



A Moment Too Soon

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Description: He always told me I'd be his someday and even though I never took him seriously, I always prayed that he would steal me from this nightmare. I'm afraid of the version of myself that I have become but all it takes is one call and I'm his. Can we escape the consequences of running? Will we even want to?

This is a DARK ROMANCE with HEAVY TRIGGERS. Reader's discretion is HIGHLY advised.

*This is book 3 in The Breaking Point Series. Please, read "A Piece Too Far: A Dark Billionaire Romance" and "A Step Too Close: A Dark Crime Romance" BEFORE Reading this story.

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Chapter One

Rebecca

“You stupid fucking bitch. Can’t you do anything right?” Garrett screams at me. I sniffle and hiccup as I try to control my emotions. “Stop fucking crying, or I swear to God, I’ll give you something to fucking cry about.”

“I’m sorry,” I whimper.

“God, Rebecca. You’re so fucking pathetic,” he huffs and pretends he is going to hit me. When I flinch and cower, he laughs and walks away to take another swig from the bottle of whiskey in his hand. “Get over here and bend over the couch.”

“What? Garrett, no. I don’t want to...”

“Now!” Garrett screams, spit flying out of his mouth. I don’t move, and he suddenly crosses the room and grabs me by the hair.

“Stop! Let go of me! Garrett, stop!” I scream as he drags me across the room. He slings me onto the couch and starts slapping me across the face. I scream out in pain and try to protect my face, but he pulls my hand up above my head with one of his as he forces himself between my legs.

“Stupid bitch!” he screams and continues slapping me. Anytime he hits me, it’s open-handed, and he never leaves a mark that lasts longer than a few hours. It’s when he grabs my top and rips it down that I start thrashing under him. “You’re fucking mine!”

“Stop! Garrett, stop. Please,” I sob. He grabs hold of my nipple and twists, making me scream out in pain. He then slaps my breastsharda a few times before releasing my arms and tearing my leggings to give him more access. Despite my fighting, he gets them off of me and pulls his dick out.

“You’re mine. I’ll fuck you anytime I goddamn want to,” he growls before spitting into his hand a few times and coating his dick. I am sobbing when he pins my arms again and leans in to be nose to nose with me. He speaks directly into my face as he slowly pushes into me. “This ismycunt. I fucking own you. I own every goddamn orgasm... So fucking come forme,bitch. Come for me, or I swear to God, I’ll kill you right here, and they’ll never find your goddamn body.”

“Garrett,” I whimper. “Please, stop.”

“Too fucking late, Rebecca. Come or die,” he snickers. Garrett suddenly flips and keeps one hand on my hip as he presses the barrel of his revolver to my forehead. “Ride my cock, bitch. Ride or die.”

“Garrett, please,” I cry. I flinch and immediately start moving my hips when he pulls the hammer back.

“Fuuuck, that’s it, whore. Fucking moan for me,” he groans.

I have zero fucking doubt that he will kill me. I am so scared, and I want to run, but I start bouncing on his dick anyway. He moves his hand to start rubbing my clit, and disgusting pleasure starts building. My body involuntarily tightens, and a maniacal laugh breaks out of him.

“That’s it. Ride my fucking cock. Goddamnit, this ismyfucking cunt. Take my cock, whore... God, yes. Moan for me.”

“Garrett,” I cry.

“Such a wet little slut,” he grunts as he pushes his hips up. As I bounce, his movement triggers the forced pleasure to grow. I try to focus on just the feeling as I squeeze my eyes shut. I ride him as he moans wildly, thrusting into me from below. I know I won’t get there, so I fake it. I start moaning just how I know he will believe it. He eventually takes over and starts thrusting into me hard and fast from below. I steadily build my fake orgasm and moan loudly. What I don’t expect is for him to suddenly shove me off him so he can grab me by the head and thrust down my throat. He has me sitting on the ground so he can straddle my face with his knees on either side of my face against the couch. He’s pushing down my throat as I gag and choke on him. Garrett violently throat-fucks me until he finally comes, making me swallow him down.

When he pulls away, I start coughing and gagging as I gasp for air. “Clean up your face. You look disgusting,” he says as he fixes his pants. He grabs his keys, and I make the mistake of questioning him.

“Where are you going?” I whisper.

“Where I fucking want to,” he screams. “If I ever find out you are fucking talking to that prick again, I’ll fucking kill you. You’re my whore. My property.”

“Okay,” I whimper and make sure I don’t make eye contact with him.

Garrett grabs his keys and wallet from the coffee table before sauntering out of the house.

I know I shouldn’t do it, but I am so fucking scared he will actually kill me one day. What if he accidentally pulls the trigger mid-orgasm? I crawl over to my phone on the floor. The screen is shattered from him throwing it, but it still works enough that I

can navigate to Jett's phone number.

Jett Andrews is my best friend. It took us two decades to finally go on a real date, but things changed after that. We went back to being friends but he was never shy about telling me his feelings. He always tells me that in the end, it will be him and me, but I don't know. I think I ruined my chances at happiness on that level when I got with Garrett.

"Hey, pretty girl. What's..."

"Jett," I whimper.

"Where are you?" he asks immediately. I start crying instead of answering. "Baby, where are you?"

"Home," I whimper. "Please... Come get me. Please."

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“I’m on my way right now. Where is he?”

“He left. He... He saw that I was texting you,” I cry.

“Fuck, baby. I’m so sorry,” Jett sighs. “I’m coming, okay? You’re done with him.”

“He’ll kill me,” I cry.

“He will never fucking hurt my girl again. You hear me?”

“I just wanted...”

“What did he do?” He asks.

“He... kept slapping me and then... He had a gun on me. I didn’t have a choice. It was loaded and...”

“He raped you, didn’t he?” he asks softly.

“Yeah,” I whisper.

“I’m close,” he says. I jump up and rush to the bedroom to grab a new pair of leggings. I toss my phone down and pull them on before trying to locate my shoes. By the time I find them, I turn to immediately get grabbed up by Jett.

When he wraps his arms around me, I instantly start sobbing. He scoops me into his arms before sitting on the bed and rocking me. “We need to...”

“Shh. Let me hold you for a moment,” he says softly.

“He’s going to kill me,” I whisper.

“Let’s get your shit and go home,” he says, kissing the top of my head.

We get up and go to the bedroom to start throwing my belongings into bags. We are silent as we pack and don’t waste any time. Once we have most of what I need, he grabs the bags and pulls me out to his car. I am in a daze by the time we get in and start driving down the road.

“Are you hurt?” he asks, grabbing my hand and squeezing.

“No,” I whisper.

“What did he do?”

“You’ll get mad,” I say with a frown.

“Baby girl, your face has welts and is swollen. I’m already going to fucking kill him,” Jett says in such a sweet tone that I can’t help but laugh tearfully. “That funny?”

“Just you and your innocent voice,” I say.

“He... he basically told me to come or die,” I say. “He put his gun to my head and... made me ride him.”

“Jesus... what else?” Jett sighs heavily.

“Uhh... He was slapping me. Oh, he yanked my shirt down and kept smacking my boobs. That hurt. Well, so did twisting my nipple,” I say. “Oh, he didn’t finish in me.

He throat-fucked me.”

“That it?”

“Yeah. Besides repeatedly calling me a whore,” I say.

“What started it?”

“He saw that I was texting you,” I say. “He got pissed and thought I was cheating.”

“Well... His loss, because now you are mine,” Jett says.

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“Oh, am I now?” I ask, raising an eyebrow at him.

“I warned you, babe. If he ever hurts you, cheats on you, or leaves you, I’ll make you mine.”

“Do I get a say in this?” I ask, laughing.

“Mmmm.... Nope,” he says with a grin.

“I can’t say I’m surprised,” I shrug. “Although I’m not very sure you want me like that.”

“Why is that?” he asks.

“Jett,” I say with a heavy sigh. “He had me fucking every single man who came into that house. For five years... he has let his buddies pay to fuck me. I don’t think you want someone who has been run through more than a tunnel.”

“Excuse me?” he asks, snapping his head to look at me when we pull into his driveway. “What do you mean?”

“Every night he would have someone over. He would throat-fuck me, let his friend fuck me, collect the money, and then fuck me when they left. I’d just take a shower and go to bed. On the weekends, it’s usually three or four at the same time.”

“I’m going to fucking kill him,” he snarls before getting out and coming around to open my door. When he pulls me out, we grab my bags, and I’m in a daze as we walk

in and take the bags upstairs. He then grabs my hand and pulls me into the bathroom before turning the water on.

“What are you doing?” I ask when he starts to undress me.

“I’m going to take care of you, Bex,” he says softly. I nod and take my clothing off until I am completely naked. I watch as he undresses, and my eyes go wide when he takes his boxers off.

“Jesus,” I mutter before turning and stepping into the shower. He steps in behind me and turns me to face him. He looks over my body, but it’s not about lust; he is checking to see if I am actually okay. I have a welt the shape of a handprint on the side of my breast, and he sighs when he sees it. His eyes meet mine for a moment before he gently runs his fingertips across the mark Garret left behind.

