

BACK RIVER

Quiver

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

ALEXA RILEY
JESSA KANE

BACK RIVER QUIVER

OceanofPDF.com

ALEXA RILEY AND JESSA KANE

OceanofPDF.com

Contents

[Back River Quiver](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Till Death Do Us Trope](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Pound of Flesh](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[More from Jessa Kane](#)

[Also by Alexa Riley](#)

[Stalk the Author](#)

OceanofPDF.com

Copyright © 2018 by Author Alexa Riley LLC. All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, email to riley_alex@aol.com

<http://alexariley.com/>

Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are a product of the author's imagination. Locales and public names are sometimes used for atmospheric purposes. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, or to businesses, companies, events, institutions, or locales is completely coincidental.

Edited by [Aquila Editing](#)

Cover Design by [Mayhem Cover Creations](#)

OceanofPDF.com

Back River Quiver

ALEXA RILEY AND JESSA KANE

Morgan is just looking to have a fun spring break until her workaholic mom brings along her new boyfriend. But when she ditches the two of them she ends up lost in a swamp, ankle deep in mud, and facing down a gator the size of Godzilla.

Rixen has been praying for God to send him his angel, his rightful mate who will live with him in the swamp and bear his children. When he finds the strawberry-blonde beauty before him in danger, he doesn't hesitate to save her. Then claim his reward.

Warning: Okay, so, um, this is amazing terrible. This is so over the top, it's on top of over the top. This book is on the level of ridiculous that surpasses all our stunts before this. You know what happens when we team up with Jessa Kane...but this is hands down the best/worst we've ever done. And we're so proud we could wrestle a gator. Spoiler: There's a lot of animal wrestling ahead. Grab your overalls and bug spray, we're going in the bayou.

OceanofPDF.com

Chapter 1

MORGAN

Morgan's flip-flop sank into a sludge and she cringed, once again pulling the cell phone out of her pocket to check for reception. Nothing. Not a single bar to be had. Usually rebelling against her mother was fun—not this time apparently.

She turned in a circle as silently as possible. Surrounded by swampland with no cell phone reception was not exactly the kind of post-graduation summer break she'd been hoping for. When her mother suggested Florida, Morgan had been on board, thrilled for a chance to work on her tan. And... fine. She hadn't been torn up over the chance to have Mom all to herself for once. Ever since the promotion, she'd been fending for herself, throwing dinners together in between homework and applying for internships. Imagine Morgan's surprise when they'd landed in Key Largo only to be greeted by her mother's secret boyfriend.

All this time. Morgan's mother hadn't been taking work trips.

She'd been getting action on the sly.

Could anyone blame Morgan for bouncing? She wasn't about to sit around the hotel watching her mother make eyes at a divorced real estate investor. Her intention was to hitch a ride to Miami and use her fake identification to sneak into a couple clubs. To take her mind off how fast her mother moved on from her father. Unfortunately, she'd taken a wrong turn—or seven—and promptly blown the right front tire of her mother's rental Chrysler.

Right at the edge of the Everglades.

Morgan trudged forward, telling herself for the tenth time that she would run into the advertised gas station sooner or later. The farther she walked, however, the more she began to suspect the sign was either ancient or the gas station had sunk right into the mud, just like her poor flip-flop. The hotel pool, leering businessmen and a virgin piña colada didn't sound quite so bad right about now.

In her halter top and shorts, bikini top tied underneath, she couldn't be dressed any more inappropriately to get lost in a freaking jungle. Morgan turned around and scanned the green, sloping trees, trying to remember which way she'd come. Oh, this was bad. Her sense of direction sucked major ass and now daylight was beginning to fade.

Gathering her courage, she cupped both hands around her mouth. "Um...hello? Out there?"

She yelped as a flock of birds broke from behind a mossy rock and scattered into the densely humid atmosphere. That's when she started to notice other sounds. Creepy ones. Sounds she never heard while tucked away in her Chicago high-rise home. Not even at her dad's ranch in California...back when she used to visit him. Divorces were the worst. Especially when your parents use you as a bargaining chip. Or leverage.

Shaking off her dark thoughts, Morgan swiped open the flashlight app on her cell and shined it toward the ground. She only had an hour of daylight left. Best not to disappear farther into the swamp. Instead, she would use the flashlight to follow her footprints in the mud back to her car—and call for roadside assistance. The way she should have done in the first place.

Plan in place, Morgan started at a purposeful clip, refusing to speculate on what kind of decomposed plants and nine-million-year-old mud was making its home between her toes. As soon as she got back to the hotel, she wasn't coming out of the shower for an hour.

A snap to Morgan's right brought her to a startled halt. What was that? Unlike the hoots, birdcalls and lapping water she'd been hearing, this sounded closer. It shifted the air. And all the other sounds ceased, like someone had hushed them.

Her blood started to thrum in her wrists and neck, the urge to run strong. So strong. Yet at the same time, her body refused to move. Fear tumbled in her belly.

"Hello?" Morgan croaked.

Another snap. This time, it was followed by the dragging of brush on earth. Low. Low to the ground. Dozens of colorful tourist brochures danced in her head. Alligator farms. Tour the everglades. All of those pamphlets had one thing in common. Slithery, green, prehistoric-looking monsters on the front. Even a city girl knew an alligator was approaching *now*. Where though? Which way did she need to run to escape it? Beginning to shake, she turned in a slow revolution, the fingers of terror sinking into her muscles, locking them up tight.

Morgan's cell phone flashlight illuminated something so horrifying, she could barely process it. She expected a regular-sized alligator, but twenty yards away was the most enormous, ugliest beast she'd ever seen in her life. Five times her size, its teeth caught the light and she could already feel them sinking into her throat.

"Oh, no. This is bad." Morgan backed up a few steps and her heel caught on a rock, plunging her to the damp, spongy ground. Her cell phone dropped, stealing the light along with it—and she screamed, scrambling onto her hands and knees. Two seconds. That was all it took for the alligator to reach her. Pain blasted up her right ankle as sharp teeth grazed her.

Run. Run. Get up and run.

Doing as her brain commanded, there was a large part of Morgan that expected the teeth to sink in again, deeper this time. Expected to be eaten alive. And a sob rose from her throat, knowing her mother would probably never find a body to bury. Oh God. She was going to get dragged into the nasty-ass swamp and chewed up, wasn't she? She should have stayed at the hotel and endured the suck-face between her mom and Too-Tan Dan. Instead she'd been impulsive, just like always. Now she'd die as punishment.

But the jaws never clamped down. Morgan ran a few steps before a yell ripped through the air, sending unseen animals scurrying in every direction and abusing her eardrums. Even with her instincts demanding she flee, she couldn't help looking back over her shoulder. The scene that greeted her eyes skidded her to a stop.

A...man?

Yeah, a man. A *huge* one. His size rivaled the alligator—and that insane bulk was being used to wrestle the animal. Successfully. It was hard to tell in the dark, but Morgan actually thought the gator looked scared of the

giant. The animal's little arms flailed as the man flipped it over onto its back, one oversized hand clamping its jaw together so it couldn't bite.

"No way," Morgan whispered. "This is better than the Discovery Channel."

And her ass needed to keep running. Because an alligator was terrifying, but a man that could wrestle one? Even scarier. Not to mention, the man-beast was utterly ripped with muscle—and was shirtless in overalls. Any city girl knew damn well that a shirtless man wearing overalls in a swamp was the beginning to a horror flick. She wasn't about to be dragged to some shack where skulls of lost travelers lined the rafters and sharp implements dangled over a torture table. Nope. Fuck that noise.

Morgan spun on a heel and booked it, inwardly mourning the loss of her cell phone. She could very well be getting more and most lost, but at least she'd live to fight another day. The pain in her ankle throbbed, but knowing how much worse it could have been, she didn't dwell.

The sound of footsteps behind Morgan brought the hammer of fear back down with a vengeance. It was the man. Alligators didn't run—at least she didn't think so. The footfalls were way too heavy, anyway. Oh God. He was gaining on her. She was fast, but not with a bum ankle. Best to face the threat with cool logic. Maybe she would be the Jamie Lee Curtis of this horror flick and make it out alive.

Morgan stopped and turned, holding her hands out. The man stopped, too, his face buried in the shadows, his acre-wide chest heaving with exertion. Holy shit. Up close, she saw the man was easily six foot seven, covered in chest hair and mud. Maybe even a little of his own blood. Big fists huge at his sides, the veins in his forearms stark in the creeping twilight. Repressed aggression hung on his body, the way heat emanates from a furnace.

If this man wanted, he could force himself on her. With ease.

A cold finger of apprehension trailed down her spine. Crazier things had happened than a weird, no-fatalities encounter in a swamp, though, right? Her only option was to pretend he was a decent human being who had only chased her down to inquire if she'd gotten lost.

Sure.

"L-look. Thank you for saving me back there. Much appreciated, man. Like. Wow." Morgan paused to swallow the nerves gathering in her throat. "You didn't happen to grab my cell phone..." Nothing from the man. Just

more shuddering of that massive chest. “Okay, no worries. Could you just point me toward the road?”

His right hand rose, one thick finger pointing at her ankle. He grunted.

Oh God. How far had she walked that the locals didn’t even speak English?

“Um. Yeah, it’s fine. Just a scratch. I’ve done worse shaving my legs.”

She trailed off at that final word, berating herself for drawing attention to her legs. Morgan wasn’t stupid. The odds that a man could come across a helpless female in the swamp—no witnesses for miles—wouldn’t take advantage? Very slim. Her pulse started to dive and skip as a result. *No, please. He’s too large. He’ll kill me.*

Personalize yourself. Hadn’t she learned a single lesson from all those true crime shows? Talk to him. *Make him view you as a human.*

“My name is Morgan,” she started to ramble. “I’m eighteen. I’m, like, really into photography and making my own soap and...uh. I’ve been taking voice lessons as long as I can remember because my mother is an ex-opera singer and wanted me to follow in her footsteps, but I’m awful. Really all I want to do is listen to biographies on audiobook and play dumb games on my phone. But I’m going to school in the fall and I’ll be studying under one of the best photography professors in the country and...do you understand anything I’m saying?”

He pointed to her ankle again.

“It’s fine, dude.” Frustration at the whole situation crept into her tone. And if she was going to be murdered by a monosyllabic overall-wearing swamp thing, she wasn’t surrendering her pride. “You know you shouldn’t just ignore all the other stuff I said. It was kind of personal.”

The man shifted in his mud-caked boots. “I have a camera,” he rasped in a voice that sounded like burnt cigar ashes. “You can use it.”

Morgan stared. “What?”

Impatience seemed to ripple through him. Impatience at himself? “I’m Rixen.” He stepped into the dull light...and presented the most incredibly intimidating face she’d ever seen. Chiseled angles, a boxed jaw covered in a beard, and drooping eyelids. Damp black hair hung down and clung to his cheeks and forehead. “You’re the angel I asked for.” One hand dropped to the lap of his overalls, where he massaged a ridge of swelling flesh. “Come with me now so I can give thanks.”

OceanofPDF.com

Chapter 2

RIXEN

Rixen must have done something to please his God. Look at the gift he'd been sent.

Years. He'd waited *years* for a woman—and although she was more of a *girl*, clearly his waiting had not been in vain. Because he'd been given the sweetest of all females. Her lack of size made him worry for obvious reasons. His lust was already building to such a fever pitch that maintaining control once he was locked in her tight little body seemed unrealistic. Rixen *would*, though. The idea of hurting this beautiful creature made him want to howl.

His attention shot to her bleeding ankle and he snarled, the hands at his sides clenched into shaking fists. Her first day in his swamp and she'd already been hurt. If he could go back in time and snap the alligator's neck all over again, he would do it in a fucking heartbeat.

Soon as he healed Morgan's injury, no harm would ever come to her again. The swamp would cower when she passed, knowing death would be visited upon anyone who came close.

Rixen took a slow breath, catching the scent of something tropical—coconut oil or tanning lotion—and his blood pumped harder. Heavier. Who was he kidding? Of all the animals in this place, *he* was the one she should fear the most. The throb in his cock was so severe that already he'd begun to leak great, sticky drops down his thigh. Every ounce that escaped became his enemy. All of the semen in his body was meant to be released inside his gift. Right between her honey-colored thighs. Now. *Now*.

Patience. You've waited this long and she is in pain.

As Rixen approached his female, he forced himself to stop pumping his dick through the denim of his overalls. It was making her nervous, if her chanting "*personalize yourself*" over and over again was any indication.

"I need to tend your wound, Morgan." He let his gaze wander over her strawberry-blonde waves, wishing for light so he could determine the color of her eyes. "We will reach our home faster if I carry you."

"Our home?" She paused in her litany, looking confused. "What did you mean, I'm the angel you asked for?"

"Exactly that. I've prayed for you. Every night for decades." Another hot spurt of seed made a trail through his leg hair. "My two brothers already had their prayers answered, finding wives in town. I..." Embarrassment lanced him in the middle, remembering how vastly different his experiences had been compared to his brothers'. "I have not. Until now."

"Oh, no. No, no. I'm not her." Morgan tipped her head back and let out a relieved laugh. "This is one big misunderstanding. I'm just on vacation with my mother in Key Largo. Or I was until she started sucking face with a guy who owns way too much Tommy Bahama. And I blew a tire back on the road." She gave him a big smile and reached out to pat his shoulder once. "I'm not wifey, man. Glad we cleared this up."

"You *are*...wifey." The word sounded ridiculous on his tongue and he scowled, a bolt beginning to turn in his stomach. Was it possible his gift didn't know she'd been sent for him?

If so, how would he convince her?

Unlike his brothers, Rixen held no appeal for women. He'd assumed when his angel arrived, she would be prepared to live with him in the swamp forever. Morgan seemed determined to leave as soon as possible. Was this another test of his strength? His decades of waiting were the first. Perhaps an unwilling mate was the next one? If so, he would conquer it. He would conquer anything for the girl in front of him.

The closer he got to Morgan, the more her beauty enraptured him. Not only due to the fullness of her mouth and the splattering of freckles on her nose. No, her spirit rang out like the church bells he sometimes heard in the distance. Honest and clear. She had been scared of the alligator, but also refused to give in to the fear. Rixen admired that. Admired the determination he'd seen in Morgan to keep running. And even now, she was clearly afraid of Rixen but refused to give an inch of ground. A fierce beauty all his own.

Mine.

God, his hands ached to unfasten her shorts and explore her pussy with his fingers. Would she be as warm and wet as he'd imagined all those lonely nights? What would it take for her to release a flood of pleasure into his waiting palm? He'd been studying books on how to mate ever since he'd woken up with soaked underwear as a teenager. Just *waiting* for this day. His chance to apply everything he'd learned. Now that Morgan stood in front of him, more gorgeous than he could have ever imagined, his wealth of knowledge didn't seem like enough. Her perfection demanded the world.

"You're making me nervous, Rixen," Morgan murmured.

Rixen realized his breathing had grown labored, his gaze fastened to the juncture of her thighs. "You have nothing to fear from me, my gift."

She hummed. "Mmm. I don't know. Sounds like you're not thrilled with the idea of pointing me back toward the road and going about your evening."

Although her tone was almost playful, Rixen could see her confidence ebbing. Yet it was becoming obvious he could do nothing to ease her concerns. She wanted to leave. He couldn't allow that. Ever. "That won't be happening. Your place is with me now."

"That's what I was afraid of," she whispered, then a thought seemed to occur to her. "Wait. What if your actual wife-to-be shows up? Aren't you worried she'll be mad when she sees me chilling in her place?"

Rixen took a step closer to Morgan, his hunger clawing at him, begging him to drag her down, muffle her screams and unburden the load between his thighs. No. No, he would not scare his mate. No harm would come to her. And fucking her without calming her fears first would definitely be harmful. "When I saw you facing off with the animal, I knew with my whole being that if he killed you, I would spend my days wishing to follow you." Craving the softness her skin promised, Rixen cupped her cheek. "My body knows we're meant to be joined. It leaks with the proof. And every time you force your fears away and speak like you're in charge, my heart grows more and more positive that you're mine. This forest could be full of women in the morning all claiming to be my gift and I wouldn't be able to stop staring at you—*needing* you—long enough to listen. I am yours from this night on. And you are most definitely mine, Morgan."

Taking advantage of her open-mouthed surprise, Rixen scooped her up into his arms, turned on a booted heel and started back toward his home. Lord above, holding this girl close was like being drunk, while at the same time being totally clearheaded. She fit against him perfectly, her feet dangling on one side, her head on a swivel as she took in the passing scenery.

“Do not worry. I won’t let anything happen to you.”

“*You’re* what’s happening, bro.” She squirmed in his arms, but he held her still. “Oh my God. This is real. I’m being kidnapped.” A sob fell from her mouth, assaulting Rixen’s ears. “On the one hand, I don’t have to constantly worry about being kidnapped anymore. It’s done. It happened, you know? This is one immersive way to face a fear.”

Rixen frowned, something sharp eating into his chest. “I do not like that you’ve been scared all this time. I was right here, Morgan, waiting to protect you.”

“What if I don’t want to be protected?”

“You said you were afraid.”

