



# Disco Fever

**Author:** *Ab. Cynthe*

**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Dark, Horror

**Description:** She is our angel and we are her devils.  
What more could you expect when two disco devils become  
obsessed with a not-so-innocent angel?

This is a 70's themed dark romance/horror. Please check triggers  
prior to reading.

**Total Pages (Source):** 33

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DANTE

The purple and blue lights in the questionably clean bathroom sputtered as they cast an ethereal hazy glow across Kat's perfectly dark brown skin. She glistened with sweat as the pastel lights soaked her in a dreamy blend of color. Everything about this moment with her was absolute perfection. She was perfection. And I couldn't look away, too enticed by her existence. I felt drunk and high all at once, entrapped by her entire being, as I savored her wetness. I stood in one of my favorite places—the space between her thighs—as she sat on the glitter dusted sink counter of the club bathroom, panting from her orgasm. I couldn't help but to grin, knowing just how good I made her feel.

“Oh, you're such a good boy.” Kat grazed her fingers up the side of my face, twirling her fingers around my hair before she yanked me up to stand. Then she trailed her hand up my chest and lightly wrapped it around my neck. The sting from her claw-like fingernails was a welcome jolt of light pain as she pulled me down, my lips to her own. “Now come here and let me clean you up before you take me hard and fast, baby.”

Kat kept her hand gripped gently around my neck as she took her time and licked her arousal from my chin before kissing me with purpose. All I could do was moan as my body tensed, enjoying her touch and fighting back the urge to come.

Oh fuck.

I loved when my girl took control. She did it so fucking well, and I never complained because it's exactly what I needed. What I wanted.

My restraint broke as I slid her to the edge of the counter, starving for her when someone rudely interrupted us, banging on the locked bathroom door. "Occupied!" I shouted with a short tempered chuckle before pulling my cock out of my tight pants. Kat was still soaked, panting, and waiting for me to take her hard and fast. As much as I enjoyed being her good boy, I kind of wanted to be a little defiant tonight.

My hand gripped the base of my length as I swirled the tip, already dripping with precum, and rubbed it roughly against her soaked entrance. A rough moan escaped my lips as I clenched my jaw, trembling at the way she felt against me. Kat squeezed my neck harder, those sharp nails of hers dug in a little deeper, forcing me to let out a deep groan as my head fell back and I relished in the pain.

"Dante, if you don't fuck me right now I'm going—" Her threat was cut off by more incessant knocking on the bathroom door.

"I said it's fucking occupied!" Now I was pissed.

We locked the door to the women's bathroom at Eden's Inferno on a Friday night. We haven't been in here that long and they weren't that busy when we got in here.

My attention returned to Kat, our eyes meeting as I spat on my fingers and rubbed the saliva around my cock. She watched as I teased her, gently massaging her clit with the three metal bar piercings on the underside of my cock. "I'm ready to be your good boy now." I finished my sentence by bottoming out in her pussy as we gasped in unison. I didn't want to move. I wanted to stay put and savor the warmth of her walls as they pulsed around me.

Oh fuck.

“Dante...” Kat moaned, and it was like music to my ears, drowning out Ma Baker by Boney M that bumped through the speakers in the club on the other side of the door. We were stuck in a rushing moment, soaring the high that was once again interrupted with more knocking against the bathroom door. “Someone is fucking in here!” Kat shouted. “Like, we are literally FUCKING in here!” Kat screamed at the door.

“Look at me,” Kat demanded as she released my neck and grabbed my face. She roughly squeezed my cheeks, forcing me to look directly into her bewitching eyes. “Forget that idiot out there. You’re my good fucking boy, Dante. You do as I say, when I say. And right now, I want you to fuck me. Not like how you’d fuck others... Fuck me right.” That was all I needed to hear.

Yes, fucking ma'am.

My hands wasted no time as they picked Kat up, hooking around her backside, and slammed her against the bathroom wall as she wrapped her legs around me, groaning with a smile at the rough impact. We were positioned against each other at the perfect angle, making this much easier. The knocking against the door continued, but I ignored it, focusing only on what mattered. On whom mattered. And I didn’t hold back, giving Kat everything I had. I could feel my release building as my balls began to tighten with an overwhelming need to burst. She must have known, must have seen the need in my face, because she twirled her fingers in my long hair and yanked hard enough that it forced me to look up at the ceiling as she opened her mouth and licked my exposed throat.

Oh, fucking hell!

I came so hard, shooting ropes of cum into her tight cunt as she thrust against me, moving harder and faster, milking every bit of my orgasm. My moans filled the room, quickly followed by her own just seconds after. I reached down and gently circled her clit, helping to extend her orgasm as she rode it out, grinding and pulsing on my cock.

We continued as we forced ourselves to fully empty our excitement until all that was left was exhaustion and the smell of sweat and sex fogging our senses.

Gently, I sat Kat down and helped gently clean her up with a paper towel. The sound of pounding on the door returned again, pissing me off. "Can you chill out for a second, damn!" I leaned over the sink and splashed my face, trying to calm my racing heart. I turned to look over at Kat, now touching up her dark lipstick in the dingy, rusty mirror. She looked so good, the color only enhancing her luscious lips. "You're too fucking beautiful for words, Kitty Kat. How you look when freshly fucked and filled with my cum is definitely in my top five."

"Oh yeah, is that so?" She walked up to me and yanked the collar of my shirt as she pulled me down and whispered in my ear. "You on all fours, crawling and begging before I fuck you is in my top five." She bit her teeth together with a devious grin.

My knees immediately went weak as my eyes rolled back and I groaned before snatching her by the neck and kissing her hard.

The banging on the door returned, continuing nonstop. "Open this door right now!" a man shouted from the other side. I closed my eyes, grumbling as I reluctantly stepped back from Kat.

"Dante, don't," she groaned.

I stopped and looked at my dirty reflection in the shitty mirror. I was reminded of who I was before as my hands gripped the edge of the sink, my knuckles turning white as I tried to control my anger, channeling it. My arm swung as I punched the mirror with all my might. It cracked, splintering out from where my fist connected with it as pieces crumbled all across the counter and on the bathroom floor.

"What the fuck is going on in there?" the man outside demanded, while continuing to

pound on the door and jiggling the handle, testing my patience.

My eyes drifted down to my hand from the mirror and I noticed my knuckles were bleeding. Kat gingerly guided my face back to her as we made eye contact once again. She turned the faucet on full stream, sticking my hand under the running water, not breaking eye contact.

“You’re okay, baby,” she stated as she licked the still bleeding cuts that slowly seeped from my skin. My muscles tightened and my cock flexed in response as she stared up at me, cleaning my blood from her teeth with a smile. My fingers raised her chin as I smiled down at her.

“Thanks to you.” I grabbed our masks from the counter, handing Kat hers before pulling mine over my face, hiding it entirely. I glanced back over at Kat, her mask affixed perfectly over her gorgeous face. We were ready to step back out into the real world. Ready to leave our utopia, leaving behind all our worries and cares. The bathroom at Eden’s Inferno with constant pounding on the door wasn’t the ideal backdrop, but I’d take it. I’d take any place no matter how bad as long as I had my time with her.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 7:41 am*

Kat wrapped my arm around her shoulders, her purple bedazzled devil mask sparkling beneath the pastel lights as we walked to the bathroom door and unlocked it.

As soon as the lock clicked, the door was pushed open by the club's bouncer, Robert. "Goddamn devils! You two get the fuck out of here. No more funny business! I'm not in the mood tonight." Kat grabbed my hand, now covered in faintly smeared blood, lifted her mask just enough to reveal her plump lips and once more licked it clean in front of Robert's face before pulling her mask back down over her face.

"I'm going to pretend I didn't hear those words fall from your mouth," she spat as she tilted her head. Together, we forcefully shoved past Robert. "Don't be such a putz, Bobby!" Kat called back over her shoulder to him. She fondled her way around my back pocket and reached for my wallet, sliding her fingers within it. She grabbed what looked like at least a few hundreds and tossed them at Robert with no care in the world. "There! That should be more than plenty to cover that nasty old mirror. And better yet—" she chucked a couple more large bills at him, "fix that leaking fuckin' faucet too. It's a real buzz kill." Kat returned my wallet. I couldn't see her light brown eyes hidden under her mask, but I knew they were sparkling, enjoying her power. Just as I was, my own smile beaming beneath my matching, bedazzled blue devil mask.

This shouldn't be so fucking hot. But it fucking is.

Robert grunted, snatching the bills as he huffed and puffed. "You damn devils. If you didn't protect this place, why I—" He continued to rant to himself as we laughed at his steaming temper, knowing damn well he was just in a bad mood. Our protection

made him money and protected his investments. Without us, he was nothing. “And stop calling me Bobby!” Robert yelled back at us as we had gotten a comfortable distance away from him. Clearly, he didn’t want to say it directly to Kat, knowing she’d put him on his ass. Easily and happily, and I loved that even more.

Kat and I casually made our way to our usual table in the lively club. We had our spot, one that we preferred. Everyone knew that spot was reserved for us and even gave it a fun little nickname: The Devil’s Corner. It was a two top tucked back in a shaded corner of the club where we had a clear view of every entry and exit point. It had its advantage too, giving us a clearshot to watch the dancers. Kat and I wanted to ensure we could see everything at all times... for business. We had to be aware of our surroundings in case people came looking for us and we had to be ready. Most of the time, the people who visited our little corner needed something—something we had to offer for a pretty price and in a wide variety. Eden’s Inferno, while under our protection, allowed us to do our business out in the open, away from prying eyes. We dealt to any and everyone, as long as we knew they wouldn’t cause too much trouble. Regardless, trouble always seemed to follow us. Everyone had enemies. And Kat and I, doing what we did, we had enemies too. Plenty.

As we situated ourselves at the table, I noticed a server heading our way on roller skates. The servers at Eden’s Inferno were always easy to spot. They rocked matching uniforms of sheer cropped bell sleeve tops and booty shorts of varying colors, painted in glitter that sparkled under the moody lighting. Always such beautiful women the owners loved to parade around for customers to see. An old tactic to get easily influenced men to spend their money until their wallets were emptied and dry. The servers all skated around the club on quad skates, tending to all the customers, wearing little to nothing yet always flaunting a seductive and entrancing smile. I had such mad respect for the women who worked here. Fuck, I couldn’t dance on stage like they did, let alone skate and carry trays filled with drinks, all while looking so damn good... not without dropping something or busting my ass. It pissed me off the owners didn’t pay them more. They deserved it.



The bright eyed redhead server gracefully rolled her way over to us, stopping perfectly just short of the table. “Hey there, what can I get ya?” She spoke directly to me, paying Kat no attention as usual.

I hated when anyone did this, and Kat did too. She always said she felt like people automatically assumed she could never be the one to pay, or be interested in any of the women here, feeling ignored or brushed aside opposed to me. If that’s the case, they were sorely mistaken. Kat was the one in charge, not me. And she was always far more interested in the woman. More than I ever was.

I looked over to Kat, raising a brow and expecting a smart ass remark, but she was preoccupied, pretending to pick at the cuticles of her nails. I simply chuckled to myself and spoke to her. “Your usual, Kitty Kat?” She nodded, refusing to take her eyes off her long, dark nails. I shook my head and turned back to the server, silently reading her name tag pinned on the thin fabric pressed against her bulging breasts. “Hi, Lana. My boss will have a Tequila Sunrise and I’ll take a Tom Collins.”

“Groovy! I’ll have it right over,” Lana replied with a wink before she skated off towards the main bar.

“I fucking hate when they do that. It’s like—because I don’t have a dick, I don’t even exist! Hell, I spend more fucking money here than you do most nights.” Kat huffed as she crossed her arms. I couldn’t help but notice the swell of her breasts with how she was sitting, pushing them together like she was as she pouted. Whether she knew she was doing it or not, I didn’t know, but I fucking liked it.

“I know, Kitten.” I reached my hand under the table and sat my hand high on her leg. Her smooth leather pants left nothing to the imagination for my eyes or my hands. I ran small circles on her upper thighs, trying to soothe her just like she did for me back in the bathroom. Our relationship wasn’t traditional in the sense. It was a give and take. We balanced each other out perfectly. Fuck, more than perfectly. She kept me

level-headed, for the most part, and I did the same for her. We had been equal partners for so long, fitting together in a way that nothing could break us. I couldn't have asked for a better partner in life or in business.

Kat turned to look at me, flicking her eyebrow as my hand wandered a little too far up her thigh. "How's your hand?" she asked teasingly, before pulling it close to her masked covered face. She peered at it more closely.

"I think it's alright," I said. My eyes watched her closely through our masks as she manipulated each of my fingers individually, examining the small cuts from the mirror with a raw intensity. I wasn't really sure how she could even see the details, mask or no mask. Our corner of the club was so dark, despite the many colored strobe lights. It was hard enough to see anything without our masks, let alone with them, but I wasn't going to complain. I loved the way she always cared for me.

"Thankfully, it doesn't look too bad. I'll be able to clean it up when we are home. Are you sure that you're okay? Fuck your hand—I mean you." She ended her sentence cupping the bit of my cheek that still poked out from the side of my mask. I leaned into her touch, craving her warmth. It had been a while since I snapped like that, but thankfully, Kat always grounded me.

I turned my head and grabbed her hand from my face, lifting my mask a bit as I kissed the back of her warm hand. "I'll be okay, Kitten. All thanks to you."

A few minutes later, Lana came back with our drinks, smiling at me and once again ignoring Kat. I really expected her to say something, but she didn't. Once Lana skated away, I looked over at Kat and noticed she wasn't paying attention to Lana or our drinks. No, her eyes were preoccupied elsewhere. Even with that bedazzled purple mask, I could follow her gaze. Her eyes were glued across the way, on the bar on the opposite side of the energized club.

I leaned over to Kat so that our eyes were at the same level and looking in the same direction. “What are we looking at, Kitty Kat? Or should I ask, who are we looking at?” I scanned the club, searching for what—or better, who—might have caught her eye.

My relationship with Kat was undefinable. We loved each other endlessly, partners in all aspects of our lives, but we were also very open to a third, or forth... hell, even a fifth party joining in from time to time if the situation called for it. Whatever fit our combined tastes in those rare moments. But that’s all it ever was. A situation. It was never more than that. One and done.

“You see that blonde there, at the bar?” She whispered to me, pointing with her long nail. The lights in the club shifted a bit, a rainbow of color now lighting up the space, revealing the many faces of the club’s occupants, including the mystery blonde woman. She smiled at the customers, teasing and taunting them. They begged for more as she began to walk away from the bar and in our general direction, revealing more of herself to us. I simply stared alongside Kat, watching the woman with such intensity. She was beautiful, a gorgeous face with dark blue bedroom eyes and pouty lips that complemented her features perfectly. She had an obviously curvy physique that was hidden under a thin, pink satin robe. Her long, bright blonde hair was now the center of my attention as I silently nodded my head. We were close enough I knew Kat could feel my answer without needing the verbal confirmation. With hushed tones, Kat leaned in closer and continued to speak as we watched the woman. “She’s a dancer here. I’ve seen her a couple of times, watching how she interacts with everyone. She’s not like the other girls we see stumble in and out of Eden’s Inferno, and honestly—” She stops speaking as the woman strolled through the busy customers, inching closer in our direction. I turned my head and looked over at Kat. She was obviously transfixed, just staring at the mystery blonde as she played with the straw in her drink.

“Kitty Kat, are you crushing on that blonde fox?” I smiled beneath my mask, looking

directly at Kat. I couldn't remember the last time I saw her so smitten by another woman, that craving to know more dripping from her body as I watched her closely. As beautiful as the blonde was, seeing Kat so obviously mesmerized by this woman, so enticed, was a sight to behold.

Kat broke her stare and glanced up at me as she tilted her mask. "Yeah, Dante. I definitely am. And I want her. Bad." Kat turned her attention back to the woman as she continued walking.

I couldn't take my eyes off of her either.

If Kat wants her, then I want her too.

DOT

"Don't you dare play games with me, Patty! It's not funny."

"I swear, Dottie! Those Disco Devils were just looking over here, and I can promise you they weren't looking at this old broad." She stepped back and threw her arms up in a show, dramatically showcasing her body. I had to stop myself from giggling, even if she meant it as a playful gesture. Patty had quickly become my best friend here at Eden's Inferno. She took me under her wing, showed me the ropes, and watched out for me, quickly becoming the older sister I never knew I needed. She was one of the original dancers who had been dancing at Eden's Inferno since they first opened, eventually shifting to bartending over the years. Now, she was in charge of the bar and had almost as much power as the owner. Almost. But she and I clicked from my very first day, and she was determined to keep me on a straight path. I think it was the mom in her, but I didn't care. I adored her all the same.

"Patty, shut up!" I ordered myself a Pink Lady from the working bartender. He glanced at Patty, who nodded to him, letting him know it was okay. She huffed at my

words. “You're not old. You're like... fine wine. Beautifully aged and only getting better over time.” The bartender winked as he handed me the pink drink. I raised the single cherry to my mouth, sucking it before taking the stem and tying it with my teeth. He watched, completely entranced, as I extended my tongue revealing the tied stem, winking as I tossed it at him and turned, raising my drink to Patty. “To my fine friend, Patty!” She crossed her arms as I took a sip, trying not to spit my drink out at the face she made.

“Fine, my ass.” Patty leaned close against the bar on the opposite side of me. “I mean it, Dottie. Those two couldn't keep their eyes off you. Masks or no masks, I know when someone is watching. And baby girl, they weren't just eyeing you. They were watching you.” My eyes watched her closely, tempted to look past her in their direction. “And I bet they're still watching you.” She grinned.

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“No,” I breathed with a smile. “No! Patty, stop.” She remained still, as I realized she was being serious. “They aren’t really looking over here though, are they?” I wanted to look past her but knew it would be obvious. “I can’t look. If I do, they’ll see me.” I was so nervous, filled with this odd anxiety. Why were they looking at me? Me, of all people. I was just... Dot. I came to work, I danced, I went home. That was my story, well, most of it. Truthfully, I started working at the infamous Eden’s Inferno not only because of its notoriety, but because I had heard it was a safe place to start over. No trouble, no manager selling his girls on the side for extra cash, or handsy customers. Just work. The last thing I needed in my life was to get mixed up with the disreputable devils. But still, maybe they’re just looking to look. And looking wasn’t a crime, right? I mean, Eden’s Inferno is a strip club. People pay to watch us dance. They come to see us expose ourselves for pay. Though I must admit, I wasn’t exactly supposed to be out on the floor. The dancers could mingle here and there, but it was supposed to be quick. No real socializing. They didn’t want us to build a relationship with the customers—called it a safety hazard. But these two weren’t just any old customers. They were more than that.

“All the years I’ve worked here, I’ve never seen a dancer catch their eyes. You have to walk by them, Dot.”

“I can’t, Patty.” I tried to hush her.

“Fine. Just turn around and be chill. Whip your hair or something and let your eyes follow just enough to see their table.” My heart began to race with an odd excitement. I wasn’t just breaking the rules by being here out on the floor, I was tempting fate, dangling myself in front of this elusive danger. And I liked it.

“Fine.” I exhaled, quickly finishing my drink. “Here it goes.” With a gentle inhale, I gracefully tossed my long hair over my shoulder as my eyes followed the direction of my strands, smiling as I pretended to laugh at something Patty said. Time nearly slowed as my sights were met with that of the two bedazzled masks. Patty was right. The Devils were staring right at me. My anxiety crept in as I remembered I couldn’t look directly at them. And I did. I casually looked past them, as if I was looking for something or someone else, pretending their heavy gazes didn’t excite me as they lingered on my skin.

“You naughty thing!” I playfully shoved Patty as she giggled at my obvious fake laugh.

“Smooth,” she teased quietly.

“Any who, I have to get backstage and change. See you later, Patty.” I blew her a kiss, grinning hard as I turned to leave, my face beaming with a smile as my cheeks remained flushed.

Be cool, Dot. Breathe. Just put one foot in front of the other and don’t trip when you walk by and you’ll be fine.

As I walked past their table, I pretended to not see them, once again tossing my hair back with a confident smile. Despite my fake demeanor, I was scared shitless. I could feel their eyes pulling me down from behind their masks. My blood rushed through my veins faster than a hit of any drug I’ve ever taken, boiling with adrenaline. All because I had the attention of those two people.

The Devils had their eyes on me. And I liked it.

DOT

The well lit vanity mirror warmed my face as I leaned in close and ran the hot pink lipstick across my lower lip, topping it off with the juiciest clear gloss to ensure perfection as I smacked my mouth with a loud pop and smiled at my reflection. The pink shade of my lips contrasted with the vibrant blue glitter caked across my eyelids enhanced by the thick, black winged liner. I tossed my bouncy blonde curls, emphasizing the height with some hairspray, making sure everything sat exactly how I intended it to. I wanted everything about me to look absolutely fucking perfect, down to the smallest detail.

“Five minutes, Dottie!” Patty shouted back to me from the doorway of the dressing room, her voice breaking through the distant thumping music and scattered voices of the other dancers.

“Hey Patty!” I twirled back to face her. “Did you see them? Are they out there?”

Patty smiled and nodded her head. “Those devils have been here every night since they first saw you.”

Perfect. I felt a feverish boost.

“Well? What do you think?” I motioned to my body, giving her a little spin.

She stepped into the dressing room, smoking a cigarette as she watched me, admiring my pastel pink lingerie that sparkled with every move. “That’s a mighty fine color on you, Dottie. Pink really suits you. Here—” She placed the cigarette between her lips and adjusted my bra straps, loosening them, allowing some extra room for my breasts to hang. “There we go.” She removed the cigarette and exhaled as her smoke hit my face. “You got bigger tits than all the other dancers combined. No need to choke yourself out trying to make them look bigger than they already are. Trust me, these”



—she motioned between my breasts— “are the closest any of those customers will ever get to see heaven. You’re like a seductive little angel sent down here to make the rest of us salivate at your feet.”

“Are you sure?” I asked anxiously, turning back to my reflection, examining every tiny detail for the hundredth time.

“Absolutely. Now.” Patty slapped my ass. “Go get them, baby girl.” A high-pitched squeal, followed by a wave of laughter, escaped my lips as I grabbed my sheer robe from the dressing room chair and began to tie it around my waist. “And hey...” Patty pointed to me. “Don’t be scared of them. Those two can look all they want, but the touching is up to you. You’re the one in control out there.” She looked back past the door and spoke to someone. “I’m coming!”

Patty ran off, assumingly to attend to more club business as I stared back at my reflection. “I’m not scared of them,” I whispered to myself. “I rather like the idea of dancing for the Devils.”

My dead gaze followed as I traced the feathered lining of the pink robe, touching the fabric of it gently until my hand fell to the vanity. Without hesitation, I opened the small vanity drawer, reaching my hand all the way to the back and retrieved a small compact. My eyes stared at it, watching as I opened the seemingly normal compact, filled with pressed powder and a pouf. It was anything but. I used a small nail file to pop the bottom of the small makeup tin open, revealing a small compartment with my favorite powder. Using my long pinky nail, I scooped the perfect amount of the white substance from the compact and lifted it to my nose, inhaling it entirely with one hard sniff. Wiping my nose, I turned to my reflection one last time as I began to lose myself in a rabbit hole of lingering thoughts.

You see, the staff at Eden’s Inferno had many rules, especially for us dancers. We weren’t supposed to linger or interact with the customers outside our sets, we

couldn't drink with the crowd or take rides home after hours, and we sure as hell weren't supposed to do drugs. These rules were one of the many reasons the club was said to operate so well, flourishing in this time and age. But secretly, we all broke them. Every dancer had her drug of choice, taking hits in the bathroom or shooting up between costume changes. We all took a little pill before our shifts or snorted that pretty white powder in between sets. It was how we managed this gig. Yes, Eden's Inferno was safer than most establishments, but it still had its demons, especially for us dancers. We may appear glowing and unbothered on stage, carelessly putting on these intoxicating showcases of our bodies, but once that shift was over and we returned to our lives outside the club, it was hell. Men would recognize us out on the streets, taunting and haggling for a private dance and show. Wives and mothers would spit at our feet and scold us for turning to a life of sin, blaming us for seducing their husbands and draining their bank accounts as if it was our fault that those dicks they married had wandering eyes and appetites. Some places, no matter how much money you threw at them, refused to even serve us, calling us whores and trash. We may dress up in wings and parade around like angels in these walls, but out in the real world, we were the disgraced harlots of society. And the mental strain of that burden weighed heavily on all of us. So, yes, we broke the rules and did what we needed to survive. We didn't follow the club's rules, we followed our own rules. And the real rules of the club were silently written amongst ourselves: you don't snitch on your fellow dancers, you don't steal from another's earnings, and you mind your fucking business.

"Two minutes, Dottie!" Patty shouted past the dressing room, gently breaking the warm haze on my mind.

I came to Eden's Inferno to start over. To escape my past. I might have been the new dancer here, but I was no stranger to this life or the cons associated with it. Before Eden's Inferno, I worked at another known joint on the whole other coast, dancing there for a couple years. Sadly, they didn't care to enforce such rules on their staff, let alone the dancers. We weren't worth that kind of commitment. And being that naive

innocent girl I was, I made the mistake of falling in love with one of my regulars. It was hard not to feel some type of way towards the customers. When you're on that stage, dancing and performing, you feed off their energy. Your body melts into the music and becomes the beat itself and you see the effect you have on them as they throw all their hard earned money at you, begging you to take it. All so they could get a glimpse of your body and lose themselves in a fantasy if even just for a minute. It wasn't just dancing... it was power. And when you step out on the stage and that music starts, you put every person there in the room under your spell.

That very spell I performed not only captured my ex, Juan, but I fell for it myself. It was foolish and stupid, I know that now. But then, it felt so right. I would run from the club and straight into his old beat-up pickup truck, eager to go home with him. At first, it was perfect. We'd spend all night talking and fucking, drunk on one another. But eventually, jealousy and anger began to creep into the unseen cracks of our so-called relationship. He became a monster, threatening and controlling me. I thought I loved him, but I think I just loved the idea of him. The idea that someone out in this big old world thought I was worth loving, despite my flaws and imperfections. But that wasn't love.

Eventually, Juan would take my earnings and spend it on his many recreational drugs, something I sadly went along with overtime. When the drugs and money weren't enough to subdue his misery, he'd beat me, calling me a whore and a slut, leaving me battered and broken, unable to put up a fight when he'd force me, fucking the very thing he vocally hated. Eventually, I became nothing more than a piece of property to him—a trophy to be admired and showed off to all the men, as if possessing me was this giant form of masculinity to boast about. I was barely surviving Juan when he decided I was worth more being sold to others. That's when I began to fight back. I refused to be rented out and used. I decided it was enough. And that's when I nearly died.

Juan didn't like me saying no. He beat me so badly that day, claiming to prove just

how worthless I really was. He didn't stop swinging and hitting me, nearly choking me to death. I had to pretend to pass out to survive, waiting until he left to move. And when I knew he was gone, I ran, never looking back. Over time, I made my way here, to Eden's Inferno. I changed my name and my entire appearance, lightning my hair and perfecting everything about me until I became the very thing he could never have again. An angel.

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*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 7:41 am*

“It’s time, Dottie.” Patty rushed into the room, carrying my large feathered pastel pink wings. All the dancers wore them as we were the angels in Eden’s Inferno. They were each handmade with real feathers and plastered in sequins, rhinestones and crystals that sparkled and flowed effortlessly as we moved. They were famous. People would travel from all over the world to watch an angel perform, and now, I was one of them.

With a deep inhale, I forced a smile and stepped back, allowing Patty to place my pink wings around my shoulders and arms, nestling them perfectly against my body. She then helped me into the matching pink platform heels, strapping them around my ankles as the tips of my wings trailed down past them and kissed the floor. My torso turned and twisted as I adjusted my hair and examined myself one last time.

“Damn, Dottie.” Patty exhaled. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen an angel as beautiful as you.” I turned to face her, meeting her smile with my own. “Go get them, baby girl.” She winked.

