

Bonus Scene – Obsessed

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“Sam?” I called softly as I rapped my knuckles on the bathroom door. The door gave way under the slight pressure because Sam hadn’t bothered to close it completely. I couldn’t help but think he’d gotten into the habit of leaving the door cracked every time he went into the bathroom just so I wouldn’t have to force it open if I began to worry about him.

Like I was now.

I could hear water running from the other side of the door, but I could tell it wasn’t the bathtub faucet. That left the sink.

“Sam?” I repeated as I pushed the door open.

“I’m okay,” Sam said softly.

Too softly.

He was standing with his hands braced on the countertop on each side of the sink. His toothbrush was clenched in his right hand.

Despite his declaration that he was okay, I knew he was anything but. I moved into the room and went to stand behind him. I could feel the tension radiating off of him in waves as he stood there. I studied him in the mirror but couldn’t see his eyes because they were downcast.

That was a sign in itself. It had been a long time since Sam had tried to hide himself from me.

Instead of calling him out on it, I wrapped my arms around him from behind. I found myself exhaling softly as Sam immediately leaned back against me. I dropped my lips to the back of his neck and pressed a soft kiss against his skin. “Talk to me, baby.”

Sam shook his head.

“Elliot will be okay, Sam. I promise. Cruz would never hurt him—”

“No, I know. It’s not that,” Sam responded quickly.

He shook his head again and then grabbed the toothpaste and put a heap of it on the toothbrush, then muttered, “I’m ridiculous” before furiously brushing his teeth. As he scrubbed away, I just held him because I knew that was what he needed. I continued to press soft kisses to

the nape of his neck the whole time. He brushed for a good three minutes before rinsing. Only then did his eyes meet mine in the reflection.

“Talk to me,” I repeated gently.

He opened his mouth to respond, then shook his head and dropped his gaze again. When he went to grab the toothpaste so he could brush his teeth all over again, I grabbed his elbow and turned him around. I covered his mouth with mine and kissed him deeply. I waited until his body relaxed against mine before pulling back and saying, “Perfect.”

Sam’s eyes held mine for a moment, then he let out a rough sigh and dropped the toothbrush. His arms went around my neck as he pressed his head to my chest. “I’m scared,” he admitted.

My own nerves kicked up. “Sam, if you’re not ready to marry me—”

“What?” Sam cut in. “No, no, that’s not... God, Matias, I can’t wait to marry you,” he declared as he stroked his fingers along my cheek.

I couldn’t deny that my entire body went weak with relief.

“Then what are you scared of?” I asked.

Sam dropped his eyes again and murmured, “I don’t want to hurt you.” He hesitated before adding, “I’ve never... and you’ve never... and what if I do something wrong...” Sam shook his head again.

I sighed when I realized what he was talking about. I almost laughed out loud from the sheer relief of knowing Sam wasn’t freaking out about our relationship but rather our decision to change things up in the bedroom tonight.

I tipped his chin up and kissed him softly. “God, Sam, I love you so much,” I admitted.

“I love you, Matias,” Sam responded, then his arms went around my back and he pressed his head against my chest again.

I held him as I said, “As for hurting me, you won’t, sweetheart. You couldn’t. This is something I want to share with you, but only when you’re ready.”

“You’re not nervous?” Sam asked after a good minute.

“I’m excited-nervous, not scared-nervous. Just like every other time we’ve been together.”

Sam pulled back so he could look at me. “What? You get nervous when we...?”

“Being with you is a dream for me, Sam, and I’m fucking terrified of waking up,” I admitted.

Sam held my gaze for the longest time, then his hand went to the back of my neck. The mere feel of his fingers on my sensitive skin calmed me like nothing else could. He pulled me down and graced me with the sweetest kiss I’d ever known. He held me so that our mouths were just millimeters apart when he whispered, “Open your eyes, my love.”

A violent tremor shook my entire body at his words. I gripped him in a tight embrace and pressed my face against the spot where his neck met his shoulder.

He was mine.

He was really mine.

The blanket of warmth that settled over me was both comforting and frightening. But instead of squeezing my eyes closed even tighter, I did exactly what Sam had told me to do.

I opened them.

And saw two people who were one.

I stared at the mirror for a long time before tucking my face back into the crook of Sam’s neck. “Make love to me, Sam,” I whispered.

He didn’t say anything, but his grip on me tightened even more. Then he was pulling back. His hand sought out mine and then he was leading me into our bedroom.

I allowed myself to accept that I was a bit nervous about what would happen on the big bed, but it had little to do with any anxiety surrounding the physical pain I might momentarily experience. No, I was more scared of what it would finally feel like to say goodbye to this last piece of myself... this piece where I gave up control and let someone else take care of me fully and completely.

I wanted that.

I wanted it so fucking bad.

But what if I couldn’t do it? What if that one little empty part of my soul could never be filled? Would I still feel complete?

“Matias,” Sam whispered as his hands clasped the sides of my face. “Sweetheart, stay with me.”

I let out a shudder and nodded, but I couldn’t make any words come out of my mouth. Thankfully, Sam didn’t press me to explain what I was feeling. I didn’t really know myself.

Sam's mouth covered mine. With every glide of his tongue over mine, that voice in my head quieted.

It could have been minutes or hours by the time we were both completely undressed. I was hard as a rock and needed relief, but at the same time I could have stood there forever and died a happy man in Sam's embrace.

