



Wicked Games

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult, Horror

Description: Marlowe:

A family camping trip to bring us closer together before I leave for college. I never thought that camping in the Louisiana woods would end in the slaughter of my family. And I now held captive by psychotic twin murders.

What do they want from me?

(This is an erotic horror novella. As always, check the author's note as your mental health matters.)

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Chapter 1

Marlowe

I'm already over this fucking family camping trip and it hasn't even begun yet. Ethan snores next to me in the backseat of my parents' Explorer, his head lolling from side to side. Every so often, his head bounces off my shoulder and he startles himself awake.

"Are we almost there?" I whine. There is nothing more that gets on my stepmom's nerves than my whining.

"Marlowe," my father interjects. "Watch your attitude! We're only going to be gone for four days."

"Why did you have to choose camping?" I ask.

My stepmother sighs, loud and drawn out. "I know you're not thrilled about this camping trip, Marlowe," she says, her voice tinged with irritation. "But it's important for us to spend quality time together as a family. Plus, it's a chance to disconnect from technology and enjoy nature."

I roll my eyes and slump further into my seat. Disconnecting from technology sounds like torture to me. I glance out the window, watching the trees blur by as we drive deeper into the wilderness. The thought of spending four days in a tent, surrounded by bugs and without Wi-Fi, makes me want to scream.

Ethan, my younger brother, wakes up again, rubbing his eyes and complaining about being bored. I resist the urge to shove him back to sleep. My step-mother shoots me a warning glance, reminding me to keep my patience in check.

As the car jostles along the bumpy road, I can't help but wonder why we couldn't have chosen a more exciting vacation. I mean, who goes camping when you could be lying on a tropical beach in Hawaii? The sound of my stepmother's exaggerated sigh only adds to my frustration.

I try to distract myself by imagining what I could be doing at home instead. I could catch up on my favorite TV shows or spend time with my friends before heading to college. Anything would be better than being stuck in the middle of nowhere with my family.

But as I steal a glance at my father's content expression in the rearview mirror, I realize that maybe this trip means more to him than I realize. The destination is not the only thing that matters; the journey and memories are equally significant. There might be something valuable in this family camping trip, after all.

I take a deep breath and decide to make the best of it. Who knows, maybe I'll even discover a newfound appreciation for nature. As we continue driving through the wilderness, I try to shift my perspective. Maybe disconnecting from technology won't be so bad after all. It could be a chance to escape the constant notifications and distractions and truly immerse myself in the beauty of nature. The thought of breathing in fresh air and feeling the warmth of the sun on my skin starts to appeal to me.

I glance at Ethan, still half-asleep in the seat next to me, and realize that this trip could also be an opportunity to bond with him. Despite his annoying habits, he's still my brother, and maybe spending this time together will strengthen our relationship. I make a mental note to find activities we can enjoy as siblings, like hiking or playing

card games by the campfire.

My stepmother's voice interrupts my thoughts, as she excitedly points out a picturesque lake through the window. I can't deny the beauty of the scenery unfolding before me. The towering trees, the vibrant colors of the wildflowers, and the peacefulness of the surroundings captivate me. Maybe I can find solace in nature and appreciate its wonders.

Arriving at the campsite, I pause to appreciate the peaceful surroundings. The sound of birds chirping and the gentle rustling of leaves instantly calm my restless mind. I help set up the tents with my family, realizing that teamwork and cooperation are essential for a successful camping experience.

As the evening approaches, we gather around the campfire, dad roasts marshmallows and shares stories of his camping trips with Nana and Pop Pop. Laughter fills the air, replacing the initial tension and frustration. I find myself genuinely enjoying the company of my family, their smiles and laughter bringing warmth to my heart.

"Are you excited about college?" Ethan asks as he deals the cards between us.

"Yeah, I am actually. It will be nice being somewhere new, you know?" I pick up the cards he dealt me, putting them in order.

"Hold that thought. I have to take a piss. Don't peek at my cards," he eyes me, motioning with his finger to his eyes as if to say he's watching me.

I roll my eyes and a smile plays across my face. Ethan disappears off into the trees. I can't help but chuckle at his playful nature. He is so much like our mom, and he doesn't even know it. Moments like these make me miss her so much. When Dad finally started dating, he brought home Diane. She clarified things would be changing, introducing herself as our new mom. I have hated her since.

No one would ever take our mama's place. Even if it was someone I liked for my dad. But Diane just wasn't it.

The campfire crackles and pops, casting a warm glow on our faces. Dad is asleep in his fold-out chair and Diane has her romance paperback. The scent of toasted marshmallows fills the air, mingling with the earthy aroma of the surrounding woods. Ethan rejoins us and his mischievous grin tells me he's up to something. He plops back down next to me, arranging his cards. I can see he's been strategizing during his absence with a glance. I chuckle, knowing that he's always trying to gain an advantage.

We continue playing our card game, the friendly competition adding an element of excitement to the evening. The sound of laughter and playful banter fills the air, creating a harmonious atmosphere that erases any lingering tension or frustration from earlier.

Ethan lays down his last hand, winning again.

"I'm thinking you're cheating me, booger." His eyes narrow at me for calling him booger.

"You're just a sore loser."

As the night sky blankets us with its shimmering stars, I can't help but feel a sense of gratitude. Grateful for this tranquil moment, the surrounding natural beauty, and the love and laughter with my brother.

We retreat to our tents, Dad and Diane sharing one, and Ethan and I have our single-person tents. The soothing sounds of the forest promise to lull us into a peaceful slumber. I close my eyes, feeling content. It wasn't so bad today.

I wake up the next morning to the sound of birds singing and sunlight filtering through the tent. Stretching my limbs, I feel refreshed and ready for another day in the wilderness. I unzip the tent and step outside, taking in the crisp morning air. Ethan is already up, gathering firewood for breakfast. I join him, realizing that even simple tasks like this can bring us closer together.

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The aroma of sizzling bacon and brewing coffee fills the air as we cook breakfast over the campfire. We chat and laugh, enjoying each other's company without the usual sibling bickering. The tension that used to hang between us seems to have dissipated, replaced by a newfound understanding and appreciation.

After breakfast, we decide to go on a hike. Surrounded by the beauty of nature, we walk side by side, sharing stories and observations. In front of a small waterfall, we stand in awe of its power. "Holy shit, Lowe! This is crazy! How deep do you think it is down there?"

"I couldn't even guess," I reply as I look over the ledge at the small circle of water below.

It's in moments like this I am glad that my dad forced me to come on this trip. I wouldn't get to experience a waterfall from in front of my TV or computer screen, that's for sure. We continue our hike, marveling at the wonders of nature that surround us. The sound of rushing water, chirping birds, and rustling leaves creates a symphony of tranquility.