The music filled the air of the club, the volume of it growing as I stepped to the edge of the stage and listened, adjusting my wings as the cheering crowd of men whistled and cat-called. The dancer before me was on her knees, taking clumps of the bills they had tossed at her and rubbed them along her semi-naked body with a devious smile. Her sienna colored skin glistened beneath the lights, smothered in body glitter and the eyes of the men gathered near the stage. She wore her own set of wings, smaller than mine but far more grand as each feather was hand painted gold and dusted in crystals that caught every angle of the lighting as she moved. The dancer’s name was Jade—well, her stage name. We all had one, picked based on the energy and persona we exhumed to the owners when they hired us. Once a name was chosen

for us, we had to perform in such a way that no one would question it. And hers fit her well.

Jade wore a tiny thong tied around her hips, emerald green and gold floral pasties, gold jewelry, and her platform heels. It wasn't much, but she could prance naked on the stage and still have this wave of confidence to her. She was so beautiful. I nearly fell under the spell of her dancing as I watched her toss her long pitch-black hair around. All the dancers here were so talented, I almost didn't feel worthy to call myself one.

Breathe. You've earned your place here, Dot. Just breathe.

The green lights lowered as Jade shook her ass one last time, blowing a kiss to the lively crowd as more money rained all around her. She gracefully gathered her well earned cash, tucking what she could between the tiny strap of her thong and clutching the rest to her breasts as she dallied backstage. Jade nearly ran into me, surprised to find me.

"My bad!" She smiled. "Wow, you look amazing, Dot!" The crowd cheered once more. "The crowd is hungry tonight. I got them all warmed up for you. Now go serve them that sweet dessert they all crave." Jade winked, gently brushing past me as the lights shifted from the green to various shades of pink. The music for my set began to play, slowly coming to life as a warm wave of ecstasy washed over me.

It was time. I took a deep breath, adjusted my wings and stepped out onto the stage.

As soon as my platform heel hit the scuffed stage floor, I fell into routine. The stage name persona given to me came alive, possessing me as even my walk changed, moving in a way to enhance every bit of my features.

"Here she is, our sweet and not so innocent angel, Bubbles!" The crowd erupted as I

appeared, energized by their excitement.

I stepped to the center stage, elegantly grabbing the stripper pole, all lights and eyes on me as I sparkled like a pink diamond in the night. I wasn't sure if it was the cocaine, the music, or the idea of being watched, but my body began to burn, swaying with the beat as it throbbed in my bones.

I twirled around the silver pole, my wings gliding in the air as I spun and stopped, dropping and bending my knees with a smile. Men whistled and hollered as I softly bounced on my knees and tossed my hair. I wanted to look out in the sea of faces and find them, but I knew it was risky. Risky yet tempting.

My body bounced a little more before I snapped my knees back and took my time rising, gripping the pole as I ran my tongue along it until I was fully standing. The men went wild, throwing money on the stage as I began to feel weightless. My leg wrapped around the pole and I began to swing, my wings flowing behind me as the world blurred. I was dissolving into the music and voices, drifting between reality and fantasy. Something caught my eyes as I slowed and stopped, my back slamming against the cold metal as it pressed into my spine. My heart raced as I stared ahead at them. Patty was right. They were here, and they were watching me.

Fuck the rules. If they want to watch, then I'm going to give them a show.

My hands grazed along my body, touching all my curves as I stared back at them, removing my bra and tossing it aside with a wide smile. The crowd lost it, watching as I felt myself, touching my breasts, gliding my hands along my sternum back up towards my neck. I reached back and grabbed the pole, taking my time as I slid down to my knees and blew them a kiss. Their bedazzled masks tilted, noticing my attention was on them.

That's right, I see you. Now keep those eyes on me, you devils. I'm dancing for you.

## KAT

I was desperate for some fresh air. I wasn't sure what was going on in my head, but I needed a moment. I couldn't stop thinking about Bubbles and her seductive dance, the way her body moved, and how she stared right at us, daring us to keep our eyes on her—it was intoxicating. I had to know more about her.

Fawning over a woman wasn't new to me, but this... this was something different. This desperate desire and new craving had gotten out of hand and became something like an addiction. I wasn't just coming to Eden's Inferno for work anymore. I wasn't sitting in my corner, thinking about the money, or the deals, or the agreement we had with the owner. I was thinking about her. Showing up to watch her. Being present for her. The beautiful blonde fox that went by the stage name, Bubbles, had enraptured me and I needed more. The way she moved and danced, commanding everyone's focus the second she entered a room and stepped on stage, why she was a fucking drug.

The past few nights of watching her perform, she had looked right at us. She didn't care to listen to the owner's rules and did exactly as she pleased and stared straight into our souls. It was like she was asking for trouble. No, begging for it. And the part that enticed me the most? She wasn't just looking at Dante. No, she was equally focused on us both, and that sent a jolt of pleasure right to my core every single time I thought about it. That seductive little angel wanted both of us. And that fucking thought consumed me. I couldn't think straight or focus on anything but her.

Pull yourself together, Kat. Fucking focus!

As I stepped outside the club, a burst of fresh night air hit me. I walked around the side of the building to an alley and ripped my devil mask off, closing my eyes as I



took a deep breath, basking in the springtime air. A strange club mix of Dolly Parton's Jolene played in the club behind me, thumping as I could faintly hear it in the background and feel it in my core. It was an odd remix, but worked somehow. I found myself mindlessly tapping my fingers to it on my thigh as I pulled a pack of cigarettes out of my bra. I gingerly placed one between my lips and lit it with the disposable lighter I always kept handy. With a deep inhale, I felt the welcome warmth and slight burn in my lungs, the instant relaxation that came with the first drag of a cigarette.

Yes. I tilted my head back and exhaled a steady stream of smoke.

The side door to Eden's Inferno slammed to my left. At first, I didn't pay it any attention, just continued smoking my cigarette and basking in the night, keeping to myself. Muffled voices began to make their way to me from where I assumed people were exiting the club. The voices grew, the sounds of shuffling hitting my ears as the energy of the voices shifted to something sinister. I flicked the cherry off the end of the cigarette and slowly walked in the direction of the voices with curiosity. My platform boots didn't hide my approach, but I wasn't necessarily trying to be quiet either.

"You thought I wouldn't find you one day, really? Be reasonable, Luanne." It was a man's voice, one I didn't recognize, telling me he wasn't an employee at the club and must've been a patron. "You can change your hair, and try to pretend to be someone you're not, but I will always find you, baby. You're mine!"

It sounded like a lover's spat, but something was off about it.

"Juan, please, don't call me that. I don't know how many times I need to tell you, but I'm not your baby anymore. And it's not Luanne. I go by Dot now. I left you and that life behind. I'm done." A woman spoke in reply to the man's voice as I crept closer, listening to what she was saying.

“You listen to me,bitch.” The man spat the word as his voice raised. Normally, I wouldn’t involve myself, but men degrading women was something I didn’t stand for, especially not here. We protected this place, Dante and I, and that shit didn’t fly with us. I didn't care what the situation was, this was going to end whether it was taken elsewhere or whatever. It wasn’t fucking happening at Eden’s Inferno, not while we were here.

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I threw my now finished cigarette to the ground, aggressively stomping it out with my boot. My mask hung freely on my wrist as I contemplated even putting it back on, but decided it was probably best to just slip it over my face. Protecting my identity was a priority right now and everyone here knew who the Devils were. I walked toward the voices with purpose, affixing the mask over my face and pulling my braids out of the way so they wouldn't snag or pull uncomfortably in the straps. I twisted my head and cracked my neck, preparing for whatever I was about to step into.

As soon as I approached the pair that were arguing, I noticed the man had a firm grip on the woman's arm, one that her face told me she didn't want. But what took me back was it wasn't just any woman arguing with her lover. It was Bubbles.

Fuck this!

"What the fuck is going on over here?" I questioned, making my presence known. The man snapped his head in my direction, startled by my presence. I stood only a short distance from the two of them with my hands planted firmly on my hips. "Any trouble here, Bubbles?" My question was directed to her because fuck this guy. I truly didn't care what the situation was, all I cared was that she was safe. She knew we protected everyone who worked here, whether the three of us had been making eyes at each other or not. She was a part of this club and I wasn't about to let some dick manhandle her.

"Oh, I—" Bubbles began to say something to me.

"Bubbles?" The man snickered to himself, shaking his head. "She's fine," the man

snipped. He looked me up and down as his mouth curled upwards, his mustache twitching as a dark shadow cast over his scruffy face. “You want to join us, though? You seem like a sparkly, foxy little devil. I’m sure the three of us could definitely have some fun together.” The man ogled me as he spoke. “What do you think, baby? Should your friend here join us?” He finally released Bubble’s arm as she stumbled back as he started walking towards me. I looked over at the dancer, noticing her arm was red. She rubbed it, trying to soothe the obviously painful ache. It pissed me off seeing her in pain. And I was fuming. “Come on, dollface.” The long-haired man flicked his head in my direction. “Take off that silly mask and join us so we can all go have some real fun together. I don’t mind sharing my baby with others.” He grinned a nasty smile as he started to reach for my mask. I snatched his wrist before he could touch it.

“You have some fucking nerve,” I barked. He tried to rip his arm from my grasp, but I refused to let go, tilting my head. “Clearly, you don’t know who the fuck I am or what I do for this club.” I twisted his wrist to a painful angle while he struggled, breathing heavily through his teeth. “I’ll take your lack of an answer as a no, then?” I chuckled lightly. “No, you don’t know who I am and you sure as fuck don’t know what I do for this club.” He shook his head, and I looked over to Bubbles, who was just staring at me in shock and awe. Seeing her eyes on me was—well—I was soaking it up.

With the idiot’s wrist still in my hand, I wasted no time showing him who the fucking boss was as I twisted his arm up behind him, pinning it, as we stood face-to-face thanks to my platform boots that put me at about the same height as this fucker.

“Let me go, you bitch!” he snapped, trying to wriggle free.

“Why don’t you shut the fuck up and listen. Now, you’re going to do what I say, when I say, and you’re going to remain fucking quiet as you do so, got it?”

“Why should I?” the man gritted out. I couldn’t help but to smile beneath the mask.

“Because I’m not afraid to put a man in his place. And I will not hesitate to pull the blade I have tucked under my skirt and shove it deep into your side, watching as you bleed out at my feet. Plus, I hold some mighty big power in this town and unless you want me to show you just how powerful I really am, I suggest you be a good boy and do as I say. Got it, little man?”

He nodded, shaking his head as his long oily hair tickled the side of my face.

“Bubbles, my sweet angel.” I tilted my mask as I spoke in her direction, her attention snapping to me as those deep blue eyes looked right into my soul. “Do you mind leading the way back inside and to the back bathroom?”

She nodded her head without saying a word and led the way back inside Eden’s Inferno.

“Thank you, angel.” The three of us slowly re-entered the club.

Stepping back into the club was like stepping back into a wave of pleasure that wrapped around your body and pulled you deeper into its embrace. Eden’s Inferno was everything Dante and I loved, and despite the business aspect of it all, we thoroughly enjoyed being here. It was dealing with shit likethis that exhausted us. Though truthfully, while dealing with scumbags was exhausting, it was also incredibly exhilarating. Really kept you on your toes.

I walked towards the back hallways of the club, simultaneously directing the man as we followed behind my angel. She was still wearing a set of pastel wings, though this pair was smaller than the more elaborate ones she wore for her stage performances. The set she had strapped around her shoulders were intended more for private dances. The feathers were dyed a light pale blue, almost white, and each wing was adorned

with pale yellow and pink crystals of varying sizes, allowing her to sparkle from all directions. The fact she was wearing them, with the most enticingly matching set of lingerie, told me this fucker must've bought a private dance from her. Seeing how she reacted to him, Juan here must've used a fake name, hoping to get her alone, and that's how she probably got into this situation. It rubbed me the wrong way, thinking about how he tried to trick her. The very thought was enough to make me wrench his arm further up his back as he stumbled forward a bit.

"Ouch, what the fuck?!" he said, a little too loud for my liking.

"I said be fucking quiet!" I whispered harshly into his ear. I took my long fingernail and shoved it into his side, not wanting to be bothered with my blade.

The three of us made it to the bathroom and Bubbles stepped to the side, allowing me to shove the man in. I stepped back from him, moving closer to Bubbles. "Sweet angel, go grab my partner now, would you? Let him know I've got a little situation back here." She nodded her head in understanding and backed away, quickly walking out toward the main floor of the club to find Dante. I didn't necessarily need him to deal with this situation, but we always liked to handle these things together. A bonus to our relationship.

I shoved the man further into the bathroom and slammed the door behind me. This particular bathroom was one of the staff bathrooms, but they rarely used it. For the most part, Dante and I used this bathroom for our business, among other things, and everyone knew this particular bathroom was ours. The Devil's bathroom. It was available to us anytime we needed it. Like right now, with this fucker now planted on his ass against the tile floor, scooting backward from me in those shit brown corduroy pants he was wearing.

"Get the fuck up, you putz!" I scoffed, kicking the bottom of his boot. He scrambled to stand, stepping back toward the wall. He never took his dark eyes off me. I

wondered how intimidating I must be to him, standing here in my black platform go-go boots, white mini-skirt, and low cut, sheer black top, covered in tattoos and piercings. I probably looked menacing. Not to mention the bedazzled purple devil mask that was on my face, not budging an inch. I continued my advance on him, scrutinizing him with a tilt of the head and a gaze up and down.

“What do you want from me?” he spat. I didn’t answer him. Frankly, he didn’t deserve my answer because I didn’t care. He hurt one of the girls here. And not just any girl. You don’t touch an angel, not on our watch. “Fuck!” he shouted as I crossed my arms. Not only do you not touch an angel, but you don’t fucking touch that angel. Absolutely not. “Listen, I don’t know what she’s told you, but Luanne—Luanne is my girl! And—and I just want her to come back home.”

“Oh, she’s your girl? Got it. That makes perfect sense. I mean, she really looked like she wanted to be with you outside,” I said sarcastically. This guy couldn’t be serious. He was delusional. It was obvious Bubbles wanted nothing to do with him.

“She—Luanne, she um, was just—,” he stuttered, failing to make a point.

“Nah, I’m going to stop you right there, chief.” I punched him square in the jaw as he crumbled to the floor, groaning. “You don’t speak for her. She can speak for herself.” I moved to stand over him, carefully removing my mask before tossing it on the counter. This man wasn’t leaving this bathroom alive tonight, that much I knew. Fuck anonymity, I wanted him to see my face. To know exactly who it was that ended his pathetic life. I pressed my boot firmly against his chest as I looked down at him, almost daring him to look up at me. To see the woman who just knocked him on his ass in the bathroom at a strip club.

So fucking pathetic.

Before I had the chance to say or do anything else to him, a knock hit the door. It was

a specific knock, one Dante and I used for moments like this. This bastard was lucky Dante arrived when he did, in a manner of speaking. I tilted my head towards the door, keeping my eyes on Juan as I yelled, “Come on in, little devil!”

Dante opened the door and saw my mask was off. He immediately ripped his off, too, tossing it next to mine. I noticed Bubbles standing behind him just outside the hall, her wing-covered back to us. And for some reason, reasons I wasn’t sure of, I felt compelled to have her join us.



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“Why don’t you come inside, angel?” Bubbles turned around, seeing our faces for the first time. Our real faces. Those big blue eyes of hers met mine, bursting with pure lust and excitement, making this moment tangible. We rarely showed the staff our faces, but I wanted her to see mine. To see me. And she did.

Dante shut and locked the bathroom door, the tiny room filling with unimaginable sexual tension mixed with a daunting amount of rage. I waited until Dante and Bubbles were both looking at me and removed my foot from the man’s chest. He instantly tried to get up, and I didn’t stop him. Between Dante and myself, I knew he wouldn’t get far.

“Luanne, baby, please, you gotta help me here! Please,” he begged, crawling over toward our angel on his knees. He tried to grab her bare legs, but she kicked him off, her face stone cold and unmoving.

“No, Juan. I told you, we’re done!” She showed no remorse, no sympathy, and not a single fucking care for him. “I’ve spent years outrunning you, trying to escape the hell you put me through.”

Juan tried to grab her arm. “You can’t just walk away from me!” he growled, gripping her wrist.

“Let go!”

“No, you’re?—”

“Hey!” I stepped in, cutting him off as Dante removed his hand. I raised my boot and

kicked him in the stomach, hard, knocking him to the ground as he groaned loudly. Dante approached Bubbles to talk to her. I couldn't hear their conversation as I was too focused on this prick laying on the bathroom floor. I kicked him again, this time in the back, definitely hitting a kidney as I smiled at his pain.

“What the fuck is your problem?” Juan cried out.

“You are.” I bent down and grabbed him by his ugly striped collared shirt. “Now, stand up!” He begrudgingly listened, standing and stumbling. I released his shirt and shoved him back as he sat on the dirty, white toilet seat. “Oh perfect, sit where you deserve, you piece of shit. On the fucking toilet.” I bunched up his shirt in my left hand to hold him steady as I proceeded to punch him in the face again, this time brutally hitting his cheek bone. I swung again and again, landing my fist into his ugly face as blood splattered from the impact and immediately began pouring from his nose. Drops of it fell onto my skirt, staining the crisp white material. “Fuck! Dante, I’m going to need a new white skirt.”

“Okay, Kitty Kat.” His reply was much closer than I expected. Dante was now standing right behind me, the heat of his body radiating into my skin. “Kitten, this piece of shit before you is Juan. Seems he’s our angel’s ex. Dot here can give us details later, but long story short, she ran away from him long time ago. And now, he’s found her and I guess he thinks he can just walk right into our place and take what’s rightfully ours.” He crossed his arms as his face hardened. “He’s no good. He’s gotta go.”

I looked past Dante to see Dot standing against the opposite wall, unphased by the scene in front of her, sparkling like a neon angel beneath the moody bathroom lighting. “I won’t argue with that. Dot?” Saying her name aloud felt so right. “Do you want in on this too?” I gestured to Juan sitting slumped on the toilet, bloodied and breathing hard as my hand remained clutched in a fist. I knew this took an extremely violent turn and had no idea if she really was going to be okay with all of this. But the

simple fact she stood there seemingly unphased and unbothered by all the violence made me think that not only was she okay, but Dot may just be exactly who we were looking for. “This is your ex, we’re just doing our job here. If you want to take a moment or think it over—do so now. But if what I saw outside is only a glimpse into the life you had with this prick—” I spat. “Then I suggest you make your peace and come to terms with how this is going to go down.” Dot stared at me, those electric blue eyes of hers sparkling in the lighting. I had no idea what to say, but something told me she was on board. “Do you want to get your pretty little hands dirty?” She bit her plump lower lip. “I have a blade too, if that’s more your speed?” I added as a question with a shrug and looked at Dante, who was flitting his eyes between Dot and I.

Dot cautiously walked toward us, her wings gently swaying as she spoke in her adorable, soft voice. “I want to do this. No, I need to do this.”

I looked at Dante and raised my eyebrows, excited by her words. “Of course, angel. I’m sure you know our reputation and whatnot. So you know, Juan isn’t leaving alive.” As the truth of his situation reached his ears, Juan tried to scream, but Dante was swift, putting him in a headlock, quickly cutting off his air supply as he snuffed his cries for help. I delicately pulled the blade from the strap I had on my thigh, gently offering it to Dot. Her eyes fell to my opened palm, eyeing the blade. “I know we’ve already made a bit of a mess, but don’t worry about getting dirty. This will all get cleaned up, no questions asked. No one will know you were here or participated, I swear.” She lifted her hand and ran her fingertips across the handle. The motion made me tingle as I watched her feel the blade, picking up it as she examined it closely. “We take care of things like this here all the time, Dante and I. We’ll take care of you, angel, but this is your past coming to haunt you. You have every right to help settle this, to erase your demons and lock those skeletons in your closet.” I swear the corners of her mouth flicked upwards for a moment as she gripped the blade tight.

Without hesitation, Dot silently removed the wings she was wearing and laid them on

the counter with our masks. She walked over to the toilet and stood right in front of Juan, her knuckles turning white from how tight she squeezed the blade. “You have no idea how long I’ve wanted to do this. I’ve spent so many goddamn years running from this bastard. Every night, I experience his abuse again and again, waking up in absolute terror. You—” She pointed the blade at the whimpering man. “You have stolen my life from me. Now, it’s time I take it back!” Without any hesitation or regret, Dot lunged forward and stabbed Juan in the stomach. She gripped his shoulder with her left hand as she stabbed him again, and again, and again. She just kept stabbing, grunting as he stared up at her, burrowing my knife deeper into his body with each motion.

I think I just became a woman obsessed.

I looked over at Dante who was staring at me, his face telling me exactly what we both were thinking. He knew I just became obsessed with that damn angel, even more so than I already was. She was a deadly beauty, and I was fucking hooked.

Dante and I just watched, transfixed by the woman as she gripped the man’s face with her blood covered hand, squeezing his chin as she forced him to look up at her. Blood dripped down from his mouth as she spoke to him in a low and dangerous tone. “Who’s the bitch now?”

“Luanne—” He gagged on her name, his life strained.

“Luanne is dead!” she spat, raising the bloodied blade to his throat. “You killed her the day I escaped.” His eyes bulged as she pressed the knife into the flesh of his neck, pressing it deep as she took her time, dragging it from one ear to the other, blood pouring from the deep wound. The man gagged and wriggled, too weak as he watched that breathtaking angel take his life from him. “Go to hell, Juan.” She spit on his body, stepping back as we listened to the sound of her platform heels tapping.

When it was obvious Juan was dead, Dante walked over to Dot, who was breathing heavily. Her hands were drenched in blood, splatters cast across her chest and face. She gasped as he carefully scooped her up and placed her on the counter by the sink. “You’re okay, angel.” Her blue eyes began to turn red as she seemed to fight back a plethora of emotions. “Hey, look at us.” Dante gently touched her chin as she remained in the haze of emotions flooding her being. We both stood in front of her while she came down from that high, her eyes slowly lifting to meet ours. The catharsis she must have felt from killing that man must have been wild.

“Dot,” I whispered her name, lifting her chin up a bit so that our eyes could lock.

“Y–you’re the D–Devils,” she whispered in between her deep breathing.

“We are. I’m Kat, and this is Dante.” Dante tucked a piece of Dot’s golden hair behind her ear. “Angel, are you okay?” She nodded, but that wasn’t good enough for me. “I’m going to need you to use your words and keep your eyes on me.”

Doing just as I said, she replied, “Yes, I’m–I’m okay. Just a little shaken.”

Good girl.

“He’s dead, Kat. Juan is dead. I–I killed him.” Hearing her say my name excited me a bit too much. “What’re we going to do?” She looked down, realizing his blood stained her skin as she began to frantically try to wipe it off. “He’s dead!”

“Hey, it’s okay.” I grabbed her hands with my own as she looked at me, instantly calmed. “We are gonna to help clean you up and get some shit straight in here. Then, we are gonna go, all three of us, so that someone can come take care of this mess, okay? Everything is going to be okay. This is what we do, got it?” She nodded her head again, but I needed words. “Your words angel, use them.”

“Oh, sorry. Yes, I... I got it.”

“Good. Now... ” I grabbed a handful of those shitty brown paper towels and soaked them in water, handing them to Dot. “Clean yourself up. We can’t have our angel looking anything but innocent.” I winked as she flashed me a sweet smile and did as she was told.

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“Let us handle the rest, angel. It’ll only take a second.” Dante and I turned, exchanging a devious smile as we began to take Juan’s belongings off of him. His wallet and cash, any other random things he may have were removed from his person. We found he had a pretty solid amount of cash in his moneyclip, more than we’d expected, and a little vial of cocaine in his pocket. Surely not our shit, unless he bought from one of our dealers in town when he got here, because based on his ID we found and Dot’s story, this prick wasn’t from around here at all. He was a long way from home, which was a bonus for us. It would be days, maybe even weeks, before anyone came looking for him. If anyone bothered at all. Something told me he wouldn’t exactly be missed.

While sifting through the other random junk from Juan’s pockets, I heard some all too familiar sounds behind me. A couple quick sniffs in succession, light tapping of metal, and more sniffs of the nose. When I turned around, I noticed Dot wiping some loose white powder that had fallen onto her lap. She tucked a small necklace with a vial attached to the end of it back into her bra top and quickly rubbed at her nose.

Oh shit.

I looked over at Dante, who was also staring at Dot.

That’s going to be a fucking problem.

Dot finally glanced up at us, smiling warily.

“Shit, please don’t tell Eddie! He won’t let me dance here anymore! I—I know it’s against the rules, but—” Dot pleaded. She knew the pull we had with the owner

Eddie, where we stand on drugs and our role here. “I promise, it’s not a problem. I—I just needed it because...” She motioned her hands to Juan. “Well, I just killed him!”

This whole situation just got a little bit more complicated.

4

DANTE

“What’s wrong, Kitty Kat?” My lips grazed her neck as her legs wrapped around my waist. “What’s going on in that beautiful brain of yours?” I could tell she wasn’t fully lost in the moment anymore. Something had pulled her focus away, taking her excitement with her. I wasn’t bothered by her sudden drop in sexual desire, but I was bothered that something was eating away at her. I didn’t like seeing my girl so withdrawn.

“It’s nothing,” she breathed.

My tongue extended from my mouth, gliding along her dark skin as I savored her taste, a weak moan escaping my throat as I did so. My tattooed hand gripped her neck, forcing her eyes to me as those dark irises of hers met mine. “Don’t do that. Don’t shut me out.” She furrowed her brows. “Tell me what’s going on, what I can do to help you. I’ll do anything, Kat. Anything.” My grip tightened around her jaw as my heart leapt for her. “Tell me.” My mouth fell to hers as we kissed, our tongues dancing together. My swollen, aching cock pressed against her body, flexing as the pressure of her body pushed back.

“I want to lose myself with you in this moment,” she whispered between our hot kisses. “To fully surrender my body to you, Dante. But I can’t. Ugh! I can’t stop thinking about her.” She arched her back against the trunk of the car as I ground further into her, her body reacting to mine despite her mind wandering far away.



“Dot.” The way Kat breathed the dancer’s name—with such a worrisome yet craving filled plea—gripped my fucking soul.

“You know you don’t need to be shy. If thinking about that angel is what you need?—”

“It’s not that.” Kat pressed her hand into my chest, the other gripping my arm as my hand remained wrapped tightly around her neck. “I just—I’m worried about her. And the drugs.” I slowed my aggression and pulled back, looking into her eyes. “She’s in too deep with us already. And if she’s doing coke?—”

“We’ll take care of her. After how she handled herself in that bathroom, and the way she looks at us during her dances—both of us—” I licked my lips as a sparkle flashed across Kat’s dark eyes. “If you want to bring her in, we can. I won’t argue, I won’t fight. I’ll be a good fucking boy and do whatever you fucking want.” I leaned down, pressing my chest against hers as I kissed her, hard. She kissed me back, still holding my wrist as her free hand tugged at my hair. “As long as you’re happy, Kitty Kat. I just want you to be happy.” I pulled away and gazed into her eyes once more, longing to fuck her—to love her. “Anything.”

“Why don’t you show me just how much you love me?” Her brow flicked as she flashed me a devious smile. Her fingers gripped my face, those long sharp nails digging into my jaw as she yanked my face closer. “Do it,” she commanded before opening her mouth and running her tongue along the side of my face. I shivered at her warm, wet touch.

“Yes, ma’am,” I huffed, taking full control. Kat laughed softly, allowing me to whip her body around and slam it into the back of the car with a deep grunt. She was positioned perfectly, perching her ass high enough, inviting me to take her from behind, that intoxicating mini-skirt she wore raising just enough for me to see what I wanted. My knees knocked her legs apart as I pinned her against the trunk of the car

and wasted no time pulling my long, swollen dick from my jeans. “I’m going to make you feel so good, Kitty Kat.” As the words fell from my lips, I lifted the edge of her skirt, moving her wet lingerie aside, and slid right through her dripping lips.

Kat inhaled sharply, her hands pressing firmly against the car as I shoved deeper, slamming hard enough that her body rocked with the car as I fucked her with zero restraints.

“Faster,” Kat moaned, her breasts sliding against the metal trunk. “Faster!”

My hands gripped her waist, my nails digging into her exposed skin as I braced her body and aggressively pounded into her, my pelvis slamming into her ass. I could feel the pressure building in my dick as I tried to fight back that euphoric buzz, dragging the moment out. It didn’t help that I could hear Kat’s whimpers and moans as they filled the air, mixing with my own. Fuck, it was hard to focus on not coming all inside her tight, warm pussy. Such a perfect pussy.

