe you need a different type of persuasion.” His voice has turned cold along with his eyes. “I know you have a soft spot for that cop-beating brother of yours. Maybe if I told you I have the means to end his life, you’d change your mind.”

A shiver runs down my spine, my blood turning to ice. I know Lloyd’s pockets are endless. He not only has millions in the bank from taking over his father’s empire, but he also took over Knox’s trust that his grandfather had left him. There happened to be a clause in the will stating that if Knox was ever arrested for a crime that the money would revert to Lloyd. So now, Lloyd is in the running for being one of the wealthiest men in this state.

“He’s in prison for another nine years,” I say. “How could you possibly do that?” I’m not sure why I even ask the question when I already know the answer. The cops are as shady as he is, and they’d kill Knox in his sleep for the right price.

“Everyone can be bought for the right price, my darling. The police are no different. In fact, they’re cheap since their salaries are so pitiful.” A wave of nausea rolls through me. It sounds like he has firsthand knowledge of the fact. I’m beginning to wonder if he’s the reason Knox is in prison. If he paid the cops to stage the entire thing. He was awfully quick to turn his back on his one and only golden child.

“Now, unless you want to start visiting the city cemetery on Saturdays, I suggest you take that cover off and show daddy that pretty pussy again.”

If I weren’t lying down, I would’ve fainted by now. This can’t be happening. I’ll do anything for Knox, so if I have to spread my legs in order to ensure his safety, I will. But there has to be something I can do to stop this monster.

“Lloyd! I’m back,” my mom’s voice calls down the hall. “We can leave now.”

Lloyd turns his head and gives the door a nasty glare. He's not happy by my mom's arrival. It means he's not going to be able to fuck his stepdaughter at the moment.

"Coming, darling."

His evil eyes return to me. "I'll give you the week to make your decision. But when I get back from Barbados, it's either spread that little cunt, or I'll be spreading your stepbrother's ashes over the county landfill." He starts to walk toward the door, then stops, scanning the room. "And I want this shit gone before I return."

He leaves and his footsteps echo down the hall, followed by the sound of my mom's excited voice. She doesn't even bother coming to say goodbye to me before I hear them leave the house. I wonder if she'd still be excited about vacationing with that perverted jerk if she knew he was trying to screw her daughter.

Knowing her, she'd probably tell me I should've taken the money and been grateful for such a generous offer. Unfortunately, she's become just as greedy as the man who wants to turn me into his sexual plaything. Oh God. I think I'm going to be sick. I only have seven days to figure out a way out of this mess. I need to call Rowan.

CHAPTER 13

Knox

I drop my letter into the box then make my way back down to my cell. I'm hoping my girl will get it before she comes to see me next weekend. I'm dying to know her answer to my question. And I'm praying like hell, it's a yes. But if it's not, I'll understand. Nine years is a long time to wait for someone.

"Raid! Warden wants a word with you."

I turn and see the smirk on Burbank's face. Shit. Maybe he did catch me kissing Myr or rubbing that irresistible tit of hers and ratted me out after all. I swear, if they take away my visitation, then I'm fucking making a run for it. It's one thing to have to resort to written communication and only one single hour of seeing her beautiful face each week; it's another to be deprived of the only thing in my life keeping me sane. If they keep me from my girl, I think my heart will actually stop beating.

Burbank leads me down the hall, past two security points and back into the warden's private hallway. I've never been back in this part of the prison before. Not sure many have. Dread gets heavier in my stomach the closer we get to the door marked Warden's Office. I feel like I'm heading to my death and am about to receive a lethal injection. Bet they'd claim to the media that I'd died in my sleep from a heart attack, or maybe they'd pin it on another guy they're trying to screw over.

For the first time since the day I walked in here, I'm fucking scared shitless. A feeling I promised myself I'd never allow again.

“Right in here, Raid,” Burbank barks, gesturing for me to enter.

I take a heavy step forward through the doorway and Burbank’s right at my back, practically shoving me the rest of the way inside before he closes the door behind us. Locking me in. The warden, a man in his late thirties maybe early forties looks up from his desk, pointing his stare right over my shoulder. “You can unlock him now.”

I’m not sure what the fuck that means, but when Burbank starts unlatching my cuffs and removing my chains, I’m not sure whether to shit my pants or thank the man. I still don’t know what their intentions are. This could be the calm right before the deadly storm hits. I could be sitting in the eye of the hurricane for all I know. They could be making me comfortable just to fuck with me, and then before I know it, there will be a gun pointed at my head and boom—I’m gone.

“Take a seat, Knox,” the warden says, tipping his chin to the empty chair in front of his desk. “Stand guard, Ambrose.”

I glance behind me and Burbank takes his place by the door, only he’s not facing me, making sure I don’t try anything; he’s looking out through the small glass pane. Another fucking indication that something bad is about to happen and they want to make sure they’re not caught in the act.

“Guess you’re wondering what the hell is going on?” the warden asks. I tip my chin as I take a seat in the brown leather chair. “Well, a buddy of mine sent me something that I found to be interesting. Would you like to see it?”

Again, I nod. Not sure what trap they’re leading me to, but I have no choice but to play along. I’m not the one with the loaded gun here.

He turns his computer screen to face my direction and then clicks the button in the middle of the screen. A video starts playing. But it’s not just any video, it’s the dash

cam footage from the night those cops pulled me over. And just as I recall, it shows me getting the shit kicked out of me.

The cops are laughing once I'm passed out on the ground, refusing to stop their abuse. Then after they get their anger out on my beaten body, Ferguson turns toward Diaz and points to his eye. Diaz then punches him in the face and they both start laughing again. Once they settle down from their amused fit, they pick me up off the ground and shove me into the back seat of Ferguson's cruiser. Giving each other a knuckle bump before they both get in their vehicles and drive away. Motherfuckers .

The video stops and I turn my attention back to the warden, wondering what his next move is going to be. Wondering if he's going to make his own video as he puts me down, then share it with all the other dirty pigs over coffee and donuts in the morning so they can all get a good laugh. Or maybe...he's finally going to right this injustice and punish the real criminals. The latter being fucking doubtful.

"I'm sorry, son." The guilt in his voice may be leading me down a path of false hope, but I stupidly let the feeling take root. "I wish there was a way to get you back the last six years of your life, but all I can give you right now is your future. Those two officers have already been picked up, and Ryker's hauling their asses in as we speak."