As we navigate through the rugged terrain, we encounter various wildlife, from squirrels scurrying up trees to deer leaping across our path. Ethan's eyes light up with excitement as he points out each creature, his knowledge of the wilderness shining through.

We reach a clearing that offers a panoramic view of the vast landscape. The mountains stretch out in the distance, their peaks piercing the clear blue sky. It's a sight that takes my breath away.

“I’m glad that you came, Lowe. I’m gonna miss you. And don’t you dare tell anyone I said that, got it?” He doesn’t look at me but I know he feels a little sad that I will be leaving.

“Don’t worry, booger. Your secret is safe with me.”

Lost in the moment, we sit on a rock and embrace the experience. The silence between us is comfortable, no longer filled with strained conversations or petty arguments.

“Hurry, let’s go back before Diane gets angry.”

“Are you sure about going back then?” His smirk makes me smile.

Back at the campsite, we spend the afternoon playing more card games, taking turns winning and losing. As the sun sets, we gather around the campfire once again. The crackling flames and dancing shadows create a cozy ambiance. We roast hot dogs and share about the waterfall we found.

“That sounds like a lot of fun. You and I will have to go find that tomorrow, Sam.” Diane caresses my father’s face.

“Gross,” Ethan and I say in unison.

“One day, you guys will be married and be just as smitten with someone. Just you wait.” Dad laughs, taking Diane’s hand and kissing her palm.

“And with that, I think I am going to bed.” Ethan pretends to heave.

As the night sky fills with stars, Ethan and I retreat to our tents. We lie in our sleeping bags, whispering to each other through the fabric that separates us.

“Hey Lowe,” Ethan says.

“Yeah, booger?” I whisper back.

“Don’t forget me when you move to California and start a new life. You’re the only mom I’ve got.”

Even though I cannot see him, I can hear the raw emotion in his voice. “I will never forget you. Ever. I’ll be back as often as I can. I promise.”

I close my eyes and try to stop the tears from falling.

Chapter 2

Wilder

People are so fuckin’ stupid. Either that or they just don’t give a shit and do whatever they want, anyway. Take, for example, the poor fucker that’s lying on my dining room table before me. This piece of shit got in between me getting my cock sucked by the pretty blonde at the gas station. So, my way of saying thanks is to slit his gut from the navel to the sternum.

He whines through his gag as I sit in my Mere’s arms chair, my sharpening stone in one hand and the straight razor in the other. The sound of the blade gliding across the stone brings a strange satisfaction. “Ya can shut da fuck up now, you,” I say, my eyes narrowing on him. “Ain’t no one ‘round for miles, see. Jus me and my brother.”

Ollie’s been gone way too long for him to be finding us something to eat.

“Ya know, I’d hate to spoil my appetite, but you’s got to go,” I say, hoisting myself up from the chair. I approach him, flicking the razor open and closed, in a menacing

like gesture. The stench of shit fills the air. I lean over him, a snarl on my face. “Did you shit on my Mere table, you dirty fuckin’ pig?”

The man’s eyes widen as I raise the blade to his face. He shakes his head back and forth, begging me to leave him alone. “Now, how we suppose to eat on this 'ere table now that you gone and shit on it? Huh?” I bring the blade to his bloated stomach, ready to cut into him.

Before I can make my move, the door slams open. “What the fuck you about to do on dat der table?” Ollie stops dead, a decent-sized gator slung over his shoulder. “I know you’s not ‘bout to cut him open where we eat. Come on now Wild,” Ollie suggests, adjusting the gator on his shoulder as he heads towards the kitchen.

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“At least take’em down to da cellar. It be easier to clean up down der.”

He’s right. Ollie, despite being the younger twin, is the smarter one. “Alright, I’ll take’em down,” I concede. “What you gonna do with dat der, gator?” I ask, my stomach growling at the thought of food.

“Gator stew, just like Mémé used to make us,” Ollie smirks. He's also a better cook.

“Sounds good. You get on that while I take care of this ‘ere, fucker.” I untie his hands and feet, grabbing him by his ankles and, with a swift tug, pulling him off the table. I drag him across the living space, over to the cellar door. The man claws at the floor, trying his best to gain some traction on the wood floor. “Come on now, you. Stop fightin’ and let’s get dis over with.”

With my foot, I push the cellar door open and start heading down the steps backward, dragging him along. He holds on to the doorframe and tries to keep himself from following. “Got damn you!” I shout, and I give him a hard pull and his body lifts a little. A muffled scream comes from behind the gag, getting louder when I try to pull him again.

“Aw shit, I forgot about da nail pokin’ out da step. Looks like it got you good, though.” I take a moment to assess the situation, realizing that the man’s struggle has caused the nail on the step to become lodged in his eye socket. A twisted part of me finds a sick satisfaction in this.

Reluctantly, I release his legs and maneuver him off of the nail. Blood pools from the wound onto the step. His eye is a mangled mess. Part of it hangs out after pulling him

away from the nail. I grasp the hanging bit and pull the eye right out.

The man screams as I chuck the eye over the railing to the cellar floor. “That’ll make da rats happy.” I take a deep breath and decide to abandon my original plan of killing him right away. Instead, I take a step back and assess my options.

“Alright, you lucky fucker,” I mutter, my voice filled with a mix of frustration and annoyance. “You gettin’ off easy dis time.”

I untie his gag, allowing him to speak. He gasps for air, his voice strained. “My ... My eye. Please... just let me go. I won’t tell nobody about this. I promise.”

A part of me considers his plea, but the anger and frustration still simmer within me. I can’t let him leave after ruining my plans and disrespecting my Mere’s table.

“No one can know about dis,” I say, my voice cold and determined. “But you not leaving here either.”

A dim light illuminates the small, musty room as we reach the bottom. I find a rusty chain hanging from a hook on the wall and secure it around his wrists. Picking him up, I hoist him up onto the hook. I step back, observing him for a moment, contemplating my next move.

“You gonna stay ‘ere til I decide what ta do wit you,” I state. A coldness to my words makes him whimper. “Consider it a reprieve, but don’ think for a second dat you off da hook.” I chuckle aloud. “Get it? Off da hook, ‘cos you on one.”

His eyes widen with fear, and I can sense his desperation. He pleads with me once more, promising to do anything to be set free. But I turn away, leaving him alone in the icy darkness of the cellar.

As I ascend the stairs, the aroma of gator stew fills the air, reminding me of Ollie's culinary skills. The evening's events left me ravenous, yet oddly satisfied.

I join Ollie in the kitchen, ready to indulge in a meal that will temporarily distract me from the disturbing scene I've left behind.

The pot of stew sits between us as we silently consume our meal. Ollie looks up, watching me slurp away at the stew. "Dis is good," I mutter, licking the heavy broth from my lips. He nods. My brother is a man of few words, ever since our parents died. "We need to find us a woman. That way we won' be so alone in dis here house. Mere always said that the key to a pleasant home is a good woman."