Focus, Dante.

Biting my lower lip, I shot my head back, concentrating as best as I could when the sound of the club’s backdoors pulled my focus. A dancer was exiting the club, taking a smoke break, the rhinestones on her pastel lingerie sparkling in the moonlight. She was lighting a cigarette as the flame of her lighter revealed her face to us. It was Dot, and she not only saw us, she was staring right at Kat and me.

“Dante,” Kat moaned, looking straight at Dot.

“I see her,” I grunted, refusing to let up. “I see our angel.”

Dot was watching us, leaning against the metal railing as she smoked her cigarette, as I fucked Kat. I wasn’t sure if it was the fact of her seeing us, or rather how was gazing

at us, but seeing her stand there enticed by the sight of us, well, it fucking invigorated me.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned, driving my dick as fast and hard as I could into Kat, her own moans growing louder as we kept our eyes on Dot, watching her blue eyes sparkle through the cigarette smoke.

That’s right, keep those eyes on us, angel.

It was only a matter of seconds before I completely lost control, busting inside Kat, quickly filling her pussy. She followed suit, crying out as her walls tightened and pulsated, her own orgasm soaking my cock, dripping down as it mixed with my own. I was so sensitive, every little move and tightening of Kat’s pussy caused me to whimper and flex in response as more cum was squeezed out of me. My heart nearly pushed out of my chest as I slowed my pace and eventually laid forward and rested on Kat’s back.

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“Fuck, Kitty Kat,” I breathed, kissing her exposed spine.

“You’re telling me.” She smiled, looking back at me over her shoulder. Her eyes motioned to Dot. “Looks like I’m not the only one who likes what I see.” I couldn’t help but to smile at her words.

“Does that make you happy?”

“Yes,” she whispered as I leaned forward and kissed her softly, her walls squeezing my cock one more time.

I moaned into her, gripping her waist tight. “Fuck.” The word exhaled from my lips.

“Very much so.” Kat grinned at her power over me and I liked it, so fucking much.

DOT

My body tingled and prickled, reminiscing on what I had witnessed earlier tonight. I simply walked outside for a smoke break between sets and ended up experiencing something far more exciting. The Devils, Kat and Dante, were having sex on a car in the back alley of the club. They were fully exposed, unafraid of being seen, made apparent by the fact that not only did they notice me watching, but they seemed to like it. The two seemed to enjoy my eyes on them, and as I stood there and smoked my cigarette, I gave them exactly what they wanted. I had kept my eyes on them, watching intently until they both came, loud enough for me to hear and see.

The warm bath water brushed against my hardened nipples, bubbles grazing them

ever so lightly as the candles across my bathroom flickered as I was deep in the memory. My fingers slid through the slit of my wet pussy as I moaned out loud, thinking about how the two devils seemed to always enjoy my eyes on them. I began to push deeper, gently sliding them back and forth as the water soaked into my skin. I repeated the memory of the two of them, pressed against that car, replaying it over and over in my head. It began to morph and change as I envisioned myself joining them. The very idea made my body tighten as I pushed deeper, moving faster and faster as I arched against the tub, rolling my body as I cried out softly.

Flashes of Juan's dead body played over the two devils fucking, the two moments somewhat mixing in my brain as they melted together and created a whole new fantasy. I was straddling Juan's body, stabbing his chest, his blood spewing in all directions and soaking into my flesh. It felt so good, the hot liquid running down my breasts as two hands wrapped around them from behind. I glanced over my shoulder to see Dante, completely naked, joining me from behind, sliding his cock inside my ass as he rubbed Juan's blood deeper into my skin. God, it felt so good. I leaned back into him as he fucked me, when a strong grip forced my face forward. My eyes met Kat's as she crawled over Juan's dead body, pressing her soft lips onto mine. She moved with such power, commanding me as her hands took over my body. She moved closer, rising as she slid her tongue up my sternum, licking Juan's blood from my flesh. I moaned, struggling to control my orgasm. Her long nails tugged at my nipples, slightly pinching them. Her mouth eventually made its way to my breasts, licking and sucking them as she began to talk me through the immense pressure while Dante fucked my ass, his vigor and speed increasing. Her mouth met mine, her tongue slithering along the roof of my mouth, her hand squeezing my chin as I tried to breathe, choking on her spit. It was too much, the idea of being with them both, the three of us all straddling and fucking over Juan's dead body.

My body tightened and twisted as I shot my eyes open, the image of us tangled together still branded in my brain as my breathing hitched and I began to come. I gripped the side of the tub, refusing to let up, embracing my overwhelming orgasm.

My head shot back as my eyes rolled and I screamed and moaned. I felt sensational, drawing every bit of my orgasm out. I wanted to touch them, to feel their bodies next to mine, listening as I remembered the way they sounded when they both came, fucking against that car. Fuck, it was amazing. I was so sensitive, so drunk in the fantasy that my body began to wind up and build as I quickly came a second time.

It's not enough. I need more.

I felt a familiar craving—urge for more.

I whirled my body around, landing on my knees as the bubbly water sloshed and spilled over the tub, repositioning myself as I began to masturbate again, going back over the dreamy fantasy of us, covered in blood, having sex on top of Juan's dead body. Using an additional finger, I shoved them into my aching pussy and began to rebuild my excitement.

"I want you so bad," I whimpered, playing with myself. "Both of you. So fucking bad!" It didn't take long, envisioning us together, before I reached my climax one last time. "Yes," I cried out. "Yes, yes, yes!" I began to come for the third time, my walls pulsating around my fingers as I envisioned them as Kat's instead of my own.

Let me be your angel.

5

DOT

I'd grown used to having eyes on me all the time, especially in my line of work. But there was something about having Kat and Dante keeping an extra close watch on me that constantly had me putting an extra pep in my step, especially after seeing them that night in the alley. When they were at Eden's, I took extra pride in myself. I

would shake my ass when I walked and tease the crowd more than usual with my dances to really play into my Bubbles persona while I performed, but especially for them. Everyone else seemed to love it too. The tips were better, and I was even getting booked for more and more private dances. Money was flowing in the club, so I sure as fuck wasn't complaining. But besides the increasing tips and private dances, there was one other thing that had changed. I was now the only person that could serve the Disco Devils. And I wasn't even a server. This pissed some of the other girls off. While most of the servers didn't give two shits, knowing how much Kat and Dante did for us, the few others were really starting to hate me for it. Especially Lana.

I ambled my way over to the back bar, Jade on stage, putting on a phenomenal show per usual. The sapphire lingerie and gem colored lights did wonders for her complexion. I was so glad she decided to add the gold shimmer to her skin like we talked about a few days ago. It really made her even more of a knockout than she already is, enhancing that perfect beauty she possessed.

"Hiya, toots." Patty's warm welcome brought me back to reality as I peeled my eyes from Jade's trance. "They want their usuals back there?" Patty nodded her head back toward my devils, her concentration not wavering at all as she cleaned the glass in her hand.

Nothing was official, but I felt such possessiveness over the two. Like they belonged to me, and I them.

"Yes ma'am, Tequila Sunrise and a Tom Collins." Instinctually, I swiped underneath my nose, sure I felt it running a bit. I did it quickly, though, hoping Patty wouldn't see. But of course, I wasn't so lucky. That tiny gesture, of course, broke her cleaning concentration.

She slammed the rocks glass down on the counter. "You've gotta be fucking kidding me right now." She moved the glass over with the rest of the clean barware and gave

me a scrutinizing glare. “Dot, are you still using? I thought you said you had stopped hitting that shit.” I opened my mouth to say something—anything—a simple plea in my defense, a single word of denial, but nothing came out. Nothing but air. “You’ve got to be careful! If Eddie finds out, your time here is over. And even those devils can’t protect you once you’re out on these streets!”

“I know, Patty. I know.” And I did know. That wasn’t the problem. The problem was I was addicted. And now that I was thinking about it again. I needed another hit. Now.

Fuck!

While Patty made Kat and Dante’s drinks, I stood with my back to the bar surveying the club, taking in the flashing lights and cigarette smoke that were ever present in Eden’s Inferno. Jade had finished up her dance and was sauntering backstage. Her well deserved wads of cash were stuffed in her lingerie and falling into her hands. I scanned over the patrons sitting at the stage, some familiar and regular faces, and some new that I’d never seen before. Most of the tables along the wall were full, some girls seductively dancing with our guests while others skated by skillfully carrying cocktails on trays. Lively disco remixes played while the giant disco ball spun from the ceiling. I tried to focus on every detail and forget that excruciating itch, to distract myself from the hunger that dangerously burned inside me. Flashing multicolored lights washed over everyone in the club, soaking my skin as I inhaled the heavy smoke and tried to let it flow through my lungs. Despite its appetizing effects, it wasn’t enough. My eyes drifted, following an invisible pull, drifting to where they were drawn to, landing perfectly on the Disco Devils. My devils. Even with those bedazzled masks, I could feel their eyes on me. Kat and Dante were watching me with hungry stares, and the feeling of that electric pull towards them was enough to subdue my craving.

“Here you go, Dottie.” Patty had finished my devils’ drinks. I peeled my eyes from



the intoxicating couple and when I turned around, she had a worried look plastered on her face. “You need to be careful, Dot. I know they will take care of you.” She nodded toward Kat and Dante. “They are good people. Don’t listen to any of the bullshit other people try to tell you about them or what their reputation may seem to be. But you’ve got to cut the coke shit out. I’m not kidding. Eddie finds out and you’re done here. Your devils won’t be happy about you using either. They may deal, but they don’t fuck with that shit. And I doubt they’ll be okay with you doing it.”

I casually peered over my shoulder, making eye contact with Kat, who beckoned me back over with her claw-like nails. I couldn’t see her face beneath her bedazzled purple mask, but by the way she moved her hand to the beat of the music, I could tell she was being flirtatious. I think. Turning back to Patty, I swiped at my nose again, this time noticing a tiny touch of blood on the back of my hand. I quickly grabbed a cocktail napkin and wiped the blood away. Patty just shook her head with an “I told you so” look plastered on her face.

“I know, I know! I have to stop, trust me, Patty, I know. But it’s not that easy. Besides, they already know about it.” She gave me a confused look. “Didn’t really seem to bother them too much when they found out.” Confirming my bloody nose had subsided, I crumbled the napkin and tossed it in a trash can behind the bar. “They’re drug dealers. It can’t really bother them that much, Patty. I’ll be okay. Thanks for the drinks, mama!” I took the tray and began my walk back to my devils with a bit more sway in my hips than usual as I tossed my golden hair over my shoulder.

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The hit of cocaine I'd taken before approaching Patty was really starting to take effect, gripping my entire being as I felt it coursing through my veins. The flashing rainbow lights in the club seemed extra bright, brighter than usual. They twinkled and gave off an extra sparkle that really set the vibes inside Eden's Inferno. I was elated, feeling like I was walking on air, confidence seeping from my body, knowing the shimmering disco ball was glinting off the crystals on my lingerie and wings, the light hitting me just right. I had the attention of the two most important people here, commanding it at my will. My sights were set on them, and they watched me, never looking away. That was power, and I felt every fucking second of it.

My focus faltered and my high was immediately interrupted when Lana cut in front of me on her skates, nearly making me drop the tray of their drinks. "Shit, Lana!" I steadied the tray, managing to not spill anything. Lana and I were normally the same height but with her skates on, she stood about two inches taller than my five foot three inches, giving her a slight advantage over me and I didn't like it.

Lana flashed me a sarcastic smile. "I don't know how you got that gig of serving the devils, but that's my table. You aren't even a server. You shouldn't be doing anything but shaking your ass on stage for dollar bills." She leaned close. "Watch yourself, Bubbles. I know what they like and how they like it. And sweetie, as much as you may think you're what they want..." Lana clicked her tongue. "You're not. You're just a pretty thing to look at, nothing more. Enjoy it while it lasts, which won't be long." She gave me a suggestive look and then glanced over her shoulder toward Kat and Dante. Making it seem like she served them more than just drinks.

"Lana, are you threatening me?" I asked, sincerely shocked that she would threaten me. I was also genuinely confused; I never had any issues with Lana. Why now?

She leaned in close to me, so close I could smell the stale menthol cigarettes on her breath. “Yeah, Bubbles,” she said my stage name as if it was a bitter pill she had to swallow, the most foul thing she ever put in her mouth. Doubtful. “You think that you’re hot shit because you have their attention? Try again. They have you in their clutches because you’re new and gullible and, frankly, they’re using you.” She ended on a whisper, somehow trying to lean in even closer to me. I took two giant steps back.

“Listen, I’m not going to sit here and let you talk to me about this as if you know anything about me or them. Goodbye, Lana.” I stepped around her and walked toward my devils. Dante made eye contact with me, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, and I never looked away. I was magnetized to him, drawn there like a moth to that bedazzled blue flame of his mask.

“Come here, Angel,” Dante said as he patted his leg and leaned back, beckoning me to sit there.

I carefully set their drinks down and passed the tray off to a busboy who happened to walk by. “You know I’m working, Dante. I can’t. I have to walk around and fish for dances until my shift is over. Gotta make some money, honey.” I ended my statement by shaking my ass. “I can’t just forget my job and hang out with you two, even if I want to.”

Just like that, Kat pulled something from her top, opened my hand, and placed a rolled-up stack of one-hundred-dollar bills into my palm. I had no idea how much there was, but it was definitely enough to cover the rest of my shift, including private dances and tips. “Sit on his lap, Bubbles,” she stated with finality. I wasn’t sure what I liked more, being told what to do, or the idea that she just bought my entire shift to spend time with me.

So, I sat on Dante’s lap, basking in what was left of my high as he mindlessly rubbed

circles on my bare back. I didn't give them a private dance. They never asked me to, even when I offered many times. Instead, we just sat and watched over the club. Just me and my devils.

Time flew by as we watched servers skate by and dancers perform on stage. When I knew my shift was nearing its end, Kat spoke up, breaking the silence between us. "We have that deal to settle tonight, Dante. Going to have to leave in about ten."

"Alright, Kitty Kat." Dante nuzzled into my neck. The roughness of the gems on his mask scratched my bare, sensitive skin. I relished it. I loved every second of his doting attention. He was always so gentle. My eyes closed as I continued to melt into Dante, letting him wrap me in his warmth as one tattooed hand sat lazily high on my thigh, his other continuously rubbing those slow circles on my back. Then it clicked. They were going to be leaving soon. So was I. And even if my shift was ending, I still wanted to be with them tonight.

I sat up a bit in Dante's lap, catching him off guard, snagging Kat's attention as well. "Could I come with you? I'm off in just a few." My question obviously threw them as they definitely didn't expect me to ask to come along with them. I could feel Dantetense beneath me as soon as the words left my lips and hit his ears.

"I don't know if that's such a good idea, angel." Dante relaxed as he replied, but his words were laced with worry. "What do you think? You're the boss." He directed this question to Kat as my eyes followed. Something about how Kat always took charge while Dante always seemed to turn to her for guidance and approval, was incredibly hot. Kat exuded confidence. She was the epitome of a commanding presence in a room. I didn't just like her looks or power. No, I fucking loved it.

"What the hell? Why not?" Kat shrugged, then stood and walked over to stand in front of Dante and I. Her towering presence was a little overwhelming with that bedazzled purple devil mask glimmering in the flashing lights. Kat was already taller

than me and considering I was sitting and she was wearing platform boots, I felt like a mouse right now under her stare. She lightly ran her nails under my chin before tilting my head up so that I was looking into her eyes. “You can come with us, Dot,” she said quietly so that only the three of us could hear. “But you better be a good girl. Got it?”

I was vibrating with excitement. I could only nod in understanding.

I sat quietly in the backseat of the car, watching Kat and Dante through the windshield talk to whoever it was they had to meet in the shady strip mall parking lot. I wasn't naive, I knew the deal they had to settle was a drug deal. But I was truly surprised they let me tag along with them, so I did as I was told and sat quietly in the car. I didn't want to cause issues, but fuck, I was curious.

I leaned back in the middle seat and I shoved my hands in the pockets of my favorite denim jacket. It was worn to perfection, oversized and so comfortable, no longer stiff like when I bought it. As I got situated, I felt a tiny baggie in one of the pockets, knowing exactly what it was. I was hit with an overwhelming and sudden urge. One so strong I could do nothing but scratch that itch. I carefully pulled the baggy out, opened it up, and scooped a small hit into the underside of my long pinky nail and inhaled as deep as I could.

The euphoria was almost instant. The subtle glow of the street lights in the parking lot had an extra special ambiance to them. They seemed like they were pulsing with the beat of my heart. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, laying my head back on the seat and melted into the moment. I could feel my heart beating in my fingers, the sound vibrating in my ears and my bones. It was exactly what I needed right now. That's when I heard Dante's voice for the first time since they stepped outside the car. I couldn't tell what he was saying, but when I lifted my head and looked out the windshield again, I noticed Dante had the other man by the neck and was screaming at him. Kat had her hand on Dante's shoulder, seemingly trying to calm him down.

Had the deal gone bad? What the fuck was happening?

“You don’t fucking talk about her!” Dante screamed. The man glanced over toward the car... towards me. I was so confused. “You don’t even fucking look at her!” Dante threw the man back on the asphalt parking lot. I couldn’t sit there anymore, pretending like nothing was happening. My skin was tingling, and I was itching to move. I had to do something.

As soon as I touched the door handle, I remembered how Kat told me to be a good girl and do what they told me. And when we rolled up, she explicitly told me to stay in the car. No matter what.

Fuck.

I glanced back out to where they were standing and Dante now had the guy pinned to the ground, his knee pressing on the man's neck. He was in his face saying something, but I had no clue what. Sounds were jumbled in my ears. What I could tell was Dante was pissed. It took me a second to realize, but he was shirtless, which wasn’t unusual for him, but he was covered in sweat, fuming. The muscles on his back bulged with raw, aggressive tension. Kat circled the two men, watching over them like a hawk circling its prey. As if feeling my eyes on her, she glanced up at me and we made eye contact. She gave me a look that told me she knew I was considering getting out of the car. That I wanted to join them. She simply raised her beautiful, graceful hand up, touched her finger to her lips, and shook her head. I nodded in understanding, obeying her, but I continued to watch closely. Deep down, I knew that this was somehow about me, and that very thought had me so on edge.

I sat in the back of their car and watched as the entire scene played out in front of me. There were no more words shouted, only violence. Dante instead pulled the man up by his shirt and slammed him against the hood of the man’s car. The parking lot was almost too dark for me to see exactly what was going on, but I could tell that Dante

beat the shit out of him. I listened to the sounds they made, all while Kat watched her man closely. She was there to pull Dante off when it was clear the man was out cold, which didn't take long. The man's limp body slid off the hood and sat there, unconscious and slumped in front of his shitty brown car missing a hubcap on one side. I couldn't help but stare, watching as blood dripped from his face and onto the pavement, mesmerized by the color.

Kat pulled Dante away, grabbed his face and squeezed his cheeks while she whispered something to him. He looked at her, huffing, as she then kissed him furiously. He grabbed her under her ass, lifting her so she could wrap her legs around his slim, tapered waist. His back was to me while I sat in the car and watched his muscles flex as he lifted her, watching her long nails dig into his shoulders. The image of them sent a warmth straight to my core. I found myself readjusting in the seat for some necessary friction between my legs as I watched these two beautiful beings. Was it possible that they were both as turned on by all that as I was? Because fuck was I horny now.

Kat and Dante remained locked for a few minutes before peeling apart. They smiled at one another and made their way back to the car as I watched, hungry for more. As soon as they were in and the doors were closed, I pulled myself forward to lean between the two of them. "So, can I ask what that was? Or should I just pretend it didn't happen?" My eyes danced between the two.

Kat shifted in her seat so that she was looking directly at me now. Dante was in the driver's seat, looking directly at Kat. "Angel," Kat said, her voice full of endearment. "There are things I know you know about us, but you also don't know shit about us. I don't say that to hurt your feelings." She placed her hand on my face, cupping my cheek. "Everything you see or hear when it's just the three of us stays between us, understood?"

I couldn't look away from her. I was captivated by her dark eyes, and that fucking

voice she had pulled me in. All I could do was nod.

She slowly moved her thumb over my lips. “I need to hear you say you understand, Dot. I need to hear the words from these juicy, luscious lips.”



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I saw Dante reach over and place his hand high, very high, on Kat's thigh. He was lightly rubbing between her legs where I imagined her clit must have been. I closed my eyes and let out a long sigh, drinking in the image. I opened my eyes and looked directly into hers as I used my words. "I understand."

Then I did something so bold, something that I had been wanting to do since they helped me with Juan. Even more so since I saw them fucking on the car the other night. I leaned forward and gently pressed my lips to hers, as if in invitation. And to my surprise, Kat didn't pull away. But when I broke the kiss, she didn't even look surprised. She looked pleased. Delighted. And she licked her lips.

"Fucking hell," Dante said under his breath. He shook his head with a smile, turned the car on, and put it in gear. "Ladies, as much as I would love for this to continue, if we don't go, I'm afraid I'll ruin these pants."

My curiosity got the better of me as I glanced down at his lap. Sure enough, there was a very clear bulge in Dante's bell-bottom pants.

"He's right, angel. We will continue this, but not here." This was said with finality, as if I had no other option. "There will be another time, one that's more... appropriate. But I'm glad to know that we are all on the same page." Kat grabbed my face to look at her and kissed me hard. Our tongues danced together as I lost myself in the moment. She tasted like sweet oranges and sin, and I ate it up. I never wanted it to end. When she finally let go of me, she grabbed Dante by the cheeks and kissed him the same way. They were less than an inch from my face. I could feel them both, their breath directly on my face and it was intoxicating. And I needed them. Both of them.

“You guys can call me Dottie, you know? I like angel though too.”

6

KAT

The next weekend, Eden's Inferno was having one of their infamous themed nights. Every now and then, the club would have a night centered around a specific theme, usually to celebrate something special or help attract new eyes. Normally, it was a cheesy and over-the-top marketing strategy to get new customers in. Far too gaudy and ridiculous for my liking, even if they were usually successful. Eddie had that way about him, the ability to find new and creative forms of revenue. Anything to keep his pockets filled. I usually hated them, but tonight was different. Tonight's theme was Blackout, which meant everyone had to dress entirely in black, whether it be leather or lace, didn't matter. Just all black and absolutely no color. The reason this excited me so much? I was ready to see Dot, dressed in the complete opposite of her normal and wearing all black. I was ready to see her, to get my hands on that devilish little angel. I was ready to fucking taste her again.

When Dante and I arrived, our masks were planted perfectly on our faces as we headed straight to our table. The club was packed, but our usual table was empty, as it should be. The Devil's Corner was ours, even if they were the last seats in the joint.

As we walked through the crowd, people moved out of our way. Whether it was due to our striking outfits, the recognition of who we were, or just our general dangerous presence, I didn't know, but I wasn't one to complain. We had power here in Eden's Inferno, and tonight, you could feel it. I couldn't help but bask in the aroma of it, admiring my man next to me, equal in all ways. Dante was mouthwatering, as usual. He was shirtless, his bare chest oiled and smothered in a thin layer of glitter that sparkled under the neon lights. His tattoos were on full display, from his neck down to his peaking pelvis as he wore low-rise black leather bell bottoms and his bedazzled

blue devil mask. I wore a matching pair of leather bell bottoms with fringe hanging from the sides, swaying with my every move and a miniscule black halter top. The material was cut and shaped like stars that pressed against my skin and barely covered my full chest, also smothered in the same oil and glitter as Dante. My bedazzled purple devil mask sat comfortably across my face, careful as to not snag any of my piercings. I grabbed Dante's hand, raising it beneath my mask as I kissed it lightly, admiring his black painted nails. He turned to face me as his mask tilted, telling me he was smiling. Even with my platform shoes, I was still shorter than him. But regardless, we looked like a power couple. People stopped in their tracks for us normally, but tonight, tonight felt different.

As soon as we sat down, the annoying server, Lana, immediately skated her way over to us. We must've told her we only wanted Bubbles to serve us at least a thousand times by now. But she was determined—too determined. Before Lana even had a chance to speak, I put my hand up and silenced her gaping mouth. “No. Absolutely not.”

Her face dropped, completely dumbfounded. She rolled her eyes. “I was just going to offer you your usuals. But if you want to be a bi?—”

“Think twice before you finish that statement, because I know you were not about to call me what I think you were.” I stood from my seat, towering over her. I was taller than her normally. Lana may have been wearing skates, but I was in platforms. “Get our angel. Now.” I growled.

The woman sucked her teeth, obviously frustrated and annoyed that she was old news. She tossed her red hair over her shoulder and, with an attitude, moved out of the way. That's when I saw her. Dot was standing in front of me, looking like a gorgeous fallen angel of darkness. She was wearing a black lace teddy, rhinestones and crystals embedded along her curves, catching the moving lights in the most perfect ways. Instead of her usual dramatic pink wings, she was rocking a large pair

of pitch black wings, the feathers faintly dipped in her signature pink, adding enough of an innocence to her sultry appearance. My eyes looked her up and down, noticing her tall, black heels had dainty straps that wrapped all the way up to her bare thighs and tied into bows. She wore her usual bouncy golden hair long and straight, parted straight down the middle and her traditional soft, pastel makeup was darkened, glitter caked above her eyes, complete with her usual pouty pink lips, glistening in the light. She was a vision. What I would imagine a real angel would look like when she fell from heaven and embraced the darkness.

Dante startled me when he put his arm around my shoulders. He leaned down and whispered in my ear as my eyes remained fixated on her. “We are going to have so much fun with her tonight, Kitty Kat.” I was honestly too stunned to speak, taken aback by Dot’s appearance, and Dante could tell. We had more conversations about my infatuation with Dot, how I couldn’t stop thinking about her. How I wanted to play with her. How I wanted her to join us in so many of my fantasies. The devils and their angel. “Let’s get the night started, boss lady.” He squeezed my ass and walked over to join Dot. I still could not move from where I was standing, completely overcome. No one had ever affected me the way Dot did. I couldn’t even speak.

Get your shit together, Kat.

“Come over here, you sweet angel!” Dante shouted as he pulled Dot over to our table. He gently guided me back as well.

Once we returned to our corner and were sitting, Dot remained standing in front of us. “Well, what do you think? Do you guys like my look?” She did a precious little twirl, tossing her hair around, inviting us to examine her closely from every angle. “I thought about you two while I was getting dressed—what I thought you’d like. Oh, I hoped you would like it. But know if you hate it, I will probably cry.” She released a sweet giggle.

“Cry? No, never. We can’t have that happen now, can we, Kitty Kat?” The two of them looked at me, waiting for a reply, but I couldn’t stop fucking staring at Dot.

I shook my head, finally breaking the trance, realizing I needed to answer. “Oh, absolutely not. We cannot have that sweetness.” Dot squealed with a hop that made her breasts bounce. I nearly lost my breath watching her.

“Perf. I’ll go get your drinks.” Dot winked before strutting away, shaking her beautiful ass. I was absolutely mesmerized. And by the way Dante was staring, I could tell he was too.

Before I knew it, Dot had returned with our usual drinks. Dante handed her the roll of cash we had prepared so that she was ours for the night. “Are you sure? This is a lot of cash, you guys.” Her wide blue eyes sparkled as she held the wad in her hand, her nails painted a similar pink as her lips.

“Absolutely.” I reached out for her hand and rubbed the back of it slowly with my thumb. “We want you to ourselves tonight, angel. Is that okay?” My head tilted as the question fell from my mouth. I watched her, staring back at me for a few minutes. She tucked the wad into her lingerie, between her two perfect breasts with a gentle smile and tossed her hair.

“Yeah, totally,” she said this so quietly I almost didn’t hear her, but I knew she agreed by the look on her face. Dot looked so happy to be with us, and that alone thrilled me.

As the night went on, Dot took her time sitting on my lap, Dante’s lap, and eventually, her own chair. Before we knew it, midnight was nearly here. Eden’s Inferno was packed and filled with so many new faces, thanks to tonight’s Blackout theme. More Than A Woman played over the speakers while everyone settled in for the next dancer’s performance.

“That’s my cue.” Dot reluctantly stood as we watched her twirl and wink. “See you on stage!”

Dante had to adjust his pants as we watched her disappear into the crowd. “We’re so fucked, Kitty Kat.” I could hear his smile.

