



# Beg Me

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Adult

**Description:** Where everyone is Bi sexual, and no one is left unsatisfied, is a fight club dark romance that packs a punch. Sexy, sassy, and dripping with danger.

Olive, a curvy, no-nonsense social media manager and ex-SW, is thriving in her Las Vegas haven above a gritty bar. With her possessive, jaw-droppingly hot cop boyfriend, Jayce, by her side and her ride-or-die best friend, Janice, a sharp-tongued, sultry goth bartender, life feels almost perfect. Almost.

Enter Zander: ex-Marine, MMA fighter, and the enigmatic owner of the bar below. He's got secrets as dark as his smoldering eyes—and just as dangerous.

But Olive's world shatters when she stumbles across disturbing photos and cryptic emails. Someone is hunting her, and they're closing in. Hunkering down in her apartment for the night, Olive, Jayce, Janice, and Zander brace for what's coming. In Vegas, even a lockdown can get downright sinful, and passions ignite in ways no one saw coming.

As desire tangles with danger, Zander faces a choice: reveal his ties to a shadowy underground society or risk losing Olive forever. But will his secrets drive a wedge between him and Jayce—or save them all from an enemy hellbent on destruction?

In this seductive storm of violence, lust, and betrayal, one question remains: Who will make it out alive—and at what cost?

**Total Pages (Source):** 50

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:45 pm*

## Chapter 1

Olive

I wake up in a panic feeling like someone is watching me.

Was I just dreaming that?

I can't tell, I'm so freaking exhausted. Being a social media specialist seemed like it'd be such a fun, easy job. But now that I'm working for five small businesses and two large ones, a girl has to bring in the money right? It feels like I'm on my phone or laptop 23.5 hours a day.

Sitting up in bed, I grab my phone to start scrolling the socials. I like to spend about an hour in the morning going over all of my personal accounts, seeing new trends, current hashtags being used, viral music I need to put into videos, all that shit.

After doom-scrolling for way longer than planned, I get up and throw on an oversized T-shirt from one of my favorite brands and stretchy black bike shorts, showing off my leg tattoos. One leg is a full sleeve, and the other is a patchwork of totally random manic art.

Does it look like I'm not wearing pants with this huge shirt on?

Maybe... Do I care?

No, honestly not really.

I'm going to be home all day today. I may pop into the bar I live above for a quick drink later, but I really don't care how I look when I go there.

My apartment sits on top of a local dive bar called "The Cage." It's a weird living situation, but it's one I can afford and it's huge. It has a vintage vibe being in an older building in the downtown area. The vibes, central location, and size of it are worth having to hear random bar fights now and then.

Honestly, it isn't that bad, it's mostly millennial locals who just want to hang out and get cheap alcohol. We tend to not have many tourists in this area, even though I'm smack dab in the older part of Las Vegas. Tourists tend to stay away from here, with Fremont and the more popular bars and clubs being just a few miles away.

After throwing my hair up in a messy bun, why is it always so much more adorable when I'm not going to see anyone that day, it never looks cute when I actually try to make it look cute. I put on my sunscreen, yes I wear sunscreen even when I am staying in for the day, and check myself out in the mirror.

I take a quick selfie, open up Snapchat, and post it with "another day in paradise."

Stupid as fuck caption that everyone will love?

Check.

Immediately the views and responses come in, I have too many followers on Snapchat thanks to being a former cam girl. They mostly just follow me waiting to get a free glimpse of my tits. Or looking to see if I have given up social media managing, and decided to go back to the sex work life.

I loved sex work life so much, I made so much money with it, but it was a lot of work. Everyone thinks you can just post a photo of your feet and money will roll in.

But that's just not how that works.

You have to market yourself, in a sea of other amazing sex workers. You have to manage to be different enough to have people want to follow you.

You have to do photo shoots constantly, customs, videos, and edit them all. It ended up taking up all of my time. Leaving me with no personal life. Not that I have a booming personal life as it is. I don't have any friends honestly. I hang out with my boyfriend and go to the bar, where Janice, the bartender, and I gossip and bitch about men. That's about it.

Being bullied in high school left me with lots of trauma when it came to friendships with other women.

Don't get me wrong, I am a girl's girl all the way.

You will never catch me playing 'pick me bitch' sides. It's not that I don't like other women, it's that I'm scared of them. It's stupid and makes no sense, but I can't afford therapy right now, so I just try to deal with it on my own.

Talking with Janice every night has helped a lot with it. I have been able to open up with her a bit and see that friendships are so helpful for the brain.

Being bisexual, it also helps that she is drop-dead gorgeous, and is also bi. We check out the girls, guys, and they's together without any judgment from the other person.

Ding\* Ding\* Ding\* Ding\*

My phone starts to blow up. Damn, I mean I have a lot of followers on the internet, but this is a bit excessive. Holding up my phone I see notifications are filling in. Rolling my neck, I know this is going to be a longgggg day. Let's dive in.

Janice texts me

BRO you are back to posting photos on OF?? I am so exciteddddd... Those were hot AF too. Giving that voyeur vibe having the photographer take the pictures through the window! So smart girl.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:45 pm*

What? What the actual fuck is she talking about? I have not restarted my page, I deactivated it six months ago.

I open my email and see a new one from OnlyFans.

“Welcome back! You have 500 new subscribers.”

What. The. Fuck.

### Chapter 2

Jayce

Sleeping at the police academy barracks is never fun. Waking up with a stiff back, and a boner, with no one to help me out with it, honestly sucks.

I can't wait to be back home with my cooling memory foam mattress, and be able to call Olive over to help with this boner issue. Going two weeks without seeing her has left me with throbbing blue balls. I get hard at a slight breeze. I had a training class that was a full two weeks, and I couldn't reschedule, no matter how many times I tried to get out of it.

“You have to be here in person, Shadows, no ifs, ands, or buts,” I say in a mocking tone trying to mimic Captain Lakes' stupid voice.

It's stupid that I have to stay here. We have never had any type of on-premises training like this, I haven't had to sleep away from my house since I was in the

academy. No other agencies do this type of training either. But the department got a huge federal grant for a new, very specific training that has a ridiculous amount of rules.

So here I am. Blue balls and all.

After a quick shower and shave, I get into my uniform. Black tac pants and a black polo shirt with my name, and department embroidered on it. Throwing on my gun belt, I walk over to the safe, pull out my department-issued Glock, and slide it into my holster. It feels right having my gun on my hip. I feel naked without it after twelve years of being a cop. I slide my badge onto my dog tag chain and put it around my neck. Not having to wear the regular badge, and full uniform is the only perk of being at training rather than on patrol, this uniform is way more comfortable at least.

Pulling up my phone I see my sexy Olive on my lock screen. She is giving a kissy face to the camera. Cutest selfie I have ever seen. Honestly, every photo she takes is cute. She's fucking gorgeous. And the fact that she angles the camera to give the best view of her perfect tits makes it even better.

Ding\* a text comes in.

Olive: OMG someone hacked into my deactivated OF and reactivated it!!!

What the fuck. She has had that deactivated for months. I was all for her being a sex worker, she practices a lot of angles and moves with me. Not to mention the added perk, I got to see her try on all her new outfits before anyone else, there were big perks.

I didn't give a shit about other people seeing her, and I say people, not men, because she's hot as fuck, and everyone wants her. At first, when the other officers found out who she was, they gave me shit, but after they realized that I was damn proud of her

and didn't have the least bit of shame about what she does for work, they started asking for her links.

I happily gave them out, they could all see what I got to take home.

Getting my shit back together I respond.

How is that even possible? I thought everything was deleted. Who would do that?

I have no idea, I deactivated it, but all the content still stays on in case I want to remake it one day, but no one else can see the account. It looks like it's been deleted to anyone else who looks at it. I am freaking out.

It's okay angel, we will figure this out. I wish I could come home and help, but I'm still stuck here for two more days. Is there anything I can do from here?

No, I just wanted to vent about it. I have to get this figured out on my own. I'm going to call the helpline and see if they have any information on this.

I got five hundred new subscribers right away, so someone not only reactivated it but broadcast that they did. There is no way it would jump up that much from just being reactivated...

Don't be so sure about that. You're hot as fuck, angel. I would subscribe the second I saw your account pop up again.

Oh ya? ?? Want to see what you're missing?

I already have blue balls, baby. Don't make them worse.

What the fuck am I doing...



Ignore that, my brain clearly stopped working for a second. Let me see your sexy face.

A picture comes through and I about faint. Maybe I don't need this job. Maybe I can go home right now and say fuck this, because the picture of her topless, focused on her mouth, with her arm covering those gloriously heavy tits of hers, showing her perfectly soft belly just a touch at the bottom of the screen...

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:45 pm*

I may pass out.

Fuck, she's so fucking perfect.

Holy fuck, angel. I'm going to have a baton in my pocket all fucking day now.

I can't wait to be home.

Two more days, baby.

Two more days, baby.

And with that, I walk out the door, while trying to picture the grossest things I can to make this raging hard-on go away before I get to training.

## Chapter 3

Zander

Thud. Thud.Thud.

My hands hit the heavy bag with precise movements.

Over and over, running the same drills for the last fifteen minutes. It's never a bad thing to run these drills over and over again. Muscle memory will save you when you can't think in the middle of a fight.

After getting your bell rung as many times as I have, you learn quickly to do more practice and training than you ever think you need to.

Never get complacent.

Grabbing my water bottle, I squeeze it over my head before taking a big gulp. I brush my hands through my black hair and notice the sides are getting a little long. Going to have to shave that down again, I like to keep clean-cut sides with the top being longer than my old Military high-reg haircut.

My mom used to like to call it a mohawk, but it's not long enough to be considered one in my opinion. Maybe a fauxhawk.

The wrapping on my hand is getting loose so instead of retying it, I decide to hop over to the ring and practice footwork for a while. I'm just killing time until work starts anyway, so I might as well go as long as I can. I have a fight coming up next week and I want to be ready for it.

Joel, my trainer walks in. He's wearing short shorts, we called them silkies in the Marine Corps, and a tight fighting Under Armor shirt. It shows his leather-like skin from sun and age, covered in moto tattoos.

"Did you get more moto tattoos? How many can you fit on your body, Joel?" I ask.

The man cares about nothing more than the Marines I swear. He even works at the Youth Young Marines Center every weekend.

"When you have given as much of your mind, body, and soul to them as I have, you will understand, boy," he huffs.

"I may be a stupid man, but I was smart enough to get out of the Corps after the first

time I was blown up. It didn't take me twelve IEDs and a permanent 100% disability check from the military to get me to leave like you, old man," I jest.

He knows I'm messing with him. We both have a lot of respect for each other and the military. But every Marine can tell you, it fucking sucks 99% of the time.

"Yeah, you're right my boy. How's the footwork going?"

Changing the subject the way he normally does. He doesn't like to talk about his time in too much. He would rather help make new little Marines in the Young Marines program. That way they join more prepared than most of us poor bastards who had no idea what we were getting ourselves into. He went through a lot in his time.

"It's going good, I think I'm ready for the fight. I want to come in early tomorrow though and run more drills."

"Man, you were ready for the fight four years ago. How many more drills can you do?"

He gives me a knowing look. He knows I don't just come here to train, it's my outlet, it's what keeps my brain quiet. I can only stand the constant noise in my head so much before I come here. Everything gets quiet the second I feel that bag under my knuckles.

Weed does it too, but I only partake in that before bed. I don't like being in public high or drunk, it makes me nervous not being able to fully control my surroundings.

"Alright man, I'm closing up. Do you want the keys, or are you heading out with me?" He asks as he walks toward the door.

## Page 4

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He might as well give me a key at this point with how often I stay later than him and close-up. But he is not a very trusting man. I think him giving me his keys to let me stay late most nights is the most trust he gives anyone at this point.

“Nah, I’m going to head out with you. Give me five minutes to grab my stuff. I have to get to the bar in an hour.” Just enough time to get out of here, get to the bar, shower in the back room, and get out on the floor to stock everything and get ready for the night.

It should be a slow night, hopefully. Middle of the week, and not a fight night. I’m not too worried about it.

Grabbing my stuff, I wipe off, and sanitize the bags and all the other equipment I used. Normally, I would do it after each set, but I was the only one in here today so I saved it until the end. I run after him out the door and help him lock up.

Walking into the bar, I notice music coming from upstairs. During work hours you can’t hear Olive up there working away, but when it’s quiet, and I’m alone in the bar I get to listen to her shuffling around, dancing is what it sounds like a lot of the time.

Hell, I even get to hear the buzz of her vibrator quite often. It’s awesome when that happens. Not only did I get to subscribe to her before she shut her page down, but I got to hear when she was making content. Now she doesn’t do it as often, but I still get those quiet moments now and then to sit and listen to her pleasure herself.

I rub the outside of my jeans feeling the growing bulge. She gets to stay a fun fantasy. She can’t handle my lifestyle, so there isn’t any point in even trying with her. Plus,

she has that cop boyfriend.

Lucky bastard.

I leave the music off in the bar until I have to turn it on. I run this place, so I decide when to turn it on, and when to have it off and just be able to listen to the little demon upstairs.

‘Little Demon’ is what I called her when she was a cam girl.

She used to make custom content for me without ever knowing it was me. I would video chat with her, \$200 every fifteen minutes but fuck it was worth it. I would always wear a red-horned mask, and she would wear red for me. Once I became a regular, she started calling me Devil, and so she became my little demon during my uninterrupted time with her. She won’t ever know it was me, but I get to have those memories locked in my spank bank forever.

The music from upstairs turns off, and I hear her heading for the door. The living arrangement for her up there is a pretty great one honestly. I could rent it out to someone for triple what I rent it out to her for. When I bought the building from my old biker buddy, she was already living above the bar, and after seeing her I decided I would rather have her up there than rent it to someone who would pay the right amount for it.

Plus, I like being able to know her comings and goings, is it a little stalkerish?

Maybe. But I’m willing to live with that.

Being in Vegas you never really know what the night is going to bring, so I stock up the way I do every night. We could have a nice quiet night filled with locals, which is what we normally get during the week. Or we could randomly have a bachelor party

come in here, or a couple eloping bringing their friends to the dive bar away from the strip for good booze.

Who knows.

Better to be prepared for anything than not plan for it. When I hear the door jingle I look up and see Olive walking in.

“Hey, you know we aren’t open yet. What are you doing here?” I give her a smirk, she knows she is always welcome here. Hell, she has a key to the place.

“And you know I don’t care. It’s been a rough freaking day. Can I have two shots, and a tequila sour - extra sour?” She sits at the bar and puts her head in her hands as she rubs her temples.

“So, your regular with extra tequila, got it. What’s up, buttercup? What’s going on?” I ask as I start making her drink.

I don’t know why she even orders, she gets the same thing every single night. Tequila sour, extra sour. The extra shots are new for her, but she is a tequila girl, so it isn’t surprising.

“So you know how I used to have my OF page?” She starts, sliding her head until her forehead is resting on the bar, and her arms are wrapping around her, muffling her voice. “Someone hacked it and reactivated it, and then posted everywhere that I was back. So I woke up to Janice telling me how hot these new pictures I posted were, and five hundred new subscribers, on something I didn’t reactivate, with photos I didn’t take.”

Woah, what the fuck, time to be the helpful friend. But also, mental note, go subscribe immediately so I can see my little demon in action again. I’ve waited not so

patiently for this.

“Woah Olive, I’m so sorry. Did they take the money from the subscribers too?” I put on my most concerned face.

Her subscription price wasn’t one of the cheap ones. She has a large following, and she charged for it so if they got her back up to five hundred subs, that would be a lot of money in someone else’s pocket.

Not anywhere as many as she used to have, her follower count got up to the thousands at one point. She put on an amazing show for that celebration. I’ll never forget that one, every hole was stuffed full. I drool thinking about it still.

“No that’s just it, all the money is still set up to come to my account, and the photos they posted are hot as fuck, but I didn’t take them, and they were clearly taken from outside my window.”

Woah, full stop.

What the fuck. The building upstairs has windows on two whole sides of it. It’s a panorama view and stunning, but there is no access to that point at all. No stairs or ladders anywhere near those windows, trust me. I’ve looked. And the closest building high enough to see through those windows is over four blocks away, so it’s not like you can get a good view.

“Wow, okay. Now you have my full undivided attention. Do you have a stalker, Olive? Where is Jayce? Can he come to stay with you?” Putting the shots in front of her, I add a third shot for myself. She takes it, we cheers, hit the glass on the counter, and take our shot. Without even a moment’s hesitation, she takes the second one then licks the salt she poured on her hand and lays her head back down on the bar.



## Page 5

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Oh, what I would give to have that tongue licking me. Anywhere. She could punch me in the face and I would be happy honestly, doesn't have to be her tongue.

This woman could do anything to me and I would thank her.

"I'm not sure, this is the first weird thing that has happened, I mean I have been waking up feeling like I'm being watched, but no one could be watching me up there, right? You didn't put in any new stairs or anything I should know about, right?" I shake my head and she continues. "And Jayce is away for some stupid training the department is making him do. Can you come to stay with me tonight? We can hang out and drink and watch crappy movies. I would ask Janice, but I know she's off tonight. That girl needs to get laid something bad," she says laughing. "She's going out on a date and hopefully won't be available the rest of the night."

She gives me her best pouty lip 'please' face which she really doesn't have to do. I don't think she realizes that I would drop anything to be within arm's distance of her. She literally just offered me my dream on a silver platter.

"Yeah, no problem Olive. I'll bring the booze and pizza as soon as the last call happens."

"Thank you so much, Zan. You have no idea how much better that makes me feel." She reaches over the bar and hugs me, then turns around walking back to her apartment.

Tonight, I get to protect my little demon from everyone, other than the devil that she is welcoming into her home.

## Chapter 4

Janice

I smack my lips together and check myself out in the mirror, my lips are looking perfect. Black lips with dark smokey eyes, hair half up half down, and an outfit that screams 'disrespect me and fuck my brains out please' with a tight-fitting shirt that has a cut out in the center that leaves hardly anything to the imagination.

A maxi skirt with a slit up each thigh that goes all the way to the top band, showing off my fishnets, black g-string on my hips, and high-heeled boots. I need to get laid so badly. If I can't do it in this outfit, I will never be able to.

It's been almost a year since I've had someone else inside me. At this point, I'm desperate. It's not that I don't get hit on. I mean, I am curvy and considered plus size, but I'm hot as fuck and I know it.

Big tits, a round ass, thighs that scream 'suffocate me' and I wear my confidence like a badge of honor. It's hard to be confident in a world that tells you if you aren't a size five, you aren't good enough to be loved. But I'm proud of who I am, and how my body looks so I won't shy away from my curves at all. I flaunt them, and anyone that doesn't like it can go fuck themselves.

Ding\* I grab my phone checking the text.

Olive: Let me see you, bitch.

I pull my tits out of my top, stick my tongue out and send her a picture.

If you can't send topless pictures to your best friend, who can you? Random guys on the internet can pay me if they want to see them.

\*drooling emoji\* Holy shit! I want to put my face in those! If you don't get laid tonight by that guy, I can totally help you out.

Ya ya ya, you say that, but every time I actually try to get up in you, you giggle. You're a tease.

For real though, do you think he will like it?

I send her a picture in the mirror showing her my whole outfit.

If he doesn't, he is a fucking moron. You look amazing, babe. Have the best time. Zander is staying over at my house tonight for pizza, beer, and trashy movies. Come over when the date is done.

You got it, babe. I'll text you if I need to escape.

You know I always got you.

The Uber ride was long. The driver wouldn't look at the road and kept 'missing turns.' Maybe if you looked at where you were going, and not my tits in the mirror, we would have gotten here on time.

"The last time I ride economy in Uber," I swear to myself. I say that every time though. I walk into the restaurant looking for my date. He said he was wearing a green button-up shirt and is sitting in the back corner.

"Zeek?" I ask, walking up to a man that fits the description.

"Hello, beautiful," he says standing up and taking my hand to shake while looking me up and down.

“You must be Janice, you are stunning. How are you doing tonight?”

Here is where the small talk begins. I wish we could just skip all of this and go fuck in the bathroom real quick. But, I have to try to be more normal now that I’m thirty.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

No more random hook-ups.

Hopefully.

“I’m doing great, happy to be here finally, it was a long ride. Have you ordered?” I look up from the menu at him.

“Yes, I remember you mentioning you liked tequila, so I ordered us some drinks. I hope you like it, if not you can order whatever you like.” Smiling, I go back to looking over the menu, I’m starving.

We make pleasant small talk and chat about the things we talked about online, the normal first date stuff, it’s going really well I think.

Standing up I say, “I’m going to head to the restroom real quick, I’ll be right back.” Once inside the stall, I text Olive.

The date is going great. I’m super excited. I think I may have found a good one!

I finish up, put on some more lipstick, and head out to the front. Getting back to my table I don’t see my date anywhere at all. A waiter comes up, picking up the tip that was left on the table. Four one-hundred-dollar bills.

“Excuse me, did you see where the man sitting with me went?” He looks down at me giving me a sad look.

“He said he had to head out, and that it was nice meeting you. He paid the check. I’m

sorry.” He gives me a sad sympathetic smile. I grab my drink and down it, looking at my plate. I start to eat again. I’m not going to let this amazing food go to waste just because my date sucked.

Pulling up to the bar I notice it’s closed already. Weird, it’s only ten, and normally, it’s open until at least two a.m. Even on a Tuesday night. I head up the stairs to Olive’s apartment and jiggle the door handle, but it doesn’t open. Weird again. She always leaves her doors unlocked, I tell her not to constantly, but she doesn’t listen. I knock and the door opens to a shirtless Zander.

“Well hellooooo, beautiful. How did I get so lucky to spend my evening with two goddesses?” He beams at me.

“Shut up,” I say, pushing past him and dropping my purse on the floor, kicking off my shoes. I plop face-first onto Olive’s couch.

“Oh no, what happened?” Olive says, sitting at my head and brushing my hair back with her hands.

