



# FRACTURED FREEDOM

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

# SHAIN ROSE

# **FRACTURED FREEDOM**

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SHAIN ROSE

Fractured Freedom

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## BLURB

**Is it so bad that I tricked my older brother's best friend into taking my virginity?** Maybe.

In my defense, it was Dante Reid—my crush, my first love, and the one I ended up pushing away.

Our paths split in opposite directions.

I went to college while he returned to the Army.

The end.

Or so I thought.

After graduating from college and attempting a bucket list of self-discovery, guess who I find standing outside the jail bailing me out from a crime I didn't commit?

Dante freaking Reid—this time with more muscles, more tattoos, and more demands.

One of which is to move in across the hall from him so he can keep me safe. Like I need protection after a little felony mix up.

I don't.

Unless it's from him.

Dante has been my downfall and heartbreak before.

**And living next to the guy I gave my innocence to a long time ago may actually end in my complete devastation.**

## **DEDICATION**

*To all the good girls who know they're going to Heaven ...  
But want to feel the heat of Hell first.*

*And to Krista who believed I could ... so I did.*

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### **AND A NOTE ON CONTENT WARNINGS**

*As a reader who loves surprises, I enjoy going in blind with each book. Yet, I also want to give my readers the opportunity to know what sensitive content may be in my books. You will find the list of them here: <https://www.shainrose.com/content-warnings>*

## TWO WEEKS BEFORE LOSING IT

**From: Dante Reid** <[Dante.Reid1@us.mil.gov](mailto:Dante.Reid1@us.mil.gov)>  
**To: Delilah Hardy** <[Lilahsreading@gmail.com](mailto:Lilahsreading@gmail.com)>

*Lilah,*

*You wrote me all that ten minutes after I sent my email off to you. You must type a mile a minute now. Sorry I'm not responding faster. Missions here are in full swing lately. I've been going out at night and then sleeping all day. We only have a few computers, and people wait in line to use them. Tell the families I say hi, and when they bitch about me only emailing you, tell them you're the one who writes me most.*

*I hope you're doing well. The last time I heard from your brothers, they said you were named valedictorian. Those fuckers are so proud of you, even if they don't tell you. I know their asses are probably drinking away their lives in college. And probably TikToking or some shit. I don't get any social media here, so I don't know what's going on. Either way, take it from me, you're the best baby sister they could have.*

*Your sister has been writing me while she's in juvie. It's going to be alright for her. Time in juvie will get the drugs out of her system. She's strong like you. You're twins after all.*

*Come to think of it, you always had a little bit more fight in you. Remember the time you crashed your bike on the way down that massive hill? What the hell were you trying to prove again? We all knew that bike had no brakes. Your brothers probably set you up to get in trouble since they were always complaining you were too well-behaved for your own good. Damn, I was*



*scared when I saw that car swerve and knew you couldn't brake. But you didn't cry when I carried you the whole way home. Makes you stronger than Izzy. Her ass would have been bawling.*

*Anyway, I don't type as fast as you. I'm getting hounded to get the fuck off here.*

*Tell everyone I love them, except that asshole brother of yours. You wondering which one of the four, aren't you? It's because every single one of them is an ass.*

*See you soon, Lilah.*

*Remember to breathe to seven, huh?*

*Dante*

**From: Delilah Hardy <[Lilahsreading@gmail.com](mailto:Lilahsreading@gmail.com)>**

**To: Dante Reid <[Dante.Reid1@us.mil.gov](mailto:Dante.Reid1@us.mil.gov)>**

*Dante,*

*Well, now I'm taking it as a challenge to write you back quickly. I can't sleep anyway. My Last final is tomorrow, then I'm freaking DONE with my senior year. And did I tell you I finally made my decision? UCLA it is.*

*It's far, and my mom is mad, but it feels right. I'm supposed to spread my wings and do something with my life, right? Why not fly across the country and do it myself? You're never in one place long. :-P*

*Things are still weird with Izzy gone. It's calmer, sure, but I miss her. And I feel her pain. I know it sounds dumb, but I do. She's struggling, but I know she'll get through it. She just needs our support. Mom and Dad telling her that I'm doing so well isn't helping, and my brothers are all gone, along with you. She was too close to you all, maybe, and fell into the wrong crowd after you guys graduated, since we were stuck still in high school. She needs people when I don't. So, I'm happy she can write you sometimes while she's in there.*

*Anyway, weird that you don't have any social media ... or maybe better. I can't be on it much with studying anyway.*

*That bike should have had brakes and I'll never forgive my brothers for that.*

*Get home soon!*

*I took seven breaths today and still miss you,*

*Lilah*

## LOSING IT

### *Delilah*

“**W**hat the ever-loving fuck, Delilah Hardy?”