"Speakin' of women. While I was out gettin' da gator, I saw a young'un, who had ta be at least seventeen. She was wid a young boy, a brother I'm guessin'" Ollie reaches for the ladle to serve more stew. I hold out my bowl for a refill.

"Was she good lookin'?" I ask my attention now on this.

"She was. Dark brown hair, pretty face, nice child bearin' hips." Ollie scoots his chair back to get up. "Look like she was hiking, so maybe she campin'."

I sit and think on it for a moment. Could dis be da one for us?

Ollie comes back in with a pitcher of sweet tea. He cocks a brow as he pours me and then himself a glass. "Don't be thinkin' too hard, over der. You gon kill off da rest of your brain cells."

I give him the finger. "You t'ink we can get her? You t'ink she'd make a good woman for us?"

The smile that creeps across my brother's face tells me his answer. "We'll head out

after I take care of da shithead downstairs. You think you remember which way dey went?”

“Sure do.” He says, taking a sip of his tea. “We might have to spill some bloodta get her.”

I push back my chair, leaving my refilled bowl untouched. I chug the glass of tea and wipe my mouth wid da back of my tattooed hand. My feet echo as I make my way ‘round the table. I bend and kiss the top of my brother’s head. “Thanks for cooking, Ollie. Lemme deal with dis, then we’ll go.”

Leaving Ollie at the table, I make my way back down the dimly lit cellar. The air feels heavy with anticipation as I approach the captive figure hanging from the rusty hook. His desperate pleas for freedom fall on deaf ears as I grip the chain, tightening my hold. The icy darkness seems to amplify his fear, and I savor the power it gives me.

A plan forms in my mind as I imagine the possibilities that lie ahead. This woman, this young girl with dark brown hair, could be the answer to our loneliness. She can take care of the carnal urges we need to fulfill. Have our babies and make this old house a home again. Even if we gotta kill to get her.

“You is gettin’ off very lucky, you. We got plans and I don’ need you hangin’ ‘round making noise and shit. Ha, get it? Hanging around.” I flick the straight razor open and cut him from navel to neck. The blade is so sharp it has no trouble cutting through the layers of flesh. He dies almost immediately from the shock. I typically like to take my time in killing, but tonight is different. I wanna find this girl. The urge to get my dick wet is strong.

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I step back and admire the man, his guts now hanging on the outside. Then the stench hits my senses. His body releases its bowels again. “Youreally is a disgusting pig, you.” I pull out a cloth and cover my nose as I walk back up the stairs.

Chapter 3

Ollie

The only light we have guiding us through the densely wooded area is the thin strip of orange that illuminates the sky. Sundown came on quick tonight. After Wilder finished up with whoever the fuck he had in the cellar, we headed out. We changed into some hunting gear to help blend into the surroundings. Wilder made sure he had his straight razor, and I made sure my favorite knives were sharp and ready to go.

“You sure you know where we suppose to be goin’?” Wilder chimes in from behind me. I roll my eyes even though he can’t see it.

“Yep,” is all I give him in response.

If we find this girl, we're going have to kill whoever is with her just so we can bring her back with us. I got a feeling she ain’t gonna take too kindly to us killing the young kid she had with her. “You gon be okay with killin’ a kid, Wild? I know you’s want some of them for yourself.”

Wilder throws an arm over my shoulder, pulling me into his side. “If the kid ain’t from you or me, I got no problem with it.”

We make our way deeper into the area of the forest where people camp. Our family purchased this property when it was just untouched forest and swampland. Nobody would dare camp on the land that didn't belong to them. Yet, these city people come here and don't care where they set up their tents. Nine times out of ten, they are on our property.

If you are caught on someone's property uninvited out here, you never make it back to your cozy bed back home. With determined steps, we kept going, ready to confront the intruders and retrieve the girl we were after. The night's darkness and woods' density intensified the hunt's thrill as we aimed to reclaim what was ours.

Well, more like protecting our land and taking what doesn't belong to us.

Wilder and I have been protecting this land since we were young'uns. When your the kids of the parish drunk and the disgraced daughter of a preacher, people always try to fuck with you.

Dis 'ere land was all dat we got.

As we continue our search through the property, the frustration of not finding anything weighs on me. However, Wilder remains calm and composed, walking beside me at a steady pace, his gentle humming providing a sense of tranquility amidst the dense, muggy heat.

The stifling air clings to our bodies, causing our shirts to stick uncomfortably to our backs and our hair to cling to our foreheads. In this moment, a longing for the cool relief of the waterfall on the other side of the property fills my thoughts. It was a place we frequented in our youth, gathering with friends in the late hours of the night for exhilarating skinny-dipping adventures. It was there, amidst the rush of adrenaline and the innocence of youth, that both Wilder and I lost our virginity.

As the memories of those carefree days flood my mind, Wilder interrupts my thoughts with a question. “You smell dat?” he asks, inhaling deeply. Curiosity piqued, I follow suit and take a deep breath. The unmistakable scent of smoke and sausages wafts through the air, signaling that we are indeed heading in the right direction.

Determined and hopeful, we press on, guided by the tantalizing aroma that promises a breakthrough in our search. With each step, our anticipation grows, knowing that once we find our target, the property will become a playground for us and our new “plaything”.

I can hear the crackling of the campfire before I can see it. “You have your mask?” I ask him, pulling mine from my pocket. Wilder smiles and pulls his mask out. The masks cover only the bottom half of our faces. A twisted creepy smile, with blood splatter on it. It’s actual blood too, none of that fake shit for the “aesthetic”.

We put them on and move closer to the campsite sound. We can hear the sounds of multiple voices, more than the two we were expecting. Our boots tread lightly over the twigs and foliage underneath, careful not to make too much noise. I peek around the trunk of the large tree I am behind and spot her.

She sits by the campfire, her back facing us. Her long, flowing hair cascades down her shoulders, shimmering in the firelight. I recognize her instantly. A surge of excitement rushes through me, but I quickly compose myself, not wanting to give away our presence.

Wilder and I exchange a knowing glance, silently communicating our plan. We inch closer, careful to remain hidden. As we approach, the voices of the other people at the campsite grow louder. Our soon-to-be woman is not alone but with her family.

“Lowe, can you please pass the buns this way?” The voice of the woman across from

her asks. The woman bears no resemblance to the girl. Is she her mother?

The girl stands and walks around the fire pit, handing the woman the bag of hot dog buns. When she turns back around, I can see the raw emotions on her face. She don't like this woman one bit. I turn to Wilder, questioning eyes meeting his. He shrugs, and mouths, "We gon' jus have ta take out all dem."

We exchange a few hushed whispers, weighing our options. We didn't expect a whole little family to be here. But it is what it is. I look at him and nod, sliding one of my knives out and gripping it tightly. Wilder has his razor in hand, but unopened. We move forward.