“Does anything hurt?” he asks.

“He twisted the shit out of my nipple. That doesn’t feel too nice,” I admit. I wince when he cups my breast, and he frowns before moving me to lie on the built-in stone bench.

“You’re beautiful, Bex,” he says as he looks over my body. I try so hard to not stare at his massive cock, but it’s right there. “Talk to me.”

“I’m afraid of losing you,” I admit. “I keep rejecting you because I’m afraid that something will happen and our friendship will be gone.”

“Understand this, Bex,” he says before leaning down and lightly suckling on my sore nipple.

“Fuck,” I choke out.

“I told you I would take you the first chance I got, so you are mine now. Forever and always. I’ve never been shy about the fact that I’m in love with you. I’ve been patient, but I will no longer sit here and deny what we both want.”

“I can’t lose you,” I whisper.

“Pretty girl, you’ll never fucking get rid of me. You are mine, no matter if I have to tie your sexy ass to the bed and fuck you into submission,” Jett says bluntly.

“You are so... possessive,” I say, smiling.

“Bex, you haven’t seen possessive. He better thank his lucky stars I decided to let him dig his own grave by fucking up with you. I could have taken you from him at any point, and we both know it,” Jett says. “Do you remember the one night we shared together?”

“Do I remember? You ate my pussy and made me come so hard I basically passed out,” I say.

“Good, so you know a little of what to expect,” he says. When he presses his lips against mine, it’s like a light switch. Something about the way he kisses me is like all of the permission I needed to keep him for myself.

Jett starts kissing down my body, but stops. I groan in frustration when he switches gears and starts washing my body instead. When he says nothing, I start to get paranoid as if I have done something wrong. He sits me up, washing my hair before rinsing my body, and shuts the water off.

“Did I do something wrong?” I ask, looking down at my hands. He lifts my chin, and he looks sad. “I’m sorry if...”

“Your thighs are bruised, Bex,” he says, cupping my cheek. “I got in my head and I just needed a second.”

“What? You didn’t...”

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“Rebecca, baby... I all but said I have every intention of fucking you no matter what you think... the bruises were a harsh reminder that you’ve been raped repeatedly for years. I am only adding to that toxicity, and you deserve better.”

Before I can respond, he steps out of the shower. I am stunned by his words because I was expecting to be the problem, but he just compared himself to a rapist. I’ve never seen him this way, even with his aggressive way of showing his affection. I’ve never seen it as problematic because, one, I would love nothing more than for this man to violently fuck me. And two, I know he would never actually hurt me. If I told him to stop, I have all the confidence in the world that he would stop and check in with me.

He leaves the bathroom before I can even get out, so I take my time stepping out and drying myself off. I wrap up in the towel before going into the bedroom. I see that he is in the process of getting dressed, so I walk over and snatch the clothes out of his hand and I sling them across the room. He is shocked by this, so I take the opportunity to push him back on the bed and climb into his lap. I don’t take him inside of me, even though I desperately want to be fucking destroyed by him. He is so goddamn big that I know it’s going to take a minute to get used to. Garrett was big, but he has a damn micro dick compared to Jett. It’s the kind of dick that when you look at it you know you can’t take all of it. The vagina is only so big.

“Rebecca,” Jett sighs as he tries to move me.

“Stop it,” I snap at him. “Just shut the fuck up for ten seconds and let me talk.”

“I’m sorry?” he asks, raising an eyebrow at me.

“Do not ever sit there and insinuate that you have or would hurt me in any way. You have always been aggressively loving, and I absolutely adore that about you. You are not a rapist. You are not the villain in my story. You have been patient with me and held on to the hope that one day you and I could truly make a go of things. You’ve respected my wishes to let me leave on my own. If you ever insinuate that you are a rapist again, I swear to God, I will tie you to this bed and make you come so many times that you sob like a little bitch.”

“I’m definitely a rapist,” he says with a devious grin.

“Little boy, I am not above putting on a strap-on and fucking your ass. A little bit of lube, and I’ll have you coming like agoddamn freight train. Don’t fuck with me. I am more than willing to be submissive to you, and I will gladly let you violently fuck me any day of the week, but do not ever insinuate that you have hurt me. I will not tolerate that bullshit. It is your trauma speaking, and I will kick your goddamn ass for it,” I scold him.

“I shouldn’t find it hot when you scold me like a child,” Jett says, smiling. “You’ve been hurt so much, Bex.”

“Then hurt me better,” I say sweetly as I lean down to place my hands on the bed beside his head. I am straddling his body, and I’m on my knees. When he grabs my hips and repositions me, I know he is about to slam into me. “We have both been through so much, Jett.”

“I feel responsible for letting him take you away from me,” he says.

“It’s my fault for staying with him,” I say. “I wasn’t a prisoner, Jett. He is a narcissist, and he certainly did gaslight me into staying most of the time, but I knew what I was doing. I knew he was hurting me. I knew he was selling my body, but I chose to stay. That is not on you. All that matters is that you have stuck by my side for five years

and been content in the friend zone while you waited for me to get my head out of my ass.”

“I need to know that you actually want me,” he says softly.

“Jett, I give you complete consent to do whatever you want to me; doesn’t matter if I say no or if I fight you. You can use me how you see fit, and I am putting all of my trust in you. If you want to tie me up and fuck me for three days straight, okay. If you want to bend me over a park bench and fuck me in front of God and everyone, fine. I trust you, Jett. I’ve been in love with you since I was four years old. I let a small misunderstanding create a wedge between us, and then Garrett slipped in. He ruined my life... He took something from me that I will never get back. There is no amount of money on this planet that can give me back the ability to have children.”

“What are you talking about?” Jett asks as he sits up and holds me in his lap.

“Two years ago... He paid a doctor to perform a hysterectomy on me,” I say. “I will never have children of my own.”

“Oh, Bex... I’m so sorry,” Jett says with a sad voice.

“I accepted it a while ago,” I say. “It made me realize that the only reason I wanted kids was because of my parents. I know you didn’t want kids, so it’s not a big deal. It just fucking sucks that the option was taken away from me.”

“How did he get a doctor to do that?” he asks.

“He knows a lot of people. He drugged me at home, and I woke up in recovery the next day. He let me heal for a few weeks but just took to fucking other women in front of me. When I could have sex again, he fucked my ass for a while, but eventually did go back to his usual way of making me ride him. Now I’m

unreasonably sensitive, and he has a sick fantasy of forcing me to come,” I explain.

“I’m so sorry,” Jett says softly. “I’m admittedly worried about triggering you.”

“Okay, well... Bend over the bed,” I say.

“Don’t be a brat,” he frowns.

“Why? If you are going to be a little bitch about it, I’ll make you my bitch,” I say.

“One of us has to be aggressively dominant, and if it’s not going to be you, it’ll be me.”

“Why do we have to be aggressive, though?”

“Are you asking me to gently fuck your ass?” I ask sweetly. I laugh when he throws me on my back and hooks my legs over his arms. His cock presses against me, but he doesn’t push in. “If you are going to do it, Jett, live up to all of those filthy things you promised me.”

“Fine,” he says. “You want me to show you why I’m afraid?”

“Yes!”

“Okay, but I’m not stopping. I’m not giving you even a second of reprieve,” he says.

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“Do your worst, Jett,” I say. He immediately slams into me, and I gasp loudly as I arch off the bed. Another violent thrust, and I scream, “Fuck!”

“Aww. What’s wrong, Bex?” He taunts me, stabbing deep.

He is shoving in so deep that my belly hurts. He is so wide that it hurts, and I absolutely cannot take all of him. He is fucking me slowly and devastatingly hard. As he quickens his pace, I start hitting his chest, but he just goes faster. He doesn’t even attempt to stop me from fighting, and I have no intention of trying to get away from him. I push on his chest and try to straighten my legs, but all he does is lean into me more to fuck me faster.

“No coming,” he growls.

“I can’t make it stop,” I moan. “Fuck, you’re too deep.”

“If you come, you’ll take it deeper in your ass while I pound into this tight little cunt,” he growls.

“Wha... Oh fuck! Yes! Oh my God!”

An orgasm stabs through me so hard and fast that I am dazed when he tosses me on the bed and disappears into the closet. “On your belly, ass up,” he says. I whine but do as he says. I get no warning before he shoves a massive dildo into my ass, making me scream again. It starts fucking me insanely fast, and I realize that it’s a machine when he steps away from me. He has it heavily lubricated so that it slides in and out of me with ease. It feels so goddamn good. Jett carefully maneuvers me so that it can

continue to fuck my ass while he has me on top of him.

“Oh God,” I moan when he matches the machine’s speed and starts alternating strokes with it. As the machine slams into my ass, he is pulling out. He grunts and groans as he fucks me, and I am screaming out as orgasms punch through me. Finally, he comes, but he stays buried while the machine continues to fuck me.

“Look at you, my pretty little slut,” Jett coos as he watches me fall apart. “Fucking greedy for more, aren’t you?”