No way. This has to be some kind of joke. They have to be punking me and the two officers are going to come walking in at any moment and say, "Psyche! Got ya' again, you stupid shit." But he said Ryker. That's the officer that's involved with Myrah's friend. The one she told me was working on this undercover case in order to clean up the pigsty and get rid of all the dirty swine at his precinct.

"Now, the question I have for you is: would you like to handle them yourself, or let me and Ambrose do the honors?"

I'm still unsure whether I can trust him or not, or whether the rug's going to be pulled

out from under me again. Either way, my answer is the same. “I didn’t have blood on my hands when I was sentenced, and I’m not going to leave here a criminal, sir.” Whether they plan on sending me to my maker or home, I want my conscience to be clear. And I sure as hell don’t want to spend eternity in the same realm with Ferguson and Diaz.

Now is the point where I’ll learn the truth and whether this is all some kind of sick joke and they’re going to burst out laughing at my answer. My stomach is heavy with that dreaded feeling, like I’m back in that courtroom waiting for my fate to be decided.

“Fuck me,” Burbank sighs. I turn toward the door and see him shaking his head. “Have to say, son, ain’t no one going to judge you for wringing the life out of their necks, but I have mad respect for your choice. And I’m sorry I had to play tough cop with your ass, but we have a prisoner in here that needs to believe I’m as dirty as Ferguson and Diaz.”

I think my jaw might actually hit the floor. Burbank is one of the good guys and is undercover. I’m guessing the prisoner he’s referring to is Bugano. The man I’ve heard various rumors about being some kind of evil genius. They must be trying to gain his trust so they can get information out of him. Damn. I thought for sure Burbank was running game on TJ and his girl in the visitation room earlier. But apparently, he was just playing a part. If he ever needed a career change, he’d make a damn good method actor.

“Ryker is on his way in, and as soon as he hands off those two fuckers, he’ll give you a ride to wherever you want to go.”

Hold the fucking phone. They’re just going to let me go? Tonight? I thought there was a procedure to this. “Doesn’t a judge have to pronounce me innocent?” I ask. “Isn’t there going to be a trial to review the footage in front of a jury?”

The warden shakes his head. “Not going to be necessary. We have some pretty powerful people in our court and they’ve already signed off, expunging your record, and filing the necessary paperwork to get you compensated for the crimes made against you. And when the media gets notified, they’ll be under the impression that everything was done by the book and you won the lawsuit against the men who wronged you.”

Holy fucking shit. They’re working the damn system too. Just like the shady cops. Only...in this case, it’s for the right side of the law. Can’t say I’m too upset by the fact that the men in this room are as dirty as Ferguson and Diaz.

“There’s one last thing I need to share.” His voice drops low, eyes looking like he doesn’t want to share this next part. My stomach sinks, waiting for the “BUT” to come.

“When we dug into the officers’ bank accounts,” he says. “We found that both men had received sizable payments the day before your attack. Then another of equal amount on the day of. Smaller payments were also made on both days you had your parole hearings. All coming from the same offshore account.”

My gut twists tight. This is the moment of truth I was waiting for. “Also traced payments from the same account to the judge who presided over your case, and to all the members of the parole board.” Motherfucker . “We knew it wasn’t a coincidence so we dug real deep, sending a guy into the bank, and found out who owns the account.” He shifts in his seat, looking uncomfortable about what he’s about to reveal, but I already know who it is.

“Let me guess: my dad?”

“Sure as fuck was.” He shakes his head on a sigh. “Any chance you know the reason why?”

I didn't at first. But once I realized that my dad had taken over my trust, I had an attorney get me a copy of my grandfather's will. And written in it was a clause that if I was ever arrested and charged for a crime, my trust and all the assets left to me were to transfer to my father. Lloyd, the man I once looked up to, set me up. The madness of his greed finally took over and turned him into a complete monster.

Once I get out of here and set my plan into motion, he's going to learn exactly what it's like to fall from his mighty throne. He's going to find out what happens to men who care more about money than their own blood. And then—he's going to get the joy of experiencing life behind bars. He'll know exactly what I've been through over these last six years. Only, it's not going to be as easy for him because he's puny and arrogant, and those two traits get you into trouble in here.

"Ten million dollars and company shares," I answer the warden's question. "My grandfather's will stated that my father would get all of my inheritance if I ever went to prison." Gramps was worried my dad's wife would spend every dime, so he gave the majority of the fortune he built to his responsible grandson. But if I turned out to be irresponsible and commit a crime, then everything would revert to my father's control. And dear old dad, apparently, needed another ten million to add to his vast fortune. In truth, I think he was bitter over my grandfather's decision.

"Greedy bastard," the warden grits out, his fists clenched on his desk. "Well, just so you know, we'll be bringing him in as soon as he returns from Barbados. In the meantime, we're going to hold off on the media announcement. So that means you need to lay low until we get your father into custody. We don't want him making a run for it."

I can't help but smile. That won't be a problem. I'll be locked in bed with my girl, making up for six years of sexual deprivation, so they can take all the time they need before releasing the news. I wonder what dear old dad is going to think when he gets back from his island getaway and finds his entire world turned upside down. Can't

wait to see his face as they haul his ass away to the slammer. I also can't wait to see my girl's face when I show up on her doorstep.

The warden starts giving me the rundown of how I should handle the reporters when the news finally hits. Once we're done going over all the details as to what happens next, the warden offers for me to use his private shower and gives me some of his clothes to change into. As soon as I'm dried and dressed, he informs me that it's time to head out.

Have to say, until I see the prison in the rear window, I won't believe this is happening. There's still a tiny shred of doubt lingering in my tainted head that this is still all part of a grand prank and they'll be leading my ass back to my cell once we leave this room.

But once we're past the two security checkpoints, they're leading me out of the prison's front entrance and right down to a cruiser that's just pulling up. When I see the prisoner sitting in the back, the fear starts to truly recede. Ferguson looks like he's had the shit kicked out of him, and he's looking at me in horror. Now he's the one scared shitless.

The officer, who I'm assuming is Ryker, climbs out of the vehicle and heads straight to me.

"Brought you a present, son," he says, holding out his hand for me to shake.