"Lowe, can you bring me the bag of chips?" With a stupid fucking smile, the woman asks our girl, intentionally trying to annoy her. I don't know why, but it's getting on my nerves.

The girl huffs, but rises to her feet, snatching up the bag of chips. I emerge from the trees. Reaching around her, I grab the wrist holding the bag. "She ain't gon be needin' dem chips."

The man next to the woman jumps up as Wilder steps out. "Let my daughter go." He eyes me, but I know this motherfucker ain't gonna do shit. The man reeks of being a pussy, and not the good kind of pussy. A laugh escapes my lips as I pull her back against my chest. The girl says nothing, but her body trembles in fear.

"Drop da bag, chère," I instruct her, and like a good girl, she don't hesitate. The open bag of chips hits the ground and the contents spill out.

The young kid stands up beside the man and takes a protective stance.

"Don't try anything stupid, you," Wilder says, pointing his razor at the boy.

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“Let my sister go.” The boy pleads.

“Aw come on now, how 'bout she shows us some good ol' southern hospitality.” Wilder chuckles as he moves to stand next to me. He runs his fingers over her bare shoulder. “Ain't dat right, chère? You wanna show us a good time?”

“N-no,” she stutters over her words. Her lip quivers as her breaths come out in brief spurts.

The man, still holding the skewer from the hot dog, inches closer to us and his daughter. I tighten my grip around the girl, staking my claim on her. The tension in the air is palpable as the man's anger simmers. I stare him down, my eyes unwavering. “Back off,” I warn, my voice low and menacing.

The woman next to him, sensing the escalating tension, tries to diffuse the situation. “Please, let's just calm down,” she pleads, her voice tinged with fear. “What do you want? We have little here, but we can get you whatever.” But her words fall on deaf ears as Wilder and I stand our ground.

The young boy, still protective of his sister, steps forward, his voice filled with determination. “I said let go of my sister,” he says defiantly.

I feel an inkling of respect for the boy's courage, but I can't let emotions cloud my judgment. “Step back, you. I'd hate for your sister to witness my brother slittin' your lil' throat.” I command my tone leaving no room for negotiation.

The man hesitates for a moment, his eyes darting between his daughter and the

dangerous duo before him. Finally, he takes a step back, realizing the futility of trying to confront us.

With a satisfied smirk, I release my grip on the girl's wrist. "You stay right 'ere with me, chère. You," I point to the woman. "Why you be treat 'er wid such disrespect?" The woman stares at me blankly. I bend down, grab the bag of chips, and brush away the dirt. "I asked you a question, bitch. You wan' dese 'ere chips so bad. Come an get 'em."

The woman shakes her head, eyes narrowed but showing no sense of fear. "And I asked you what you want." She says, boldly.

"Dis one right 'ere is what we want," Wilder says, leaning in to sniff the girl's hair. "How old is you, chère?"

"Eighteen. I- I just graduated school and...I...I'm going to California next month for college." She shakes as if she's a scolded puppy waiting for a beating.

"Well, you can forget 'bout dat," Wilder smirks, as he leans in and runs his tongue up the side of her neck.

"Please," she whimpers. "Please don'thurt me."

"Well, it might hurt at first. But I promise it'll feel good after a while." I say, keeping my eyes on her father and brother. "But first, we have ta take care of da rest of you. Might wanna say goodbye to your family, chère."

"Oh God," she cries as I inch closer to her father.

"Sorry you gon' have ta watch this chère," I look at her and she's terrified. I turn back to her family. "Y'all might wanna run now, see? I do like to hunt my prey

before guttin' dem.”

Chapter 4

Marlowe

This cannot be happening. Oh, my fucking God! I must be dreaming, right? This isn't real. They aren't real.

“Gimme dem wrists, chère. I need ta tie you up real good so you don't run away now.” One of the masked men says.

I can hear my family screaming as they run into the woods where the other man gets ready to chase after them. “Please,” I choke out the words, my throat so dry. “Please don't hurt them. I'll do whatever you want. Just let them go.” Then the man ties my wrists together. There is no slack and the scratchy rope digs into my skin, and the more I try to maneuver them, the more it burns.

“You is so pretty when you beggin’,” he murmurs, his hand reaching out to stroke my face. “You gon be beggin’ for someting else later, dat’s for sure.”

My fight or flight decides it's time to kick in and I raise my arms above my head as he moves down to tie my feet together. With all my strength, I bring them down, hitting him over the head.

“Got dammit, you little cunt.” He growls as he pushes me back onto the ground, hovers over me and he gets in my face. “You better stop before I hog-tie you and fuck you right here, instead of back at home in a nice big bed.”

I freeze.

He pulls a cloth out of his pocket, takes out a bottle, and pours the liquid all over it. “Now breathe in nice and deep. I’m not gonna let you watch us murder your family. You gonna sleep real good now, ya hear?”

His hand covers my mouth and nose with the cloth and I try not to breathe it in. I fight him, swinging my body back and forth on the ground.

My head feels heavy, my sight loses focus and everything becomes a blur. The darkness fades in.

“Good girl,” are the last words I hear before I pass out.

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Chapter 5

Ollie

The screams from the girl's family echo through the trees as I chase after them, hunting them down one by one. I don't care if it takes all night. All three of them will be dead and buried by sunrise. These woods Wilder and I know like the back of our hand. It's second nature being out here.

They can run, but they won't be able to hide from us. We're the big bad wolves of this here forest. Nobody gets out alive unless we want'em to.

The dry fallen leaves crunch under my boots as I make my way deeper into the forest. I can hear the panicked breathing of who I assume is the girl's father. "Come out," I taunt, my voice dripping with malice. "We gon take real good care of your lil' girl, sir. She gon make my brother and me some pretty babies."

A tree branch comes swinging at my head from behind a tree. "You won't be taking my daughter. Especially if I kill you!"

I laugh, a deep menacing laugh as I dodge the branch. "You? Kill me? I'd like t see your pansy ass try. I've been killin' since I was a young'un."

The man holds the branch in front of him, thinking that's gonna stop me from driving my blade into his gut. But he underestimates my speed and agility. In a swift motion, I sidestep the branch and lunge toward him, my blade poised to strike. The fear in his eyes fuels my sadistic pleasure. I find joy in his desperation, savoring the control I

possess over the destiny of his family.

As I close in on him, the adrenaline courses through my veins, amplifying my senses. I can smell his fear, and taste the victory that is within my grasp. He swings the branch again, this time aiming for my legs, but I effortlessly dodge it, barely breaking my stride. I'm predator, honed by years of hunting and surviving in these unforgiving woods.