“Goddamnit, it feels so good,” I whine.

“Then come for me, Bex,” he encourages. “Let me feel it, baby.”

“Oh fuuuuuuck,” I moan as my eyes roll back and my pussy tightens around Jett’s cock. He groans deeply, then pulls me off the machine so I can lie on the bed beside him. He gets up so he can clean and put away the machine before cleaning me.

“Jett?” I ask when he lies beside me.

“Yes?” he asks.

“Do you use that to fuck your own ass?” I ask, and he laughs heartily. “I’ll take that as a yes. I am definitely pegging you.”

“You think so?” he asks with a smirk.

“Mhmm!” I laugh.

“I’ll tell you what, if you can overpower me, you can have free rein to do whatever you want for... six hours,” he says, kissing me.

“Sounds easy,” I laugh.

“But if you fail and I get you... I’ll hook up two and leave you there for six hours straight,” he warns.

“Deal. I might even suck your dick while that machine is on high. I wonder how many times I can make you come before you start crying?”

“I’m going to make you regret giving me complete control,” he says, kissing me.

“Looking forward to it,” I say sweetly. “What now?”

“Now... You are mine,” he says, gently kissing me.

“He’s going to come after me,” I say. “He... I think he was going to... sell me.”

“What do you mean?”

“This morning he told me that I was going to go with a friend of his for a few days to see how the match was,” I say. “That’s mostly why I called you as soon as I could.”

“That’s... Baby, he was trafficking you,” Jett says.

“No, he...”

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“Yes, baby. He was selling you. That’s trafficking. Did you ever see the same people more than a few times?” he asks.

“Well... no. He knows a lot of people, though,” I defend.

“Rebecca, honey. I know you are smarter than that,” he says.

“If I admit that... then it means I let it happen,” I say.

“He brainwashed you, Bex. Where is your phone?”

“In my bag. It’s busted,” I say. He jumps up and disappears. A few seconds later, I hear banging. I grab his shirt and pull it on before finding him in the kitchen, taking a hammer to my phone. “What the fuck are you—?”

“How did he find out we were texting?” he asks.

“I... don’t know,” I say.

“I’ll get you a new one,” he says, picking his own phone up from the table.

“Who are you calling?” I ask.

“Levi,” he says.

“I’m so glad he let y’all get close again,” I say. “Why him?”

“Because he and his wife are great at tracking people. I wanna know what Garrett is up to,” he says.

“Hey,” Levi says as he lays his phone on the coffee table.

“Hey. I have a problem. Are y’all free?” Jett asks.

“We are. What’s wrong?” Levi asks.

“Bex is here... at my house,” Jett says.

“Uh oh,” Levi says. “What happened?”

“Garrett has been trafficking her. She’s in denial, but he’s getting paid to let men rape her. He rapes her. She called me crying, so now she’s here. I smashed her phone, but... I don’t want to come there because you have Charlie now. Wilder and Macie have Janie. She’s been here for almost two hours with that phone on.”

“Shit. Okay... uh... We are out right now. Mom and Dad have Charlie for the weekend, so meet us at the office,” Levi says.

“Okay. I don’t know what to do. He...”

“I know she can hear me. If you panic, so will she. You two feed off each other’s energy, so just breathe and meet us. Okay? Make sure you aren’t being followed, though,” Levi says calmly.

“Right. Okay,” Jett sighs. “We will get dressed and be there soon.”

“You fucked her already, didn’t you?” Levi laughs.

“It was fuck her or get fucked by her. I chose to not get overpowered by a tiny brat,” Jett laughs.

“Monster,” I say, and Arden giggles.

“Must be a family trait,” Arden remarks.

“Trauma must make dicks bigger,” I say, and Jett chuckles.

“Interesting that you can reference it at all,” Levi says.

“I think it’s different with me,” I say. “We will meet y’all soon.”

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“Glad you’re out, Bex. We will handle this for you, okay?” Levi says.

“Not at the expense of your family, you aren’t. I’ll be...” I start saying, but Levi hangs up on me. “Ass.”

“You know he won’t listen to that bullshit, Bex,” Jett teases. I watch as he pulls a sundress and sandals from my bags before turning and pulling his shirt off me. He puts the dress on me before softly kissing my lips.

“Do I get panties?” I ask.

“What’s the point?” he asks. “I’m just going to rip them off.”

“Good point,” I laugh. “We aren’t staying here, are we?” I ask.

“No. Let’s meet them first, and then we can talk about it,” he says.

Chapter Two

Rebecca

Rebecca

Jett walks around the car and opens my door when I don’t get out myself. I am quickly crashing, and he recognizes it better than anyone. He and I have been through so much together. Even though our trauma tore us apart and I let it happen, he has never given up on me.

When we were twenty-three, we were inseparable. After a long time, we finally went on a date. We met in preschool, but we never let things progress for the sake of not ruining our friendship. That date was the best night of my life until suddenly it was the worst. We were parked off by ourselves making out, nearly about to have sex, when suddenly the truck door opened, and I was dragged out by my hair. It all happened so fast that neither of us could react. One second I am being dragged out, and the next, a random man in a mask has me bent over the hood of the car and is raping me. Jett is restrained and also raped. Only when the man finished with him was he given an option... Rape the woman they brought, or I get killed. I begged him to let them shoot me, but he didn't. Now I understand that obviously he was going to do what he could to save my life, but I was so angry at him. The masked men brought a woman out of the van, and she had a hood over her head. Two of them held her down, and he sobbed and begged the girl for forgiveness as he raped her. She said nothing. She didn't cry or fight, but when she had an orgasm, that was it. That's the moment that every shred of logic left my brain. When I pulled away from the masked men, they let me. I ran before Jett even finished.

Come to find out, those men were his supposed friends who hated my fucking guts. Two of them raped me that night, and the girl was Jett's ex-girlfriend, who was very much in on the situation. They were intentionally causing a divide because they felt as though I was stealing him away from them. I went directly to the cops and told them everything. I had a rape exam done, but I didn't know who it was at that point. Jett ended up there also to turn himself in and explain who it was. The detective took us both to an interview room where I completely melted down and screamed at Jett for an hour. He took every second of my trauma-induced rage and never once invalidated why I was angry.

Once I calmed down, the detective thanked Jett for coming in but said he was a victim. He asked that we both go for rape exams, so we did. The detective stayed with us, but Jett and I stayed at each other's sides the entire time. Every swab, every needle stick, every picture, and every tear we cried. After, we went back to the

statement room, and all five were already in custody. Jenna, Jett's ex-girlfriend, broke and turned everyone in. She provided the detective with the camera footage from her phone. She had apparently propped her phone up to record, and it caught every second from when I was dragged out to when the masks came off, and they all laughed and taunted Jett. They raped me, raped Jett, forced him to fuck someone else under the impression that he was raping them, and then told him they'd talk to him at game night.

Jett and I remained friends, but we never let ourselves go there again. Jett was far more open about telling me that he was in love with me, and he'd be patient. He never dated again. He had sex with others, but he had a habit of telling me who they were and how it was just for sex because I was his end goal. I was never shy about expressing that I also loved him, but neither of us would take that step and go there again. I knew that the moment I stepped away from Garrett, he would be the one to break. In some way, I felt like I deserved Garrett and not Jett because I handled that situation so poorly. Jett didn't deserve the things I said when I screamed at him. He wasn't at fault, and he was absolutely a victim, so I saw Garrett as a punishment. Everything changed when I knew he was about to go from letting men rape me daily to actually selling me.

I know what it is, and I know he was essentially grooming me. Many of those men offered hundreds of thousands of dollars to keep me, but he always said no. That is, until Jerome wanted me. He offered two and a half million and was supposed to get me tonight. Jerome leads the largest crime family in most of the country. He wanted a wife to get pregnant and produce an heir, but Garrett hadn't told him he forced a hysterectomy on me.

I am completely out of it, lost in my memories. Being raped by men who were also once my friends hurt worse than anything Garrett has ever done to me. I have been put through a lot by him and those men who paid to use my body.

Once, I was forced to suck so much dick in a row that I threw up straight come. When he took me to parties and I was the only woman, I was sat down in one spot and was the entertainment. Anyone could do anything they wanted, as long as they used a condom for anal and vaginal. The biggest party I ever went to lasted a whole weekend, and there were nearly a hundred men who ran through me in three days. All of them took me several times. I didn't eat or sleep the entire time, unless one of them choked me out and I fainted. I was given water and allowed to clean up every few hours, but I was used nonstop. By the time we left, I was too weak to move. Garrett was forced to carry me in because I simply couldn't walk. He gave me a bath, fed me, and put me to bed. My pussy and ass were so fucking swollen that he had a doctor come check on me. It was six months after the surgery, so he was afraid someone caused damage, but the doctor just said I needed to rest and not get fucked for a while. Garrett's response was to give me an e-reader and lock me in the room for a month. One month of peace, and all I have to do is let a one-hundred-man train run through me for three days straight? It was almost worth it.