“Mmhhpp mhhhpppp mhhpppmhpp mhppp,” I mutter.

“Babe, you’re talking into the couch. I have no idea what you just said, what happened?” Olive asks again, turning my head to the side, I start all over.

“It started so well. He was so nice, called me beautiful.”

“You are beautiful!” Zander shouts from the kitchen.

“We had a good conversation, and then I went to the bathroom – when I came back out, he had paid the check, left a massive tip, and asked the waiter to let me down nicely. I don’t understand what I’m doing wrong. Why doesn’t anyone want me?” I

ask whining. I'm not going to cry over some crappy date. But damn I wanted to get laid.

"Oh, babe!! I'm so sorry. He didn't deserve you, come here, I'll treat you right." Olive says pulling me up into a hug, I lay my head on her chest feeling her perfect tits on my cheek.

Turning my head into her supple cleavage I mumble again, "I just want to get laid! Oh my goshhhh, why is that so hard to do right now?"

"Men are trash boo, you know this!" Olive says while brushing the hair out of my face as I turn my head back to the side.

"I brought shotsss!!" Zander says walking up with three shots.

"Thank you!" I take all three back to back.

"Okay, looks like I need to go grab more." He walks away chuckling.

When he comes back, he brings the whole bottle this time, and three shot glasses so we can just pour and drink right from the couch. South Park is playing on the TV.

"I thought we were watching trashy movies?" I ask.

"We were, but Zander came up here earlier than I planned, and I was watching this."

"It was slow tonight, so I closed early," Zander lies.

It's never slow enough to close, I know he kicked everyone out. It's so obvious he is smitten with Olive, everyone is. She's perfect.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

“Let’s watch The Princess Bride. It will fix tonight, it always does.”

After putting it on, we all snuggle in. We have all been close for a while, Olive likes to say she doesn’t have any friends. But Zander, Olive, and I have hung out way too many times and know each other way too well, to not be friends.

Ding\* Ding\* ding\*

Olive’s phone starts to ring with a video call. “Jayce is calling. Want me to pause it?” Olive asks looking at me.

“No, I’ve seen it enough times.”

“Hey babyyyyyy...” Olive coos into the screen, she is clearly buzzed.

“Hey angel, what’s up? What are you doing?”

He looks tired on the screen, and I’m totally looking over her shoulder. If I can’t find love, I’ll live vicariously through her.

“Well, after this morning’s fiasco, I asked Zander to stay, and Janice just got back from a crappy date. So we are drinking and watching The Princess Bride. We will probably just crash on the couch and have a fun sleepover.” She smiles at him, she is so into him.

“That sounds fun, babe. I’m having a shitty night. Mind if you just prop up the phone so I can be there with you guys even though I’m not there?”



“Hell yeah, baby! I’m so happy I get to have you here tonight too. I miss you.”

Zander shifts around on the couch a bit, seeming somewhat uncomfortable, but also not taking his arm away from behind Olive’s back.

After a few hours of drinking for all of us, even Jayce grabbed a bottle and joined us. He said he didn’t care about the hangover tomorrow with how shitty the training has been anyway. Olive perks up, we are on our second chick flick and Zander looks miserable.

“Let’s play a game!” Olive jumps up grabbing a deck of cards. “Let’s play poker.” She looks at all of us with an adorable smile.

“I’m only playing poker if it’s strip poker,” I slur to the three Olives sitting next to me.

“That’s the best kind of poker!” Zander and Jayce say at almost the same time.

“JINX!” yells Olive. “Now you both owe me a coke!”

We set up the phone so it’s like Jayce has his own seat, and he sits so we can see all of him. We decided as a group it’s not fair if he gets to see us but we don’t get to see him.

After about five rounds, I’m down to my bra and underwear. Olive is down to a t-shirt, and underwear, and Jayce and Zander are shirtless, and without socks.

“Royal Flush, everyone strip!” Jayce yells as he shows his cards to the phone. I have no doubt in my mind he is cheating by being on the phone and not here, but at least he is shirtless so I’m okay with it.

Zander takes off his pants, showing off his wiener-dog-covered boxer briefs, and a massive bulge. I pull off my underwear, I'm sitting down so it seemed like the best one to take off, they only caught a glimpse while I was standing.

Plus, I'm drunk as fuck so I don't care that much if they see my ass. Olive stands up and seductively starts to dance and sway, turning her back to all three of us. She does a strip tease taking off her shirt and throwing it to the ground. Turning around we see the cute nude-colored lacey bandeau bra I didn't realize she had on.

"Damn it!" I yell "I thought I was going to finally get to see those glorious girls in person!" I pout.

"Don't worry, I'll get them out of that bra." Zander jokes, but determination and desire flash in his eyes.

Olive deals and we start the next round. After a few more rounds of just playful banter and crappy cards for everyone, I slam my cards down and yell "Full house! Now everyone gets naked!!!"

Jayce looks at the phone, stands up, and shoves his briefs down to the floor, his dick flopping out and bouncing beautifully. All three of us are staring at the screen with our mouths open.

"I love it when I get to see my bestie. I want to lick him!" Olive slurs, she is so drunk.

"Your turn," Jayce smirks at us. He is also drunk as shit. Zander stands and does the same, all three of us looking at his perfect body with his cock springing out of his briefs.

"Thank all the gods and goddesses out there. I am so happy I came here tonight!" I say with a giant smile on my face. Standing up I pull off my bra, letting my tits

bounce free. Zander almost falls into them as he stares.

“Like what you see?” I smirk at him, and he blushes.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

“Olive, everyone here is waiting,” Jayce says. Olive stands up. And pulls her bra off, grabs her tits and starts rubbing them seductively.

“Is this what you were waiting for?” She asks in a breathy, hot as fuck voice.

“Holy fuck,” Jayce, Zander, and I all say at the same time, practically drooling.

No, not practically drooling, I am literally drooling. I have to wipe my mouth. She is perfect. Large, natural tits, with suckable dusty pink nipples that are hard and pointing out at me like they are staring at me. Round belly with wide hips, hip dips that curve down to her perfect ass, and thighs that clench together, hiding what’s peaking out behind a tiny slit covered in trimmed hair. Fuck. If I didn’t already know I was bi, I definitely do now.

Olive stands up to grab water, and we all watch as she goes.

“I’m going to head to the bathroom, I’ll be right back,” she calls to us from the kitchen.

“Okay so, now that I’m here with two beautiful men who are completely rock-hard. I’m – how are you both doing?” I laugh as I blush and stumble over my words, that sentence made no sense, but I’m drunk, it didn’t have to make sense.

“I’m doing great, four hot chicks. Two hot dudes to look at,” Zander slurs.

“Bro, there are only four of us here, how did you end up counting seven?” Jayce laughs. I laugh at both of them getting their numbers wrong in their drunken stupor.

“Looks like that many to me. I may be a little drink...” he burps, “drunk...” he burps again.

I lay my head on the table, and Zander goes to sit on the couch and takes the phone with him to talk to Jayce.

I’m bumped into from behind. I didn’t realize I had fallen asleep. Olive comes up behind me whispering,

“You have to see this.” She grabs me, giving me the shhhhh sign with her fingers, and tip-toes over to the couch. I look over, trying to focus my eyes.

Man, we drank way too much. I look over at the couch and see Zander with his dick in his hand rubbing up and down his shaft with the phone propped up in front of him, while Jayce strokes his cock on the phone screen. Both of them look at each other with dark hooded eyes filled with desire, and alcohol, while they enjoy themselves.

“Holy shit, that’s hot!” I say way too loud.

They both look over at us and keep going. I sit down on the couch and lay my head on Olive’s shoulder, who I just noticed had sat next to me. I close my eyes and drift off to sleep.

## Chapter 5

Olive

What. The. Fuck. Happened last night?

Like, how can I not remember anything? How much alcohol and weed did I consume? My head feels like it was smashed into by a freight train, a fully loaded

freight train.

Looking around my apartment, I'm met with two sleeping people and cans everywhere. A couple of tequila bottles lying around. Oh my gods, is that the freaking Jose Cuervo!?!

No wonder I feel like shit, that is the backup to the backups, back up. That doesn't get pulled out unless it's a dire need. Mainly because of how it makes me feel after, but also because every time it comes out I drink too much, and I can't handle the smell of it for months.

So I guess we partied hard...

After my sixth dab and fifth shot, everything got fuzzy, and we were just playing cards at that point. Looking down I realize I am wearing nothing. I yank the sheet up to my chest looking to see if anyone got a free show.

No, they are fully passed out, maybe in a freaking coma. Oh man, I hope they aren't dead. I would kind of understand if they were. If I'm the lightweight and I drank that much, I can only imagine how much they drank.

Grabbing the first piece of clothing I can feel from the side of my bed I throw it over my head and start to get out of bed. I'm hit with a calming smell. This must be Zander's shirt.

I grab the collar and pull it up to sniff it some more. My gods, how does this man smell good? Like smoke and whiskey.

Now I'm happy, ignoring undies, I walk over to Janice and see her chest rising and falling. "Oh good, she's alive," I say to an apartment with no one to listen to me.

It looks like a bomb went off in here. Grabbing for my phone, I take a few videos for stories, and just plain fun blackmail against Zander and Janice.

Who doesn't love having photos like this of their favorite people, am I right?

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

After grabbing some pain meds for my throbbing head and body, I start to pick up all the trash from the night before. Oh man, is that six bags of Taco Bell? We went all out. I can't remember that at all. There's an awful lot of clothes and lingerie on the ground for an innocent party.

It looks like my entire underwear drawer is laid out on the floor. I grab my phone and take some more videos. If you don't document the wild night, did it really even happen?

"Ooouuuuccchhhh..." Zander moans, sitting up slowly and grabbing his head before sliding off the counter he was lying on top of, falling to the floor.

I rush over to him, not wanting his puke all over my kitchen. I assume that's the next step for him on this fun hangover journey. I grab under his arm, looping my arm around his back, and help him up.

All these squats are really helping, this man is twice my size. He leans on me without saying anything, just burying his head in my neck and moaning pitifully until I get him on the couch and flop him down next to Janice. His face nuzzling into my neck sends shivers through me.

\*Ding

\*Ding

Oh crap, what time is it? I had a meeting with one of my larger clients this morning, looking at the clock that reads nine a.m. I thank all the gods that I'm a naturally early



riser. My call isn't until 10:30 and I can just tell them I can't do video today, all good.

I decide washing all of this grime off me is more important than cleaning my apartment. Walking into my bathroom, I turn the shower to full heat. This bathroom is my everything. Glass walls line a giant shower, it has tile seating along one whole side of it, five shower heads, and heated floors.

The tub is a Japanese soaking tub, meaning it's square but deep enough that you can sit comfortably up to your neck in the water without scrunching your body down. When I moved in, Zander let me choose what he was going to upgrade. After the last owner moved out, Zander got my rent check and said he didn't need it. He put the first six months of my rent payments into remodeling one big thing in the apartment.

Have I mentioned how lucky I am? I swear if life was a video game, my attributes would put luck at a ten for me. Like in Deadpool, I have the superpower of luck, and it's awesome. (We will just keep ignoring Jayce always telling me luck isn't a superpower, okay party pooper.)

I turn off all of the lights except the floor night light that glows nicely around the whole bottom perimeter of the bathroom. Ahhhh, much better for my throbbing head.

"Come on pills, kick in already," I mutter to myself.

Pulling the shirt over my head, I catch a glimpse of myself in the huge mirror in the corner. My hair looks like a legit rat's nest right now. I have 'Zander's hoe' written in eyeliner across my chest, turning to my back I see that I have 'Jayce's ass' written across my cheeks.

Great, what the fuck happened last night? This is a first for me, never have I ever had someone's name written on me. Not going to lie, I kind of like it.

Clenching my thighs together, I wiggle around and jump into the shower. The hot water hits my back like painful little daggers that quickly turn into pleasure as I slowly melt into a puddle on the bench against the wall.

This shower is where I would live 24/7 if I could. It steams up like a sauna and I lay down melting in bliss as my muscles relax and my body leans into the comfort of the warmth enveloping me. Maybe laying down here for a bit won't be that bad. I'll just lay down, rest, get charged up, and be on my way. I have an hour and a half before my meeting so I should be good.

I grab my waterproof bathtub pillow and lay my head down on the bench. Everything slowly fades into darkness as I let the comfort lull me to sleep.

\*Knock.

\*Knock knock.

\*Knock knock knock knock knock.

“Oh my goodness! Calm down, I just got in here! Let me shower in peace.” Janice opens the door and pokes her head through.

“Bitch, I'm going to pee in your sink if you don't let me come in right now.”

Chuckling to myself and sitting up. “Come on in, girl. Not like it isn't anything you don't have.”

She rushes past me like a blur straight to the bathroom. After a few minutes she comes out to wash her hands, looking directly at me she sighs.

“How does it feel to be the gods' favorite with a bathroom like this? How did you

even convince Zander to do this?”

Not moving or opening my eyes I respond, “I have no clue, batted my eyes and asked nicely?”

“Lucky bitch...” she mutters as I hear her opening the door to the shower.

“Umm, what are you doing?” I ask sitting up and covering my tits with my arm.

“I feel like death. I’m going to lay in here with you.”

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

Scooting up the bench so she has room to lie down, this shower can easily fit five more people. I just didn't want to talk to anyone with how I'm feeling currently.

"I can't believe I slept in until eleven. I never do that," she huffs while lying down on the other end of the bench, my feet almost touching her head.

"Hey, pass me a towel. I want a pillow too."

"Okay," I reach above my head and throw her one of the sacrificed-soaked towels I brought in here with me, and then it dawns on me what she just said. Chucking the towel at her and sitting up to ask in a panic.

"Eleven a.m!? Fuckkkkk!!!"

"What? What's wrong?" She asks, sitting up as well.

"I missed my video meeting with one of my big clients, now I'm going to have to do an in-person meeting this week, and I sooo didn't want to do that," I say pouting and laying my head on my bent knees with my arms wrapped around myself.

"Oh, that freaking sucks. I'm sorry." She commiserates with me.

"It's whatever, I guess. I just have to suck it up and finally go to the meeting they have been asking for for a while. They pay half my bills, so I guess I probably should do it."

Sighing, I lay back down and notice Janice sitting up in the corner leaning on the wall

staring at me. My lower stomach gets all warm and fuzzy, and my thighs clench.

“Can I help you? Why are you staring at me, creep?” I ask with a chuckle.

“You’re hot, and I didn’t know you had a bush. You kept that hidden well last night,” she says still staring.

“Wait what? I kept what hidden?”

“It was kind of impressive that you managed to get completely naked, and everyone else naked, and still hid the fact that you have a sexy little bush between those perfect thighs,” she muses.

Blushing, I clench my thighs together a little bit tighter.

“I don’t remember literally anything about last night. How did I get everyone naked? Wait, Zander saw me naked and Jayce was okay with it?!” I ask in a semi-panic again.

Jayce is such an amazing guy, he hasn’t ever made me feel anything but fully protected when other men are around. He’s the man that walks up behind me wrapping his arms around me when another guy is talking to me.

Not in an insecure way, but in a knowing way, a way that says ‘I know you are scared of men and have been hurt, you are mine, and I’ll make everyone here know that’. It has kept so many men away from me, and I love him for that. The trauma there is just not one I’m ready to deal with when it comes to strange men.

“Holy shit I can’t believe Jayce let me get naked with you two around. He’s normally so protective, even around women,” I chuckle leaning against the wall and looking over at Janice again, who now has her legs spread, and is slowly swiping her hands

up and down her slit.

“Umm, do you want me to leave?” I say brushing wet hair out of my face while looking away and blushing.

“Why would you do that? Then I wouldn’t have anything to look at while I do this,” she says while staring right at my nipples that are now hardening into pinkish-brown little buds.

“Oh, uhh, okay.”

“Do you want me to stop? Am I making you uncomfortable?” She looks at me with concern in her eyes.

“No it’s cool, you do you girl.” I turn a bit as she puts both legs up on the bench and spreads them wide open, revealing a glistening pink pussy.

“You have the most perfect tits. I wish I could suck on them.” My core tingles so much more as I stare at her pussy. It’s been so long since I’ve had a woman between my thighs, that I’m practically drooling.

“These?” I ask as I grab my tits and start to pinch my nipples and roll them between my thumb and pointer finger. Leaning my head back slightly moaning at how good it feels when the rest of me feels like shit.

“Stop that, or I’m not going to be responsible for what comes next,” she glares at me while inserting two fingers into her core moaning.

I love the dominant side of her. It’s no secret, I’m a submissive little thing when it comes to sex.

I love to be told what to do and be thrown around. Feeling myself getting wetter and wetter, and not from the water spraying over both of us, I lean my head on my shower pillow and close my eyes, still rubbing my nipples.

Hearing shifting, I open my eyes and see Janice standing over me.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

“Open your legs, or tell me to get out. There isn’t another option at this point.”

Blushing and looking around, I open my legs slowly and stop. “Wait, Jayce. I’m not going to cheat on him.”

“He didn’t mind last night when he was giving me permission to lick your pussy and ‘fuck her however you want as long as she’s okay with it,’” she says in a male mocking voice trying to sound like him.

“I don’t remember that, he really said that?” I ask while blushing and smiling coyly again.

“Yes, but you were passed out, so I didn’t get to. Now open your legs, or tell me to get out. Jayce is okay with it.”

I look at her darkened eyes filled with want and know she’s telling me the truth. I slowly part my legs and close my eyes.

“Eyes on me, beautiful. I want you to see me while I taste your sweet pussy. Look away and I will stop.”

I want to fall apart when she says that. She kneels in between my spread legs and runs her finger down my soaking wet slit. Sliding one finger in, while parting my lips with the others.

“Your pussy is so pretty. I could sell art of it, and have it on everyone’s wall,” she whispers while licking her lips.



She leans forward, looking right into my eyes, opens her mouth, and licks from my entrance to my clit in one slow pressure-filled lick. I lean my head back and moan in bliss. That felt amazing. But it's instantly cold as she pulls back.

"I said if you look away, I will stop, I want those eyes on me, little slut. Watch me while I drown in your pretty pussy."

Oh gods, just her words alone could make me come.

Looking back down at her, she opens her mouth and spreads my lips again, licking lightly up and down, before putting her whole face into my slit and devouring me. She slides another finger inside me and I can already feel an orgasm coming. She thrusts into me while making the 'come here' motion with her fingers and starts sucking my clit at the same time.

The sensation is so amazing I instantly start to fall apart. "I'm going to come," I say in a whispered voice.

"Come on my tongue, I want to taste all of your juices."

With that I let go, my walls spasming, and my world falling apart as the waves of pleasure crash over me.

"Oh, gods!" I scream.

"The gods aren't here slut. Say my name," she growls.

"Janice! Don't stop!" I say as I fall into bliss.

She's still devouring me, the sensitive bud still being sucked on, she pulls my clit between her teeth and while it's between her teeth, she flicks it with her tongue, and I

about die.

“HOLY SHIT!!!” Liquid squirts out of me, drenching her already-drenched body.

“I didn’t know you could do that, that’s quite the ego boost,” she chuckles while slowly pulling her fingers out and kissing my pussy lips. Biting my thigh, she starts to move up my body with licks, kisses, and bites. She gets to my nipples and starts sucking on one while rolling the other between her thumb and index finger.

“These pierced perfect nipples were designed to be in my mouth.”

My whole body is limp at this point. I am mush. Post orgasm mush. Laying back in pure bliss, I reach out and feel her body.

“No don’t touch, this is only about me touching you today. Maybe if you come for me a few more times, I’ll let you touch me.”

“A few more times? I already feel like I died and went to Valhalla after that.”

“You can give me a few more.” She smirks.

“That pussy can take a beating, and you know it. We all heard how hard you liked it last night.”

Blushing, I lean into her touch pulling my hands back. She continues to bite and suck my nipples while rolling the barbell through them around with her tongue.

“Ohhhh, gods! Please! Please!”

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

“Please what, little slut? Use your words. Beg me.”

“Please, I need you inside me.”

“Good, little slut,” she says while pulling her fingers off my nipple, slowly caressing down my body as she slides her hand back to my cunt.

“You want to ride my fingers?”

“Yes! Please, please.” She thrusts two fingers in hard and fast, my body almost gives out right then and there.

“Holy shit! You are going to make me come again,” I moan.

While sucking my pierced nipple, she starts thrusting harder than before with her hand, slamming it into me. She bites down on my nipple and sucks it forcefully into her mouth.

“Janice! I’m coming!” I barely manage to get out, when the door opens, and reality crashes around me.

“Holy fuck!” I hear a man’s voice from the door.

## Chapter 6

Zander

After what feels like an eternity, I slam the door shut and run to find my clothes.

Holy shit, I should have knocked. But fuck I'm so glad I didn't.

Seeing Olive's eyes roll to the back of her head like that, IN PERSON?! I never want to forget that moment.

I will be a ninety-year-old man saying, "Back in my prime, I walked in on my obsession being tongue fucked by a hot alt chick in her shower." It will live in my brain as one of my great moments for my entire existence. The porn is nowhere close to being able to replicate how mesmerizing it was to see that moment with my own two eyes, right in front of me.

Running around like an idiot who has no idea what to do, I find my shirt, shoes, and all the stuff I took out of my pockets for some reason.

What the fuck happened last night? Seriously. I wake up to heaven behind a door, and every card being flung out of my wallet. It must have gotten insane.

I think I've run back and forth from the front door to the bathroom door seventeen times, I hear the door shift, and the handle turn. I lunge for the front door, open it, and run down the stairs at the fastest pace I have ever moved in my life. You would think her cop boyfriend was on duty and chasing me with how fast I'm moving.

Making it downstairs, I lock the doors so no one can come in. Sitting on the ground behind the bar top. I start to finally get oxygen to my brain and can actually form coherent thoughts.

I realize I'm being completely dramatic and acting like a teenage boy seeing boobies for the first time. But I honestly have no idea how to react at this point.