I take his palm and pull him right in for a hug. "Thank you," I say, emotion gripping me hard. "I'll forever be in your debt."

He gives me a pound on my back, then pulls away. "You don't owe me a damn thing." He shakes his head. "Wish like hell I could give you the last six years of your life back. What I can give you is the assurance that everyone involved in your case is

going to pay for their crimes against you.”

And my prayers have finally been answered . I was never a religious man before being tossed into hell, but once inside, I prayed for justice to be served and for the truth to prevail. And God has finally answered my prayers.

Ryker has become not only my savior but my hero. I once looked up to my father, the proud son, wanting to follow in his footsteps, to be just like him. Now, I hope I can follow in Ryker’s footsteps and fix this crooked system. Bringing justice to those who deserve it.

“Where is Diaz?” the warden asks, stepping up and shaking Ryker’s hand.

Ryker’s smirk is as evil as the one Ferguson gave me in the courtroom. “He’s at the hospital. Went a couple of extra rounds on his ass because of what he did to my girl. Ended up putting him in a coma, but Doc said he’ll be just fine in a couple days.”

The pleasure he’s taking in that knowledge almost has me feeling sorry for Diaz. It sounds like his fate when he wakes up will be much worse than a broken body. And I’m figuring that Diaz was the one stalking Rowan. Motherfucker isn’t just crooked but sick.

“Bentley and Carter are stationed inside the hospital,” Ryker states. “And Traeger and his men are keeping an eye out on all the other shit sticks, making sure they don’t get tipped off and run before we bring them in.”

Damn, how many men do they have working this case?

He turns toward me. “Did you get the rundown on your dad?” I nod. “We’re going to be staked outside of his house and bring him in the second he arrives home. Now, are you ready to get the fuck out of here?”

The only thing I want more than my freedom is my girl in my arms. “Hell yeah, I am.”

The warden pulls Ferguson out of the cruiser, jerking him around to face me. “Got anything to say for yourself?” He spits in the bastard’s face.

“I needed the money,” Ferguson whines, like that’s a fucking excuse for stealing an innocent man’s life. I had ten million dollars to my name. I would’ve given it all to him to spare me from hell. Doubt my dad even paid half a mill.

“How much did my father give you?” I ask, knowing I don’t want to know the answer, but needing to know at the same time.

“Fifty K,” Ferguson says and I knew I shouldn’t have asked. Motherfucker sold my soul to the devil for fifty thousand dollars.

The warden knocks him over the head. “Piece of shit. Hope all that time at that strip club was worth it because in here you’re going to be the one doing the stripping.”

Ryker and the warden both chuckle but I can’t find amusement in any of this. Ferguson’s fate on the inside is going to be far worse than mine. All the men they arrested will want their revenge, and justice will definitely be served tenfold. But I’m still having a hard time choking down the fact that six years of my life were stolen in exchange for fifty thousand dollars.

“Come on, Knox. Let’s get you out of here,” Ryker says, and I climb inside the car, watching as the prison fades in the far distance. Finding it easier to breathe, the closer we get to my girl.

CHAPTER 14

Myrah

The doorbell chimes and my heart nearly leaps from my chest. My nerves are completely shot. I climb off Knox's bed and peek out behind the curtain to see who's here. There's a police cruiser parked in the driveway. Rowan said she was going to call Ryker and ask for his help then call me back, but she couldn't get ahold of him. Maybe she finally spoke to him and he stopped by to talk to me in person.

I throw my fuzzy robe on over my rainbow pajamas and run down the stairs. I'm hoping Ryker is here to tell me he can protect my brother and keep me from having to sell my body to my evil stepmonster.

I round the corner into the foyer and come to a halting stop when I see who's standing on the other side of the glass-paned steel door. Dark, dangerous eyes are staring me down, making the butterflies in my stomach rouse fiercely. Knox looks like a hungry prisoner on the hunt for his last meal. An attacker ready to break through the glass and come straight for me. I'm so shocked that he's here that my feet won't even move forward.

My breath is picking up. Heart racing so fast it feels like it's going to tear through my chest. The extreme intensity rolling off him cuts right through the distance and barriers between us and runs right down my spine.

His hands press to the glass. His chest heaving as his jaw clenches. Inside the state prison, Knox looked like a dangerous criminal, but right now, he looks like a deadly

predator. And my pussy is quivering, anxious to be brutalized by the uncaged beast.

“Open the door, Myrah.” The intense growl is so loud it rumbles through the thick panes of glass, probably shaking them in their frames.

My feet finally start working again, treading forward slowly. Hesitantly. Each step closer sending another wave of adrenaline coursing through my veins; a victim walking straight toward her attacker. A bunny walking right into a hungry lion’s den. I know that once I get the door open, my body won’t stand a chance.

My fingers fumble with the locks like they’re greased with butter. Every part of me is aching with excitement and nerves. The madness in his eyes singeing my skin and making me wet myself like a scared little girl. Though...I’m anything but afraid of the man; that’s not the reason I’m soaking my shorts through.

Finally, I get the locks unlatched then slowly back away from the door, giving myself space to catch my breath. A moment to watch the magnificent waves cresting to their peaks before they crash. Knox presses the door open and in with the cool night breeze comes a blast of carnal heat, sending a rush through me from head to toe. His turgid muscles flex at his sides, the veins in his forearms swollen and proving just how amped up he is right now. I take another step back, unsure of his next move. Nervous yet excited.

“Don’t you dare run from me, Myr. We both know I was always the winner at tag.”

Knox should know better than to assume he’s faster than me. I’m not running on twelve-year-old legs anymore. Maybe it’s time to prove that I’m not such an easy catch, and if he wants between my legs, he’s going to have to chase me a little. I turn, taking off in a sprint, but before I get three steps forward, an arm comes around my waist and I’m lifted off the floor. Knox’s scorching mouth right at my ear. “Been locked away for six years, Myr. If you think this little pussy stands a chance, you’re

wrong.”

I’m suddenly forced against the wall, my robe yanked down my back and tossed away. Knox’s growl echoes throughout the marble corridor like a violent roar. “Goddamn, my little girl is a tease. Look at this ripe peach hanging out of those tiny shorts.” His large palm grasps my barely covered butt cheek, giving it a firm squeeze, rubbing it with admiration. “Now, you better turn around and give your man the greeting he deserves, or else you’re going to be in some serious trouble.”