"Bex," Jett says. I blink a few times at him, and I realize we are in the office. I am curled up on his lap, and everyone is staring at me. "There you are."

"What happened?" I ask quietly.

"You were in shock, I think," he says, hugging me to his chest. "I got you out of the truck, you said 'he's here,' and then just... nothing. You wouldn't talk or speak. I carried you in, and we've been sitting here for the last hour and a half."

"I was just thinking. I must have gotten lost," I say, sitting up.

"Who did you say was here?" Wilder asks. I snap my head in his direction, and he smiles. I've only met Wilder, Macie, and Arden over video call when I talk to Jett, but they are all so fucking sweet.

“Don’t you have babies? Why are you here?” I ask.

“Because the babies are with grandparents so we could meet you in person,” Wilder says, as he leans down and hugs me.

“Thank you,” I sigh. Macie and Arden hug me next before Levi does. Levi is like a brother to me. He went through a horrific time when his wife and daughter were murdered in front of him just a few days after returning home from deployment with a gunshot wound. He went off the deep end for a while, but Arden saved him from drowning. When Jett told me that Levi was back and sober, I was so happy.

“What are you hiding?” Levi asks.

“Levi,” Jett sighs.

“Oh no. I have known this girl since she was born. I’m not a dumbass, and neither are you,” Levi says. “Give it up.”

“I know who he was going to sell me to and how much he was given,” I say carefully.

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“Who?” Arden asks with her laptop, ready to start typing.

“Jerome Lombardi,” I tell her.

“Oh fuck,” Levi says, understanding. “He already paid?”

“What’s oh fuck?” Jett asks.

“Two-point-five million,” I say.

“Jesus...” Wilder says.

“Will someone explain?” Jett snaps.

“Jett, Jerome is a very well known mafia boss who is... untouchable. This isn’t like with Caleb, where we could just hunt him down. This is... bad.”

“Very bad,” Arden says. “Have you met him before?”

“Once before. He was at the house last week,” I say. “I found it odd because he... didn’t fuck me. Usually when another man comes in the house, that’s the first thing that happens.”

“What did he do?” Levi asks.

“He ate me out... for hours,” I say. “That’s it. Even Garrett thought it was odd. He was nice, all things considered. He actually called me by my name rather than just

calling me whore or skank. Garrett wouldn't let me speak freely, but I did answer a few questions about my age and education."

"He was going to marry you," Wilder says. "I know of him, but I've never personally met him. Jerome isn't... Of all the people that you could get sold to, he would be the ideal one. I know that sounds stupid, but he doesn't hurt women. All of the women he has had are seemingly happy and cared for. They have freedom and aren't secluded from family. He definitely buys them, though."

"I'm not really understanding why," Jett says.

"Jerome wants a wife... and an heir," I tell him.

"You mean to tell me that Garrett took two-point-five million dollars from the most well-known mafia boss so he could marry and breed you... but forgot to mention he forced you to have a hysterectomy?" Jett asks.

"Mhmm," I say. Jett laughs heartily, and I smile at him. "No one ever said Garrett was smart."

"He made you have a hysterectomy?" Levi asks.

"Yeah. A few years ago," I say. "I've come to terms with it. Jett and I don't want kids anyhow."

"Hey, no period club," Macie says with a grin. "The only perk of falling down a flight of stairs and having your placenta detach during labor months later is the emergency hysterectomy."

"No periods is nice," I laugh.

“Okay... Well, I was going to offer a plan to kill Garrett, but it sounds like this will be fairly easy,” Levi says. “Go to the cabin that Wilder and Macie own. Garrett seems like a bit of a dumbass, so he shouldn’t be able to track you there. That will keep him off your ass. There’s a one hundred percent chance that Jerome will find you up there.”

“Why would we...” Jett starts to ask.

“Jerome is fucking ruthless and will kill anyone without blinking, but he does not hurt innocent people,” Wilder says. “I will happily front the money plus a little for his inconvenience. When he shows up, cooperate and tell him the truth. Do not fight him or lie. The moment you see his face, tell him that Garrett lied to him. To him, he paid for you. You belong to him, but you are not who he is looking for. I have full confidence that he will be reasonable. Not to say he won’t push the limits of consent for fun, but as long as you are open and honest, you’ll be safe.”

“So I am expected to just sit there and watch him fuck her?” Jett snaps.

“At least you know he won’t knock her up,” Arden says with a shrug. I burst out laughing but slap my hand over my mouth, making the others laugh with me.

“Smartass,” Jett frowns at Arden.

“Oh, fuck off,” Arden laughs. “Look, man. He isn’t going to hurt her. I have actually met Jerome.”

“You have?” Levi asks.

“Oh, I think I have too,” Macie says. “Was he the really tall dude that broke that one guy’s arm when we went to Club Twelve?”

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“Yeah,” Arden says. “Jerome broke some man’s arm because he grabbed some random woman’s ass. He had no idea who this woman was, or the man. He saw it happen and broke his arm.”

“He also paid the woman’s tab because he scared the piss out of her,” Macie laughs.

“He is a decent guy, as long as you don’t try to fuck him over or do dumb shit,” Arden says.

“What if he finds out about Garrett and how he treated me? Garret is never abusive around the men he brings in,” I remark.

“Garrett is a dead man and doesn’t know it yet,” Wilder says.

“So, run away, but not so far that Jerome can’t find us?” I ask.

“Essentially,” Levi says.

“Again, make sure you are honest right away,” Arden says.

“So... she is safe?” Jett asks.

“Yes. Just go relax at the cabin and wait for Jerome to come up there,” Levi says.

“Okay,” I shrug. “As long as no one hurts Jett, I am okay.”

“I will never forgive myself if I drive us right into another fucking trap,” Jett huffs. I

turn and take his face between my hands and smile.

“I promise I won’t go crazy this time,” I say with a smile. “Garrett got me into this, Jett. I can go alo...”

“No,” Jett frowns. “You are not going alone. I am not afraid of watching someone fuck you. I am afraid it will break us again.”

“What happened to the man who was very willing to tie me to a bed and fuck me into submission if I didn’t agree to be with him?” I ask, making the others laugh. “Jett, baby... I am not the same person I was back then. I have been through a lot, as have you. We will be okay.”

“Let’s go then,” he says. “I trust you.”

“Hey, we will be in the middle of the woods. I’ll let you chase me and tie me to a tree,” I say.

“Deal,” he says with a wicked grin.

Chapter Three

Rebecca

Rebecca

By the time we got to the cabin, it was ridiculously late. I hardly remember going in, but we stumbled to bed and crashed without even changing clothes. Now, I am lying in bed, watching Jett sleep. He looks so peaceful, but he has me trapped. I have needed to pee for hours now, but I haven’t been willing to wake him.

“Jett,” I say softly, poking his cheek. “Wake up.”

Nothing.

“Jett, I will piss on you if you don’t let me up to go to the bathroom,” I warn.
“Okay... Here I go...”

“I dare you,” Jett mutters with a sleepy smile, keeping his eyes closed.

“Please! I need to pee,” I complain. He grins as he shifts and pulls his jeans off. I gasp when he grabs me and pulls me onto him. “No! I will seriously... Oh fuck.”

I moan when he abruptly fills my pussy, perks of still having a sundress on and no panties. “Better hold it,” he grins as he pulls me down with my arms pinned between us.

“Oh my fuck!” I cry out when he pulls out of me and slams back in. He starts to pound into me, and I can’t escape the feeling. My body is so tense as I keep my pussy tightened around him in fear of pissing everywhere. This causes him to thrust harder and me to moan wildly. He is already huge, but tensing up makes him feel even bigger.

Jett rolls us and hooks his arms behind my knees and leans into me, making me tighten more as he pushes deeper. “Fuuuck,” I scream out as another orgasm hits me.
“Please, oh God! I can’t!”

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“Goddamn it, you are so fucking tight,” he growls as he rails me into the bed. I have my nails digging into his arm, and my back arches off the bed. Yet another blinding climax rips through me as his pace falters and he starts to come. When he shoves as deep as my body will allow to drain his cock inside of me, I am whimpering.

“Mean. You’re mean,” I whine, and he laughs. “Fuck, it was so good, though.”

“Go pee,” he laughs and kisses me. When he rolls off me, I jump up and run out of the room. Not expecting a brick wall of a human to be standing in the hallway, I let out a shrill scream and nearly fall.

“I have to pee!” I scream at Jerome. He cocks his head to the side, clearly confused as to why I just yelled that at him. I hear Jett behind me, and he isn’t approaching, but Jerome sidesteps and motions for me to go. “Thank you, thank you.”

I rush past him and run to the bathroom just past where he is standing. I let out a dramatic groan when I sit and am finally able to pee. Once I am done and clean up, I take a deep breath and go to the door. It takes me a second, but I step out to find Jerome and Jett waiting. I go to step past Jerome to go to Jett, but Jerome very gently pushes me back against the wall and stands in front of me.

“You ran,” he says with a soft and velvety tone. He has a hint of a smirk playing on his lips. Jerome is a massive, six-foot-six-inch-tall man with dark brown hair. His rich hazel eyes peer down at me, and under his gaze, I feel even smaller.