Is Olive going to be pissed at me for walking in?

Should I have stayed and acted like nothing happened?

Is Janice going to act weird at work now?

FUCK! I have to work with Janice tonight!

How. The. Fuck. Am. I. Going. To. Do. That?!?

Running my hands through my hair and then dragging them down my face I throw my head into my knees, wrap my arms around myself and just sit there behind the bar listening.

I'm being touched.

I'm being shaken.

What the fuck?

Opening my eyes, I see Janice standing over me.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

How the fuck did she get in here? What am I doing on the floor? Fuck.

Everything from this morning starts to flood my memory as Janice reaches her hand out to me to help me stand. I take it sighing, and pull myself up. The world spins just a touch.

Fuck this hangover is bad.

Almost as if she can read my mind, Janice opens her hand with two little white pills in it and a glass of water.

At least, I hope it's water. I can't handle anything else.

Taking them from her I drink them down, feeling relief that it's not vodka, as that's totally something Janice would do. I start to rub the back of my neck, and I feel Janice's eyes bore holes through my skull.

Finally looking at her I shrug. "What's up?"

Really? That's all I can come up with?

So much game there. Ugh.

It's pretty obvious she feels the same about what I just said with the look she is giving me.

"Oh I don't know, the weather is nice. I had a crappy date last night. And oh yeah,

you walk into the bathroom. Without knocking, might I add. Saw me finger fucking Olive, and ran out like a scared animal that just saw its biggest predator. Want to explain what's up with that?"

Looking down, I blush and continue to run my hands over the back of my neck, up to my hair, jostling it around until I'm comfortable enough to talk.

"I didn't see anything, lots of steam."

That's a bald-faced lie.

"Bullshit Zander, I'm not an idiot. I know you. If you saw nothing, why did you run out like that?"

Fuck, she's got me there. I have no answer to that, so I just shrug.

I'm so uncomfortable right now. "Sorry Janice, I don't feel great. I'm going to head home, either close up and put the closed sign out, or work the shift. Entirely up to you. Have a good night."

"Coward," she hisses as I'm walking out the door.

Yeah, I know it's a coward's move, but I have no clue what else to do at this point. My head is spinning and I just need to sleep.

Walking out to my truck I look up at the apartment where my dreams were so close to being made last night, and see Olive sitting on the couch, with her curtains wide open.

Close your curtains unless you want more weirdos sneaking peeks.

You mean you? Do I need to be worried about you sneaking peeks?

Never. You know I'm the most respectable man around.

\*Eyes rolling emoji\* Okay, thank you. I will close my curtains. Have a good night.

You too. Lock your door and your deadbolt.

\*eyes rolling emoji x4\*

Hopping in the truck, I start it and pull out, heading home. Tomorrow will be better. I'll talk to them both then. Maybe I won't be such a pussy after I get some sleep.

## Chapter 7

Janice

Blasting Sleep Token in the bar all night is definitely going to affect my tips, but I don't care. The way Zander took off like that pissed me off. Listening to some good music will help me not absolutely lose my shit on everyone.



## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

“Smile hunny, that scowl will run everyone off.” Joe, one of our regulars says to me.

“Fuck off Joe, I don’t care if I run everyone off, Zander has to pay me either way,” I scoff.

“Trouble in paradise, beautiful?” He looks over and smiles at me.

Normally I wouldn’t be okay with the pet names, but Joe has been coming here since the night we opened, and has helped me with a handful of creeps on the nights I work alone, so he gets a pass.

“You could say that Zander and I are just not seeing eye to eye on some personal shit, but instead of talking it out, he bitched out and ran off.” I lean onto the bar showing off some cleavage, maybe that will make up for my RBF tonight since it’s not going away anytime soon.

“That is a tough one, beautiful. Want me to kick him in the ass a few times?” He chuckles.

“That would be perfect. You kick him in the ass and I’ll punch him in the dick. Then I might smile again.”

“Play something else!” A random drunk dude yells at me.

“Fuck off! This is what’s playing tonight. Don’t like it? Leave!” I snap.

I definitely don’t need to be this bitchy tonight, but oh my gods, I just can’t get out of

this foul mood.

“Fucking bitch,” he says as he throws money on the bar to pay for his drinks and walks out.

Joe looks over at me. “Why don’t you just close for the night? I’m the only one in here now anyway.”

“I might actually. He left me in charge, so I get to be in charge of when I leave, right?” Joe nods. “Fuck it, we’re closed. Last call, Joe?”

“I’m all good, hun. This last one was enough for me, you heavy-poured tonight. I might have to come in when you’re angry more often.” He smiles, as he pays his tab and walks out.

I walk over to the door to lock it while I finish everything inside. There’s no reason to have it open letting some rando come in. I sit at the bar after pouring myself a shot. It’s good to be alone, I feel like I can actually breathe for a minute.

The door starts to shake like someone is trying to open the door. “WE’RE CLOSED! GO AWAY!” I yell.

More shaking on the door. “Get the fucking hint! Go away! We are closed. Can’t you read the fucking sign!”

I walk over to the door after grabbing the bat by the bar. I’m about to do something stupid, but the anger and tequila mixing have me feeling like a god.

Swinging the door open with the bat held up. “What the fuck do you wa...” My words are cut short when Olive is standing there crying.

“What’s wrong?!” I put the bat down immediately, pull her inside, lock it again, and wrap my arms around her.

“Someone left a note on my door. I’m really freaked out and I don’t know what to do.” She hands me the note.

Did you like the photos I took for you?

You have the prettiest skin. I can’t wait to carve it open and see what your insides look like.

See you soon, Altchick.

~Your biggest fan

Holy shit. That’s terrifying. “Didn’t Zander get cameras? I’m calling him.”

Grabbing my phone, I pour Olive a shot at the same time, she needs it for sure. It rings and goes to voicemail.

“Answer me, dude, it’s a big fucking deal!” I text him.

Call me, we have a new development with Olive’s creeper. We can talk about you being a coward another time, I need you now.

My phone rings almost instantly. “Screening my calls now, huh?” I snort.

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

“What’s wrong? Is Olive okay? What happened?” He’s out of breath, practically panting. He must be at the gym, it’s where he goes whenever he needs to let off steam.

“The creeper that took the photos put a note on her door, it’s super creepy and she’s terrified.”

“I’m on my way. I’ll be there in fifteen minutes. There’s a shotgun under the bar and the key for it is behind the cash in the register drawer. Get it, keep everything locked, and don’t answer to any knocks at all.”

“On it. Wait, we have had a shotgun here this whole time and you never thought to tell me? You gave me a bat to defend myself? What the fuck?”

“You are too hot-tempered to know the gun is there. I’ll have to change the key’s location now that you know.”

\*Click. He hung up.

Walking back over to Olive, she’s on FaceTime with Jayce. “I’m so scared, I don’t know what to do.”

She sits there crying.

“I’m on my way. It’ll be like forty-five minutes from this fucking training facility, but I’m on my way. I told them I wouldn’t be working the next few weeks and got it cleared with the command already. We’ll get this figured out. I love you, Olive.”

“Love you too, Jayce. See you soon.”

“Kiss kiss,” Jayce says then hangs up.

“What’s with the ‘Kiss Kiss’?” I ask.

“He’s always done it. He said he wished he could kiss me in person when we first started talking, but he was away training. That was the best he could do, and it stuck. It’s kind of our thing now,” she says smiling. It’s so obvious she’s in love with that man.

“Gag me, you two are gross and cute.”

She shakes her empty cup at me asking for more, I fill it back up and sit down.

“Let’s get your mind off all of this. We’re good here, at least for right now. Zander will be here in just a bit and we’ll go upstairs and wait for Jayce.” I smile at her.

“Okay. What do you want to talk about? It’s going to be pretty hard not to think about this fucking stalker, like, whoever it was, was outside my fucking door! If Zander hadn’t told me to lock my doors, the creeper could have just walked in.”

She starts to panic again. “Woah woah, you’re okay!” I grab her and pull her into a hug. “I got you, and I have Zander’s shotgun. Nothing is going to happen to you. You’re safe. But also, we need to talk security with you, you need to lock your doors girl, what are you even doing? This is Vegas, it’s nothing but creepers.”

“I just never remember to.” She lays her head on the bar with her arms wrapped around her.

Bad Omens “Concrete Jungle” starts playing over the speakers, it’s her favorite. I

knew it would take the edge off. She turns her head, still lying on the bar, and smiles at me.

“You always know how to make me feel better.”

She gets off the bar stool and starts dancing while I refill her glass. She shoots it back, clearly starting to feel better.

“Are you going to have any?” She gives me puppy dog eyes.

“No, I’m holding a shotgun. I think I should stay sober until Zander gets here at least.” I hear a door slam outside and pull the shotgun up out of my lap and aim it at the door.

“Olive, get behind the bar.” The door jiggles and the handle turns, in walks Zander.

“Bro, put that down! You could have shot me,” he yells at me, with his hands up.

I put the shotgun down, and he turns to lock the door again.

“Great trigger control though.” He smiles at me.

“Don’t give me that smile. We still have a lot to talk about later.”

“I know, I know,” he says while rubbing the back of his neck nervously.

## Page 16

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“Are you okay, Olive? I will pull up the cameras and see if we can find anything.”  
She nods at him and he walks to the back room.

“Come back here, more eyes are better.”

We walk to the back room with him. It’s a tiny room, but it doesn’t need to hold anything other than the security system, anyway. All the cameras are pulled up.

“Holy shit, I didn’t realize you had this many cameras in here.”

There are easily thirty camera feeds on the three monitors in front of me.

Inside the bar, outside the bar, the back room, the back alley, Olive’s staircase, her front door, one along the side of the buildings so you can see the windows, but can’t see into them. It’s a lot.

“Yeah, I had more put in last week. It’s better to be safe than sorry in my opinion.”  
He starts scanning through the motion alerts on the camera angled at Olive’s door.

A weird static happens on it and it blacks out for a second, then comes back on like nothing happened.

“What was that?” I ask.

“Fuck whoever this is, they must have a jammer or something. None of the cameras picked anyone up anywhere. They all have that static at the same time. Fuck!” He hits the table.

“It’s okay, you guys are here now and Jayce is on the way. I’ll be good. Jayce took off a few weeks so he will stay with me and hopefully, the person doesn’t show up again.”

“Not to ask a stupid question, but should we call the police? At least make a report?” Zander asks.

“Jayce will handle all of that when he gets here. I’d rather not have to talk to anyone else honestly,” she says. Zander deflates a bit at hearing Jayce is the knight in shining armor.

“Let’s go upstairs,” I say to stop the awkwardness.

“Okay give me the shotgun.”

Zander reaches his hands out to me. Handing it to him, I walk out of the room. Zander goes out first, checking everything, then comes back into the bar and walks us up after locking up. When we make up to Olive’s apartment, we double-check the lock, and I plop onto the couch.

“I’m so fucking tired,” I say as I lay my head back on the back of the couch and close my eyes. Zander sits down at the kitchen counter, he’s obviously uncomfortable. Olive grabs him a glass of water, and sits down on the couch with me, turning the TV on.

“Nap time,” she says, laying her head on my shoulder and closing her eyes. I have no idea why Zander is being so awkward. She clearly isn’t phased by him walking in and seeing us this morning.

“You can both take a nap. I’ll stay awake and watch the door.” Zander says.



“Okay. Jayce is on his way, please don’t shoot him,” Olive says as she slowly starts passing out.

BANG\*

I jerk upright from the couch, Olive doing the same. Zander has the gun pointed at the door.

“Go to the bathroom girls,” he says.

“What if it’s Jayce?” Olive asks.

“It’s not. He just called me and said he would be here in twenty minutes. There was crazy traffic I guess,” Zander says without taking his eyes off the door.

“Janice, get my phone and pull up the cameras.”

I already know his code so I pull up the cameras right away.

“No one is at the door.”

BANG\*

“Bull fucking shit no one is at the door!”

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

“Open up,” we hear from the door, in the creepiest fucking voice I have ever heard in my life. It sounded like a squeaky door mixed with a demon.

We all look at each other terrified. Olive starts to call Jayce. “No answer, fuck!”

“Go to the bathroom! If anyone comes through that door they’re dead,” Zander whisper shouts at us.

Olive and I go to the bathroom and lock the door. Today just keeps getting worse and worse. I am so over it.

### Chapter 8

Olive

That voice has haunted my dreams for eleven years. I stand there in a panic as the memories start to flood back.

11 Years Ago - Olive - 18 Years Old

“Bye!!” I yell as I watch my parents drive away from the motocross track.

They have kept me sheltered my whole life, but now that I’m eighteen they know they have to give me more freedom whether they like it or not. They decided to let me keep the travel trailer and stay at the track for the weekend.

I’m still in the little safety bubble they built though, it’s like getting a tiny taste of

freedom I suppose. Their friends own the track and are under strict orders to report every single thing back to my parents in real-time. I love those two but damn, I need to stop letting them control me. Who am I kidding, I roll my eyes at myself. I will never say a thing to them, they have me whipped and they know it.

If this is my first taste of freedom, I will take as much advantage of this time as I possibly can. Grabbing my bag from under my bed, I smile at the stash I have grown over the years, I look over my beautiful bounty of tiny alcohol bottles. From the random trips my parents and their friends would take and buy way too much to drink, then leave it around. On the plane trips, they would pass out, and the little bottles would slip into my bags.

It's been almost ten years of stocking up on these babies, and even though I'm alone, I fully intend to celebrate my freedom for the first time.

Opening the bottle of tequila, I take a sniff and immediately regret it.

"Oh my gosh," I gag.

Better just do it quick, that's why they are called shots I guess? Weird not seeing them taken out of someone's mouth or belly button the way my parents' friends always had, but to be honest, that always seemed absolutely disgusting to me. I plug my nose, down the shot, and take a big swig of lemonade to wash it down. Dry heaving I stand up, "stop being so dramatic, everyone loves this shit," I say to myself in the mirror, still trying not to puke.

That is awful, but oh my goodness, I feel so warm and fuzzy already. It probably doesn't help that I haven't eaten much today, but we will get to that when we get to that. It can't make that big a difference, right? Shrugging to myself, I grab another and repeat the process.

\* Knock knock\*

I rush to hide everything back in my little hidey hole and wander over to the door slowly, sniffing my shirt to see if I smell like tequila. Fuck it, I wouldn't even know at this point. It feels like it's seeping out of my pores. Opening the door to a grumpy old man's face, I burp covering my mouth embarrassed.

"I am so sorry, Bill. I just had some of my spicy chili." It's his favorite food so I know it will make him think of something other than the smell pouring out of the trailer.

Sniffing, and shifting back and forth on his feet, as if he is itching to get back to his trailer. "No problem Oli, just checking in on you. I'm heading to bed. Need anything before I take my pills?" He chuckles. Once he takes his pills, a bomb could be going off on top of him and he wouldn't wake up.

"Thank you so much for checking me, I'm all good. Going to hang out and eat junk food, watch scary movies, and head to bed." That seems to appease his suspicion.

"Night, Oli." He waves and turns to walk off.

Waving back and closing the door, I lean my back against it and slide down the door wrapping my arms around myself, resting my head on my knees. Let's see how tonight is going to go.

The credits roll as the spooky music starts to signal the ending of the movie. It's so stuffy in this stupid trailer. Looking at the clock, I realize it's two a.m. I'm in tiny booty shorts and an oversized t-shirt with my favorite book character on it. Who wouldn't want to walk around with a sexy shadow daddy on their shirt?

No one will be up at this point anyway, there are only six trailers here currently.

Stepping out and taking in the crisp night air, I smile.

The desert is so fucking beautiful at night. An orange glow catches my eye, shit a campfire. Someone's still up. Turning around just as I go to open the door, I'm startled suddenly.

"Hey gorgeous, what are you doing out here so late?" One of the guys from the campsite next to mine whisper yells across the walkway to me. "Come on over here, hang out with us."

Fuck, fuck, fuck, do these people know my parents?

"Oh, I'm already in PJs and wanted to grab some air, I don't want to be a bother." Hoping they will drop it, I turn back to my door.

## Page 18

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“Come on, we have good drinks and snacks.”

My belly growls at the mention of snacks, I already know if I want to eat I will have to make the food myself. We’re an ‘ingredient household’ so I have to make everything. Fuckkkk, I’m too tired for that.

Defeated by snacks, I turn and walk over to them. Four guys sit around the fire in their PJs. The mixture of grey sweats, black shorts, and no shirts has me trying to keep my tongue in my mouth.

“Hey beautiful, what are you doing over there? We saw your parents leave this afternoon, figured we were on our own out here tonight,” the oldest-looking one of the bunch asks while motioning to the chair right next to him for me to sit down.

Gods, he is fucking hot. Snap out of it!

“Ooh, I just turned eighteen last week, so for my birthday my parents started letting me have some freedom. I get the trailer at the track to myself this weekend.”

Why am I telling these strangers I’m alone? Holy shit am I still drunk? I wobble as I sit down. Yup, still drunk.

Looking over, one of the guys is staring at me intently, like he wants to rip me to shreds or something. What the fuck did I do to him?

“That sounds like a great birthday present, do you ride?” He turns toward me in his chair and smiles, his eyes are so dark and sexy.

“Yeah, I do. Yamaha 250, but I just hang out on the mid-track,” I say blushing. These guys are probably fucking pros.

“Here, have a drink.” He hands me a beer. I haven’t ever had a beer, this should be fun.

“Thanks.” I take it.

“Wait,” the cute one with the curly hair says. “You should shotgun it unless you like the taste of beer.” I

Have seen that so many times, it will definitely make it quicker.

“Ya let’s do it. Beer is not my favorite taste,” I giggle a nervous laugh.

He chucks a closed pocket knife at me. They can’t be that bad if they are literally giving me a weapon right? Feeling a bit safer, I tie my hair up behind my head.

“Holy shit, Gabe. You got the good girl to do it.”

He tosses the guy who must be Gabe a ten-dollar bill he grabs out of his pocket. Catching it, Gabe looks at me and smiles, gesturing with his hand to continue. I lean over, stab the bottom of the can, and pop it open. The cold liquid floods down my throat, I start to choke on it, but quickly catch my bearings and down the whole can.

Three of the four men stand up, high-five me, and hug me. The dark scary guy next to Gabe smirks at me.

“Didn’t think you had it in you, bambi. Good job.” I can feel my entire body turn red under his gaze.

“Thanks, I’ve never done that.” I pull my hair out of the ponytail and fluff it with my hand a bit.

“Let’s play a game. I’m bored as fuck, and now we have better company,” the curly-haired cutie says.

Gabe looks annoyed. “What game, Josh? Why can’t we just relax for a bit?”

“We have been doing that for hours. Let’s play Never Have I Ever. If you have done it, you take a swig of beer, if you haven’t you take a shot.” He looks so proud of himself.

“What the fuck? Why would we take a shot if we haven’t done it?” The scary one asks.

“The shot might make you more fun so you start doing the thing you have clearly missed out on.” He shrugs like we should already know that.

“Makes sense to me,” all four of them look at me completely surprised, as if they expected me to back out. I’m enjoying this time away from my parents dammit, I’m having fun tonight.

After the drinks have all been poured and rock, paper scissors have been played to see who goes first, Gabe starts. “I’m not starting off lame. I’m getting the ball rolling,” he says. “Never have I ever been fucked in the ass.”

They all take a shot and look at me expectantly, I follow their lead and take a shot.

“Saw that coming, perv,” Josh chuckles at Gabe.



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“My turn,” Gabe says with a giant smile on his face. “Never have I ever...Hmmm, this is hard.”

“That’s what she said,” the quiet one says and chuckles.

“I sure hope she says that,” the scary one says, looking at me with a smirk.

“Never had I ever,” Gabe starts again louder, to talk over them, giving them a dirty look. “Fucked on a motocross track.”

I take a shot, the scary one, Gabe, and Josh take a drink of their beer. Coughing a bit I cover my mouth but start to speak. “Woah, out in public?” They all look at me and chuckle under their breath.

“Jimmy, I can’t believe you haven’t fucked anyone on the track. It’s good luck. Maybe that’s why you keep losing.” He elbows him playfully.

“Never had a chance to. I’m hoping to change that soon.” He looks at me with what I’m hoping is a cute smirk, and not something creepy like it seemed to be for a split second.

“I’m starting to feel extra drunk boys. Where were those snacks you were talking about?” I hiccup and lean back in my chair.

“You heard the lady, toss the snacks,” Gabe says to Josh. He grabs the bag next to him and tosses it at me, opening it I pull out a zingers, and a bag of BBQ chips.

“Oh my gosh, this looks so yummmmyyy,” slurring a bit, as I open the snacks and begin stuffing my face.

“Thank you for the snacks and drinks boys, I think it is time for me to turn in,” I say as I stand up.

“Woah woah woah. Where are you going, beautiful?” The scary one says as he stands up quickly and grabs my shoulders as if to push me back into my seat. Holding my ground instead of sitting back down, I look into his beautiful eyes.

“Yeah, baby. You can’t leave, we were just getting to the fun stuff. Let’s play truth or dare,” Jimmy says behind the scary guy.

“Blake, sit down. Give her some space,” Gabe says.

“Yeah doll, sit back down. Hang out with us, you know you want toooo” he draws out the words trying to playfully tempt me.

Feeling incredibly uncomfortable, I sit back down in my seat and cross my arms over my chest.

## Chapter 9

Jayce

Flying down the highway, I notice the speed I’m going, 115 fuck. I’m going to go to jail, but it’s worth it. I can’t believe this is happening, the love of my life is in danger again, and I’m out of town, again. I’m supposed to be protecting her, but I keep managing to fuck it up time and time again. If she is hurt, I will never forgive myself.

“Just hold on, Olive. I’m coming,” I whisper.

Maybe if I put it out in the universe, I can speak it into happening, or whatever the fuck Olive says all the time. Manifesting, that's the word, I will manifest her being safe.