The way he says the word trouble makes defiance seem tempting, but I’m also longing for another one of those incredible kisses. I slowly turn. My back coming flush against the cold wall. My eyes becoming locked on his dark stare. I get one blink in before that wave crashes down on me, drenching my thighs in lust as his lips sweep me into a mass of blissful chaos. His firm mouth and hungry tongue a wild force of nature. Giving and taking so perfectly. Building that hungry ache between my legs to a painful state. And then...as fast as it began, it’s over.

Knox pulls back. His chest heaving even harder. His eyes unrecognizable. I’ve never seen a man so feral in my life. He slowly slithers his stare over every inch of my body like a venomous predator, landing right between my legs, looking like he found the perfect place for his snake to burrow and hibernate for the winter.

“You better slide down those little shorts, sis, or else they’re going to become scraps.”

Even his gritted-out warning makes him sound wild. I definitely don’t want my favorite pajamas ruined, so I tug them down my thighs. The soaked material pulling away from my swollen skin right before the cool air hits. They fall down to my ankles and Knox’s knees hit the floor. He bends forward and inhales deeply. Another animalistic sound reverberates off the walls and off my clit.

“Fucking perfect,” he groans. And then...a wild moan is falling from my lips and ricocheting off the marble as he buries his mouth between my legs. Just like an animal burrowing into the ground. His lips, tongue, and nose torturing me with pleasure.

Never has a guy been so ravenous. Never has my clit been so thoroughly sucked. And with each swipe of his fat tongue, dipping inside me before lathing up through my folds, I nearly break in two. Shocks hit me hard, building the friction up to an unbearably delicious point. And when his tongue thrusts into my center, his beastly growls vibrating over my sensitive skin, I come so hard my body slumps forward, bending in two. Slumping right over his shoulder.

Knox bears my weight as he sucks down every drop of my orgasm. His tongue continuing to thrust in and out. His teeth tugging and nibbling at my folds. Those soft, firm lips massaging over my clit. Around and around. Making me dizzy with pleasure. He licks me into an oblivion and back down to earth. Only to thrust me back up into another forceful wave of heat, multiplying the electrical shocks and giving me the first multiple orgasm of my life. By the time I’m settling down from the second storm, my body feels weightless.

Knox stands from the ground taking me with him. I’m barely coherent as he ascends the stairs and takes us to his room. He lays me down onto his bed, staying rooted by the foot, still staring at me like a feral man. Slowly, he starts peeling the clothes from his hardened frame, his tattoos coming into view. I trail over each and every inch of his beautiful art and his sinful body, my body coming alive again at the sight.

“Take the top off, Myr. Show me those beauties you’ve got hidden underneath.”

My weak arms slowly do as told, pulling it over my head and letting it drop to the side. “Fucking perfect,” he growls, licking his lips. “Now it’s time for me to feed on those sweet tits while that tight little pussy nurses on my cock.”

God, I love the way he speaks to me. So dominant and demanding. So raw. Knox isn't just the ultimate bad boy. He's an unruly prisoner who's just been released. Wait... How did he get out? How is he even here? My mind was so wrapped up in the heat, my head caught in a wind tunnel of turbulent lust that it didn't even register that he's free. He's not in prison anymore.

"How did you get out, Knox?" I ask through a breathless rasp. My body still on the verge of need, but I need to know what happened. Is he here for good? Or is this temporary until there's another trial? Did Ryker find the lost footage? There are so many questions running through my mind.

He shakes his head, kneeling on the bed and closing in on me. "Two thousand one hundred and ninety-seven days locked in hell. Deprived of my primal need as a man. Teased to the brink of madness by this sexy little body. Now is not the time to talk, Myr. It's time for you to open wide for your big bad brother. Because this dick"—he grabs the thick purple shaft all shiny with his cum, all swollen and pumped with blood and bulging with veins—"is going to fuck you dirty first. And then once my seed is pumped out of these aching balls, filling that pretty cunt, we can chat."

His hands grip my thighs and force them as wide as they'll go and then his dick is aiming right for its target, breaching my entrance and sliding in. Inch by perfect, thick inch. His head falls back on his shoulders as a groan fills the room. "Oh fuck." His eyes squeeze shut and pure satisfaction fills each and every one of his features. From his clenched, ticking jaw to his shaking frame, it's almost as if the pleasure is too overwhelming, too strong that he can barely handle it.

"Goddamn, baby. You're never leaving this bed. This is my home." His head slowly raises. Eyes opening. "You are my home." His cock finally slides all the way in. His pelvis hitting my clit and his name gasping from my lips.

"I love you, Myrah." He slides back out slowly. The love burning deep in his stare

sends another wave of warm heat through my pussy.

“I love you too, Knox,” I whisper, barely able to speak through all the emotions and feelings swarming in my mind, body, and soul. He thrusts his cock right back into the hilt. My body jerking towards the headboard. Breasts bouncing on my chest, gaining his heated attention.

“You better say that, because this body and these tits”—he palms them in his firm grip—“are mine. Owned. Possessed. And protected by me and only me.”

His words are emphasized with thrusts of his hips. Each one hitting that special place inside that none of the guys I’ve been with have ever reached. Only when I’ve ridden my dildo can I get the spot. But Knox...he’s getting it with precision. Building me up fast. Making my vision blur the closer I get to the tipping point.

“Fuck! Get there, baby,” he grunts, hips jerking forward. “Your hot little pussy’s squeezing me too tight. Need to come, but you have to go first.” I crest over the edge, his desperate groaned plea the final flick of heat I needed, and then I’m drowning in pleasure. Submerged straight under wave after roaring wave of the most intense feelings I’ve ever experienced.

“That’s it, baby. Drench me.”

His head falls back again, a roar that would wake the dead blasting through the house as he finds his own release. Every part of him tensed and glistening with sweat as his dick swells even more and his cum spills deep in my womb. Filling me past the brim and dripping down my thighs. Our heaving breaths become the background music as our bodies wash back into shore and our orgasms come to a slow and steady finish. My pussy giving him a roaring applause over receiving the best orgasm of my life. Pulsing and quivering violently around his hard shaft. God, it’s not even semi-soft after that.

