



Break Me

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Category: Erotic, Romance, New Adult

Description: Break her. Build her. Keep her.

Lexi

Four broken engagements.

Four men who left me with nothing but shame, shattered dreams, and a growing suspicion that maybe the problem... is me.

I've always been stubborn, headstrong, a little too loud and way too mouthy. The kind of woman who demands control, and then wonders why no one ever stays.

But when I find that ad on a spoof website, something in me breaks wide open.

A man who can teach you how to be a real woman?

It sounds ridiculous, offensive, even. But I'm out of pride, out of options, and dangerously close to giving up.

So I go up the mountain to a secluded cabin. Ready for whatever comes next. I'm done pretending I don't want to be handled, claimed, undone.

I'm ready to be broken.

Only Emmett isn't what I expected. He's colder. Stricter. Smarter. And when he puts a collar in his hand, I'm not sure whether to run or beg.

But the truth is... I'm already his.

Emmett

The ad was a joke. A cruel dig from my ex after she found evidence of my old life. The floggers, the cuffs, the camera. She didn't understand, not really. So she put my secrets online for the world to mock.

Let them line up and see what kind of monster you are.

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:49 am

Chapter 1 - Lexi

“You’re just too needy.”

That’s what Jackson said right before he dumped me. Fourth time’s the charm, I guess...if the charm is another fucking failure.

I pick the wine glass up to my lips and take another of the many last sips that I've had tonight, while I run my thumb along the newly open space on my ring finger.

The day my usually self-centered ex walked in the door with flowers and dinner for the two of us, I should've known that the night would end in the shitter.

Turns out I was right. He sat me on the couch and gave me what I'm sure is a compliment sandwich. Told me how great of a woman I am, then slid in the middle that he couldn't see himself with me for the rest of his life. And finished it all off with telling me that I won't have any trouble finding my next love.

As if I didn't just give him all my love. I gave Jackson my everything, mostly because I was determined not to go through another failed engagement.

Apparently, my everything still wasn't enough.

The wine doesn't even burn as it goes down my throat anymore.

I feel nothing.

My eyes drift down to the dark red liquid in the nearly translucent gold glass. The wine sits there in perfect peace. Not even a ripple. Mocking me. Tormenting me with the peace I've tried so hard to find.

I never fucking win.

With a rage I thought I was finish with, I haul the wine glass against the bone white wall and roar with all my might at the sight of the broken glass and wasted alcohol.

"Damn you! Damn you Jackson!"

My heart is thumping in my chest like a drum, but the anger hasn't disappeared. With every breath I take, all I can think about is how bad Jackson hurt me. How bad they always hurt me. Not that anyone would ever know.

No matter what I'm going through, any time I open up and speak my truth, I always get the same response. "You're strong. You'll get through this."

If that's not the biggest pile of steaming bullshit, I don't know what is.

I don't want to be strong. I don't want to have to get through it. I'm tired of being the one to fix everything. This shit is getting old real fast.

With a sigh, I push the chair back, get up and walk over to clean up my mess. I kneel down and reach for the first shard of glass.

With my left hand.

The empty one.

Like a weathered ruin that one small trembling reminder is enough to make me

crumble.

Gut wrenching sobs punch up and out of my mouth as I slide all the way to the floor with tears cascading down my cheeks.

I'm not talking cute dainty tears but ugly mouth open, snot bubble tears. The ones that hurt more than they heal.

By the time I'm all cried out the wine on the floor has nearly dried and I can't figure out how much time I've wasted.

I know what I should do. Buck up as they say, but I just don't have it in me.

I don't want to buck up. I don't want to do anything besides huddle into a corner somewhere and pout.

Instead, I get up giving a side eye to the mess that I'm perfectly happy leaving there on the floor for another hour or day.

Who cares? Who am I cleaning up for, it's not like someone is coming home for dinner.

Not anymore.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:49 am

Jackson left that same night. His bags were already packed. It didn't seem to hurt him none to be calling it quits on our two-year relationship. I acted like it didn't bother me either. I smiled as he draped the two large duffel bags over his shoulders. I made it seem as if I agreed with him.

Absolutely. Breaking up is the best thing for us.

Of course, I loved the idea of wasting years of my life.

With a sigh I walked into my slightly masculine living room. I changed my decor to make it more comfortable for Jackson, I'm not looking to take on the beast of doing any more redecorating.

My eyes scan over the large screen TV that's mounted on my wall. I could turn it on, maybe lose myself in an episode or two of some mindless streaming show. I heard *Severance* was good. I'd been looking forward to getting started watching that.

Back when Jackson was here. It was on our lists of shows to start watching.