As Sam eased me onto the bed and then covered my body with his, our dicks brushed against one another. "Fuck," I muttered as a pulse of electricity surged through me.

Sam grunted something in response, then he was grinding his hips against mine. I grabbed his ass to give him the leverage he needed to slide our cocks together just so. Our pre-cum mixed as we fucked without actually fucking.

"Get me ready," I demanded as I dug my fingers into Sam's tight ass.

I felt Sam smile against my mouth just seconds before he lifted it. "You're going to be a power bottom, aren't you?"

Instead of answering him, I maneuvered our lower bodies so my dick was notched inside the crease of his ass. Sam gasped in response.

"Any questions?" I asked.

Sam shook his head, then slammed his mouth down on mine. A moment later, he was scrambling off me to grab the lube from the nightstand drawer. The sight of his ass as he kneeled on the bed was too much to take, so I sat up and grabbed his hips, then went to town on his backside.

"Fuck, Matias," Sam cried.

I heard things hitting the floor as Sam searched desperately for the lube. I took advantage of the situation and ate at his ass at the same time that I stroked his dick. Sam cursed me as well as the missing lube.

The second he found the little bottle, he turned and launched himself at me. "You're going to pay for that," he growled, then he was kissing me hard.

"It was worth every penny," I said between kisses.

Sam muttered something unintelligible right before he got his revenge by sliding down my body and taking my cock to the back of his throat in one easy move.

"Jesus—" I snarled as he sucked me down. I grabbed his hair so I could start thrusting into his mouth, but Sam evaded my hold and pushed my legs up, completely exposing the most

vulnerable part of my body. It had been a while since he'd rimmed me the one time, but I still remembered the perfection of it and that had me holding my breath in anticipation.

The memory didn't do the act justice.

I bit down on my lower lip to keep from screaming in pleasure as Sam's mouth began to make love to my entrance. As he kissed, nibbled, sucked and then finally pushed his tongue into me, I could do nothing more than fist the bedsheets and silently beg for more.

He gave it to me.

All of it.

By the time he crawled back up my body, I was so tight with need, I was shaking.

"Matias," Sam said gently as he ran his fingers over my temple. His eyes were heavy with emotion as he took me in. "So beautiful," he murmured, then he kissed me gently.

"Need you," I croaked. I felt raw and exposed and it scared the shit out of me. But I had no desire to escape it. I was so close. I knew it in my bones. That pit inside of me, the one that had opened up the first time my father had looked at me with disdain, was so close to finally scarring over for good.

"I've got you, sweetheart," Sam said softly, then his hand was moving down my body. He avoided touching my cock, which was probably a good thing because I surely would have come on the spot. Instead, his finger began probing my hole.

His lubed finger.

I wasn't even sure when he'd managed to open the bottle of lube, but as he began to push his finger into me, I didn't care.

No lie, it hurt a little.

But the pain gave way to a strange burning sensation that probably should have hurt but didn't.

"Okay?" Sam asked once his finger was as deep inside of me as it could go.

I nodded. "More," I croaked. "Please, Sam."

Sam had shifted his body so he was lying on his side next to me. The position meant he could watch what he was doing as he probed me. When he began to push a second finger inside of me, I closed my eyes.

"Open your eyes, Matias," Sam demanded as he bent his head over mine.

I didn't hesitate to do as he said.

“Keep them on me, baby,” Sam instructed. “Not a dream, Matias.”

I let out a rough breath. I couldn't resist reaching up to pull him down for a kiss. He was still stretching my ass with his fingers, but it wasn't enough.

“Sam,” I whispered.

His eyes met mine for the briefest of moments, then he was sliding his body over mine. It was the most natural thing for me to separate and lift my legs to make room for him. My body felt empty when he pulled his fingers free, but then Sam's cock was pressing against me. He paused only long enough to swipe some lube over his length, then he was guiding his cock into me.

It hurt like a motherfucker.

For about five seconds.

Then it was heaven.

Absolute-fucking-perfect heaven.

“Fuck,” I snarled as Sam's thickness stretched me wide. The burning feeling was magnified by a thousand, but so was the pleasurable sensation that followed.

He was going too fast and too slow at the same time. It was too much and not enough.

“Sam,” I cried as my eyes clung to his.

“Almost there,” Sam murmured as he pulled out just a little, then slid farther into me. I gasped at the sensation that rocketed through me. By the time he was balls deep inside of me, I was shaking violently.

“Not... gonna... last...” I managed to choke out.

Sam settled all of his weight onto me and cupped the back of my neck so he could press our foreheads together. “Love you so much, Matias,” he growled. He was shaking as hard as me and his body was slick with sweat.

“Love you,” I whispered, then I was done talking because Sam began to move.

I gripped his upper arms so I'd have something to hang on to. Despite my best efforts, I couldn't keep my eyes open. It just felt too damn good.

It should have been that same dream world that I always felt like I was in when I was with Sam like this, but it wasn't.

With every lunge into my body, I knew it was all real.

I felt Sam everywhere.

My mind, my heart, my soul.

And that void. That damnable void inside of me... every soft word Sam spoke in my ear as he loved me filled that empty space and then it was just gone.

Leaving Sam behind.

Sweet, beautiful, love of my life Sam who wanted *me*.

Just me.

I clung to Sam as he thrust into me over and over, driving us both higher and higher. By the time we reached that precipice, we were wrapped together so tight that I no longer knew where I ended and he began. When we finally took that final step over the edge, we did it like we would do everything else in the days, years, and lifetime to come...

Together.