I finally find the strength and open my eyes. Knox is staring down at me with a look so possessive it makes me shiver. He used to look at me as an overprotective brother, concerned for my well-being and always so loving. But now...there's no doubt in my mind those loving feelings have evolved. And obsession has now taken their place.

He bends down, taking my mouth into a slow, sensual kiss, mirroring every emotion I feel and see in him. Making my heart pound with contentment for the first time in my life. He's right. This is home. Me and him. But is he home for good? Or is he out awaiting another trial? It's time for him to tell me what's going on.

"So, are you going to tell me how you're here, Knox?" I run my fingers up his chest. His hand comes up and clutches over mine, stopping my exploration.

"Not if you keep touching me. You want to chat, babe, then I need you to behave. Otherwise, my dick's calling the shots again."

My cheeks perk up into a grin. I love how starved he is. And I love that I'm the lucky one who gets to help him make up for lost time.

"So, not long after you left," he starts, dropping down to my side, pulling me into his arms and cuddling me close. "Burbank took me to the warden's office."

He tells me everything that happened. Every detail shocking me further.

"So that's it?" I ask. "You're just free now. No record? No trial? It's just over?"

He runs his thumb across my cheek. His eyes following its path.

"Yes, babe. They'll arrest my dad when he gets back into the country and then this will all be behind us."

I still can't believe his own father would do that to him. I knew Lloyd was greedy, but he became poisoned by it. It turned him into a monster. A monster who was going to blackmail his stepdaughter for sex. But thankfully, now he's never going to be able to touch me again. And I can't wait to see the look on his face when he sees that Knox is going to be the one I'm screaming for.

Knox's fingers continue their path, running down my cheek, over my chin, all the way down to the crease between my breasts, and immediately the kindling has been lit and my body is starting to heat again. His thumb circles my nipple and a gasp leaves my mouth.

"When did you go and grow up on me, Myr?" His tongue slides across his lower lip. A wild look in his eyes. This feels just like the fantasy he described earlier. He plucks my nipple between two of his fingers, tweaking it to perfection. "So perky and round," he rasps, now running his finger around the outer edge. "You have the prettiest breasts I've ever seen, sis."

That last word sends a ripple of electrical heat right through my fluttering stomach, landing between my legs. The forbidden nature of our relationship is a complete turn-on. Maybe I'm twisted, but at least I'm not alone in my perversion. Knox is suffering from the same sickness.

"Even prettier than Anna's?" I ask, playing into my fantasy from earlier, but her name seems to strike a chord with him. His jaw clenches and those dark eyes turn dangerous. His hand freezes on my body. I know he hates her, but I didn't realize just how much.

"Yes, Myr. Your breasts are prettier than hers." He nods, locking back in on the two plump mounds on my chest. The ones I know are twice the size of Anna's. "Everything about you is prettier than her. Inside and out."

He dips forward, taking one of my nipples into his mouth and gives it his sweet torture. Kissing it so thoroughly, little mewling sounds come slipping from my throat. The need is burning deep again.

“Knox,” I say on a breathless whisper. “I need another one of your special kisses.” I point to the aching spot between my legs, tapping on my clit and sending a shock of heat up my spine. That unruly look returns in his eyes. The sexual madness tensing all of his features. His body nearly shaking as he tries to hold back his sexual attack.

His head lowers over my breast again. This time giving the other one his thorough attention. Making my back arch on a whimper as he takes long suckling drags of my nipple. Flattening his tongue and covering every inch of my pebbled skin before he lightly flutters it on the underside of my peak. My boob is receiving the attention my clit wants. But not for long, because his massive frame begins to slide its way down, wedging between my two thighs.

“I’ll give you a kiss,” he growls, “but you have to keep it our little secret.” And once again, Knox is making my fantasy come to life. Only, it’s even hotter than I imagined. And his mouth exceeds any dream I’ve ever had.

CHAPTER 15

Knox

G oddamn, she's a sight on all fours. Perfect peach pointing right at me. The ridge of her spine running down her beautiful back. Her head laying back on her shoulders. That swollen mouth of hers crying up to the heavens over how good it is and how she needs more. I plow back in harder, knocking her body forward. I can't get enough of her.

We've been going at it, sunrise to sunset and even into the wee hours of the morning all week long, yet it still feels like I'm a starved man. I've used and abused this pussy so much, taking out six years of pent-up energy on her, and she's still begging for more. How could I have gotten so lucky? Makes doing that time so damn worth it.

I grip onto her ponytail, leaning forward, thrusting relentlessly as I growl into her ear. "You need to be quiet, sis. We don't want our little secret getting out." I'm playing the game that gets my kinky little stepsister all glazed over with lust. And when her pussy clenches tight around me, I know she's almost ready to blow. Which is exactly what she's going to be doing after she's done coming on my cock.

She's going to flip round and let me fuck that other hole. The one that loves to lick up the mess she's made of me before she swallows me down whole—all ten inches. My cum dribbling out of her mouth and down her chin. Hell, just envisioning those kiss-swollen lips wrapped around me is making it hard to hold back. I need to get her there before it's too late. And I know just how to do it.

“You’re a naughty girl for playing with my cock under the table tonight at dinner. Our parents almost saw.” And there it is, the constricting convulsions nursing the precum right out of me as she shouts my name. Her body practically giving out as I fuck her right through her orgasm. When I know her sensitive cunt can no longer take the pressure, I slowly slide myself out. As soon as she’s released, she slumps forward onto the bed, cuddling up with her teddy bear, trying to catch her breath. The pleased little smile on her face fills me with pride. My girl likes the way I love on her. And man, do I like that.

I scoot forward, positioning myself right by the side of her face. My stiff rod pointing like an arrow on the map to exactly where he wants to be. “It’s time for you to be a good girl and open up. You need to have your feeding before you sleep.”

Her eyes flutter open. The desire once again shining bright. God, she’s insatiable. And when she leans forward and rolls her tongue around the head of my cock, I know I’m going to be rolling my tongue around her clit in exactly two minutes. Because that’s all it’s going to take for me to get off. And then I’m going to spoil her little pussy again before I let her sleep.

Anna didn’t like giving blow jobs because she said I was too big and it hurt her jaw. The two times she gave me the obligatory birthday bj, she scraped me raw. Myrah not only loves sucking on my dick, but her mouth is the closest thing to heaven I’ve ever felt.