I winced when he used my full name in that tone but technically his dick was already all the way in. So, officially, I wasn't a virgin anymore, even if he decided to stop now.

“Just keep going.” I wiggled, trying to adjust to the pain. I told myself I wouldn't gasp, but I'd ended up yelping when he'd thrust in. I mean, he was huge. Dante had been about two times the size of me when he'd moved in down the street ten years ago. I'd been eight and he'd been thirteen. Now, he was twenty-three and had grown to maybe even triple my size.

I'd known his dick was going to be massive. Still, I couldn't trust anyone with my virginity but him.

Dante might have been my older brother's best friend and my twin sister's partner in crime, but he'd been my hero ever since I could remember. Over the years, he'd chased down guys who stole my bike, beaten up someone who made me cry, carried me home when I hurt my ankle, and most importantly, never overlooked me.

His eyes always found mine at family gatherings when he was home on leave. I got hugs from him and little animal carvings from around the world.

When he'd texted me that he was home and had a little present for me, I knew it was the only time I'd ever have to make something happen with him. I was going off to college, still firmly holding my v-card unless I gave it to him now.

And the timing was perfect.

All my brothers were off to college, raising hell on their university campus all summer. Izzy was still gone and my parents had their annual two-week summer road trip.

I heard him breathing hard, felt the way his large hands gripped my hips to stop my wiggling beneath him. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” He let out a slow string of curses, and his forehead fell to mine. It was his only movement, like he was scared to shift us at all down below. “Shit, Lilah. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“How exactly would that conversation have gone, Dante?” I opened my eyes just to narrow them at his piercing emerald ones. Jesus, he was so damn hot. That hard jawline was flexed to the point it would cut my skin if I rubbed my hand across it. I bit my lip before I continued. “You want to come over and take my virginity? I’m about to go to college, and every guy has avoided me since I stepped foot in high school except you. You always know just how to make me feel special. So could you just do me a favor and take that pesky v-card of mine?”

His neck strained, and I saw his pulse point going a million times a minute. A sheen of sweat coated his tanned skin. “Would have been a great introduction to what we were doing tonight.”

“K, well, sorry. Can you finish me off now or what?”

He shook his head over and over before he started to slide out of me, centimeter by centimeter. I squeezed my eyes shut. If he stopped now, this would be the most embarrassing experience of my life, and I’d had more than one. Most of them revolved around my four brothers picking on my twin sister and me. Dante was normally there alongside them, trying to rein in their asshole ways.

Still, this would be it. And wouldn’t this be just a great way to remember my first time? I dug my nails into his firm ass. “We’re already here, right? Can’t we just try to enjoy it instead of stopping?”

“Just try to enjoy it?” His stare widened. “I’m going to hell for the fact that I drove here to hang out with my best friend’s little sister. Instead of going home, I got seduced by her and didn’t even take my time stealing her virginity.” He proceeded to crawl off me and mumble to himself, “Should have used a condom.”

“What for? I obviously don’t have an STD and am on the pill. We went over this.” I pushed myself up onto my elbows to glare at him.

God, he'd gotten ripped while overseas. Every muscle was defined, nooks and crannies of pure heaven covered in tattoos. And the switch in his schedule had been just lucky enough for me to get him to myself instead of having my brothers fly home to see him. Military leave was only fourteen days long, so we all tried our best to be around when he came back.

This time, though, I hadn't alerted them that Dante had stopped emailing. It was normally an indication that he would be home soon and Dante didn't call any of us beforehand either. His arrival times were classified and, quite frankly, getting in touch with my family was like playing a game of Whack-A-Mole.

When Dante texted me that he was home, my idea snowballed.