I mock him, taunting him with every step, knowing that his feeble attempts to protect his daughter are futile. I revel in his helplessness, knowing that the night will end with his daughter being ours and his blood staining the forest floor.

Suddenly, a voice pierces through the darkness, cutting through the tension-filled air. "Ollie" It's my brother's voice, searching for me. He emerges from the shadows, ready to grab the girl's father.

I pause, momentarily trying to determine the best way to take him out... It is a rare occurrence, to encounter someone who dares to challenge my dominance. This girl's father has some fight in him, I'll give him that.

I make eye contact with Wilder. "You go find da other two. I got dis one."

He nods and turns to run off.

With a malicious grin, I raise my blade, ready to end this sorry motherfucker. "Sorry Pop's, you ain't gon' be around to know your grandbabies." I grab hold of the branch and yank it free from his grasp. With a hard push, I knock him to the ground.

I stand over him, relishing in his defeat. The moonlight casts an eerie glow on his trembling body. He tries to crawl away, but I swiftly kick him in the ribs, causing him to cry out in pain. "Where you tink you's going, old man?" I sneer, my voice dripping

with sadistic pleasure.

His eyes widen with fear as I hold my blade out in front of me. The anticipation of ending his life fills me with a sickening delight. The man looks up at me, confusion and hope mingling in his eyes. “Please,” he pleads, his voice filled with desperation. “Let us go. We won’t tell anyone what happened here.”

I thrust the blade into his stomach, the hilt and my fingers now pressed against him. Blood oozes as I pull it out. Again and again, my blade finds its home in his stomach. Twenty stabs later, he lies beneath me; the life drained from his eyes.

“Don’ worry, I’ll make sure we take real good care of ‘er. I’ll be back. Don’t you go nowhere.” I say, smackin’ his lifeless cheek with my bloodied hand.

The screams of the girl’s remaining family members continue to echo through the trees, a haunting symphony that fuels our bloodlust. In this forest, we are the hunters, and they are our prey.

Off in search of my brother and the remaining two people, I listen intently for any noises to clue me in. The muggy air and killing the old man have me sweating like a dog in the dead summer heat. I let out a shrill whistle, hoping Wilder hears so he can lead me to him. I wait a few moments before whistling again.

To my left, his response rings through the air. I take off in that direction. After a good five-minute jog, I’ve caught up to him. “You killed anyone yet?” I ask, and he shakes his head.

“Nah, but da mama is up ahead. You wan’ have a lil’ fun with ‘er before we kill her?” The smile on his face says that he wants to have all kinds of fun with her.

“You can. I’m gon’ wait until we get that sweet little ting back home an fuck her

instead.” Just thinking about burying my cock in her sweet little pussy gets me hard.

We’re comin’ up to the clearing and we can hear the women panting and out of breath. She comes into view and we pick up the pace to catch her. She glances over her shoulder at us and screams. “No, please,” she begs.

Wilder rushes ahead and knocks her over. She lands face-first on the ground, screaming and cursing. “Take her, keep her. Do whatever the fuck you want with the little bitch. Just let me live.”

Wilder rolls her over and straddles her torso. “Now, what kind of mother is you? Givin’ up your daughter like dat.” He slaps her across the face. “Not dat we needed your permission.”

“She isn’t mine. You...can... have... her.” She gargles, blood pooling in her mouth. “Just let me and my husband go. You can even kill the boy. I don’t care.”

“You sound like a real money-hungry slut, you,” Wilder says. “You know what sluts are good for, don’t ya?” He reaches down and pulls his fly down, pulling out his cock. His silver piercings glintin’ in the moonlight. “Open your fuckin’ mouth up.”

Tears run down her face as she shakes her head. “Please,” she screams. She looks up at me, hoping I will show her some kind of compassion. I’ve none to give her.

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“Best do as he says,” I say, nonchalantly.

She screams again, her mouth wide. Wilder shoves his cock down her throat. The woman thrashes about as he pumps in and out of her mouth. “Fuckin’ take this cock, bitch.” She gags around him, saliva and blood dripping down the side of her chin. He pulls back for a brief moment, only to slam back into her mouth. The smell of vomit hits my nose and I look away as she gags and chokes on my brother’s cock.

“Sure you don’t wanna piece of dis before I slit her throat?” He asks, and I wave him off.

Wilder pulls out of her mouth and the woman gasps for air. “You ain’t good enough ta choke on my dick as you die. I got me a better idea.”

I watch as he grabs her by her hair, roughly flipping her over onto her stomach. Wilder pulls at her shorts with his free hand, yanking them past her ass. He undoes the top button on his jeans and maneuvers them down enough to get his dick out. He spreads her cheeks, spitting on her tight back hole, and lines the head of his cock up.

“No,” she screams and tries to crawl away.

Fisting her hair, he pulls her back and slams into her. “Damn, woman. It’s so tight back ‘ere. Your husband never fucked your ass, did he?” Thrusting in and out of her, her cries and whimpering fill the air.

I stand back and watch my brother brutalize this woman, giving her every inch of him. “She feels so good, Ollie. You sure?”

“You know who I want.”

He shrugs and flicks open his straight razor. With a look of pure sadistic pleasure on his face, he pulls her hair, lifting her head and baring her neck. The razor glides across and Wilder roars as he comes inside her ass as her neck pours blood onto the dirt in front of her. He pulls out after a few moments and rises to his feet, tucking himself back into his pants.

“I’m gon’ drag dis bitch back to the campsite. You find the kid.” Wilder grabs the woman’s feet and drags her behind him as he heads back.

I keep moving forward, heading in the direction of the waterfall. I hope my suspicion is right and this is where the boy ran to.

Chapter 6

Ollie

I hum the intro to “Seek and Destroy” while I head toward the waterfall. The sound of the rushing water from this distance sounds like the roar of an animal. I hope I’m right and this is where the boy ran to hide. The girl seems to be quite fond of her brother, so I’ve decided to make his death as pain-free as I can. I don’t need my woman thinking I’m that much of a monster.

Well, I am. But that’s beside the point.

The flowing river and the drop-off come into view. I can make out the faint outline of a person. Not as tall as I am, but a male for sure. I step out and shout over the sound of the roaring waters. “Don’t do nothin’ stupid boy. I’ll make dis as quick and pain-free as I can.”

“Fuck you, you psycho.” The boy turns around and chucks a rock at me.

I hold my position. “I have a feelin’ your sister love you, and I ain’t about to brutalize you and have her hatin’ me forever.”

The boy laughs. “You think what... that she’ll fall in love with you? Fuck, you're just as stupid as you are crazy.”

I let the boy spew his words. I got thick skin and what he is saying is more than likely true. Ignoring the boy’s insults, I remain focused on the task at hand. I take a step closer, my eyes locked on him. “Listen, boy, I don’ expect you ta get it. But your sister is what my brother an I need, an I won’t let 'er lose sleep knowin’ 'er brother died apainful death.”