She suctions around my wide cap and her cheeks hollow out as she takes me straight to the depths of her throat. Opening up and purring like a damn kitty when she feels me swell even further. Maybe two minutes was an overshoot because I’m almost there and we’re thirty seconds in. It’s just too damn incredible and I can’t hold back.

A creaking sound has me turning my head. But it’s not the house settling that’s the culprit. Standing in my bedroom doorway is my father. The expression on his face

exactly as I imagined. He's horrified by the fact that I'm defiling my stepsister's sweet mouth. Damn, I was too overcome by the feeling to hear him come in. I didn't hear anything beyond the racing blood in my ears and my pounding heart.

Myrah's mouth doesn't relent. Clearly, she's too far gone to notice his arrival as well. I reach over and pull up the covers, hiding her from my father's view. The action makes my cock go even deeper down her throat and she moans in earnest, loving the fact that I'm chocking her with it. That's when my sac draws up and my cock pumps full of all my hot seed, seed that will one day take root inside her womb and make our dreams of having a family together come true.

The thought of us making a baby has me erupting from my tip. I turn and meet my father's glare. His anger only fueling my orgasm forward. He can take his judgment and go fuck himself because he's more of a pervert than me. Blackmailing his stepdaughter for sex, wanting to leave his wife's bed and jump into her daughter's. Fucking asshole. I may be guilty of wanting a relationship with my stepsister, but I sure as hell would never force her into one.

I take hold of Myrah's cheek as she keeps swallowing me down. "That's it, baby. Show daddy how much you love that cock." My words are for his listening pleasure, but my clueless girl gets riled up even further, hammering down on my dick and going for broke. I think in the future I'm going to have to pull out the D word again because she sure as hell likes it.

"You sick fuck," my father growls. "Get your hands off her right now and get the fuck out of my house. You turned into a filthy criminal on the inside."

Myrah's mouth pops off my dick, her eyes going wide with shock. I meet her stare, shaking my head and rubbing her cheek. She's got nothing to worry about. I'm going to handle this. And he will never lay one grimy finger on her. Ever.

“And what’s your excuse, Lloyd?”

I blow her a kiss, making her cheeks tip up in the prettiest grin. I’m ready for him to be gone so I can get back to spoiling my girl’s pussy. I turn my attention toward the man I no longer can even stand the sight of. His eyes glance down to my long, protruding cock still glistening from her wet mouth. I know for a fact that I didn’t get my genes from him, because as I recall from all the times we stood next to each other in the bathroom urinals, my dad is half my size. He couldn’t please my girl even if she wanted him to.

“What excuse do you have for wanting to fuck your stepdaughter?” I ask. “She told me all about your little plan. But it looks like that’s not exactly going to work out, is it?”

Oh, he’s fuming now. His fists clenched by his sides. Those teeth of his about to crack under the pressure of his locked jaw. “Get the fuck out of my house before I call the cops and get your ass locked up again for trespassing. Next time, they won’t be letting you out for good behavior.”

I want to laugh at his assumption. He must think he had an iron-tight plan and no one would discover the truth, but he’s wrong.

“There’s no need to call the police. They’re already here.” I’m actually surprised Ryker hasn’t busted down the door yet to drag his ass out.

“And this”—I circle my finger around the room—“is no longer your house. I spoke with an attorney while you were off on your little vacay, and since I was wrongfully arrested and accused of a crime I didn’t commit, everything reverts to me. And since you’re the one who set me up and are now going to be facing criminal charges, it turns out that all of your assets will be mine too. Including this house and the company grandfather left you.”

If there were a picture next to the word hatred in the dictionary, it would be of my dad's current expression. It looks like the greedy bastard doesn't like having the tables flipped on him. Me, I'm fucking thrilled by it. Now, I'm the one holding all the cards and the cash. Though I'll admit the money doesn't thrill me nearly as much as seeing justice being served.

"Hate to inform you, son, but the judge has to sentence me first. And that's never going to happen. My pockets are deep and money talks." Ha. He thinks he's going to go through the system just like I did. And he thinks he'll be able to pay off the court just like he did with me, but that's not going to happen.

"And I hate to inform you, you perverted bastard, but your sentencing has already been signed off. The jury found you guilty on all counts, including attempted murder, which really was what nailed your coffin for you. So, you're going to do life behind bars with no parole."

A little giggle comes from below and the tension eases from my shoulders. I reach my hand under the blanket and slide between her legs, rubbing that little kitty of hers and making her purr. It doesn't take much for me to get that little button poking out again, and for her folds to become slick. Damn, she's amazing.

"I'm going to kill you, you little shit." His shout has me snapping my head back in his direction. Little . Maybe I should rise up and give him the full, broad picture. I look back down, my girl no longer concerned by my father's presence, her only concern is when I'm going to be done with him and get my mouth between her legs where my fingers are. "Hold that thought, babe."

I move to stand from the bed. And as soon as I'm at my full height, that threatening look in his eyes turns to fear. That's what I thought. I'd love to see him try to get one punch in; he'll end up in a coma before he does his time in prison. The sound of footsteps marching toward us has me smiling. Looks like Ryker and his men have

finally arrived. And sure enough, Ryker himself steps up behind the man whose only good deed in this world was donating sperm to my late mother.

“I’m not going to read you your rights, Mr. Bricker.” Ryker yanks Lloyd’s arms hard behind his back. “You don’t have any.” I used to hate how crooked the system was. But in this situation, I’m not so opposed to the way things are being handled. In fact, I think true justice is finally being served.

“It’s time to say goodbye to your beautiful wife and this fancy-ass life you’ve got,” Ryker sneers. “You’re never going to see any of it ever again.”

The look in Lloyd’s eyes is what I was waiting for. Everything he worked for, everything he ever wanted, all this materialistic shit that helps him sleep better at night is being ripped away from him. There are no creature comforts on the inside. The food tastes like shit. The bed is hard as a rock. The water in the showers is ice cold. And every time you step out of your cell, you have to watch your back. Lucky for me, I was the cop killer and had strength, respect and money on my side. But Lloyd, he has nothing but arrogance on his.

“We’ll get this fucker out of your hair,” Ryker says and shoves my sperm donor forward, nearly knocking him on his ass. Nope. Lloyd won’t last long behind bars. He’ll get chewed up quick.