I was home alone.

And bored.

And horny.

When he showed up with my favorite steak tacos from the food truck down the street and a tiny lamb the size of a quarter carved out of wood, I practically jumped him right there. He knew how much I loved those little animal statues. When he pulled me in for a hug, he whispered "Syria." He wasn't supposed to tell me where it was from, but he always did.

He'd brought me one every single time he came back to visit. And every time I squealed. My family thought it was just my innocent love for animals but it was mostly my love for him.

I should have had those tacos with him and sent him right home. Instead, we watched *The Sound of Music*. It was a staple in our house. My mom played the movies she liked and that was a favorite. We all knew those songs by heart and I think it was a sort of comfort for Dante. He sighed as the first song started and I smiled up at him on the worn leather couch of the family room.

This was where I normally would feel most secure, sort of like when someone hands you an old blanket and you know exactly what it was going to smell like. Except my mind was racing with the ideas in my head, of how I would seduce him, of how his muscles already felt so good up against my arm.

When I laid my head on his shoulder, he petted my dark waves like it was nothing. Even then, my heart skittered around. When the sixteen year old in the movie sang about how innocent she was, I sang right along with

her. He glanced down at me, his dimples showing with his smirk and I was a goner.

I swear his eyes roved over my whole face and lingered on my lips.

It was then or never, so I did what I never would have before.

Our lips touched and it was like we both sighed into what we'd always wanted.

Or at least I think we did.

He didn't feel awkward or uncomfortable. It felt like my mouth belonged on his.

The kissing turned to making out and our cautious touches turned to heavy petting. He pulled away for a second to rearrange us on the couch, pulling me into his lap all while he murmured the reasons why he should leave.

*Shit, you're Dom's little sister.*

*So? A lot of guys have little sisters. Is that all I am to you?*

*No, of course not—but you're too young.*

*Eighteen's too young for you? I'm sure other guys wouldn't mind me at eighteen.*

*Jesus, what other guys?*

*The ones I'll call if you leave me like this?*

I loved how he seemed to get bigger then, more possessive, more territorial.

*Don't goad me, Lilah. You're too good for all of them ... and for me.*

*Good? Does this seem good to you?*

I'd straddled him then and tried my best to lose my innocent act and embrace my vixen side.

He'd cursed himself over and over, but he hadn't stopped touching me.

His guilt only fueled my libido. He'd always wanted to be the definition of best friend to my brothers, but suddenly his desire to be with me was stronger than even that.

"When we were making out, I asked if you were on the pill. That would have been the perfect time to tell me you were a virgin," he pointed out as he stood there, his dick still glistening from being inside me. My core tightened just knowing he'd been the one to do that for me.

"Yes, there were like ten perfect times to offer up that information. I could have told you when we were getting undressed, when I texted you, when I kissed you during the movie. I obviously didn't want to."

He shook his head, the angle of his jaw tighter now than it had been even a second ago. Dante had self-control that coiled around his anger in a way I'd never seen before. I'd only seen him lash out when he was in high school, and that was if someone was making fun of one of our families.

No one did that much. Dante made sure of that.

We came from a family of six, but it was just his mother and him. You'd think our backup was good enough and that Dante couldn't afford to alienate others by beating up a guy for telling my brothers our family should go back to Greece. He did, though. Dante always stuck up for what was right, and he charmed the town into believing him too.

Even now, when he was supposed to be pissed at me, I didn't really worry. Dante was that kind, immovable rock in my life.

He sat back to stare at me. His green eyes popped against his sun-kissed skin, inquisitive and searching like I had the answer to some problem he hadn't figured out yet. I didn't move as we assessed one another. I lay there open to him for what felt like a whole minute. I didn't close my legs. I didn't even lift the sheet over me.

It was my last-ditch effort and although I felt the blush rising over my whole body, I had to try. I knew he was about to walk away, to tell me this wasn't right. I was his friend's baby sister and I'd been the good girl all my life.

Still, we'd ended up here, and his eyes appeared hungry.

Or maybe I was imagining it.

"Jesus." His voice was strained as his eyes stayed glued to my body. "I'm not going to forget how that feels for a very long time, Lilah."