Fuck. I don't believe in that shit. I push the pedal down harder. I know I can make this car go faster. My phone starts to buzz.

"John?" I answer the phone, confused.

I don't understand why John would be calling me so late. I haven't talked to him since he graduated from the police academy. He went the state trooper route, I just couldn't get behind being in school, away from Olive for an additional six weeks to get that position.

"You are so fucking lucky I recognize that nice ass car of yours, or I would be starting a high-speed pursuit right now. What the fuck do you think you are doing going 119 down my highway?"

Fuck...This can ruin my chance at teaching for the academy with the new federally funded opportunities. I may be fucked.

"Your highway now? Congrats man, glad you are enjoying the new job."

I genuinely congratulate him, getting your own beat and it being highway after only being on the job for a short time is a big deal in this area, it's honestly impressive.

"Stop changing the subject, or I am pulling your ass over," he snarls, fuck he is mad.

"I'm sorry man, my girl has a stalker and he has been getting worse lately. I guess he just showed up at her place and is banging on the door. She is terrified, I have to get to her. If you want to pull me over, I will gladly let you arrest me, after I get to her

house and make sure she is safe. You will have no luck trying to stop me before that.”  
I say matter of factly.

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He knows I'm a better shot than him, and that I always have one on me. No way he tries to fight me on this.

"Oh fuck dude, I'm turning around. I'll escort you," he says much quieter.

"You know that's not legal man." I sound like I'm lecturing him, what the fuck. I smack my head. He is literally trying to help me. "But I appreciate it dude, I owe you one. I need to get to her." He hangs up, and I see him pull in front of me.

We turned that forty-five-minute drive into twenty minutes. The amount of laws we just broke would put us both in deep shit. Thank goodness they haven't put cameras and trackers on their units in my area. Screeching to a stop, I jump out of the car, pull my gun out, and run to the door. John follows close behind me. I look at him and mouth.

"3, 2, 1."

I kick in the door, to see a shotgun pointing at my face from over the kitchen counter.

"Zander it's me!" I shout, Zander looks dazed but pulls the barrel of the gun away from my face as fast as he can.

"I'm so sorry man. Where did the guy go? He was literally just knocking on that door..." he sounds so scared.

"No one was out here when we got here man."

What the fuck is happening?

“Janice and I both heard it. The pounding stopped, literally thirty seconds before you kicked in the door,” he still has a hold of his shotgun.

He’s suspicious of me right now, I would be too, that was crazy.

“No one is out there, can I check the perimeter?” John slides out behind me, and Zander seems to relax immediately.

“Yeah, man. Jayce, lock the door.” He drops down behind the kitchen counter again. Everything starts to register in my head.

“You said Janice and you heard the pounding? Where the fuck is Olive?”

If she is hurt, this man will fucking die for not protecting her. He pops his head up again looking concerned as fuck and points at the floor in front of him.

“I don’t know what happened, man. She was ducking behind the counter, telling us what to do one minute, and then I sent her and Janice to the bathroom. I was just going to shoot whatever came through the door, and then call 911.”

I run and jump over to the bathroom door knocking in a panic, calling out for Janice.

Her head pops out from the bathroom door when I do.

“She just started hyperventilating and then passed out! Get in here!” She shouts at me in a panic.

“Fuck.” I groan running into the bathroom.

## Chapter 10

Olive

“Truth or dare,” Blake says easily, looking down on me as if he is trying to intimidate me. Not going to lie, it’s working.

“Umm, truth,” I say timidly.

“Boringgggg,” Josh says, “OKAY if you want to be boring, we can start with that. Which one of us do you want to fuck you first tonight?” His smirk turns into something meaner. I sink into my chair.

“Ohh, umm I’m not looking for anything like that, sorry,” I say almost in a squeak.

Blake stands up and walks over, standing above me glaring down at me. “You wanted to go with a boring truth. Answer the question,” he practically snarls at me.

“I guess in this hypothetical, it would be Josh. He seems the nicest.”

Josh gets a giant smile on his face. “I’ll be so nice to you baby,” he says, patting his lap to tell me to come sit on his lap.

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Shaking my head, I look at Gabe as he starts. “Truth or dare, baby?”

I look up, surprised. “Wait, he just asked me. It’s someone else’s turn.” He smirks.

“Baby, the person asking gets to pick the person they want to ask. That’s like, truth or dare 101. Haven’t you played this before?”

It’s almost like he’s talking down to me, but I’m scared. Maybe I’m just being paranoid. I’m very drunk after all, and they have been so nice. They even gave me their knife, which I still have in my hand.

I shake my head at him. “I don’t want to be boring and get another question like that, so dare I guess,” I say sticking my tongue out at Blake playfully. The playful vibe is not returned by him, as he glares at me like he is going to eat me alive still.

“Ohhh, she is getting braver. Okay, I dare you to come give me a lap dance, that ends with your top off.”

I practically choke on the water I’m drinking.

“Oh no, I’m not doing that. Noooo wayyy,” I say dramatically waving my hand in front of me to show that I’m definitely not doing that.

“Baby, you will do it. You know what happens when you don’t do a dare, obviously,” he says looking at me as if everyone knows some omnipotent truth or dare rule.

Looking at him I shake my head.



“If you don’t do it, we get to pick whatever punishment, that isn’t the dare you denied,” he clarifies with his hand up chastisingly. “That we want, and we get to make you do it. He just asked for your top to come off, so we could force those booty shorts off you instead.”

Swallowing hard, I stand up.

“I think I’m done for the night guys.” I start walking to my trailer. Jimmy steps in my path towering over me.

“So am I hearing you are turning down your dare? How do we want to punish her boys?”

I start to step back and bump into a hard chest. I turn and see Blake staring down at me.

“I think we should make her play the rest of the game naked and on her knees,” he says as he gives me the scariest smirk.

Fuck, what did I get myself into? This has gone so, so bad. I will be okay. I can get out of this, just backtrack, taking my top off still leaves my bra on I realize. That’s better at least.

“No no no, I’m not denying it. I’ll do it.” They all look at each other and smile.

“Sweety, you already turned it down. Now you don’t get a choice,” Gabe purrs as he stands up with a look in his eyes that is begging me to argue like he is hoping I will fight him.

Josh stands up on my left side, as Gabe, Blake, and Jimmy box me in on the other sides.

“Let’s take our pretty toy for a walk boys,” Blake says while brushing my hair from behind my neck over my shoulder.

“Please guys, I’m so tired. I just want to go to bed.”

Blake wraps his hand around my neck and pushes me forward to make me walk with the other three men.

“Walk, baby. Or I will shove something in that mouth of yours and carry you out to the desert.”

Fuckkkk! Tears well in my eyes. This is the worst night of my life. Why did I want freedom? I just want to go home. I walk forward, following Josh into the dark desert race track.

We sit on the pro track, it’s across the property from the campsites, about a mile away. My feet hurt, slippers are not good shoes to be walking around a dirt motocross track. The guys must be professionals, they had the key to the pro track and we just walked right in. Only the professionals can get anywhere near this track, it’s dangerous. Seems like tonight it may be dangerous for a different reason.

Blake stops walking behind me and turns me around, pushing me to sit down on a ledge of the track. I sit and dangle my legs off the side. The four of them stand around me getting comfortable.

“Now you have to get naked. You can do it yourself, or we can take your clothes from you.” Tears start to stream down my cheeks. “Please, please don’t do this. Please.”

Gabe grabs my chin and turns my face to look at him. “Aww look boys, she’s begging. I can’t wait to see her do it on her knees.”

Blake slides his hand around my waist to my back and starts to pull my shirt up. I decide not to fight. Maybe if they get me down to my bra they will stop and see they have taken this too far. My shirt is pulled over my head, as more tears fall down my face.

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“Those curves, baby. Fuckkkk I can’t wait to see those tits.” Josh leans in from the side and reaches behind me grabbing my bra clasp.

“Wait please, please, please.”

They ignore me. When I see that trying to appeal to their humanity isn’t working, I elbow Josh as hard as I can, stand up, and run. I make it four steps before Jimmy grabs my ankle and pulls me back. I slam face-first into the hard-packed dirt. I’m so dizzy, my head is throbbing. I feel hands rip my bra from my body, more hands grab me, lift me, and pinch at my sensitive skin as they spin and twist my body around.

“Look at her perfect puffy pink nipples, boys. Fuck these will taste so good.” He leans down and bites my nipple until I scream. He lets go and more tears fall down my cheeks as I see blood dripping down my breast.

“So fucking sexy when you cry, doll,” Gabe says as he pulls his large calloused hand around my throat, squeezing and taking away my air.

My hands go to his trying to pull them off, scratching and fighting as hard as I can.

**\*SMACK\*** pain radiates from my ass, he just fucking hit me. Gods that hurts. I can’t focus on that pain though, as my head starts to get fuzzy. Gabe’s face in front of me starts to get blurry as he suffocates me.

Letting go, I fall to the ground. Jimmy stands over me and jerks my shorts down my legs. I’m a sobbing mess, curling my body into a ball, just hoping they will stop.

I have lost all my fight.

I have no energy to move at this point. I can't fight them anymore.

This is going to happen.

I'm going to lose my virginity, being raped by four strangers that I willingly chose to hang out with. If I wasn't slowly dying inside, I would laugh.

This is what my parents were always sheltering me from. Trying to get freedom led me right into their scary bedtime stories.

"Look at that pretty pussy, boys. Who gets the first try?"

Blake kneels in front of me, yanking my legs apart, opening me up to him, to all of them. I try my hardest to close my legs. It's no use. He's too strong. I'm wasting my energy fighting this.

Blake slides his fingers through the hair on my core, pulling lightly. "I love a natural pussy, especially when it's this pretty."

Gabe stands behind him, rubbing his crotch through his pants, looking at me like a hungry dog about to pounce.

Blake slams his fingers inside me, this is the first time anything but my hand has touched me like this. It hurts. The pain that hits me makes my stomach drop instantly. I sob begging them to stop. Twisting as much as I can to get out of their hold. Jimmy hands Blake something, and I see him flick his wrist.

The pocket knife.

Fuck. I just realized I must have dropped it when they started pushing me over here. He rubs the blade down my chest between my boobs, not deep enough to bleed, but enough to leave a deep red scratch down the center of my chest.

I scream. “Fire!! HELP, PLEASE!! FIRE!!!”

My mom always told me that yelling rape wouldn’t help me if I were ever in this situation. I never understood how anyone could be so cruel to not help someone yelling that.

I understand now. I really understand now, and I hate that I do.

Josh’s hand slams over my mouth, shoving something into my mouth at the same time. He shoved my underwear into my mouth!? Tears run down my cheeks nonstop at this point. My head is throbbing from how much crying is happening.

“Stop fighting this, baby. I can make this hurt so much more,” he says as he slices the sharp knife into my hip dragging for what feels like forever.

I writhe on the floor screaming. I feel warm liquid slide down the sides of my hips. Blake wipes it up with his hands and pulls his cock out of his pants, he rubs my blood along his cock as he lines up between my legs.

Josh is holding my face, his hand over my mouth holding in my underwear gagging me. Jimmy holds down my left arm under his knee, digging it into my arm, while he strokes up and down.

No clue when he pulled that out, but looking around I notice they all have their cocks in their hands. Stroking themselves while looking over my bloody, naked body. He puts more blood on his hands, smearing it across my chest and belly. Just as Blake grabs my hips, digging his hand into the slice he just gave me.

I disassociate from reality and go limp. Still conscious, but no longer feeling anything. Pure numbness, it's so welcomed after all of this pain.

I'm moved this way and that way. I'm picked up and feel one person under me and another behind me, while another shoves into my mouth.

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Dissociating this deep has never happened to me before, but I would so much rather be numb and devastated than feel what is happening.

When they finally stop touching me, they all zip up and walk off the track together toward the campsite. They leave me there a bloody mess.

I lay there watching the sun start to rise from behind the mountain. I just lost my virginity, in every way.

Every part of me.

Taken by four strangers.

In the place that has always been my happy place.

I will never be happy again.

I start to sob until everything goes black.

## Chapter 11

Olive

Something wet splashes my face as I open my eyes to terrified faces in front of me.

“Oli! Oh, my gods. I’m so happy to see those beautiful eyes of yours.” Zander says, looking as if he aged ten years in the few minutes I was out.



“What’s happening, are they still out there?” I ask, semi panicked that they will say yes.

“No baby, when I showed up they were already gone,” Jayce tucks his gun back into its holster and I lean into his arms.

“Oh my gods, thank you so much for coming, I was so scared. What the fuck is happening?”

“I have no idea, but I’m going to request extra patrols around here and let them know what is going on. We need to report it now so that we have a paper trail, try to do it legally,” he says gripping his fists together angrily.

“Because when I find him, what I plan to do to him won’t be legal.” He puts his chin on the top of my head and holds me tighter.

This is where I feel safe.

“You heard him Janice, the cop just told us he is going to break the law for our little lady,” Zander says jokingly.

“Don’t act like you won’t be right next to me giving this dude some new holes in his body.” Jayce looks annoyed.

“Oh yeah, I will be there, but I’m a criminal. It’s expected of me. I’ll burn the fucking world for our little Oli,” Zander says, staring right into my eyes.

“Zander, why do you keep calling my girlfriend ‘our Oli’? She is my Oli... MINE. I may share when she and I discuss it, but ‘little Oli,’ he says mockingly, “is mine, do you understand?”

## Chapter 12

Zander

Holy shit where is this coming from, I thought the last few days went really well. I mean, I'm almost embarrassed to say I had hoped for the option to see if a throuple thing would be possible with how much we all connected. I will never admit that though, not now.

"Jeez Jayce, why don't you just pee on me too," Oli says looking at me with an 'I'm sorry' look.

"No problem, Jayce. I'm happy to respect Oli's boundaries on that." Looking at him pointedly, knowing he heard me, and intentionally left his comfort and wants out of the equation. I walk off scoffing.

The sound of the shower and the steam rolling out from under the bathroom door let me know I fell asleep on the couch. The last thing I remembered was sending the girls to bed, and Jayce and I standing guard in the living room in awkward silence.

"Nice of you to join us again," Jayce grunts at me.

Rubbing my sleepy eyes, I sit up. "Where are the girls?"

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“Janice went home a little while ago, and MY girl is in the shower. You are good to go, Zander. I can take it from here. I don’t need help protecting what is mine,” Jayce says, walking toward the door as if he is seeing me out.

“Didn’t seem like that last night, Jayce. Seemed like having me here helped you out a lot. Seemed like maybe you should chill the fuck out, and see that I love both of you, and just want to do what I can to help, and make you both happy.” I stand up, squaring my shoulders at him.

“Do you not remember the past few days? How fun and right it felt? Why can’t you just see it? That feeling can be more, instead of going the insecure egotistical fighting route,” I say almost pleading, but not willing to beg. His face softens.

“I just don’t want to lose her, Zan.” He walks to the couch and plops down.

“I’m pretty sure adding one more to the mix is addition, not subtraction. I’m not asking to take your place. I’m asking to be with both of you. She’s in the bathroom right now showering alone. Don’t you think we should be in there with her, instead of letting her be alone after such a traumatic event?” I hold my arm out gesturing toward the shower.

He glances at the bathroom door, then at me, then to the bathroom.

“You know what, you’re right. I can’t believe I didn’t think of that. We can talk about the logistics and if this is even a thing later.” He pauses and squares his shoulders, “I also need to talk to you about a rumor I’m hearing from a lot of people in the department. But for now, let’s go see how our girl is doing.” He stands and walks to

the door.

I shudder a bit at what the talk could be about. I have quite a few secrets. All of them the cops are interested in, and none of them would be good to have found out, especially not by a fucking cop.

I shake out of my mini panic attack realizing what he said. ‘Our girl’ am I having a stroke? Did he just fully 180 on his anger and think logically and hear me out??

No fucking way.

He opens the door with a quiet knock. “Hey baby, Zander and I are coming in to check on you,” Jayce warns her as we walk in. She immediately wraps her arms around her naked, wet, soapy tits that I just want to sink my teeth into.

“Oh don’t cover up on my account sweetheart, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before. I daydream about your perfect body, baby. You can’t hide it from me if it’s permanently ingrained up here,” I say chuckling while tapping the side of my head.

“Jayce you can’t be okay with this after that dick measuring contest you had last night.” She looks like she is starting to relax, but her eyes are still darting back and forth between us.

“Love, if you want him here, I’m okay with it. And I’m okay discussing what this is or can be later. We just want to make sure you are okay, baby,” Jayce says, taking off his shirt.

Taking the hint, I start getting undressed right next to him. Oli’s face is pure shock as she sees us both standing there naked, walking into the shower with her. We sit on either side of her, and Jayce wraps his arms around her, pulling her into him.

“Isn’t this shower perfect?” She says as she picks her legs up and lays them over me.

Rubbing her thigh up and down, getting closer and closer to that perfect peachy pussy with each stroke.

“This shower is my favorite place in the world, little demon. It has you in it, naked. Anywhere that is happening is a place I want to be,” I say.

She sucks in a sharp breath as my hand lightly strokes over her wet slit.

“If you don’t want this after what happened last night, we will both understand, sweetheart,” Jayce says looking down at her with the most sincere look on his face I have ever seen.

“I don’t want to think, daddy. I just want to feel you, both of you.”

Jayce’s dick springs to attention the second she calls him daddy and looks up at him with those big hazel eyes of hers.

Holy fuck she’s beautiful.

“We will make you feel so good, little demon, just let us do all the work.”

She leans her head back further onto Jayce, so she has her head in his lap, and he’s stroking her hair. I continue stroking and massaging her thighs, every now and then ‘slipping’ over her wet pussy making goosebumps erupt along her body.

“Are you just going to tease me, Zander?” She huffs, annoyed.

“If you want me to touch you, you need to use your words. Tell me what you need, doll,” I say, continuing my teasing gentle circles along her inner thigh.

“I want you both to fuck me, use me, make me your little cum slut. Please Jayce, please Zander?” She looks at both of us with those puppy dog eyes.

Holy fuck she is going to make me come all over her right now with that filthy little mouth of hers.

“Whatever you want baby,” I say as I slowly spread her pussy. “Look at that perfectly pink little cunt, demon. You are so wet for us already. Such a good slut. Were you thinking about us while you were in here alone?” Slowly circling her clit with my index finger.

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“Maybe. I just want to forget, please make me forget. Please use me.”

That’s all I need. I slam two fingers into her pussy curling my fingers in a come here motion. Jayce is circling her puffy pink pierced nipples, then he pinches, and I feel her clench around my fingers.

“Come on my fingers if you want my mouth,” I say, rubbing her clit with the heel of my palm while my fingers go in and out at a steady speed, continuing the come here motion. Her back arches. Jayce leans over her, taking her nipple into her mouth.

“I’m going to come,” she whines, as I feel her start to clench and come around me.

“Come for Zander, baby. You look so good with his fingers inside you.” Shuddering around my fingers, she lies back happy, satisfied.

“Oh, little demon. It’s really cute that you think we are done with you.” I look at her with a smirk.

### Chapter 13

#### Olive

I’m in a dream, there is no way this is real. One minute I’m sitting in here with my knees to my chest, water running over me, and remembering all the horrible things that have happened in the past few days, and the next minute I’m being touched by two insanely gorgeous men.

If this is a dream, I don't want to wake up. Jayce grips the back of my neck and sits me up. My legs are still wrapped over Zander's as Jayce stands up. I sigh quietly, missing the warmth of his body behind me.

"Get on your knees, baby. You said you want to be used, you're going to get what you asked for," Jayce says towering over me.

"Make me," I say jokingly as I stand up and sit down on the ground on my knees.

Jayce just raises his eyebrow at me. Just as my knees are about to hit the tile, Zander tosses the shower pillow under my knees.

"We don't want your knees hurting, sweetheart." They are so fucking thoughtful.

Looking up at Jayce is one of my favorite places to be. I feel so safe on my knees in front of this man. I know that's not a very 'strong feminist woman of me' but when I'm around this man, my 'strong woman' brain can be quiet. I can turn my brain off and just exist, just be in the moment, knowing Jayce will take care of me and keep me safe. This is the strongest connection I've ever had with anyone.

Jayce grips my chin with his big hands. "You look so perfect on your knees, sweetheart," he says while looking into my eyes.

He takes his cock in his other hand and strokes it up and down, base to tip. I sit there eyes gleaming, holy shit, don't drool you freak.

Get it together.

Licking my lips, I stick my tongue out and lick the tip of him, gathering the precum on my tongue and swallowing it.



“You taste so good,” I whisper.

“Shut the fuck up, Oli. It’s time for you to be my little cum slut.”

His gentle touch changes, as he grips the back of my head, circling my hair around his fist. He grips his cock, and with a smooth motion, smacks me across the face with it.

“Fuck baby, did that feel good? Look at your nipples getting hard. You like when I use you, don’t you?” Jayce says, fucking my face as he does.

“Take. This. Dick. Choke. On. It,” he grunts separating each word with a thrust to the back of my throat.

Fuck! I choke around his cock, tears running down my face as he holds himself in the back of my throat. I struggle, starting to wiggle beneath him. I need air, everything starts to fade and get hazy. He slides his cock out of my throat and leans my head up to him.

“Look at me baby,” he says, lightly slapping my cheek with his cock, “Not the time for you to pass out on us yet.”

I’m sure I look like a complete mess down here, drool covering my tits, snot coming out of my nose with red puffy eyes as tears continue down my cheeks. Jayce pulls me up to him, even standing, I still have to tilt my head back to see his face. He runs his knuckles along my jaw.

“I love you, baby. What’s your safe word?”

“Red, yellow, green daddy,” I say perfectly, we have practiced this a lot since we started looking into BDSM.

“Good baby girl, and what do they mean?” His eyebrow goes up with a questioning look. “Green means keep going, yellow means slow down, red means stop.”

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“And do we ever get in trouble for using our safe word?” He asks.