Indeed, we are.

The song faded out and Eddie’s croaky, scratchy voice boomed over the speakers, followed by a thick smoker’s cough. “Up next, our very own colorful and delicate burst of personality, Bubbles!”

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 7:41 am*

Dot was everything on the stage, moving and dancing with confidence, telling me and everyone here she was clearly in her element. Looking away from her felt like it was impossible. We were fully mesmerized, watching her every move from across the club. Dante and I walked over to stand a bit closer, giving ourselves a better view of the angel on stage. We had both silently agreed we needed to be closer to her during her performance, desperate to see more. She was breathtaking, dancing and stripping in the most alluring ways. Time felt frozen, even though it sped by as the entire club fell under her spell. Once her set had ended, cash flooded the stage, and rightfully so. She beamed and smiled as she scooped up what she could. I couldn't help but to clap alongside the patrons, proud of her success as Dante jumped on the stage to help gather what she couldn't grab for herself. He followed her backstage, cash filling his arms as I went back to our table. I glanced around while everyone seemed to settle back into their seats at their tables and others began to dance alongside the music, their parties accompanied by the other angels. The Blackout theme had really given Eden's Inferno an entirely new feel as everyone seemed to let go a bit more than usual. We normally didn't see everyone dancing together on the club floor, but it was a nice change compared to how it usually was.

A tickle behind my ear startled me as Dante chuckled, tossing a pink and black feather in front of me. "A token from our angel. She will be out in just a second—she has to get changed, or get dressed technically." He laughed a second time, plopping down next to me as he fiddled with Dot's feather.

"Dante, I want to dance." I had to yell a bit over the loud music.

"Then let's dance, Kitty Kat." He reached out his hand and delicately pulled me to the edge of the crowd of people dancing.

The beat seeped into my bones, and my hips rocked to the music. “What about Dot?” I asked.

“Dot will be able to find us here.” Dante pulled me close, the two of us lost in the rhythm as we mimicked the crowd of dancing patrons and angels.

Dante and I danced chest to chest, our legs intertwined as we swayed to the rhythm of the music that was constantly changing and morphing. The beats were never the same, so we just went along with it, dancing and losing ourselves in the moment. It was the most fun I had in a while, forgetting about everything else as I lived in this moment with Dante. When Dot came back out, she spotted us right away, her face lighting up at the sight of us. I noticed she didn’t have her wings on and as much as I loved them, I was grateful for their absence. It meant I could put her right where I wanted her.

My arm reached out for her, whipping her body close as I pulled her between Dante and me. I knew there were rules about touching the dancers at Eden’s Inferno, but I also knew that Eddie wouldn’t question us. He knew she was ours.

Dot smelled like vanilla and sunshine, the innocent angel all wrapped up tight like a present for us. She had a new outfit on, a black lace bralette and some delicious lace booty shorts that allowed the underside of her toned ass to peek out so perfectly in them. The best part was the black thong she wore underneath poking out enough for me to see. God, she was such a fucking tease, her body smothered in body glitter that made her glisten like a fucking star under the flashing neon lights. Her body turned to face me as she danced between us, lost in the haze of the smoky music. I could just barely see the outline of her nipples through the bralette, begging to be toyed with. I just knew it was what she wanted, her eyes staring into mine, begging to be played with. With her back against Dante’s bare chest, I cupped her cheek before slowly running my hand down her neck, across her chest, and between her breasts. Dante rested his hands on her hips and they swayed to the beat of the music, snapping the



thin straps of her thong. I wanted nothing more than to kiss her right then, but we had these fucking masks on. And we couldn't take them off, not here. But I needed more.

I moved closer to Dot so I was flush to her. She immediately leaned forward and kissed my neck before licking all the way up to my ear. My body shivered at her touch. "I like when you watch me dance," she whispered before nipping my ear lobe. I pulled away from her a bit to look in those big blue eyes as they sparkled under the disco ball. The eyeshadow she had on for the themed night made them appear even more blue somehow, popping and clashing against her black attire. She wrapped one hand around my neck and the other arm around Dante, pulling us both closer. "Can I tell you two a secret?" she asked with a smile.

"What's that?" Dante asked as I leaned in closer so that I could hear too.

"After I saw you two fucking on that car—I couldn't stop thinking about it!" She closed her eyes, a little smile lifted at the corners of her mouth as if she was thinking about it again. Thinking about us.

I leaned down to her ear and spoke loud enough so that Dante could hear too. "Is that right, angel? Did thinking about us make your sweet little pussy wet?"

A soft moan left her mouth, telling me her answer.

My mask tilted up as I looked at Dante, who nodded toward the back, the two of us having a silent conversation as I knew he was thinking the same as me: dressing room.

All the angels were out here, dancing for the patrons as the club lowered the lights and blacklight filled the room. There were no more sets for the night, just drinks and music. We would have the room all to ourselves. Plenty of time to do what we wanted to with our perfect little angel.

“Come with us, Dottie. Let’s see just how wet our angel’s pussy gets for her devils.” Dot’s eyes flashed as her smile grew. I took her hand and led her to the back, Dante shadowing us as I nodded to Patty behind the bar. I knew Dot and Patty were close, but we also loved Patty. Respected her. She always had our back, more so than even Eddie at times. Patty acknowledged us, nodding back as she stepped out from the bar and casually blocked the door with her body.

The lock on the dressing room door clicked shut as Dot’s head whipped around with a soft gasp. “Did you lock that? I had no idea that door could lock!” She looked stunned.

“Yes angel, she locked it.” Dante quickly removed his mask and stepped to Dot, kissing up her neck, stopping to pay extra attention to the sensitive spot where her shoulder and neck met. Seeing them together lit a fire between my legs. The music from the club vibrated the dressing room that was drenched in a pink lighting that only enhanced their beauty and added an extra buzz as I watched them, my devil and angel, together.

“I told you, I want to see how wet your pussy is, angel.” I walked over to her, ripping my mask off as my heart raced. “But first, why don’t you tell us? Tell us just how fucking wet you got watching us fuck on that car. Did you think of us and play with yourself too?” I ran my long nail under her chin as Dante continued to kiss her, nothing but breathy moans drifting from her pretty pink lips. “Words, angel.”

Her response was breathy, Dante continuing his torturing kisses all over her now sensitive flesh. “Y–Yes. Yes, I played with myself in the bathtub that night.” I swallowed my moan.

“Mmmmm, did you come for us too?” Dante slowly backed her up toward the couch in the room as I remained still, my eyes burning into her face, watching it twitch and twist in response to his touch. “Please tell me you did, Dottie.”

“I—I did. Over and over again.” Her whimpering words felt like velvet.

“Good girl.” I stood opposite the couch, placing my hands on my hips as she watched me with hungry eyes. I patted my leg and flicked a brow as I spoke to her. “Crawl over here, Dottie. I want you to show Dante just how much of a good little angel you are.” Without hesitation, Dot slowly lowered herself down to the floor and got on all fours, obeying my words as she seductively crawled over to me, her eyes starving for my attention. Dante sat on the couch behind her, his cock obviously bulging in his pants. I knew it had to be painful for him to see us performing in front of him. I can’t even imagine how perfect the view he must have gotten of her ass as she crawled to me. Dot knelt at my feet, plopping down as her breasts bounced, and she stared up at me with those begging blue eyes and juicy smile. I wanted to cry. She was a vision. I looked up at Dante across the room and sucked my teeth. “Dante, you’re being such a good boy, patiently waiting. Take your cock out.” He grinned, kicking his pants off and sat on the couch, naked and perfect. He gripped his swollen shaft and began stroking himself as he watched Dot and I.

“Angel, I want you to take off those tiny shorts and show me just how wet you are right now. Show us how wet we make you.” Dot stood up and shimmied her shorts off, perching her ass towards Dante, purposely putting on a little show. I could see Dante slowly rubbing his cock as he watched her get undressed, eating it up. I kicked my right leg out a bit, showcasing the smooth leather top of my platform boot. “Now, grind that beautiful pussy on my platform, Dottie. Let me hear you, but don’t you dare come.”

Dot looked up at me, a little shocked, but seemingly turned on by my command. I gently leaned down and placed my hand around her neck and quietly spoke to her. “If anything is too much, say so, and it stops. Okay?” She nodded. “Words, Dot. I need to hear you say it. If it’s too much, tell me you will say so.” Dot nodded, her eyes firmly fixated on me.

“Okay, Kat.” She was so confident, and I was so obsessed.

“Are you going to show me how wet you are? I want this shoe to glisten with your wetness, angel.” She straddled my foot, and as soon as her pussy touched my boot, she whimpered, tugging at my own excitement. Slowly, Dot rode my boot while she hugged my thigh. I could tell she was wet. I watched so closely, noticing how each time she rocked back and forth, there was a shine of her wetness on the top of my boot and fuck was it hot. Her hands slowly worked their way up my leg to my thigh, feeling me. She was testing the waters, seeing what I would allow her to do, and I was not going to stop her. I wanted her to touch me, to feel me, but I wanted her to touch me on her own accord. “You better stop before you come, angel.”

She started moaning louder, her pace quickening as she whispered, “I’m getting close, Kat.”

I looked back at Dante, who had stopped stroking himself, instead now just watching the show. His dick was ready for attention, begging for it as he sat on the couch all by himself. “That’s a good girl, Dot, getting all worked up and wet for me. Why don’t you go over to Dante and play with him for a minute?”

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 7:41 am*

Dot slowed her pace before she stood up and looked me dead in the eye, her face flushed and hot. “Can I kiss you?” I don’t think she realized how much I wanted to kiss her at that moment. How her asking permission made me feel tingly and needy. I lost control for a second and grabbed her face with both my hands and kissed her hard. She kissed me back, pressing her body into mine, muffled moans seeping through our lips as we continued. I was lightheaded from her kiss, lost in it. I hadn’t realized how badly I wanted it...needed it. When I finally broke free, she smiled, licked her lips, and walked over to where Dante sat. She crawled on his lap and kissed him immediately. Knowing that I had just kissed her, my taste still present on her lips as she now was kissing him, sent a jolt of warmth straight to my pussy. Watching them move together was erotic. I could watch the two of them fuck and get off on that alone, but not this time. I needed to be part of it. I needed them both. Now.

I quickly undressed to just my lingerie as I approached the couch and crawled next to them, the two still kissing and making out. My legs carefully straddled Dante’s neck as I sat behind him across the top of the couch, perched on his shoulders. Dante slipped her bralette over her head as my jaw nearly dropped at the way her tits fell out of the lacey top. It was something I wanted to savour and replay over and over again in my head. He wrapped his mouth around one of her nipples and Dot’s head fell back in ecstasy. I could see the precum dripping from the tip of his cock, feeling the need to tend to him. As if reading my mind, Dot reached down and grabbed his length, delicately stroking him from base to tip. I reached out and forced two of my fingers into Dot’s warm mouth, careful not to reach too deep with my long nails.

“Fuck angel,” Dante whimpered as he threw his head back into my lap. Her hand quickened its pace as I watched them. The scene before me was sheer perfection.

“Be a good boy and open wide,” I whispered. Dante obeyed, as he always did, and leaned back, his mouth wide and waiting for me. I spit into his mouth. “Don’t you dare swallow that. Kiss her.” My eyes motioned back to Dot.

Dante, his mouth still open, grinned as he leaned forward and did as he was told. The two kissed with such passion, sharing my saliva. I could feel my panties soak from my excitement, watching them. It was at that moment I knew I was done for. These two were going to be the death of me. And I needed more. “Dottie, angel, when you thought about us while you came, how were we fucking you? What were we doing?”

“Oh, um...well...” She pulled away from Dante, breathing heavily as she hesitated. I could tell she was shy, her cheeks blushing as she tried to think, so I gave her a second before she spoke up. “Dante was fucking me from behind and—and you were talking me through it.” I swear all our eyes sparkled at the image.

“I think that could be arranged. What do you think, Dante?” I turned to look at him.

“Oh, absolutely.” He was more than pleased to oblige.

“Why don’t you get on the floor, angel? Down on all fours.” She didn’t hesitate as she did as I asked. She crawled off Dante’s lap so slowly, descending his legs as she turned around and got on her hands and knees. The way Dot followed directions was incredible, like she wanted to be led without question, and I was absolutely drunk on it. “Before we get started, I need to taste you first.” I slid off the couch and knelt behind her as she raised her pretty ass in the air. “Spread your knees apart a bit. Dante, come look at this dripping pussy.” I really just wanted him there to watch me while I ate her out from behind.

Slowly, I licked from her clit to her puckered hole. She tasted so delectable. Sweet, tangy, so perfectly ours. I circled my tongue around her clit before lapping at her entrance to get another good taste of her, struggling to pull away. I looked at Dante

and kissed him hard as he moaned in my mouth, tasting the remnants of her on my tongue. “Be my good boy and fuck our angel good.”

Dante nodded, his face drunk on our love and the taste of Dot. He wasted no time taking my place behind Dot on his knees. He lined his cock up with her entrance, rubbing his wet tip around before slowly fucking her while her pussy adjusted to his size. Dante wasn’t small by any means, and she needed to feel every inch of him. “Dottie, you feel so fucking good, angel.” His hands gripped her waist as he shoved deeper, careful to not tear her.

I moved to the front of Dottie. “You hear that? Our good boy loves your tight little pussy.” Dot moaned my name, gasping as Dante continued to push deeper. “I’m right here, angel.” Her whimpered moans mixed with his as I watched them, their eyes fixated on me.

“What do you want, Kat? Tell me what you need, please,” Dot begged. She wanted me to tell her what to do to me.

“Oh angel, you want to please me too? To hear me come alongside you two?” I leaned in close, my lips hovering over hers as Dante began to thrust into her, sliding back and forth as she rocked with him. “Do you want to eat my pussy while Dante fucks you hard?”

“Mhmmmm, please Kat. Please,” Dot whimpered and moaned.

Fuck, she sounds so desperate for me.

I quickly took my panties off and maneuvered my way in front of her, eagerly ready for her to devour me. “Go ahead. Eat my pussy, angel. Make me come with that pretty little mouth of yours.” Dot didn’t waste any time. She leaned down and kissed and sucked my clit as she lapped at my entrance with precision. She was far more

skilled with her tongue than I expected. It was a pleasant surprise. Dot knew exactly what she was doing as she began to flick my clit with the tip of her wet tongue rhythmically, barely grazing my entrance with her fingertip finding that perfect spot while Dante pounded her hard from behind. As he increased his speed, so did she. I tried to control myself, fighting back the bubbling urges beneath the surface as my back arched and my pelvis pushed into her, lightly grinding her face as Dante thrust harder into her. Feeling her slam into my pussy in such a rhythmic way, hearing Dante and her both enjoying themselves, it was all so fucking good. She could tell I was getting close, my pussy dripping into her mouth, but I didn't want to come. Not yet. Not until she and Dante were aching to burst and soak one another. "We are all going to come together, got it?" I panted, barely able to get a word in between breaths. The two nodded, agreeing with me. "I'm so fucking close. Fuck, I'm so close!"

"I'm going to come all over you, angel," Dante stated between immense thrusts. "Fuck."

"I'm so close too," Dot moaned into me. Her hot words nearly sent me over.

And just like that, Dante quickly pulled out and covered Dot in his cum as she and I loudly came together. She came hard, moaning into my pussy as I came all over her pretty face. Dante soaked her ass and back as he slid his wet cock along her skin, grunting as he completely emptied himself, fingering Dot as she dripped down her legs. Her moans filled my pussy, licking my wetness as we struggled to breathe. The three of us slowly came down from our highs, eventually resting on another. We laid there together on the dressing room floor of Eden's Inferno for god only knows how long, saturated in our orgasms and sweat. It must have been sometime, long enough for Patty to give the signal of the knock on the door telling us it was time to clear out. I swear we all three groaned at the idea of moving. We were a tangled mess of exhaustion, so worn out from everything we had just done.



As we cleaned up the best we could and got dressed, Dot stumbled over to her dressing station to touch up her makeup. She pulled out a compact from the back of the drawer and popped the metal tin out with a nail file. I looked over at Dante to see if he was seeing what I was seeing, and he was. We just watched in bewilderment as our angel, who we were both now even more obsessed with, snorted a hefty hit of coke from her pinky nail. She put the compact back together and slid it back into her drawer, as if nothing happened. When she turned to look over at us, she was casually rubbing her nose as if what she had just done was normal. But we were in complete shock.

“Dot, how often do you use that?” Dante asked.

She shrugged as if it wasn’t a big deal. “Oh, maybe a few times a day? I’m trying to quit, but it’s not that easy, ya know?” She turned back to the mirror and fixed her pink lips, popping them as she topped them off with a clear gloss. “Anyway, let's go!” And just like that she fixed her hair, jumped up, and walked to the dressing room door. “Fuck. How the heck do you unlock this thing?”

It was like using drugs was no big deal to her. But it was to us.

7

DANTE

Making deals at Eden’s Inferno wasn’t exactly my favorite. Establishing connections, sure, but actual deals made me nervous, so we didn’t do them often. And when we did, Kat usually handled it. I always stayed nearby, though, to make sure things went okay. I wouldn’t leave my girl hanging. Ever. This deal was seemingly no different. Kat just needed to hand off the drugs, collect the cash, and leave without issue or being seen. Simple.

Kat and I planned to handle this alone, but as we exited the club, Dot followed us. She clung to my side, begging to join us. Normally we'd say no, but how can you look into those big blue eyes of hers and deny her? So, we let her tag along.

Dot and I followed Kat out the back door and into the dark alley. The guys that were supposed to be meeting us were already there, standing by a shady looking van. One of those really shitty renditions of the Led Zeppelin logo painted on the side as if that made it look any better. I didn't have a good feeling about this, especially with Dot here. I needed this to be over, fast, so that we could get on with our night.

"Alright now, angel, you're going to stay back here with Dante while I handle this, okay?" Kat tightened her mask around her face, tossing her locs over her shoulder. "And keep your face hidden. We wear these for a reason." She tapped her bedazzled devil mask with her long nail.

*Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 7:41 am*

I pulled Dot close as her hands slid under my shirt and across my chest, my own mask securely in place. “Just be careful, Kitty Kat.” She nodded as I slid her the small baggie, watching as she tucked it into her tube top.

Her long nails gripped my chin softly. “You know I can take care of myself. Now, just hang back. This shouldn’t take long.” We both watched as Kat turned and walked towards the group, her leather pants nearly squeaking as she moved, the men waiting as they smoked their cigarettes.

I pulled Dot close, the two of us backing up against the side of the club as we hid in the shadows, watching. Dot was shivering ever so slightly, her cold hands holding me tight as the skimpy, thin sequin dress did little to warm her. Even with her denim coat, she was freezing. I removed my leather jacket and wrapped it around her small frame, nearly laughing at how oversized it looked on her. Her golden curls waved around her face as she flashed me a sweet smile, quickly turning back to watch Kat with such tender concern. “Is she going to be okay?” Her whispered voice tugged at my heart.

“Our girl knows how to handle herself. More than even I do.” I tucked a stray hair behind her ear, her blue eyes looking up at me. “You really care about her, don’t you, angel?”

“Yeah. Both of you.” Dot leaned closer. “You’re my devils, and I’m your angel.” Hearing her state such a thing aloud was breathtaking. “I’m in this for both of you.” Her finger tapped my mask. “Don’t forget it.”

“Oh, trust me, angel, I won’t.” My hand gripped her chin as she smiled up at me, her

irises burning through the eyeholes of the mask and into my soul. “But always remember this: I may seem big and bad, but Kat is in charge. She’s the boss aroundhere. As long as you make her happy and take care of her, I’ll do the same for you.”

“What about you?” she asked in a whisper. “Who gets to make you happy, Dante?”

I gently lifted my mask enough for her to see my smile as I pulled her close. She was barely standing on her toes as I grinned down at her. “Why, both of you. But as long as my Kitty Kat is happy, then I am too.” I leaned down and kissed Dot, gripping her jaw tight as she released the most delicious moan into me, her taste soaking my taste buds as I tried to hold back. I would’ve completely lost myself too, but the sounds of scuffling and groans caught our attention.

Dot and I turned back and looked in Kat’s direction, noticing the deal had gone sour. Two men were holding her arms as a third punched her stomach. Absolute rage and anger coursed through my veins, igniting this animalistic charge inside me. I placed my mask back down and brushed past Dot. “Stay here!” I pulled a knife from the outside pocket of my jacket around her shoulders. “I’ll handle this!” Kat’s grunts filled my ears as my vision began to blur red.

“Like hell!” Dot pulled a dainty knife from a hidden sheath around her thigh, concealed by her sequin dress. “That’sourgirl, Dante. I’m coming with you.” I eyed her thigh, looking her up and down in complete shock. “What? A girl can never be too careful.” Dot winked.

I was too focused on helping Kat to argue with her. But truthfully, hearing her call Kat ours and whipping a blade out in defense for her, well, it was fucking hot. Dot remained behind me as I towered over her and quickly aimed for Kat and the men. They didn’t hear me, too focused on jumping her, that I was able to rush them, my fist swinging into the man hitting her. He fell to the pavement as this demon inside

me took over. Blood soaked his face as I punched in his teeth, listening as he gagged on them.

“Dante!” My head whizzed back to Kat as the two men tried to drag her away. Adjusting my grip on the handle, I ran to the closest one, piercing it deep into his neck with a grunt as his blood spewed across my body. His eyes stared back at me, wide, as I pushed the blade deeper, completely sucked into the moment as the sound of Dot screaming made Kat and I both snap our heads. The blonde bombshell had run in her platform heels and jumped on the second man’s back. She was stabbing her baby knife into his flesh as he spun and screamed, frantically trying to stop her. Blood shot from his body in all directions. She moved so fast, stabbing him over and over until he fell to the ground, groaning and unconscious.

Dot stood, tossing her hair back as her eyes met ours, burning blue against the man’s blood smeared across her face. “What?” She huffed. Kat and I looked at one another, completely stunned, as the dancer licked her lips and fixed her dress. The man groaned again as she kicked him with her heel. “That’s for hurting my girl!” She carefully stepped over him, purposely crunching his balls as she walked over to us with a smile; her usual demeanor returned.

Seeing her snap—change into such a deadly little thing—left us speechless.

“Who gave her the knife?” Kat asked, lifting her mask as she glanced between us.

Dot wiped her blade against the dead man’s jacket laying at my feet. She propped her leg up on his chest, pulling her dress back before returning it to the dainty sheath around her thigh. I glanced back at Kat, cleaning my own knife on my shirt. “It seems our angel isn’t as innocent as we thought.”

“A pleasant surprise,” Kat whispered.

The man Dot had attacked groaned again, his body slightly rolling as he regained consciousness. Dot ran to him as we followed. “Bastard!” she shouted, kicking him again and again.

“Easy, angel.” I gently pulled her back as Kat crouched, slapping the man’s face to keep him awake, but he quickly passed out.

“Let’s get him out of here. Our new friend won’t be out much longer, and I have questions I need answered.” She glanced up at me. “You got him?”

I nodded. “I got it.” I leaned down, lifting the man and tossed him over my shoulder, as Kat and I began to head to our car. She popped the trunk as I tossed him inside, the car bouncing from his weight as Dot stood there, watching us. “You coming, angel?”

KAT

Dante pulled the car into the abandoned lot we frequented for situations like this. We needed information from this guy, questions answered, because that deal did not go as planned. It was supposed to be a simple exchange—drugs for cash—and we would be on our separate ways. But this fucker had to go and make it complicated, trying to drag me away. They didn’t act normal, like something bigger was at play. And we needed to find out what.

Once we were parked, the three of us piled out of the car and lined up behind the trunk. Dante and I abandoned our devil masks in the backseat. That’s how serious we were. I didn’t plan to let this fucker walk away. As soon as Dante opened the trunk, the man popped up and tried to jump out, failing miserably as he landed face first on the gravel. Dot chuckled adorably as the man scrambled to try and stand, but he just couldn’t quite get his feet under him. He was covered in blood, panting and absolutely frantic. Dante stopped him from going any farther by pushing him over onto his face again, smacking it against the pavement as his nose cracked, telling me

it was broken. The gravel crunched as Dot and I walked over to where the two men were, listening to the man groan and grovel. I noticed her platform heels were stained in his blood from her kicking him earlier in the night.

“Turn over, you worthless bastard,” Dante growled, kicking his ribs hard.

Dot was leaning against the car now, flipping her little pink sparkly blade back and forth in her fingers. I noticed her blowing a giant pink bubble, so nonchalant and unbothered, as Dante and I took over and stood on either side of the injured man.

My boots tapped against the pavement as I stepped next to the man’s face and squatted down, getting as close as possible to him. My hand gripped his chin, really making sure to dig my long sharp nails into the tender flesh near his face as he groaned and looked up at me, his head at the most awkward angle as he remained on his stomach. “First things first. Your name.” It wasn’t a question. It was a demand.

“Fuck you, bitch,” the man spat. I was already over this putz before we got here, but now I really wanted answers. And my usual calm and controlled demeanor was quickly fading. I adjusted my stance and stood over him, pressing the heel of my boot into the back of his neck, gradually adding more pressure. “You’re going to give us your name. And you’re going to tell us what your plan was tonight. Period.” I kept hearing Dot flip her blade open and closed. It was a welcomed sound, knowing that she was there watching me right now. It fueled my anger, my frustration with this idiot. He tried to pull shit on us, on the Disco Devils on our own turf. But not even that, he did it in front of our girl, and put her at risk.

I don’t fucking think so.

“Answer me!” I pushed my heel deeper into his neck, hearing the discs in his spine pop and crack. He refused to give me an answer. “Fine,” I growled as I dropped to straddle his lower back on my knees, pulled out my favorite black blade, and replaced

my heel. Dante moved and stood behind me, straddling the man as well, but with his attention on me, his hands on my shoulders to help ground me in this moment. “You have two minutes.” I pressed the sharp tip into his skin as he winced. “Start talking,” I snarled. “Who are you? What do you want? Why were you trying to kidnap me?” He remained silent, his groans increasing as I pressed deeper into his flesh. “Answer me!”



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“Fuck you!” he shouted, wriggling his body to get free.

A scream burned my throat as I removed the knife and punched him, again and again, Dante’s hands firmly on my shoulders as I continued beating the man. “Give me your name!”

The man and I both noticed movement to our left. When I turned to look, Dot was slowly walking toward the scene that was playing out in front of her. The look cast across her face reminded me of the night she killed Juan. I wasn’t sure if I was upset with her for not staying by the car, if I was pleased she was coming to join us, or if I was turned on by this whole situation. Honestly, it was probably a little bit of all of these things. She was this beautiful, deadly thing coming to join the party. When I looked back down at the man in question, he was still looking at our angel, his neck and face bleeding profusely from my abuse. I didn’t like the way he was looking at her, the way his eyes lit up as she stepped closer.

“I don’t think my devils gave you permission to look at me.” Dot’s words were laced with venom. Hearing her call us her devils sent a jolt of electricity to my clit.

Fuck. Not right now, Kat. Handle this situation first!

He ignored her warning and followed her every move with those bloodshot eyes. Dot kept walking until she stood right over his head. I knew if he looked directly up, he would get a gorgeous view of her perfect pussy in her delicious lingerie she had on under Dante’s jacket.

What is she doing? Why is she letting him look at her?

His eyes began to drift up, blatantly trying to steal a glance.

Not on my watch.

“Hey, fucker!” I slapped the back of his head. “You will not look at her. Got it?” The man’s head dipped back down with a muffled whine. “Keep those eyes low—” I felt Dante lean into my back, forcing me forward a bit. I tilted my head up to find him and Dot now kissing above me. If I wasn’t horny enough, I was now.

These two are going to be the death of me.

Dot took a few steps backward and knelt on the gravel near the man’s head. She seemed lost in the moment, almost entranced by the violence. But when she looked into my eyes with those vibrant blue irises, I realized how dilated her pupils were and immediately knew she was high.

Shit. I made a mental note to address this later, but right now, I needed to focus.

I gripped the back of the man’s head, twisted my long nails through his greasy hair. My hand forced his face up as I spoke abruptly in his ear. “Listen to me closely, you fucker.” Dante rubbed my back before standing and joining Dot, squatting next to her. “I’m not fucking around. I want answers, and I will get them however I need to. Now—” I shot his face back into the gravel as it hit with a loud thud. “Who sent you to make this deal?” His cheek ground into the rough pavement, groans pouring from his mouth as the gravel tore his flesh. “Answer me!”