I roll my eyes as the thought crosses my mind. Nope. I won't be doing that.

It seems like everywhere I look there's just another reminder of the life that I'm no longer part of. Memories of Jackson and what we were supposed to be. I hate it.

I've still got two years on my lease in this apartment, and I don't know how I'm going to get through it. I need some time away. Some time to try to forget all the memories here.

With an inkling of a new plan, I walk to the back room that we used as Jackson's gaming room and turn on the computer. If he could use it to spend hours of the day gaming I'm sure it'll be just fine with a bit of web browsing.

Who knows, maybe this time tomorrow I can be on a plane to somewhere exotic like Ecuador or Brazil. I did want to do some traveling. Now I have nothing but time to do just that.

Yes, this sounds like a perfect idea. Some traveling. Eat, Pray, Love style. Maybe I'll even find a part of myself I didn't know existed. I mean, that's how it happens in all the movies right. The woman goes through some serious heartbreak. She travels to some far off place, and then a prince falls in her lap.

If that's not the recipe, then Hallmark has seriously gotten it all wrong for years.

I wait for the ridiculously high tech computer to start up. It honestly sounds more like an airplane getting ready to lift off from the ground than a simple computer. Finally when I get to the search screen I dive in. I'm grateful for the distraction. I can finally do something for just me. Find a place I'd like and not have to worry about how it would affect anyone else. I don't have to worry about what outfits to bring or if there are any fun excursions.

This is all just for me.

I deserve something like this.

Right?

I mean, I'm sure all Jackson said can't be true. I'm not really too much for anyone to handle. I'm not that needy or clingy. Not that helpless.

Am I?

What I thought would be a quick search turned into hours upon hours of research.

Research that turned out to be more and more of a bad idea.

Who knew that kidnapping was rampant in Brazil, especially for single women traveling alone, or pretty much anywhere for that matter? With every place I searched when I did a deep dive about the area of the resort or hotel, there were articles upon articles of crimes that were being committed.

It would be just my luck that I go to one of these places trying to find myself, only to be truly lost at the hands of some mad man.

Yeah, taking a trip alone isn't sounding as glorious as I was thinking it would be. At least not out of the country.

Still, I refuse to give up hope. There has to be somewhere I can go. Some place I can just be while I try to get over this. Someplace to heal.

The rabbit hole that is the internet sucked me in for a few more hours. I went from looking at vacation spots to wellness retreats to sexual awakening clubs and finally found myself looking through sites that offer alone time in the wilderness.

I've never been a wilderness kind of girl, but maybe that can change in the right rental.

'The correction you think you need.'

The headline screamed at me as my tired eyes took in site after site on the search page. Before I knew it my finger had stopped scrolling.

Correction? Do I need to be corrected?

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:49 am

If I listened to anything that Jackson said to me, I did.

Well, not just Jackson. Michael too, and Bryson, and Liam.

All four of my ex- fiancés had said something along the same lines. I was a handful. Wanted too much. Bossy.

Once again, without knowing it, my finger pressed on the mouse until it double-clicked on the link.

When the ad opens up I just can't believe what I'm reading.

Need a Life Makeover? CallHim– The Self-Proclaimed Dom

Brought to you by the ex who narrowly escaped with her sanity (and a safe word I never wanted).

Looking to trade your independence for a leash you never asked for? Want to be “trained” by a man who learned everything he knows from bad erotica and zero communication? You’re in luck.

His “Unmatched” Services Include:

Instant Obedience Training: He says "kneel," and you're expected to thank him for the privilege.

No Limits, No Problem: Safe words are for amateurs. He prefers “total surrender”...

especially when it benefits him.

Control Disguised as Care: He'll pick your clothes, meals, friends—because “he knows what’s best.”

Punishment First, Communication Never: Why talk it out when he can spank the attitude out of you?

Consent, But Make It Optional: You agreed to submit once, which apparently means forever.

Bonus Package Includes:

Daily reminders that “real submissives don’t question their Dominant”

Emotional dependency disguised as devotion

A curated reading list of BDSM blogs he skimmed once and now quotes religiously

Don’t wait, ladies. He’s currently accepting applications for his next “sub.” No experience necessary! Just low self-esteem and a willingness to confuse control with love. If you ask him, he's the man who can teach you how to be a real woman. Come check this no good possessive asshole out for yourself! [Link below!](#)

The more I read the rather shocking ad the harder I laugh. Who in their right mind would think something like this would actually work? I'm not sure if it's from this so called dominant or from someone playing a bad trick on him but it does give me just a little moment of relief. Just one second where I'm not thinking about how shitty my life truly is right now. But slowly my laugh turns hollow. This so called training could be exactly what I need.