“No, never,” I say looking up at him searching for approval.

“Good, baby girl. Good,” he says pulling me into him, opening up for him as his lips touch mine.

His tongue invades my mouth. He acts like a starving man as he licks and tastes me, kissing, and biting my lip with his hand wrapped around my throat squeezing.

“Holy fuckkkkkk, man. The way you have her trained is hot as fuck,” Zander says.

He’s sitting on the bench still, with his arm behind his head, stroking his cock and staring at me.

“Do you want to show Zander what a good girl you are, baby?” Jayce asks me, gripping my jaw, turning my head to Zander while he squeezes my cheeks together.

“Yes, I want to taste him.”

“Woah woah woah baby, who said you get to decide what happens here? Seems to me you are the furthest thing from in control,” Zander says grabbing onto my wrist and yanking me away from Jayce forcefully. I stumble over to him as he flips me around facing me toward him.

“Sit on my cock, little demon. Ride me.”

Straddling him I put my knee on either side of his hips. Slowly lowering myself onto him, I feel his slick cock against my entrance as I start to ease myself onto his dick.

“No baby, we aren’t doing this slow,” Zander says as he grips my hips, and slams me down on his cock.

I scream, leaning my head into the crook of his neck. I run my tongue along the soft skin and bite as hard as I can. The tangy taste of copper floods my mouth, and I know I broke the skin.

“Fuck, baby!” I feel Zander shudder as I clench around him.

“Fill that tight cunt and get her nice and wet Zander, it’s time she has two cocks in her. I’m in the mood to wreck that tight little ass of hers,” Jayce says standing behind me.

With his hand over my shoulder, pinching my nipple and twisting, my back arches up and my tits are heaving in Zander’s face. He takes my other nipple in his mouth, flicking the barbell with his tongue, and then biting down. I come around his cock with a scream.

## Chapter 14

### Olive

My pussy pulsates as the words leave his mouth. My body shudders in aftershocks from my release.

“Yes please, please. I want you both,” I plead to Zander and Jayce.

With Jayce behind me, I straddle Zander. I feel his hard cock push against my back

and I lean into him as his hand skirts up my shoulder wrapping around my neck. He tilts my head up to him. I feel his fingers squeezing my cheeks opening my mouth to him. My lips part. He opens his and spits into my mouth. I shudder again.

“Swallow it, angel. Swallow it like your fucking life depends on it.” He winks at me and I swallow.

Filthy man. Fuck, I love it so much.

I feel Jayce’s hands wrap around my waist as he lifts me off Zander. The warmth of his body leaving mine is instantly missed. I could sit on his lap all day. He spins me around. His fingers dig into my ass cheeks as he lifts me to him, and my legs wrap around him instinctually.

I’m a bigger girl, but my man has those fucking arms. Fuck, I drool over them regularly.

I wrap my arms around his neck and he carries me to the bedroom. I feel the water dripping off me every step he takes. We’re both soaked, thankfully my heater is always on with how I’m constantly cold, so we aren’t freezing.

My head is tucked in Jayce’s neck as he carries me.

He is my comfort.

My home.

When my lips are in contact with his skin I feel so safe. I know people think I’m weird but it’s almost like a security blanket for me. I will lay there sometimes and just rub my lips on his chest. It is so fucking comforting.

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I hear steps following us and lift my head. Zander smirks at me.

“You are about to get fucking wrecked, demon.” He rubs his hands together menacingly.

We make it to the bed, and without warning Jayce throws me onto the mattress. Not like a light plop. No, this fucker beamed me across the damn mattress. I land with a thud and glare at him.

“Wipe that fucking look off your face right fucking now, brat. Before I do it for you,” he says as he walks around the bed and leans in close to me. My face instantly complies.

I’m not sure what it is about him but when he says “jump”, my body says “Yes, sir!” and does it immediately. Fucking traitorous body.

Jayce walks back to the end of the bed and grips my ankles, he tugs and my body slides toward him. My bed is soaked from the water dripping off of me. Fuck it. I know Jayce will clean them. He really is the best man in the world.

Zander walks to the head of the bed and lays down in front of me, as Jayce’s grip on my ankles tightens. I feel him twist, pulling one leg over the other and flipping my body over. I look up at him, the world spinning from the violent maneuver.

Leaning my head back I look at Zander, then I feel a hand on my cheeks. Jayce squeezes hard.

“Don’t look at him, you think he is going to save you? Look at me. I’m the one that’s about to tear this pussy up, princess.”

He flicks his wrist letting my face go, my head twists to the side from the force of the flick.

Jayce looks up at Zander. “You good, man?”

I don’t take my eyes off Jayce or hear a response. Jayce just looks back down at me before gripping my hips and tugging me further down the bed. My legs wrap around his waist as he stands at the end of the bed. My pussy lines up perfectly with his cock and I feel it rubbing along my inner thighs as he positions himself. With one swift motion, he slams himself inside me.

My sore cunt clamps down on his thick cock.

“That’s it, baby, strangle my cock with your dripping wet pussy.” Jayce commands.

I feel something plop next to my head but keep my gaze on Jayce. He reaches down and picks whatever it is, then with a flick of his wrist, my eyes widen.

“I think it’s time you get marked again, angel. What about you?”

I don’t move, my eyes follow the glinting blade in his hand as it comes closer and closer to my skin. He leans forward, his hips still thrusting into mine. I feel the metal make contact with my chest. Goosebumps pepper my skin the second it does. I shiver and Jayce smiles wickedly.

“My little pain-loving slut. I’m going to slice you up so good, angel.”

He grins at me before I feel the blade dig into the flesh between my tits. My back

arches as the pain shoots through me. He leans over, pulling the blade away, and licks at the cut he just made, before he looks at me and licks his lips, my blood glistens on his teeth.

Holy fuck am I into this? Yeah, let's be honest here, I'm into allllll of this.

His tongue draws circles on my skin before his mouth finds my left nipple. He sucks the pointed bud into his mouth and his tongue flicks over the barbell as my orgasm grows. His hips thrust into me, the blood dripping from my cut, and into his mouth.

So much stimulation. I'm about to lose my fucking mind. I feel my release building.

"More. Please Jayce, more."

His mouth leaves my left nipple and works over to my right one, as he repeats the process. But I feel the blade make contact with my right breast, centimeters from my nipple. I suck in a quick, panicked breath, before feeling his mouth leave my nipple with a pop.

"What's the matter, angel? Do I make you nervous when I do this?"

His fingers twist slightly and I look down, seeing blood trickle down my body, following the curve of my tits. The pain mixes with the pleasure from his thrusts and sends shock waves through my body.

"I want to come with you both inside me, daddy. Please," I beg and feel his hips stop moving.

He stands upright slowly, dragging the knife down my belly. Not enough to cut, just enough to scratch a trail down to my pussy. I hold my breath waiting to see what he'll



do with it. But instantly calm when he closes the blade.

He pulls out of me and turns me around. Zander wiggles his fingers in a 'come here' motion, I start to scoot to him. He holds up a hand.

“Crawl to me, demon.” His voice thick and raspy with desire.

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I lift myself onto all fours and start to crawl, dipping my shoulder down with each move so my back arches, and dramatically twisting my hips giving Jayce a show. Zander's face beams at me as his eyes trail my body. I reach him and pull my knees up on either side of his body, straddling him. I feel his hard cock grinding into my pussy lips as he lifts his hips lightly.

“Put me inside you, baby,” he whispers as he pulls my chest closer to his face.

He kisses the cut Jayce just left between my breasts before his fingers find my abused and sore nipples. They grace over them lightly, barely touching them. Teasing me with every trace of his fingers.

I shudder under his touch. My hands lower to his hips, finding their way underneath me so I can grip his cock, and stroke it. I feel his body tense as I do. Lifting my hips slowly, I line the head of his cock up with my entrance and slowly lower myself onto him. He moans and my pussy throbs.

The sound of a man moaning, no, not a man. My men. Is an instant turn-on. I fucking love it when they make noises in bed. Let me hear you. Let me hear the way you sound when you are inside me, please.

He thrusts into me, not willing to wait for my slow teasing entrance. His hands find my hips and he starts to brutally fuck into me. My pussy is raw and dripping around him as he does.

The bed dips behind me and I feel Jayce's body press into my ass. He lines himself up with my tight back hole before I hear him spit, and the warm liquid drips down my

crack.

Zander continues to fuck me, but Jayce's hand reaches under and grips his cock as he pulls out of me. The head of Zander's cock is still inside me, but I feel as Jayce strokes Zander.

His eyes roll back into his head as he thrusts, pushing a little deeper into me, while Jayce's hand strokes up and down. He's in heaven. Jayce lets go and shoves me back down on Zander's cock.

He slowly presses inside my ass and I clench around him.

"Relax and let me in, angel. Or I'll make you fucking regret it."

Fuck, the way he threatens me and man handles me in bed makes me creamy every gods damned time.

I relax my body as Zander reaches between us and begins circling my clit, his mouth finds my nipple again and he begins to flick at the barbell before he circles it with his tongue.

Jayce's head pushes into me and tears prick my eyes. His cock is too big to be just shoved in without warning. I love it when he goes slow like this.

He pushes in slowly, pulling out and pushing in again a bit further each time. Once he is fully seated in my ass they both begin to thrust in time.

"Fuckkkkk! I'm so full." I whimper around them, causing Zander to chuckle.

"I can feel him inside you, demon. Take his cock in that pretty little asshole of yours," he whispers in my ear before he lowers his head to my nipple again.

They both drive into me. Thrust after thrust my orgasm builds again. Their cocks fill me up, making every move send wave after wave of pleasure through me.

Jayce slows as he pulls his cock out. I jerk my head around to him and glare at him. “I want to come again pleaseeeee,” I pout. He smirks at me but ignores what I have to say.

“This is sweet and all, but I want to take her to Paris. What do you think?” He asks, looking over my shoulder at Zander.

Zander’s eyes light up as he lifts me off of him.

I whine and stick my lower lip out pouting. “I was having fun,” I say.

Jayce’s hand makes contact with my ass and a loud \*SMACK rings out, echoing across the room.

“Don’t fucking talk back to me, little fleshlight. You will get used in whatever way I fucking see fit.” He lifts me off Zander before his hand wraps around my throat. “And you will fucking like it. You hear me?”

I nod and my pussy throbs with excitement at his words and force. He stands up and walks away. Zander kneels as I position myself on all fours again.

A few minutes later Jayce comes back a rag in his hand as he dries his groin off. I raise my eyebrow at him in question.

“Can’t have you getting a UTI, angel. I washed my cock so I can murder that pussy of yours.”

He smirks devilishly at me again and I melt into a puddle. He thought of that? How

did I get so lucky to have a man who gives a shit about that?

He climbs onto the bed. Zander rubs the tip of his dick along my lips. I part for him, letting him fill my mouth. He thrusts to the back of my throat and I gag.

“Choke on it, whore,” he says as he grips my hair and holds my nose to his pelvis.

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Not letting me breathe.

Not letting me move.

I feel Jayce's hips behind me as they graze my thighs before he slams himself inside me. Muffled screams come from my mouth around Zander's cock as tears well in my eyes from the lack of oxygen.

Zander lets go of me, his cock sliding out of my mouth as I take in a deep breath. His fingers tangle in my hair again before he shoves his cock back inside me. Looking up, I see Zander smiling at Jayce.

"Paris is lovely this time of year," Jayce says before his hand slams down on my ass cheek again.

I whimper as Zander continues to fuck my mouth. Drool, snot, and tears coat my face, and drip down his leg onto the bed.

"Such a sloppy cum dumpster you are, demon," Zander says, lightly slapping my cheek as he continues to fuck my face.

Both men thrust into me.

"You like it when we use you like the good little whore you are, demon?" Zander asks.

I make a muffled "Mhm" around his cock as I hollow my cheeks and continue to

suck.

Jayce tilts his hips and begins to thrust at an upward angle, hitting my G-spot with every thrust. Waves of pleasure rock my body. Thrust after thrust my orgasm builds to its peak.

“Fuck baby, you keep doing that with your tongue I’m going to fill this pretty throat of yours,” Zander says with a growl.

I flatten my tongue along the underside of his cock and begin to wiggle it back and forth. I feel his cock swell as his balls tighten.

Warm ropes of cum shoot down my throat. He grips my head with both hands and forcefully fucks into my mouth before he holds my head down, his cock hitting the back of my throat. I struggle for air but none comes through. When his cock stops pulsing he releases my head and pulls out of me. I sputter and cough before I wipe my mouth with my thumb.

Zander leans back on the bed, lying down with his hands behind his head.

“Now make him come, baby. Make him fill your tight little pussy up!” He demands as Jayce continues to fuck me.

I feel the familiar swelling of Jayce’s cock as he hits that spot inside me over and over again.

“Fuck Jayce, I’m going to come,” I cry out as his hips slam into my ass, savagely.

His hand tangles in my hair while his other grips my hip. His fingers dig in bruisingly and I feel his cock throb inside me before he comes with a growl. His release fills me while he continues to thrust as I come around his cock. I scream as he continues to

pound into me. My oversensitive body is barely able to handle it anymore.

He pulls out and I crawl up to Zander, curling into him. His arms wrap around me, and my head lays on his chest. I feel his hand stroking my hair.

Jayce returns with a warm wet washcloth and opens my legs, gently he cleans me before he kisses my inner thigh and lays down behind me. His arm wraps around Zander and me, pulling us both close to him. We lay there cuddling in a ball of pleasure. I slowly drift off in pure bliss, knowing I'm safe between these two.

## Chapter 15

Zander

Jayce's arm wrapped around me, Olive laying on my chest. I don't think I've ever been this happy in my life if I'm being honest.

I kiss Olive's head before looking over at Jayce.

"So how are we going to do this whole thing?" I ask, knowing I can no longer be apart from her. I was already addicted to her before. Now she is inside my head, she's a part of me.

Now I can't live without her.

Jayce smiles at me. "Well, we need to talk with her about that. But I'm good with whatever she is." I nod.

"What are we going to do about our problem though?" He nods at the door referencing the fucker that tried to get in here.



My hand rubs the back of my neck nervously, I can't believe I'm about to tell a cop this. Well, I won't tell him any details.

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“I have some friends. I’m going to go meet with them today and have them run security and figure things out.” His head jerks over to me rapidly.

“Ahh and who are these friends?” He asks in a total cop voice.

Fuck.

Straightening up a bit, I catch my bearings. “I can either protect her, and deal with these fuckers the way we both know we want to deal with them, or I can ignore the question. But those are the only two options here,” I say skirting him. His face falls annoyed.

“So it’s what I thought. There are rumors about a club that meets at the same gym you spar at,” he sighs. “But, she’s more important to me than some stupid law, so I’m with you. Whatever we have to do to keep her safe. I’ll do my part to keep Metro off of us.” He smiles at me and the air in my lungs I have been holding releases.

Holy shit, that was scary.

I know the cops are starting to catch onto the club after one dumbass went and talked about it. We have one fucking rule and he broke it. Fucker got his ass handed to him for it too. Then promptly left town. He won’t make that mistake again. But having Jayce be so close to me, knowing what I do, would have really fucked things up.

“I’m going to head there later and get it all sorted,” I say holding onto Oli tighter. No one is going to fuck with her again once the club finds out.

“Can I come and meet them?” Jayce asks.

FUUUCCCKKKKK I knew this question was coming.

“Uhh. That’s a hard one,” I scramble to figure out how to answer this.

“I’ll ask them, but I can’t give you an answer right now, unfortunately.” He glares at me. That was definitely not the answer he wanted.

Sliding out from under Oli, I stand and make my way to the bathroom. Bringing the club into this is the only way to ensure Olive’s safety. As much as I don’t like involving them in anything with my personal life, I will do whatever it takes to keep her safe.

## Chapter 16

Zander

Walking into the club I breathe in the comforting smell of sweat and testosterone. Two men circle each other in the training ring, sparring.

Men and women line up in front of the heavy bags working on form. Other people work at the speed bags, the fast thudding sound of their hands hitting the bag repeatedly is music to my ears.

I see Joel standing on the other side of the ring, taping up a guy’s hand. He nods at me and I walk over to him. The guy he was taping walks away.

“Hey, I have some club stuff I need to talk to everyone about,” I tell him casually.

Most of the people here are part of the club, but until the gym is locked down, and we

are in the basement, we don't say shit else about it.

He grunts and nods. I guess that means yes? He's such a typical old man. Beyond the fact that he's married to the strongest woman I have ever met, who regularly puts him in his place, he is the standard old grumpy man.

"Until everyone leaves, get your ass in the ring," he grunts at me.

"You got it, boss," I smirk at him before heading to the locker room to get ready.

Walking out of the locker room, I rub my wrist before heading to Joel, he wraps them up and I step under the ropes into the ring where I feel most at home. I walk up to Trevy and hit his knuckles with mine.

"Let's work on footwork today." I nod and back into my corner.

Joel looks at each of us waiting for the nod. We both give it and he hits the bell, the "ding" rings out and bounces around in my head.

I fucking love that sound.

Walking out of my corner, I bounce on my toes, keeping myself light on my feet. I stay loose, circling to my left, keeping my guard up high. Trevy mirrors me, his shoulders relaxed but his eyes sharp, like a predator watching for a misstep. His lead hand flicks out, testing my range, and I let it graze the air in front of my nose.

"Keep that chin tucked," Joel barks from the edge of the ring. His voice is a metronome, steady and unwavering.

Trevy feints a jab, his hips shifting just enough to make me react, and then steps in with a double jab-cross combination. I slip the first jab, parry the second with my

right hand, and lean back just enough to let the cross whistle past my cheek. The air cuts sharp near my face, but I don't flinch.

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I counter with a quick one-two of my own, snapping my jab at his guard to make him blink and following with a right hook to his ribs. My glove connects with a satisfying thud, but Trevy rolls with the punch, absorbing the impact and sliding out to my left.

“Good pivot,” Joel calls.

Trevy fires back immediately, a crisp left hook that forces me to duck under and roll to my right. My muscles coil like springs, and I explode upward with an uppercut aimed at his solar plexus. He sidesteps it cleanly, grinning like he’s got my number.

“Footwork, footwork,” I remind myself, bouncing back to the center. My sneakers squeak against the canvas as we reset, the sound mixing with the faint hum of the overhead lights.

Trevy advances, his footwork smooth and deliberate, his head slipping side to side like a pendulum. He throws a low leg kick, testing my stance, and I check it with my shin. The slap of bone on bone reverberates up my leg, but I ignore the sting. I fire a quick teep kick to his midsection, just to keep him honest, and he deflects it with his forearm.

Now he’s grinning, his confidence building. He steps in, faking a jab, and throws a spinning backkick aimed at my ribs. I see it coming a second too late and twist to take it on my side, gritting my teeth as the impact rattles through me.

“Nice one,” I grunt, smirking through the pain.

But I don’t give him time to celebrate. I press forward, crowding his space with a

flurry of punches—jab, cross, hook, uppercut—forcing him to retreat toward the ropes. He blocks most of them, but a right hook sneaks through and clips his temple. His head snaps to the side, and I hear Joel clap once.

“Don’t let him walk you down, Trevy!”

Trevy plants his feet and pivots out of danger, creating space with a stiff jab to my chest. My lungs tighten as I absorb the punch, but I stay on him, slipping inside his guard to clinch. My forearm presses against his neck as I pull him off balance, throwing a quick knee to his thigh. He grunts and retaliates with a short elbow aimed at my temple. I block it just in time and disengage, stepping back to reset.

We’re both breathing harder now, sweat starting to bead on our foreheads. The bell rings out—sharp, metallic, and unforgiving. Joel steps between us, his hand raised like a referee in a title fight.

“Round one,” he says, his eyes darting between us. “Good work. Catch your breath.”

I lean against the ropes, wiping my brow with the back of my glove. My chest heaves, but my mind is sharp. This is what I live for—the rhythm, the grind, the challenge. Trevy spits his mouthguard into his hand, a cocky grin tugging at the corner of his lips.

“That all you got?” he taunts, wiping at a red mark on his cheek.

I laugh, taking a swig from the water bottle Joel hands me. “We’re just getting started.”

After the last normie gym goer leaves, Joel locks the door. He walks back to the center of the gym and shouts, “Down to the basement, we have club business to attend to.”

Everyone looks over at him and starts finishing up what they are doing. I head downstairs and wait for everyone. Once we are all down here Joel looks over to me, waiting.

“What’s up, kid?” He asks. I stand, everyone’s eyes meet mine.

“Hey guys.” A pointed cough sounds from the back. “Guys as a general term Lucy, I know you, Brit, Meg, and Dev aren’t guys. Trust me, we are all well aware.” I chuckle, and the rest of the men join me. I duck quickly as a water bottle flies past my head.

“Shit head,” I hear Meg mutter.

I smile at her, “Love you too, boo.” I blow her air kisses.

“anyway, I have a situation in my personal life.”

They all collectively groan. I see a handful of them shifting in their seats. No one likes talking about personal lives here. This club doesn’t exist. We don’t ever let it come into our real day-to-day world.

“Sorry guys.” I rub the back of my neck nervously. “I know this isn’t fun. Someone is stalking Olive.”

The room goes still. Everyone here knows Oli, she doesn’t know them, but they know her. I have told them all about her over the last few years. They know I’m completely whipped by her.

“It’s fucking weird. They’re getting into all her accounts and posting pictures of her, that she didn’t take. They were taken from outside the bar, through her windows.”



As I continue, Meg interrupts me. “How the fuck did they get pictures from there? There are no buildings around there at all for them to get a good view. Trust me... I’ve tried.” She laughs.

“Okay, perv.” I glare at her, tipping my head. “We don’t know, but yesterday they had the balls to try and get into her apartment. They were banging on the doors. When her boyfriend walked in the banging magically disappeared like they were a fucking ghost.” I lean against the wall so I don’t start nervously pacing.

“Have we considered the boyfriend being the problem?” Brit asks. It’s funny that only the women are chiming in here.