The boy scoffs, his defiance evident in his voice. “You think you can just waltz in here and play hero? You’re nothing but a sick, twisted monster.”

I can’t deny the truth in his words. I done terrible things, things that have earned me the title of a monster. But deep down, buried beneath the darkness, there’s a flicker of humanity that’s drawn to this girl.

As I approach him, the adrenaline courses through my veins. I’m prepared for any resistance he might put up, but I hope it won’t come to that. “Look, I don’ wanna hurt you. I promise ta make it painless.”

The boy narrows his eyes, studying me. His defiance wavers for a moment, replaced by a flicker of uncertainty. “Did you kill my dad?”

I nod.

“What about my step-mom?”

I shake my head. “My brother did.”

“You expect me to trust you... to make it not hurt?” Tears in his eyes.

I understand his skepticism. Trust is a luxury I can’t afford, not after the atrocities I’ve committed throughout my life and tonight. But I have to try. “I know you don’t believe me, but I can promise you this. I’ll treat her real good.”

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Silence hangs in the air as the boy considers my words. Finally, he sighs, defeat clear in his voice. “Do what you have to do. But remember, I won’t be the one to forgive you.”

I’ll make his death as painless as I can, not just for my sake, but for the girl who will have my children, my brother’s children, and make our house a home. I step toward him and turn him back to face the river. “It’ll burn an I’m sorry for dat.” I drop him to his knees and plunge his head under the water. The boy thrashes back and forth, the water bubbling from his screams. His nails claw at my hands to break my hold and release him. I hold all my weight over him and after a few minutes, he goes limp under me.

I release my grip on the boy’s lifeless body and stand up, taking a moment to catch my breath. The rushin’ waters of the waterfall drown out the sounds of my heavy breathing, creating an eerie backdrop to the gruesome scene before me.

At least I didn’t make him suffer. Not like his father and not like Wilder did his stepmother. What I did was the kinder way to go.

I bend down and pick up the boy’s body. I can’t help but feel a mix of relief and guilt. Relief that I’ve done what needed to be done, that I’ve ensured the girl is now ours, but guilt that I have probably killed the one person she cared for most. Deep down, I know she’ll never forgive me for this.

I make my way back towards the campsite, where Wilder has the girl and the other bodies waiting for me. I hope that in time, she will find solace and happiness with us, despite us taking her this way. Time heals everything, right?

My watch reads just past midnight as I get closer to the campsite. I can smell the smoke from the fire. Wilder must have fed it when he got back. A blood-curdling scream pierces the air, and I break into a sprint. The boy's body flops in my arms. As I approach, I see da girl lying on her side near the edge of the fire, her eyes filled with fear. I scan the area and see the bodies of her father and stepmom in a heap. Her eyes look up to me and she cries.

"Ethan! No...Why! Why'd you have to kill him? I said I'd do whatever you wanted. Not my baby brother." Her wailing hits the deepest parts of my black soul.

I gently lay the boy down on a blanket and reach out to her, my hand trembling slightly, and she jerks away. "I'm sorry for everyting you've been t'rough tonight," I say, my voice filled with genuine remorse. "But I promise you, my brother an I'll take good care of you. I made dat promise ta your brother before he drowned."

She looks at me for a moment, searching my eyes for any sign of deceit. "You better keep that promise. Or I'll kill you myself," she whispers, her voice dripped with disdain.

I nod, understanding the weight of her words. "I will," I assure her, my voice firm with determination. "You'll be our woman and have our kids. If you do da simple tings we ask of you, we won' have no reason to hurt ya."

The girl's eyes narrow as she stares at me, her gaze filled with anger and fear. I can see the fire burning within her, a determination to protect herself. I like that kind of fire in a woman. Her skepticism of the promise I've made, I understand completely. But deep down, I know that I have no choice but to keep my word.

I take a step closer to her, my voice softening as I try to convey sincerity. "I know it's hard ta trust me right now, given the circumstances," I say, my voice laced with genuine remorse. "But I swear ta you, my brother and I will do everyting in our

power ta take care of you. We wanna create a home, a family where you'll be safe an loved."

Wilder walks over from the tents. "Who we are an who we need to be to survive are two very different tings, chère. We kill because that's jus who we are. Da way God made us. But we need you ta survive. It ain't right for a man ta be lonely." He kicks at the dirt at the edge of the fire pit, hands in his pockets.

Her silence speaks volumes, her eyes betraying her lingering suspicion. More hesitantly this time, my trembling hand reaches out once again. With a tender gesture, I sweep her dark brown hair away from her face, allowing me to gaze into her warm brown eyes. "I can' change what we done, and I can' bring your brother back," I continue, my voice filled with sadness. "But I promise you, we'll bury him in da family cemetery and you can visit him as often as you like."

Her gaze softens slightly, but the pain is still evident in her eyes. She takes a deep breath, her voice trembling with vulnerability and determination. "I don't know if I can trust you," she whispers, her voice wavering.

I nod, understanding the weight of her words and the importance of gaining her trust. "We'll show you," I reply, my voice filled with conviction. "Actions speak louder den words, and we'll prove ta you we can create a safe and loving home for ya and our future children."

"We gon make ya fall in love wid us, chère." Wilder's eyes crinkle at the edges. The damn idiot got a big ass grin under his mask.

She hesitates for a moment; her gaze searching mine once again. "Okay," she says, her voice soft. "But remember, if you break your promise, I'll fight back."

I nod, acknowledging the gravity of her words. "I understand," I say, my voice filled

with sincerity. This girl is young and impressionable. It's not gonna take much to mold her into what we need her to be.

"Can I see your faces?" She asks as I bend down to untie her legs so she can walk.

I hesitate to answer. She's gonna have to see our faces at some point. "When we get home, chère. Let us get cleaned up and you. Then you can see us."

"Wild, you wanna take 'er back and get 'er situated and I'll deal wid all dis?" I motion to the bodies and camp gear.

"Mmm hmm. We'll see you at home."

Chapter 7

Marlowe

Wild stays beside me as the other man dismantles the tents. "What about my stuff? Clothes, those kinds of things. I'm gonna have nothing." I look up at the man before me and take him in. Wild, if that's even his name, has bleached blond hair, and hazel eyes that look more green in the firelight. He looks strong, and at least six feet tall. And he's a murderer.

My eyes drift back over to my father and stepmother dead bodies. My heart hurts for losing my father...not so much my stepmother. Then, turning my head, I look at Ethan. My lower lip quivers as I take in his face. He's not bloody like our parents. The man looks over his shoulder to where my eyes stay focused. He takes a deep breath before speaking.

"We may be killer's chère, but we ain't liars."

Wild helps me regain my balance as I try to steady myself. The events of the past few hours swirl in my mind, making it hard to focus. I take a deep breath, trying to collect my thoughts.