“Yes, but I was protecting *myself*. And also yes, I did just say that while being carried by a giant through the Everglades to a second location.” She leaned back in his arms, seeming to scan the trees. “Is it too much to hope for that CCTV is picking this up?”

“I’m not familiar.”

Rixen stepped over the body of the dead alligator and Morgan whimpered. “You know, my car is up on the road. It’s a back road, but still. Someone is eventually going to come looking. This is going to look much better to a jury if I’m not found chained in your basement.”

He stopped walking. “Why would I chain you up?”

Morgan wet her lips and he almost exploded in his pants from the sight. “Okay, so...you’re what? A zip ties kind of guy?”

This was definitely a test. Rixen finally meets the girl who he planned to worship until his final day on this earth and she was convinced he had evil intentions. “Angel, I want to bandage your ankle, feed you and...” He used a wave of willpower to beat back the lust before it swallowed him whole. Not easy when her tits bounced around at her neckline with his every step, the smooth backs of her thighs sending signals of need to his cock. “After I do those things, I want to take off your shorts and lay you in my bed. I want to find your little clitoris and lick it. I want to lick it so

fucking bad.” A groan ripped out of him, his mind commanding him to devour what was his. “Do most kidnappers want their victims to come on their face?”

“Was that rhetorical?” Morgan rasped, before shaking herself. “S-so this is totally a sex thing? B-because...” A shudder wracked her. “I think that’s what I’m most afraid of, man. You’re like the biggest Viking that ever Viking’d.” She shook harder. “And I’ve never...I’ve never done this. Or anything like it. Oh my God.”

“*Virgin*,” he rasped, his balls tightening all the more. Possession burning through his blood. “You’ve never had a man.”

“What tipped you off?”

Rixen glimpsed his house in the distance, outlined by the moonlight glinting off the water. Pride welled in his chest to be bringing home his mate. Any minute now, they would step over the threshold. “I’ve been waiting for my angel, and you arrive to me pure. Innocent of any touch but mine. And still you have doubts that you were chosen for me?”

She sighed up at the sky. “Oh, you’re a chauvinist, too? That’s just the icing on the cake.” Rixen didn’t know the word *chauvinist*, so he stayed quiet. “What about me? Don’t you care if *you* were chosen for *me*?”

“Ah but I was, Morgan.” Rixen climbed the porch of his home and kicked open the door. “I come to you pure, too.”

Chapter 3

MORGAN

No way this rough-hewn bayou man was a virgin, just like Morgan. No. Way.

Granted, he wasn't attractive in the classical sense. He was filthy and his hair hadn't been brushed since the Obama administration. But he was built like a freaking skyscraper. If he wanted to get laid, there had to be some swamp girls who'd be down to hit that, right? She didn't have a vast knowledge of backwoods America, but a man who could provide and protect in this kind of environment had to be a commodity.

And had Rixen seemed a little...embarrassed when he'd admitted to being a virgin?

Just like that, Morgan was relating to a man who'd made an alligator his bitch.

Oh God, how long did it take for Stockholm syndrome to set in? Was she setting a record here for feeling sympathy for her captor? No. *No, be strong, girl.* Don't look at the prideful set of his chin and wonder if maybe, just maybe, this man really wanted nothing more than to cherish her with his tongue and some squirrel stew.

Didn't matter. She wasn't sticking around. Maybe if she could lull the giant into a false sense of security, she could run for the hills once his big, broad back was turned.

"Hey, uh..."

Morgan trailed off when Rixen carried her over the threshold of his one-story cabin—the symbolism of which was *not* lost on her—and set her down. A muted glow emanated from a gas lamp in one corner of the room,

casting dancing shadows over...the most glorious room she'd ever seen in her life. Thanks to her rich parents who'd spent years trying to outdo each other, she'd seen some swank hotels and fancy vacation rentals in her time. But this rustic retreat put them all to shame.

Embers twinkled in a broad-mouthed fireplace, cushy animal pelts lining the floor in front of it, just begging to be napped on. Book shelves curved in patterns along every wall, as if following a loopy, lazy cursive. A huge picture window took up almost the entire wall opposite the fireplace, looking out over the moonlit water. And the furniture. It looked ready to swallow her whole and never let her up, its comfort was so obvious without even touching it.

Morgan turned to find Rixen watching her from beneath weighted eyelids. An enormous erection tented the lap of his grimy overalls, tension rippling in his gladiator muscles. Despite her limited experience, she knew this was a man in desperate need of relief. Wet spots dotted one denim leg and they continued to spread the longer they regarded each other across the living room. Unbelievably, Morgan found her breath coming faster, her nipples beading inside the triangles of her bathing suit top. What was happening to her? Was something about restraint in the face of his obvious hunger making her hot?

Rixen approached slowly. Here it was. The moment he threw her down and used her body like a sex doll, no regard for her screaming, searing pain.

But instead, Rixen took her hand and guided her into a bathroom, lighting another gas lamp once inside. With the effort it takes to flip a book page, Rixen lifted her onto the sink, putting her face on level with his hairy, muscle-swelled pecs.

"Does it hurt, my gift?"

"A little," she whispered, shocked at her desire to comb through that coarse hair with her fingers. "Do you have modern medicine out here?"

"I have everything you need," he said without missing a beat, lifting her ankle in a rough, callused hand. "Anything you want that I don't have, I won't rest until I get it."

"Oh." Morgan swallowed. "Cool, cool."

Rixen's mouth lifted at one end as he leaned in, reaching past her to turn on the sink tap. The hair of his beard grazed her cheek and a hot shiver tickled her spine. Oh man. Full on Stockholm's. It would claim her unless she fought. If he noticed the conflict in her, he didn't comment, his focus on

her ankle. Cleaning it off with a surprisingly soft washcloth, spreading a salve across the gash and bandaging it, his fingers so gentle, brow creased in concentration. When she found herself studying his mouth a little too closely, she cursed herself inwardly.

“Why haven’t you done it yet?” Morgan blurted, needing a reminder of the situation. *Kidnapping in progress, girl.* “We both know I won’t be able to fight you off. Maybe you’re getting off on making me wait? Letting me agonize over the when and h-how—”

“You will not fight me if I do it right.” He frowned. “That is my hope.”

“What if I do fight?”

“I will go back to studying how to please you.” Morgan held her breath as Rixen knelt down and kissed her bandaged ankle. “As far as the when, I said I would feed you first.”

“I’m not hungry,” she murmured like an idiot, completely thrown off by the way this alligator wrestler had kissed her booboo.

Rixen’s eyes flared. “I will lick you now, then.”

“W-well, *wait.*” She searched her mind for a way to stall. No one had ever seen her nether regions before, let alone tasted them. She’d always hoped she’d have the opportunity to get drunk first. Plus, she was supposed to be buying herself time to escape. “You have to clean up first!”

He rose to his full height, forcing Morgan’s head to tip back. “Clean up?”

“Yes. You’ve got dirt all over your face. If you...do that thing you said...all that dirt is going to get on me, too.”

Horror crossed his features. “No. I don’t want that.”

“Then you should shower.” She gave a nervous laugh. “I’ll hang right here and wait for the licking to start.”

“You were able to say it that time,” he rumbled, unhooking one of his overall straps. “You’re warming to the idea.”

She slapped her knee. “Must be!”

Rixen took a hesitant step toward the shower, his overalls only connected by one fastener now. “You will run away, won’t you?”

“No.”

“You’re beautiful even when you lie.”

The betrayal etched on his face made a lump rise in her throat. She needed to deny the fact she would run, but the words got stuck on their way out.

Rixen slipped an arm around her waist and eased her off the sink. “You will shower with me so I can be sure you won’t try to leave.”

“What?”

He unsnapped the other side of his overalls then and the top sagged all the way down to his waist. Morgan could do nothing but stare. *Holy Mary, mother of God.* His stomach was so ripped in places, she couldn’t even see the bottom of the dividing cuts. A curling, black happy trail ran down the center of the biggest capital V in history, the grooves traveling down his hips and narrowing, narrowing...meeting where the head of his erection jutted out of the denim, helmet shaped and purple, ready to burst.

“I understand you are innocent of men, Morgan,” he whispered in a gravelly tone. “I also understand I am more repulsive than most. Especially the part of me that weeps for you. I promise not to put my cock inside you until you ask for it. Does that ease your fears?”

“Who are you?”

Without answering, he led Morgan to the shower. He slid back a glass door and reached inside to turn the knob, starting a cascade into the oversized tub. Like the rest of the house, it was designed for comfort, all muted grays and moonlight filtering in from a window above. Steam slithered in between them as Rixen pushed his overalls the rest of the way and kicked off his boots.

Don’t look down. Don’t look down.

Morgan looked down and whimpered. “Oh dear.”

Was it her imagination or did Rixen’s face deepen with color? “Only when you ask for it.” His swallow was audibly thick. “It would be an honor to undress you.”

She was definitely losing her mind. That was the only explanation for her considering letting this man take off her clothes. But something inside was still twisted over how he’d called himself repulsive. Truly this man thought himself unwanted. And how many times in her life had she felt the same? “I have m-my bathing suit on under my clothes.” She took a fortifying breath. “Could you just leave it on?”

Intensity like she’d never encountered before filled Rixen’s eyes, shaking fingers curling in the bottom of her tank top and drawing it over her head, revealing her admittedly skimpy bikini top and bare stomach. A pained animal sound echoed off the walls of the bathroom and Rixen spun away. Even from behind, there was no mistake his hand was working

furiously on his erection, the muscles of his ass flexing and releasing. “I can’t do this,” he gritted. “You are too sweet and ripe. *I can’t stand it.*”

“Yes, you can,” she whispered, losing some of her common sense in the steam, apparently. It filled the bathroom, making her wonder if this wasn’t all just some big dream. And if it was, maybe there was no harm in exploring the way her muscles grew languid watching Rixen stroke himself, his back muscles flexing in great shifts. A damp rush made her slick between her legs, in a hot, melting way she’d never experienced. Without a formal command from her brain, Morgan unfastened her shorts and let them drop, stepping into the showers and letting the perfectly heated water rush over her body.

It was a full minute before Rixen stepped in behind her, his body crowding her into the far corner. “Your trust in me grows while my control fades, my gift.” He drew closer, a hand wrapped around his sex, pumping it slowly. “It would be so easy to fuck your little pussy right now. Make it bleed for its first man.”

Oh Jesus. “You won’t do it until I ask.” Which she never would. *Right?* “You’re a man of your word, aren’t you, Rixen?”

“I am,” he heaved, closing his eyes.

Morgan took a white bar of soap off the window ledge and slipped it into his free hand. “If you’re a good, trustworthy man...” Why don’t you let me go? That’s what Morgan meant to say. But instead, she said, “Why do you call yourself repulsive?”

Rixen breathed through flaring nostrils for several beats, before he released his gigantic manhood and started to soap his body, starting with the unbelievable breadth of his chest and traveling sideways to his underarms. “When we became men, my brothers and I went to town to find wives. They found theirs in a matter of weeks. I...”

“What?”

“I did not appeal to women. They found my way of speaking odd, which did not help matters considering how I look.” He shrugged. “To be honest, they did not appeal to me, either, but I would not ridicule them over something that could not be helped.”

Something pointed stuck in Morgan’s middle. “They were mean to you?”

“Yes,” he said simply. “Unless they were terrified. I’m not sure which was worse.” His eyes found her through the steam. “I came home and

started to wait for you.”

Okay, the reminder that Rixen believed her to be a gift should have shaken Morgan from her stupor. It didn't, though. She couldn't believe how badly she suddenly wanted to touch Rixen. Her fingers ached to run over the ridges of his chest, the planes of his face. How on earth had she gotten lost in the Everglades and found someone who echoed the same insecurities she'd lived with for so long? Their reasons were different, sure, but the root was there. Buried deep. “I, um.” She took the soap from his hands, lathering it in her palms. “My parents divorced when I was young and I could tell neither of them wanted me anymore. Not for the right reasons. I was a symbol of their failed marriage, you know?” She swallowed her nerves and ran soapy hands up Rixen's dirt-caked neck, smiling a little as his mouth fell open on a groan. “They made me choose who I wanted to live with permanently. It was the ultimate game for them. And it wasn't about me—or wanting me. It was just about winning. Owning. When I picked my mother, my dad couldn't get away fast enough.” She brushed back his wet hair to find him watching her intently. “I know what it's like not to be wanted. But it's usually never about you.”

“You will never feel unwanted again, Morgan,” he said unsteadily, leaning down to bring their mouths close. “I've been so lonely for you.”

“I've been lonely, too,” she whispered.

Their lips brushed together and she felt Rixen's erection jerk, the heavy weight of it smacking off her belly. “Will you touch me more?”

As Morgan picked up the soap again and rubbed it between her hands, sensations became impossible to ignore. The cling of her bikini material between her legs, the wetness of her triangle top tugging her nipples down via gravity. Rixen's size. His heat. The way he looked at her. She felt... cherished. Needed. “Close your eyes,” she murmured, lifting her hands to scrub at the filth on his forehead, cheeks and chin. He couldn't stop turning his face into her touch and a dangerous squeezing began in her chest. “Rinse.”

He put his face under the spray...and came away clean.

Oh Christ. Rixen wasn't unappealing at all.

No, without the hair in his face and dirt makeup, he was fucking gorgeous. Maybe it was his vulnerabilities that softened the harshness of his features. Or the way he looked at Morgan like she was his entire world.

Whatever the reason, the fearsome man she'd encountered in the swamp now appeared different to her. Worthy of touch.

Her touch. And crazy enough, Morgan needed Rixen's touch as well.

She tugged his wet head down, letting their mouths hover a breath apart. Sexual intuition guiding her way, Morgan looked up at the giant through her lashes. Innocently. Questioningly. "Will you lick me now, Rixen?"

A roar of victory and starvation filled the shower. Her feet left the ground as Rixen tossed her over his shoulder, stomping out of the bathroom and ripping off her bikini bottoms in a mighty fist as he entered the bedroom. Naked from the waist down, she was dropped onto her back in the center of an enormous four-poster bed, a lustful giant wrenching her knees open.

OceanofPDF.com

Chapter 4

RIXEN

M *y gift asked to be licked. By my tongue.*

Did that mean he'd passed the test of strength?

He'd doubted his ability to do so in the bathroom. When he'd removed her shirt to find two luscious little tits overflowing the red material of her bikini, he'd come close to snapping. To taking her against her will on the bathroom floor. Surely no man could withstand that kind of all-encompassing lust. He'd looked upon his female's naked stomach and seen his come striped across it. His hand supporting it while he fucked her brutally from behind. He'd seen every filthy dirty fantasy he'd ever imagined, but now they had a face.

Her face.

The most beautiful one in the world.

It was awash in shy pleasure now as Rixen parted her thighs with more force than intended. No help for it. His mouth salivated at the opportunity to tongue his mate to an orgasm. "Morgan. *Morgan. Fuck,*" he groaned at the sight of her pussy. It was wet and compact, waiting to be parted by his fingers. Waiting to introduce him to the sensitive pink treasure inside. The coloring of her virgin cunt reminded him of succulent summer fruit, awaiting a man's teeth to tear it apart. No. *No, you're to be gentle. Gentle with your gift.*

And what a gift he'd been given. Not only was his Morgan gorgeous with her big turquoise eyes, strawberry locks and tempting body. But she was compassionate and loving, as evidenced in the shower. Until she'd touched him and told him her secrets, relating them to the shame he'd been

carrying around, Rixen hadn't realized how vastly he'd underestimated the angel God would send him. He'd assumed the angel would tolerate him, which was more than he'd ever thought to hope for. Morgan did more than that, though. She...understood him.

Morgan's back arched on the bed and the flesh of her pussy separated just a touch, causing lust to drive like a stake into his abdomen. *My treasure waits for me.* Rixen's instinct was to dive straight for the female flesh calling to him, but he remembered the books he'd read on pleasure and forced himself to wait. Not that dragging the tip of his tongue up the inside of Morgan's right thigh was a hardship. God no, it was the greatest moment of his life, coming right behind her washing his face in the shower. He massaged her opposite leg gently, his thumb moving closer and closer to the sweet juncture he craved. And when Morgan sucked in a breath, her ass writhing on the bed, Rixen thought the books had been right. Anticipation made a woman wet. Patience. Foreplay.

He transferred his tongue to the other thigh, taking small bites of her quivering flesh, doing his best to ignore his neglected cock. He humped it against the bed futilely, but the repeated friction only made his predicament worse. Nothing would suffice but Morgan's tight little cunt. Nothing would ever suffice again. A shot of aggression hit him hard and there went the red bikini top, ripped and ruined in his fist. Cast to the floor.

Watching her pretty tits jiggle from his vantage point below, Rixen lost himself in the licking of Morgan's thighs. The bites. The kisses. Only when she gave a frustrated whimper and lifted her hips did Rixen deem her ready for more. Licking his lips in anticipation, he placed the flat of his index finger over her slit and rubbed up and down, carefully parting her flesh. Not too hard. But enough pressure to make her legs dance. "Where is the hair that is supposed to be here?" His voice emerged like a growl, so he attempted to soften it. And failed. How could he be anything but a beast when her wet, pink pussy opened for him like a flower after the rain? "It is beautiful beyond words, but I was led to believe..." He swallowed hard. "How young are you, Morgan?"