I shake my head. “No, he isn’t the problem. He ran in with a state trooper hot on his tail. Neither of them saw anything.” I push off the wall and sit down in front of everyone.

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“So what do you want us to do, boss?” Trevy asks as he leans forward.

“I need to know if everyone would be up for helping me keep her safe for the next few weeks while I find this fucker.” I look up at them all. They can see how serious I am. I never ask them for shit.

Dev stands up. Fuck, she hates me. I know this is going to go over so fucking well. I roll my eyes to myself.

“This shithead got himself into this situation, and it’s not our fucking problem to babysit his girl.” She walks to the front of the group. My hackles go up as she looks over at me. “But, he’s family, and we protect our own, and she’s his girl. So even though this isn’t our fight, we’re going to do what this club does best, and fucking fight.” She turns to me, looking at me with determination. “I’m with you bud. I’m not going to let some fucker hassle Oli. She’s a sweetheart. She doesn’t fucking deserve this.”

Joel stands up. “You know the drill guys, this is not a mandatory thing. If you want to be a part of it, raise your hands.”

I look at them as they all pause for a second. Dev’s hand goes up and she looks at me with love in her eyes. I really didn’t expect anything good from her at all. It honestly made me almost tear up.

Brit’s hand goes up, followed by Meg’s, and Lucy’s. Once all the women’s hands are up, the rest of the club’s hands go up.

Fuckers.

“Didn’t think the ladies would be the first ones to help me with this, but thank you.” I turn to Dev and take her hand. “I appreciate you all so fucking much. Thanks, Dev.”

She rips her hand away from me with a glint in her eye. Pulling her arm back, she balls her fist and it flies at my face. It makes contact with my jaw as she punches me, my head whipping to the side from the impact.

“Don’t get sappy and shit with me, fucker.” She grins as I wipe the blood away from my lip she just split open.

“Fuck you. Love you too, Dev.” She smiles at me and goes to sit down.

Joel stands up. “Alright, let’s get a game plan going.”

## Chapter 17

Jayce

Waking up with Oli next to me after all this time away from her is pure bliss. I look over at her, hair a mess all over her face. Her mouth gapes open as drool puddles under her, soaking her pillow. Her cute bear-like snores fill the room. Fuck. I love this woman.

I get out of bed and make my way to the bathroom. After I get through all my business, shit, shower, shave. I grab my phone and text Zander.

Do we have a plan?

I know he met with the club yesterday, he was supposed to bring food over last night

but didn't show. He texted saying he wasn't feeling great, so Oli and I went down to see him in the bar when he came into work. He wasn't able to talk about anything that went down with the club there with Oli but told me to text him about it today, so here we are.

Yeah, the club is good. Also, a dude followed me after I left the club yesterday. I got his plate and car description, but that's the real reason I didn't come over. I didn't want anyone to follow me to Oli.

Fuck, things are escalating.

He sends the picture of the car and the plate number. I forward it to one of my friends who knows what's happening. I can't tell many people about this, but I helped his wife get out from some serious shit with a gang while keeping things off the books, so he owes me and I know he won't go to the department with this shit.

It's being run right now, I'll have the info back in about ten minutes. Where did you go with them following you?

I need all the details to be able to figure this whole thing out.

I drove them out to the dry lake bed. Didn't think they would follow me all the way out there but they did. When we got to the lake bed, I was about to get out of the car and go beat their asses, but they flipped a bitch and took off.

Don't do that shit again, you need to tell me or someone else when this is happening. What if you got hurt?

Shit, do I care about this guy? Why do I care if he would have gotten hurt?

Awww I knew daddy Jayce liked me. It's okay, I will make sure to come home to

you and Oli. (Kissy face emoji)

I roll my eyes. Gods dammit. I'm not going to live that one down for a while.

Just tell me next time fucker. Oli will be upset if you get hurt.

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Just admit you would be upset too.

I put my phone down ignoring him.

I feel it ding three more times before I pull it out of my pocket again.

You know you love me as much as she does.

Fine, I'll be more careful.

Come on, just admit you love me.

I laugh at the texts before responding.

Thirsty, Z? You're looking a little desperate for my love right now.

Thirsty? For Daddy Jayce? Always. (Drooling emoji)

I put my phone in my pocket and make Oli some food. Sliding into bed next to her, I jostle the bed in hopes it will wake her up. It works and she starts to stir, rolling over. Before her eyes are even open she is smiling and moaning lightly.

"Mmmmm, that smells so good," she says in her raspy morning voice.

"Open up, angel," I say. She does it instantly without even a moment's hesitation. "Such a good girl," I say as I lower the breakfast burrito into her mouth, she takes a bite and her eyes open, lighting up. Her love language is food. There's no doubt about

it.

“That’s delicious,” she mumbles with a mouth full of food before she sits up leaning against the headboard, and takes the plate from me.

She loves Mexican food, so I learned how to make a bunch of it. Burritos, enchiladas, rice, beans, tacos. Her favorite things. Putting a smile on her face is all I want in this life, and food does that, so you bet your ass I learned how to cook for her.

I lean into her and kiss her forehead. The lines along the edges of her eyes form and deepen. Her whole face lights up with happiness as my lips brush her skin.

I stand up to walk back to the kitchen, turning around and walking backward so I can watch her happy food dance which she always does. It’s one of the highlights of my life to see that dance with her adorable little smile.

“So, someone followed Zander after he left the gym yesterday,” I say as casually as I can to make her not freak out. It doesn’t work. Her panicked eyes meet mine.

“Ish he omkayy?” She asks with a mouthful of food, chunks of egg spill out of her mouth and land on the plate. She flips the blanket off of her, picks up the plate, and stands.

I rush back to her holding my hands up. “Woah, woah, woah, angel. H’s okay. He made them follow him to the dry lake bed, when he got there they just took off.” I try to calm her. Again, it doesn’t work. She rushes to her phone and calls him.

“Hey. Are you okay? Jayce just told me.” She listens and I can only hear half the conversation so I have no clue what he is telling her. She smiles. “Yeah, I know he cares about you. Isn’t it cute?” She looks over at me and gives me a kissy face.

Knew that would come up, fucking knew it. I run my hand down my face annoyed.

“Okay, are you coming over today?” She asks expectantly. Happiness washes over her face at whatever his answer is. “Okay, see you soon.” She hangs up and bounces over to me. I fucking love watching her tits bounce when she’s happy.

“He’s on his way here right now, but he’s on the bike. He didn’t want anyone to be able to follow him this time.” I roll my eyes knowing how he drives that thing.

“Great, if the creeper guys don’t hurt him, he will lay his bike down and we can go to the hospital with him for that instead.”

She glares at me. “Hey, he is a great rider!”

“I very much doubt that, I’ve seen him ride. He drives like a maniac.” She scoffs at me and picks her burrito back up, taking another big bite. I smile at her.

Thankfully, if he is coming over right now, that means we’ll be able to talk about not only our creeper problem but also whatever this thing is between all of us. The uncertainty of it is bugging me. I need to know where we all stand.

Fuck, I think I do care about the fucker.

## Chapter 18

Olive



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Zander doesn't knock, he just walks in. Helmet on looking around the room until he spots me. For some reason that makes me extremely happy. I love that he already feels comfy here. Like, he wants to be here.

He wants to be with us.

I think? Maybe?

Hopefully?

Do I want him here? Fuck I need to figure this out.

He walks up to me and wraps his arms around me. His smell saturates my body, invading my senses. It's so comforting. Not even going to lie, it also makes me horny as fuck.

I stay in his arms way longer than a normal hug should last. Just standing there smelling him. Feeling him. His body against mine is what I want 24/7. It's addicting.

I let go and he pulls his helmet off.

I practically fall to my knees with my mouth open when his helmet is on, so I definitely needed him to take that thing off if I wanted to keep my composure and have an actual conversation.

He smirks at me with his helmet in his hand.

“Hey, little demon. How are you?”

I smile at him. “I’m good. Hey, where did ‘little demon’ come from by the way? It’s so familiar.”

He pulls his backpack off and sets it down next to the couch.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” He smirks.

I furrow my eyebrows at him. “Tell me and I’ll show you titties.” I grin. Desire flares in his eyes as he looks from my face to my tits, and back again.

“Fucking deal,” he says as he grabs my shirt.

I push his hands off. “Woah, woah, woah, down boy! You first. Tell me where it came from.” He chuckles.

“Nah, you will probably get mad at me and take your end of the deal back. Show me titties first.” He sits down at one of the kitchen counter bar stools. One of his legs still resting on the floor, his other propped up on the chair.

I push my bottom lip out and give him the best puppy dog eyes. “I would never.”

He laughs at me, leaning over on the counter. Not sure it was that funny, but whatever.

I grip the bottom of my shirt and pull it up, his head turns back to me, then forward again, and then it snaps back to me. As if he is just now seeing what he thought he saw at first but didn’t register in his mind fast enough. I laugh.

“Now, pay up. Tell me,” I demand, pulling my shirt back down.

“I’m not sure what the deal was, but make more of them. I love walking into the room to titties.” Jayce walks up from the side of me and kisses my cheek, before his hand reaches under my shirt and pinches a nipple then he massages my breasts. I moan and he lets go.

“I told her I would tell her where ‘little demon’ came from,” Zander tells him, turning back to face the kitchen where Jayce now is.

“Ahh, gotcha.” Jayce smiles at me.

“How do you know?” I clamor. Annoyed that he knows and I don’t.

“Woah, grumpy. I know because he told us the other night when we were all drinking. Not my fault you don’t remember.”

He holds his hands up in a ‘don’t shoot’ gesture. I glare at him and Zander.

“Tell. Me. Now.” I try to act tough, these guys know I am a big softy when it comes to them. I really am too nice to them.

Zander laughs. “Come here, I’ll tell you.” He pats his lap and I walk over to him, straddling his leg, he wraps his arms around me.

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“Remember back when you used to be a cam girl?” He asks. I nod.

“Here hop up. One sec.” He pats my butt and I stand. He walks over to his backpack and pulls something out, then walks over to me.

“Close your eyes,” he says, looking down at me.

“How is that going to tell me where the nickname comes from?” I cross my arms and pop my hip.

“Just trust me, demon. Close your eyes.” He says before he kisses the tip of my nose. I smile and comply.

I hear shuffling in front of me. “Okay, open them.” I open my eyes and my jaw drops. He stands in front of me with a demon mask on. All black with black horns. I recognize it instantly and gasp. It looks different than the one he used to wear, that one had red on it. This one is all black. So fucking hot.

“You. But. You.” I stumble over my words, not knowing what to say.

He tilts his head in that creepy way he used to. Before he pulls me toward him by the hips and spins me around. He grinds his hips into me, his hard cock rubs between my asscheeks. He glides the nose of the mask up and down my neck, from my ear to my shoulder. I feel his hand snake around my back, his fingers looping around my neck before gripping tightly.

“You’ve been mine for a long time, little demon. You just didn’t know it yet.” I

clench my thighs together, holy fuck that was hot.

He spins me back around and pulls the mask off.

“But, none of that right now. We have stuff to talk about,” he says in a chipper bubbly tone. I scowl at him and whine.

“That was so mean,” I pout.

He sticks his lower lip out in a mock pout back at me. “Awwww. Business before pleasure, act professional you thirsty little slut.” He chuckles at me as he pulls me to him and puts his arm around me. He kisses my forehead and my scowl drops. I can’t stay mad at these two.

“Asshole,” I mutter under my breath before grabbing his face and licking his nose up and down.

His face scrunches in an annoyed and grossed-out way. I let go of him and walk over to Jayce to hug him. Then I jump up and sit on the counter so I can talk to them.

“So it was really you that whole time?” I look over at Zander. He nods while taking some of the chips in a bowl Jayce just put out, and putting them in his mouth.

“You have seen like, everything-everything. Fucking, ass. You could have told me!” I bawl at him.

“Okay, two things, little demon. One.” He holds one finger up. “Where would the fun in that be? And Two.” He holds two fingers up. “Like Jayce said, I did tell you. You just don’t remember. And that’s not my fault at all.” He chuckles and takes another chip into his mouth.

Jayce smirks at me. “Princess, he did tell us all. I knew it already. He wasn’t keeping it a secret or anything.” He tries to commiserate with Zander. Whatever.

“So is this how it’s going to go between us? You two are constantly sticking up for each other and ganging up on me?”

“We would love to gang up on you,” Jayce says, waggling his eyebrows up and down. “On that note, we should talk about that.”

I look over at him. “About what?” I look between the two of them.

“About that, us. How it’s going to be between us, boundaries, rules. Whatever you want to call it. We need to figure out what this is.” He gestures between the three of us. Zander nods.

“Ohhhhhh, we’re having that talk now. Okay. Uhh well... Jayce I’m in love with you. And uhh. Zander. I lo-iikeee you a lot. I want you both.” I rush the last few words nervously speaking as fast as I can.

Did I almost just say I love him? I mean, I love him as a friend. I’ve known him for years and have always loved him. But do I love him as more?

I look down at the counter thinking before I hear Jayce snap. “Oli, come back to us.” I jerk out of my dissociation.

“Sorry, I uhh yeah. That’s my vote,” I stammer. They both look at me.

“What’s your vote? You didn’t make any sense just now,” Zander asks with his eyebrow raised.

“Uhh that we make this a thing.” I gesture between the three of us the way Jayce did.

“We make us a thing. Throuple style, or whatever.” I feel so fucking awkward right now.

I look over at Jayce to see his reaction. He just smiles at me.

### Chapter 19

Jayce

She is so cute when she's nervous. I know she's looking to me for my reaction but it's not my decision here. It's hers. I will do whatever she wants. My entire life's mission is to make her happy. Nothing else matters to me.

At first, my ego got the better of me. I was really upset that she was being so nice to all these guys. The more I thought about it, the more I realized it's just her job. She comes home with me.

She's curling up into my arms.

She's walking around without makeup in her "ugly clothes" as she calls them, with me and no one else.

None of the shit she does online matters.

But all of that was before Zander. I got past all of that when it was just online shit. But then Zander popped up. I'm not even going to try to deny that it bruised my ego a bit when he was a real person here with her. And she was letting him see her when she was feeling down and getting to comfort her and do my jobs.

But the more I thought about it, the more I realized she was still choosing me.

As long as she chooses me I'm happy. Because being chosen by her is like being a



god's favorite. That's all I need in this life.

"Angel, I'm good with whatever you want. This is your decision. I'm happy to take him into our relationship and build my own version of that with him. I'm also happy to tell him to fuck off." I smirk over at Zander, he flips me off. Oli giggles.

Literal music to my ears.

"But for real, princess. Don't worry about my reaction. I worked through my shit. I'm all good," I tell her.

Relief washes over her face and she smiles coyly at me before running over to hug me.

"Have I told you how much I love you?" She kisses my cheek while gripping my head with both her hands. "And have I told you that you're the perfect fucking man?" She turns my head and kisses my other cheek.

I smile and wrap my arms around her. I lean into her and bring my lips to hers. She parts for me, letting my tongue inside. I taste her. She imprints herself on me more and more with each passing day.

"I love you too, angel. Forever and ever." Tears well in her eyes.

"Forever and ever, babe." We both look over at Zander who is looking at us lovingly.

"Do I get kisses now, too?" He asks as he spreads his arms wide beckoning us to him.

Oli jumps into his arms and he kisses her all over her face as she shrinks in his lap giggling. I walk over behind him and wrap my arms around both of them.

“I think this is going to be good,” I say and kiss Zander on the cheek. His face flushes red.

Oli’s eyes widen and fill with pure passion and lust as she looks at my arms around him.

“Umm, can you do that again? Please?” She puts her hand over her face shyly and peeks one finger open so I can see her looking at me.

I kiss Zander’s other cheek and smile at her. His face stays red as he blushes ear to ear.

“Umm. Again?” She purrs.

“Pushing your luck, angel. What am I going to get in return?” I smirk at her with an eyebrow raised.

She grips the hem of her tank top and pulls it over her head. Her tits bounce out beautifully. My mouth opens as I see her perfectly pink buds, the barbells sticking out of them begging me to lick them.

I lean down and kiss Zander’s neck before I bite down. He moans as my teeth sink into his flesh. She moans at hearing him. My cock presses against the seam in my pants painfully at their sounds.

## Chapter 20

Zander

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Holy fucking shit, that feels so gods damned good. Her tits in my face, his arms around me while his teeth sink into my skin. I'm in heaven right now.

Wait. Wait, I have to talk to them about the club! Fuck.

"Wait. Guys. Fuck." Jayce pulls away from me and I whimper.

He raises an eyebrow and looks down at me. "Did you just whimper? You told me to stop."

He crosses his arms as Oli pulls her top back on. I look back and forth at them. I panicked. I don't want this to stop. Fuck!

"Go away brain, let my dick be in control right now. You're fucking shit up for me!" I scold myself.

"I'm-I'm sorry. Sorry, guys. We have to talk about our problem. No matter how badly." I look down at her as she pulls her top over her tits. I cringe as she does. "Ughhhhh fuck. No matter how badly I don't want to stop. We have to talk about this, it's very important," I pout, looking at both of them as they get themselves all settled again.

Fuck, that was the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my entire life. I look between them.

"Fuck!" I shout as I turn away from them.

I hate myself for stopping that. Yes, I'm being a whiny bitch right now, I don't fucking care. I was just about to get fucked by the two hottest people I know.

"You would be a whiny bitch too! Who the fuck am I talking to?" I think to myself as I have my weird conversation with my brain.

They both look at me like I have problems.

"What's up, Zander? I know you wouldn't do that for no reason, I get it. So, what's up?" He asks.

"The club is going to be here to take care of you. I can tell you what they are, but if you two can't ever let it slip. They will burn the bar down. So, I suggest you think long and hard about whether you can keep this shit to yourself or not."

I look right at Jayce. I know Oli is chill. Jayce is a literal narc though. Like, a paid one. I have to make sure he knows what's at stake here.

He looks back and forth between Oli and me. Her eyes plead with him. She's dying to know what's going on. Come on, Jayce. Make the right choice here dude.

He sighs and nods. "I know what the risk is, I'm not going to tell the department about it."

The air leaves my body in a whoosh.

"Okay so, the gym is an underground fight club, it has been for decades. Very illegal. We hold fights, gambling happens there, and just a lot of shit. It's great." The words pour from my mouth, spilling like a damn was just let loose. Jayce's eyebrows go up.

"You know the stakes!" I point at him and continue.

“anyway, they’re all badasses. They’re going to be working shifts watching the apartment and the bar. And one of the girls is going to stay over, either in the bar if you don’t want her up here, or here if you don’t care. They’re all really fucking cool. But they said you can come meet everyone tonight if you want. Which is a huge honor, and only happened one other time, so I suggest going,” I finish and smile as I pant.

I said all of that in one fucking breath.

I had to get it all out right away, it was driving me nuts holding it all in.

Jayce looks at me and nods.

“Okay. We’ll be there.” Oli nods in agreement.

“Now, can I watch Jayce fuck you?” She raises her eyebrows at me.

“Yes, you fucking can.” I grab Jayce by the back of the neck and pull him in for a kiss. “I’ve been waiting for this.”

Jayce leans into my kiss, opening his mouth to me. He tastes like steak and desire. An excellent combo.

I nip at his lip and he groans. Oli grips my waistband.

“Such a horny little slut, aren’t you?” I break the kiss and smirk at her. She just looks at me and nods.

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“Pleaseeeeeee, just fuck already. Oh, my godsssss. I have been waiting a million years.”

Jayce smiles, “I do love to give my angel what she wants. Get on your fucking knees.” He grips my throat and pushes me to the ground. I comply instantly.

Like, absolutely, yes please. Tell me what to do, Daddy Jayce. That was hot as fuck.

He slides his pants down, his thick cock springing free and I can’t contain myself any longer. I lunge at him, mouth open, devouring him. I take him in my mouth as deep as I can. My lips stretch from his thickness and I gag around him but I happily take him deep.

This is a first for me, but I want it. I feel his fingers tangle in my hair as he thrusts into my mouth.

“That’s it. Such a good boy taking my cock down your throat.”

Drool spills from the sides of my mouth as I smile at the praise, my cock grows harder and I feel eyes on me.

My gaze drifts to the side where Oli is lying on the couch watching us. Her pants off, legs spread wide, pussy gleaming in the sunlight. She leans back with her fingers dancing on her clit. Her other hand pinches and plays with her nipple, moaning as she watches us.

“You like that, angel? Do you like when he chokes on my cock? Do you want to see

me buried in this tight ass of his?” He asks her.

“Mhmmmm yes please, fuck him Jayce, please.” She breathes out as she slips two fingers inside her dripping cunt.

Jayce pulls his cock out of my mouth and grips my arms standing me up. Without warning he spins me around and shoves me against the kitchen counter. My hips dig into the hard countertop. His hands dance along my waistband and then in an instant, I’m naked from the waist down as he yanks them down in one quick pull.

“I’m going to fuck you now, Zan. And you’re going to take it, you understand?” He says as his chest presses against my back and his hand wraps around my throat, pulling my head back to his. His warm breath teases my ear, sending shivers down my spine straight to my cock.

“Fuck, this is so hot,” Oli moans loudly.

Jayce stands upright and presses my chest down on the counter. He spits and I feel it land between my cheeks. His fingers trace along my tight hole, before slowly working their way in and out, preparing me.

“So fucking tight,” he pants.

He slides another finger in, working them in and out of me until my muscles relax around them. I feel the tip of his cock line up at my entrance before pressing into me slowly.

“Fuuuuccckkkkkkk meeeee,” I pant out as he does.

“Take it, Zan. Fucking take it all for me,” he growls as he continues to press into me.

“It feels so good.” I breathe as he begins to thrust in and out slowly, finding his rhythm as I stretch around his thickness.

“I’m going to come so fucking fast,” I tell him.

“Me too, if I keep fucking this tight ass while watching that perfect little slut,” he says pointing at Oli who has three fingers in her pussy as her other hand rubs at her clit. She watches us intently.