“Not from you,” I whisper, trying to hold back tears. I don’t know why I am crying now, and I feel like an idiot.

“Then from Garrett,” he says, and I nod. “Come sit. Jett, she looks like she’s going to fall apart. Don’t be afraid to comfort her, please.”

“Weirdest mafia boss ever,” I sniff as Jerome takes my hand and pulls me toward the living room. I sit on the loveseat with Jett as Jerome sits on the ottoman in front of me. Jett is rubbing my back, and I am quickly shutting down.

“I don’t think you can call the man weird,” Jett says, lightening the mood. I look over at him, and he turns me on the seat to face him. “Love, I know you are scared. Just go slow. Clearly, he has patience, so don’t overload yourself. Okay?”

“This isn’t fair,” I say tearfully.

“I know it isn’t, Bex,” he says.

“Bex?” Jerome asks, and I turn to look at him. “Garrett called you Rebecca.”

“Jett and his brother always called me Bex, so it stuck. Garrett is the only one who calls me Rebecca,” I explain.

“Bex it is then,” he says. “Why did you run?”

“Because Garrett... He’s abusive, and I just don’t want to be hurt by him anymore,” I admit.

“Abusive how?” He asks, narrowing his eyes at me.

“I picked her up yesterday, and her face was swollen with a handprint from him slapping her so hard,” Jett says when I don’t. “He twisted her nipple so hard that it’s bruised. He also slapped her breast hard enough to bruise.”

“I didn’t notice the bruises,” I admit.

“And the bruises on her thighs,” Jett adds.

“May I?” Jerome asks.

“Yeah. I don’t have panties on, though,” I say.

“Sweet girl, I have tasted your cunt. I am more concerned about the bruising,” he remarks smoothly. I blush hard, and he chuckles. “Sit back, Bex.”

I sigh and sit back so he can push my dress up. I watch as he pulls my legs apart and gently touches the bruises with the tips of his fingers. He looks lost in thought, but rage is burning in his eyes. “Do they hurt?” he asks, looking up at me but keeping his hands on my thighs.

“No, they... Ow!” I say when he presses in on one of the bruises.

“Please, do not downplay the severity of this, Bex,” he says, and I nod. “What happened?”

“I... He caught me texting with Jett. He always hits me with an open hand so he doesn’t bruise my face. He told me to bend over the couch, and I said no... He... He, uh... forced me to ride him with a gun in my face. He told me to come or die, so I did what he said. I, uh... had to fake some of it, but he got what he wanted and left the house. He busted my phone, but I was still able to call Jett. He came and got me, and I ran.”

“So, here is my dilemma, Bex. I paid for you to be my wife,” he says. “Not only was no one allowed to touch you, including him, once I paid last week, but he assured me that you were taken good care of. I was under the impression that you were mostly

consenting to this.”

“He forced me to let men rape me every single day,” I snap. “For years, he has let men pay to use me. Once, nearly one hundred of them over three days at some convention. Do you know what happens to a woman’s pussy when she gets fucked for three days straight?”

“I do not,” Jerome says calmly. Both his tone and his face are calm, but it’s his eyes that speak of the rage burning in him.

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“I was so swollen and bruised that he opted to lock me in a room for a month so I could heal,” I say.

“Bex,” Jett says.

“Right,” I say. “You bought me to be your wife and give you a kid, right?”

“Why do you ask?” Jerome questions.

“Garrett forced me to have a hysterectomy two years ago,” I say. “I am of no use to you because I cannot give you or anyone else a child.”

“Prove it,” he says simply.

“Oh, let me just pull an ultrasound out of my ass,” I snip, but stop myself and close my eyes. “I’m sorry.... How?”

“Scars,” Jett says. “You have surgical scars.”

“Oh... Right,” I sigh.

“First, I’d like to see this bruising he mentioned on your breast,” he says.

“It’s easier just to say you wanna see my titties,” I say as I pull the strap of my dress down my arm so I can pull the dress down and reveal my breast.

“I suppose I cou... Jesus Christ, Bex,” Jerome says. “Lay her back across your lap,

Jett.”

Jett turns me so I can lie back, and he moves closer. “Damn,” I say when I look down and the side of my breast is black and blue in the vague outline of a handprint. Jerome pulls my arm up above my head before gently caressing my breast.

“Does it hurt?” he asks.

“The bruises don’t. My nipple is...sensitive. More so than normal,” I say.

“Gentle touches she seems to handle okay. I think anything more than light would cause pain,” Jett says.

“Hmm,” Jerome replies. My eyes are closed, so I don’t realize his plan until Jerome leans down and lightly sucks on my nipple. I gasp loudly and damn near come up off the couch, but I don’t object.

“Oh, but you don’t have a comparison,” Jett offers. I open my eyes and look up at him, and he winks at me. I realize in this moment that I have my thighs pressed together tightly. Jerome has his large hand wrapped around my thigh, so he also can tell that I am clearly turned on by this. Jerome pulls the other side down before sucking harder on my nipple. When he nips, I moan far louder than intended.

“Interesting,” Jerome says simply as he sits up and Jett fixes my dress. “May I see the scars?”

“You ask me as though I have a choice in the matter, Jerome,” I deadpan before pulling my dress up to my waist.

“It’s courtesy,” he says.

“I have one long incision just above the pubic bone and two smaller ones, one at each hip. They tried to just do laparoscopic, I think, but ended up cutting me open. They took the uterus and cervix but left my ovaries.”

“And you are positive that is the surgery that was performed?”

“Well, the freak has it in a jar on his desk, so yeah. I am pretty confident,” I say.

“Uh... Ew?” Jett says. “Why?”

“Because he said it was a reminder that he owns me and he can do whatever he wants to my body,” I say. Jerome lightly drags his fingers across the scars, from one hip to the other, and my breath audibly catches in my throat.

“I wasn’t actually trying to tease you this time, but now I’m tempted,” Jerome remarks. “You can sit up.”

Jerome sits back in front of me and sighs. “So, here’s the deal, Bex. I have limited options here...”

“No,” I say as panic builds.

“Garrett will be handled, but I spent...” he starts to say. Before I can stop myself, I jump up and back away from him as I start crying.

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“Rebecca,” he growls and promptly comes after me. I fold instantly and bring myself down to the ground as I start sobbing. “Jesus... Jett?”

“I warned you that she was on the edge,” Jett says simply as he walks over and kneels beside me. Jerome squats down to be on my level, but I am quickly melting down. “Bex, baby. Look at me.”

“I can’t lose you again,” I say as my tears start to turn hysterical.

“Bex, you don’t even know what he was going to say,” Jett says. “Come sit, and let’s just go through this one step at a time, okay?”

“Okay,” I whimper. Jett pulls me up and brings me back over to sit. This time, Jerome takes one of my hands, and Jett takes the other.

“Bex, I paid two-point-five million dollars for this. For you,” he says. “It was a rather public transaction too, so I am not in a position to get refunds or make deals. I have a reputation to uphold, and if I let this go, it will cause several problems.”

“Please don’t do this,” I cry. “Please don’t take me from Jett.”

“I’m not,” Jerome says. “But you two are coming with me.”

“What?” I ask. “I can’t give you a child, Jerome.”

“Bex, I don’t want children,” he says. “I have the option of taking on an apprentice and ensuring they know everything they need to know so they can take over one

day... I don't need a child to do that. Yes, a child is more ideal, but I won't be at risk of being attacked if I take an apprentice rather than letting you off the hook."

"I don't want to marry you," I frown.

"I didn't say you had to," Jerome says, squeezing my hand. "All I am saying is that you two need to be with me. I won't cut your family out of your life either. You live in my home and occasionally make an appearance if needed."

"What about Jett?" I ask.

"He's saying it would appear as though you have two partners," Jett says.

"And you are okay with this?" I snap at him but sigh when he raises his eyebrow at me.

"Bex, I am keeping an open mind," Jett says. "I have to try and see things from his point of view, and I get it. He would look weak if he gave you a pass. He also didn't say it was permanent."

"At least a year or two," Jerome says.

"And then we are free?" I ask Jerome.

"You won't be a prisoner, Bex," he says. "All I ask is that you keep your mouth shut about the things you might see, and you remain respectful in public. When we are at home, be a brat all you want. I will never subject you to being around violence, and you will never be in any danger. Neither of you."

"I mean, I don't have a choice, so... whatever," I say coldly.

“Okay,” he shrugs. “Get your stuff. We can buy you anything else you need. Let your family know what’s going on so they do not worry. I’d like for them to be invited to the house so they can see that you are safe.”

“I can text Levi,” Jett says before hugging me. “You are safe, Bex. I know you are triggered, but you are safe.”

“Is it the bags in the room?” Jerome asks.

“Yes,” Jett says.

“Take her out, and I’ll get my men to handle it,” he says, gently patting my leg. Jett scoops me into his arms and carries me out of the cabin, and I cling to him as we walk.

