CHAPTER 5
PETER

EVELYN MONTGOMERY

"'See,' he said, 'it is the kiss I gave her. It has saved her life.'"
Peter & Wendy
- J.M. Barrie

SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO

"Be careful, Wendy. I won't be able to live with myself if you get hurt."

Reaching out to her quickly, I wrap my arm around her waist and hoist her up against my body into the air, barely saving her in time to keep her from tumbling off the rocks and into the crashing waves.

"Oh, my, Peter, thank you," her breath is warm against my lips as her eyes lift to meet mine.

Her grip on my biceps tightens. Something stirs in my lower stomach as our bodies heat to an unbearable high while I stare down into her eyes and hover with her in my arms above the rocks.

"You know, the lost boys say you always wait until the last minute to save someone."

Her eyes twinkle in the moonlight. I can't help the grin that spreads

across my face because I'm absolutely in love with the look that's staring back at me. Flushed cheeks. Startled eyes. It's thrilling. Breathtaking. That's what she is. Nothing has ever *been able to take my breath away before. Until Wendy.*

"They say you like the rush of the risk, the cleverness in the catch, more than the life you're saving," she continues, her mouth hanging open as her eyes travel to my lips and she wets hers with anticipation.

Leaning in, my dick stirs as she waits with bated breath for me to respond. I've grown to like her best there, desperate, waiting for me to give her what she needs. "You're the only life worth saving, Wendy."

Her body trembles in my arms, and I tighten my grip around her, pulling her closer, not able to get her close enough.

"More than your own, Peter?" she whispers.

"Without question. I'll always put your life before mine."

With a wink, I take flight. I can't tell if her breath is rushed from my words, or the swiftness with which I flew her up in the air. But as I start to descend through the mist, her arms tighten around my neck, and I feel her same rushed breath feather against my skin as she holds on tight and closes her eyes.

"One day, Wendy, you won't be so scared when I steal you away and out into the stars."

"One day, Peter, I'll be able to breathe again when I'm around you, and not feel like I'm about to faint."

Ducking quickly into the eyes of Skull Rock, I set her down softly on her feet and force her to look me in the eyes as we stand on a rock ledge.

"You feel faint? Why didn't you tell me you couldn't breathe, Wendy? If I knew..."

"Oh, Peter," she laughs, swatting me away playfully, then turning and taking a step out of my reach. "Not everything someone says should be taken so literally."

"Why not?"

My back stiffens, my stance hardens, because I would never tell her anything that was untrue.

She spins on her heels, her eyes lock on mine for only a second before

EVELYN MONTGOMERY

anxiously darting around the dark rock cave we're hidden away from the rest of the world in. She looks... nervous? Hesitant? Did I say something wrong?

"Oh no, not like that. It's just that..." her voice trails off as I stare at her with hooded, questioning eyes, and take a step in her direction. She instantly takes one back. So, I take another one forward. Again, she backs away.

Normally, I love games, but not right now. Not when I feel like Wendy could ever be untrue to me.

Her back hits the stone wall behind her and she looks away startled. "What is this place," she asks as her eyes scan the dark tomb.

"Skull Rock," I whisper, taking a stray strand of her corn silk hair and brushing it behind her ear. Her body trembles, and it does something to me. Something I can't put into words yet. So, I continue, "It's where we take the ones we kidnap when we're playing pirates. When the boys know me as Jas Hook."

"Do you kidnap a lot of people, Peter?" Her eyes finally find mine in the shadows and it's my turn to feel faint. Stepping into her, I suck in a shaky breath and go to speak, but she continues. "Before you kidnapped me, that is?"

"You came willingly, Wendy," I correct her with a smile. Brushing her cheek, my thumb touches her lips as I say, "Something tells me, you'll always come willingly, Wendy."

Resting my palm against the stone at the side of her cheek, I lean in and wait for her to answer me, but she won't even look me in the eye as she places both her palms against my chest and attempts to hold me at a distance.

"Please," she begs, and something deep inside, something that feels dark when I've only ever felt light, begins to stir.

I like the sound of her begging. A lot, I decide, as I cock my head to the side and study her. Her breath comes more rushed than before. Her chest rises and falls quickly as I slowly tip her chin up, forcing her to look me in the eye.

"Do you feel faint now, Wendy?"