“Fuck him hard, I want to see you both come. Come so I can come, please.” A devilish grin crosses her face and Jayce picks up his pace.

“Whatever you want, angel,” he says.

His hands grip my hips as his thrust becomes frantic.

“You are so fucking good, Zan. So good. Such a good fucking boy for me,” he pants.

My cock swells and I bring my hand up, stroking myself. His cock slams into me over and over. It feels so fucking good.

“Jayce, I’m going to come,” I barely pant out before my cock swells and cum shoots out hitting the cupboards in front of me. “Oh fuck!” I shout as he continues fucking me.

“I’m going to fill this needy asshole up,” Jayce cries out as his release hits him. He topples over the edge and warm ropes come shooting out.

Oli cries out as her orgasm sends her reeling. Her body spasms and her fingers slow as she comes.



We're all quiet for a minute just breathing as we come down from our high.

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Jayce slides out of me and cleans me up then brings his mouth to mine, kissing me sweetly. He walks over to Oli and kisses her with the same tenderness.

“That was fun. We should have done this throuple thing a long time ago.”

He stands there beaming with the cutest grin on his face at both of us like he didn’t just give me epic backshots in the middle of the kitchen or something.

### Chapter 21

#### Olive

Walking into Zander’s gym is interesting. I feel like I’m finally seeing this whole other side of him. I haven’t really ever seen him around people beyond the bar and his friends there. These are like normal people.

I’m not sure why the bar friends he has are different from the people here for me, but it just feels different.

As we walk in I expect everyone’s eyes to be on us and to be glaring at us, like I expect whenever I walk into a gym. But as usual, no one looks at us. One old man notices and walks over waving.

“Hello, young lady.” He takes my hand and gently shakes it.

“Did I just hear nice words come from your mouth Joel?” Zander asks with genuine surprise on his face.

“Shut up, kid. She’s pretty. And I know how to be nice to the ladies.” He puffs his chest out at me.

I put my hands up. “Woah, woah, calm down. I just didn’t know you knew how to be nice.” He backs up.

“Everyone is just packing up to go downstairs. You can take them down.” He points at Jayce and I before walking behind us and locking the door.

Zander reaches his hand out to me, and I take it hesitantly. Looking over at Jayce, he just smiles at me.

I’ve never done anything like this, I want to make sure everything is good with all of us. I want everyone to feel loved at all times. No one should ever feel excluded in their relationship.

I follow behind Zander and reach my hand out to Jayce. He takes it and we walk through the gym. People do look at us now. I’m sure it’s odd to see two guys holding a girl’s hand walking through the gym.

I ignore them all and focus on the warmth of their hands in mine. The comfort it gives me knowing I have them here with me.

We make our way down the stairs at the back of the building and into a dark room. Zander pushes in a code and the door opens.

“Very Mission Impossible, Men in Black, 007 vibes I’m getting, devil.” I lean forward whispering in his ear.

He squeezes my hand and I see the edges of his cheeks rise from the side of his head. I know he just got a big ol’ smile on his face and that makes me happy.

The lights are on in the sparse room. Just a few chairs, and a space with markings on the floor. I can see hooks in the ceiling and floor, and there is a chain rolled up in the corner.

I look over at it and tilt my head at it. “What’s that?” I ask. He looks over to see what I’m talking about.

“Oh, that’s the cage for the fights. We put it up and that keeps people in or out during their fight. It’s easier to clean than an actual ring would be.” He pauses nervously. “Uhhh, our fights get very ummm...Bloody.” He rubs the back of his neck before smiling at me with her nervous little smirk of his.

“Ahh, gotcha.” I nod, Jayce looks around at every corner of the room, his normal cop thing, trying to see every entrance, exit, and possible threat.

We hear laughter from the staircase and sit in the seat next to Zander. Jayce sits on the opposite side of me, both men rest their hands on my thighs. I fight the urge to clench them together at their possessiveness.

Zander stands when everyone walks in and starts to sit around us.

“Welcome. Uhh. I don’t really know what else to say. We don’t have a lot of these talking meetings, and we have had two in one damn week. Normally we’re fighting,” Joel says as everyone sits.

I smile at him and he blushes. He’s adorable.

Zander stands. “Uhh hi guys, sorry for making us sit again. But this is Oli, and that’s Jayce.” He looks at us with his eyes wide. “Stand up,” he leans toward us and says it in a whisper out of the side of his mouth like the whole room didn’t just hear him.

We awkwardly stand. “Uhh, hi. I’m not sure why we had to stand, you all saw us when we walked in. But umm...I’m Oli. And I’m so sorry you all have to spend your time here doing this, but I’m so appreciative. It’s been scary lately,” I say as I wave and sit back down in my seat.

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Jayce stands behind me. “Uhh hey, I’m Jayce.” Someone in the back shouts.

“The cop?” And Jayce looks down at the floor shaking his head.

“Yes, the cop... But, I guess I’m not a regular cop, I’m a cool cop.” I laugh out loud accidentally at his Mean Girls reference. I made him watch the movie so many damn times.

“I mean, uhh, I’m not turning anyone in for this shit. So, uhh, don’t do anything else bad and we’re good. But everything with the club is safe with me.”

Everyone nods. They seem happy with that answer. Jayce sits back down with me awkwardly.

One of the women stands up and walks to the front gathering our attention. Her short spiked hair glows under the orange light, making the red of her hair look like fire. She puts her hand on her hip popping her hip out. Her t-shirt drapes down her body hitting her thighs where the polka dot legging takes over her clothing.

“I’m Dev. I don’t like this guy very much.” She points at Zander and I furrow my eyebrows at her. “But I’m going to keep you safe, and I’m so sorry you’re going through this.” She puts her hand out to me, and I take it, shaking it.

“I do like this one, just for the record.” I point at Zander. Everyone chuckles lightly.

Joel stands up again. “So we came up with a bit of a plan, but wanted to talk it over with the cop.” He looks over at Jayce.

Jayce points at himself. “Me? Why me?” He looks genuinely confused.

“Because you can let us know if all of this will work or not.” He pauses. “Plus, if you know the plan, we’re less likely to get arrested. So, come here. I gotta make you a full accomplice.”

Joel pulls Jayce up to him and shows him some papers. They start talking about strategy and scheduling. I just listen and take everything in while reveling in Zander’s hand on my thigh.

## Chapter 22

Zander

I wake up and roll over rubbing my eyes. Oli has her back to me. While her head is tucked under Jayce’s arm.

We were exhausted after being at the gym for fucking hours last night. When we got home we all just curled up and passed out. I sit up and feel at ease.

I’m much less stressed out than I have been the last two weeks since this all started. We have a schedule now and I know more eyes are watching Oli and the bar than Jayce and I. I wish Janice was here, but she has a niece with high-needs care she helps with most days. She’s only able to be here on her scheduled work days. It’s killing her.

We’re in a much better place though. I climb out of bed and walk to the kitchen. The coffee maker fills the apartment with that beautiful smell. I hear Oli begin to stir and see Jayce’s arms reach up stretching. I pop bread in the toaster and start my morning.

Looking over at the front door I notice something on the ground and walk over to it. I

lean down and pick up the white envelope. No markings on the outside, I open it and call out trying to hide the tremor in my voice.

“Hey, Jayce...I need you.” I hear him groan as he stands up getting out of bed.

He walks over, his bare feet pad off the tile with steady thud, thud, thuds. He walks up behind me and I turn, handing him the letter. Opening the letter he pulls out pictures of us laying in bed with her last night. They were taken from directly outside the window.

Jayce rubs his eyes trying to focus on what he's seeing.

“What the fuck is this?”

I shrug. “I don't know, it was at the door.”

He looks at the door, then walks back to the bed to get his phone from the nightstand.

“I thought the club was watching us. How the fuck did that get under the door?” He hisses at me, leaning in my direction. His arm gestures to the door angrily as he talks.

I walk to my side of the bed to get my phone and text Joel.

Someone managed to push a fucking letter under our door last night. Who was watching?

I don't get a text back. I get a fucking call. Fucking old people. Why do you have to call me when I'm texting you? I text you for a fucking reason.

“Why couldn't you just text me back?” I answer the phone grumpily.



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“You know my fingers don’t work the stupid buttons well. Duke, Jess, and Ven were watching. They checked in this morning and said nothing happened all night,” he finishes and smacks his lips.

“Stop smacking your lips in my ear, you weird old man,” I joke. “Okay, I’ll call them and see if they heard anything funky or anything like that. Thanks. Bye.” I hang up and text the three while walking over to Jayce. “Hey, they all said they saw nothing, did you check the camera?” I ask him. His shoulders slump as he sighs.

“Yes, I did and nothing. I see the club members watching, they did a great job all night. But fuck this guy is a gods damned ghost or something. I have no clue how he’s getting close to us.” Jayce says. Worry washes over him, flooding his expression. He’s so stressed about this.

“Don’t worry, we’ll figure this out.” I comfort him by putting my arm around his shoulders.

He sits on the barstool at the counter and slumps his elbows on the table. His fingers tangle in his short hair.

“I just want to keep her safe, man. I just need to keep her safe.” He practically pleads with the universe.

“We will. We’ll keep her safe and we’ll figure this out.”

She walks out of the shower, her towel wrapped around her body.

“I want to go to the bar tonight.” She stands in front of the TV where Jayce and I are currently playing Call of Duty. We both look around her.

“Okay, demon. Whatever you want, baby.” I say as a guy shoots me in the fucking head. “Gods dammit! Where were you Jayce?” I shout at him. He glares at me.

“Go fuck yourself, dude. That fucking hacking ass piece of shit knows where we are. Fucking wall hacker,” Jayce shouts back.

She rolls her eyes and walks back to the bedroom to get ready, I assume.

She bounces out of the bedroom. Jayce and I are still playing Call of Duty, but we stop and look over at her. Our jaws drop at the same time.

“Where the fuck do you think you are going like that?” I stand up dropping the controller on the couch and ask. She giggles and spins.

“You like?” She holds her hands up and runs them down her body to her hips.

My mouth waters at the sight.

“She told us earlier she wanted to go to the bar tonight,” Jayce says turning off the game and standing up, kissing her cheek as he walks past her over to the bedroom where his clothes are.

“I’m not taking her anywhere with her dressed like that!” I run my hands, pointing up and down her body. She smiles, Jayce just shakes his head and laughs.

“You’ll learn dude, you’ll learn.” Jayce changes his pants and shirt and walks into the kitchen. “Ready when you two are.”

I huff and get ready. Walking back to her, I put one of my flannels around her waist. She pouts but then realizes I gave her a worn flannel and she pulls the collars up to her face taking a big breath in.

“Don’t worry, little demon. You can still see most of your ass and your tits with it on. It’ll just keep me from killing every person in the fucking bar tonight.” I kiss her forehead. “That wouldn’t solve any of our problems. But it would make me feel better, so keep this on please.” She shakes her head and rolls her eyes at me.

“Fucking caveman. I look hot!” She gestures down at herself.

“Yes baby girl, that’s the problem. Someone is going to get their fucking arms broken in half when they try to touch you, and we have enough problems right now.” She pouts again, sticking out her lower lip.

“Fuck it. Wear what you want. I’ll break anyone’s skull that tries to touch you. You understand?” I grip her chin making her meet my eyes and she nods.

“Good girl. Let’s go.” She takes the flannel off and tosses it at me, I throw it on the bed and smack her ass following behind her.

Her ass sways with her tiny booty shorts. The ripped fishnets wrap around her legs making me jealous of threads in a way I have never been before. Her crop top plunges between her breasts, and the word “BRAT” in bright pink letters shows off her nipple rings perfectly. I look back at her and lick my lips before spinning back around. Jayce follows behind us and locks the door.

## Chapter 23

Olive

I walk into the bar and hear the hoots and hollers from the normal rowdy crowd in the corner. It's a Friday night so this place is poppin'.

I walk behind the bar, and Janice's eyes light up. She runs toward me, wrapping me in a big hug. Her hand finds my neck as she pulls my face into her kissing me. When she pulls back, I'm left standing there stunned.

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“Uhh, what was that for?” I blush looking at her.

“Nothing darlin’, just wanted to kiss my favorite girl. Plus, I’ve missed you so damn much.” She winks at me and goes back to pouring people’s drinks.

I grab a bottle of my favorite tequila and walk over to Jayce and Zander, where they sit at Zander’s favorite high-top. It’s in the corner so he can see the whole room. He sees me and smiles.

I sit and look at the bottle on the table. “Uhh, I forgot glasses.” I blush.

Zander jumps up. “I got it, demon.” He walks over to Janice, she hugs him and he takes three glasses from behind the bar and then walks back to us.

Jayce leans over the table. “I just wanted you to know, you are fucking gorgeous, angel. You are absolutely fucking beautiful. I can’t believe I get to call you mine.” Tears prick in my eyes at his words.

I smile at him. “I love you so much, Jayce Shadows.” He smirks at me and straightens up the rest of the way. Zander sits, setting the glasses down on the table.

He pours the shots and we all take them. I raise mine in cheers. “Uhh, to some sappy shit about us starting something new together, I guess?”

I cheers them both, slap the table with the bottom of the glass, and throw the shot back, wiggling my fingers at Zander he pours me another. I shoot that one back, along with one more. Then look at them both, mischief sparkling in my eyes.

“I’m ready to dance!”

Jayce looks over at Zander with panic in his eyes. He is not a dancer, by any means, in fact, he hates dancing. He’ll do it if I ask him to, and he knows it. He keeps looking at Zander, almost pleading with his eyes.

## Chapter 24

Zander

“I can take this one, big guy.” I tap Jayce’s hand on the table and stand. I take her hand and we walk out to the dance floor. It isn’t a big one, but it’s dark with dancing lights and loud angry music. She spins, her hand not leaving mine.

I feel her hips land on mine, my hands find her waist instantly. She grinds and moves against my body. Her curves are soft in my hands. I squeeze her hips tighter, pulling them into me more. She leans her back into me, her hand reaching behind her until her fingers tangle in my hair pulling my head into her.

My lips find their home on her flesh, biting into the soft sensitive skin between her ear and shoulder. Her hips buck and grind as I bite down. She spins away from me and my mouth breaks contact with her skin. I growl in frustration at losing her heat pressed against me.

But she moves her body in front of me, her hips swaying left and right to the beat of Killing Strangers by Marilyn Manson. Her tits bounce and sway, with her perfectly hard nipples poking out of her shirt. I lick my lips before grabbing her hand and pulling her body back into mine.

I pull her chest into mine and wrap my hands around her, they rest naturally on her ass. I squeeze and lean in to whisper in her ear.

“You keep moving like that and I’m going to fuck you on this dark dance floor.”

Her hand slides down my chest and grips my belt buckle as she leans in with a growing smirk.

“Promises, promises.” Her whispers caress across my ear seductively.

With that little tease, I spin her around and pull her into the dark corner of the dance floor. No one can really see us, but they would only know what we were doing if they were paying attention. About seven other people fill the dance floor, they gyrate and move against each other with the beat.

V.A.N.by Bad Omens starts to play and the bass rumbles through my chest. I pin her to the wall, her back pressed against me. Her breathing becomes heavy as my hand snakes up her body to grip her throat. Before she can do anything, my other hand reaches to her ass and pulls her shorts to the side. I unbutton my pants and shove my cock inside her pussy with ease.

“My cock famished little slut is already dripping for me,” I whisper in her ear, turning my head to be sure no one is watching us. I make eye contact with Jayce across the room and nod. He just smiles at me and continues to watch.

My hips thrust in and out to the beat. She moans loudly, but it’s muffled by the loud speakers around us. I continue to fuck her as I reach my other hand around her hips finding her clit. I circle my finger around it a few times before I pinch. Her pussy tightens around my cock when I do, and I smile. She moans as I continue to pinch and roll her clit between my fingers, while my other hand chokes her. My fingers dig into the flesh of her neck taking her air away.

I feel the gush of liquid as she comes around me. I thrust my cock into her pussy a few more times before I spill inside her. She whimpers as I slam her body into the

wall harder and harder with each frantic drive into her. I slide out of her and put my cock back in my pants. Positioning her shorts back in place I spin her around.

I lean her against the wall, pinning her back and she looks up at me with fear and desire in her eyes. My elbow rests next to her head, and my other hand comes down and traces her jawline.

“Such a good little slut, letting me fuck you in the middle of a crowd like that.” She blushes and I tilt her chin back up to me. “Don’t ever hide those beautiful eyes from me, demon.” I kiss her nose and we walk off the dance floor back to Jayce.

## Chapter 25

Jayce



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Olive goes over to the bar and Zander sits down with me. We both watch Olive as she walks over there, her hips swaying.

“So, public fucking huh?” I ask him. He just smiles bashfully.

“I can’t help it. I want to be inside her at all times. She’s like a fucking drug dude.” He tells me and I laugh.

Oh, don’t I fucking know it. That woman could spit in my face, stomp on my foot, and I would still kiss her fucking feet. She has this gods damned hold on me.

I look over at Zander, “I know the feeling. It’s fucking rough trying to keep my hands off her. Like, really fucking rough.” I commiserate with him.

We talk about gaming and guns, before delving into a bit about the club but in code so no one overhears us. After a while, I realize Olive hasn’t come back yet and look around. I don’t see her anywhere. Janice walks over to us, clearing the cups off the table.

“Where’s Oli?” I ask her. She looks right at me, her eyes widening a bit.

“Umm, I was just about to ask you that. She said she had to go pee, then get back to you guys like twenty minutes ago.” Janice walks swiftly back to the bar, setting the tub full of dishes down. She runs to the bathroom and runs back out, gesturing to us to follow her. We both chase after her.

Blood, there’s blood all over.

The two stalls are broken apart, the plastic walls destroyed by someone kicking them or falling into them or something.

I see her shoe on the ground and see fucking red. Zander whips out his phone to pull up the cameras. I pull mine out and bring up the app.

“What the fuck is that?” He looks over at me.

I chew at my lip nervously as the dot begins to blink on the screen. It shows her location being a couple of miles away and heading away from us at 80 mph. She has to be in a car.

“So uhh, one time, when Olive first wanted to start getting into knife play, I was cutting her neck, she was moaning, it was hot as fuck... While I bandaged her up later, I may have slid this tiny tracking device into her cut. She healed perfectly. I made sure of it. And now I can monitor her 24/7. I don’t!” I throw my hands up trying to justify it as Janice’s face turns to rage. “I don’t watch her ever!! I just have it as a backup safety net. It was a stupid plan, but I know where she is.” I shake my phone at them.

“You are such a typical fucking cop. Never following the gods damned laws.” She shakes her head at me and I scowl in return.

“Hey, do you want to find Oli or not?” She sighs and looks at the phone.

I send Zander the live link for her tracking so he can see where she is. He gets on his bike, Janice and I get in my car and we take off. He leaves the parking lot like lightning. He isn’t fucking around.

We both drive way too fast, but he is gone the second we hit the pavement.

“We’re coming, angel,” I whisper under my breath.

“We’re fucking coming.”

## Chapter 26

Olive

Twenty minutes earlier

I lean over the bar and shout over the music. “I’m gonna go pee, then go back to the guys!” Janice nods at me. I stumble to the back of the bar, holding onto the wall for support. How many shots did I have? Did I eat today? Oh, yeah I did, Zander got me nachos.

Mmmmmmm, nachos sound fucking delicious right now.

I trip and some arm reaches out. I catch the arm as I fall, and save myself by gripping onto it for dear life. His arm pulls at me and I’m left standing looking at a man.

A man from my past.

I rub at my eyes trying to make the nightmare go away. But it won’t. Every time I open them again, he is there. Looking at me. I let go of him and jerk my hand back as I start to step backward. Trying to get back to the guys.

“Blake,” I whisper as I look into the beautiful eyes that have haunted my nights for the last decade. He grins at me and I feel my body recoil.

Why am I not moving? I’ve had nightmares about this moment so many times. I thought about what I would do. I planned to punch, kick, knee, and bite. Whatever I

had to do to get away from them. Why am I freezing up right now?

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“Hey bambi, how are you? Enjoying my gifts?” He smiles as he takes a step toward me. I shrink in on myself even more, never feeling smaller in my life.

“Th-th-that was you? What do you want from me?” I ask.

He just smiles as he walks forward. My back hits the bathroom door and he pushes until it swings open. I stumble inside, falling on my ass. He walks in and locks the door behind him.

Blake kneels, reaching his hand out to me, but I shrink away from him. I do everything I can to not let his skin touch mine.

“The boys and I have been waiting a long time to find you again. I mean we have had lots more since, but none have compared to your whimpers and screams, bambi.” His fingers make contact with my cheek and I’m flooded with terror and sadness. I feel disgusting all over again.

“We’re going to keep you this time,” he says.

Before I have time to overthink, I bring my leg up. My knee connects with his groin and he falls forward crying out. I stand and run toward the door but he spins on the ground where he grips his balls, reaching out he latches onto my ankle, and yanks me back. My body slams onto the hard tile. My chin bouncing off the floor makes my teeth rattle together. Pain erupts throughout my body.

I can’t breathe. Everything just hurts.

He jumps on my back, straddling my hips.

“I was going to wait until we were with the boys and break you in nice and easy. But fuck that, you little fucking whore.”

His hands claw at my shorts pulling them to the side, exposing my pussy to him. He shoves three fingers inside me and I scream.

“Scream for me bitch, no one can fucking hear you over that shit out there.” He points to the door referring to the music.

Tears spill down my face as he takes from me again. His other hand fumbles with his pants button, but he can't get it undone one-handed, so his fingers leave my body. I pull my knees under my body slowly and put all of my strength into it, and stand, lunging up as fast as I can. He falls off me, hitting the ground. His forearm slices along a broken part of the toilet stall where he landed when he fell back, knocking them down.

The sharp plastic piece sticks out, completely covered in blood. Ohhhh, that got in there deep. I smirk and run for the door.