“N—no one. No one, I swear! We—we just—we just thought we could get more than we were paying for if we roughed you up a bit.”

“You wanted to scam us for more?” I cackled. “I don’t believe you! And if that’s the case.” I yanked his head up as he looked at Dot and Dante, eagerly waiting for him to

speak. “Why did you try to kidnap me?”

“I—I——”

“Wrong answer.” Dante swung his fist as it landed harshly on the man’s shredded cheek, knocking him from my grasp. I swear his head bounced as it hit the gravel. “You better start answering my girl’s questions.”

“I swear,” the man sobbed. I didn’t believe him, not for one second. Their plan was too thought out, too calculated. They wanted to meet at Eden’s Inferno for a reason, and had Dante and Dot not been there to back me up, they would have succeeded in whatever they were planning.

“Nice try. But that’s a tired story. We’ve heard it too many goddamn times to believe it anymore.” I scoffed. “We aren’t amateurs.” A smile tugged at my lips as I stood, knowing the man was too roughed up to move. “Dante, baby, why don’t you take over.”

Dante grinned, knowing I wanted him to let go and unleash his inner demon.

“Do whatever’s necessary.”

“You got it, boss.” He cracked his neck as he stood. To be honest, I just wanted answers so we could leave and play with our girl, because the way she had come over just a moment ago made me want to fuck her senseless. Impatiently senseless.

Dante stood next to the man, staring down at him with such poise. I nearly jumped when he broke from that and aggressively kicked the man in the ribs. “Stand up!” he shouted.

“I can’t!” the man cried out.

Dante laughed, bending down as he brushed the man's hair from his face. I could tell he had fully untapped his hidden anger. "Then use your words and tell us your fucking name!" He was screaming in the man's face, laughing as he cried. Tears fell from the man's eyes, mixing with the blood that soaked his cheeks. Dante ran his hand across it, wiping as much as he could. "Oh, look at you. You're such a mess." The man continued to cry as Dante gently shushed him. "There's no need for that." He tilted his head. "You see, you're not the first person we've brought out here. You can scream and shout all you want, but no one will hear you." His smile turned sinister. "So do yourself a favor, and just give me a name. Simple." The man's mouth quivered. "Alright then, but I did warn you."

Dante sighed as he began digging in the man's pockets, eventually pulling out his wallet. "Why didn't I think of this sooner?" He playfully tapped his head and opened the wallet, pulling out a driver's license. "Frank Sorrenson." The man's eyes widened. "You don't look like a Frank to me." Dante handed me the license as I stared at the information, forcing Frank to his feet as they stood before us.

Dot stepped forward, taking Dante and I by surprise as she spoke to the man. "Frankie... sweetie, who the fuck sent you to make the deal with my devils, babe?" The way she spoke was so sweet and innocent, taking me back a moment. She had her little pink blade in her hand, coated in his partially dried blood from when she attacked him. She was spinning the knife over her fingers with a practiced ease that made me a little unnerved.

"Angel," Dante purred, cautiously watching her every move.

Dot slowly approached Frank and Dante, the two men easily towering over her tiny frame, despite her platform go-go boots. I walked closely behind her, shadowing her, not knowing what she had planned in that precious little mind of hers. Dot was a wild card, and while I liked it most of the time, moments like this made me nervous. There was no telling what she would do.

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Dante held Frank from behind, twisting his arm up behind his back as the man groaned, sweat and blood coating his face. It was obvious Frank was in pain, but I didn't care. I only wanted answers.

"Frankie," Dot sang his name.

"What are you doing, Dottie?" I tried to coax an answer out of her, walking up behind as I rested my head on her shoulder, looking past her to Frank and Dante.

"Getting you your answers, boss," she whispered in my ear with a smile, licking it gently. Dot giggled softly, turning her attention back to the two men.

Oh my fuck. Yup, I was wet.

Dot walked up to Frank with such poise and grace and ran her hand across his crotch as she began teasing him. Dante looked at me, both shocked and confused, but I only nodded. He tightened his grip on Frank as the man eyed Dot closely, taken aback by her boldness, unsure of what to say or do. "What, don't you like me, Frankie? Don't you think I'm pretty?" She rotated, rubbing his cock as she pressed her ass against him, sliding down into a gentle pop before standing back up. She pulled his loose-fitting trousers down, revealing his flaccid cock with a pout. Poor Frank was not well endowed. "Oh, poor Frankie." His face beamed red as he tried to move, but Dante kept him still. Dot grinned, kneeling before him as she opened her mouth and laughed, flicking his dick. Frank groaned as Dante watched, enjoying her display.

"Y-you're crazy!" he shouted down to her.

“Bingo.” She winked. Dot gripped the man’s sad excuse of dick and raised her knife to it. Frank immediately stiffened. “Okay, Frankie, you’re going to tell us what we want to know. Or I’m going to chop your little dick off. Got it?” How Dot managed to say all of this with such a cheerful demeanor, I’ll never understand. But holy shit. I looked at Dante and he was just staring at her, transfixed.

Frank didn’t say anything. I wasn’t sure if he was too shocked or too stubborn, but it seemed he still wasn’t going to talk. Dot made ticking sounds with her mouth, yanking his dick forward as she placed the tip of the knife along his shaft. Frank twitched and yelped, but Dante held him firm. “Franky, baby, you’re gonna have to say something or you can kiss this dick bye-bye.” She leaned closer as the tip pierced his flesh.

“Okay! Okay!” he screamed, sweat forming around his forehead. “I’ll tell you everything—just—just please, let go.” Dot lifted her knife as she raised a brow, releasing her grip on him. “I—I’m working for the cops, okay? They’ve been trying to catch you guys for a while and I—I knew you worked out of that club.”

“You were going to snitch on us?” Dante gripped Frank’s neck, boiling with rage.

“I—I just needed to bring proof you were dealing! I never planned to take one of you back! That was their idea—not mine! He said no one would get hurt—he just wanted enough to pin the dealing on you devils! Please, I have a family—” Dante reluctantly released Frank, knowing there had to be more to the story. Frank whispered under his breath, “You three are fucking crazy.”

“Is that so, Franky baby?” Dot sweetly asked as she tilted her head and returned her knife to his dick. “You sure there isn’t more you want to share?”

“Yes, I swear! I was told to deliver evidence, nothing else! The other guys were convinced that by taking one of yous to the cop, they could get a clean slate! But not

me! I had no part!” The three of us exchanged a look, pondering. “Please, I got kids!”

Dottie whimpered, “Poor thing is shivering.” She slapped his cock as she jumped. Her wide eyes looked up at him, stirring. “Thank you for your honesty, Franky.” She looked over at Dante, then back to me. “Do we like his answers? Are we satisfied, babes?”

We both nodded. His statement seemed logical. We knew the cops had been trying to pin us down for sometime, and sending someone as an informant out for us made sense.

“Perf.” Dot smiled. “But sadly, Franky, you hurt my girl.” She made a sad face. “Say goodbye to your dick, Franky.” Just like that, she sliced through his cock and completely ripped it free from his pelvis like it was nothing. Frank wailed and screamed as blood gushed from where his dick had been, spraying across Dot’s face as she squealed and smiled, embracing it. He screamed so loud it hurt my ears. I moved behind Dot and whispered loudly into her ear. “We need to shut him up, angel, don’t you think?” I glanced up at Dante, who still held Frank firmly upright, squeezing his shoulders as he shouted and bled out. He looked at us both with starving eyes full of lust, Frank’s cock still in Dot’s hand.

“Goodbye Franky’s penis!” Dot landed a peachy kiss on the tip of his lifeless dick, her signature pink lip stain planted perfectly on the tip as she took it and fiercely shoved the limp dick down Frank’s throat, muffling his scream. His eyes bulged as he began to gag and choked on it, his screams immediately silenced. “There! That’s much better,” she stated cheerfully, hopping between her feet with a giggle. His hand trembled, trying to stop the bleeding from his crotch, as Dante tightened his grip on the other behind his back. His eyes burned red from tears as he stared at Dot approaching him. “Shush! Franky, it’s okay. It’s okay!” She grabbed his face, his dick still firmly placed in his mouth, gagging him. “Things are gonna get a little messy now. Okay?” Muffled sounds escaped his clogged mouth. “I know, I

know—you got kids.” He nodded, silently begging. “Well, you should’ve thought of that before you hurt my girl.” Dot smiled, and without hesitation, she slit Frank's throat. Blood shot out of his neck and covered both mine and Dot's face. She had moved so effortlessly, the way her arm moved and she remained so still, despite being completely soaked in the man's blood.

Frank's eyes rolled as he tried to stop the bleeding, quickly fading off. His body fell limp as Dante stepped back, Frank slumping to the ground with a loud, wet thud. The three of us remained standing, covered in blood, breathing heavily.

I whipped Dot around to look at her completely covered in blood, as her blue eyes popped like never before. She was smiling, and she was fucking gorgeous. Something came over me as I looked at her, desperately craving her, like I've never craved her before. And I kissed her with purpose. I could taste Frank's blood all over skin, mixed with her own taste, so turned on by all of it. She didn't hold me back or melt into my arms, so I gently pulled away and simply stared at her. Maybe it was too much to be sexual right now, but I wanted her.

“Kat,” she whimpered my name. “I need you.” That was all the invitation I needed. I noticed her shivering and knew exactly where I was going to fuck her.

“You get your ass to the backseat of the car, right now, angel.” She obeyed without question, like the good girl she was.

As she scampered away towards the car, Dante grabbed my hand, stopping me. “Kitty Kat, I'm worried about her. Didn't you see how hooked she is on those drugs? How dependent she is? Did you see her eyes? She's highright now.”

I lightly wrapped my hand around the side of his neck, admiring him and how concerned he was for our angel. “And look what she did?” He flashed me a look. “Trust me, I'm worried too, Dante. We'll talk to her, and if we need to, we'll get her



clean. She's ours and we are going to take care of her, just like I took care of you. Okay, little devil?" He nodded in understanding. "Now, I want you to watch me play with our little angel. Can you be a good boy and do that for me? For us?" Dante grinned.

"Whatever you want, Kitty Kat. You know I will do anything for you." I leaned forward and licked his neck, biting it roughly.

"That's my good boy," I breathed against him. I could feel him shiver with excitement. "Now, let's go. I am starving for her." Together, we made our way back over to the car, ignited by what we were about to do.

Dante slid in the driver's seat, adjusting the rear view mirror and sitting in a position where I knew he would be able to see us perfectly. When I opened the back door, Dot was naked, lying on the backseat, still covered in Frank's blood, gently playing with herself. The image of her sitting there was something I purposely never wanted to forget, burning it into my mind. I crawled up her body and delicately kissed her slowly, moving from her legs to her mouth, savoring the taste of her, wanting this moment to last forever. I could hear Dante whimpering in the front seat as he watched us, his dick now free and in his grasp. Dot moaned into my mouth, begging for more. She bit my bottom lip, sucked it into her mouth, and released it with a pop. "Fuck, angel." If she wasn't careful, I'd end up coming way too soon.

Dot slid her hands up my body, untying the top I had on and slipped it off. I leaned up and slid it over my head, letting my tits fall out of the top. She reached up and cupped my breasts, massaging them and taking one of my nipples into her mouth, rolling the other between her thumb and forefinger as her eyes stared up at me. Her mouth was perfect and warm. I savored every second that she played with my nipple with her pretty, wet tongue.

I wanted to feel her pussy. I wanted to feel how slick she was for me, but I

remembered I had these fucking nails on.

Fuck this!

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“Just a second, angel,” I breathed, sitting back as I quickly bit down on my nails, popping two of them off. I didn’t care about my manicure anymore. I needed this, and by the look on her intoxicating face, I knew she did too. “Are you dripping for me, Dottie?” She nodded. “Are you ready for me to play with your pretty pussy, babygirl?” She nodded with a whimper, eagerly waiting for me. I turned to look at Dante, who was definitely enjoying the show. He had his cock in his hand, the other gripping the steering wheel, and was slowly stroking himself as he watched with hungry eyes.

“Please Kat, I need it.” The way she moaned my name was sheer perfection.

“I need you too,” I whispered as I reached between her legs and immediately felt her warmth. As soon as I touched her pussy, I felt just how wet she was for me as she shuddered at my touch. “Fuck, I want you to come for me, Dottie.” She twisted her body and moaned, moving with my fingers. “Show me how beautiful you are when you come undone, angel.” I circled her entrance and plunged two fingers into her. She arched her back and moaned louder, pressing her body against my hand, begging for more. “You are perfect, Dot.”

“Fuck Kat, please!” she nearly screamed.

“Do you like this, angel?” She moaned in response, her eyes closed as her head tilted back. I removed my fingers and used her wetness to circle her swollen clit, giving her just a bit of pressure to elicit a whimper from her. “Open your eyes, angel. You will look at me when you come, understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” she whined, opening her eyes to look at me.

That's right, keep those big blue eyes on me, babygirl.

"Dante, isn't our angel perfect?" His moans mixed with Dot's. "She's going to come so beautifully for me."

"She really is, Kitty Kat. Fuck, I love watching you two. You're both perfect." When I looked over at Dante, he was stroking himself harder and faster. I could tell he was really enjoying himself.

"Come here," I whispered. Dante leaned back, turning his head as I kissed him and played with his tongue. "Now, watch this." I returned to Dot as his eyes looked in the rear view mirror and watched as I fucked Dot with my fingers and used my thumb to circle her clit, applying just the right amount of pressure in the places I knew she would enjoy. When I looked up at her, she was still watching me.

That's my good little angel.

I kept looking between her and Dante, soaking up their excitement. "Dante, do you want to come with her? Because she's close, aren't you, angel?"

Dot nodded, her cheeks flushed and fully pinked. "I'm so close, Dante. Please, please come with me. Let's come for Kat, together. Oh please, Dante," she pleaded between her heavy breathing. I was about to come to her words alone.

"Yes, oh yes!" Dante huffed. "Yes, I'll come with you, angel."

Knowing that they both wanted to come for me was fucking intoxicating. My own orgasm was growing alongside theirs as Dottie began to tighten. "Dante, you better be close, because her pussy is twitching around my fingers, soaking them." I moaned, feeling her around me, listening to them both.

“Fuck, Kitty Kat,” Dante moaned. His head fell back and hit the window as he began to come all over his lap and into his hand.

As if hearing Dante wasn’t hot enough, his moans sent our angel over as Dot came around my fingers at the same time as him. Her back arched high, and she filled the car with her sounds, fogging the mirrors. I leaned over, my mouth wide as my tongue began licking her wetness. Her pussy squeezed my fingers so tight, I couldn’t pull them out if I tried.

“Oh, Kat! Fuck, mommy. Please—” She pushed against me, twitching and begging for more as Dante struggled to catch his breathing. I was a goner for both of them.

This thing with Dot wasn’t casual anymore.

8

DOT

“Come here, angel.” Dante patted his thigh as I took my seat directly in his lap, plopping down as my breasts bounced just right for them. Dante and Kat had once again paid for my shift, personally tucking wads of larger bills into my lingerie, allowing me to spend time with them instead of dealing with the lusty patrons who were begging to book a private dance with me.

“I like your outfit tonight, Dottie.” Kat tugged at the long crystal tassels hanging from the purple and pink pastel bikini style bra, my breasts barely covered by the thin, colorful material. I wore a matching choker and a flared mesh skirt lined with faux fur over my thong, complete with matching pink platform boots that reached just under my knees. My hair was gathered real high, beauty queen style as loose golden curls hung around my face, adorned with tiny iridescent crystals and my signature pink lips. I felt like a pastel dream, delicately choosing my outfits just for them.

“Thanks.” I winked, leaning across Dante as I played with her braid. “I chose this very outfit just for you. Purple for my pretty Kitty Kat.” I could feel Dante’s fingers digging into my thighs, his dick pressing against my ass as I spread my legs a little wider, inviting him to do as he pleased. Kat’s chest rose quickly, her breathing intensifying as she watched me through her devil mask. I could feel her eyes on my skin, watching my every move.

“You’re a goddamn piece of forbidden fruit, Dot.” Her nails grazed my face and trailed down my neck. I gasped quietly at her touch, wanting to feel more. “So wrong, but so fucking good.” Dante released a vibrating growl, gently grinding into me.

“I might be a good girl, but I promise, I can be just as bad.” The lights lowered, fading from a bright pink to a deep blue, hiding us from wandering eyes. Kat’s hand traveled across my breasts, sneaking beneath the tiny bikini top as Dante adjusted himself, pushing harder into my throbbing pussy. “Let me be bad for you,” I breathed, leaning closer to Kat, my own hand wandering to her lap. “Both of you.”

I moved with Dante as he ground against me, both my thong and his pants growing wet from our excitement as Kat’s fingers played with my nipple, her mask rising enough for her to glide her tongue along my neck, sucking my skin. I closed my eyes, drunk by them both. My fingers raised her mini skirt, quickly finding her swollen clit as I began to play with it through her lingerie, listening as she moaned gently in my ear. The music shook the club; the bass drowning out any other noise as the lights remained lowered, giving us time to touch each other.

We all quickened our paces, almost moving as one as that immense craving took over, guiding us quicker than we anticipated. I could feel Kat’s orgasm nearly peaking as we kissed, our tongues twisting together as I fingered her. She bit my lower lip, pulling the soft tissue as she began to soak my fingers, crying faintly into my mouth. I couldn’t help but to smile, pleased with knowing that I made her feel so good. “That’s it,” I breathed into her, her teeth still holding me hostage. “Come for

me, baby.”

Dante wasn't far behind, moaning loudly as he forced my pelvis into his, coming inside his pants. His head shot back, the warm wetness soaking through and sticking to my skin. I kept moving, grinding even faster against him and deeper into Kat, my own orgasm building as I listened to them both, the sounds of their ecstasy filling my ears.

“My devils,” I whined, unable to control it as my elation hit. “Ah!” I cried out, coming hard, so hard it almost hurt. My pussy ached, pulsating with immense pleasure. Dante reached around, rubbing my clit while Kat slammed her mouth back into mine, devouring me while her other hand tugged at my nipple, the two obsessed with draining me completely. My heart nearly gave out as the three of us completely fell under each other's spell.

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“Damn, Dot.” Dante chuckled, wiping his pants with a wet paper towel from the bathroom. “I think you might owe me a new pair of pants.” His eyes rose to meet mine in the reflection of the dirty bathroom mirror.

I bit the tip of my nail, grinning, completely pleased with myself as I watched him clean the jizz from his clothes. Kat appeared from the bathroom stall, adjusting her mini-skirt and halter top. “Dot was right.” She looked at me over her shoulder, smiling. “Our good girl knows how to be bad.” She washed her hands, smiling at Dante. The two exchanged a flirtatious moment as I watched them in the mirror, enamored by them. They were mine, and I was theirs.

“We have some business to take care of outside. Would you like to join us, Dot?” I nodded at Dante’s question.

“Just remember, stay back.” Kat turned to face me, crossing her arms. “Where’s your knife?”

Fuck. I had worn something too revealing for my little knife.

“It’s in the dressing room. I can go get it!”

Kat nodded. “Hurry up, angel. We don’t want to keep these pricks waiting.” Dante slapped my ass, giving me an extra pep in my step as I fluttered from the bathroom.

I quickly moved through the packed club, past other angels and patrons, ducking into the hall to the dressing room. The door shut behind me as I stepped inside and aimed for my vanity. The knife was tucked safely in my denim jacket, concealed from the



other dancers. I picked it up, placing it carefully in the string strap of my thong, knowing there was no way to hide it. “Perf.” I stopped, looking at my reflection, noticing my lipstick was slightly smeared. I reached into my drawer to fix it when the all too familiar and sudden itch hit me. “Not now,” I groaned, trying to ignore it while fixing my lips. The desire—the soul clutching need was too much, and after coming so fucking hard, I needed it. I tore my drawer apart, looking for the small compact I kept, unable to find it.

“Where is it?” I whispered, searching again and again. “The fuck?” My fingers curled over the sides as I pulled the drawer out with a single yank and dumped the contents on the floor. “Where is it?” I fell to my knees, scanning everything when I noticed two skates roll to my side. My eyes slowly trailed up as I met Lana’s, her smile nearly reached her ears.

“Well, if it isn’t Bubbles, down on her knees. What a fitting way to find you. Oh, what’s wrong? Did I walk in at a bad time? Need a tissue for your mouth?” I snarled at her remark, standing as she remained towering over me thanks to her skates. She was dressed in the same high waisted booty shorts all the servers wore, her uniform mesh top, and her red hair flowing freely down her back.

“What do you want, Lana?” She scoffed at my question.

“Who said I wanted anything?” She cocked her head, watching me search the contents of my vanity drawer. “Gosh, did you lose something?” I flashed her a look. “Really hope it wasn’t important. Or say—” She pulled the small compact from her bra, flashing it as if shocked to have it in her hand. “Something like this. You know, drugs are really bad for you, Bubbles.”

“Give it back!” I rushed to my feet, trying to snatch my compact from her grasp.

“What, this old thing?” She wiggled it in her grasp, smiling. “No, see, I think I might

just give this to Eddie. I'm sure he'll love to know what's inside. Say, isn't there a rule about doing drugs? I swear there is, especially for you fucking dancers."

I lunged towards her, but she rolled back, laughing as I stumbled. "Give it back, Lana!"

She laughed, retucking the compact in her bra. "Don't think so. I warned you, Bubbles."

"What the hell is your problem? Are you really so insecure and jealous that the Disco Devils like me more than you?"

"Jealous? Jealous!" Lana moved closer. "You really think having their attention makes you so damn special, don't you? Well newsflash, Bubbles, you're not. You're just the new toy they get to play with. But soon, you'll be old, like the rest of us, and things will go back to how they were, only you won't be here."

"Are you threatening me, Lana?" I stepped closer, glaring up at her.

"Oh no, that's not a threat, princess. That's a promise. One I'm going to make sure happens. I hope you enjoyed toying with those psychos, because once I talk to Eddie, your skank ass will be out of here. And once you're gone, they'll move on while you turn tricks at the corner just to pay for your next meal." Her eyes burned into mine. "Hope it was worth it." Lana smiled, turning to leave. "Don't worry, I'll take real good care of your devils."

"No, you won't," I growled, kicking my leg out as I knocked her forward. She hit the floor with a loud thump, her face bouncing as her nose broke, blood immediately pooling from it. I snatched the blade from my thong and planted myself on her lower back, straddling her body. My fingers twisted in her long red hair and gripped a handful, forcing her head up as my blade gently kissed her neck. She groaned and

cried, trying to wriggle free, but I had her pinned. I might be small, but I knew how to use my body to my advantage.

I pressed my face against her ear as she whimpered. “Those devils are mine. And I don’t like sharing.” Lana began to cry, tears flowing from her eyes as I held her hostage. “Oh, what’s wrong?” My hand pulled her head back further, her neck sitting nearly at a ninety-degree angle. “Didn’t your momma ever teach you not to dish it if you couldn’t take it?” She continued to cry, tears and blood streaming down her face. My tongue extended from my mouth, tasting the bitter and sweet mixture as she flinched. “Mmm.”

“You’re crazier than them!” Lana shouted.

“That’s right.” I smiled, her blood staining my teeth. “Now, give me my compact.” Lana fumbled, her arm shaking as she retrieved the small compact from her bra, offering it back to me. “Thanks, doll.” I kissed her cheek, snatching it as I removed my knife and dropped her face back to the floor. She cried, refusing to move.

I popped the compact open, smiling at the pretty white powder. My pinky nail scooped just enough as I snorted it quickly, feeling the comforting and familiar wave fall over me, exhaling with relief. I tucked the compact in my jacket, placing the knife back in the strap of my thong and made my way to the dressing room door, stepping over Lana. I stopped, pushing her face with my platform heel. She glanced up at me with bloodshot eyes. “This stays between us, Lana. Because if it doesn’t, I’ll have no choice but to tell my devils what you did—how you threatened me.” I made a pouty face. “And we wouldn’t want that now, would we?” She sobbed, frightened by me and in pain, shaking her head. “That’s right. Oh, and Lana?” She glared at me. “You got a little something, right there.” I tapped my own nose. “Should probably take care of it. Hard to make money with an ugly mug.” I winked, flashing her a smile as I trotted from the dressing room and back into the club.

No one can have my devils. They're mine.

"There you are." Dante popped from the wall of the club as I stepped into the alley.

"You had us worried." He placed his jacket over me, covering my exposed body.

"Everything okay, Dot?" Kat asked, joining us.

"Everything is perfectly fine." I smiled at them, the two so attentive and caring.

"Now, what're we doing?"

Dante placed an arm around my neck, guiding me. "We are meeting one of our regulars. It's a simple swap—drugs for cash." We stopped at their car. I noticed tiny blood stains, dark and discolored, remembering the night they tossed the man in the trunk.

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“It won’t go south like the last one, right?” I looked up at Dante, his mask sparkling in the moonlight.

“Not a chance. We know these guys pretty well.”

Kat lifted her mask and looked at me. “Don’t worry, Dot. This will all be over within minutes. And even if it does go south, we got you, babygirl.” I nodded, pressing closer to Dante as a car turned down the alley, the headlights burning my eyes.

The car remained running as two men exited the vehicle, slamming the doors. They were dressed in all black, looking like the old mobsters you see in movies. They eyed the devils closely, their gazes moving to me with a look of surprise.

“Who’s this?” one of the men asked with hesitation.

Dante squeezed my frame as Kat crossed her arms and cocked her hips. “She’s with us. Now, can we focus on business, boys?” she asked, tilting her head.

They exchanged a look and huffed. “Don’t go switching things up, she devil. Where’s the goods?”

“I’m sure you’ve heard of the recent incident that occurred here? You know, the one of the police informant that died in such a traumatic way for asking too many questions?” Dante’s words seemed to shake the men. “With current events, we are taking precautions to ensure no one steps out of place. Not on our turf. Now, show us your goods.” The older of the two men stepped forward, retrieving an envelope from his coat pocket.

“Here’s all five g’s, as promised.” Dante took the envelope, briefly checking its contents before stuffing it in the pocket of his coat around my shoulders. “Boss?”

Kat nodded, popping the trunk as she lifted a small duffle bag. She walked it to the two men and dropped it at their feet. “Your usual, boys.” She bent down, unzipping the bag to reveal the overwhelming amount of drugs in various shapes and colors. My jaw dropped at the sight. I knew they dealt, but never to this extent.

The men grazed the contents, nodding as they zipped it. “A pleasure doing business with you devils. And—” The old man motioned to me, unsure of what to say.

“Angel,” Dante answered them. “She’s new. You can fully expect to see her in future exchanges. The men nodded, returning to their car. We waited, watching as they slowly backed out of the alley and drove away.

“I guess it's official now,” I teased as Kat and Dante raised their masks and looked at me.

“What is?” Kat asked.

“That I’m your angel.”

“There was no question of that, Dot.” She kissed me gently with a smile.

“You’ve been ours since the day Kat laid eyes on you,” Dante stated, leaning down to kiss me as well.

“Good, ‘cause you’re mine. Both of you.”

DOT

“There it is,” I whispered, wiping my nose of the remaining powder. My eyes fell to my reflection in the vanity mirror. “Perf.” I tossed my voluminous golden hair, ensuring perfection. My lingerie outfit was much more risque than what I usually wore, my nipples covered in elaborate iridescent and pink rhinestone clustered cups of the barely there bra, basically resembling pasties. My bedazzled matching thong tied into bows that settled on my hips, revealing pretty much my entire body, aside from my pink leather go-go boots. My skin was lathered in a shimmery body oil, catching the light from every angle as I sparkled like a fucking star. My lips curled into a smile. “Look at you.” I spoke to myself, topping off my lips with a sparkle gloss, popping them. I slid into the pink harness, holding the elaborate pastel pink angel wings, smothered in matching pink and iridescent rhinestones and crystals, the feathers gently gliding along the floor as I twirled at my reflection. “A real angel.”

I picked up the dripping iridescent choker, attaching it around my neck as my eyes fell to the small compact. My mouth began to salivate, wanting another hit, even though I had just taken one.

You don’t need it. I thought to myself, staring at it with such intensity. But I want it.