EVELYN MONTGOMERY

My thumb brushes against her bottom lip. A foreign feeling builds, pumping through my veins as my cock lengthens between us. I've felt it harden for her before, but not like it's doing now when she's pressed tightly up against me, her breasts, nipples, brushing lightly against my chest, and her thighs noticeably shaking.

My Wendy.

My beautiful breathtaking Darling.

A carnal need rushes through my body as my right-hand snakes behind her neck and pulls her from the wall, crushing her frame securely against mine. She gasps out when she feels, finally understands, she does something to me, too. I haven't been able to think straight since the night I flew back and noticed how much she'd changed. Blossomed. Developed into something so mouth-watering, so tempting, so fucking addictive I know I won't be right again until I have her.

Her eyes plead with mine, craving something we know we're on the cusp of discovering, but don't know how to grasp it just yet.

Maybe that's part of the magic.

Maybe something so strong, so perfect, can't be contained.

My thumb brushes across her bottom lip and a whimper escapes her, echoing through Skull Rock, floating through the air between us on a tempting breeze. Maybe the only way to believe in the magic is to let it consume you, control you, dominate you, like my Wendy has somehow managed to find a way to rule over me.

"Are you nervous?" I whisper.

"Should I be?" she asks cautiously.

Her body shakes. She tries to hide it. Tries to stare into my eyes confidently, but I notice her shyness. I feel her insecurity. I understand her need for modesty without her even having to say a word.

Though, I don't think I can honor it tonight.

"I told you I wanted to feel you, know you, all of you, Wendy."

"Peter, I've never..."

"Never what?"

She sucks in a breath. Her eyes drop hesitantly between us. She tries to back away, but I don't let her go. Tightening my grip around her waist, a

EVELYN MONTGOMERY

carnal need I've never embraced before beckons to let it be unleashed. If that wasn't enough, something about the way she denies what she wants makes something inside of me snap.

"Feel that?" I growl as I push her back up against the wall and force my thick length up her inner thigh.

She closes her eyes, bites her bottom lip, stifles a moan, and nods her head.

"I've never either, Wendy. Felt this. Wanted this." She stops breathing. "I don't know what I'm supposed to do, either." My head drops to her neck, her skin breaks out in goosebumps as I gently place a kiss to her trembling skin. "What I'm not supposed to do?"

I stare at her neck, my breaths come out in rushed, heated waves against her skin. Goosebumps break out across her collarbone, and my eyes travel lower. They graze hungrily down to her full breasts and instinctively I press my body harder against hers. She lets out another whimper. One filled with pain, with pleasure. My eyes flash back to hers, and I notice they're still closed.

What's more, she still hasn't taken a breath.

"Wendy," I whisper, leaning my face down, drawn to her more than ever before. I lick my lips, my gaze studying her mouth. "If you need air, Darling, all you have to do is ask."

She gasps, sucking in a breath just as I fist her hair in my hand, her fingers desperately grip my scalp, and our mouths crash against one another for the first time.

Her right leg wraps around my waist and I push her back up against the wall, instinctively bringing my hand up under her other thigh and lifting her into the air. She wraps both legs around my middle as my hands rise up her curves, settling against both sides of her face.

Should I take this slow?

Fast?

She fists my shirt harshly and pulls me closer, answering my need with a greedy moan of pleasure.

More.

We both need more.

EVELYN MONTGOMERY

In sync, our mouth's part, deepening the kiss and I brush my tongue against hers. She stills. My eyes open and catch her startled stare. She doesn't pull away. With my mouth held against her lips, I repeat the motion, then ask, "Is this, ok?"

She doesn't respond, only leans in and slowly kisses me back. Her tongue strokes mine seductively, making a sound escape my lips I've never heard.

I've never craved something before like I crave Wendy.

A frenzied need suddenly mixes with a demanding urge to take, and our bodies grind against each other surprisingly knowing how to respond.

I hold her for minutes I wish were hours as we explore each other in a way we've never thought of before. Her lips on mine feels mind blowing. Earth shattering. I'm obsessed. Hooked for life, instinctively knowing I will never get enough. Could never get enough.

She's the only girl for me.

From my first memory, it has always only ever been my Wendy.

Taking a step like this feels so right, inevitable. We can't deny each other any longer.