"I'm eighteen," she breathed. "It's all good. I just got waxed because I was going to be wearing a bathing suit for a week."

Rixen grunted, her delicious aroma making his hips twice as restless. *The aroma of his mate.* "I suppose I will learn to live with the knowledge that men saw you in this red bikini." He pressed his nose into her folds and

inhaled deeply, lust expanding in his belly. “I will only rest knowing it’s in tatters on my floor as I fuck your virginity onto my bedspread.”

“Who taught you how to talk like that?”

“Like that?” He held her flesh open and prepared for his first lick. “I speak only the truth.”

“Yeah, but—” She broke off into a gasp as his tongue glided the length of her slit, before settling over her clit for a slow, circling massage. *Jesus Christ*, he couldn’t have imagined the sweetness. It coated his tongue like sugar, woke his mind in areas that had been desolate lands until now. This pussy. His. Pleasing it would be his life’s mission. “R-R-Rixen. Ohhh.”

Was that wonder in her tone? Yes. His studying had paid off. Dragging the pad of his thumb side to side over her clit, he lifted his head to meet Morgan’s eyes. “Yes, my gift.”

Her taut belly shuddered up and down, her thighs trembling on either side of his head. “Did you mean it when you said...you want me to...”

“Come on my face?” Rixen rasped. “It will be my greatest honor, Morgan. I’m going to lap it up like a fucking hound.”

She twisted a little, seeming unsure. “I’ve never...*oh*.” He tucked a finger just inside her cunt to tease the sensitive nerve endings at her entrance. “What’s coming...it feels b-bigger than what I’m used to, you know?”

Could it be that his female was self-conscious? Did she not see him defiling the mattress? “You’re afraid to lose control with me?”

“With anyone,” she whispered, pink filling her cheeks.

God, she was extraordinary. Honest. Deeper than the river running outside his back porch. He would reward her honesty so she would continue to give it freely. Rixen slipped his middle finger into her snug cunt and semen spurted from the tip of his dick, his head spinning with the perfection of her. “Will it make you feel better to know my sanity will barely remain intact once I’m inside you?” He shook his head, sweat beginning to pool at the small of his back. “You will see my loss of control, as well, Morgan. You will not be alone. You will never be alone.”

With that, Rixen hooked his middle finger and pressed it to her G-spot, not moving right away. Letting her discover the sensation before he exploited it. His tongue stroked her clit as he watched Morgan hold her breath, let it out, suck it in again. Finally, her heels dug into the bed so she could fuck herself on his finger and Rixen started to jiggle the rough patch,

his mouth covering her nub of flesh at the same time, slowly sucking. Kissing. Sawing the flat of his tongue over its swelling surface until she started to quake.

Pride rose so swiftly in Rixen's chest, he almost broke from his task to bellow into her tightening pussy, but he focused and persevered, scraping the tip of his middle finger over her secret inner spot again and again, laving her clit until saliva dripped down his chin.

"Oh n-no. *Yes yes yes. Rixen.*" Morgan's fingers speared into his hair and twisted, holding his mouth fast against her little waxed cunt. Heaven on fucking earth. And the heavens opened up seconds later when her thigh muscles locked up around his head and moisture fell from her flesh in a storm of heat. *I have pleased my female.* Roaring without shame, Rixen rubbed his face in her shaking pussy, leaving no inch of his face dry.

He rose up on his knees above her, snarling into the scented air, his cock long and pained, hovering above the flesh it longed to claim. Rixen stroked it, watching through a haze of lust as pre-come dripped onto her shuddering stomach. Symbolic since his children would fill that sweet belly someday soon. Tonight if she opened her thighs to him.

"Rixen has pleased you. Say it out loud."

"Rixen has pleased me," Morgan replied, watching him from beneath eyelids at half-mast. "Like a boss."

"Your virgin pussy has been sated by your mate. Say it."

"I can't say that."

"You will. Soon."

She shook her head on the pillow. "Why do I believe you?"

Rixen leaned down, using his left hand to prop himself up while he continued to jack his flesh. He kept his attention on Morgan's face, watching her go from fascinated to something more. Something that beaded her nipples, brought her tongue out again and again to wet her lips. "A-are you going to...you know."

"I said I wouldn't fuck you until you asked, my gift. Did I not?"

"You did." With an audible swallow, she traced her palms over his thighs, her fingers sifting through the thick hair. "I'm not used to people keeping their word, I guess."

He grunted, silently vowing to kill anyone who dared hurt Morgan now that she was under his protection. "Your parents."

Morgan's fingers stopped just shy of his groin. "Mostly my father."

Rixen gritted a curse, biting back the urge to grab her hand and wrap it around his dripping cock. There was a new instinct humming inside of him. Loud. Undeniable. They were approaching something he hadn't anticipated but his mind and body collided in agreement. This was right. This was a need of Morgan's to be fulfilled and he was the man who fulfilled her every wish from this day forward. "Do you miss having a daddy, Morgan?"

Her eyes shot wide, fingers restless at the tops of his thighs. "I-I don't know..."

Yes. "Someone to care for you. Someone to tuck you in and stroke your hair."

One breath. Two. She nodded.

Rixen dropped down on top of Morgan, careful to keep most of his weight poised on an elbow. Their mouths met and breathed as one. "Your daddy didn't give you cock."

"No," she whispered.

His erection bobbed at her entrance, begging to be let in, spewing stickiness onto her slit as if to lubricate his path. "Would you like one who does?"

He could sense the struggle taking place in Morgan and admired her all the more for it. A more spirited mate he could never have hoped for. Slowly, her thighs fell open and she whispered a magical word against his lips, freeing a rush of relief and thankfulness inside of him. "Yes. I want that." She settled her small hands on his lower back, showing no outward reaction to the perspiration there. "I want you inside me."

Unable to swallow his guttural groan, Rixen fisted his dick and crammed the first couple inches inside of Morgan, kissing her mouth when she whimpered, struggling a little underneath him. "Shhh. Daddy is going to take the best care of you." He braced himself with forearms on either side of her beautiful head and started to roll his hips, inching into her untested pussy. Oh fuck. Fuck. He'd fantasized of this moment, but he'd been ignorant to the actual feel of his female. Nothing was so warm and welcoming. Tight and *his*. "You're so perfect for me," he ground out, lust thickening his voice. "You're making me a very lucky man."

"It's so big," she gasped, trembling, pushing at his hips with desperate hands.

Don't get lost in your own hunger. She needs you. "What will make it better, my gift?"

“Kiss me,” she blurted, clinging to his shoulders. “Probably.”

Rixen didn't kiss Morgan. He devoured. His books had said nothing of this. Nothing of the magnetic connection between them, the healing properties of their tongues meeting and stroking. She gentled in moments, purring noises rising in her throat. The sweet thighs wrapped around his hips melted like butter, opening for him. Allowing him to drive those final inches and seat himself fully inside his mate, her virgin barrier giving way. Moisture trickled down, surrounding their joined sexes, and Morgan stared up at him in awe, her breath pelting his lips. “It hurts. It hurts.”

Even as Rixen wished to roar in victory over possessing his mate, remorse grabbed him at the jugular. No. No, his female was hurting. He *hated* it. “Daddy is sorry,” he murmured against her mouth. “It had to happen this way. Just the first time.”

She gave a brave nod. “Next time it'll be easier?”

“I promise.” The tether on Rixen's control began to fray and he could no more stop himself from rearing back and sinking into her hot, tender cunt than he could change the patterns of the stars. “Good girl. Brave girl.”

Beneath him, her back rose in an arch, his name lingering on her lips. “Th-that felt good. It hurts *and* it feels good. Is that normal?”

“Better than normal, my gift. It's further proof you were built for me,” he rasped into her neck, pinning her hips down and preparing to fuck his piping-hot seed into her. Christ, he'd been waiting so long. Now that Morgan's pain was ebbing, he couldn't see himself hanging on to his composure much longer. Not with this brave, beautiful female clinging to him, trusting him, letting him fill her body with his cock. In his most fevered dreams, he'd never thought mating could be this intimate, this fulfilling. And more than that, he'd never imagined it would have the power to break him in half. It was his gift. It was Morgan doing this to him. She was the world. His world. “Oh fuck,” he growled, sinking deeper into her than ever before. “I've been as gentle as possible...but I can't hold on anymore. You feel those big balls resting on your pretty little ass, Morgan? They're full to the brim. You have to help Daddy empty them.”

Her sweet lips brushed his chin. “How do I do that?”

“Bite your lip and remember I'd never hurt you.” The final circle of his lust opened and heat, hunger, need broke free, wrapping him in its spell. Taking over. *Breed my female. Make her mine forever.* “Tell me you can do that.”

“I can do that.”

“Good girl.” The beast took over, making Rixen bare his teeth, trapping her little body beneath his so completely, she couldn’t break free if she tried. *Mine. Mine. Mine.* “Keep your bloodied virgin thighs open, too, or I’ll rope your fucking ankles to the bed posts.”

Her gasp of shock at the change taking him over was the final thing Rixen remembered. No, it was all tight, wet pussy from that moment forward. In the distance, he heard snarling, teeth snapping, the smack of flesh. Heard Morgan’s cries and had no choice but to interpret them as encouragement. He couldn’t have stopped under any circumstances. He delivered brutal thrusts and she received them with her little hole, her fingernails turning his back and ass to shreds. The bed didn’t just creak, it screamed beneath them, threatening to come apart.

Just like Rixen. He was coming apart for his Morgan, her sweet, sexy body wet and giving beneath him. With a roar kindling in his throat, Rixen ground down into her pussy, cinched back and did it again, his hips beginning to piston out of control. “If anyone besides me ever touches this pussy, I will rip out their fucking throat. Do you understand your daddy, little Morgan?”

“Yes,” she screamed, voice vibrating with his drives. “Oh my *God*, Rixen.”

He gripped her knees in his hands and pinned them open, unable to check the force he used to fuck, to claim. “*Mine.* Don’t ever make me remind you. Daddy doesn’t just tuck you in and ride your cunt. He can punish, too.” He snapped his teeth over the fluttering pulse in her neck. “Don’t ever test me.”

“I-I won’t,” she stammered, her eyes rolling back in her head. “I’m... I’m going to...”

Some of Rixen’s consciousness returned when Morgan’s pussy cinched up and began to spasm around him. His mate was having another orgasm, even as he took no care with her body. He would praise her for that later. Reward her. Marvel over her. But for now, the animal inside him wasn’t done. Knowing he only had seconds before his own climax hit, Rixen wrapped a hand around Morgan’s throat. “Your virgin pussy has been sated by your mate. Say it *now.*”

Still shaking violently, the words were pushed past stiff lips. “My virgin pussy has been sated by my mate,” she wheezed.

Rixen pumped deep and came, thorns of pleasure/pain sinking into his neck, the small of his back, his groin. *Too much.* A bellow broke from his mouth as come squirted from his cock into his mate's tightness, her tiny muscles stroking him like a fist. He'd waited so long, locked up his desire in chains, keeping it confined to his mind. And now he'd been gifted perfection. It hurt. Hurt so bad, even as he relieved his balls of their incredible weight. Only when he was half spent did the relief roar in to save him. Rixen threw back his head and shouted Morgan's name at the ceiling, his hips continuing to *fuck, fuck, fuck* through the utter bliss of breeding his mate.

Hours seemed to pass as the moisture left him, rolling down the insides of their thighs like cake batter, making a puddle on the bedclothes and spreading, spreading. His female would be pregnant come the morning light. There wasn't a fucking doubt in his mind. His soul.

His heart.

At the reminder of the organ in his chest—how fast she'd claimed it—Rixen's attention flew to Morgan where her head lolled on the pillows. "My gift," he choked out. "Oh, my sweet gift. I was so rough. I was..." He slid down her body, leaving kisses on her face, chest, belly, before climbing back up to claim her mouth. "You've seen the man and the beast now, Morgan. Tell me you aren't afraid of either. Because mean or not...the beast means what he says. You're mine. I'll do anything to keep you. I need you so bad."

Her blue eyes were drowsy as she smiled. "You're right. I wasn't alone. I liked watching you forget yourself." A blush climbed her cheeks. "It makes me want to lose myself even more next time."

Rixen fell on her with a groan, burying his face in her neck. "I'm not worthy of you."

After a few seconds, her fingers slipped into his hair and their bodies turned toward one another, legs twining together in a sleep pose. "I think you are, Rixen," she murmured into a lazy tongue kiss. "I think you are."

He fell asleep with a thank you to his maker on his lips...no idea that tomorrow would bring yet another test.

Chapter 5

MORGAN

Swear to God, she'd meant to escape last night. Her last thought upon falling asleep was, *as soon as he falls asleep, I'm blowing this surprisingly tasteful joint*. And then she'd snuggled closer into the warm, protective embrace of Rixen, the alligator-wrestling man beast and dropped into the most complete unconscious state of her life. A meteor could have torn off the ceiling of the one-bedroom house and she would have yawned into her new, favorite chest hair pillow and gone back to sleepy town.

Well wasn't that just terrifying? Honestly, she'd believed herself to be a mentally tough individual, able to remain objective and maintain her eye on a goal. That was before all sorts of things had happened, though. Like sex. Not just sex, though. She didn't even know how to begin describing what took place in Rixen's massive four-poster bed.

Morgan had been picturing her first sexual encounter for years. She usually got about halfway through a fantasy before the guy turned into some awkward, gangly spit machine. Or a jackhammering frat asshole. Somewhere along the line, she'd just decided to forgo the whole experience. After all, her friends were always complaining about sex being less than fulfilling. And in the midst of all that unfulfilling sex, they—for some inexplicable reason—decided to devote all their time and attention to the dude providing it. Morgan did *not* get it.

Expectation versus reality was a crazy thing. Even after the greatest oral sex she could have imagined in her non-existent scope of experience, she'd still expected Rixen to hammer away at her privates until she started

reciting the alphabet to distract herself. Yeah. But no. He'd fucked her into another level of existence, instead.

Apparently, Morgan hadn't been into dating all these years because she had a type. And that type was a big, hairy, possessive daddy. Unfortunately, Rixen was her kidnapper. She could not forget that. This little reprieve from real life could *not* last. She had college in the fall. A mother who was probably worried about her, despite their vast differences. Also, she couldn't just ditch civilization for the bayou! For a man who thought she was an angel sent from on high.

As soon as she got a chance, she would make her move.

The moment the decision cemented itself in Morgan's mind, she got an awful cramp in her belly. As if sensing her discomfort, Rixen shifted behind her in the bed, his face nuzzling into her hair. "You must be starved," he rumbled, the deep resonance of his voice plucking harp strings inside of her. He scooted his huge furnace of a body close, rubbing his erection between the cheeks of her ass. Morgan opened her mouth with a silent moan. "I will feed you something small. We feast today so you'll want to be hungry."

"Feast?"

"Yes." He trailed his open mouth along the curve of her shoulder. "I'm going to introduce you to my brothers and their wives. They live nearby and will cook for us. I sent them word last night that you'd arrived."

"You...were awake last night?" She felt herself turn red. "Was I drooling?"

Rixen went up on an elbow. "Do you think there is a single thing you could do I wouldn't find adorable, Morgan?"

Running for the hills, probably.

An awful twist took place in her stomach, but she smiled through it. "Only time will tell."

Beneath the covers, the fingers of his free hand lingered low on her belly. "My gift. If you weren't sore, you'd be face down for your daddy right now."

Heat ripped through the tender muscles south of her belly button, making Morgan suck in a shaky breath. "You're not supposed to say things like that with the lights on...are you?"

"I'm not sure you're supposed to call me Daddy. But I like it." He ran a finger along the valley of her hip. "Don't you?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Although I haven't called you that yet."

“You will.” Gently, he sank his teeth into the nape of her neck. “You’ll scream it.”

Morgan was prepared to roll over and beg for more beast action, soreness be damned, but Rixen rose from the bed and dragged on a pair of ancient jeans, looking pretty smug as he strode from the room with an erection tenting his fly. “Rest now. I’ll call you when breakfast is ready.”

As Rixen sauntered from the room with the air of a man who’d just gotten hard-core laid, Morgan couldn’t help but smile at his back. The big fella’s confidence had tripled since last night. Words spoken in the darkness came back to her in a wave and her smile slipped. Why wouldn’t he be confident? She’d referred to herself as his *mate*. In the heat of the moment, she’d meant it, too. Even now, his possession lingered on her skin like a brand. But he wouldn’t really hold her to that, would he? Wasn’t it the general rule that words spoken at the height of passion didn’t roll over into the next day? Just like cell phone minutes.

You’re an idiot. Of course he took you seriously.

So now she didn’t merely have to escape a man who believed her to be his forever angel. She had to run away when he thought the feelings he already harbored for her were mutual. And they *weren’t*.

Were they?

“No,” Morgan stressed to herself and she scooted off the bed’s edge, turning in a haphazard circle looking for something to cover her nudity. Her clothes were in the bathroom, but she’d have to cross through the living room and kitchen space to get there. She felt sticky and in need of a shower—not sexy—so she grabbed a shirt out of Rixen’s bureau, laughing when it dropped down past her knees.