My fingers snatched the compact, scrambling as I forced it open and scooped another small amount and snorted it without a second thought. I pinched my nose, feeling off. Something dripped from my nostril, taking me back as I looked at the red smear on my fingers.

“What the fuck?” I glanced up into the mirror and noticed the small trail coming from my nose. “Shit!” I tried to stop the bleeding, tossing my head back, feeling it drip down the back of my throat. After a few minutes, I checked and noticed it had finally stopped, but my fingers were coated in blood. My eyes glared down at the red color, almost hyper focusing on it as flashes of Juan flickered in my brain. His voice, the

sound of his body squelching as I stabbed him, came crashing into my mind all at once, flashes hitting as I swore I looked up and saw him standing before me. Immense fear flooded me as I stumbled back, nearly falling over. My eyes were wide, refusing to look away as the bloodied man smiled back at me.

“No!” I shouted, squeezing my eyes shut. “You’re not real. You’re not real!” My breathing filled my ears. I could feel my pulse in my skull, as the feeling of something brushed past my face.

“You’re right, Luanne, I’m not real.” Juan’s voice made me shiver. “Because you killed me!”

My eyes snapped open as I spun, searching for him, but he was gone. “What the fuck is happening?” I felt like my nose was bleeding again, dripping down my face. “No. No, no, no, no!” I frantically grabbed a handful of tissues from the vanity and wiped as much as I could from my face. Just when I thought I was good, the sound of Kat’s grunts made me whirl around. “Kat?” But I was alone, still hearing it as if she was standing next to me. “Kat?” I searched the dressing room, knowing something was wrong. I was alone, yet I heard her.

“Angel!” I spun at the sound of Dante’s voice, my vision flickering to see myself standing in front of Frank, forcing his dick down his throat, blood covering my face like a scene from a horror movie. I felt sick, standing there, helplessly watching myself as I proceeded to murder the man with my knife.

“Stop,” I cried softly. “Stop it!” A sharp ringing pierced my ears, my head aching as I flinched, falling to my knees in pain. “Stop!” I tried to open my eyes, but I couldn’t. The pain was too much. The ringing only increased until the world fell silent. I couldn’t hear anything except my own breathing and the sound of my heart racing.



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Gentle sobs drifted into my ears as I reluctantly opened my eyes, shocked to see the scene before me. It was me, but the old me with Brunette hair, carrying myself as if I had no confidence and I only lived for others, never myself. My body was on the floor of my old trailer, beaten and bloodied. The sound of my muffled cries filled the room as the old me tried to crawl towards the trailer door, leaving behind a trail of blood.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Juan’s drunken voice made me flinch as I turned to see him charging at my old self. His hands were red and swollen from beating me, his face flushed as if the abuse I had endured that day had taken so much out of him. “I said—” His sweaty body tackled the old me. “Where do you think you’re going?” My old self cried out, screaming and begging for him to let go. “You’re not going anywhere, Luanne. You’re mine!” His hands flipped me over and wrapped around my neck as he began to squeeze, those dark heartless eyes burning into my soul. I tried to close my eyes, but when I opened them, I was the one in his grasp—not the old me.

“Juan,” I cried, tears flooding my eyes as I kicked my legs. “Please?—”

“The only way you’re going to leave me is in a body bag!” His hands constricted as I gagged and choked, gasping for air.

Think, Luanne. Think! I slapped at his hands, clawing his fingers with my nails, unable to break free as he just smiled down at me. Play dead. Fake it and he’ll let you go! Do it!

My eyes rolled as my body fell limp. Within seconds, Juan gradually released my

neck, slapping my face as I remained unphased, pretending to be unconscious.

“There, that wasn’t so hard now, was it?” I listened as he spat next to me. His fingers grazed my face, flicking my lower lip. “Still warm to the touch.” He squeezed my face, moving it side to side. “What a fucking waste,” he groaned. It took everything in my power to remain as still as possible, forcing my breathing to remain low, so low he wouldn’t notice. He nearly startled me with his lips pressing against mine as he kissed me, the smell of alcohol rank on his breath, his hand drifting to my breast as he moaned faintly. “I’ll get one last use out of you,” he whispered as I listened to the sound of his pants unbuckling. “One last fuck,” he grunted, lifting my skirt and sliding my panties to the side. “Yeah, I will.” Juan forced his penis inside me, grunting as he assaulted me. I felt like dying, wishing my heart would stop. Wishing my injuries would take me. I had to fight my tears, despite the aggressive rape, pretending to feel nothing as he shoved his dick deeper, squeezing my breasts.

“Oh fuck,” he whined. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Juan slid his dick from my body, coming all over my leg, his hot jizz drenching my thigh. “Oh, Luanne,” he moaned, squeezing my breast hard as he continued to come. My stomach was sick, twisting into knots as I did my best to appear lifeless, listening to him as he finished, wiping his hands across my torso.

Juan remained silent for a few minutes, lighting a cigarette as the realization of what he did settled in. He shook my leg, trying to wake me, but I refused to move. I wanted him to think I was dead, to leave me alone so that the moment he did, I could run.

“Luanne? Baby?” He slapped my shin. “Wake up. Luanne, wake up!” It took everything to not wince at his raised voice. “Oh fuck.” He shuffled around, panicking as he thought I was gone. “Fuck, no.” The sound of him punching the trailer wall made my heart jolt. “Shit, this isn’t happening.” I heard the trailer door squeak open as Juan rushed out. “Fuck!” The door slammed shut as I held my breath and listened.

It was silent.

Did he leave? Is he gone? Is it over?

I remained frozen, counting to a hundred again and again, too scared to move.

He has to be gone. It's been awhile. Fuck, open your eyes, just a little.

I did just that, taking my time to peel my swollen lids open and look around. Juan was gone, and I was alive.

Now!

As quickly as I could, I shot from the floor, Juan's cum sticking to my thigh as I tried to wipe it off and fix my panties. I nearly threw up at the idea of being assaulted but knew there was no time to think about it. My feelings would have to wait. I needed to escape. I grabbed my bag and what I could, stuffing a wad of cash and food into it as I cautiously opened the trailer door and peeked out. The sky was dark, crickets singing in the distance. He was gone, and I took my chance.

I quietly stepped down the mini set of stairs and left the trailer, glancing over my bloodied shoulders in every direction, paranoid and fearful, as I began to walk away from that life. The trailer sat about a hundred yards away from the main road, and I had reached about half the distance when I heard him.

"Luanne?" My body stiffened at his voice, coming from behind me in the direction of the trailer. "Luanne, baby? Is thatyou?" Shaking, I reluctantly looked over my shoulder to see Juan standing outside the trailer with a hand saw.

Fuck!

“Luanne!” His gaze darkened as he gently placed the saw down and bolted in my direction.

“No!” I screamed, sprinting towards the main road, my body screaming and aching.

“Luanne! Come back!” He was quickly gaining on me as I neared the stop sign, noticing an older woman in a pickup pulling up. “Luanne!”

“Help!” My screams caught the old woman’s attention as she turned to look at me rushing to her truck. “Please! Help me! He’s going to kill me! Please!” The woman looked back at me to Juan, waving for me to hurry. I reached for her door as he grabbed my hair and yanked me back. “No!”

“Get off her!” The woman jumped from the truck, aiming the shotgun now in her hand at Juan. He froze. “I said—” The familiar sound of the shotgun loading echoed in the air as she aimed it at him, tapping the tip against his head. “Let her go!” Juan growled, releasing my hair as he raised his hands and eyed the old woman.

“You got no business here,” he warned.

“Get in the truck,” the old woman motioned her chin towards the running vehicle. I quickly jumped from the ground and ran inside the truck, watching through the opened window as she remained there with her gun. “Might not be my business, but that don’t mean I’m afraid to plant one of these shells between your eyes.” Juan glared at the old woman. “I’m going to walk back to my truck and me and that pretty little lady are going to drive off. If I so much as catch you breathing the wrong way, I’ll shoot. Understand?” Juan tsked as the old woman slowly backed up to the driver’s seat, her shotgun and eyes remaining locked on him. “Here sweetheart.” She passed me the shotgun. “If he moves, you shoot him, got it?”

The cold gun slid into my shaking hands as I struggled to hold it, pointing it at Juan

as the old woman buckled in.

“Luanne,” he yelled, glaring at me.

The truck kicked into drive, and Juan bolted towards us. My entire being panicked as I shot the gun, my ears ringing as he hit the ground. The old woman slammed on the gas pedal as we tore away from him and onto the main road.

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“Are you alright?” the woman asked, carefully taking the gun from my hand.

Looking back, I watched Juan stand, unharmed, and stare as we drove away.

“No.” I closed my eyes.

“Dottie?” Patty’s voice broke me from the painful memory, a loud gasp shooting from my lungs as I realized I was in the present, back in the dressing room. My eyes searched the room, my consciousness settling as I tried to bring myself back down.

You’re fine. Everything is fine.

“Dottie?” Patty knocked on the dressing room door. “The Devils are here. They’re looking for you.”

The Devils—my devils. Pull yourself together.

I shoved my dark demons aside and cleaned myself up, looking at my pained reflection. I could see the old me staring back. She was scared and hurt, lost in this big world. “That isn’t me anymore,” I whispered. “The old me is dead.” I pinched my cheeks for the perfect blush and shook my head, settling into my new self. “Luanne is gone.” My trauma sank to the pit of my stomach as I adjusted my lingerie and wings, feeling like my usual self again. “Time to party, Dottie.”

I opened the dressing room door and Patty stood there waiting for me. “Hey.” She eyed me closely as I stepped out into the club. Eden’s Inferno was fully alive, lights strobing all across the club as music shook the building. It was a fucking vibe, the

very one I was needing right now. “Everything okay?” I looked down to see her holding a tray of shots.

Without even thinking, I picked two up and shot them back, the whiskey burning my throat as I let out a loud whoop. “Perf!” I smiled, brushing past her to The Devil’s Corner. “See you later, Patty!”

The music took hold of me as my body swayed and moved with the beat. I shimmied my chest, the crystals glistening under the mood lighting as my wings wiggled behind me. My eyes noticed the two bedazzled devil masks, locking onto them as I danced my way through the crowded club and to them.

“Oh, I love this song!” I screamed, shaking my ass as I reached their table. With a quick spin, I landed in Dante’s lap, giggling as he tried to help me up.

“You okay, angel?” Kat rushed to my side, trying to help me back to my feet, but I laughed, rolling around in Dante’s lap.

“Oh, I’m fine! Jeez, why does everyone keep asking me that?” My legs kicked as I shook my ass, tossing my hair around. “I just want to party!” Kat grabbed my wrist, yanking me up as Dante stood, holding my waist.

“Dot, what’s going on? Are you high? What did you take?” His hands reached for my face, but I slapped them away.

“Knock it off! I said I was fine!”

“Angel.” Kat spun me to face her, carefully lifting her mask to see my face.

Ugh, Kat is just fucking perfect.

“Dottie, did you use?” She pulled me close, looking into my eyes as my hands pressed against her chest. “I think she overdid it a little, Dante.” Kat spoke to him behind me.

“God, you’re so beautiful. Kiss me.” I leaned forward, kissing Kat as she nearly fell over. Dante had to grab us, pulling us apart as I laughed out loud, grabbing his neck to kiss him. “Take your mask off! Let me see your handsome face!” He grabbed my wrist, stopping me. I nearly stumbled over, feeling the mixture of coke and whiskey mixing in my stomach.

“Why don’t we take a seat and just rest a moment, angel? You don’t look so good.” Kat tried to direct my body to their table, but I didn’t want to go. Dante had rejected me and Kat was trying to mother me, and I didn’t like it.

“No!” My arm ripped from her grip as they watched me. “I want to party! And if you two don’t want to party with me, then I’ll just find someone else.” My wings almost knocked me over as I spun away from them.

“Angel. Angel!” Kat screamed after me as I pranced into the dancing crowd, raising my hands up high, flicking them off.

“Later bitches!”

I lost myself in the music once more, dancing with random patrons as the devils watched from their corner, sullen and bitter.

That’s right, watch me. Keep your devilish eyes on me as I show you what you’re missing.

I purposely put on a show, shaking my ass and dancing on everyone I could, letting strangers touch me and hold me however they pleased. I didn’t care who it was or



what they did, I just wanted to remain in this fuzzy high and drift away from everything. And I wanted the devils to see me having the time of my life without them. To make them regret rejecting me.

“Want to go outside for a smoke?” The guy I was dancing with asked. He seemed harmless enough, but truthfully, the hot club air had made me break a sweat and the idea of stepping outside in the cool spring night sounded like a good idea.

“Sure!” He took my hand and led me towards the back of the club. My eyes peeked over my shoulders and past my wings as I waved bye and blew a kiss to the devils, watching them stir and simmer.

The two of us stepped out into the night, our hot breaths fogging the air as the moonlight beamed down on us. The strange man lit his cigarette, watching me squeal and spin beneath the blue light, sparkling as my wings felt like they were glowing. “It’s such a beautiful night!” I exhaled, gripping the railing next to him as he offered me the lit cigarette. “Thanks,” I breathed, inhaling the smoke.

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“So.” He took another hit after me. “You’re a dancer? What’s your name?” I could feel his eyes trailing up and down my near naked body.

“Yes, I am.” I smiled, acting shy and bashful. “You can call me Bubbles. What’s your name?” He grinned, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

“Charles.”

“Charles?” I shook my head. “No, you don’t look like a Charles—” We both laughed. “Charles,” I mocked. “Blech, too formal. No, you look like a Charlie!”

“Charlie it is.” He grinned, smoking the cigarette. “So, what’s your story, Bubbles?”

“My story?” I blew a raspberry, taking the cigarette from him. “You don’t want to hear that.” I leaned against the railing, tossing my head back over the railing, soaking in the moonlight.

“And why not?” Charlie asked, leaning over next to me.

“Because it’s such a sad story.” I exhaled into his face then poked out my bottom lip in an exaggerated pouty face. “And right now, I don’t want to be sad. I want to party.” I offered the cigarette back to him.

“Well, why didn’t you just say so?” Charlie placed the cigarette between his lips and reached into his pocket, pulling out a tiny baggie of colorful pills. “I got a whole bag full of fucking parties in here.” My body rose as I stood, eyeing the colorful pile of pills in his open palm.

“It’s like a rainbow,” I cooed, gazing at them.

“Yeah.” He removed the cigarette. “A rainbow that’ll make you feel so good, you’ll think you’re a flying unicorn.” My eyes shot to him, sparkling as he watched closely.

“I like the sound of that.”

“I bet you do.” Charlie took my hand, dropping the pills into them and retrieved a small flask from his coat pocket. “Bottoms up, Bubbles.” He handed me the opened flask, eagerly waiting for me to down the handful of pills.

“I don’t know if I should.” I hesitated.

“Hey, you want to party, right?” I nodded. “Well, then let’s party.” Charlie took a large swig of the flask, offering it back to me. I eyed the pills and licked my lips.

“Let’s party!” Charlie smoked the cigarette as I tossed the handful back and took a large gulp from his flask. The vodka made me cough, nearly choking on the pills as they dropped into my stomach. “Fuck,” I wheezed.

“Yes, now... ” Charlie stepped closer, blowing smoke in my face. “Let’s get this party started.”

DANTE

“We shouldn’t have let her out of our sight!” I slammed my fists into the mirror of the bathroom, shattering it as my mask bounced on the counter.

“Fuck, Dante! We just got that thing replaced!” Kat rushed to me, picking up my hand as she examined my bloodied knuckles, her mask raised and resting on her braids. “Listen, I don’t know what’s going on with her, but I think you’re right. We

need to get her clean. That person out there, that wasn't our angel."

"Something is off—aside from her being high. I just?—"

"Shhh." Kat took my face into her hands, gently stroking my cheek. "I know. I sensed it too. But breaking mirrors and bloodying your knuckles isn't going to make things right. Take a deep breath, baby." I closed my eyes and did as she said, trying to let my anger roll off my back. "There you go. Maybe she just needs some space right now to process whatever it is that's getting to her?"

The bathroom door shot open as Patty peaked her head in, pretending not to see the freshly shattered bathroom mirror. "Hey guys, thought you'd like to know, but some strange guy just took Dottie out back. Alone."

"Oh, fuck no!" I carefully brushed Kat off me, reaching under the sink to grab the hidden revolver.

"Dante." I whirled around, fuming with an unspeakable rage.

"No one touches our girl, Kat." I popped the cylinder casing and loaded the gun. "No one." I slapped the cylinder back into place.

She picked up my mask, handing it to me with a sinister smile. "Let's go save our girl." My arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer as I kissed her with such passion. Kat kicked her leg back, melting into me. She ripped her mouth from me, placing my mask over my face and lowered her own.

"Patty." My head tilted towards the woman still in the doorway. "Keep Eddie busy. We have business to take care of."

"You got it."

Kat and I held hands, rushing through the club to the back. The world was blurred, out of focus, as we aimed for the doors, focused solely on our girl. Kat kicked the door open, and we stepped outside, searching. A clattered noise caught our attention and sure enough, just off the side of the club and down the alley was Dot. Only she wasn't exactly conscious. The man had her limp body seated on top of a trash can leaning against the wall, his pants sagging around his knees as he held her, groaning as he tried to fuck her but was failing miserably.

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“Get the fuck off her!” Kat rushed to him and swung her fist, clamped around a set of brass knuckles, as she knocked the man back. I lunged to catch Dot, her wings no longer on her back but instead mangled and on the ground, covered in grime. I lifted her lids, seeing her enlarged pupils rolled to the back of her head. Her color seemed off and I could smell vodka on her breath.

“What did you give her?” I shot over my shoulder, cradling her.

Kat gripped the man’s collar, holding him up as his bloodied face looked at me. “S-she said she wanted to party!”

Kat raised him closer to her face. Through clenched teeth, she growled, “What did you give her?” He flinched at her words.

“A party bag!”

Oh fuck.

“Don’t you know Eden’s Inferno is our domain? Who the hell do you think you are, stepping in to deal on our turf?” Kat slammed her forehead into his skull, knocking him back to the ground as he tried to pull up his pants with one hand, the other holding his head. “Give her to me.” She stepped towards me. “I’ll take her to Patty.” I carefully lowered Dot into her arms, kissing her cheek gently.

“Make sure Patty takes care of her. Let her know that she’s on something.” My eyes turned to the man. “I’m going to take care of him.” Kat nodded, rushing back into the club with Dot. The man tried to crawl to his feet. “Not so fast!” I raised the revolver,

pulled the trigger, and shot his hand. He fell to the ground, crying out as blood poured from the wound.

“I only gave her what she wanted!” he screamed and cried, rolling in agony.

“Is that so?” My hand reached for his ankle, dragging him back to the trash can as he clawed at the pavement. “Did she ask you to drug her?” I stomped on his ankle, listening as the bone cracked beneath my boot. “Did she ask you to rape her?” My raised snarls hid his screams as I stomped harder, listening to his bones crumble.

“I-I’m sorry! P-please! Ah! Stop!”

I kicked the man onto his back and aimed my gun at him. All I could see was Dot’s lifeless face, and it made everything turn red. “Any last words?”

“Dante!” My head swung to see Kat. She strolled to my side, placing her hand on the gun, lowering my arm. “You didn’t actually think I was going to let you shoot him, did you?”

“Oh, thank god!” the man cried. “Thank you, thank you!”

“Shut up!” She kicked his broken ankle, turning back to me as she ran her long nail down my neck. “Dot is our girl.” Kat walked past me, kicking around the garbage until she found an old pipe.

“Where is she?” I demanded.

“Patty is taking care of her. Thankfully, it doesn’t look like this fucker got the chance to force her.” Her mask tilted.

“I didn’t—I-I swear!”

“You think that’s going to save you?” Kat picked the pipe up, feeling it in her grip before casually returning to me. “Yes. This will do just nice.”

“W-what’re you doing?” The man questioned as she swung the pipe in her hands.

“I’m going to have some fun with you before I let Dante finish you off.” Kat swung her arm hard, swinging the thick metal pipe as it hit the man’s leg, breaking his shin. He screamed in absolute agony, writhing in pain. “That’s right! Scream! Let everyone here know what happens to pricks like you who hurt our girl!” Kat swung again, whacking him in the chest. The man wheezed, coughing up blood, telling me she had hit a rib and punctured his lungs. She bent down, slapping him across the face. “Shut up!”

“Please! W-who are you?” he sobbed.

Kat removed her mask and grinned at the man. “We’re the Disco Devils, sweetheart.” She stood, slowly backing away as her eyes raised to me, beaming.

I lifted my own mask, smiling back at her. My arm raised, the gun aiming at the man as I pulled the trigger and shot him in the dick. He hollered and wailed as Kat laughed, watching as I shot again and again, unloading the entire cylinder chamber into him. The end of the barrel of the revolver smoked as we stood there, watching the man die before us.

“You fucked with the wrong angel.” I lowered my arm, tossing the gun aside as Kat ran and jumped at me. I caught her, twirling, as I slammed her body into the wall and kissed her, the two of us suddenly invigorated by his death.

“That was so fucking hot, Dante,” Kat breathed into me. “I need you.” Her fingers hastily began to undo my pants, slithering beneath as she began to stroke me.



“Fuck,” I moaned, leaning into her. She continued to slide her soft hand along my shaft, careful with her nails. My dick instantly hardened, becoming constricted beneath the material, begging to be unleashed.

“Fuck me,” she whined, rubbing my wet tip with her thumb. I nearly shivered and jolted at the sensitive touch. Kat removed my dick, pulling me to her pussy and rubbing me against her wet opening. I was thanking god for mini-skirts at this moment. “Dante,” she whispered, tightening her legs around me.

“Kitty Kat.” I shoved my swollen dick inside her pussy.

The club door swung open as Patty rushed out, her face filled with worry and concern. “You guys might want to come inside.”

Fuck, what now?

“Little busy here, Patty,” I called out, fucking Kat.

“It’s about your angel.” We both froze, the moment completely killed.

“Dot,” Kat whispered. I gently slid from her body, twitching as we adjusted ourselves.

“What about him?” I asked, motioning towards the dead man.

“Forget that fucker—Dottie needs you.” Kat and I immediately ran to Patty, following as she led us back inside and through the club, returning our masks to our faces.

“What’s happened?” Kat asked.

“I’m not sure. I knew she was using—you know, coke—but this... this is different. Whatever she took—whatever that fucker gave her, well, it’s bad.” We stepped into Patty’s office, a small room tucked away from the rest of the club, and saw Dot sprawled out on the small couch, her usual color faded.

“Dot!” Kat rushed to her side, falling to knees as she held her face. “Dot, wake up.” She gently patted her cheek. “Fuck, she’s cold, Dante!” I ran to her side. “Dot? Dottie? Baby, wake up. Wake up!” Dot groaned faintly. The sound alone gave me some relief, but I knew she needed help.

“Patty?” I turned to look back at her, tossing her my keys. “Bring the car around. We’re taking her home.”

“She needs a hospital, Dante!” Kat shouted to me.

“She’s strung out, Kat! We can’t take her to a hospital. They’ll just pump her stomach and arrest her. Not to mention, the cops have been closing in on us for weeks. If either of us step foot inside a hospital, it’s all over.” Kat shook her head, grabbing Dot’s hand. “No, we need to get her home and do this ourselves.”

Patty rushed to move the car. I carefully picked Dot up, draping her over my shoulders as Kat covered her with a blanket, keeping her away from prying eyes. “What’re we going to do, Dante?” she asked.

“We’re going to save our angel.”

10

DOT

“Dot? Dot, wake up!” Kat’s distant voice sounded so distorted, as if we were underwater and she was miles away, screaming into the abyss. “Baby!” My head whirled around, lights and sound crashing together, my body weighed down as I felt like I was sinking, unable to breathe.

“Angel!” Dante’s scream pierced me like a bolt of lightning as my body jolted. It hurt so bad. And repeated over and over as I felt myself nearly convulsing, my skin burning and hot. “Get her in the shower!” I was being moved like a rag doll, unable to speak or even open my eyes. I felt dead, gripping onto a single sliver of my soul as I watched and experienced everything happening through a distorted view of reality.

I was slipping, my grasp weakening as I wanted to give into the sweet embrace of peace beckoning me deeper. I wanted to let go and drift away into the silence.

Let go. My own voice rippled through my mind. Just let go.

And at that moment, I did. I let go and felt the embrace of death as it took hold of me like a gentle hug.

“Dottie,” Kat’s whispered voice ripple down to me. “Baby, please. Please don’t leave us. Don’t leave me. Please.” I could feel her pain. The heartbreak she must be feeling in that moment. “Dante! Dante, she doesn’t have a pulse!”

I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry for everything.

DANTE

“Is she going to be okay, Dante?” Kat asked. Her voice was pained and worrisome, more than I had ever heard before.

“I don’t know, Kitty Kat. I don’t know.” And honestly, I meant it. I didn’t fucking know.

11

DOT

I wanted to reach out to Kat. To show her it was okay to let go, but instead I felt myself wanting to rise up. To crawl back to her. To them both. And I began to panic.

Wait. I opened my mouth to scream, but it filled with water, choking my words as I began to suffocate on the darkness. Wait! I’m not ready!

“Dante, do something!”

Kat.

My fingers clawed at the water, fighting death as it tried to pull me down. I didn’t know what had come over me, but I didn’t want to go. Not yet. I wasn’t ready.

Kat!

My lungs burned, screaming for air as I gasped and reached, gripping the end of my soul. I yanked it so hard, trying to ascend back to the surface.

Please—

The feel of hot air hit my mouth and rushed into my lungs, again and again.

“Again!” Kat shouted as the feeling returned. The air soured through me, lifting me higher through the darkness. “Again!” More air filled me and suddenly I heard a distant and faint heartbeat. My heartbeat.

Cold water hit my face, soaking me as I slowly settled back into my body. My skin was on fire, my stomach twisted and filled with the most revolting contents. I began to cough, my hearing slowly returning. Someone lifted my torso as I opened my heavy eyes and vomited, expelling the poison from inside me, my life slowly returning.

“Dot!” Kat cried, pulling my hair back as I continued to regurgitate my stomach. I

had never felt so sick, my body burning yet freezing, all at the same time. I trembled and shook, tears mixing with the cold water as it soaked into my flesh.

“Angel,” Dante’s raspy and hoarse voice hit my back as I realized he was behind me, sitting in the shower, holding my body up. He rubbed my back gently, the two helping me as I continued to throw up.

“Jesus, Dot, we thought we lost you there for a moment.” Kat sniffled, telling me she must’ve been crying.

“You really scared us,” Dante whispered, delicately hugging me.

I spat the acidic vomit from my mouth as my fingers felt like they were being pricked with needles, still shivering and hating everything I was experiencing.

“For a moment, you did.”

12

DOT

What I appreciated most about my current situation with Kat and Dante was the tender care and support they offered me. Deep down, I wanted to be done with the drugs as much as they wanted me to be. I hated feeling trapped and controlled by the addiction. It was a monster I could never shed from my back, haunting me at all times of the day no matter what, and I had fallen prey to it. I always scratch that sick itch even when I didn’t need or want it, but my body craved it. I would feel like dying without it and my brain would be flooded with a darkness that ate away at my sanity until I finally gave in and soothed the beast. It was killing me, leaving me disgusted with who I had become. Especially after everything that happened the other night.

I couldn't even think about that night without reliving the all too recent events and feeling that raw pain. It was beyond excruciating and overwhelming, haunting me with the images of the few things I did remember. They flashed behind my lids every time I closed my eyes. Taunting me with their gross recollection. The burden of that night, and knowing how much worry and pain I caused my devils, was too much. I just wanted to curl into a ball and cry myself from existence. I may not have remembered much from that night, but they did. And I made them tell me everything. Every single sick detail. Every harsh truth of what I did or didn't do. I wanted to know everything. I needed to know just how much of a fucking fool I made of myself, and how I had not only embarrassed them, but hurt them.

Fuck, how could I be so stupid?!

I sat on my couch, thankful this was all happening at home. In my safe space. Kat made me promise when we got here that I would tell them where all of my stashes were, all the places I hid coke, even the mini stashes of pills I had tucked around the apartment. And I did.

Kat and Dante followed my every word and instruction and tore the apartment apart. They found and cleared out all the drugs, ensuring there were no more left. Not even an aspirin. I knew this wasn't going to be easy, and maybe subconsciously, that's why I kept putting it off and making excuses. But I had to do it. For them.