“I thought I told your ass to stay in the car, Rowan!” Ryker’s harsh tone has me turning again, but I can’t see anything happening out in the hall. Now I know what took him so long to get inside. He must have been preoccupied and missed my dad’s arrival. Can’t say I blame him for making his woman the priority.

“Do you ever do a damn thing you’re told?” His harsh tone is understandable. My father could’ve pulled a gun and Rowan could’ve been walking into a dangerous situation.

“You’re not the boss of me, Ryker. I wanted to make sure my friend was okay.” Rowan’s pissed-off little attitude rings loud and clear right down the hall. If that were Myrah, I’d be spanking her ass for that.

“Your friend is fine, but your little ass is in trouble. So turn around and march back out the door.”

I look down at my girl, seeing her concerned eyes. If she thinks she’s going to be leaving this bed to go see her friend, she’s mistaken. I pull the covers off her body and then dive headfirst between her legs. The moment my tongue makes contact, my name leaves her lips on a shout. And all thoughts about what’s happening in the hall are forgotten. My girl is grabbing onto my head and holding my mouth hostage. Rubbing furiously against me. Her need frantic. And mine—hell...I don’t think I’m ever going to be able to make up for all that lost time. Not when this sexy siren has the most incredible pussy in all the lands.

CHAPTER 16

Myrah

“Y ou can’t really be kicking me out, Myrah. This is my house. I’m Lloyd’s wife and your mother.”

My mom’s shrill voice is grating on my nerves. She doesn’t get it. And the problem is, she never will. Even after she found out the truth about her husband—not only what he did to Knox, which I suspect she already knew about based on her face turning red with guilt and her lack of surprise by the news, even after she found out he was trying to blackmail me for sex—she still went to see him in prison and met with an attorney on Lloyd’s behalf.

Ryker had bugged her purse, so Knox and I got to hear every lie she told her lawyer, trying to make a case to get her shady husband set free. And when the attorney said there was nothing he could do to help her, she switched angles, trying to figure out if she could sue Knox for part of her husband’s estate. But again, the lawyer said that the will was iron clad and since every dime Lloyd made was from his father’s company, it all reverted to Knox. Now my stepbrother is a mega millionaire and will never have to work a day in his life if he doesn’t want to.

I snag a cookie from the tray and earn myself a teasing glare from Lorena. I take a bite and turn toward my mother. Mmmmmmm....the warm melted chocolate gooeyness is so good. There’s nothing like the first bite of a freshly baked cookie.

“Myrah!” my mom shouts again, ruining my delicious moment. God, I want her out

of this house now. She's awful. Not one apology to me or to Knox. Not one single regret has even crossed her conscience. There isn't a shred of kindness left in her. The greed has completely taken over and she's now a soulless leach who wants to live off her stepson who she cast off just like his father did.

"It's not your house," I state. "And the fact that you're still claiming that monster as your husband is pathetic."

I see Lorena's nodded agreement from the corner of my eye. Our housekeeper isn't a fan of my mom either. Probably because Lorena is actually a good person with a warm heart. "I'll give you two days to get your shit moved out." I take another bite of my cookie, tasting the molten chips on my tongue. "And then I'm donating the rest to Goodwill."

My mother's pleading face turns into a scowl as she crosses her arms. It's a shame she's spent so much money on Botox and plastic surgery; she now looks like a weird doll.

"And where do you expect me to go, Myrah? I don't have a dime to my name."

I bite back my laugh. All this time Lloyd was feeding her cash and she didn't save a penny of it. Didn't even save a few grand for a rainy day. I guess she just never thought her money train would run out. Probably figured that as long as she sucked his dick, he'd keep it flowing. Well, it sucks to be her.

"Not my problem." I shrug. "Maybe you should get a job. Now that I quit, the restaurant is hiring. Or you could clean houses like Lorena. She makes really good money." I give Lorena a wink. Knox just gave the kind woman a huge pay raise, paying her triple what stingy Lloyd was paying, hence the cookies. She made his favorite as a thank you for his kindness which is why she doesn't want me eating them all.

“Are you kidding me?” My mother balks. Even her fake eyelashes look offended by my suggestion. “You can’t really expect me to wait tables or scrub toilets.”

I roll my eyes. Clearly, she thinks it’s beneath her. Ever since I could legally babysit, I’ve had a job. Managing my schoolwork, taking automotive classes, and making sure I could support myself. Just like my father taught me. I would shovel dog shit if I had to in order to make my own way. What my mother needs is a big slice of humble pie and a lesson on how the world works. But I don’t think that will happen.

“I don’t expect you to do anything,” I tell her. Honestly, what I expect to happen is that she’ll find herself another rich man who’s willing to support her and then she’ll become his little puppet. “I was just making a suggestion, but take it or leave it. I don’t care. Now, do you mind?” I snatch another cookie from the tray, this time with Lorena’s approving smile. “I really want your stuff gone so I can move mine into the room.”

The look on my mother’s face is priceless. Her daughter is going to be the queen of this house and she has now been banned from her kingdom. Maybe one day it will all finally sink in and she’ll realize that there is more to life than money. In the meantime, good riddance.

My mother turns and stomps out of the room on her Louboutin heels and I return to what I was doing before she interrupted, going through all the mail that piled up from last week. Everything with Lloyd’s name on it gets tossed into the trash. Which reminds me. I need to go down to the post office and do a change of address for him. The state prison is now his home, and they can deal with all of his mail.

I toss another credit card statement into the trash, then come across an envelope addressed to me. It’s a letter from Knox on the same prison stationery he always used. He must’ve sent it to me before he was released.

My Dear Sweet, Sexy Myrah,

I miss you already and it's only been an hour since you left. I'm not sure how I'm supposed to get through the next one hundred and sixty-seven hours before I get to see you again and hear your sweet voice. But know that every second ticking by, I'm thinking of you.

I know things have happened extremely fast between us over the last week, but when you know, you know. And I know that the girl who stood by me all these years, the one who never doubted me for a second and who's been not just my family but my best friend, is the girl I want to spend the rest of my life with.

I love you more than you'll ever know, Myr. More than I can ever express in this lifetime. And I'm selfishly hoping that you feel the same because I want you to be mine. My family. My best friend. My wife.