On the way out of the room, she stopped to scan his bookshelf. *The Modern Kama Sutra. The Art of Cunnilingus. What Her Body is Telling You.* “Talk about being prepared,” she murmured, running a finger along the spines. “It definitely paid off.”

What if another woman had gotten lost in this bayou before Morgan? Would she have received the benefits of *What Her Body is Telling You*? A spiky ball of jealousy refused to be swallowed as she stomped into the kitchen and threw herself into a kitchen chair.

Rixen raised an eyebrow at her from the stove, his magnificent back muscles fighting for attention as he turned at the waist. “What’s troubling you, Morgan?”

She crossed her arms, her scowl deepening when her stomach growled loud enough to wake the dead. Obviously she was hangry. That's all this was. "Nothing. I'm not *jealous*." Her face flamed. "I didn't mean to say that out loud."

He flipped off the flame on the stove and approached her, brows knitted together. "What makes you jealous?"

Morgan studied her nails. "Your books. Were you just sitting here thinking of women all this time? All the ways you wanted to touch them?"

"No, I thought of *you*. I thought of..." He seemed to be searching for an explanation. "Warmth. Hope. But there was no face for my dream until you arrived. Now yours is the only face I will ever see." Before Morgan could process those words—or the fluttering they created inside her—Rixen plucked her from the chair, holding her against his chest. "I will burn the books. I will only study you from now on."

"You don't have to do that," she said, wrapping her legs around his waist, inhaling the intoxicating scent of soap and male from his neck. "But I won't stop you."

His rusty laugh sent a smile breaking across her face. But soon his mirth turned into a low moan of need. "I can't hold you like this much longer, my gift." His hands dropped to her backside and abused it with rough hands. "Not without filling your pussy with come."

Morgan's core constricted so hard, she saw stars. "Do it. Please."

"No, we will be late to my brother's house. And I need to be sure you're not pleasing your daddy at the cost of your own pain." Their mouths tangled in a damp, hungry kiss, Morgan reeling over the lust generated inside her by that title. *Daddy*. "Later I will have time to prepare you with my mouth and ease into your cunt so slow, you will not feel any pain when the beast comes out to play."

I want to play with him now. She almost screeched the words but forced herself to stay silent as Rixen let her slide slowly down his body, their sexes dragging over one another. His expression was one of regret as he stepped away and continued to prepare her breakfast. "You did not notice your present on the table?"

Frowning, Morgan scanned the surface of the beautiful antique tabletop. And when her gaze landed on the Nikon FM10, her jaw dropped. "Wait. *This is your camera?*"

He hesitated to answer while flipping the stove burner back on. “Possession is nine tenths of the law.”

“Rixen.”

“A tourist did not fare so well with the alligators,” he said on a sigh. “That was his camera. Now it’s yours.”

Morgan pursed her lips. “I should be more conflicted about this.” She picked up the camera and turned it on, checking the settings. There was an unused roll of film inside and she immediately lifted the viewfinder to her eyes and...possibilities exploded in every corner of the room. Rixen. God, she could photograph him all day. From his granite face to his mammoth body to the gentleness in his eyes when he watched her sometimes. Like he was doing now. Breathless, she lowered the camera. “It’s a great camera. Mine is newer, but it’s lacking something. Character, maybe? You would feel the pictures writing themselves on the film with this camera.”

Rixen’s expression was unreadable. “You love it. Taking pictures.”

“Yeah. I do. I...”

He set down a plate of eggs and butter-slathered toast in front of her. “You what?”

Morgan bought herself some time to answer by biting into the bread—and *oh my god*. It was the most delicious bread she’d ever tasted. “Mmmm. Um.” She swallowed. “I do love photography. But I love the leisure of it. Does that make sense? I’m kind of dreading it becoming a job. Will I still love it if I’m forced or on a deadline? I don’t know.” She took another bite and fell back in her chair. “Did you make this bread yourself?”

Rixen grunted an absent confirmation and sat down across from her, rubbing a thumb along his bottom lip. “It sounds like you weren’t looking forward too much to college.”

“Weren’t? As in, past tense.” She stopped chewing and set the hunk of bread down. “That’s one way to remind me I’m being held against my will.”

“Your legs wrapped around my hips of their own free will just a moment ago.” Morgan couldn’t respond. Not with his hot eyes tracking over her and leaving fire in their wake. “Tell me what you would do with your future. If the decision was yours alone.”

Her entire life had been mapped out by overzealous parents. She’d never actually taken the time to prod her own aspirations without factoring in their wishes. “I...would travel. I would find a place and learn its secrets

through the lens of my camera. And I'd just be on my own schedule. No one to impress. No time constraints."

This admission seemed to please Rixen. Greatly. A smile played around the corners of his powerful mouth as he stood and pushed the plate of bread closer to her. "It makes me happy to see you eat food I prepared. Please keep going."

Morgan watched Rixen move about the kitchen, his tight, thick butt muscles moving underneath the worn denim of his jeans. God, he really was extraordinary. The original man. Built to fight off dinosaurs and fend for his kin. Before she knew it, Morgan had picked up the camera and started taking snaps of him at the kitchen sink, his forearms flexing as he washed a pan. It took a few minutes for him to notice what she was doing. His double take was comical. He pressed a finger to his broad chest as if to say, *who? Me?*

She sighed. "You really don't realize how unique you are, do you?"

His confused expression made her chest hurt. Words rose in Morgan's throat. Reassurances of his appeal, despite his ferocious size. She also had a few names to call the women who'd been mean to him in town—wherever the hell this place's version of "town" was. But before she could speak, she remembered how easily he'd nixed her college plans, as if they didn't matter. As if the only thing that mattered now was being his live-in booty call.

His *gift*.

"Every subject is unique in its own way," she said in a rush, lowering her camera.

When he dropped his head in disappointment and went back to straightening the kitchen Morgan wished with all her might she could take it back.

Chapter 6

RIXEN

Rixen couldn't stem the flow of pride in his chest as he guided Morgan through the bayou. Sure, no humans were around to witness them walking to his brother's house, but every time she tucked into his side or gripped his hand, he wanted to pound his chest with satisfaction. *Mine*. It didn't matter that she reacted out of fear to every rustle in the bushes or chirp in the trees, she was seeking comfort from him. And that was a start.

Just a start, it seemed. Morgan might have let Rixen own her body in the dark last night, might have agreed to be his in her sweet, breathy voice, but she was back to being hesitant this morning. Could he blame her, though? He might have spent every day of his adult life waiting for Morgan, but she clearly hadn't done the same for him. That was hard to accept when he needed her so fucking badly, but he would accept the challenge. There was no other option, because letting her go would be tantamount to death, now that he'd spent time in her presence, tasted her skin and mouth. Witnessed her spirit.

He looked down at Morgan where she sidestepped a dead plant in her insubstantial sandals. *Flip-flops*, she called them. She needed boots. Pants. Protection from the elements. But he was too scared to leave and procure these much-needed items for her, fearing she would run. No, not fearing. *Knowing*. And if they traveled to town together, his courageous girl would tell everyone he was holding her against her will.

He was, wasn't he? He was keeping a woman prisoner, whether he was being nice to her or not. That reality weighed heavily as they neared his

brother's home, the smell of a wood fire reaching and filling his nose. What if Morgan never came around to the idea of remaining with him? Would he hold such a beautiful free spirit in the swamp forever?

"What's the frowny face about?" asked Morgan.

Rixen forced his brow to smooth. "I was thinking you should be dressed in finer clothing," he hedged, the lie singeing his tongue like acid. "The weather is unpredictable here and you're clothed for the beach."

Morgan looked down at her jean shorts and tank top. He'd done his best to launder them, but after he'd ripped her bikini to shreds last night, her tits were free to bounce around at the neckline, her nipples all but visible through the sheer material. He couldn't even think about her bare pussy inside the shorts without panting, his cock lifting and getting caught in the waistband of his jeans. Bringing his woman around other men without her body covered to his liking was going to prove extremely difficult, but he'd been left with little choice. His clothes draped around her like a nightgown and she'd only scoffed when he'd suggested it.

"When we reach my brother's house, I will ask if you can borrow some clothes. Just until I'm able to make a trip to town."

A tree rustled above and Morgan jumped, throwing herself into his side. "You had everything else ready. An extra toothbrush, scented lotion, your sexual expertise. Why no clothes?"

Rixen's face colored. "I thought you would arrive more prepared."

"Like maybe God would send me with a little suitcase full of essentials?"

"You're laughing at me."

"No." She surprised Rixen by winking up at him. "You've been really sweet to me, as far as kidnappers go. You get a glowing report."

Was she flirting with him or being sarcastic? If only he'd studied books about female behavior, maybe he wouldn't be so lost right now. He nodded to the camera around her neck. "Do you want to take some pictures, my gift?"

"I'm dying to. This place is kind of scary, but...it's eerily pretty." She blew out a breath and let go of his hand to point into the distance. "See how those shafts of sunlight split apart the trees. I want to shoot it from, like, ninety angles. Different exposures."

Rixen's earlier hope returned. When they sat at the kitchen table and she'd confided about her desire to learn a location's secrets and photograph

it, he'd started to glimpse possibilities. Yes, the swamp could be an intimidating place, but he knew from experience people could adapt. Rixen was born to this land, along with his brothers. But some came here to escape the demands of society, others were brought here—like his sisters-in-law. Once Morgan knew how to navigate the Everglades in a safe manner, she could learn to call it home. Even learn to be happy. With him. “Go. I would like to watch you work.”

Excitement danced in her features. “Won’t we be late?”

He caught her hand and brought it to his mouth, kissing her knuckles. “You are most important, Morgan.”

They stared at one another for a long moment and Rixen’s heart started to pound triple time, his intuition telling him Morgan was beginning to feel something for him. Why else would that pulse at the base of her neck be fluttering so fast, her eyes softer than usual as their bodies moved closer, closer beneath the trees. As if gravity wouldn’t allow for anything else. Before he could bend forward and kiss her exquisite mouth, though, she danced away and began taking pictures, her skin noticeably flushed.

Rixen did his best to content himself watching Morgan crouch down and go up on her toes to catch different angles, even though his cock was a stiff rod inside his jeans. At one point, she couldn’t get high enough for a shot, so Rixen threw her up on one shoulder. It felt so good providing a place for her to rest, he continued the remaining distance to his brother’s house with Morgan seated there. Her creamy, naked thighs so close to his mouth did nothing to ease his aroused condition, but the sound of her giggle sent a happy jolt to his heart.

That happy jolt waned when his youngest brother answered the door, a toothpick stuck in the corner of his mouth. The little piece of wood fell to the ground when he caught sight of Morgan, his posture going from lazy to alert. “This...” Rod started. “*This* is your bride, Rixen?”

Morgan shifted from her perch. “*Bride?*”

The awe in Rod’s voice had not pleased him. In fact, nothing about his brothers pleased him, but they were family and Rixen, as the oldest, refused to shirk his commitment to them. It was written in blood, whether he liked it or not. “Yes.” He let Morgan slide off his shoulder, catching her against his chest. “She is mine.”

His middle brother, Gus, joined Rod in the doorway. “No way.” He gave a rasping laugh. “Is she blind or some shit?”

“Yeah.” Both brothers doubled over, laughing in earnest now. “She couldn’t have actually *seen* you, brother.”

Gus took a step closer—too close—and Rixen growled, curving his body around Morgan protectively. “Blink twice if you’re being held against your will,” Gus said on the tail end of a guffaw. “Girl looks like you, she has to have better options. *Any* other options.”

Dread settled in Rixen’s belly. This was it. Morgan was going to seek aid from his own brothers. The men who’d been ridiculing him since they learned how to speak. Since they realized he was bigger and uglier than everyone else. Instead, Moran skirted around Rixen and extended her hand toward Gus and Rod. “I’m Morgan. The gift. Nice to meet you.” She shook both of their hands. “Now if you’re finished being dicks, maybe you could invite us in?”

OceanofPDF.com

Chapter 7

MORGAN

As they ate their meal, Morgan quickly saw what was happening in this corner of the swamp. Rixen's brothers were awful people. *Truly* awful. They poked fun at Rixen, insulting him, trying to get a rise out of him. And he never once took the bait, simply making sure Morgan had everything she needed, watching her eat with affection written on his features.

Gus and Rod were jealous of their older brother. It was obvious. He was bigger, smarter, smelled better, had more patience and the sweeter crib. Even their wives, who mostly remained quiet in the midst of their husbands' obnoxious mealtime antics, seemed relieved to have Rixen around. As if he was proof that men could be decent, even if theirs couldn't.

For Morgan's part, she was really beginning to get pissed.

Around the tenth time Gus and Rod commented on Rixen's new bride obviously being held under duress—because no sane woman would want such a monster—she came to a decision. They were going to eat their words. Today. Fine, she *was* being held against her will, but not in the way they suggested. As if she'd been clubbed and dragged back to a cave, chained there and treated like a prisoner. It hadn't been like that.

Rixen treated her like a princess.

Guilt moved in as the plates were cleared from the table. She hadn't exactly been nice to Rixen, either, since they'd met. On the way there, she'd even called him a kidnapper. Meanwhile he'd paraded her around the bayou on his slab of muscle shoulder and told her she was important. More than

that, he *listened* to her. Asked her what *she* wanted. When had anyone ever done that for her and meant it?

“We’ve got a leaking pipe under the sink,” said Gus’s wife. “I’ll just bring these out back to the creek.”

“I’ll help,” said Rod’s wife with a long-suffering sigh, rising from the table.

Morgan knew she should offer to help, but she had work to do.

Rixen pushed back from the table. “I’ll take a look at the pipe.”

The woman of the house smiled. “Oh, thank you, Rix—”

“Don’t need you looking at the pipe in my own house,” Rod sneered, bashing a fist off the table. “I said I would get around to the fucking thing.” The wives of the men didn’t comment, simply leaving the small home while the men faced off across the table. “Don’t worry about my responsibilities. Worry about your woman leaving your ugly ass behind as soon as she gets the chance.”

Gus piped in. “Maybe she forgot what she looks like, since your face done broke all the mirrors hanging in your house.” He leered at Morgan and she heard a low growl kindling in Rixen’s throat. “I’m here to remind you, sweetheart, you are f—”

Morgan lunged to her feet, sensing that if Gus finished that sentence, his wife was going to be cleaning up a lot more than plates. Like a crime scene. “Rixen, can I talk to you in private?” She went to him and danced her fingers up his chest. “Please?”

The P word seemed to grab his attention. “Are you feeling okay?”

Fine, so she could stand to be a little more polite if saying please made him question her health. “Actually, I...” She crooked her finger for him to lower his head. “I need you to hold me,” she whispered in his ear, feeling her nipples peak inside her tank top at the truth of her words. “I miss you touching me.”

His chest moved like a shifting mountain range. “You do?”

“Yes.” She wound her arms around his neck, settling her body against him, dragging it side to side. “I don’t think I can wait until we get home.”

Rixen’s erection rose so quickly, she gasped, moisture trickling between her legs and dampening the seam of her shorts. She could feel both brothers watching in stupefied silence and grew even more determined to make them feel like idiots. Yeah, her method was kind of naughty and unconventional. But she was probably never going to see them again, right? It wouldn’t hurt

to give Rixen this moment to hold close next time they treated their own brother like an outcast.

“Morgan...” Rixen started in his charred cigar ashes voice. “We are not alone.”

“I know.” She hit him with a pleading pout and he caved, right then and there, his jaw slackening, eyes molten. “I want you inside me. You feel so good there.”

She was ripped from the floor with a growl, carried against Rixen’s heaving chest to what she assumed was the closest bedroom. His loud strides thundered on the floorboards, a satisfying silence following them from the dining room.

That’s right, bitches. Rixen is about to get it.

“When you speak to me like this, Morgan, I fear for my self-control.” He buttonhooked into a dark room and kicked the door shut, throwing her up against it. Hard. And volcanic heat stole through Morgan having his giant body pin her there. She felt small and feminine and breakable with her feet dangling off the ground—it thrilled her. Made the flesh between her legs quicken, searching for its new...mate. Mate. Had she just thought that word without a single hesitation? How could such a primal word possibly feel so right?

But it did. When Rixen’s big, hungry sex welded itself to the juncture of her thighs and he began thrusting, fucking her through their clothes against the door, she felt animalistic. Willing prey for a godlike predator. *Slamslamslam* he dry-humped her into the hard lumber, snarling filthy curse words into her neck.

“I want to give,” Morgan whimpered. “I want you to take.”

“No. No, my gift. The beast is already taking over.” He ground into her hard, his teeth snapping at her bottom lip and catching it. “I had no control when you were scared. But this? You wanting me...*asking* for me? My restraint is no match for such a miracle.”

His admission reminded Morgan of her mission to make Rixen understand his appeal. To believe how worthy he was, despite what his brothers had made him believe. She wiggled her way down to her knees, which turned out was quite a drop. Thankfully, Rixen caught her under the arms at the last second, easing her down to the floorboards. There she was, kneeling in front of a man. A humongous man. His erection jutted crudely against his fly, a spreading damp spot marking the tip. Christ. It was

massive. How could her small, inexperienced mouth possibly give him what he needed?