Kat told Patty that I was getting clean and she was thrilled. I think she said her exact words were, "Thank fucking christ." Apparently, Patty had been covering for me at Eden's Inferno, but I was feeling guilty and I missed her. And oddly, I missed dancing.

I sipped the hot chamomile tea, wrapped in a faded quilt, when I heard the light footfalls of someone coming down the hallway behind me. Dante gently placed his hands on my shoulders. "How are you feeling, angel? Can I get you anything?" He

rubbed my shoulders and gently massaged them, relieving the tension that had gradually built over the last few days. I closed my eyes and soaked in the attention, allowing, if only for just this moment, to not feel the heavy weight of sadness and regret that had taken over me since I stopped using.

“Honestly, Dante, I just want to feel happy again. How do you do it? How do you feel so alive and genuinely happy without using? It’s been so long since I felt it... I’m scared I’ll never feel happy again. Like it’s impossible.” That was honestly how I felt right now. Bubbles was gone. And I was just Dot. Fuck, Dot was gone too. Now, I was just Luanne... again. Boring, sad, weak, pathetic Luanne.

“Dottie, you will feel happy again, I promise you. You don’t need drugs for that. It may feel impossible and like it’ll never happen, but I promise it will. It just takes time. It’s only been a couple days. Give yourself a break. Hell, I think you’re doing amazing. Way better than I ever did.” He walked around the couch to face me. I knew I must have looked like a hot mess. My hair was ratty, and I hadn’t showered in days—I just didn’t have the energy. I didn’t feel pretty or worth his attention. I felt ugly and gross. Unworthy. Immediately, I looked away from him, refusing to look into his beautiful dark eyes... even if I knew he could see just how horribly fucked up I was. He sighed faintly and placed his hands on my thigh. “Hey. Look at me, angel. I know this isn’t going to be easy. I’ve been right where you are and felt it all myself. But you have me and you have Kat. And we won’t let you fail. We are going to support you every step of the way. No matter what, Dottie. Wings or no wings, you will always be our little angel.” He gently cupped my face and forced me to look up at him. Tears burned my eyes, seeing him look at me with such endearment and devotion. His deep brown eyes swirled like pools of chocolate I wanted to dive into. I didn’t deserve him. I didn’t deserve either of them. They were too good for me. And I loved them more for it.

Wet warmth trailed down my cheeks to his hands. I didn’t expect to start crying, but then again, my emotions were all over the goddamn place. Dante swiped away my



tears with his thumbs. He took my now cold tea from me and set it on the coffee table. “Come here, angel.” He moved to sit sideways on the couch, slouched, with his back against the armrest. “Lay here with me.” He patted his bare chest, and I obeyed, readjusting to snuggle between his legs, lying on his toned stomach. “Everything you’re feeling is normal, I promise. But don’t think you need to hide anything from me or from Kat. Trust me. We’ve seen it all, Kat more than me. She helped me get clean off this shit too.” His fingers gently stroked my messy hair. “We are kindred spirits, angel. All three of us. Never forget that.”

As I snuggled there with Dante, I couldn’t help but think about how badly I wanted to use. How my body shook and burned to feel the drug as it slithered through my blood and soothed my soul. It was miserable denying myself that toxic treat. But I knew it was wrong. I wanted a hit, and I felt guilty about it. I curled deeper into his chest, my brain spinning a million miles an hour, hyper focused on what I wanted and couldn’t have. As if convincing myself it was okay to use would solve everything.

Just one more would be okay, right? No, no! You don’t need it. You don’t need it.

My nails dug into his skin as I eventually fell asleep on Dante, crying, thinking about how great it would feel to be high one more time, followed by the immediate hatred and regret for even thinking such a thing.

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Sleeping had become a foreign concept to me, invading me at the worst time and overtaking me when I didn't want it. It was another cycle I needed to break... one day. But not today. Today, I just wanted this sweet moment with Dante to last forever.

Dante's adorable light snores were something I wanted to capture and keep forever. They were soothing, but I was restless. And no matter how much I loved the sound, I couldn't lay there anymore. As I carefully eased off the couch, I removed the blanket and covered him up with my quilt. He had settled in so well on the couch, looking comfortable and at home here in my space. It suited him. And I was ready for Kat to be in my space as well to see what this all looked like, the three of us together here, even if it was just a wild fantasy I was playing out in my head.

My apartment was large, thanks to my constant flow of tips at the club. There was more than enough space for the three of us here. Dante had already tidied everything during the first chunk of my detox. It almost felt weird having nothing to do, so as I wandered around to try and find something—anything to keep me busy, but I kept coming up short. My fingertips were tingling and my brain was aching—pulsating with each minute that passed. I felt hot and uncomfortable in my own skin. The overwhelming urge for a hit was coming in waves and those waves were crashing, harder and harder each time, closer to one another than the last. I felt such anxiety and dread refusing my bodily needs. I had to find something to do.

Busy yourself, Dot. Find something... anything!

Dante was still sleeping soundly on the couch, and I didn't want to wake him with my problems. I felt guilty enough with him here babysitting me. I wanted to move as far

away as possible to avoid making too much noise. Thankfully, my bedroom was in the back of the apartment and it was there that I found myself a task: organizing all of my lingerie. The bonus of being a dancer at a strip club, like Eden's Inferno, is that I had a plethora of lingerie. So this task kept me busy as I forcefully removed every single piece and refolded and organized them by color and material. Once that was done, I had moved on to my personal vanity and started reorganizing my overwhelming amount of makeup, but that's where I fucked up. So much of my coke had been hidden in compacts and old hollowed lipstick tubes. Opening those bags, seeing the missing pieces, was a harsh reminder of the shit I had gotten myself into, and how fucking hard all of this was. As I sat there, I couldn't help but stare at my sparkly pink eyeshadows and shimmery glosses, remembering how great it felt to be high at Eden's Inferno, performing for the crowds. How the lights flashed and strobed and the music beating in my bones guiding me through my dance. Everything was so euphoric.

The longer I sat there reminiscing, the angrier I got. I hated this person I had become, so obsessed with living in the highs and nearly ruining the best thing to ever happen to me.

You're a fucking mess. Look at you! Look at what you've become, what you've done!

My hands squeezed the many makeup compacts in my grasp, my arms trembling as Juan's voice entered my head and began to taunt me.

Look at what you've become. His laugh echoed in my brain. Bet you wish you would've stayed with me. I could have given you all the drugs you wanted, Luanne.

"Get out of my head!" I groaned. "Stop! Please, leave me alone!" I threw the handfuls of makeup at the wall, screaming. Glitter, sparkles, and dull pink shimmer floated everywhere like a cloud of cotton candy. "Fuck!" I cried. Tears streamed

down my face as makeup settled around me, coating my skin. Before I knew it, Dante had appeared and immediately had me wrapped in his warm, strong arms.

“Shhh...it’s okay. You’re okay, angel.” His soothing words did anything but soothe me in that moment.

“No, I’m not. I’m not okay, Dante!” I snapped, my temper throwing him off. “I’m so fucked up. How did I let it get to this point? Why am I like this?!” My voice cracked. I was fighting more and more tears, all the negative emotions flooding my body, boiling to the surface. Dante just hugged me tighter. He didn’t say a word but refused to let me go. Somehow, knowing exactly what I needed, even when I had no clue myself.

“Thank you,” I breathed into him.

13

DOT

The bathtub was empty, the cold porcelain seeping through my clothes. Yes, I was fully clothed, sitting in the empty bath. It was my escape. I had lost count of the number of breakdowns I had over the last couple days. Kat and Dante took turns being with me, helping me through this detox, and I was starting to feel embarrassed. Like a fucking burden. But I also knew there was no way I could have survived this without them. I needed them, and that idea of relying so heavily on them weighed even more on me than the distant craving to snort an entire line of coke. And I hated myself more for it.

Kat and Dante left every now and then, usually only one at a time, so that there was always someone here with me. But they had business to take care of. Deals that needed to be made, and it worried me. I would sit and wait, anxiously picking at my

nails until they would return. When they did leave, Patty would come over and stay with me. She doted on me with such love and care, like a mother, ensuring I had everything I needed and never felt alone. She noticed my new behaviors and would try to give me little manicures to help, but the thoughts of worry remained until I saw my devils walk through that door.

Our evenings had become very domestic between the three of us. I was getting used to being with my devils on the couch at night, watching shitty tv and eating frozen dinners or take out. Even if it was only temporary, it was nice. The couch in the evenings had become our sweet sanctuary, breaking from the sad reality. Over time, I had slowly improved, and while I still didn't feel like Bubbles, I was happy to be with them in those moments. Even if they were fleeting.

The latest episode of Dallas played on the small television when a knock sounded on the front door. The three of us stiffened, unsure of who was at the door. "I got it," Dante announced. He had to lift my legs off of his lap so that he could get off the couch. I snuggled in closer to Kat as we continued watching our favorite show, on edge as we listened to Dante answer the door. Two sets of footsteps sounded from the front of the apartment as Dante returned, shadowed by someone else. "Patty brought us a sweet surprise!" Kat and I immediately eased as she stepped around him.

"Just a little something, nothing big." Patty physically couldn't come over without bringing something hearty to snack on. She was always so prepared and so sweet.

"Patty, that is an entire pineapple upside down cake," I said, smirking. "Like an entire fucking cake."

"Yeah, well, consider it a pre-birthday treat, Dottie." She winked.

Kat sat up straight, knocking me out of my comfortable snuggle. "Wait just a goddamn minute!" She gripped my chin, turning my face as I looked directly into her

gorgeous dark eyes. “When is your birthday?”

I blinked. “Please, it’s not a big deal—” Normally I would have loved to celebrate my birthday, but this year, I just wasn’t in the mood. Not now.

“It’s in a couple of weeks,” Patty answered, while she opened the cake box and began cutting us pieces with Dante’s help. “Eddie marked it on the calendar and everything!”

“I—I really don’t want to talk about it right now,” I whispered to Kat. Patty and Dante walked back into the room, both of their hands filled with perfectly sliced pieces of cake. I took my piece from Patty with a smile, immediately taking a generous bite. “Mmm. This is delicious!”

“Mhm. And this conversation isn’t over,” Kat snapped, planting a kiss on my cheek.

I accepted that for now. But I still wasn’t ready for everything yet. The thought of being happy and surrounded by so much joy was still overwhelming and seemed unattainable. Hell, it felt wrong. Like I didn’t deserve to celebrate after all that happened. And a subject change was very necessary. “How are things at Eden’s Inferno, Patty? How’s Jade? Ugh, I miss her.”

“Jade is great! She misses you too... keeps asking when you’ll be back.” She took a bite, her eyes low, knowing the comment might hit a nerve. “Everything else is pretty standard really, nothing crazy. Oh!” The three of us jumped at her overly excited voice. “I’ve been meaning to tell you three!” Dramatically, she dropped her fork on her plate with a loud clatter, moving her hands as we listened intently. “Eddie demoted Lana!”

Dante was the first to speak up. “You’re shitting me.” He grinned, shaking his head.

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Patty raised her right hand to the sky. “I swear to god! Now, you know I’m not a religious lady, so I’m not sure how much that means... but he sure did. Just the other night, when you two weren’t there, these two guys came in wanting a table and The Devil’s Corner was empty, because, well—obviously, you two were here and not there. And she sat them down right at your table!” She dropped her jaw for dramatic effect. Kat and Dante exchanged a brief look as I watched Patty. Hearing her tell a story was like watching a movie and I lived for it. “Yeah. So, anyway, Eddie must’ve seen from upstairs, and before Lana could even put those guys drink orders in, he screamed at her in front of the entire club—patrons and all—and just like that” —she snapped her fingers— “Lana got demoted to a busser! Can you believe that shit? Frankly, I’m thrilled. That little twat always annoyed the piss out of me. Especially after how she treated Dottie here.”

“Patty!” I chuckled, hoping the two didn’t press the topic.

Kat took a bite out of her cake. “She needed a good kick in the ass.” Her eyebrow flicked as she took another bite. “Good for Eddie.”

“Yeah,” Dante chimed in. “We might not be as present at the moment, but that club is still our turf. And no one is taking it from us. Oh, just wait till we get back in there—” Kat shot him a look as she swiftly changed the topic. “Fuck, you sure can bake, Patty!” Kat shook her head, sighing.

We all finished our cake, giggling and chatting about the club. Patty filled us in on gossip we had missed, dramatically recalling everything with over the top expressions and hand movements. I felt myself slowly coming back to life. I was comfortable with them, the four of us sitting around in the living room, watching tv and eating

cake like some weird family. It felt so right. Honestly, it was the most fun I had in a long time. And deep down, I think I was actually starting to feel happy again.

14

KAT

“I am so fucking proud of you, Dottie. So proud. I know this shit isn’t easy. I haven’t been through what you and Dante have, but just watching it? Fuck, I can tell it’s a lot.” I wrapped my arms around Dot, embracing her as we laid together on her king-sized bed facing one another. We were a mess of naked tangled limbs and bedsheets, our hair sprawled around as we looked into each other’s eyes. “Seeing you so fresh and vibrantly you is intoxicating.” My fingers gently grazed her soft cheek. “Fuck, I want to eat you up.” With a soft moan, I nuzzled into her neck and began nibbling at her still sensitive flesh. We had been at it all morning, all three of us, worshiping one another in celebration of Dot’s long, hearty progress. Dante only just left to go get us doughnuts and coffee.

“How is it possible that I still want more of you when we’ve been here in bed for what seems like hours?” Dot asked while she nipped my earlobe, trailing kisses all the way down to the valley between my breasts. She stopped her slow, torturous kisses just above my navel, then slowly licked up to my chin, eyes watching me as she flicked her tongue for dramatic effect. “Tell me what you want, boss. Tell me what you want and I’ll give it to you. Please.” She bit those full, pouty lips, like she knew I couldn’t resist.

How on earth is Dot even real?

“I want you on your knees, angel. Spread them wide so I can see you.” She listened like the good girl she was and positioned herself perfectly. After our night in the car together, I had opted out of wearing my usual long nails, grateful at this moment. I



slowly put two fingers in my mouth, soaking them with my saliva, and pulled them out with a wet, juicy pop. I reached down and felt along Dot's slick pussy, wet and ready to be played with. She whimpered as I toyed with her folds and teased her entrance, rocking back and forth before she slowly lowered herself onto my fingers. "Don't move," I breathed. I wanted to savor her tight pussy and how good she felt. Her walls pulsed around my fingers, low moans falling from her lips as I slowly rolled them against her g-spot. "Tell me you like this, Dottie. The way I make you feel. Huh? Do you like feeling me inside you, fucking you slow with my fingers?"

"Yes," she exhaled. "You feel so good, Kat. Oh." She arched her back, feeling her own breasts. "I love it." As soon as those words left her mouth, I heard the front door close.

Perfect timing, little devil.

"Dante, baby—we need you." My words were desperate and breathy. I looked at Dot, who was staring right at me, those blue eyes filled with desire. "Tell our little devil just how much we need him right now," I whispered.

"Dante," Dot moaned his name because as soon as she did, I started rubbing her clit with practiced precision. "Dante, please.Fuck." Her body rolled and moved with pleasure. "We need you."

Dante tossed the donut boxes and coffee cups on the countertops and wasted no time rushing back to the bedroom. "Fucking hell." He flicked a brow at the sight of us, brushingback his long black hair. "I should have told you two to be good while I was gone." He pulled the shirt over his head with ease, showcasing his toned tattooed chest, and slid his low hung sweat pants off to reveal his already hardened cock.

Dot began to rock on my fingers, searching for more friction than I was giving her. I stopped moving all together. "Angel," I warned. "I told you not to move. You only

come when I say so.” At my demand, her walls clenched around my fingers and a flood of warmth went right to my core.

Fuck.

“Dante, get behind our Angel. She’s not listening very well right now.” Dante crawled up the bed with a giant grin and knelt behind Dot. He wrapped a hand around her throat, carefully tucking her golden hair back. “Good boy,” I purred.

Dante leaned in and whispered into Dot’s ear. “Be a good girl and listen to what the boss says so we can both reward you. Understand?” With her back to his chest, Dot nodded in understanding. “That’s our angel.”

I slid my fingers from Dot’s pussy and listened as she whimpered at the sudden loss. “Don’t worry, angel, I’m not done with you yet. Dante, sit back there with Dot on your chest. Spread her legs wide for me.” My good boy never hesitated when he was told to do something and this position put my two favorite people on a perfect display for me. The trust they had in me—the trust Dot had in the both of us—it made me weak. And with them in this position, I was able to torture them both in a way I knew they would love.

Dante was now perched with his back against the headboard, slumped down at the perfect angle, Dot in his lap as her back arched against his chest. He massaged Dot’s full, heavy chest while nibbling her ear. His cock was perfectly erect, twitching, and ready for attention against Dot’s wet slit as she writhed on top of him. The two of them were both dying to be loved, and I could see absolutely everything. How Dot was dripping from her pussy. How Dante was leaking precum from his tip. All of it. Fuck, I needed to taste them. Together.

They watched me with hungry eyes as I crawled up to them, the two eagerly waiting to see what I was going to do to them. “Do not move. Either of you,” I growled. They

both tensed at my words, obviously excited by the mystery.

I carefully ran my hands along the insides of Dot's thighs, slowly slinking closer to them both as she moaned at my touch, leaning further back into Dante. He watched me, feeling her body. I tossed my long braids onto my back. I had to take a second to admire them, my little devil and my little angel, the two spread out for me and on full display, waiting for me to join them. They were so fucking perfect.

I leaned down and my tongue glided up Dante's cock while he moaned at my touch, gripping Dot's waist roughly as he bit his lower lip. My mouth widened and I wrapped my lips around the tip, my eyes on Dot. The corners of my mouth stretched and ached, barely able to fit around his enlarged cock as I began to salivate. I slowly lowered my mouth down his shaft until the tip of his dick hit the back of my throat, nearly gagging me. As I sucked Dante's cock, my angel's beautiful pussy weeped before my eyes. She ached and begged for some kind of attention, more than what I was giving her, as I massaged her inner thighs. Taking a practiced finger, I gathered her wetness and circled her clit with just the right amount of pressure, exactly how she liked it. The two moaned in tandem, knowing that I was torturing them both. I listened to their mixed moans, smelling their excitement. It was exactly what I needed.

My mouth slid up and down Dante's shaft for a few minutes, swallowing his precum. I could feel him wanting more. As he pressed his pelvis deeper down my throat. I released his dick with a wet pop, licking my lips. "I want you to fuck our angel, Dante. Fuck her real good for me."

Dante didn't hesitate and lifted Dot's body enough for me to position his cock, rubbing it as he groaned, before settling it at her entrance. I moved it around, teasing her as my saliva coated him, listening as they both enjoyed what I was doing. Dante was gently thrusting against Dot's lips as she rocked along his tip.

“That’s right,” I whispered, playing with myself. “Listen to mommy.” I released Dante’s dick as he let go of Dot’s body allowing her to slide down him with such delicate ease, taking him deep within her, arching back into him as I watched.

“Fuck,” she moaned while her eyes rolled back. Dante immediately began thrusting upward into her tight pussy, feeling every inch of her wetness. I quickened my pace, massaging my painfully swollen clit as I watched her taking him so well. Her perfect body was on display as he held her tight against him, gently fucking her.

“Kitty Kat,” Dante began to whimper looking in my direction. I could tell he wanted me to join them, and I wasn’t going to deny him that.

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My hands reached out to his thighs, pressing my fingers into his flesh, urging him to slow down. I didn't need my words right now—he knew what I was going to do. Once he had slowed enough for me to get into position, I leaned forward and sucked one of Dante's balls into my mouth, massaging it with my tongue. I sucked and pulled it lightly, just enough to drive him crazy. My hand reached up to graze along Dot's flat stomach. As soon as I touched her body, she relaxed even more, melting into me.

“Kat, fuck—” Dante moaned. He lifted himself up on one arm, taking Dot with him, and I pulled back.

“You're being such a good boy, Dante.” I moaned. “What do you need, baby?”

“I need you. I need Dot. Fuck, I want to come so bad, Kitty Kat.”

I released him, sat up and repositioned myself so we both sandwiched Dot. It was very reminiscent of the night we all danced together at Eden's Inferno for the first time, just the three of us lost in a moment. Everything had come full circle. And now, we were all together, just as it should be. The devils and their angel.

Dante began thrusting up into Dot again and she moaned his name, looking directly into my eyes. “Kiss me, angel.” My hands reached between us, stroking her wet clit as we patiently kissed. Dante reached out, pinching my nipple as Dot began to massage my pussy.

Within moments, they both were coming. I was so close, knowing I had done that for them. They listened to me and did what I said for their pleasure and mine. My hand

reached down to Dot as she rubbed my front. I moved her, commanding her every move. She massaged my folds a moment before plunging her dainty fingers deep into my pussy. Knowing they were watching me, the three of us getting off together made me even more wet. It only took a few strokes before I was coming all over her hand.

Dot watched me, smiling as I moaned. She kissed me, devouring my excitement, feeling my wetness with her fingers. "That's my girl," she breathed into me, my body shaking at her delicate touch.

"Fuck," I moaned and whimpered, twitching at her touch.

"That's right. Give it to me, mommy." She moved her mouth, kissing my neck and trailing to my breasts. Her tongue flicked my hardened nipple as she played with me, sucking it with such passion. I nearly came a second time, Dante tugging on the opposite breast as Dot sucked the other. Her fingers pressed deeper as my walls squeezed her tight, my heart nearly giving out.

As the three of us slowly climbed down from our orgasms, Dot removed her fingers from my pulsing pussy. Her hand was soaking wet. She brought it to her mouth and licked it clean, smiling as she watched me. I moaned and pulled her into my arms to hold her, kissing her one last time.

"Fuck," Dante groaned, pulling from Dot's pussy. She moaned with him, their wetness dripping all over the bed, making a mess.

"I'll start the shower." Dante kissed us both and rolled off the bed.

The day had flown by and Dot had been in and out of sleep. Dante and I tucked her in after our morning escapades and let her sleep as long as she could, knowing we wore her out. I couldn't help but watch her sleep, feeling so proud of how far she'd come. All the demons she battled through to end up on the other side, healthy and alive. She

survived.

The front door of the apartment opened as Dante stepped inside, carrying tons of clothing bags.

“Shhh!” I raised my finger to my mouth, gently shutting Dot’s bedroom door.

“Oh, sorry! Is she still asleep?” He whispered the question.

I nodded with a smile. “Been out all afternoon.”

“Well, I got everything you asked for.” He laid the clothing bags across her small kitchen table. “Everything is all set down at the club too. All we’re missing is... well—” Frantic knocks at Dot’s front door made Dante and I both stop. “Were you expecting someone?” I shook my head. Dante pulled a small gun he had hidden in the back of his pants and loaded it, slowly stepping towards the front door.

We had been on edge since the whole Frank incident, taking extra precautions to ensure we were never followed, especially here to Dot’s place.

“Dante!” Patty called through the door. We both immediately eased. “Kat!” Dante lowered his gun and unlocked the door as Patty busted inside, huffing and puffing. “Oh fuck!” She stopped, noticing his weapon.

“Damn, Patty,” Dante unloaded the gun and returned it to the back of his pants. “You had me stressing.” He breathed a smile as her eyes bounced between us.

“Yeah, well, don’t get too comfortable. We got a problem.” Dante slung his arm over my shoulders as we stared at the woman. “I tried to flag you down at the club earlier, but damn, you’re fast.”

“What’s the problem, Patty?” I crossed my arms.

“Right, sorry.” She exhaled loudly. “So, remember that guy you two took out? The one in the alley?”

“You mean the fucker who gave Dot those pills and made her OD?” Dante’s growled words vibrated through my body.

“Right—that one. Well, turns out, he’s a member of this group of upcoming dealers operating just south of Eden’s Inferno. They deal with petty things—mainly weed and all that, but decided to up their shit with what they call party favors or goodie bags. The shit Dottie took.” My nostrils flared at the painful recollection. “Apparently, the night Charles—that was his name, by the way.”

“Get to the point,” I growled. Dante squeezed my arm.

“Yeah, well, he was at Eden’s Inferno to feel out the competition and push these new drugs.”

Dante’s body tensed. “They better fucking back up real quick. Eden’s Inferno is our territory. Everyone knows that.”



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“Well, this new group noticed your absence and took it as an invitation to step in. They were the group Lana tried to sit in your corner the other day. They were the ones who convinced Frank and his guys to roll on you to the cops. These new guys? They’re not playing around. And word on the street is that they plan to make a move tomorrow night at Dottie’s party.”

“What party?” The three of us whirled to look back and see Dot standing in the doorway of her room, wrapped in nothing but a thin sheet.

“Angel.” Dante rushed to her, removing his jacket and placing it around her shoulder. They walked closer, joining me as she slid under my arm.

“What party?” She looked at all of us, but we all remained silent. “Hello?”

“Fuck, okay!” Dante eagerly rushed to the many bags he had brought back, searching for a pink box wrapped in a black bow. He was beaming like a child as he held it out for Dot. “Happy early birthday, angel.” Her eyes widened as she stared at the present, glancing from him to me. I nodded, smiling as she began to open it. Her face brightened as she held the gift in her hands, speechless.

“Couldn’t wait, could you?” I teased Dante.

“Oh, come on, I’ve been keeping this a secret for days!” Dante grinned, tilting his head and crossing his arms. “I think I did a rather good job keeping my mouth shut, thank you.” I giggled at his excitement.

“Well, go on, show us!” Patty smiled.

Dot handed me the empty box as she held her gift up for all of us to see. Her blue eyes welled with tears. “You guys,” she wheezed.

“Here.” I tossed the empty box aside and grabbed the mask, carefully placing it over her delicate head. “Dante and I talked, and after everything you’ve gone through—we’ve gone through, well, it was only fitting that you got your own mask.” I stepped back, admiring her as she stared at Dante and I, her face completely hidden behind the mask. “Take a look.” I pointed to her floor length mirror just off from where she was standing.

Dot rushed to it, gasping at her reflection. “It’s perfect.” Her fingers grazed the numerous pink rhinestones that covered the devil mask, a spitting image of mine and Dante’s, only in her color.

“Welcome to the Disco Devils, angel.”

15

DOT

My freshly manicured nails scraped the rhinestone devil mask, tingles vibrating through my fingers as I stared down at it. With a smile, I turned to the floor length mirror, admiring my sheer pink dress, barely covering my ass and hanging off one shoulder. The single sleeve flared out, the edge sewn with a pink faux boa. My sparkly pink lingerie glistened under the sheer dress, matching my pink knee high go-go boots perfectly. My makeup and hair was on point, resembling the classic ‘70s fashion, my pink signature lips popping perfectly against my golden hair. For the first time in weeks, I felt pretty and perfect. Just like my new mask, and it was mine. Just like the Devils.

Dante strolled behind me, dressed in a sheer black dress shirt, unbuttoned to

showcase his tattooed and built chest, obviously oiled and smothered in body glitter. He had on black leather pants tight enough you could see everything, squeezing his ass and dick in all the right places. A pleasant sight. His long black hair was greased back, a few strands hanging in front of his face as he smiled down at me, wrapping his arm around my tiny waist. “You look phenomenal, angel.” He kissed the top of my head, eyeing the mask in my hand. “Are you ready for tonight?”

I turned to face him, staring up into his beautiful brown eyes. “Yes.”

“Well fuck me,” Kat whispered. We both turned to see her leaning against the wall. She was wearing black leather chaps, and the smallest metallic silver halter top, tied perfectly around her breasts, leaving little to the imagination. Her entire torso was covered in body glitter, much like Dante’s, her braids pulled up high showing off star shaped hoops that hung from her pierced ears. She was hot as fuck, staring back at us, her eyes covered in silver glitter and her lips dripping with a dark gloss. Those juicy fucking lips I loved to kiss. My core jolted as I watched her walk towards us, her hips rocking as she moved. “You two look delicious.” She grinned, kissing Dante, then me. My heart fluttered at her taste. “Hmm.” She glanced at Dante. “I think something’s missing. What about you, Dot? What’s Dante missing?”