His hands land on my legs, and they grip my skin. He grips and grips, I scream as he does. It feels like he is ripping my skin apart with his bare hands. I kick at him and he lets go with a growl.

He jumps up while I try to get my body to move. I'm in so much fucking pain. Nothing wants to work at this point.

He picks me up over his head and slams me down onto the ground. Blood flies out of my mouth. My teeth chatter together painfully. He lifts me and throws me into the last standing toilet stall. It crumbles as I hit it.

One of the metal hinges breaks off and slices into my outer thigh. Cutting me from hip to knee. Blood spills from me, covering me and the bathroom in even more ruby-red pools. He walks over to the door and unlocks it. It opens and oh fuck, my heart stops as I see Gabe walk in.

Fear overtakes me. I can't think straight. All I see is their hands on me. All I feel is pain and disgust. He walks in and stands over me, his hands wrap around my throat and my air is gone. I claw at his hands repeatedly. Blood and skin sink into my nails. He keeps pushing. The world gets fuzzy as I start to drift in and out of consciousness. The last thing I feel is fabric, as he wraps me in a blanket, and someone picks me up and begins to walk out of the room while his hands are still wrapped around my neck.

Everything goes black.

Jayce, Zander. Please.

## Chapter 27

Zander

Itake off like a bullet. My phone is pulled up and open on the phone holder in front of me. I follow the blinking orange dot like it's my lifeline.

It fucking is my lifeline. She is my life.

I swerve in and out of traffic, lane filtering, and driving like an asshole. But I don't give a single fuck. All the fucks I have left to give are going to Oli, right now, I'm fucking getting her back one way or another. I stop at a light, I wouldn't have but it's a super busy intersection.

I text Joel, telling him what's going on and where I will be. I have no clue if he

responds, the light turns green and I take off.

I merge onto the freeway, filtering in and out between cars to get to her as fast as possible. Skirting between two semi trucks one of them honks at me as they move over and almost takes me out. I lean my body to the side, and the bike takes off in that direction.

They just keep fucking driving. When the fuck is this light going to stop moving. They are on the opposite side of town now. Fuck. I cut through side streets and alleys doing my best to make it there faster than is possible to do. I lean into my tank, molding myself to the bike, making us one. Letting the bike hit speeds I've never done before.

I pull into what looks to be an empty parking lot. Industrial buildings line the lot on three sides. All of them dilapidated and falling apart.



## Page 45

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

My phone rings. “Answer,” I say in my helmet quietly, the bluetooth picks up and answers right away.

“Where are you?” Jayce’s voice comes through my helmet.

“I’m in the lot where her light stopped moving. It shows she is near me. Where are you?” I talk softly trying to make sure no one can hear me as I get off the bike and hide in the shadows of the weird parking lot we are in.

“I’m about 20 minutes away, you fucking flew man. Just wait for me. I have backup coming.” I tense when I hear his words. Fuck.

“No cops, Jayce! We talked about this!” I whisper yell at him.

“No, no, not cops. Joel called me. I told him what’s up, he is sending people. I sent him my location so they can follow me.”

I sigh in relief when I hear it’s the club and not cops coming to help. That would make the whole situation worse. At least if it’s the club we can kill these fuckers instead of them getting arrested and being bailed out by morning.

“Okay, I’m going to look around,” I tell him, popping my head over my bike and trying to see if there is any movement anywhere.

“No, Zander! Wait for us! It isn’t safe! Oli will freak if you get hu...” I hang up on him.

I don't give a fuck who says no. I'm going to get my fucking girl.

I grab my backpack and pull my two Glocks out. The Glock 42 I put in my sock, my boot holds the barrel and I pull my pant leg over it. Always better to have an extra little guy that the bad guys won't think about. I pull the slide back checking that it's chambered and slide the Glock 19 into my waistband. I hate carrying without a holster. It's uncomfortable and dangerous, but I didn't plan on shooting people today, so I don't have it on me.

Rookie mistake, I should always have it on me.

I walk to the closest building, the one where the light looks to be blinking. Making my way around the side, I peek in. I pull the Glock out of my waistband. I wasn't going to go in hot and heavy. I was going to try to act casual, but these fuckers took her so I should be ready. Plus, the sights are rubbing on my hip and bugging me, so holding it is a better option in general.

I peek my head through a massive hole in the wall where the siding of the building has fallen off. Not seeing anything, no lights, no movement, nothing that would indicate anyone is here.

From across the lot I hear a glass shatter, and then laughing before Oli's scream pierces through the night. I take off running.

I hear her scream again.

No fucking way. I move my legs faster willing my body to glide through the air.

"I'm coming, demon," I pant.

Chapter 28

Jayce

I have John following me, in his personal car. He owes me after what I did for him. So I know he won't talk to anyone.

I may have kept that out of the conversation I had with Zander. I knew he would freak out about it. The club is also following. We're fucking ready for whatever is going to happen. We'll get our girl back tonight.

We pull up to the dilapidated warehouses Zander told us about. I see him running through the lot.

"Way to keep yourself hidden," I mutter slamming on the brakes and jumping out of the car.

I unholster my Glock 17. It's my duty gun and it has gotten me through a lot of shit. I trust it to get me through a lot more shit too.

"What happened?" I shout at him following him. He doesn't slow down, doesn't turn to look at me. He just runs, faster than I've ever seen him move.

"I heard her scream. Twice," he shouts back.

Fuck, I run as fast as I can following him. My gun is heavy in my hand, ready to work.

We run up to the edge of the building and I pull him by the back of his hoodie. He turns and swings his fist at me, I duck barely missing his painful blow.

"We run in there without knowing what's happening, and none of us walk out!" I whisper shout at him as I hold onto his hoodie still. He jerks out of my hold.

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

“Fine, but hurry the fuck up. I’m going in there if I hear her scream again, whether you like it or not. I could give a fuck less if I walk out,” he declares with a huff and I believe him too.

I lean my back against the wall of the building and peek around the side.

“I don’t see anything,” I whisper to him. He looks around the corner below me.

“Three o’clock,” he says and I turn that direction and see three men lying on the floor. One man stands holding his head.

“Okay, let’s go. Follow my lead,” I tell him. “Stack on me got it?” He nods.

I walk forward with my gun held up, ready to take anyone out who is a threat to my little angel. The man standing sits down on the chair next to the three guys and he groans in pain. Still clutching his head.

One of the two men on the floor moans as he rolls over and pushes himself up to stand. Another one rolls and sits up, but stays seated on the floor. The last man doesn’t move. He continues to lie on the ground. I see a spike protruding from his chest.

What the fuck?

I pause, kneeling behind a metal beam. The men aren’t even looking in our direction so I feel good here.

“Fucking bitch killed him,” one of the guys says. I smile at Zander, that’s right baby.

“She got me good in the head. I’m going to gut that little whore,” the one sitting on the ground says and I see Zander’s fist clench.

I check my phone and see that Joel sent a text.

Club is pulling up to your location.

I show Zander and he nods.

I stand and walk toward the men. He walks up behind the seated one, while I walk in front of them. Zander loops his arm around one of their necks and the other guy shouts.

“Who the fuck are you? What the fuck are you doing here?” He jumps up, but I walk out of the shadows in front of him and shove the barrel of my Glock into his chest, pushing him back down to the chair. He looks down at it, then back and me, panicked.

“Woah, man.” He holds his hands up.

“So I hear you are going to ‘gut’ MY little whore,” Zander says from behind the man that said the same thing seconds ago.

The man claws at Zander’s arm but it does nothing. Panic grows on his face. It’s delicious.

“She’s just some bitch, what’s it to you?” The man says as he gasps for air through Zander’s hold.

At that, Zander grips the sides of his head and twists to the side, the man's neck snaps and his body goes limp.

The man on the floor scrambles back crawling away from us. I point my gun at him and shoot him in the knee. He screams in agony, the sound echoes through the empty building. The man in front of me continues to hold his hands up.

"I don't want any trouble," he says, trying to appease us.

No fucking chance dude.

I grip him by the collar and pull his body into mine.

"Where the fuck is Olive and what did you do to her?" I demand. Fear emanates from his body. I throw him to the ground, he lands with a satisfying thud.

"She ran off, man. She took off!" He holds his hands up trying to keep me from hurting him more. Too late fucker.

"Are you the ones that have been stalking her this whole time?" Zander asks, walking over to me.

"Some guy paid us too. He found us about a year ago and told us to watch her and scare her a little. We were just trying to scare her," he says in a panicked rush.

I sneer, my grip on the gun tightening as Zander crouches beside the man scrambling on the floor. Blood pools under the guy I shot, his knee a ruined mess of shattered bone and torn flesh. His screams have subsided to pitiful whimpers, but I'm not done yet.

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

Not by a long shot.

“You think stalking a girl and terrorizing her is just trying to scare her?” I spit, stepping closer. “You think I’m buying that bullshit?”

The man on the floor moans, clutching at his destroyed knee. “Please... please, I’ll tell you everything—just don’t?—”

Zander interrupts, pulling a knife from his pocket. The blade glints in the flickering overhead light. He presses the tip under the chin of the man in front of him, forcing the guy’s head back until his neck is bared.

“Names. Who hired you?” Zander’s voice is calm, like he’s asking for the time. That’s when he’s at his most dangerous.

“I-I don’t know his name!” The man stammers, his breath hitching as the blade bites into his skin. A thin line of blood trickles down his throat. “He was just some guy! Said he needed her scared, said he’d pay us?—”

“Bullshit!” I roar, kicking the guy on the floor in his ribs. The impact sends him sliding a few inches, leaving a smeared trail of blood in his wake. He shrieks, coughing up spit and bile.

“Zander,” I say, nodding toward the injured one. “Think he’s hiding something?”

Zander doesn’t respond immediately. Instead, he drives the knife deeper, just enough to puncture the skin, and the man’s scream is like music in the silence of the

abandoned building.

“You’d better start talking,” Zander murmurs, his tone almost affectionate. “Or I’ll make sure you never scream again.”

The man on the ground writhes, his good leg kicking uselessly. I kneel beside him, grabbing his face in my bloodied hand. His eyes are wild, darting to the gun stillclutched in my other hand.

“Who. Hired. You?” I growl, each word deliberate, each one laced with venom.

“I told you! I don’t know his name! He—he wore a suit, clean-cut, lots of money!” His words tumble out in a frantic stream. “Please, we didn’t hurt her—we just followed orders!”

“You sure about that?” I ask, my lips curling into a sadistic grin. Before he can respond, I slam the butt of my gun into his already shattered knee. His howl is feral, animalistic, reverberating through the building.

“You were saying?” Zander prods, tilting his head as he flicks his knife against the man’s jaw, carving a shallow but agonizing line.

“Okay! Okay! We may have hurt her a little but he told us to! We were only doing what he told us to do! I swear!”

Zander and I exchange a look. The fear in his eyes is genuine, but it’s not enough. Not after what Olive’s been through. The man needs to be in pain. Excruciating fucking pain.

“You really think we’re going to let you off that easily?” Zander murmurs, his voice low, almost soothing.



“P-please, I told you everything?—”

“Then you’re useless now,” I say coldly, I nod at Zander his arm pulls back as he flicks the blade up lifting it above his head and pointing it downward then he slams the blade of his knife into the top of the guy’s head. His body slumps instantly, blood pooling beneath him, the smell of blood thick in the air.

Zander rises, his knife dripping crimson, and gestures toward the remaining man—wide-eyed, frozen with terror.

“Your turn.”

## Chapter 29

Olive

30 Minutes earlier

I’m yanked out of whatever vehicle they have me in, still tied up and blindfolded. I came to while I was in the car but I tried to stay as still as possible. The hope was that if they thought I was still passed out they would leave me alone.

“Let’s get her naked and fuck her until she’s up,” I hear Blake say.

Fuck. I feel their hands on me and I twist my body trying to wiggle away from them.

“No need boys – she’s up now,” Gabe chuckles. He undoes my blindfold and I blink letting my eyes adjust.

“There she is. Hey, gorgeous. How ya doing?” He rubs his knuckles down my cheek and I jerk my body away from him. His touch makes me feel like spiders are crawling

over my body – it's disgusting.

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Looking up at them, I see the men who have haunted me for years standing over me.

All four of them.

Surrounding me.

Looming over me like the perfect visualization of a living nightmare.

Gabe reaches out and grips my shirt, ripping it open and leaving me bare to them. I do my best to curl my body in on itself to hide but he shoves my shoulder back, and I fall back on the ground.

“We’re going to have some fun, bambi. Just like all those years ago,” Blake says as he hovers over me. I shake my head over and over again. Sound won’t come out of my mouth.

I’m frozen. I fucking hate this.

Gabe throws a knee over me and straddles my hips. I scream as his leg makes contact with the deep cut they gave me on my thigh. The pain radiates through my body as he squeezes his thighs around me.

He yanks my shorts down.

Tears fall down my face. The flashbacks pop in and out of my head like a movie. They flicker in and out. I’m 18 again, lying on a dirt track.

He lines his cock up with my entrance, as I feel his hand tighten around my throat. I look up and see Jimmy with his dick out of his pants. He strokes it as he watches what Gabe is doing to me.

Janice wouldn't just sit here and take this.

Zander wouldn't just lay here while they did this.

Jayce would fight back.

Jayce would fucking kill them.

I feel him shove his dick inside me. It scrapes my dry insides as he does.

“Dry ass bitch, can't even get a little wet for me whore?” He asks, pulling his cock out and spitting on it before he shoves it in again.

“You four make me dryer than the Sahara, you pieces of shit. You're all going to fucking die tonight. I hope you know that,” I snarl at them breathlessly as he continues to choke me, finally finding my voice.

Thinking of Jayce and Zander. I know they'll find me. I know they'll come for me. But I don't want them to save me.

I can save myself.

He grinds into me harder, faster. “Fuck baby, your cunt is as tight as I remember it. I can't wait to watch the guys get in here and wreck this little pussy, we'll ruin it for your little boyfriends. Then we'll find them and kill them the same way we are going to kill you.” He smacks me across the face and I cringe but I don't make a noise.

I refuse to give him the satisfaction.

“Oh, she’s tough now. Let’s see if we can break that.”

I feel as he swells and comes inside me. He grunts in pleasure and I dissociate. Thinking about anything other than this. Looking for anything I can use to get me out of this.

I see a sharp metal tube lying on the ground behind Jimmy’s feet and lock in on it. The end is pointed like those rod-iron fences you see in rich neighborhoods. Looking around, I see two more scattered on the ground. This must have been some sort of metal shop before it was abandoned.

I feel his disgusting cum leak out of me as he pulls out. Jimmy grips me by the shoulders and lifts me. I jerk my body, trying to get away from him but he doesn’t budge. His fingers dig deeper and deeper into my flesh painfully.

He spins me around and shoves my chest down, bending me over the bench in front of me. I can almost reach the metal rod from here.

I ignore him entering me.

Ignore him fucking me raw.

Ignore the pain.

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

I focus on the metal rod. I will get it. I reach my hand out, not caring if he sees, thankfully he ignores it as he moans behind me. Thrusting into me. He thrusts hard and it pushes me forward just enough to grip the piece of metal.

I clutch the cold hard piece of steel in my hand. Before he can thrust again, I pull my hips forward and stand, turn, and stab the metal rod through his chest. His eyes go wide as he looks at me and then down at the long piece of steel sticking out of him.

Blood starts to pool on his shirt. He coughs and I feel the ruby red drops land on my face. I wipe at them, hating the feeling of it on me.

“What the fuck!?” Gabe screams before he tackles me to the ground.

My head slams off the concrete making me see stars. The world is fuzzy but I feel Gabe’s hands wrap around my neck. Reaching my hands out frantically looking for the other pieces of metal around here, my fingertips graze one. I grab it and slam it against his head.

He falls off me, his hands both cling to his head where I see blood starting to pool.

I jump up again.

“I told you you would fucking die tonight you pieces of shit,” I scream as I back up.

They all start to circle me but I keep my back away from them as I slowly move away from them. I am not letting them touch me again.

Josh lunges for me and I swing the metal wildly. Adrenaline takes over my body and I hit him in the ribs. He grabs his side and falls to the floor.

“Fucking WHORE!!!” He shouts from the ground grabbing at his side. I’m positive I hit him with enough force to break one.

Blake runs for me. He jumps to tackle me but I leap out of the way dodging him. His body falls to the ground with a satisfying thud. I stand over the top of him and smash the metal down on him, over and over and over again. He stops moving.

I see his chest rise and fall, fuck he’s still alive. I raise my arm to stab him with my new best friend in my hand and see Gabe start to stand.

Fear rushes through me. No way can I take out all three of them again. I’m already starting to shake from exhaustion.

Fuck, I have to get out of here.

Before the rest of them can get up, I take off running. I grip the steel rod in my hand like it is my only lifeline. My limp slows me down but I push through it. I have to get away from them.

I run into the empty desert and don’t stop.

I run until I can’t move anymore.

My body collapses and I fall in the dirt.

The buildings are a tiny spec in the distance. I crawl behind a big rock curling in on myself, and just listen.

All I can hear is the racing of my heartbeat, and the heavy breaths as I try to calm myself down.

My leg begins to throb again. The adrenaline from the fight wearing off. I can feel every scratch, every cut, every bruise. My body is nothing but pain.

Existence is pain.

All I know is pain.

I lay my head back on the rock, and close my eyes.

Chapter 30

Zander

I hear engines outside, a lot of them. Then hear footsteps as the club runs in. All of them hold weapons.

Brit holds a shotgun. Ven has two knives in his hands. Handguns fill the rest of their grips. I smile at the sight.

“You all look like fucking superheroes right now,” I say, still gripping the man on the ground by his hair.



*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 7:46 pm*

Ven walks in first, and the rest stay back making a perimeter. For not being trained at all in this shit, they are doing a great job.

“What the fuck happened, where’s Olive?” He asks, looking around for her.

“She took off after she beat the shit out of these fuckers,” I smile proudly.

“I knew she was a baddie,” Brit smiles.

“We’ll start looking for her. Groups of two everyone,” Brit tells them, they all pair off and start looking for her in every direction.

“Why is he still alive?” Ven points down to the dude on the ground.

I didn’t bother learning his name since he won’t have one much longer. When I’m through with him, he will be a sack of bloody meat on the floor.

“I’m keeping him to find his boss. This is bigger than just these four assholes stalking her. Someone hired them to stalk her. They went out of their way to find people from her past to do it. We need to figure out who this fucker is.” I jerk the guy’s head back. “And this piece of shit is going to make sure we do, isn’t he?” He nods frantically.

“Yes—yes. I swear I’ll help however I can. Pl—please don’t kill me. I have kids,” he sputters as tears and snot flow from his face.

I spit on him, covering his face and eyes with my saliva. He cringes.

“You’re fucking scum. You have a family and you are out here stalking an innocent fucking girl? Are you kidding me?”

Jayce walks in front of him and knees him in the chest. I let go of his head and he falls to the ground with an “oof.” He lays on the ground, still.

“Stay the fuck down. Your kids are better off without you anyway.” Jayce commands, walking behind him, he twists his arms around his back and loops handcuffs onto his wrists.

“We need to find our girl. Can you get him somewhere?” Jayce asks Ven.

Ven nods. “Yeah, I’ll take him to the gym. He’ll be in the basement. I’ll stay with him until you get there.” He lifts the guy, the man stumbles but follows.

“Take someone with you. No one does anything alone when it comes to these fuckers got it?” I demand. He nods and walks off, two of the guys follow him.

“What do we do about this?” I point down at the men on the ground.

“So uhh, about that,” Jayce says as he rubs his neck. He pulls a radio out from his pocket and I roll my eyes, always a fucking cop.

“Come on out,” he says.

The State Trooper who followed him into the house when the knocking happened, walks out of the shadows in full blacked-out tactical gear. His rifle hangs in front of him on his sling.

“ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW JAYCE?” I shout before I grip his collar.

“I told you one fucking rule, we don’t talk about any of this shit, and you brought ANOTHER FUCKING NARC into the mix.” I shake him. He pulls away from me, shoving me off of him.

“I saved his wife from some pretty deep shit, years ago, before I was a cop. He isn’t going to say shit,” he says.

The trooper walks up to me. “I owe Jayce. He saved her life and got her away from some nasty people, doing very illegal things. Jayce is the reason I joined. I’m not going to say shit.” He nods at me, pulling his mask off his face. “Nice to meet you, I’m John.”

I glare at him before I take my phone out of my pocket and take a picture of him with the bodies behind him.

“I don’t know you John, and I don’t trust you. Now I have evidence you were here. If you fuck around, I will go to the cops with this. You understand?” I send the photo to my cloud so it can’t be deleted.

John sighs. “Fuck, are you kidding me? I’m not going to do shit. Whatever, man. Don’t let that photo get out.” I nod.

“It won’t. I, unlike Jayce,” I glare at him, “actually know how to keep a fucking secret.” I put my phone back in my pocket and stomp off.

“I’m going to handle the cleanup. You guys go find Oli,” he says to my back as I walk away. Jayce runs up behind me grabbing my arm, pulling me to a stop.

“I’m sorry, man. I knew if I told you you would freak and we didn’t have time for that. I know he isn’t going to do anything. It’s the only reason I brought him. After the shit went down with his wife, life got busy and we laid low. We didn’t talk for years, when I saw him the other night it reminded me that we did have help we could

call in here.” He grips both my shoulders. “Oli is my entire fucking life. I wasn’t going to risk it just beingus. I knew the club was coming, but I wanted more firepower just in case.”

I sigh. I understand where he is coming from, but fuck. It’s already a mess with one cop involved, now there are two.

“Whatever, man. Don’t keep shit from me in the future. Got it?” I push my finger into his chest, but he just pulls me into a hug.

“We’re going to find her. Now let’s go,” he whispers in my ear. I kiss his cheek and he pulls back blushing.

“Let’s go find our girl,” I say, and walk out into the desert.

To Be Continued...