Rixen attempted to draw her to her feet once again. “You must not, Morgan. I haven’t even allowed myself to imagine fucking your little mouth.” His stomach shuddered, he groaned loudly, and more moisture appeared on the lap of his jeans. “I will lick you instead. I am *starved* for you.”

“No, I want this,” she whispered, gathering her courage and unfastening his jeans, swallowing heavily when his manhood sprang free, purple and angry looking. It was just like the rest of Rixen. Fearsome, but beautiful in its vulnerability. It *needed* her. Morgan scooted forward on her knees and took Rixen in her mouth, forcing her lips to stretch wide enough to accept the head. Saltiness greeted her tongue and coasted down her throat. Rixen fell forward and braced himself on the door, forming a manmade bridge of muscle above her.

Damn. He was...glorious. As she suckled him, her hands lifting to stroke in twisting motions, his ten-pack abs flexed and shook, his nipples crowning into hard points. *Best seat in the house*, she thought in a daze, his taste beginning to consume her. It was brutally male and tangy and...addictive. Along with his short, bursting groans and the awestruck way he watched Morgan take his flesh into her mouth, she started enjoying herself. *A lot.*

Her breaths came faster and faster through her nose, her hands moving quicker, greased by his spurts of come. His sweat. Her saliva. The combination of all three covered her lips as she sank him deeper, farther toward her throat with every effort. On the other side of the door, she heard floorboards creak, but couldn’t have cared less by that point. This stolen time together might have started as a way to give Gus and Rod the middle finger, but now it was only about Rixen. Her. Them together. Feeding this fever.

“Is this how you want Daddy to tuck you in at night?” The fingers of Rixen’s right hand tangled in her hair. His hips crowded her until the back of her head was trapped on the door, Rixen’s hand cushioning it against the hardness. “Answer me with your eyes.”

Feeling as though she’d slipped into a trance, Morgan looked up at Rixen with pleading eyes, massaging the underside of his meaty arousal with her tongue. *Yes. I want that.*

“You’ll never know another’s taste but mine. Nod your pretty little head to let me know you understand.” He pushed deeper than ever, nudging the very back of her throat. “That cock filling your mouth is your breeder. *I* am your breeder. Know my taste.”

Oh my god. Morgan’s inner walls clenched so hard, she cried out around Rixen’s erection, her fingers growing restless on his thighs. She needed him. Already she was dancing toward the edge of the precipice, thanks to his possessiveness. Is this what she wanted? To be owned by this man and made to have his babies? Yes. Yes. In this moment, she could want nothing more. She made a mewling sound and his hard flesh left her mouth, the absence of her anchor making her pitch sideways on her knees.

No matter, though. Rixen hefted her up, and without a single toe touching the ground, she was impaled by his thick sex against the door. With such force, the whole wall seemed to shake, along with her womb. Her vocal cords vibrated, too, her scream hanging in the air like a cloud of mist. It wasn’t any normal scream, however. No, it had a name.

“*Daddy.*”

Sunk inside her to the hilt, Rixen stilled and bared his teeth. “Say it again, Morgan. Who is the master of this pussy? Who will breed you at his will?”

“Daddy,” she sobbed, her intimate muscles tightening up around him. A flood of heat raged through her pooling where their bodies joined. She needed relief. Needed him. *Needed* so bad. “Rixen. *Please!*”

His forehead pressed to hers, his hips beginning a slow, teasing fuck where she needed fast, hard, mean. But the light hazel of his eyes drew her in. So much intensity there. “Why did you do this here?”

“Because I needed you,” she said in a rush, climbing his hips with restless thighs, trying to entice him into thrusting. Hard enough that she would see stars. “Isn’t that enough?”

“Tell me all of it, my gift.”

Morgan made a frustrated sound. “Because you’re special. You’re important. You’re more than worthy of me, and I wanted them to know it. I wanted them to *hear* it.” Rixen gave her a single hard drive and she cried out, her heels digging into the meat of his ass. “B-but now I can’t think of anything but you. There’s just you.”

Their eyes locked and something turned over in Morgan’s chest. Something huge and scary. Wanting to avoid it and focus simply on the

pleasure, she leaned in and coaxed Rixen's sculpted mouth into a kiss. A kiss that quickly turned into a frenzy, his hips bucking in time with his tongue, the slant of his head.

"My Morgan," he rasped in between a hurried meeting of tongues. "I thought my maker would send me a mere partner. A suitable mate. Instead I've found the missing piece to my soul. I've found my reason for being on this earth."

Her heart squeezed hard enough to steal her breath. "Rixen..."

"Shhh. We have time to speak of these things." He groaned into a door-rattling thrust. Then another. Another. "Now I must breed you. Your body demands it."

"Does it?"

He pressed their cheeks together and gave an uneven nod, his breath turning labored. "Close your eyes. Feel how your cunt begs Daddy to fill it with his come."

Those words alone had the power to push Morgan over the edge, but with the last of her coherency, she did as Rixen asked. Because obeying him in this position felt natural. Felt right. Not to mention hot. Her eyelids fell, her focus dropping to their joined lower bodies. And oh my God, Rixen was right. Her sex clenched and rippled around him, stroking him to release without a formal command from her brain. It worshipped him, tightening and releasing around the incredible length of his manhood, root to tip. Begging.

"Don't make me beg too hard, Daddy," Morgan whispered, arching her back. "I have the taste of you in my mouth, now I want it everywhere."

That set him off, his hips brutalizing her with a wicked pace. Again, she heard whispers on the other side of the door but ignored them. Could think of nothing else but Rixen's hardness filling her over and over, smacking her bottom up against the door with the force of his movements. "My seed will drip down your legs as we walk home. You will smile and leave it to dry in the sun."

"Yes, Daddy!" she screamed, the tide inside her beginning to rise. "Give me it."

Rixen tossed back his head and roared, giving her three final pumps, before grinding her into the door with his huge member—and the world fragmented around her. Again, she screamed, her muscles seizing, entire body shaking where she remained pinned like a rag doll against the door by

her big enforcer. In the throes, Rixen socked a fist into the wall beside her head, his jagged moan accompanying the sluicing sound between their bodies. Bodies melded, trying to climb inside one another. Rixen gave another stuttered thrust. Another. He shook violently and in turn, so did she. Wet heat flooded Morgan and she swore she could feel her body absorbing as much as possible. Desperately. Craving the planting of Rixen's seed. When she thought he'd finished, he only kept her thighs aloft in strong hands, slowly fucking into Morgan the rest of what he had inside himself.

He looked her in the eyes while he did it. While her body clamored to keep what he gave her. "Rixen," she breathed.

"Morgan." He smacked a fist to his left pec, right over his heart. "My Morgan."

She could only nod, the future still unclear...but slowly beginning to take shape.

No one would ever make her feel this safe, this loved, this desired ever again. It just didn't happen twice. Her youth and inexperience didn't matter—it was fact. This thing between them was not typical. It was...amazing.

"Take me home," she said, laying her head on his chest.

Inside it, Rixen's heart thundered. "Always, my gift."

They took a while to get dressed and hold each other, Rixen unable to stop kissing her neck, face and knuckles, his smile coming more and more easily. And minutes later, Morgan couldn't admit to more than a little smugness when Rixen carried her limp body past his brothers and out the door, neither one of them sparing the idiots a glance.

Chapter 8

RIXEN

The next twenty-four hours were the happiest of Rixen's life. Morgan seemed to relax once they left his brother's home. He stopped fearing she would run every time he turned his back or left the room. Every once in a while, he even caught her watching him. Lustfully. A fact he still couldn't wrap his mind around. This angel with big turquoise eyes and a compassionate heart wanted him. Wanted his cock inside her at all hours of the day, to be exact.

In between lazy conversations about their childhoods and favorite foods, books and hobbies, Rixen fucked her every time his dick got hard. Which was frequent. It didn't help that her only tank top was now stretched out from their rough play at his brother's home. Now it barely covered her delicious pink nipples. Her thighs, her mouth, her scent, her voice. All of these things proved too tempting over and over again. Sometimes Morgan would be mid-sentence, telling him about something called *Real Housewives* and Rixen would have to unzip his pants to accommodate his growing length. She was simply too beautiful, too good to be true, too tight between her thighs. One day they would make it to nightfall without Rixen having to molest her on the closest flat surface while she screamed and clawed at his shoulders, but he suspected it might take years. His sac seemed to fill twice as fast now that she'd arrived, his desire to get her pregnant fierce and undeniable.

Morgan seemed deep in thought now as she sat on his lap at the kitchen table, draped in one of his T-shirts. He simultaneously fed her bites of a cheese omelet, swallowing hard every time she moaned around the fork,

already knowing it would be time for another fuck soon. She was freshly showered and soft and fragrant. The small curve of her bottom sat snug and tight on his dick, the sweet crack he'd licked just hours ago cradling his growing bulge. This time she would receive him face down, so he could spread her cheeks and watch her back entrance clench as he rode her. He'd hook his pinkie finger inside that untested place—

Enough. Lord, he was depraved. Fuck hungry for his mate. Morgan seemed to enjoy taking him often, but he shouldn't squander his gift. He should cherish her. Not slake himself on her every chance he got. Feeling the need to thank her, worship her, Rixen cleared his throat.

"I will build you a dark room, Morgan. A place to develop your photos." He tugged her closer and buried his nose in her still-damp hair. "The chemicals will not be easy to come by out here, but I will have someone place the order in town. I'll make it happen."

Excitement built in her expression. "I would love to see the shots I took yesterday on our walk." She twisted on his lap to face him and Rixen swallowed a groan. "I guess I wouldn't mind seeing the ones of you, too."

A knot formed in his throat. "Every time you bring up yesterday, I think of what you said to me. How you defended me in your own way." He wrapped her hair in a fist and tilted her head back, listening to his heartbeat grow rapid in his ears. "My brave, beautiful angel. Do you understand that I'm obsessed with you?"

Her lips parted on a breath. "Yes," she whispered. "I also understand I could be pregnant. I was on the pill, so that first time seemed safe, but now I've missed two and..." Her laugh held a touch of disbelief. "I should be way more worried. Why am I not way more worried, Rixen?"

This was the first he was hearing about a pill and didn't like knowing she'd been prevented from nurturing his seed in the beginning. It made him all the more anxious to part her legs and fill her with more. More. Again and again. "You are not worried because you know I will provide for what is mine. My family." He tugged her face close for a kiss, their tongues meeting first, mouths sliding into a writhing dance. After a moment of the incredible torture, Rixen pulled away. "Is it possible you are becoming obsessed with me, too, my gift?"

"I don't know what I'm beginning to feel. Scared...but alive," she murmured. "I just know that every second that passes, the more this feels like home. The more *you* feel like home."

Rixen's chest swelled with satisfaction, but he didn't let himself get carried away. He wouldn't rest until Morgan's happiness was no longer confusing to her. Until her smile was easier, less hesitant. When she'd arrived, he didn't know if her total contentedness was possible, but now he believed. She'd *made* him believe, by trusting him, defending him. Believing him to be worthy. "That makes me very happy, Morgan," he rasped. "I only want to make you happy."

"I know," she murmured, searching his face. "I-I'm starting to think you can."

They fell into another winding kiss that knocked the breath out of Rixen. He grasped her around the waist and turned her in his lap to face him and—*goddamn it to hell*. The sweet pressure of her tight cunt rocking on the ridge of his flesh gave him life. The chair creaked beneath them as she worked him into a lather, her fingers linking behind his neck as she leaned back, giving him a view of their lower bodies grinding together. Naked pussy on denim.

"Call me by my name," he demanded.

Her breathing hitched as she leaned in and clung to him, her hips pumping faster now, his little angel fucking herself on him to an orgasm. "Daddy. Daddy."

As always, when she called him by that title, victory broke loose in his gut. Rixen gripped her butt cheeks and squeezed hard, helping her move, earning a grateful moan. "What else?"

She laid her open mouth on his neck, whimpers and gasping falling past her lips. "Breeder. M-my breeder." He sensed a dam giving way inside her. "Breed me, Daddy. I want it. I want it. *I can't help it.*"

With a growl, Rixen surged to his feet, slapping her ass down on the kitchen table and reaching down to unzip his jeans. When he took out his cock, semen sprayed from the top, coating the back of his hand and her thighs. *Need her. Need Morgan.* He guided the moist head of his cock toward her waiting pussy—

A knock at the front door went through the room like a gunshot. Rixen paused with his cock in his hand for a moment, before performing the painful task of stowing his erection away and zipping his jeans. "It's probably one of my brothers."

"Oh." Still breathing heavy, Morgan rolled her eyes adorably. "Hooray. Break out the good china."

“So feisty,” he breathed at her mouth, tugging the shirt down to hide her sweet cunt. “Save that spirit for your daddy so he can enjoy it later.”

Pink-cheeked, Morgan nodded and slid off the table. Rixen couldn't help stealing another kiss before heading to the door. But what he heard next stopped him in his tracks.

“Police. Open up.”

His inner peace shattered in an instant, leaving him in turmoil. Where a moment ago, he was a man with no concerns, save winning the love of a woman...he was now an animal defending his mate. *Keeping* his mate. At all costs.

If he'd had more time with Morgan, maybe he wouldn't have panicked. Maybe he wouldn't have feared for the worst—that she would leave with the police. Or consider their arrival a rescue. So many maybes. But it boiled down to this. No one was taking Morgan away from him. Not even Morgan herself. And he couldn't risk it happening. Not with his very sanity at stake.

With a roar building in his chest, Rixen wheeled around to find Morgan watching him wide-eyed across the kitchen. She didn't know whether to leave or stay—Rixen could see it in her eyes. No. No. They just needed more time.

They didn't have it, though, so he would buy it the only way he could.

Already knowing the damage his actions would cause, but no idea how to avoid it, Rixen stormed toward Morgan and scooped her up, hastening toward the bedroom. He hesitated at the closet door, before kicking it open and depositing her inside.

“Rixen, what are you doing?”

It anguished him to ignore her, but he focused on tearing a strip off the closest shirt in his closet and gagging her beautiful mouth with it. Tears lay unshed in her beloved turquoise eyes, ripping his soul in half. *Mistake. This is a mistake.* His heart knew it, but his fear of losing her overwhelmed everything in its path. “I am sorry, but I can't risk you leaving me, my gift. It will be over soon. I just need more time with you.” Another knock at the door. Louder this time. “Please understand.”

Hating the betrayal on her face, he closed her in the closet and went to face the police.

A man was mid-knock when Rixen opened the door. Him and his partner immediately stepped back, their hands moving to hover over their weapons. Rixen only watched them in silence, his hatred for them

mounting. Hatred for shattering the growing happiness between him and Morgan. For forcing Rixen to betray her trust.

A voice in the back of Rixen's head told him they'd forced him to do nothing. That his own fears and insecurities had hurt his mate's feelings. But he ignored the voice and focused on his anger. These men would not separate him from Morgan. No one would unless he was cold and dead in the ground.

"What do you want?"

At the low timbre of Rixen's voice, the men backed up farther. The one in front appeared braver, however, wetting his lips to speak. "There was a car broken down about two miles back at the road. A girl was driving it. Young. Reddish-blond hair. Goes by the name Morgan." The cop's eyebrows went up. "Odds are she didn't make it this far without getting snapped up by a gator, but we're performing our due diligence. You wouldn't have happened to come across a young thing out this way? Have you, mister..."

"Rixen," he snapped, annoyed by having another man describe his woman's appearance. "No. There has been no one."

It was then that he noticed where the second cop was focusing his attention. In his haste to hide Morgan and answer the door, Rixen had forgotten to don a shirt. Scratch marks left behind by Morgan crisscrossed his chest, arms, neck, shoulders. Hell, they could probably smell the sex on him. He'd fucked her at least six times since his last shower.

There wasn't a chance in hell these men would believe the mating had been consensual. No. They had eyes. In their minds, a man like him could never persuade a gorgeous female like Morgan to open her thighs. Not without force.

"Her mother is very worried about her." Their hands crept closer to their weapons. "How's about we come take a look inside?"

Rixen propped his hands on either side of the doorframe. "Do you have a warrant?"

Silence ticked past. "You can bet we'll be back with one."

He didn't budge from the doorway until both cops took their leave, their suspicion and alarm lingering in the air. As soon as they'd gained the clearing and left in their squad car, Rixen locked the door and moved at a fast clip toward the bedroom, guilt like a manacle around his neck. His poor Morgan. Would she hate him? Was she uncomfortable?

No. She was neither of those things.
She was gone.

OceanofPDF.com

Chapter 9

MORGAN

Morgan ran at full speed through the bayou, leaping over downed trees and dodging hanging vines. Tears clogged her throat and made it difficult to see. How could he? How could he put her in a closet and lie to the police? Especially after they told him her mother was worried? Selfish man. Selfish *monster*.