We both stared at him as he raised a brow, clueless. “Is it my jacket? ‘Cause I have the one Kat picked out. It’s a blue faux fur coat.” He snuck into the bedroom, returning in the fluffiest, brightest blue jacket I had ever seen. It matched the blue of his devil mask, also in his hand. “Better?” He spun, the black sparkle nail polish on his fingers sparkling as he did so.

Kat shook her head. “Nope. I think you need more. Dot?” She looked at me. “Bring me your makeup bag. Dante, sit.”

The two of us did as she asked, Dante sitting on the couch with a light scoff as I ran back with my makeup bag, handing it to Kat as she straddled him. She searched the

bag, eventually pulling out a small compact with teal and blue glitter. “This!” She shook the small clear compact. “Come help me, angel.”

Dante laughed, enjoying the view as we both brushed the glitter across his eyelids, the blues making his brown eyes pop and contrast. He was so beautiful, dangerously strong, and yet had this touch of femininity that didn't scare him. I admired him for embracing it. Truthfully, his confidence only made him more appetizing.

“There. See?” Kat handed Dante a small mirror as he checked his reflection, raising his brows to see his eyelids, now packed with glitter.

“Groovy.” We all laughed and giggled. Dante returned the mirror to Kat and looked at me, his expression soft and gentle. “You ready, angel?”

I nodded. “Let’s party.”

Disco Fever. That was the theme night for my birthday party. And it was perfect.

As Kat, Dante, and myself neared the street corner adjacent to Eden’s Inferno, I felt more alive than I ever had as the car drove in the direction of the club. I wasn’t sure if it was because I wasn’t high and experiencing it all for the first time, the fact this whole night was for me, or if it was because I was about to walk into the club with this gorgeous pink mask on my face with my devils. In all honesty, I didn’t care what the reason was. I was just happy to be here and to be feeling more like myself than I ever had before. Like the angel they loved.

Considering it was my birthday, and the night was about me, I wasn’t on the clock and was going to be enjoying the night as a patron. “It feels so good to be going back to the club, but man, it feels weird thinking about how I’m dancing tonight. I hope I’m not going to have to grovel too much to keep my performance slots.” Dante turned the car down the back alley next to Eden’s Inferno and into the space where

they always parked. The spot was always empty, waiting for them. The club was packed and full of life, and the spot was handy, as we didn't have to worry about any onlookers when we got out.

"I wouldn't worry too much about that, angel." Kat spun around in the passenger's seat to look me in the eye. "We already took care of it." She winked.

I rolled my eyes and scoffed. "Ugh, Kat," I playfully whined. "I love you two, but you really did not have to do that." As soon as the words left my mouth, I realized what I just said. I just said those words out loud. I had only thought about them before, knowing how I felt, but I never actually told Kat and Dante that I loved them. Even though it was more than true. Heat began to fill my chest because neither of them said anything, only stared back at me.

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That's okay, maybe they just didn't hear you clearly. It never happened. Be cool, Dot.

My long nails fiddled with the strap on my mask as I quickly hopped out and stood by the car, waiting for Kat and Dante to gather whatever they needed from the trunk. I had my sweet little knife sheathed in a garter on my thigh, as I usually did.

I toyed with my pink devil mask while Kat stood in front of me. Dante towered behind her, that ridiculously large blue faux fur jacket resting on his shoulders as both their masks sat atop their heads. "You ready, angel?" Kat asked.

"Mhmm." I nodded before affixing my mask to my face. It felt like slipping into my own skin, like this mask was a part of me and represented who I really was: a Disco Devil.

"Hey, Dottie." Kat tugged my chin, gently forcing me to look up at her, her dark eyes like obsidian crystals shining in the moonlight. Her perfect skin sparkled despite the flickering lights in the back alley. Her lips curled, forming the most delicious smile. "We love you too, angel."

Dante leaned forward so that Kat and I were sandwiched between him and the car. "So fucking much," he growled before planting a sweet kiss on each of our cheeks. "Now, let's get this party started." They pulled their masks on and walked to either side of me, each gripping one of my hands.

"You got this, angel," Kat whispered as I shook my anxiety from my shoulders and took a deep breath.

Together, the three of us walked to the back door of Eden's Inferno. Patty opened it as we stepped inside, the music throbbing and increasing with each step. The three of us slid down the back hall and stopped at the entrance to the main floor of the club. Pink, blue, and purple lights strobed overhead as numerous disco balls glistened and spun beneath them, casting the entire club in a breathtaking heaven of euphoria. The scene took my breath away.

The music screeched as Eddie's croaky voice appeared over the sound system. "Welcome to Eden's Inferno! Tonight we have an extra special event planned as it's one of our very own angel's birthday! And here she is! Try not to spill your drinks, and put your hands together for the birthday girl, Bubbles!" A pink spotlight shone on me, nearly blinding my eyes. The whole club cheered, patrons completely unaware of the significance of my mask, but the angels and servers present knew the importance behind it. And their faces proved it.

A remixed version of Happy Birthday played as angels dressed in vibrant and pastel pink lingerie, all wearing similar wings to one another, danced on the stage. Kat and Dante led me towards the center of the room as pink confetti rained from the ceiling. The squeal and laughter from my mouth told them how excited and surprised I was. I knew there was a party planned—thanks to Patty—but I had no idea it was this.

"Happy birthday, angel!" Kat shouted through the music, hugging me tight.

"Happy birthday!" Dante squeezed Kat and I together, the three of us soaking in the pink light.

"Now." Eddie's voice returned. "Let's party!" The music morphed into a classic disco beat, the bass thumping so hard the club was shaking. Remixes and reverbs played together creating the most sensational moment, the lights shifting between pink, purple, and blue as the three of us reached the middle of the room.

It was dark enough that Dante was able to lift his mask, resting it on top of his head, and light a cigarette, placing it between his lips as he playfully stripped his jacket, rocking his torso and thrusting his pelvis as Kat and I giggled. My eyes immediately fell to the black leather straps of his shoulder holster, his two revolvers secured along his back as his muscles flexed. I knew they said they were coming prepared, but I didn't realize they meant that.

“Dot!” Kat shouted, her knife tucked in the belt of her chaps reflecting the lights as she swayed her body. She grabbed my hands and spun me, my body slamming into hers as she wrapped her arms around my torso, feeling every curve. “Focus on the music and bask in your moment, babe! This is all for you!” And I did just that.

Dante joined us, raised my mask, and passed me his cigarette. I breathed in the smoke, turned to face Kat, and lifted hers. She opened her mouth wide, letting me exhale the smoke into her mouth before kissing. Dante slapped our asses as we coughed on the smoke, laughing at his playfulness. The vibes were perfect, and the three of us continued to dance together, taking turns kissing the other as the music flowed for what felt like hours.

Eddie's voice, followed by his smoker's cough, screeched across the club. “Alright, you naughty little devils, it's time to kick this celebration off with the *pièce de résistance*!”

Dante and Kat fixed their masks and joined my sides as a cluster of angels entered the room with sparklers and bottles of champagne, popping in all directions as they sprayed the club. Directly behind them was Patty and Jade, carrying one of Patty's infamous birthday cakes, only this one was the largest I had ever seen. The pink pastel cake was three tiers and smothered in delicate ripples and ribbons of icing. Edible glitter covered the cake, topped with bright red cherries and sparkler candles. The two women were beaming as they stopped in front of me.



“Happy birthday, Dottie!” Patty shouted.

“You guys!” I covered my mouth, gasping at how beautiful the cake was.

“Patty made the whole thing! Just for you, Bubbles!” Jade smiled. Kat and Dante hugged me from either side as the entire club began to sing Happy Birthday.

Dante kissed my head as Kat leaned in close. “Go on, angel. Make a wish!”

And just like, I closed my eyes and took a moment to myself. I thought about what I wanted, what I really wanted.

I wish to stay with my devils. Forever.

And with the confidence of my decision, I opened my eyes and blew the candles out.

16

KAT

Once the candles died out, the cheers and clapping subsided, and everyone continued to dance and party. Everyone except the three of us, standing there staring at who I could only assume were those newcomers Patty had warned us about. The group that was trying to stake claim on turf that wasn’t up for grabs.

“Well, if it isn’t the infamous Disco Devils. Finally decide to come back and grace us with your presence?” The man in front spoke up. He was gross and greasy looking. An ill-trimmed, far too large, pornstache on his face that looked like it needed a good cleaning. His grimy fingers slowly twirled the toothpick in his mouth as he eyed Dot. “We’ve got business handled here now, friends.” The man reached out, as if to touch Dot or I, but Dante quickly snatched his wrist.

“Think again...friend. You don't have any business here. Eden's Inferno is ours.” Dante's voice might have been low, but it was still loud enough to be heard amongst our small group. As I surveyed the few of them, I noticed how they all gave off the same vibes as this guy. Greasy, grimy, and totally unaware of who the fuck they were actually dealing with. Dante released the man's wrist as he dropped it in frustration. “You all keep moving. Take that girl there with you too.” Dante gestured behind the group to someone I couldn't see.

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Dot huffed in frustration, folding her arms across her ample chest. “Lana, you stupid bitch.” To Dot’s words, Lana reached over, desperately trying to land a hit on Dot. She was scratching and clawing at her, but thankfully, the guys held her back, trying to calm her down. Dot held her own, not even flinching.

“Listen, pretty boy,” another one of the men directed his insult up at Dante. It was almost humorous to watch him snarl up at Dante, seeing as Dante towered over all of us. “Unlike you two, and whoever the hell this sleazy pink one is you brought in, we don’t need masks or a fancy name to do our business. We’re real men.”

At that, Dante snapped as he landed a punch right in the man’s face. “Oh, you’re real man, huh? Sorry, I couldn’t tell by your ugly ass face. Might want to rethink the whole mask thing, fucker.” Dante spat his words as he looked down at the guy. Blood poured out of the man’s nose, his entire demeanor changing into mild panic.

The crowd had begun to clear around us, everyone clearly noticing the struggle. Dot moved to stand between Dante and I, appearing stoic as ever, but I could feel her energy. She was itching to get her hands on something—well—someone. I had my money on Lana.

Pornstache man lurched forward, as if he was going to lay hands on one of us. His intimidation techniques left little to be desired, and I was growing bored of this interaction. My blood was boiling and I could see the red fading into my vision. These fuckers had not only insulted my two favorite people, but they thought they could steal our business? I don’t fucking think so.

I tilted my head over to Dante. “Baby, why don’t you take Patty and Jade, get them

somewhere safe?" Dante nodded, ushering the women past me. As they walked away, Patty slipped me a small pistol she must have had hidden on her and winked before walking away.

I fucking love Patty.

"You sure you want to stay here with us?" The man laughed. "Two little lady devils against a bunch of men. What are you going to do to us?" Pornstache asked with a mocking tone. "Watch out boys, they might hit us with their powder puffs." The men collectively laughed together, completely unaware of the danger.

I slowly walked up to him and looked him in the eye. My hand reached out, and I ran my signature claw-like nails down the front of his face. Good thing I decided to get them done for the party. "Trust me, honey, she and I can do a lot more to you than you think." I grabbed him by his dick with my other hand and squeezed as hard as I could, purposely digging my nails into his short shaft. "More than you could ever do to us."

The man groaned, his face turning bright red as he glared back at me. "You—bitch!"

Dottie gracefully emerged from behind me, her adorable pink knife in hand. "I think this looks good right about... HERE!" She shoved the knife deep into the man's throat.

The sounds of his gurgles filled my ears as blood ran down his neck and stained his clothes. He clutched the knife, stupidly ripping it out as blood sprayed. "F-fucking—bitch!" I released his dick, and he crumbled beneath us, his friends stepping back in shock. His blood began to pool across the dancefloor at our feet.

Dot fell to his body and straddled him, stabbing again and again. "That's for fucking with my devils!" Her movements were on full display, thanks to her vibrant pink

attire. We now had the full attention of all the patrons, dancers, and servers inside Eden's Inferno. They all had their eyes on Dot, watching while confusion marred their faces. She slashed at his throat, blood instantly gushing in all directions. Numerous people were caught in the cast as Dot continued to scream. "That's for calling me sleazy!" Patrons at Eden's Inferno started screaming and panicking, pushing and shoving as they ran toward the club exits. His friends didn't budge, still frozen in absolute shock at the bombshell murdering their boss. Dot landed one last stab, straight into the man's right eye. "That's for ruining my birthday party!" The sound of it squelching as her blade punctured it made me shiver.

The man was dead, there was no doubt about it, and everyone knew. People were screaming, rushing past despite the music still blaring through the speakers. Dante came running back to us, freaked and concerned. "What happened?" he asked, breathing heavy. He had one of his revolvers in his grasp.

"They started it," Dot said nonchalantly with a shrug, brushing her hair from her face. "We just gotta end it." Dot lowered her mask, assuming her new role as a devil. I felt so proud and partially turned on.

I looked up at Dante. "That's what happened. This fucker got what he deserved." I pointed down at the dead man, ignoring the frantic club around us. Everyone was screaming and running, trying to get out. I looked back at the other men, noticing they had scattered about. One had Lana in his arms while the other ran towards the back of the club. "There! You go get that prick going out back. Dot and I will handle Lana and the other one."

"Be careful, both of you!" Dante shouted, kissing our heads before running in the opposite direction.

Dot and I followed the man carrying Lana to the other side of the club by the bar. He was desperately searching for a clear path out as Lana kicked her legs, struggling.

Once he hit the wall, he turned, dropping her. Lana fell against his chest as he spotted us, pointing a gun to her head. "Come any closer and I'll shoot her." Her eyes were bloodshot as she cried and sobbed, begging for him to let her go. "Shut up!" He pistol whipped her face, then pointed the barrel to her temple, pulling the hammer back. "I mean it!"

"Fine!" Dot started giggling manically. "But the only reason I don't want you to shoot her, is because I want to kill her myself!" Lana slumped in the man's arms, her cheek swelling and red from his abuse. I almost felt sad for the red haired woman. I guess she thought after everything, we may actually save her. But she was no Dot, and that would be a wild assumption.

The man began to sweat, eyeing each of us. "Y-you don't care if I shoot her?"

"Nope." Dot twirled her hair. "Though it would make me a little sad. But, you could just let her go? I mean, it is my birthday, after all."

Lana stirred as he contemplated what to do. "Fine!" He pushed Lana down onto the floor. She sobbed, crawling away from us and behind the bar.

"You're up, angel." I turned to Dot, who squealed and started skipping to get over to where Lana was crawling, following her loud cries.

My head returned to the man as I slowly walked up to him, revealing the gun Patty had slipped me. He was frozen solid, staring at me, realizing he had idiotically put himself in a corner. "Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Such a naughty boy," I purred.

"P-p-please," he begged while raising his gun. His arm trembled, telling me how scared he was. I laughed at his weakness. "I-I'll shoot you!"

"I dare you to try!" The man shot his gun as I easily dodged his shitty aim. My leg

kicked his arm and knocked the gun out of his hand. He grabbed his hand, clutching it to his chest as his back hit the wall. Eden's Inferno had mostly cleared out, but music was still playing loudly through the speakers. "You ruined my angel's birthday."

"P-lease. It wasn't my idea!"

"Ugh, shut up! I'm so sick of everyone trying to move in on our shit. It's exhausting, and honestly, I don't want to drag this out anymore. I want to go home. I want to be with my devils and enjoy the rest of the night the best I can. You think I enjoy this?" I pointed from myself to him. He shook his head as if I cared for him to answer. "Maybe any other day, but this isn't the fun night I had planned for my girl's birthday." My hand raised the pistol Patty had slipped me. I stepped close and carefully slipped it into his mouth. "I don't want to hear another word from you. I just want you to taste this, and I want you to hear my words. Eden's Inferno is ours." The man trembled. "And I want you to die knowing that the Disco Devils showed you that you fucked up. I want you to die knowing that a woman in chaps and a fucking purple, bedazzled devil mask shot you in the face for being such a fucking idiot!" Before the words fully left my lips, I pulled the trigger. Blood and brain matter splattered across the wall behind him. The man's nearly headless body slumped down and fell at my feet. "Who's the bitch now?"

I carefully stepped over the man's bloodied body and turned the corner, stepping behind the bar. My feet stopped as I saw Dot's back. She was standing over Lana. "Dot?" Before she had a chance to respond, two loud gunshots pierced my ears, followed by an instant ringing.

Fuck! Please tell me that was Dante's gun!

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My eyes remained on Dot as she stumbled back a little. “Angel?” I rushed to her, gently placed my hand on her lower back to stabilize her. “Angel, baby, you okay?” I frantically scanned her body, searching for gunshot wounds. Thankfully, there were none.

“Yeah,” she breathed. “I’m good.” When Dot turned around, I could see the rage draining from her eyes behind her pink mask. She held an Eden’s Inferno roller skate in her right hand, both it and the skate covered in chunks of blood and flesh. My eyes followed the blood trail up Dot’s arm, noticing it splattered across her chest and along her new mask. Her gorgeous golden hair was even stained. Something about the way she stood there, perfectly poised, drenched in blood. It was both terrifying and incredibly erotic. “I’m perf.”

She is fucking insatiable.

My eyes glanced down at Lana, laying on the floor. Her clothing was drenched and soaked in blood. I could see various fluids pouring from the large gaping wound. The back of her skull was completely bashed in and her face was unrecognizable, the only tell of who she once was left by the bloodied name tag lying next to her body.

I carefully pried the bloodied skate out of Dot’s hand, setting it on the floor, and gently grabbed her by the side of the neck, pulling her away. “Dot, let’s leave Lana, okay? We need to go check on Dante.” She just quietly nodded in response.

The two of us walked through the club together, holding hands, noticing the disheveled and empty club. Numerous patrons were sprawled out around the dancefloor, injured or dead, thanks to this new group’s aggressive retaliation. It



pissed me off, seeing the effect of their stupid actions. Despite the loud music, I heard what sounded like sirens growing in the distance.

Cops... fuck!

Dot and I stepped over bodies and searched for Dante. We eventually found him back by Patty's office, unharmed. We both exhaled in relief. "I had to check to make sure they were safe. I put Patty and Jade back here when shit first started, but they must have left when everyone started running." He brushed his hair back. "I'm just glad they're not here."

"I think I heard sirens, Dante. We can't stay here any longer. It's time to go. We need to go!" I tugged his arm, pulling them both towards the back door so we could escape and get to our car. "Let's go!" I held Dot's hand tight. I couldn't lose her, and now that I had him, I wouldn't lose him either.

Dante started looking around, searching like he lost something. "Wait. Where is my jacket?"

"Oh, fuck your jacket, Dante! I'll buy you another one." I tried to yank him toward the back door.

"I can't just leave Dot's present! Let me just go check on the floor really quick."

"You got me another present?" Dot asked.

"Yeah." Dante smiled. "Something special we picked out just for you, angel."

When the three of us walked out to the main floor of the club, I noticed someone quickly move from the office to behind the bar with the phone. The long white cord bounced as they maneuvered around, giving them away. "Who was that?" I looked at

Dot. She knew all the girls' names better than we did.

“It kind of looked like Mindy? But she was fired months ago, not sure why she would be here. She was good friends with Lana, though. Oh, Lana! She’s about to find her!” Dot started laughing and jumping up and down, obviously thinking about what this Mindy was about to see behind the bar.

Just a few moments later, the girl screamed, presumably finding what was left of Lana. “She’s fucking dead. There’s so much blood. Fuck. No...” She was frantically sobbing on the phone.

Dot and I approached from one side of the bar, while Dante went to the other.

The girl kept sobbing, speaking into the phone. “The Devils...” Her eyes widened, tears falling from them as they soaked her reddened face.

Dot raised her hand and waved her dainty little fingers. “Hi, Mindy. It’s been a while.” Dante came up behind Mindy. She screamed as he snagged the phone cord and tightly wrapped it around her neck, pulling it from the wall as the line disconnected. He didn’t hesitate or budge as he strangled the life out of her.

Sirens wailed louder as cop cars began to whip into the parking lot. It was too late. There was no way we could all escape. “Dot. Dot, you need to go. You need to go right now!” I pulled the keys from Dante’s pocket and tossed them at her. “Take our car and get home!”

“What?! Fuck that! I’m staying right here or you two are coming with me!” She stomped her feet.

Dante dropped Mindy’s lifeless body and looked directly at Dot. “Angel, she’s right. They’ve been after us for too long. Even if we leave, they’ll follow. Trust us. We

have a plan. It will be okay. But they don't know about you. You have to keep yourself safe. Please, for us."

Dot raised her mask, tears swelling in her eyes as she stared at us. "I can't just leave you."

Dante walked up to her and pulled something from his pocket, placing it around her neck. "Turns out it was never in my jacket." He stepped away as Dot stared down at the necklace, her fingers tracing the cursive word.

"Angel," she breathed. "Dante." she sniffled. "Kat."

"We'll be okay. Find Patty as soon as you leave here. She'll know what to do. Eddie's got it under control, Angel." She looked so confused and I kicked myself for not explaining the failsafe to her. We should have clued her in when she started going with us when we were making deals, but it's too late now. Now, she just needed to trust us.

I pulled my mask off and slammed my mouth into hers, kissing her hard. Harder than ever before. I could taste her tears, forcing myself to release her. "Please, Dot." My words stung. "We will see you soon. I promise."

Dante followed suit, kissing Dot passionately. "Take care of these for us, will you?" He placed our masks into her hands. "I love you," she whispered, hugging us one last time before turning towards the back door.

"And we love you," Dante and I said together.

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We watched Dot walk to the back reluctantly, stealing glances over her shoulder at us until she disappeared out the back door.

“Well, I guess this is it, Kitty Kat.” Dante brushed his hair back as I lit a cigarette.

“Let’s just hope Eddie pulls through, baby.” I offered him a small hit as we stood there, waiting. The cops kicked the front doors of the club open and instantly filed in, guns drawn. We turned, smiling as we dropped all of our weapons and went with them without hesitation or issue. That was part of the plan as well. We had to comply.

Dante and I were shoved into the back of a cop car, our hands cuffed behind our backs. As I sat in the backseat, looking out at Eden’s Inferno, I couldn’t help but reminisce about everything we had gone through there. All the shit we faced, the violence—so much. But most importantly, how we found our angel.

When I turned my head a little further to glance down the back alley, I saw Dot standing at our car, blowing us kisses and waving sweetly.

Our perfect little angel.

## EPILOGUE

### DOT

“Arms out.” I rolled my eyes, struggling to keep the small pink box steady with one hand as I raised the opposite arm. The officer patted me down, his hands wandering a little too far as he felt my chest and waist.

“Careful,” I warned. His eyes fell to me. “Wouldn’t want to smoosh the goods now, would we?” He grunted, leaning closer as he patted my ass. It didn’t help that I was wearing a trench coat.

“She’s clean.” The cop stepped back as a loud buzzer rang and the door to the visitation room unlocked.

“Oh, Eddie says hi.” I winked as his cheeks beamed red.

The second cop held the visitation room door open for me. “Such a gentleman.” I poked his chest, grinning as I pranced inside. He tried not to smile. “Give us a minute, handsome?” He looked past me into the room, hesitating. “Oh, come on,” I whined with a pouty face. “What harm could little old me do?”

The cop sighed. “You got twenty minutes, Dot.”

“Perf.”

As soon as he shut the door, I waited until I heard the door lock and spun around to see my two devils, seated at the center table, dressed in their orange jumpsuits. Kat was smoking acigarette, watching me closely, her eyes drinking in the sight of me. Dante leaned back, eyeing the little pink box in my hands. “What’d you bring us today, angel?” God, I loved his smile.

“Another one of Patty’s infamous cakes.” I quickly joined them, placing the pink box on the table, lifting the tiny pastel cake from it. “She also sends her love.” I slid the cake across the table as I leaned across, eyeing them both closely.

“Does she?” Kat raised her brow, staring at my ass. “Anything else?”

I nodded, pacing around them as my heel tapped against the floor. “Eddie sends his

best, which, well, isn't much for Eddie. Eden's Inferno is running smoothly. All deals are handled inside under Patty and Bobby. You remember Bobby, right? Annoying bouncer?"

Dante laughed. "Yeah, we know Bobby. How's everything else?"

"Well, Patty has been talking to a few people and turns out there's this club up north in this big city that's up for grabs."

"Oh yeah?" Dante's interests peaked. "What's the current situation there?"

"Apparently, the last owner pimped his dancer out at these private parties and got caught. Now, the club remains empty right smack in the middle of one of the busiest neighborhoods. It's move-in ready, and Patty said it's going for half of what it should. Apparently, it's a steal. She thinks it would be a great opportunity for the three of us."

Dante pondered the idea. "Up north, huh? Bet it'd be a fun place to visit in the winter." His eyes moved to Kat. She nodded to him, giving her blessing. "Have Patty make an offer, angel. If everything works out as it should, we might just be out of here in time."

I gently leaned across the table on my stomach, kicking my legs. "Perf."

"And what about you?" Kat exhaled a cloud of smoke. "Aside from cake, what did you bring us, babygirl?"

"My love." I rolled to my ass, tossing my hair back as I stared at them. My hands slowly unbuttoned the trench coat, taking my time as I removed my arms and tossed it aside, revealing a pink sequin bikini top with a matching mesh mini-skirt, tied in the front with a perfect bow. I ran my fingers along the necklace they gave me as they

both stirred, obviously turned on by appearance. “Eyes on me, you devils.” I leaned forward, swiping my finger across the top of the small cake, licking the icing with a loud moan. “I’ve missed you,” I whispered, crawling across the table to Dante. “So fucking much.” I unbuttoned his jumpsuit and licked his sternum, running my tongue up until my mouth met his. He rubbed across his dick as it pressed against the orange material. “Why don’t you help him out?” My eyes moved to Kat, hungry for my affection. “And let me take care of you.” My mouth moved to hers, the taste of her saliva and cigarette mixing with the sweetness of the icing that lingered on my tongue. She flicked the cigarette aside and began to rub her hand along Dante’s dick. His hands felt all along my body as I switched between them, kissing them both.

“Now.” I pulled away. “Let your angel perform for you, one more time.” My hands reached back as I seductively untied my top, tossing it aside to reveal my pink bedazzled heart shaped pasties. I sat on my knees, spreading them aside as I untied my skirt and revealed the tiny bedazzled thong. My head slowly rolled as I moved my body, dancing just for them.

Kat continued to help Dante. “Give our boy a lap dance, angel.” I whipped my head, my golden hair falling to my bare back while I moved back to my knees and crawled to him, smiling as he watched.

“Did you miss me, Dante?” I whispered, taking a seat in his lap. Kat pulled his dick from the jumpsuit and sat back, watching as I slid along his wet tip, rolling against his chest.

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“Yes,” he breathed, allowing me to take control. “So fucking much, angel.”

My chest raised as his face slid between my breasts, kissing me as I danced for him, playing with his swollen dick. “I missed you,” I whined, excited by him.

“Show him just how much.” Kat adjusted herself, rubbing her pussy through her jumpsuit.

“Why don’t I show you both?” My grin grew as I peeled off my pasties and untied the tiny thong, flicking them away. I then reached for the cake, grabbing a handful as I began to rub it along my body. I ran the pretty pastel pastry all over my breasts and along my sternum, down to my wet pussy. It was so sensitive. I couldn’t help but to gasp at the touch of the cold cake.

Dante wasted no time gripping my breasts with his mouth, licking the icing from me, sucking my hardened nipple with such force. Kat ran her tongue along my thigh, tasting me until her mouth landed along my other breast, devouring both me and the cake. I felt so alive, my body burning for them both, aching to be loved by them. “I want you,” I whimpered to them both as we all exchanged kisses, smearing cake and icing everywhere. “I need you both.”

“Dante, drive that dick deep into our angel’s pussy. And baby girl...” She quickly stripped from her jumpsuit and spread her legs wide, smearing some cake along her beautiful pussy. “Eat this cake. Show me how starved you are for our love.”

Dante pushed me forward, shoving his dick deep into my pussy, causing my breathing to hitch as I cried out. My hands wrapped around Kat’s thighs, pulling her



close as I rubbed my face along her wet slits. She tossed her head back, moaning as I toyed with her clit, licking it delicately while Dante stood and began to fuck me. Kat's fingers tangled through my hair as I shoved my tongue deep inside her, tracing her walls and wriggling deep. She tasted so fucking good. My face rubbed against her as I ate her out, thanks to Dante's thrusts. He moved faster, listening as we all moaned together, the three of us lost in our triangle of love.

Just me and my devils. Forever.