I stay with my face buried in Jett’s chest for the entire drive. Jerome checks on me but doesn’t make me move or speak. Even when Jett gets us out and carries me into the house, I keep my face hidden. I am so afraid to let go of him, so I don’t move an inch.

Jett’s phone starts ringing, and he answers it on speaker. “Hello?”

“What the fuck is going on?” Levi demands. “Are you okay? Is Bex okay?”

“We are fine. Bex is triggered, but it’s because of our history, not what’s happening. We are at Jerome’s house, and he said y’all are encouraged to come visit so you can see us and know all is well,” Jett says.

“I don’t give a goddamn who the fuck he is. If he hurts you or Rebecca, I will put a goddamn bullet in his brain,” Levi says matter-of-factly. I sit up because now I’m invested. I look at Jerome, and he simply smiles.

“Levi,” I say.

“Bex. Are you...”

“Chill the fuck out, dude,” I say, and I hear Arden cackle in the background. “We are fine. I am battling memories, but Jerome hasn’t hurt anyone. Despite my waves of panic, I understand he doesn’t have much of a choice without ruining himself. As long as he doesn’t pimp me out and I have Jett, I’m fine. Also, you are welcome to come over.”

“Fine. Tomorrow afternoon,” Levi says.

“I’ll send you the address,” Jerome says. “You are Jett’s brother, correct?”

“Yes,” Levi says harshly.

“You are a good brother, Levi. I promise, they are safe. They are together, and they are not prisoners. We need to handle Garrett, but he is of no threat to her anymore,” he says. “Bring everyone with you, and we can have lunch. I want this to be as painless as possible for everyone.”

“Fine. We will be there at noon,” Levi says.

“We love you guys,” Jett says. “I’ll have my phone, so call or text. We still need to get Bex a new one.”

“I’ll bring her one,” Levi says. “Love you too.”

“Okay. See you tomorrow,” Jett says. He shakes his head and sets his phone down. “Sorry, he’s... been through a lot.”

“He is protective,” Jerome says.

“God, you’re so damn weird,” I say. “And not scary at all.”

“Do you want me to be scary, Bex?” Jerome asks with a smile.

“I don’t know how to answer that,” I admit.

“Come on. Let me show you the room,” Jerome says. We stand and follow Jerome upstairs. We step into the master bedroom, and I am suddenly confused.

“Wait,” I say, backing up. Jerome grabs my hands, and Jett holds my waist.

“Talk to me, Bex. Stop running,” Jerome says.

“Why are we in here?” I ask quietly.

“Because I have people in and out of this house and you two belong to me,” he says simply. “I bought you, and there is an expectation of me that you are my partner. If Jett is going to be here, he is mine as well.”

“I... did not expect you to say that,” I admit. I look back at Jett, and he is staring at Jerome with both confusion and interest in his eyes.

“Go sit on the end of the bed. Both of you,” Jerome says. I move to the bed, but Jett doesn’t. Jerome steps close and maintains eye contact with him as he unbuttons his jeans and pulls his cock free. Jett is hard, and my mouth falls open when Jerome starts stroking him. Jett’s eyes flutter, and for the first time, I see a wave of

submissiveness fall over him. “Go sit on the bed, Jett. I want to show her that she is safe. Can you help me show her?”

“Yes,” he whispers.

“Yes. Sir.” Jerome’s voice is firm but gentle.

“Yes sir,” Jett says with a gentle tone.

Holy fuck... That is the hottest thing I have ever heard and witnessed. Jerome with Jett’s cock in his hand, slowly stroking him. Jett, a melted puddle of submission. When Jett finally moves, he moves over to sit on the bed. He stops for a moment and grabs me by the throat, pulling me up slightly to meet his face.

“Make no fucking mistake, Bex. Bending for him does not ever mean...”

“I know,” I interrupt. “You can submit to him and still dominate me. It’s called a switch, and it’s the hottest thing I think I’ve ever seen.”

“I love you,” Jett whispers before kissing me.

“I love you too,” I smile.

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Jett sits, and Jerome immediately starts pulling his clothes off and laying him back on the bed. I turn and watch as Jerome gets some lube and a massive dildo out. My eyes go wide, and Jerome winks at me. “It’s a mold of my cock.”

“Jesus,” I mutter.

“Oh dear God,” Jett groans.

“Do not move, speak, or come without permission,” Jerome commands. “Would you like a safe word?”

“No,” Jett says. “She doesn’t have one, and there is assumed consent without limitations, so it’s only fair.”

“Good boy. Fair is fair,” Jerome praises before looking at me. “Do not touch yourself, Bex.”

“Boo,” I say, and he smiles.

Jerome pulls Jett’s feet up so the soles are flat on the bed and his legs are spread far apart. Jerome applies plenty of lube to the dildo before lining it up. He starts stroking his cock with a firm grip, and Jett moans deliciously.

“Relax,” Jerome says as he starts to push the toy inside Jett. Jett groans deeply, and I offer him my hand to hold. He grips onto me and is panting as Jerome slowly fills his ass as he strokes his swollen cock. “Oh, my sweet boy. You’re doing so well... Look how fucking hard you are for me... You are taking my cock, Jett. How does it feel?”

Feels marvelous, doesn't it?"

"Oh," Jett groans and lifts his hips. "So fucking... oh! Good! It's so good."

"Do you want more?"

"Yes! More. Oh God, more," Jett moans.

"Keep stroking your cock. Do not come and go slow," Jerome says. Jett nods rapidly and slowly rubs his cock. Jerome goes to the closet and brings over a machine. He hooks it up so the dildo in Jett's ass is secure to the machine. Jerome uses a remote to turn it on slow, and Jett moans again as he lifts his hips to let it push deeper. Jerome positions Jett better so he can reach deep before moving Jett's hand and taking him down his throat.

"Oh dear God," I pant as I watch Jerome suck Jett's cock. He takes every goddamn inch of him and sucks hard as the machine slowly fucks him, hard and deep. I watch his hand, and the machine slowly quickens its speed until it is pounding into him and absolutely wrecking my boyfriend's ass.

"Undress," Jett growls at me between moans. Jerome is literally fucking slurping on his cock, making it messy as he sucks him. I jump up and yank my dress off. When I get back in the bed, Jett grabs me and pulls me over so my knees are on either side of his head. He wraps his arms around my thighs and pulls me down.

"Oh fuck!" I moan loudly when he starts viciously sucking my come. The fact he can dominate me while Jerome dominates him is incredible. He is moaning against my pussy, and as soon as Jerome speaks, he explodes.

"Come for me, Jett. Let me drink you," Jerome commands. When he takes him back down his throat, he starts swallowing as Jett comes. I am nearly screaming as he

sucks me as hard as he can, forcing a violent orgasm out of me. “Oh, good boy. Keep coming, Jett. I’m going to milk this pretty cock dry.”

“Please. Oh, my God... Please can I... oh God,” I moan.

“Help him come,” Jerome tells me. Do not dominate him. Suck your master.”

I lay over his body and take him to the back of my throat. Jerome grabs the sides of my head and proceeds to force me down on his cock. I suck eagerly, and Jerome uses my throat as though I am a toy. It takes him no time at all to come again, and I fall with him. When I pull away, Jerome keeps me laid over him but starts stroking his cock fast with a tight grip. Jett is getting his ass pounded by this toy, and after a minute, he goes back to the closet to come back with another attachment. It wraps around his cock and starts sucking and vibrating around his cock.

Jerome pulls me off Jett, and his moans are like screams as he is forced to come again. “Fuck, such a good boy, Jett. Does it feel good?”

“Yes, sir. Oh God, it feels so good. So deep. Oh God, so fucking deep,” Jett moans.

“Keep coming, Jett. Don’t stop coming for me,” Jerome commands. “Think your pretty little slave will like my cock, Jett?”

“God, yes. She will love it,” Jett moans. “Fuck... coming. I’m coming. Oh God, I’m coming. Oh, my God. Yes. Fuck. Fuck. Fuuuuuck.”

His entire body tenses, and his eyes roll back as his muscles shake. His orgasm is so powerful that he is dead fucking silent as the toys obliterate him. I can see his come shoot out into the end of the sucking machine, and then his body is limp. Jerome stops the toys and takes them off to let Jett relax. He grabs me and pulls me down to his chest as he tries to catch his breath.

“I love you so fucking much,” I say softly.

“I love you too,” he whispers. “I am definitely bisexual. I’d fucking destroy that man’s ass.”

“I’d love to see him hooked up just like that,” I giggle.

“Let him enjoy you,” Jett says. “You are safe.”

“Okay, but I think his dick will kill me. I can hardly take you, and if that is his size...”

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“Oh, I’ll fit,” Jerome says. “I will never be gentle with either of you because it is simply not in my nature. But I expect you to communicate when you are in real pain. Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” I say sweetly. I watch as he undresses, and when he reveals his cock, I shake my head. I start to try to move away, but he grabs me by the hair and drags me closer. I open my mouth for him, and he immediately shoves it to the back of my throat. When I violently gag, he holds me in place with his hands holding my head.