But in asking for you to give me your heart unconditionally, I know I'm asking you to put your dreams of getting married and starting a family on hold. I know I'm asking you to abstain from sex and to go to bed alone every night for another nine years. And I know that three thousand two hundred and eight-five days is a long time to wait.

But I'm on my knees, writing this letter, praying to the man upstairs that you'll love me enough to say "yes." That you'll realize that what we have between us is worth waiting for. Something so few are lucky to find. So, although I wish I were on bended knee under the biggest rainbow you've ever seen shining in the sky and not having to do this by letter, I'm asking if you'll promise me your heart from here until the end of time. I'm asking if as soon as I get free of this place, you'll marry me.

I love you, Myrah June Lennon. And there is no one else in this world that I want to share this life with.

You own my heart. Forever and always, my sweet girl.

~Your loving man

And P.S.... If you can't fathom the loneliness or if your heart isn't as obsessed as mine, I want you to know that I'll still be your loving brother. Always. You're my family, Myr. And that will never change no matter what. So please don't think for one second that you'll lose me if your heart isn't on the same page. I promise with all my heart that I'll still chase every rainbow with you. And I'll always be there to cheer you on and catch you when you fall. ~Your loving brother

The tears run down my cheeks; my heart is so heavy with love it's almost sinking me to the floor. I turn from the counter and rush out of the kitchen, the letter clutched to my chest. I run down the hall to Lloyd's old office and burst inside, ignoring the fact that Knox is in the middle of a meeting with the company's board members.

"Yes!" I shout, finding my gorgeous man sitting at the head of the giant cherry wood conference table, looking powerful and commanding, and oh so lethally sexy in a suit. "Even if I had to wait for thirty years, Knox. My answer would still be yes."

He's looking at me, expression full of concern and absolute confusion. But then he sees the gritty yellow paper in my hand and his mouth tips up into the broadest smile. His eyes beam with a love so bright it's better than any rainbow I've ever seen. It wouldn't have mattered how long he was behind bars, there would never have been anyone else for me. He owns my heart and always will.

"You men need to leave this room," he growls, his entire demeanor changing. Those soft eyes turning lethal. His broad shoulders cocked. And that jaw of his tight and pulsing.

The suited men who look like they all belong in a country club quickly rise from the

table and scurry past me, fumbling over each other like scared kids trying to flee a burning school building. It's obvious they're terrified of their new boss. Probably afraid that they won't just lose their jobs if they don't do as they're told.

I can't help but smile at the fact that none of those men had an ounce of the same fear and respect for Lloyd. From what I'd overheard during the annual banquets my stepfather held, they hated the way Lloyd was running his late father's company. They thought he was a greedy bastard too, caring more about the money than running a quality business.

The last man makes it out the door, and then...I'm alone with my predator. With the man who looks like he's going to eat me alive. And I know he will. And I know I'm going to love every minute of it.

He rises from his leather chair and stalks toward me slowly. Every step closer making my heart beat faster. When he finally gets before me, he drops down to his knees. My pussy drooling with excitement for what's to come. But he doesn't spread my legs as I expect, ripping my clothes away like he's done every time I have them on. Instead, he takes my hand and clutches it to his chest.

"I would live through it all again, Myr." His voice is so raw with emotion that it makes me wobble on my feet. "The beating from the officers. My father's betrayal. The endless days of living hell. If I'd been given a choice of freedom or the purgatory I was living in, I would've chosen the path that led me to you. I would've chased the most violent storm just to get to my rainbow."

More tears spill down my cheeks. I love him so much it hurts. "And I promise, my sweet girl, that I will spend now until the day I die proving just how much you mean to me. Will you marry me, Myr?"

I reach out, clutching his stubbled cheeks, pressing my forehead to his. "I love you so

much, Knox. Yes, I'll marry you. And if I had to wait a life-sentence, I would've waited to be yours. No one else will ever own my heart. It belongs to you."

He leans forward, stealing my lips in a kiss, a kiss that nearly sweeps me off my feet. Then in one swoop of his arms, I'm in the air and being carried over to the dark mahogany desk that once belonged to my evil stepfather but now belongs to the man who's imprisoned my heart. And as he lays me down on the cold wood, I pray for a life sentence with my unruly man. I never want to be set free. I want to be shackled to him from now until eternity.

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Knox

Five years later...

“I ’m going to lunch,” I say, popping my head into Ryker’s office. Not surprised to find him nose down in his phone. These days he’s distracted, but I can’t blame him. I would be too if I had a daughter on the way.

“Tell Myr hi for me,” he mumbles as he types away on the thing, probably texting Rowan for the millionth time, making sure she’s laying down with her feet up. The guy’s as overprotective as I am and doesn’t want his wife straining herself. I doubt I’d be able to get Myr to take a day off of work if she were pregnant. Her water could break and I bet she’d still be under the hood of a car, finishing up a repair before she’d agree to go to the hospital. That girl is one hardworking woman.

And just thinking of my little grease monkey all dirty and in need of a real good wash is quickening my pace out to my cruiser.

As soon as I pull up to M she’s merely enjoying her lunch. But as soon as Anna’s out of sight, I shift back, unlatching Myrah’s incredible mouth and scooping her off the ground.

“I wasn’t done.” She pouts, looking like I just snatched her favorite toy away. “I’m still hungry.”

“You know daddy’s rule,” I whisper against her mouth, as I sweep my tongue in and get a taste of heaven. “You can only have your Popsicle after I get to lick on your

little strawberry.”

Her moan slips between my lips. Her hips rocking against me, trying to grind her pussy down as I carry her to the trunk of the car she was just working on. I place her down on the hood and then rip her coveralls right down the center, exposing all of her naked beauty underneath. All her lush skin, so silky and smooth.

My mouth dives right in and I begin to feast away, sucking on her ripe melons, devouring each in earnest before making my way down to the main course. But before I take a taste of my favorite meal, I kiss the spot on her inner thigh, the one with the branding of my name on it. I say a silent prayer, thanking the heavens for gifting me with this incredible rainbow. And once I’m done saying grace for the incredible pussy I’m about to eat, I let the hunger take control and I ravish my girl’s little strawberry until she drowns me in her sweet juice. Then...I fill her full of all my little seeds, praying that in two hundred and seventy days, she’ll be making me a real daddy.