"Peter," she whispers, as my mouth falls back to her neck. I kiss, taste, suck a trail to her collarbone, across her clavicle, down her chest, to her breasts that I haven't been able to stop thinking about. Not since the night I flew back through her window, noticed them large, round, mature, and carried her back with me to Neverland.

Setting her down on her feet and taking a step back, I ask, "Can I touch you here, Wendy?"

I run my fingertip along the lace at the top of her light blue nightgown. She shivers. For the life of me, I can't tear my eyes away from her breasts or the nipples I see piercing through the thin fabric. Finally, my gaze lifts long enough to see her nod her head with approval. I hold my breath as I step back into her and slowly start to unbutton her shirt.

"Have you ever had someone touch you here?"

My fingers get to the last button, and I wait, realizing how much I need her to say no. How much I need to be the only one that has ever touched her like this. Ever will touch her like this.

TAELYN MONTGOMERY

My hands raise gently to her shoulders, but I don't look away from the fabric still covering her chest.

"No," she finally whispers.

A smile spreads across my face as I push the top of her nightgown off her arms, exposing her to me for the first time. I run my fingertips down, across her curves, holding her breasts in my hands and groaning at the weight of them in my shaking palms.

"Have you ever had anyone taste you here, Wendy?"

She sucks in a breath. I take her nipples in between my thumb and finger and gently roll them, my dick hardens, strains, as her head falls back and a moan escapes her lips.

"No," she whispers again. Before I can respond, she begs, "Please, Peter..."

My head lowers to her breasts, but just before I suck her nipple into my mouth, I dip my hand to her center and rub between her thighs. She gasps out loud as I fill my mouth with her smooth pale skin and run my fingers back and forth across her most delicate spot.

"And here?" I groan, pride filling my chest when a wetness begins to coat my fingers. "What if I taste you here, Wendy?"

"I," she pants, "I don't... I don't know."

I pull my fingers up to the top of her center, to a sensitive nub, and notice she bucks her hips off the wall wanting more. Smiling, I take her other breast in my mouth and suck down harder. My fingers rub circles as I commit to memory the spot she likes me to touch most.

"I've never..."

I cut her off, dropping to my knees and pulling up her blue nightgown. "Remember, Wendy, neither have I. But I want this." I suck in a breath. She smells sweet. So delicately delicious I can't wait to get my mouth on her. "I need this."

My vision blurs. My mouth waters. My dick throbs as I take in her wet velvet skin through her white panties. Looking up, she blushes as her chest rises and falls quicker than before.

I slowly pull the white lace down to her knees, shaking, trembling with the need to move faster. But I want to take time with Wendy. I want to

EVELYN MONTGOMERY

remember every second of feeling her, tasting her, for the very first time. I blow against her center, loving the way her fingers dip into my hair and she pulls me closer.

"Do you feel faint now?"

"No, Peter," she whispers.

I run my fingers through her wetness. Licking my lips as they're coated instantly with her arousal.

"I want to make you feel faint, Wendy," I confess in a whisper.

Her thighs shake again as I continue to run my finger through her center, stopping at her opening to press up inside her as my eyes lift and catch hers. Her mouth falls open, her eyes widen, and I groan as I force my finger further into her warm center.

"I want to make your world go black and be the only one that breathes you back to life. Gives you air, Darling."

"Oh, God," she pulls my head closer.

"Will you let me?" I whisper, watching as my fingers pull in and out of her heat.

The wetness coats them thickly. Without thinking, I press another finger inside her determined to make the wetness grow.

"Please," she whispers as my face comes closer to her center."Please, Peter. Please try."

"Oh Darling," I groan, closing the space between her throbbing center and my lips, "Remember, all you have to do is ask."

Covering my mouth over her velvet skin, I groan. She cries out as my tongue parts her center and I force my fingers quickly inside her. Even though I've never done anything like this before, instinct takes over and I grab one of her thighs and throw it over my shoulder.

Licking up to her sweet spot, I suck down hard, like I did on her plump nipples and hear her scream. She loves it, I can tell, just as much as I love doing this to her, so I repeat what I did again. This time, she purrs my name. I groan as I pull my fingers in and out of her quicker, faster still, not able to take it slow like I first wanted. I'm too turned on by how wet I can make her pussy as she begins to drip down the back of my hand.