“Relax. Breathe, Bex. You can breathe,” he encourages. I’m sitting on the bed with him standing in front of me, and I have my hands tightened into fists as I try to calm my natural instinct to fight him. I’m starting to panic, and I hit my leg a few times, but Jett promptly grabs my wrists.

“You’re okay, Bex. Relax,” Jett says softly.

I managed to stop violently retching, and Jerome starts slowly fucking my mouth. “Look at me, Bex,” Jerome says. I open my eyes and look up, and fuck, the way he’s looking at me is incredible. Praise is pouring out of his gaze, and it makes me feel so fucking nice. “Oh, good girl, Bex. That’s it. Suck me... Fuck, your throat is nice.”

He steadily quickens his pace until he reaches a point where he is relentlessly fucking my throat. I have a full handle on myself now, so I am relaxed. He pushes as deep as he possibly can, but he’s too big for me to take all of him. I can’t take either of them completely, but they sure do try their best to push themselves down my throat.

“Fuck,” I groan when he pulls out of my mouth and shoves me back onto the bed.

“Got one more in you?” Jerome asks Jett with a smirk.

“Oh no,” I whine.

“For her? I have more than one,” Jett chuckles. Jerome lies on the bed beside me, and I’m confused, so I sit up.

“Ride my cock, Bex,” Jerome encourages.

“I don’t know if...”

“You are fearful of me hurting you. You being on top gives you control to take me in so we can go at your pace,” Jerome says. “It’s temporary.”

“Okay,” I sigh and move up to my knees so I can straddle him. I instantly start crying and try to move off him, but Jerome holds my hips.

“What do you need, Bex?” Jerome asks.

“No choice,” I whisper. Without warning, Jerome pulls my hips down as he thrusts his up, slamming his cock inside of me. The scream that comes out of me is equivalent to the sound of my soul being shredded as he instantly finds a pace that is absolutely devastating. I feel like I’m losing my fucking mind as he rails into me from below, but it’s when he pulls me down to his chest that things increase tenfold. He is pounding into me, and Jett doesn’t offer any warning either as he falls into rhythm and shoves into my ass. I wasn’t even aware that he had gotten hold of the lube. I can’t think or speak, only scream, as they obliterate me. I am sent straight to heaven as orgasms flood out of me one by one.

When they come, they both shove so deep that my belly pulsates with pain. I can feel them as they explode inside of me, draining their cocks. My body is tightening

around theirs, milking every drop from their bodies. I relax with a whimper on Jerome's chest. They are both still buried deep inside of me, but Jett is relaxed with his head laying on my back. When we've managed to catch our breath a little, I move to lay between them. I drape my arm across my eyes as one of them cleans me.

"So," I say. "Are we sure only a year or two?"

Jett and Jerome laugh heartily, and I giggle. "It will go on for however long you two want; we just need a few years so no one questions anything."

"Thank you for being patient with me and ya know... not murdering us," I mutter. Jerome rolls me to face him before propping up to look at me.

"Bex, you are a sweet woman. You are kind and compassionate. I have never hurt a woman, and I do not plan on it. I think we will all get along wonderfully."

"What's next?"

"We relax while my men find Garrett. Tomorrow, we will have your family over. Hopefully, I can alleviate some fears so that Levi does not shoot me," Jerome smiles.

"I need a nap," I yawn.

"Then nap," he says, nudging me so he'll encourage me to roll. "We are right here." I turn and face Jett so I can bury my face in his chest.

"You two looked good together," I tell Jett. "I loved seeing how you melted for him."

"I loved how it felt to melt for him," he admits. Jerome and Jett wrap their arms around me, and I sigh as I relax.

“I want to see you fucking obliterate his ass,” I mutter.

“Soon,” Jerome says, kissing my shoulder.

Chapter Four

Rebecca

For the remainder of the day yesterday, we relaxed in bed. A few times his men would come up and give us updates, but we were alone the vast majority of the time. We watched movies and got to know one another. Jerome is honestly a sweet guy. He never really wanted to run the mafia, but now he is. I never imagined myself in this situation, but here we are.

I got a chance to talk to Jett when he and I took a shower together last night, and we're both happy here. It feels so natural. We are confident that we are safe. We have received nothing but overwhelmingly positive feedback from Levi doing a deep dive on him. He has never been known to hurt innocent people. He protects women, children, and overall innocent people. The only people he has ever actually gone after deserve it. He is a businessman with loose morals. Jett and Wilder literally murdered someone for Arden, so I don't really see it any differently than what they did for her.

Garrett has been found and is currently tied up in the basement. The plan is when everyone comes for lunch, they will also get a show. Jerome will give them the opportunity to take revenge, but I'm the one who ultimately has the right to kill him. I stayed awake last night thinking about what I wanted to do, and ultimately, I'm going to make it quick. He does not deserve any more time than what I've already given him. He has taken up space in my brain for years, and I just want rid of him. He deserves a slow and painful death, but I deserve a swift revenge. I will simply put him on his knees and put a gun to his forehead just like he has done to me countless times, only I won't be too scared to pull the trigger. I never doubted that Garrett was capable of killing me, but fear lurked in his eyes, and he never pulled the trigger. I won't make that mistake.

When we woke up this morning, Jerome asked what I was dreaming about. Apparently, I was having night terrors. I was screaming and begging for someone to stop hurting me, and he assumed it was Garrett, but it was not. This led to the full explanation of what Jett and I endured years ago that led to me settling for Garrett. The rage on Jerome's face was incredible to see, and I knew the moment we told him that those five would cease to exist soon. Once I stopped crying, he picked up his phone and called one of his men. He simply told him their names and where they were located. Within the hour, he received a few calls, confirming that they had died in prison. Jerome has gone above and beyond to avenge all of the bad things that have happened in our lives. I don't know what we deserve a man like him leading us, but Jett and I have, and will happily, go to our knees for this man.

I will always be subservient to Jett, and he will always dominate me, but Jerome is our master. That much is clear.

We had an in-depth conversation this morning about how this dynamic will work. Essentially, Jerome is our master, so we will always bend for him. I am subservient to both of them, but Jerome will never dominate in the sense that would mean he controls how Jett dominates me. He will give the respect of working with him with me rather than taking full control of the entire dynamic. In other words, I get the pleasure of watching two dominant men dominate me, but one of them easily melts for the other.

They both know that Jett will reach a level of comfort where he will dominate Jerome. Jerome has already stated that he is a switch, and he will happily bend for Jett on occasion. I simply cannot wait to see what he will do to him. I know that the dynamic will shift and grow as we settle into our comfort zones, and I'm excited about what the future holds.

Maybe this relationship didn't start in the most traditional of ways, but I've never been more confident of anything in my entire life. These two men are my life now.

I lean over the bed to grab something, but I'm promptly pushed into the mattress. My scream is muffled as Jerome slams into my pussy and starts fucking me at an unrelenting pace. This is the third time since eight this morning that he's cornered and fucked the life out of me. It's like he's addicted to the way I scream. I am in no way complaining, though, because I'm addicted to the way they make my belly hurt.

Jerome goes fast and hard, forcing rapid-fire orgasms out of me. He growls as he shoves deep to come, and I am panting. "Christ, Jerome. Do you ever run out of come?" I ask.

"I don't know. Definitely want to find out though," he chuckles. He takes a moment to clean my body before standing me up. I see Jett is close by and absolutely ready to pounce on him. I sidestep, and Jerome turns around, only to get shoved onto the mattress. Jett absolutely planned this because Jerome is not expecting it when his knees are pushed to his chest and Jett slams into his ass. The guttural groan that comes out of Jerome is like fucking music to my ears.

"Fuck!" Jett moans. "So fucking tight."

I move over and start stroking his cock as Jett pounds into him. "Oh God! Fuck, that's good. Jesus fucking Christ, harder," Jerome begs. I smile brightly at Jett as I jump up and gather the parts for the machine. When I return, we quickly switch everything over so that the silicone casting of his cock is pounding into him at an inhumanly fast speed while the sucking machine milks his cock beautifully. Jett cleans up before he positions himself so that he is kneeling above Jerome. He holds the back of Jerome's neck so his head leans back before pushing down his throat.

"Oh... Go-," Jett moans when Jerome starts sucking him hard. Jett turns absolutely fucking feral as he violently fucks his mouth. Neither of them have been this aggressive with me, but they are to each other. It's as though they are trying to break each other, and it's beautiful to see.

Jerome's body is trembling as countless orgasms are forced out of him. When Jett comes and Jerome drinks him down, I take the opportunity while he is vulnerable to immediately straddle his face. Jett laughs when Jerome bands his arms around my thighs and pulls me down on his mouth. He starts to suck my clit as I rock my hips, creating a tugging sensation that has me coming immediately. My attempt to dominate him just backfired because I can't pull away from him. Not only that, but Jett finds it somewhere inside of him to go one more time and grabs my face to shove down my throat. I am screaming around his cock as Jerome forces orgasms out of me so effortlessly that it makes my body tremble in perfect synchrony with his. The machines torturing Jerome are truly the ones in charge, because it's like a chain reaction moving through all of us.