The mental accusation made her feel bad, which was proof she'd lost her fucking mind! How could she have sympathy for a man who'd gagged her and locked her in a closet? He was a kidnapper, through and through. And she'd been a complete idiot for forgetting it. Worse than that, she'd... she'd fallen for him. Even now she could be carrying the man's baby. Why did that give her a warm, happy feeling? She should want to shoot off his massive dick for trying to get her pregnant without so much as a conversation about the future.

There was a rustling in the brush to Morgan's right and she skidded to a halt, her sides heaving with exertion. This was literally the worst episode of *Naked and Afraid* ever. Because in her shirt and no panties, that was essentially her condition. If she didn't have malaria and a bite taken out of her by the time she reached some kind of civilization, she'd be shocked.

A bellow of anguish sounded in the distance—Rixen—and Morgan forgot all about the movement in the brush and started sprinting again. While browsing through Rixen's extensive book collection, she'd come across a crude map of the bayou and knew there was a small town in this direction. Maybe she should have alerted the cops once she'd freed herself

from the closet, but she'd been worried for their lives. No way would Rixen let them cart her off back to Key Largo. He'd kill them first. So she'd run.

After another three minutes of a flat-out sprint, Morgan's feet started to hurt. The stickiness of the swamp air wouldn't allow her to draw a decent breath, either. But that's when she heard Rixen's footsteps pounding after her, so she picked up the pace, pumping her arms and legs—

Until that rustling in the brush grew louder. Louder. Followed by a terrifying growl.

A cougar leapt into her path and Morgan let out a blood-curdling scream.

Less than ten feet away, the animal bared its teeth, appearing ready to spring. Its coat was mangy and filthy, its fangs dripping with saliva. Hunger. A predator. And she was the prey. She went through a lifetime's worth of Discovery Channel viewing and came up empty. Run or don't move? What the hell was she supposed to do?

Turned out, the cougar didn't care about her fight-or-flight instincts. It just wanted lunch. It lowered its body in a ready stance and leapt at Morgan. She closed her eyes and cried out, waiting for sharp teeth to sink into her skin. But the pain never came. Instead, there was a loud shout of denial and Morgan opened her eyes to find Rixen battling the cougar, rolling on the soft earth. Rixen's muscles shone with sweat, bulging and shifting as he fought for supremacy. Animal versus animal. But the cougar was mightier than the alligator had been and not as easy to subdue. Its teeth found Rixen's shoulder and slashed the skin, leaving blood pooling in their wake.

Morgan snapped herself out of her horrified daze and searched the ground for a weapon, wanting to help Rixen even if he was a low-down, dirty kidnapper. He'd saved her life twice, hadn't he? At the very least, she should return the favor. Before she could find a makeshift club or something sharp, however, Rixen gained the upper hand with a guttural curse and punched the animal across the face. Once, twice. Again, the cougar surged up, giving Rixen no choice but to end its life with a twist of his deadly grip.

The bayou seemed to suspend all animation as Rixen stood and approached Morgan, blood trickling from his shoulder wound and another cut over his eye. "My gift," he rasped. "I am sorry. Please come to me."

Despite her anger at him, Morgan couldn't help the chemical reaction that took place in her body, watching Rixen conquer an animal that'd

wanted to kill her. The rush of lust was swift and consuming. She'd been protected by a superior being. Defended at the cost of injury. An instinct to praise those actions was undeniable, the way it had probably been within women since the beginning of time. *Reward the male. Show him his worth. Show him yours.*

Morgan gave a close-mouthed moan, her body shaking in its effort to coat her flesh between her thighs with moisture as fast as possible. Awareness prickled her skin with the need to have Rixen inside of her. She'd stopped running long minutes ago, but she breathed like she'd never stopped. Rixen watched the transformation happen in her beneath heavy eyelids, his flat male nipples turning to points, an erection filling out the front of his jeans.

God. God, he was massive and invincible and mighty.

Her anger was no match for the urges he inspired. They were base and...naughty.

"I'm mad at you," she whispered, intending to push at his chest but scraping her palms over his pecs and corrugated stomach instead. "So mad."

"And yet you touch me." Rixen's voice shook. "You touch me when I do not deserve it."

Morgan swallowed when he took a step closer. "You did just wrestle an actual cougar."

His breath fanned her forehead. "I will protect you until I die."

In other words, *you're staying here with me, bitch.* In her heightened state of arousal, Morgan didn't want to hear that. Didn't want to hear anything that might make her mad and deter the mission to slake this sudden bout of hunger.

No. Not sudden. She'd been almost crazed with lust for Rixen for days. Insatiable.

It would never go away. How would she live without him inside her? How would she live without his humble smile and sweet gestures? No one had ever cared for her so well. So completely. A sharp object twisted in Morgan's belly and she cast the thoughts away. *Don't think about that right now. Just get rid of the ache.*

She took off her T-shirt, leaving her naked in the muted bayou light. Correctly interpreting the gesture, Rixen fell on her with a snarl. His big hands found her butt, lifting and cradling her against his sweating, blood-

stained body. Morgan wrapped her arms around his neck and whimpered into a kiss, impatient for his tongue, his teeth. She demanded all of it with hot writhes of her body, fingers pulling at his hair. While their lovemaking had been frantic and desperate in nature since the beginning, it reached new heights now. Teeth snapped, mouths sucked hard enough to leave marks, fingers bruised.

Morgan was not surprised to find herself thrown down to her hands and knees in the dirt, although it was the first time he'd taken her this way. Maybe she should have been nervous, especially with Rixen growling and unfastening his jeans behind her, preparing to fuck her like a beast. But she wasn't. No. She *wanted* rough. She wanted the winning predator to claim her body and take his final victory.

Rixen's muscular chest pressed down onto her back and she reveled in the smell of him. Male arousal, sweat, blood, earth. His teeth grazed a path up the side of her neck, his hips humping her in great drives, despite the fact that he wasn't inside her yet.

"I've just fought for your life. *My mate's life*," he gritted against her ear. "I'm going to enter your cunt like a battering ram. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," Morgan wailed. "Please please *please*."

His chest left her back and Morgan watched over her shoulder as Rixen spat on his purple-headed erection, spreading the moisture with purposeful hands. The next time he spat, it landed between her bottom cheeks, dripping down, down, until it reached her entrance. Rixen poised himself there with a grunt, pushing into her with enough force to collapse Morgan's knees. Rixen jerked her back up without mercy, though, beginning to thrust. Roaring as he filled her again and again, their flesh smacking together three times per second.

Rixen's hands surrounded her hips, yanking her back onto his waiting rod, grinding, his thigh hair tickling the backs of hers. "You ran from me for good reason," he said. "But there's a part of you that wanted to be caught, isn't there, my gift? This juicy little pussy is proof. You've never been wetter."

She didn't know how to answer without lying or admitting she'd fallen head over heels for the man who'd kidnapped her and hid her in a closet, so Morgan focused on the sensations instead. His sex was thick and curved at the perfect angle, every pump of his hips rubbing his flesh against her G-spot. She reached for her clit to rub it, but Rixen beat her there, finding the

nub of flesh with a callused middle finger. *Oh yes, yes. So perfect.* She spread her thighs wider and arched her back, letting the orgasm build, letting it wrap around her like a dream.

“You didn’t want to run from your daddy, did you, Morgan?”

“No,” she choked out, forgetting her resolve to stay quiet.

“No. You love him, don’t you?” He slowed down, making his thrusts thorough, luxurious. Mindblowing. “You love these bad things he does to you. And he loves doing them.”

“H-harder,” she whimpered, scrambling to the precipice of her climax. “Faster.”

“If you want harder and faster, I need to hear what you said to me back in the kitchen.” He moaned and laid a loud slap on her buttocks. “You know what I want to hear. *Again.*”

Yes. I want to say them. Morgan’s fingers curled into the dirt, her flesh giving a hot clench. The words were right on the tip of her tongue when two police officers burst through the brush, guns drawn. Their eyes widened at the sight that greeted them. Morgan gasped and went still, but Rixen didn’t stop his deep drives into her weeping body. His right hand slid from her hip to her breast, cupping and squeezing it, his mouth nipping at her earlobe. And God help her, she groaned and pushed her ass higher on his stomach, wanting more.

“Say it, Morgan,” he rasped, increasing the pace of his pumps. “Let these men know you’ve been a willing victim for Daddy. Let them know you’ve been letting me fuck your tight little cunt any which way I choose.”

Oh my God. Could she do this?

There was something decidedly wrong about these two police officers watching Rixen take her in the mud. Wasn’t there? Their eyes bulged out of their heads, but they couldn’t seem to bring themselves to look away. No, they just continued to stare, wiping sweat from their brow and upper lip. Why didn’t her body seem to care they had an audience? The pressure inside her raced to capacity and her thighs started to shake. And most of all—most of all—she wanted that hot flood of Rixen’s seed inside her. Wanted it to fill every corner of her body and drip down her thighs. There was no way to stop herself from vocalizing that wish.

“*Breed me, Daddy,*” she moaned, her breasts bouncing with thrusts designed to break, to punish, to own, but she withstood them, knowing they signaled Rixen’s undoing. An undoing she craved more than anything else

in this world. “Fill me up, Daddy. I’m sorry I ran away. I’ll be a good girl from now on.”

“See that you are,” he shouted, slapping her backside again. “I’m going to get this pussy either way, though, aren’t I? You love giving up this pretty pink fuck hole. All for Rixen.”

“Yes!” she screamed, her need finding its outlet. “Just Rixen.”

The heat powered through her, rendering her mute for long seconds as her body endured the insane tumult of pleasure. Her fingers turned into claws, sinking into the dirt, while Rixen bellowed his release behind her, thrusting into her spasming flesh. Jesus, she couldn’t seem to stop shaking, her cries turning hoarse. The fruit of Rixen’s loins slicked down the insides of her legs and still he pumped like a demon, grinding himself as deeply as possible. Making his mark. No doubt impregnating her, if he hadn’t done so already.

Moments passed as the last of Rixen’s need left his body. When Morgan would have fallen face first into the dirt, Rixen drew her back, seating her on his bent legs. He tugged her discarded T-shirt down over her head, holding her there. “Turn your backs now or you will meet the same fate as the cougar,” he called to the police.

Miraculously, after some awkward eye contact, they did as they were told.

“My gift,” he murmured in Morgan’s ear, kissing her there. “I have not done right by you today. I have not behaved like a man worthy of such an angel.”

She turned to meet his eyes over her shoulder, her heart flipping over at the anguish there. “Rixen...”

“Letting you go would be my living nightmare, Morgan. I expected to love you. But I didn’t expect to be in love with you to the point of pain.” He gave an audible swallow. “When you ran from me, I realized what I’ve done. I’ve asked you to choose between me and your life, the same way your parents asked to you to choose between them. I’ve hurt you in my selfishness.”

“What are you saying?”

He looked away for several beats, turmoil raging in his eyes. “I won’t ask you to choose. I won’t force you to be unhappy. I can’t. Not when I love you so much.”

The breath froze in her lungs. “You’re letting me go?”

His huge chest shuddered up and down. "I'm giving you freedom and praying you'll stay," he rasped, pushing the hair out of her face. "With every ounce of blood in my body, I need my angel to be happy. My Morgan."

Tears she'd been unaware of fell from her eyes, blazing a trail down her cheeks. *What do I do?* Common sense shouted in one ear that she couldn't possibly live in the Everglades indefinitely. With her *kidnapper*. Those thoughts forced Morgan to her feet. Feeling as though her organs were being smashed in a trash compactor, she took one shaky step toward the police. Two. Three. Of course she had to go back to her life. She had parents, friends, acceptance to college in the fall.

The farther she got from Rixen, though, the more her entire being rebelled. A sob rose in her throat and shook her entire body on the way out. All those kisses, his body curved protectively around her in the night. His voice, his smile, even his unfounded insecurities. The way he looked at her, as if he couldn't believe his fortune. Much the way she stopped and looked back at him now. This wasn't some crazy rapid form of Stockholm's.

No, she'd...fallen in love with Rixen.

Morgan had never been a believer in fate or some almighty power, but in that second she knew with total certainty that she had been sent here. Maneuvered here by some unseen force to be with this man, in this life. All along, she'd thought him crazy to call her a gift, but her heart knew it to be the truth now. She and Rixen weren't meant to be apart. Couldn't she feel that now when her heart was trying to rip itself clean from her body to find him?

"I'm staying," she murmured to the cops, more tears leaving her eyes. "Tell my mother I'll get in contact as soon as I can, but...I can't leave. I'm *n-never* leaving."

Rixen had been slumped in the dirt, fists bunched, his jaw ready to crack from the agony of letting her go. At her words, though, he rose slowly to his feet, his expression one of a man who is afraid to believe. "My gift. You...are staying?"

"Yes," she called, running back in his direction. "Yes, yes, yes."

He caught her up in his arms, swinging her in a circle. "I can't believe it." He dropped hard kisses all over her cheeks, eyelids and mouth. "You will not regret it, Morgan. I will live to make you happy. Every day of your life."

“I know. I know you will.” She took his face in her hands. “I love you, too, Rixen.”

Still holding her, he fell to his knees, whispering prayers of thankfulness to his maker, rocking her in the dirt. And that’s where they stayed, long after the police gave up and left, leaving the soul mates to their happy ever after in the bayou shade.

OceanofPDF.com

Epilogue

RIXEN

About a year later...

Rixen cradled his sleeping baby girl in one arm, pushing open the screen door with the other. As soon as he had Morgan in his sights, he relaxed. She'd been living with him in the Everglades for almost a year, but he still worried whenever she left the house. When she'd decided to stay with him, he'd begun training her to protect herself. His adorable little wife was now packing heat in the waistband of her sexy jean shorts and could name every kind of species of plant and animal in their bayou home. Upon learning she was pregnant, she'd been determined to know everything she could to protect their child and herself.

God, Rixen was proud of her. She was more than he could have hoped for in a wife and mother. Resourceful, sweet, nurturing. Sometimes he lay awake at night and crept out of their room so he could pray on hands and knees on the porch to the forces that brought Morgan to him. More often than not, he would reenter their bedroom, full of hunger, needing to worship her for becoming his world. For choosing him.

In the distance, Morgan raised her camera and clicked, capturing one of the muskrat scampering past on an overhead branch. No doubt, like all her photographs, it would be extraordinary. He'd added the dark room onto the side of the house the same week she'd decided to remain in the swamp. Best thing he'd ever done with his hands, besides touch his wife. She never

failed to emerge from her workspace exhilarated. Happy. Wanting to tell him all about her newest shots.

She'd once told him her dream was to live in a place, learn its secrets and take pictures of them. That's exactly what she'd done. Last month, she'd submitted her picture book to a publisher in the mail and received serious interest. Now she was working on completing the work for publication. Had he mentioned he was proud of her?

It took some time, but her mother was also proud and approved of her daughter's decision to remain with Rixen in the bayou. Anyone who spent longer than five minutes in their presence knew they were in love and could not be separated—her mother was no different. When she'd come to visit, she'd been visibly alarmed at the depth of Rixen's devotion to Morgan, but as her visit wore on, she admitted to dreaming of finding the same in a man someday. Even Rixen's own brothers were beginning to come around more often with their wives. They still occasionally ribbed Rixen, but thanks to his wife, he now had the confidence to joke right back. Another aspect of his life strengthened by his gift.

Now, Morgan bent over to focus on something in the grass with her viewfinder. The jean shorts rode high on the backs of her thighs, revealing the bottom swell of her ass. Rixen grew hard in his pants, same as he'd been this morning. Same as he'd been last night and pretty much constantly. Getting enough of his wife's pussy was one dream they were no closer to realizing than they'd been a year ago. He fucked her every chance they got. On the floor, in the shower, outside in the dirt, in the dark room. Every time the baby dozed off, Morgan got that look in her eye that said she needed Daddy. He was all too happy to make a visit.

As Rixen watched from the porch, his wife turned and gave him a little pout, one hand lifting to unbutton the tight flannel shirt he'd bought her on his last trip into town. No bra. She never wore a bra, his incredible angel. And her horny tits revealed themselves now in the parted material, nipples so hard he could almost feel them abrading his tongue where he stood.

Beginning to pant, Rixen returned inside and laid down the baby in her basinet, unfastening his pants as he returned to his wife. His cock pushed free and hung heavily in the vee of his zipper. Morgan was halfway up the porch when he walked outside and they both moaned, needing to come together so bad, they were shaking.

Rixen wrapped her hair in a fist, tilting her face back. “Take off the shorts and mount your daddy.”

“Yes,” she whispered, fumbling with her zipper. “I *need* you.”

As soon as the denim hit the floor, he lifted her and she wrapped those sweet thighs around his hips, her mouth falling open on a whimper. “You need this cock,” he gritted out, slapping her bare backside. “You need to be fucked and bred.”

“Oh my God. *Please.*”

Rixen turned and backed his wife up against the house, positioning his dick at her tight entrance and thrusting into her dripping heat. She screamed and buried her heels in the flesh of his ass. *Damn.* Every time was the first time. He never got used to how perfectly she clamped around his flesh, tempting his come to the forefront. Maybe it was the way he’d been reflecting earlier, but a punch of emotion climbed his throat. “Still can’t believe you’re mine. Still can’t believe I get to make this life with you, angel.” He buried himself deeper, his mouth seeking hers, kissing her until she ran out of breath. “Tell me again you’re staying forever.”