"Oh God, Peter, I think I am going to faint..."

EVELYN MONTGOMERY

Something inside me snaps as I finger her harsher, demanding more from her. My lips suck harder on her nub before I release her favorite spot and lick up her center quickly.

"Do you like it when I lick you?" I ask. She only whimpers. "Or suck you, Wendy?"

"Suck," she pants. "Suck me harder. Peter, Please."

I do as she says, hooking my fingers inside and running them in and out quickly. She explodes into screams a moment later. Her thighs start shaking, her center pulses, her wetness covers my hand, dripping down my wrist. Slowly I feel her world fade to black then finally, I hear her suck in a sharp breath of air, frantically coming back to life.

When she's breathing steadier, I place a kiss against her favorite spot, now my favorite spot, and rise to meet her stare. A beautiful, sexy haze clouds her eyes and I groan loving the look of satisfaction I put on her face. My cock throbs between us, needing to feel a release like she just did. Taking my hand covered in her wetness, I trail it across her lips. Her eyes widen as she realizes what I've just done.

"Taste it," I demand. She does as I say and something about the way she complies makes my dick twitch. "God, that's beautiful," I hiss as I watch her lips suck my fingers into her mouth, cleaning her taste off my hand with frenzied greed. Before I can stop myself, I confess, "I need you to suck me, Wendy."

She instantly stops breathing. Leaning in, I lick her wetness off her lips, successfully breathing her back to life when she finally sucks in another breath. This time sharper than before.

"Good girl," I whisper. "Just like that."

Pushing her to her knees, she complies to my wishes, and I eagerly unzip my pants and pull my dick free. This is all new to me. I'm not sure if we are doing this right, but something in her eyes tells me she wants it just as much as I do.

But just to make sure...

"Do you want to, Wendy?" I groan as I fist my thick length in my hand and stroke it, rotating my hand around my throbbing crown. Fuck, it feels

EVELYN MONTGOMERY

so good, so I pump my dick faster while staring into her lust filled eyes and almost explode across her tits.

She nods her head. Her eyes flare as she looks at my straining length and wets her lips.

"Stick out your tongue."

She does so quickly, and I waste no time slapping the head of my cock against her warm, wet, willing tongue.

"Wendy," I hiss out, overtaken by the sight of her on her knees doing what I needed her to. My heart pounds knowing she's about to suck me off. She looks up at me with startled eyes. "Do you want me to tell you what I want?"

She nods.

Eagerly, I coach her on what my body tells me it needs. What it's never needed before, only whenever I thought of her.

"Close your mouth around the tip," I growl.

She does and my head falls back as my world fades a little to black. Addictive. That's what this feeling is. The quick fade to darkness before the rush back to light.

Opening my eyes and looking back down, I brush her hair out of her eyes and smile.

"Wrap your hand around it," she does, and I suck in air through clenched teeth. "Stroke it, good girl, just like that."

I feel a tiny bit of my wetness leak out into her mouth and know the second she tastes it too because the vixen begins to purr.

"Do you like that, Wendy? The taste of me."

She nods her head just as my hand comes up around the back of her neck and I pull her forward, and my dick fills her mouth completely. Both of us hiss out simultaneously from the perfect feeling of my length hitting the back of her throat. My body screams for me to fuck her mouth hard, but I hold back.

Once again, tell myself to take my time.

"Again," I demand, and she complies.

Bobbing her head up and down. Taking me all the way down the back

EVELYN MONTGOMERY

of her throat and holding me there. Tears prick her eyes as I throb, letting go a little more in her mouth.

"You like that?" I hiss, pushing her head down further until I hear her gag. She nods and my head falls back with a groan. "Keep going, Wendy." I growl as I look back down into her tear-filled eyes, "Suck me like I sucked you."

She does. She sucks me until I explode down the back of her throat. The sound of myself thundering, crowing, screaming her name bounces off the stone walls.

My world goes black for the first time, and I lose myself to Wendy. To the darkness.

When I do, something inside me changes. Something inside me snaps. I feel a part of me grow up as I look down and watch her wipe her lips, the taste of my cum still lingering on her tongue.

It scares the shit out of me, growing up, so I lose myself to the darkness a little more and promise myself it will never *fucking happen again.*

EVELYN MONTGOMERY