Jett comes, and I think he is moving away from us, but as Jerome continues to suck the life out of me, Jett pushes something into my ass. The vibration is so fucking strong that it radiates through my belly and drags an orgasm forward that nearly stops my heart. It doesn't let up until suddenly my arousal floods out of me. Jerome growls as he drinks from my pussy, and everything goes black.

The next thing I know, my eyes snap open, and they are both on either side of me, propped up on their elbows, looking down at me. They both laugh when my eyes go wide at the realization that I passed out. We are all dressed, and I am confused.

"Hi," Jett laughs.

"Woah," I say.

"You tried... so hard," Jerome says, leaning down to kiss me. I melt as we share our first kiss, and it relaxes me.

"I tried... you won," I say softly. "Jett won, though."

“Fuck almighty. Yes, he absolutely won,” Jerome laughs.

“I love hearing you beg for him,” I say.

“I love hearing you scream for us,” Jerome counters.

“Boss,” a man says from the doorway. We sit up; the man has his hand over his eyes, making me cackle.

“What do you need, Edgar?” Jerome laughs.

“The families of Bex and Jett are here. I have them waiting in the living room,” he says.

“Everyone is dressed, Edgar, but thank you. We will be down in just a moment,” Jerome says.

“Oh good. Your dick scares me,” Edgar says, dropping his hand.

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“Edgar is my cousin,” Jerome says.

“Nice to meet you, cousin,” I say sweetly.

“Likewise, Ms. Adler,” he says with a smile.

“Ew. No. Just Bex,” I cringe, making him laugh.

“Let’s go down,” Jett says, kissing me. “Before Levi sets the house on fire.”

“He’s going to be...” I start to warn, but Jerome pulls me up and grabs my face.

“Rebecca, relax,” he says. “He is protective, and I respect that. I understand you are new to this world, but I am not the monster you think that I am.”

“I don’t...”

“Yes, you do. You see me as a monster. Just because you know that I won’t hurt you doesn’t mean you don’t think somewhere in your head that I would slaughter your family. I won’t, because they are a part of you. So long as they never hurt you, and they never crossed me in a way that would impact you, they are fine. I can handle them,” he says.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper.

“You apologize too much.” He frowns at me. I open my mouth to apologize again, but stop myself, making him grin. “We are still growing and learning each other.

Don't be afraid to ask questions. I know you are not here by choice, but I still respect you."

"I am most definitely here by choice now," I say matter-of-factly. "Pretty sure Jett is too."

"Oh yeah," Jett says.

I gasp, and Jerome cocks his head at me. "You are the daddy," I say, making Edgar burst out laughing. "Jerome, you're definitely giving daddy vibes, and Jett is definitely the bratty one."

"You little shit!" Jett laughs as he smacks my ass, making me squeal.

"You're both brats, first of all," Jerome says with a smirk. "I'll be the daddy, but you get to be our little pet."

"Snuggles and playtime? Fuck yes," I say.

"Come on," Jerome laughs.

I walk with Jett and Jerome downstairs. Levi is the first one to jump up from the couch and hug me. "Are you okay?" Levi asks, holding my face.

"Nope. He beats me when I'm naughty," I say, making Jett cackle.

"I told you. They are getting properly railed. You're so dramatic sometimes," Macie laughs.

"This is Levi and his wife, Arden, and then Wilder and his wife, Macie. Arden is Wilder's little sister, and Levi is Jett's older brother. Macie and Arden have been best

friends since they were kids,” I explain.

“It is wonderful to meet you all,” Jerome says, shaking their hands.

“The boys are dramatic. Ignore them,” Macie says sweetly.

“Excuse me, but I vouched for Jerome from the beginning,” Wilder laughs. “Levi is the one threatening to kill people.”

“It’s not a threat,” Levi says, shaking Jerome’s hand. He holds onto him for a moment to keep talking. “Jett and Bex mean far more to me than you, and I have no fucking problem putting you down if you even think about hurting them.”

“I do not doubt that, Levi,” Jerome says sincerely. “I assure you; they are safe. We are all on the same page as to why they are here, and they are well aware that they are not captives, nor is this by force. I have an image to uphold, so this is a predicament that Garrett has put us in.”

“Well, I’m enjoying the predicament you put in me,” I say with a shrug.

“Particularly fond of that part too,” Jett remarks with a smirk.

“You two are dirty-minded,” Jerome laughs at us.

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“It’s your fault, monster cock. You created this chaos,” I say, and Levi narrows his eyes at Jerome, thinking the worst.

“Oh, stop it, Levi. Relax,” Jett laughs.

“Just wait until he realizes that his little brother enjoys getting fucked by Mr. Monster Cock,” I say with a grin.

“I thought I was Daddy Dom? You’re a confusing little thing,” Jerome says to me.

“Mr. Monster Cock, the Daddy Dom,” I say. “Who also likes getting his ass pounded on occasion.”

“Surprised?” Jett asks Levi, laughing.

“I’m not surprised at all,” Arden laughs.

“I saw it coming,” Macie adds.

“Hey. Me too,” I say, finally making Levi crack a smile. “Ha. I win. Now chill out. We are okay.”

“Although someone might not be,” Jerome says with a smile.

“Oh?” Wilder asks.

“Garrett is tied up in the basement,” I say.

“Stupid little fucker.” Macie frowns.

“You are so tiny to be so angry,” Jerome remarks. “All three of you are. You’re like little weapons.”

“I... can I humiliate him?” I ask Jerome.

“You can do whatever you want to him, Bex,” Jerome says, cupping my cheek.

“You’re okay with that?” Levi asks Jett.

“Considering she was sitting on his face until she passed out from coming too hard not thirty minutes ago, I’ll say this is pretty tame for Jerome,” Jett says.

“What are you wanting to do?” Jerome asks me.

“I want to hook him up to that machine,” I say. “I want to force him to come as many times as possible, and then I want Jett to be the one to kill him.”

“Why me?” Jett asks.

“Because you are the one who he took me from,” I say. “I always belonged to you, and he stole that from you.”

“Only if it’s the same size as the other,” Jett says with a mischievous grin.

“Edgar? Want to help?” Jerome asks.

“Fuck yes!” he says happily.

“Go get him ready,” Jerome says. “Feel free to play with him.”

“This I want to see,” I say.

We all move downstairs, and Garrett is wide-eyed. Edgar wastes no time pulling his knife out and cutting his clothing off. Garrett has tape over his mouth, so none of us can understand him as he is stripped naked. He is then bent over a table so that his chest is laying across the surface. His arms are tied in front of him before Edgar pulls his cock out and slips on a condom that he had tucked away in his pocket.

“Jesus. It’s a family trait,” I laugh when I see how big Edgar is.

Garrett’s muffled scream echoes through the concrete basement when Edgar slams into his ass and starts fucking him hard. I glance at the others, and they look thrilled to see this happen. Edgar goes and goes until he finally comes. When he does, he pulls out and throws away the condom before bringing out all the machinery that will be used to torture Garrett. He shows Garrett each individual piece as he hooks it up, leaving the massive dildo for last. He offers it to me, and I grin as I step forward. I make sure to dump plenty of lubricant on it before shoving it into his ass with no warning. I laugh loudly when he moans.

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I get everything else hooked up before Edgar hands me the remote. I simply turn it to its highest setting before handing it back. He then places the sucking machine on his dick, and we all step back to watch.

“Damn,” Levi says.

“I think I have an idea,” Arden says to Levi with a grin.

“You are not doing that to me,” Levi laughs.

“Oh look, he’s coming again,” I say.

“Damn. He’s fast,” Jett says. Jerome motions to Edgar and hands Jett a pistol. Before turning to Garrett, Jett kisses me.

“Oh, this is gonna be messy,” Arden says.

Jett walks over and stands in front of Garrett as Edgar lets him come one last time before unhooking everything. Jett is patient as Edgar pulls Garrett’s weak body off the table and puts him on his knees in front of Jett.

“This is for Bex and everything you stole from us,” Jett says simply as he presses the barrel of the gun to Garrett’s forehead. Garrett is sobbing as he squeezes his eyes shut. I can’t help but laugh when he pisses himself, terrified of the inevitability of death. Jett glances at me, and I simply nod, because I know he wants him to suffer. Jett puts his finger on the trigger but shifts down at the last second, shooting him in the abdomen. Garrett screams out in pain as he falls to his side. Blood gushes out of

the gunshot wound, and Garrett desperately grabs at his belly, trying to contain the bleeding. His desperate cries bring a smile to my face as his body grows weak. I walk over and squat down before lifting his chin to meet his gaze.

“Nothing makes me happier than to see you suffer,” I say softly. “See you in hell, Garrett.”

There are many things in life beyond our control, and death is one of those many things. From the way people treat us to the traumatic things that we endure, we have to learn how to navigate around the negativity in order to find happiness in life. Jett and Jerome are at the very center of my world, and the promise of forever with them cannot happen a moment too soon.