"Oh, God." That sounded like he was going to leave. I'd rehearsed what I'd do if he let me down easy, but being open to him made it worse. We'd already started. He was basically turning down a virgin, which meant my good-girl personality really had made me that inaccessible. I shut my eyes and tried to will away the look on his face that I was sure would be full of pity. "This is going to be even more embarrassing to remember if you don't just go now." I tried to scoot away and grabbed for the sheet, but he ripped it from my hands.

"Go?" he growled. Then his eyes narrowed as he cranked his neck to the side like he was preparing for something huge. "I'm not going anywhere. We're starting over."

“What?” I tried to scramble up the bed, but his hand shot out and gripped my thigh. Then his other big hand was holding my opposite thigh down, leaving my slit open to him. His hands were so close to me that I hissed at the contact, knowing that I was getting wetter and wetter.

“I’m going to make you come this way first, Delilah. I should have slowed way down before. Shit, I was excited.” He licked his lips as his eyes roved over me. “I’ve been deployed for three months, and it’s not every day the girl of some of my hottest fantasies sticks her hands down my pants.”

His hands started kneading my thighs as I lifted a brow and whispered, “Fantasies? About me?”

“Last time I was home, you wanted a ride to school, and the whole damn time, you chewed your lip while your sister asked me about my time overseas.”

I rolled my eyes. I remembered that conversation. Izzy was always bolder than me and had shamelessly flirted by asking him if he was getting tail.

“And you got that look in your eye—the one you have now—like you were jealous and ready to do it better than anyone I’d ever been with. Were you?”

I lifted my chin. “You know I like to be the best at everything. I was valedictorian for a reason. And, honestly, I have a jealous streak a mile long from hearing all the stories about the women you’ve been with.”

His head lowered, and I felt the graze of his stubble on my inner thigh. “It was never a competition between you and other women, Lilah. You know that, right?”

“What do you mean?” I whispered, my heart starting to race.

“Half of this year has been me trying to stop picturing you every time I jack off, and I was on the verge of avoiding all family parties so I didn’t have to see how hot you look every time I show up. I swear you imagine fucking me every time you look at me too, little girl. Do you? Tell me I’m not crazy.”

I raked my teeth over my lips, thinking this had to be a dream. It was everything I’d ever wanted to hear. I panted out, “You’re not crazy. I was always thinking of what you and I would feel like together.”

His hand inched up my thigh, closer and closer to my center. His thumb skimmed close to my slit, and he rubbed up and down right next to it. It was delicious torture, purely evil foreplay, and he knew it. He smiled at me and

whispered, “Were you imagining me sliding my cock into this pretty pink pussy, Lamb?”

“Jesus, you can’t call me that anymore. I’m not so innocent now.”

“You still are. You always will be to me. You want me to own your virginity because you know it’s not just about getting rid of it, huh?”

I gripped the bedding, trying not to grind my mound into the hand that was so close to getting me off. “I ... I ... Dante, I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Your first time isn’t about you getting rid of your v-card with me, Lilah. It’s about you remembering every second of it.” One finger slid inside me fast, and his thumb hit my clit at the same exact time. I nearly bucked off the bed as I gasped. “Excited tonight, aren’t you? You’ve been waiting for this, picturing my hand getting coated in how wet you are, rubbing this perfect clit just right.”

He said everything as slow as he moved his thumb and finger. Agonizingly slow, with the exact amount of pressure that made me want to beg. “Dante, please. Oh God, please.”

“Mm. You seem to know how to be a good girl now.” The way he said it washed over me. Lately, I hated being the one who was always listening, always doing the right thing. Here, though, I loved it. “Begging so nicely. Being so good. Didn’t think that was necessary earlier when you should have shared with me what in the hell was going on, though?”

My breath hitched when he pinched my clit as if to punish me a little, but the act zinged through my whole body and came out of me in a guttural moan.

“I didn’t think ... Oh, God.” My head fell back as his thumb rolled over me faster, working me closer to an orgasm that I knew was going to be mind-blowing. I tried not to lose myself and shout. Wrangling myself into being the controlled person I’d always been was much harder than I had anticipated. “I just need ... I need ...”

I clamped my teeth over my bottom lip and hoped he could figure it out. I was riding his hand now, my body begging him to finger me faster, harder, with more vigor.