Did the creator of the ad somehow know that? Did they know there would be a woman in the world, a woman like me, with no other options.

At that moment, it feels like I have something of a eureka moment. I'll never blame myself for all of the problems in my previous relationships but if I'm honest with myself it's not too hard to believe that just maybe I'm part of the problem.

I mean, it's obvious.

If four people are telling me the same thing, there has to be some truth to what they are saying.

They all said I was too much, too hard to control, bossy, needy...so how do I fix that?

It's my personality. It's who I am.

Am I really damned to be unlovable or can I be taught?

My eyes scan the ad for the hundreth time. It's says right there that this so called dominant can teach me how to be a real woman. Maybe they can help me mold my personality, make me be more desirable.

I shake my head and push away from the computer. This is absolutely ridiculous. What the hell am I even thinking. I can't go to some strange man and demand that he make me over.

This isn't a bravo reality show and there's nothing wrong with me.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:49 am

Well that's a lie, if there was nothing wrong with me I wouldn't be here with four failed engagements under my belt.

Slowly, I pull myself back up to the computer and look over the ad again as if some of the words might change.

I did say I wanted a vacation. I wanted to work on myself. I wanted to forget all this misery.

What better way to do that than if someone take over making all the decisions for me. All I really have to do is click the link and register. At least that is what the site says. I wonder how many other woman are having these same thoughts? Will I miss out on the chance if I don't act now.

In a flurry of impulsiveness, I quickly fill out the form and put my arrival date as this weekend along with my phone number if any plans change.

When I hit enter a colorful screen pops up letting me know that I've taken the first steps to becoming a real woman all laced with laughing emojis. I still can't tell if this is a trick or not but I'm going to find out for myself.

One way or another.

Chapter 2 - Emmett

Sweat rollsdown the side of my face as I lift the ax over my head and bring it down hard.

Over and over.

I ignore the pain in my muscles. Pain I can deal with, but this intrusive violation of my life, I can't.

I should've known when Violet and I became an item that things would go bad.

What can I say... I wanted a challenge.

It's been years since I stepped away from my dominant lifestyle. I never want to go through the emotional turmoil that comes from having a sub. Truthfully, being a submissive takes a lot from a person, but having the energy and will of a dominant can be taxing as well. No one truly understands what I see. How I have to be extra observant, extra protective, extra everything all for a submissive who turns out only to be reliving childhood trauma while not forging any bond with me whatsoever.

I just can't do it again.

Lifting my arm to wipe the sweat from my forehead, I grit my teeth as I feel my phone vibrate once again in my pants pocket. When will this nonsense stop. It's been well over a week since Violet put that ridiculous ad online, and I'm still getting trolls and other irritating people messaging me. Most of them telling me that I should kill myself for being such a horrible human being, others making fun of my previous way of life.

It doesn't matter how much I try to explain to them that the ad was wrong, none of them take even a second to believe me.

I guess that's what Violet wanted.

When our relationship became more about how I could hurt her then how much she

loved me, I realized it was way past the time for us to break up.

Unfortunately, she didn't see it the same way. I didn't want to be just a dominant to her. I wanted to be the man she loved.

When I broke things off with her, she didn't accept it. She came by every day as if she still lived here. When I finally made it clear to her that she was no longer welcomed, she threw a fit and promised me that I would never find a woman like her. That quickly turned into her verbal attacking me, telling me that I wasn't a real dominant. That I was a fake. She told me that I couldn't handle a real submissive and that I was a fraud.

It stung, I'm not going to lie, but it was just her being hurt. Still, the relationship was toxic. I should've seen it from the very beginning.

The buzzing in my pocket stops, only to start right back up again. I've stopped answering the people who respond to the ad. It's just not worth my time or energy. They won't understand what I have to say. They don't care. They only want me to fuel the drama they've already played out in their minds.

I don't have the time nor the energy for that.

I let my eyes slide over the large pile of wood I have chopped up for the coming cold snap. It's more than enough. In fact, I think it might just be too much. I'll have to find somewhere to store the excess.

As I lean down and start to pick up the splintered pieces of wood, my ears perk up at the sound of an engine coming in my direction. The distinct sound of a fan belt that needs replacing and the uneven thump of a wheel that needs to be filled up.

Fucking Violet.

I don't have the patience for her today.

Maybe I can go hide in the house. I scoff at the idea.

Like that would stop her.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:49 am

Waiting for the menace to make her appearance, I walk up to my porch and lean against the railing. If she is going to have another fit, I'd rather she didn't do it in my place.

Just because I've got enough money to buy the place twenty times over doesn't mean I like getting custom furniture remade over and over.