“Forever,” she gasped. “Forever, my gift.”

OceanofPDF.com

Epilogue

MORGAN

Six years later...

All the kids were helping plant vegetables in the garden with her sisters-in-law. It took a long time for Rixen's kin to come around, but they managed to find their way. His brothers didn't belittle him like they once did, and they learned to keep their mouth shut in order to keep Rixen and Morgan in their lives.

"Should we do an extra bed of tomatoes? They did so well last year," Morgan asked the women, who nodded in agreement.

Morgan went around and snapped a few pictures of her children. Seeing them with their dark hair and big smiles, her heart squeezed in her chest. She never knew love like this could be possible and it was all because of Rixen.

Rixen was out early this morning to chop some wood so that she could use it to create more beds for the crops. He was always so eager and ready to do anything she wanted, and as her mind drifted back to when he came home for lunch, she recalled just how eager her man could be.

"Mama, I can't find Sugar Britches," her youngest said, looking around on the ground.

The teddy bear that Rixen made for their little girl was normally glued to her hand. It was unlike her to put it down, so Morgan knew it must be close by.

“We’ll find it, baby girl.” She set her camera down on the picnic table and walked around, looking on the ground for it.

The children were with her sisters next to the house as she walked farther away, thinking she probably didn’t come this far, but she should check just to be sure. Just as she thought it was time to turn around and go back, a movement out of the corner of her eye caught her off guard, and then the sound that followed gave her chills.

Suddenly it was like the first time she came to the swamp as she stared down a gator. There hadn’t been one in these parts since the day she agreed to be Rixen’s. Mostly because he made it his duty to clear the land of them and make it safe for their babies.

But here she was, right in front of this mammoth beast. Now she was the only thing that stood between the gator and the children. Lucky for Morgan, Rixen taught her well. Instead of running scared or waiting on him to save her, she widened her stance and planted her combat boots in the mud. She reached down in her boot and pulled out the bowie knife that Rixen gave her on their first anniversary.

She watched the animal just like Rixen taught her and waited for it to make the first move. His black eyes watched hers, and for a second, she thought he might just disappear back into the water. But this beast would be dangerous to have running loose around here, and she wasn’t about to let him get away.

Morgan felt her heartbeat in her ears and after a long pause of anticipation, the bastard lunged forward. His powerful jaws tried to snap at her leg, but she was too quick for him as she leapt up and jumped on his back and grabbed him by the underside of his mouth with one hand, while the knife went to his throat with the other.

“Morgan!” She looked up to see Rixen breathing hard, like he just ran a mile as fast as he could to get to her.

She smiled as she made the cut, ending the gator’s life and protecting what she loved most in the world. Her family.

She dropped the knife before she stood up and leapt into Rixen’s arms. He caught her, spun her around and kissed her hard as the adrenaline of what just happened settled in. He did this for her. He gave her the gift of all that was around them and taught her to be brave in the face of danger. Before she came to live here, before she became his gift, she wouldn’t have

survived what just happened. He'd given her so much more than she dreamed possible.

"My angel, you could have died." There was pain in Rixen's eyes, but also relief.

"You wouldn't let that happen," she said, kissing him.

"Never." His hands gripped her ass and rubbed her against his growing cock.

His bare chest was covered in sweat and he smelled like fresh-cut wood. The children played by the house, none the wiser to what just took place. She glanced back at them and then to Rixen. As if reading her mind, he carried her over to the patch of grass nearby and lay down on it, with her straddling him. He reached between them, taking his cock out before his hands went under her shirt to her bare breasts.

Her shorts were loose enough that she could slide his cock inside them, and into her. Within seconds she was riding him hard, as all the fears of what might have been fell away. With every pump of his cock and rock of her hips, she lost herself in Rixen.

Epilogue

RIXEN

Eight years later...

Rixen's hand tightened around Morgan's as they walked through the market. He should have trusted his instincts from the beginning and kept her at home. But she begged so pretty this morning when he said he was going into town.

She'd been into town plenty of times with him before, but he had a feeling that today was going to be trouble when he pulled up to see all the motorcycles lining Main Street.

There was a small town a few miles away from their paradise in the swamp, and they only went in when they needed supplies. Rixen liked being at home with his family, where he was king and could protect what's his. Out here in the city, he was exposed, and the feeling was unsettling.

"I can see your back tensing up," Morgan said, trailing her fingers down his spine.

Just that touch had the base of his cock thickening. He could feel the sticky sweat on the inside of his thigh where his length hung, sweaty inside his overalls. He ached for Morgan to slide her hand down inside and rub him there, reassuring him that she belonged to him.

Seeing all these men around her had him ready to bend her over and mount her in the middle of the street to prove his dominance and ownership over her.

Rixen wrapped an arm around her and pulled her close to his side. He took her hand and put it down the front of his jean bib, rubbing her hand over his stomach and chest hair. He was shirtless, just the way she liked him, and he could practically hear her purr as she explored him further.

Glancing around, he saw some of the men on their bikes turning to glance at them, knowing they saw what he did. A ripe young woman, hips wide from child birth. Her cut-off jean shorts so high that the flesh of her ass could be seen from behind them. Her plaid shirt tied up tight, showing off her full breasts that were close to spilling out. Could they smell that she was ready for breeding? Because he could.

Rixen knew her body better than the home he built with his bare hands. She'd given him many children over the last eight years, but right now her body was craving another. As her hand continued to slide lower down his stomach, he grunted at the men who dared to turn their gaze on what's his.

He and Morgan walked a short way to the edge of the farmers market. It was a shaded area nearby, out of the view of the market, but still within sight of the men on motorcycles who leered at them. His hands roamed down her back and to her ass as he glared over her shoulder at the people watching.

"Rixen." There was a whine to her voice as she looked up at him with big bright eyes.

"Do you need it?" he asked, pulling her flush against him to let her feel that which could ease her ache.

"I can't wait," Morgan whispered, dipping her hand low in his overalls to cup his heavy length.

Rixen glanced back to the bikers and saw that most of them had taken his warning stares seriously and turned away. But there was one man among them who refused to cast his eyes down. He leered at the sweetness Morgan carried between her legs. The man had a fat stomach, a bald head, and a long gray beard. He wouldn't be worthy of smelling the dirt she walked on, yet he licked his lips with envy as he watched them.

Suddenly, both of Morgan's hands dove down into Rixen's overalls, vigorously rubbing him. This was a public place, but she was used to the swamp where they fucked out in the open regularly. The instant she had the urge he was taking her to the nearest surface or on the ground without hesitation. Right now, she was nearly shaking with want, and Rixen couldn't deny her.

He glanced to the man on the bike, who lit a cigarette and rubbed his hand over his crotch, no doubt growing hard for her. She was Rixen's angel, though, and no one would ever take her from him.

"Over here," he grunted as he pulled her closer and took her down a short alley nearby. It was far enough from the crowd of people, but the biker could still watch if he really wanted to.

"I don't know why I'm so worked up," Morgan said, quickly reaching for the buttons of her shorts.

Rixen spun her around and pushed her against the wall as he dragged her shorts down just below her ass. Unbuttoning his overalls, he let the front flap down and reached in to pull out his wet length. Morgan had already lubed him up with the liquid he'd been leaking since they got to town. His aggression and anger had only fueled his desire to breed her, and now with eyes on her, he needed to mark his territory.

Grabbing the root of his cock, he slid it between her ass cheeks and down to where her pussy was hot and sticky. She'd made a mess of her shorts already, dampening the inside seam. She didn't bother with things like underwear anymore because it only slowed him down. And for moments like now, he was thankful for easy access to her honey hole.

He grunted as he shoved himself all the way in and covered her mouth with one of his hands. He was sweaty and pressed against her back, already soaking the shirt she had on. He was animalistic as he rutted on her, and she cried out for him to fuck her harder.

There was a sound nearby and he turned to the opening of the alley, where the biker was standing. Rage and possession washed over Rixen as he positioned himself to cover Morgan. He snarled at the man so wildly that it caused him to take a step back in fear. Rixen could only imagine the crazy look in his eyes, his wild hair, and his sweaty muscles bulging out as he protected his woman.

The guy must have been terrified because he practically tripped over his own feet as he stumbled back and out of sight. Rixen watched the opening and saw a few stray figures move about, but no one knew what was happening between him and Morgan.

"So close," she whispered, and he leaned down, gently biting the muscle along her neck.

He slid one hand down her stomach and between her legs to play with her pussy. It was slick from her secret syrup dripping on him, and he dipped

his fingers in to play with it.

“Rixen, baby, that’s it,” she breathed as she pushed her round ass against him, meeting his hard, heavy thrusts.

He would never do anything to displease his woman, and so he ground his teeth and waited on the moment when she found her pleasure before he sought his own. When he could feel the warmth of her passion drip down his sac and coat his thighs, he finally allowed himself the privilege of coming inside her womb.

He placed a hand over her lower belly, rubbing softly as his come filled her up. She was ripe right now, and he knew she desired another baby. Rixen would always give his Morgan what she wanted, and there wouldn’t be anything to stop that.

“Take me home,” Morgan said in a sleepy voice as she turned in his arms, forcing his cock to leave her warmth. She slid her naked, creamy pussy against his slick cock, up and down, as if nudging for more.

“Do you have more need, my gift?” he asked, sliding his length between her swollen lips.

As if to answer him, she rolled her hips, letting the tip of his cock slide into her opening, just the tip dipping back into the blended creation they made just seconds ago.

“Take me back to the swamp. I want to make another baby in our special place,” she said as Rixen reached down and pulled her shorts up to cover her.

He resented the fact that he couldn’t fuck her while he carried her home, but when he was inside her he was distracted. He needed to be completely focused when it came to protecting her, and he couldn’t do that and make her come at the same time.

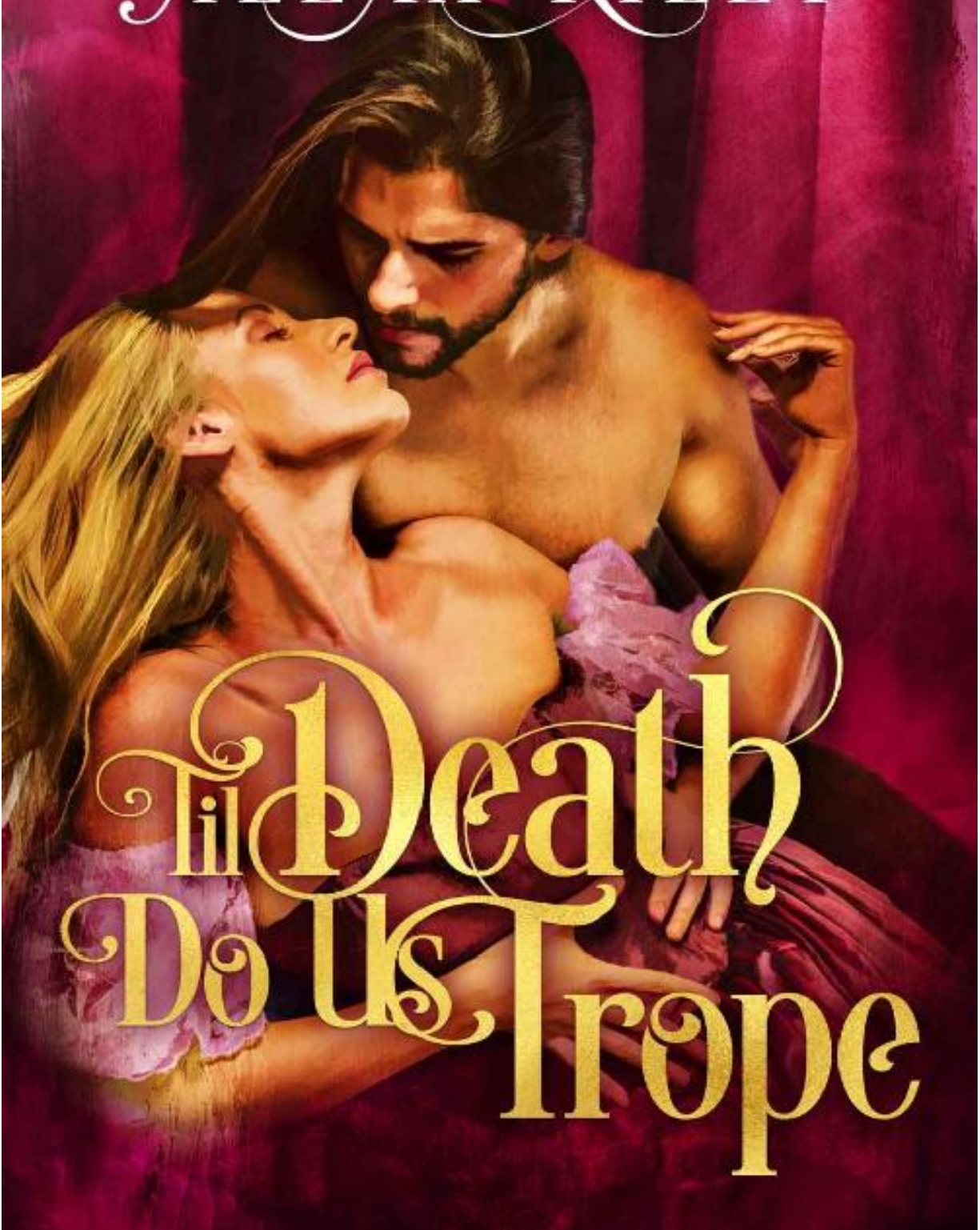
“Anything for you, sweet angel,” Rixen said as he dipped his fingers into her shorts and between her pussy lips. He pulled them out and sucked on them, wanting the taste of her on his tongue as they made their way back home.

It wouldn’t be enough to satisfy his desire for her, but it would be enough to keep him from losing control until he could have her again.

THE END

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

ALEXA RILEY



Till Death
Do Us Trope

OceanofPDF.com

Till Death Do Us Trope

BY ALEXA RILEY

The dictionary defines the word Trope as a common or overused theme or device. A cliché.

We define it as the greatest thing to ever exist.

If you feel the same as us, then come along for the ride! It's over the top ridiculous fun, and it's our gift to you. I mean, look at that cover... It's terribly wonderful!

Warning: We've thrown everything (including the kitchen sink) into this book. Please don't read it with an expectation of a serious romance. It's meant to be a silly homage to all that we love... and we hope that you feel the same way we do.

OceanofPDF.com

*For Eagle...
you made us do this*

OceanofPDF.com

Chapter 1

ARABELLA

I fidget with my dress, feeling a little out of place.

“Told you that you should have let me dress you up tonight, Ara,” my friend Julia yells over the music in the loud club we are in. I look down at myself, thinking maybe she was right.

She’s dressed to kill, fitting right in like she belongs. I look like I might be going to church. Her strapless mini dress hugs her curves, showcasing her perfect body.

Julia and I are like night and day. She is tall with curves in the right places, short black hair that is styled in a perfect bob, showing off her shoulders and highlighting her cleavage. Her dark, sparkling eyes and blemish-free mocha skin finish off the flawless package.

I’m the opposite. I’m more than on the short side. It doesn’t help that I can’t wear heels to save my life. I have a habit of tripping over my own feet with perfectly good flats. My hair is long and so blonde that in the summer it almost turns white in color. The color of my hair and my fair pale skin make my bright blue eyes seem too big for my face. And well, I do have curves, but more than I really should have. Hence why I’m in a simple white dress that hugs me at the top and flares out at my waist. The tulle of the skirt gives it even more fluff. But like always, my boobs are still trying to bust free. No matter how hard I try, I can never keep them locked away. I swear they have a mind of their own. To get a top that comes close to fitting them, I have to go a million sizes too big and I look even bigger than I am.

“He seems to like it.” Julia smirks at me. I follow her line of sight to see a man leaning up against the bar, his eyes trained on me. His dark eyes meet

mine and my heart starts to race. I'm frozen for a second.

"He's so fucking you with his eyes," Julia says next to my ear, shaking me from my trance. I snap my eyes from him and bring them back to her. My face feels warm and I don't think it's from the one amaretto sour I've had since we got here. Then again, maybe it is. I've never drank before. "This is what we talked about, Ara," Julia reminds me. "This is what tonight is about. Don't want to go off to college with that virginity. Those frat boys will sniff that shit out. Have a man your first time. He'll know what he's doing. Not some drunk college boy putting notches in his bedpost."

I know we talked about this before we left. We graduated high school today. Julia met some guy who said he worked the door at Eres Mía. The club was only a year old and one of the hottest around, or so Julia had informed me. It was twenty-one and up, but he told her he'd get us in. And he had. Not only that, he got us a special table in the VIP area. It was roped off and actually had a guard standing in front of the rope.

My cheeks heat even more at Julia's words. I love her to death. We became best friends in the sixth grade at the private all-girls school we went to. She was always full of life and personality.

I was shy and didn't have any friends because I was the new kid. She sat down right next to me and started talking and never stopped. She pulls me out of my shell and I love her for it. Sometimes she can be a little too wild for me, but tonight I caved to her idea of going to a club. Maybe meeting a guy. Though I didn't really think I would follow through with it. Until now.