His straight teeth showed as he smiled like he knew he had me wrapped around his finger, right where he wanted me. He did, quite literally.

“Bite that lip all you want, baby, but when I fuck you later, I’m going to bruise it so everyone knows it’s mine. Might as well give it a rest and just



scream what you want me to do to you. Scream and beg me for what you want. Want me to work your pussy so my hand is drenched in you? You want to drip down my wrist as you come for me?"

I nodded vigorously.

He growled, "This is only the first high you're going to hit with me, Lilah. I intend to have you come all over my face tonight too."

Jesus, I knew Dante was going to be good in bed because women flocked to him. He looked like a freaking GQ model, but his dirty talk was something I wasn't expecting. Nor was I expecting my body to respond so quickly. I was wetter than I'd ever been, and I got myself off all the time. I practically heard him moving that finger in and out of me. "Please ... this isn't normal for me. No one has gotten me this close. Just ..."

Suddenly, his fingers stopped. "Another man touched you?"

I met his gaze, and there was green fire there, burning like it wanted to blaze down every man that might have touched me. My nipples puckered at the sight of him. "Well, a couple tried to do things with me, Dante. It just never progressed."

Jealousy and overprotectiveness looked good on him. He rubbed his thumb harshly over my bundle of nerves. "How many touched you here? All from school?" His gaze flicked down as my breathing quickened, and his jaw hardened.

"I ... only two."

"Names," He commanded.

"Seriously?" When he lifted a brow, I shrugged. "Garrett and David."

He'd started his slow pace again and slid another finger into me. I rocked at the extra pressure in my pussy, and my eyes rolled back as he curled them into my sex.

"They put their mouths on you?"

"Dante! No, okay? I really don't want to talk about this right now." My body was arching, trying to get more from him. "I just— Please let me come. Please. Please. Please."

At this point, I knew he was holding my orgasm hostage. I gripped his wrist with both hands and tried to bear down on his fingers, but each time I got where I needed to be, he reduced the pressure.

"You sure no one's tasted *my* pretty pink pussy, baby?"

"You're deranged right now," I ground out. I should have been mad, but the words sounded so good coming from his lips. "Yes, I'm fucking sure. I

swear it.”

I rode his hand as he slid another finger in, then moaned when he increased the pace. His fingers were thick and long and calloused in all the right places. I was so wet he'd probably have to soak his hands for days to get my smell off them, but I didn't care anymore.

I clawed at his arm as I chased the orgasm, and then he leaned over me and licked my nipple before sucking it into his mouth. When I moaned and whispered, “I'm so close,” he said, “Then you better come, baby, because I intend to have you ride my mouth next.”

The orgasm that ripped through me wasn't even ecstasy. It bordered on pain, but still so pleasurable. My whole body seized as I convulsed around him, and my pussy must have done exactly what he wanted because he swore low and then his head was between my thighs.

“Shit, Lilah. You're everywhere. All for me. You smell that? Sweet, hot, wet. I'm going to drink you for days.”

I couldn't focus on his words. My orgasm was still exploding through me, shattering something of the girl I was before this moment.

He massaged my thighs and let me slide down from my high. It was like he knew I needed a minute, like he wanted this to be perfect.

When his tongue started exploring every part of me softly again, though, I didn't stay relaxed for long. My hands were in his short dark hair, scraping against his skull and my body was heating up fast, blush covering every part of me.

He grabbed a pillow and tapped my hip. “Lift your hips.”

“What do you mean?”

“I have to put this pussy on a pedestal so I can eat like it's on a platter, baby. Then I'm going to fuck you at just the right angle, make sure you remember who makes you feel this way.” He dragged his finger across my sex, and I hissed. Then he caught my gaze.

“Dante,” I whispered, already on the brink of another orgasm just from his words. “This is too much.”

“This is just enough. You feel this?” His fingers were back at my entrance, and I whimpered as he slid two in and rolled them around. “You need to be good and wet for me. I want you dripping enough that I slide home without pain this time.”