After another three minutes, Violet finally pulls to a stop in front of me. She doesn't even smile as she's sitting in the car. Instead, she just stares at me through the window, glaring. Pissed.

Is she expecting me to walk over to her and beg for her forgiveness? Maybe to break down crying. It's not going to happen.

She gets out of her car and slams the door so hard the sound echoes in the air.

"I thought I told you about coming back here. Am I going to have to call the police and put in a restraining order?" I question as she makes her way in my direction.

"A restraining order? Like you ever would. You don't want those kinds of problems with me, Emmett." She hisses at me.

I clench my teeth together and breathe through my nose before I reply. She's right. I don't want those kinds of problems. The main reason I live all the way out in here in the wilderness is because I don't want any kinds of problems.

"What do you want, Violet?" I question and she gives me a sinister smirk.

"Oh nothing, I just came up here to see if you had any company. Wanted to warn the poor souls of what kind of monster you are."

"Monster? What the hell are you talking about? There was nothing monstrous about our relationship. Everything we did was consensual."

"Consensual? You were lying to me. Hiding what you really were from me." She squeezes her little hand together and takes a step in my direction.

"It's my personal business, I don't owe you any explanations."

"The hell you don't. How the hell do you think I should feel, finding out that the man I'm spending all my time with likes to beat on women. You probably tied them up, took pictures, got off to it. Don't lie to me, Emmett. That's who you really are, right?"

"What I did with any women before you is none of your business. Did I tie you up? Did I take any photos of you?"

Not once in my relationship with Violet did I ever try to bring in any dominant/submissive play. She only heard about that part of my life when she found a key to my shed where I kept my equipment. I didn't expect her to go snooping in that area. I guess I should have hidden my dark secrets a little better.

"How the hell should I know. With your depraved mind, maybe you did, and I just don't know. Tell me the truth, Emmett did you drug me and have your way with me? Maybe you have hidden cameras in the house I don't know about?"

My jaw drops and I scoff at her ridiculousness. "Are you serious? Now, you're accusing me of drugging you? You know damn well I've never done anything to you that you didn't want me to do. Stop acting like you're some kind of victim in this

whole thing. We were in a relationship. There are parts of me you don't like, and we ended it like grown adults. That's it. There's nothing more to the story."

"You wasted my life!" She screeches at me.

I'm through being yelled at. Through having to explain to her my reasons. I'm grown and can do whatever the hell I please. "I'm going to tell you this one time and one time only. Get the hell off my property and don't come back. There's nothing left for you here. You don't want anything to do with me. Fine. Leave me the hell alone." I snarl at her and turn my back to go into the house.

"Don't you walk away from me. I deserve better than this. I deserve some sort of compensation."

My feet skid to a stop the second I hear those words come out of her mouth. She's hinted at this before, but she's never out right said it.

Money. This is about money.

Slowly, I turn back to face her. "You think I'm going to pay you for bringing this chaos into my life." I squint my eyes at her but don't move closer. The last thing I need right now is for her to accuse me of being threatening.

Violet shrugs her shoulders and looks away from me. Good for her. She should be ashamed for how brazen a request that is.

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I do know I'm not walking away from this without something to show for my time. Think on it, and I'm sure you'll come up with something."

"Get. Off. My. Property." I snarl through my teeth.

Finally, she heaves a sigh and curses me under her breath, but she turns and gets into her car. She peels out of my driveway, her tires spinning furiously, spitting dirt and gravel in my direction before she drives away.

I don't know what I ever saw in a woman like Violet.

She's sexy, sure. Has that I dare you quality about her, yeah. And the sex was...okay. But even all that isn't enough for me to deal with her bullshit any longer.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 7, 2025, 6:49 am

I'll just take this as a warning for the future.

Women are fucking crazy.

As I watch the tail lights on her car disappear, I wipe the spray of dirt from my face and walk back over to the stack of logs that I've just chopped.

How the hell did I get myself into this mess?

I tried my hardest not to be as controlling as I used to be. I let her walk all over me. Bit my tongue. Watched myself disappear just to keep her happy. And still, I'm the monster in her story.

Though I want to believe this is the last time I'm going to see Violet on my land, I doubt it.

I grab for the axe, getting myself ready to chop more logs I don't need, but I have to do something with all this excess energy. As I lift the axe over my head, my phone buzzes in my pocket again.

I toss my head back and groan loudly to the sky. Maybe someone up there will hear my frustration and cut me a little break.

Surely, this can't go on.

I lift the axe again, muscles aching, chest tight. No one's shown up yet. Just anonymous screens and keyboard cowards clawing at my past.

But something tells me... they're only the beginning.