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“Ollie’s gon take care of Ethan,” Wild repeats, his voice filled with assurance.

“So, you’re Wild, and he’s Ollie,” I mumble, trying to process the information. Wild nods, a faint smile playing on his lips.

“Yeah, das right,” he confirms, his hazel eyes meeting mine. I can sense a flicker of vulnerability hidden beneath his tough exterior. “We beent’rough a lot together, Ollie and me. We had to do things we not proud of, but we always stick togeda.”

I can’t help but feel curious as I listen to Wild’s words. He’s a murderer, and yet here he is, helping me and assuring me that Ethan’s body will be taken care of and buried near the house. It’s a confusing contradiction that I can’t quite wrap my head around.

While the tents are being packed away and the campsite slowly disappears, I find myself lost in my thoughts. My father’s absence weighs heavily on my heart, overshadowing any grief I should feel for my stepmother. It’s a complicated tangle of emotions that I’m not ready to unravel just yet.

“Come on, let’s get moving,” Wild says, interrupting my thoughts. “Let’s get you home an clean you up. It’s early an I’m sure you could use some sleep.”

I nod, silently following Wild as we venture into the forest. My mind is still reeling from the events of tonight, but I know that I have to stay strong. I’ll try to escape and find my way back to town. I won’t live like this.

While walking into darkness, I wonder what this means. They wanted me, but why? They couldn’t find some local girl to have their kids? The events of the night have

shattered my world, leaving me with a sense of uncertainty and a burning desire to escape this nightmare. I think back to my dreams and aspirations, the future I had envisioned for myself, and it all feels so distant now.

As we trudge through the darkness, I can't help but wonder about Ollie. He's the other brother, the one who will take care of Ethan's body and ensure he's properly buried. At least Ethan will have a proper farewell, even if our parents won't.

"How." Smack. "Ow. How much longer until we get to the house?" I swat at the mosquitos that are eating me alive. This forest ridiculously combines amazing trees, swamp areas, and absolutely breathtaking nature. I want to get out of it as quickly as possible. I feel disgusting. My clothes are sticking to my skin and I'm pretty sure I smell like something died.

"We'll reach da house soon, maybe five minutes," Wild says, stepping over a falling tree. "Come now, you is slower dan dirt."

"Dirt doesn't move on its own, asshole." I scoff, stopping completely and standing there with my hands on my hips.

"My poin' exactly." He turns around and scoops me up into his arms. "We probably woulda made it back faster if I'da jus carried your ass back."

I scrunch up my face as he holds me to his chest, cradling me in his arms. If it weren't for the current situation, I would consider him quite attractive. He played a part in murdering my family. Not to mention the minor fact that now he's one of my captors.

You could have run, Lowe. But ya didn't. Now what does that say about you?

That I'm a dumb bitch that didn't pay attention to the horror flicks.

“Don’ be tinkin’ too hard in dat head of yours. I can smell your hair burnin’” He chuckles, he smiles down at me and the dimples in his cheeks appear right above where the mask sits.

Fuck, he’s probably cute under there.

No. Stop it, do not sexualize a murderer.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

I tense up, feeling the warmth of his body against mine, and try to push away any thoughts of attraction. This man is dangerous, and I need to remember that. I need to escape from him.

I chastise myself for even considering him cute, reminding myself over and over that he is a murderer. Frustrated with my thoughts, I try to distract myself by focusing on our surroundings, hoping to find an opportunity to escape. I refuse to let his charm sway me or blind me to the dangerous allure he presents. I need to stay strong and find a way out of this.

“Home sweet home, chère,” Wild says, just as the back of a decent-sized house comes into view. Off to the left is a barn or workshop, and way off to the right of the house near some trees is a wrought-iron gate and headstones. He points over to the headstones. “We’ll put your brother dere. Dat way, you can visit him as much as you like once we is sure you won’t run away.”

“What makes you think I won’t try to run?” I ask.

Wild chuckles, his grip on me tightening slightly. “Oh, I know you’ll try, chère. Trust me when I say dis, it won’t end well for you if you do.” His words send a shiver down my spine, reminding me of the danger I’m in.

As we approach the house, I take in the surroundings, searching for any opportunity. The house itself looks old and worn, with peeling paint and broken windows. This place has seen better days. The barn or workshop to the left seems to be in a similar state of disrepair.

“I may only be eighteen, but I’m not as naïve as you think,” I retort, my voice laced with defiance. “I’ll find a way out of here, and when I do, you won’t be able to stop me.”

Wild’s smile falters for a moment, a flicker of uncertainty crossing his face. But just as quickly, it’s replaced with a cold, calculating expression.

“We’ll see about dat,” he says, his voice dripping with a dangerous edge. “But for now, let’s focus on settlin’ in. You not going anywhere.”

As we enter the house, my mind races with thoughts of escape. I know it won’t be easy, but I refuse to give up. I will free myself from this nightmare. And I will do whatever it takes to survive and make them pay for what they’ve done.

Chapter 8

Wilder

This girl is gonna run, I can feel it. Her eyes scan the inside of the house just looking for an exit. She ain't gonna find one though. "If I set you down, you gon be a good girl an do as you told?" Silence. I sigh. "I didn't tink so."

I head to the back stairs leading to the second floor. She needs a good shower and something clean to wear until Ollie gets back with whatever clothes she brought with her. My boots thud against the old wooden steps, echoing through the quiet house. Once we hit the second-floor landing, I take a left and push open my bedroom door.

"Is this where I'll sleep?" Her eyes darted to my bed, then around the rest of the room, then back to my face. "With you?"

I consider her question. We didn't think about it. Ollie and I sleep in different rooms, so would she rotate rooms or have her own?

"I ain't sure 'bout dat yet. You can shower 'ere, and den I'll get you some'in to eat. Den you can sleep 'ere for tonight." I point to my king-size bed. "It's comfortable, and I jus changed the sheets yesterday." Crossing the room, I take her into the washroom. The clawfoot tub sits against the back wall. I close the door behind us and sit her down on the toilet seat. I reach into the cabinet and pull out two fluffy towels and a washcloth.

I turn the knob for the shower, and the water spurts out ice cold. "Give it a minute an

it'll get hot. Despite what da house looks like, everyting works real good."

I hand the towels and washcloth to the girl. "Go on an get undressed." She hesitates. "I'll be down in da kitchen while you shower. Dere ain't a way to get out other dan da door. And if you try an run, I'll catch you and tan your hide so bad you won't be able to sit for a week." She reluctantly nods and starts undressing.

I exit the washroom and make my way to the kitchen, leaving her to shower. Opening the fridge, I search for something to prepare for her. Finding some leftovers, I heat them in a pot and set the small breakfast table. I want to make her feel comfortable and welcome, despite the circumstances.