“Please. I can take you now. Please let me feel you inside me.” I would probably regret how much I begged for his cock later, but I was beyond

embarrassment. I was on the verge of becoming a whore for him if he wanted that. I hadn't felt anywhere near this good ever before. Not even when I got named valedictorian after working toward that for four years. Nothing could compare to this, and it made me want to work that much harder to get it. "Your cock will fill me up just right, Dante. Please."

"Fuck, that sounds good on your lips." He slid his fingers from my core and dragged them up to my mouth. "Want to taste yourself, pretty girl?"

I didn't even hesitate. I needed to show him I could suck my juices off not only his fingers but other things too. I wrapped my tongue around him and sucked languidly, taking my time tasting the salty and sweet arousal of myself and his hand.

"How do you taste, Lilah? As good as you smell?"

I didn't stop licking and sucking as I nodded. I made sure both fingers were clean as I slid my tongue in between them.

"That's right. It's too sweet and addictive to go to waste. Remember that. You understand? Because, damn, I won't always be here. I can't give you this all the time. I'll deploy, and you'll go to college." His expression suddenly went far away; I lost him for a second before he said, "Just remember what I said, Delilah. If you let another man near you, you make them get on their knees and praise that sweet pussy, got it?"

I was whimpering around his fingers at this point. I couldn't answer him if I tried.

He took his fingers from my mouth. As he dragged them over my neck, hovering over me, he murmured, "Remember the way I feel."

Then his tongue was moving over my body. Sucking my nipples, licking down my stomach, dipping into my belly button. He didn't kiss my mound, he freaking smelled it. "I'm never going to forget this scent, Lilah."

His mouth descended on me then. And I was never the same.

Dante made me a woman. One who was addicted to the way his tongue fucked me. I became an animal, dying in heat to ride him into oblivion. I scratched at his head, trying to draw my orgasm, or maybe blood. I wasn't sure which. Maybe I wanted to mark him as mine, or maybe I needed his tongue inside me, thrusting in and out over and over again, as much as I needed my next breath.

He gripped my hips on that pillow as he brought me to another mind-blowing climax, and he didn't let me buck off it. He held me there even as I tried to scramble away, the sensation too much as I flew over the edge into

what felt like a black hole of bliss. I heard him lapping at my come, and I relished it. I realized I was chanting his name as he crawled up over me.

“You did so good letting me eat you out, baby.” He rubbed a thumb over my cheek to wipe away the tears I didn’t even know were falling. “So goddamn beautiful when you let go, Lilah. Don’t share that animal in you with the world. Keep it only for someone special.”

“You?” I choked out as his dick nestled between my legs. I was losing myself, slipping away from us just being friends and sliding into wanting more, needing more, dying for more. “Please, Dante, for the love of all that is holy, screw me now.”

He shifted the pillow underneath my ass and grumbled, “Pussy on a pedestal, right where it belongs. Don’t wiggle off here, got it? I want to hit every fucking wall of that cunt and make sure it’s wet just for me.”

I licked my lips. “I want that too. Now,” I emphasized.

He smirked but didn’t make me wait. His length was bare as he nestled right back in between my legs. So thick and hard, I wanted to get a mold of him somehow. He worked the tip around my entrance, coating it with my come, and then he pushed in inch by delicious inch.

I moaned so loud I should have been embarrassed, but the man was smiling down at me as he watched me take him in slowly. He dragged a finger over my cheek. “This is how it’s supposed to feel. Like you were empty without me, like you were missing a piece of you and I just found the missing part.”

I let out a string of curses as I dug my nails into his ass, wanting all of him, knowing he was still holding back. I was greedy now, ferocious in my need to feel whole. Dante’s dick was my oxygen, and I couldn’t live without it.

“Slow, Lilah. Slow. Revel in it,” he murmured in my ear. Then his hands were tweaking my nipples, and his mouth was sucking my neck hard like he needed to leave his mark on me too.

Didn’t he know he was already marking my pussy, branding it as his as he stretched it to fit his size? “I’m so screwed for other men.”

“That’s right, baby. You wanted me. You got me here and hooked on you. You’d better be hooked on me too. Take it all, Lilah.”

He thrust the rest of the way in, and I gasped as I spread my legs fully and met his motion with mine. Something feral and deeply suppressed snapped inside me. I had always been the good one, never stepped out of