I glance over my shoulder to see the man who has his dark eyes trained on me. He looks like more than a man. He fills out his expensive dark gray suit. I know it's expensive because my dad owns hundreds.

Everything about him seems dark. His eyes, his hair, and the power that is flowing off him. I can tell just by looking at him he's a man in charge. It rolls off him in heavy waves. I've been around enough of them to know what that's like. Men like this make up the company my dad keeps.

A smirk pulls at his lips, revealing his perfect smile. I bite my lip and glance back to Julia to see if maybe he's really looking at her. As I do so, our security guy steps out of the way as a server comes up and sets down another round of drinks and two shots.

"Vodka." Julia sings the word. My eyes widen, but she reassures me. "It's fine. Swallow and chase it with your drink fast. You won't even taste

it.” I raise my eyebrows at her. “Okay, you’ll taste it, but you won’t die.” I laugh.

“To the next journey of our lives.” She holds up the shot glass as she says the words. It makes me pause for a moment because I don’t know what my journey is. I know what other people want—well, more specifically what my father wants. College. I’m not sure that’s what I want, though.

“To the unknown,” I hedge, as we clink our shot glasses together. The bitter taste hits my lips, sliding down my throat as it turns into a burn. I pick up my drink and chug it down, trying to get the taste out of my mouth. Julia giggles next to me, then screams, “Hell yeah!”

I shake my head at her. A giant smile lights up her face and I see it’s not at me. She’s looking at someone else. Just as I turn to see who she’s looking at, she announces, “I’m going to dance. Have fun.”

The man from the bar is standing behind my chair. The guard must have let him in. I look up at him. He seems even bigger than before. I know my eyes grow wide. He places his huge hands on the back of my chair, and his warm honey-whiskey smell fills my lungs.

“I’ve been waiting for you.” His voice is deep, just like I imagined it would be. But I wasn’t prepared for the goosebumps that break across my skin at the sound of it. My mouth falls open a little. I’m speechless. I’m not used to men coming on to me, and that’s clearly what he’s doing.

I don’t need words because his mouth falls onto mine. His tongue swipes into my mouth, and I let it as my whole body loosens. He pulls me easily from my chair, and instinctively I wrap my legs around him while letting him dominate my mouth. I close my eyes, enjoying the feel of his body against me.

“Kiss me back,” he growls, pulling away for a moment, then taking my mouth again. I do as he says. His command lights something deep inside me. I moan as our tongues tangle together, his warm whiskey taste filling my mouth.

I hear a ding and realize I no longer hear loud music. The sound of it is faint now. My eyes flutter open, and I see we are stepping into an elevator.

“What are you doing? Where are we going?” I pull back when I finally understand we aren’t in the club anymore but in a back hallway.

“Don’t stop kissing me,” he warns me. I look into his eyes and see they aren’t as dark as I thought they were. A soft bronze color surrounds his pupils. I get lost in them, and his mouth comes back to mine.

Heat rushes through my body like nothing I’ve ever felt. It’s as if I’m on fire. I find myself moving against him. My eyes fall closed again and I get lost in this man who has taken over my body. Every clear thought I should be having has vacated my mind.

Softness meets my back and his mouth goes to my neck. He licks and sucks, and a feeling I’ve never felt before washes over me. Moans leave my mouth.

“What are we doing?” I ask mindlessly. I know I shouldn’t be doing this, but I also don’t want to say no either. This is like nothing I’ve ever felt before.

“Little love, don’t tell me to stop. I’ve waited a long time for this.” His words only partly penetrate my brain. I can’t think with his mouth on me like this. I think my neck might be a weakness I didn’t know about.

“I don’t want you to stop. It feels so good. You feels so good,” I admit.

“Fuck,” he growls against my neck. “Let me get this off you. I don’t want to rip your graduation dress.”

“Hmm,” is all I can say in response. I’m not listening to him; I just want his mouth back on me.

I hear the zipper on the side of my dress descend. He slips my straps down off my shoulders, then pulls the dress down my body. I reach for him, want him back on top of me. I love the warmth of his body. The smell of him. His size makes me feel delicate and small.

“Fuck,” he mutters again. I open my eyes to see him standing at the end of the bed. His suit jacket is gone and he’s unbuttoning his shirt, but his eyes are running all over my body. I feel some flashes in my head, like reality is intruding, reminding me of what’s really happening here, and I feel self-conscious for a moment.

“You’re the most decadent thing I’ve ever seen in my life.” From the look on his face, I believe him. “Take your panties off. Show me you want this.”

I feel sexy and wanton in this moment. I’ve never felt like this before, and my momentary self-consciousness is a distant memory. I’ve never felt more alive. I want this. Even if it’s only a one-night stand. I slide my

thumbs into my panties and slowly slip them down. When I bring them down to my knees, he grabs them and finishes the task for me.

“Part them.” His voice is even deeper now, and I do as he commands. Something inside me wants to please him. I need to see if that hungry look he now has stays on his face when he sees even more of me.

I slowly part my thighs, and he hisses in response. Before I can really read his face, his mouth is between my legs. My body jolts, and my hips try to come off the bed, but he stops them.

“I can’t go slow, little love. I need this. I can’t take the agony of wanting you any longer.” His mouth goes to my center, sucking my clit into his wet warmth. A single finger enters me, and I cry out at the pleasure. Everything is happening so fast. Emotions and feelings pump through my body, and I cry out at his firm assault of my clit. My nipples grow even harder. My hips jerk as an explosion rocks my body. I cry out; the pleasure is fiercer than anything I’ve ever felt.

When I finally come to, I open my eyes and see he’s looming over me, a hungry look on his face, but he smiles as his hard length presses against me.

“I’ve never done this before,” I tell him.

“You think I’d ever let another man touch you?” I don’t understand his words, but I haven’t understood much since I laid eyes on him.

“I should have taken my time worshiping you. I regret rushing this tonight, but my control—” He closes his eyes like he’s pained.

“Take me. I want this,” I admit. I do. I feel more alive than ever. I’m not as shy as I normally am. Maybe it’s because I want it so much. Want him.

He pushes inside me. I moan and contract around him. Even my body is trying to take him.

“Sorry, little love,” he says before his mouth lands on mine and he pushes forward. I cry out at the sharp pain, but he drinks in my whimper. His body stills for a moment, but he keeps kissing me.

He pulls back. “Tell me you’re okay.” His eyes are pleading.

“I’m more than okay,” I whisper. The pain has passed and something else is growing in its place. I feel myself start to clench around him again, over and over, my body demanding his move.

“Fuck,” he snarls.

“You curse a lot,” I tell him on a moan.

“You’ll get used to it,” he grunts. “Wrap around me, little love. I want to feel you everywhere on me.”

I'm already doing it before he can finish what he's saying, wanting to feel every part of me on him. He moves inside me. I feel fuller than I ever have in my life. He moves his hips, touching something inside me that sends pleasure radiating up my spine.

"It's happening again," I moan. I feel my orgasm pushing down on me again. The first one was fast and hard, I already know this one is going to be deep and mind-blowing.

My eyes lock with his. I can't read his expression. He looks agonized.

The pleasure hits hard—intense and life changing. I scream, and everything goes dark.

[Available NOW!](#)

OceanofPDF.com

Pound of Flesh

BY JESSA KANE

Beast saw Beauty. And the hunt was on.

A beast has just kicked down my front door.

He's massive, scarred, just out of prison and refuses to budge.
Unless I go with him.

He's made it clear what he wants—my untouched body beneath his giant,
damaged one.

If I run, he'll hunt me down and take it.

But when he slips and shows me his desperation...

I'm no longer sure whether I want to run to him or away from him.

OceanofPDF.com

Chapter 1

DELILAH

So. He's *not* how I pictured Prince Charming.

Oh no. The terrifying giant who just kicked in the door of my house is more like the Prince of Death. Or an ogre escaped from a dungeon. His head is shaved, giving the world a perfect view of the scars bisecting his cheek, the crooked angle of his nose. There he stands, ducked below the splintered doorjamb, his lips peeled back in a snarl. Hulk fists curled and shaking. His eyelids are hooded, but the twin slivers of glittering green that zero in on me start my knees knocking.

My brother and his current girlfriend dove behind the couch when the Prince of Death entered the house by incredible force, but I froze. The closest hiding place is the laundry room behind me, but it's too late. He's seen me. And I doubt there's a lock on the planet that could keep this man out.

What does he want?

Very aware that I'm the center of the giant's intense focus, I cut my gaze toward Roger, my brother. As he peeks over the top of the couch, recognition dawns in his expression, and now I'm *really* scared. This isn't just some random robbery; this is yet another person my brother has screwed over. When is he going to learn?

Judging the situation, he might not get the chance. Because we're all about to be savagely murdered by someone who usually only exists inside nightmares. How unfair is that when I just graduated high school last month? I've recently been made a manager at the frozen yogurt shop,

guaranteeing I'll be able to pay for community college classes come fall. My life has barely begun, and now I'm going to be eaten alive.

Figures.

"Are you going to stand up and face me like a man?" The giant roars the question at my brother, but he's still staring at me. "Or leave this little girl to fight your battles?"

Roger winces, looking to his girlfriend for guidance. She shakes her head and motions for my brother to stay down behind the couch, earning a scowl from me. Oh, real nice. Shows up whenever she pleases, runs up the water bill and eats the food I buy, but now that I'm fixing to get slaughtered, I'm no longer useful.

Resigned to an early death, I figure I might as well go out with some dignity.

"Are you going to pay to fix that door or what?" My voice is shaking, so I lift my chin to compensate. "Our security deposit on this place probably could have covered some cheap funeral expenses. Now the landlord is going to keep the whole darn thing to cover the damage you did."

Prince of Death's head tilts so slowly, I swear I hear his neck joints groan. "You're so sure I'm going to kill you?"

"Well I don't think you're here to make me a sandwich."

Is it my imagination or does the corner of his mouth twitch? "I don't kill little girls." He grunts and rests a hand on the broken jamb. Apparently, this is going to be a casual triple murder. "Speaking of which, why are you dressed like a boy?"

Is he trying to make me drop my guard? Seems like a futile exercise since he could snap me like a twig. Glancing down at my navy-blue Dickies work pants and hoodie, I shrug, wishing the ball cap hiding my long, blonde hair was pulled lower so he couldn't see my self-consciousness. "It's easier when men come into the shop. They don't look as much."

Oh Lord. His frown is so thunderous, my knees start knocking again. In a swift movement, he rips off a chunk of the doorframe, crushing it in his enormous fist, forcing me to trap a scream in my throat. "What. Shop."

"I'm the manager at Swirly Betty." Out with some dignity. Out with some dignity. "Best frozen yogurt in the county."

Nice one, stupid.

“Roger!” the giant shouts. “Why is she working when you stole enough money from me to live comfortably for *a fucking decade?*”

My brother is now pale as Casper. His girl is definitely contemplating a sprint for the back door. Neither one of them speaks up, though, so once again I fill the silence. “Roger isn’t very good with money management.”

With a look of disgust on his scarred face, the giant scans the living room, taking in the giant flat screen, the collection of gaming consoles, three fish tanks, the lines of cocaine on the coffee table. “I can see that.”

“How do you know I stole your money, Raider?” Roger calls. Finally. “Could be I was just waiting for you to get out of the pen.”

A convict named Raider. Well at least I know the identity of my murderer. Sure, he claims he doesn’t kill “little girls,” but forgive me for being a little distrustful of the devil’s henchman.

“If you had my money,” Raider intones quietly, still watching me under heavy brows. “You wouldn’t be hiding behind a couch right now like a bitch-ass. You’d be handing it over.”

“Look, man. I just need some time—”

“Fine. Two days.”

My brother laughs shakily. “Shit. That was easier than I thought.” Cautiously, he gets to his feet. “Prison has been good for you, Raider. Made you a lot more reasonable.”

“Wrong.” The giant advances into the living room, the floor creaking violently as he approaches me, his muddy boots leaving tracks. My stomach has twisted around in a full three-sixty, my neck already sore from tilting back to keep him in my line of sight. And he’s still ten feet away. Maybe he’ll spare me if I show respect. Bowing down isn’t my usual MO, but this monster is a far cry from the rowdy teenagers I kick out of the shop sometimes.

No, I’m way out of my league, so I bow my head, clasping my hands together and whispering the word *please* on an endless loop.

When the Cowboys hat is ripped off my head, allowing my hair to spill out, all the way down to mid-thigh, I beg harder. “You said...please, you said two days. I have a savings account, and you can have it all. Just don’t hurt me or my brother.” I pause. “Do whatever you want with his girlfriend.”

“Hey!” the person in question says across the room. “You little c—”

“*Watch it,*” Raider growls, whipping his head in the couch’s direction, thus taking his attention off me for the first time since kicking down the door, giving me time to run eyes over his *at least* seven-and-a-half-foot frame. His black, short-sleeved shirt looks ready to burst open from the pressure of keeping his bulk contained. Tattoos rip down his deeply tanned biceps and forearms, culminating on his bashed-up knuckles. He smells like sweat, cold metal and leather. But none of those details make me whimper.

No, it’s the wicked hard-on jutting against the fly of his jeans that makes me stumble back, a mixture of curiosity and fear tumbling in my belly. The walls in my room are thin, and since I can remember, I’ve been listening to my brother and his friends moaning in the other rooms, especially during parties. Springs squeaking. Women crying out. Headboards rebounding.

Roger and his buddies might be drug dealers with broken moral compasses, but they look out for me. They’re protective and caring toward their “little sis,” even if I’ve caught Roger’s friends watching me with open speculation lately. That protectiveness, and my busy work schedule, mean I don’t date. Fantasies have been springing to my consciousness more and more, however. My first sexual experience is something I’m looking forward to. A lot.

I thought my first partner would be sweet, though. Prince Charming with a respectably sized penis. Raider’s manhood is almost inhumanly large. Oh God. Oh God. Is he going to...use it on me?

My question is answered when Raider pinches a strand of my blonde hair between two dirty fingers, lifting it to his nose for a long, groaning inhale. Then, with a gruff, desperate sound, he fists a large section of the golden mass and rubs my overly long locks against his crotch, daring me with green eyes to make him stop. That barrel chest shudders like a storming ocean, and I swear, for a second, I think he’s going to drag me down onto the kitchen floor. Going to have his way with me, then and there.

“Come on, Raider.” Roger takes a few steps our way, bristling but still cautious. “I know you just got out and...you probably need a woman. But she’s my little sister.”

“Not right now, she ain’t.” His upper lip curls, dark promises moving behind his glazed eyes. “For the next two days, she’s my collateral.”

Available NOW!

OceanofPDF.com

More from Jessa Kane

Can't get enough? Click the links and never miss a release!
Check out Jessa Kane... and see where all of your deepest, dirtiest dreams
come to life.

[Amazon](#)
[Newsletter](#)
[Website](#)
[Facebook](#)

[*OceanofPDF.com*](#)



Bundled Series - Multiple Books In One Click!

[Cowboys and Virgins](#)

[Buy Me Series Bundle](#)

[Innocent Series Bundle](#)

[Halloween Treats](#)

[Ghost Riders MC - Complete Series](#)

[Forced Submission Bundle Books 1-3](#)

[Forced Submission Bundle Books 4-6](#)

[The Princesses](#)

[Fairytale Shifters Bundle](#)

[Taking the Fall The Full Complete Series](#)

[Promises Bundle](#)

The Breeding Series

[Coach](#)

[Mechanic](#)

[Thief](#)

[Kingpin](#)

Full Length Novels: For Her Series

[Everything For Her](#)

[His Alone](#)

[Claimed](#)

Novellas in the For Her Series

[Stay Close](#)

[Hold Tight](#)

Don't Go

For Her Bundle... Coming May 29th

Books Written With Jessa Kane

Taken By The Russian

Summer Camp Captive

Back River Quiver... Coming May 4th

The Rebel Series

His Rebel

Her Rebel

Secret Rebel... Coming 2018

Single Titles

The Virgin Duet

Owning the Beast

My New Step Dad

Their Stepsister

Snow and Mistletoe

Ps. You're Mine

Trailer Park Virgin

Guarding His Obsession

Beauty in Winter

Curvy

Untouched

Growling For Mine

Holding His Forever

Tempting the Law

Paid For

Shielding Lily

Wanting My Stepsister

Stealing Christmas

Paying Daddy's Debt

Her Touch

Devotion

[Flight Risk](#)
[Taking What's Owed](#)
[Unexpected Claim](#)
[Runaway Mail-Order Bride](#)
[Thankful for Her](#)
[Home For Christmas](#)
[Til Death Do Us Trope](#)
[Keeping Her Warm](#)
[Be Mine... Or Else](#)
[Double the Ache](#)
[Taking Her Turn](#)
[Charmed](#)
[Wrapped In My Wife](#)
[Giving Her My Baby](#)
Virgin And The City... 2018

All Titles

[Alexa Riley Amazon](#)

[Alexa Riley Website](#)

[OceanofPDF.com](#)

Alexa Riley
erotica author

For all the HOT news and DIRTY details...
sign up for the mailing list!

www.AlexaRiley.com



OceanofPDF.com