I head into the downstairs washroom, pulling my pants down I grab a washcloth and a bar of soap, lathering it up. I give myself a little whore's bath, cleaning away the dry cum. I don't wanna fuck her with her stepmama still on me. After I'm done, I chuck the towel in the bin, and make my way back upstairs.

After a few minutes, I hear the shower turning off. I grab a clean set of clothes from Ollie's room and head to my bedroom. The girl steps out of the washroom, her wet hair clingin' to her shoulders. I hand her the clothes and point to the bed.

"Put on dese clothes and make yourself comfortable," I say, gesturing towards the clothes. "I'll leave you ta get dressed, and den we can eat."

She nods silently and changes. I let her have privacy, then go to the kitchen to check on the food. As I wait, I can't help but wonder how all this is gonna go. Ollie and I have always been real good at sharing, but we never shared a woman. Thoughts of her changin' in my room ignite a myriad of illicit fantasies.

Is she a virgin? What does she sound like when she cums? How inexperienced is she?

Soon, the girl joins me in the kitchen, now dressed in clean clothes. She seems calmer, but doubt remains in her eyes. I motion to the chair, serving her the warm bowl of gator stew, and take a seat across from her.

As we begin to eat, the silence between us is heavy. I can tell she's still wary of her surroundings, unsure of what's comin'. I remove my mask and try to break the tension by making small talk.

"So, your name Lowe?" I ask, trying to sound casual.

For a moment, she debates answering or not her eyes fixated on my face. Ollie and I aren't ugly by any means, so I wonder what she is thinking now that she sees me. Finally, she speaks softly, "It's Marlowe."

"Well, Marlowe," I reply, offering her a small smile. "I know dis might be a lot. And while you got ta see da bad side of us right away, jus know we wouldn't ever hurt ya like dat."

She looks up at me, her eyes filled with a mix of gratitude and uncertainty. I can see that she's still tryin' to process everyting that has happened.

"I'm not sure I believe you," she whispers.

I nod understandingly, knowin' that her trust will take time to earn. "I can see why you'd be hesitant ta trust us, what wid how we did your family an all. Ollie done promised your brother we'd take care of you. And like I said, we need you."

We continue our meal in silence, the atmosphere slowly becoming more comfortable. While Marlowe eats, I can't help but notice how delicate she seems. Not like these deep backwood women. She grown up in a comfortable home, probably went to a fancy school, and had all the good things life offers.

Ollie and I struggled to make sure we got an education. We worked as much as possible to ensure our parents could pay the bills. Life was hard with parents who couldn't hold jobs because of their reputations. Mere, being the daughter of a preacher, having babies out of wedlock, then marrying our Pere, a drunkard who came from a backwood family who was known for killing people. Made life hard for us. After they died, we were alone, and we have been alone for a very long time. This girl being here now is just what we need.

I send Marlowe back upstairs, and once I tidy everything up in the kitchen, I make my way back to my bedroom. Marlowe is sitting on the edge of the bed, her gaze fixed on the floor. I sit down next to her, giving her some space.

"You wanna know anythin' about us?" I ask gently.

She looks up at me, biting her lip before speaking. "Um, well...I guess I just wanna know why. Why'd you pick me? Did you have to kill Ethan and my dad?"

I reach out and place a reassuring hand on her shoulder. She quickly shrugs it away. I'm a patient man despite being a cold-blooded killer. I won't force my touch on her just yet. "Like I said, we need you. Ollie seen you out with your brother hiking and he knew right away that you was the one." I take a breath and continue. "As for your family. It's unfortunate and whether you believe it, I'm sorry it had to go that way."

Tears fall down her cheeks, and she lets out a few staggered breaths.

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To console her, I offer her a tissue, but she declines the gesture by waving it away, opting to use her shirt to wipe away her tears instead. “I just... I can’t believe they’re gone,” she says, her voice trembling. “And now I’m here, with you, and I don’t know what to do or how to feel.”

I sit there in silence, allowin’ her to process her emotions. The weight of her loss hangs heavy in the air. “I understand dis is overwhelmin’ for ya,” I breathe. “It’s a matter of survival, and not resorting to even more horrible t’ings.”

Marlowe looks up at me, her eyes filled with a mix of sadness and anger. “Oh, so instead of you going out and being a serial rapist, you just rape one girl forever?” she scoffs. “Makes perfect sense.” She throws her arms up in defeat. She cries hysterically. “You are taking away every opportunity I had and slaughtered my family. And now you’re making me your... sex slave!”

I take a deep breath, trying to find the right words to explain our actions. Shit, I don’t even know how to explain what we done. This girl is all I need. I need her so badly it’s hard to keep myself from not touching her. “I know it’s hard ta see it now, but we didn’ have a choice.” She snorts, but I keep going. “Da world hasn’t been kind to our family. People like us have enemies, and townsfolk jus like to talk shit. Anytime we’d try to court a girl or woman, someone’d come and ruin it. How’s a man supposed to have a family if people constantly cockblockin’ him?”

Marlowe’s expression softens slightly as if she’s starting to understand. “But why me?” she asks, her voice barely a whisper. “Why did Ollie think I was the one?”

I take a moment to gather my thoughts before answering. “My brother is da brains

outta da two of us. You'd t'ink he was the older twin," I chuckle. "But I came six whole minutes before 'im. I suppose when he saw you, he saw some'in special."

She looks at me skeptically, her eyes searching for any hint of deception. "And what if I don't want to be a part of this? What if I just want my old life back?"

I sigh, knowing that my words might not be enough to convince her. "Marlowe, I get dat it's a lot. We're jus tryin' ta survive in a world that's stacked against us. Dis is your life now. So why don't you try ta get some sleep and da t'ree of us can talk in da mornin'?"

Chapter 9

Ollie

The things a man will do for a girl are astounding. I'm getting rid of this girl's parents in a way law enforcement won't discover. Granted, this girl didn't ask for us to murder her family or get rid of the evidence, still. Using an axe, I dismembered the parents' bodies retrieved from the explorer, preparing them as food for the gators. The boy I have wrapped up real good in his sleeping bag. When I return, I'll find a nice spot for him in the cemetery.

I t'ink she's gon appreciate having him near 'er at da house.

It's da least I can do.

The sweat and stink that is coming off of me in this heat is ridiculous. I can't wait to get home and take a nice cold shower. Lord knows, Imma need it, what with having such a pretty little thing in the house now. It's gonna be hard to keep my dick in my pants. The thoughts I've had of that girl since I saw her. She got a body built for sinnin'. Crafted by da devil himself to lure a man into da darkest pits of temptation, ta

perform da most carnal of sins upon her.

I wonder if Wild's already breakin' her in?

The quicker I get this done, I can have my turn with her. I summon all my willpower to push through and continue. The chunks of the girl's father are thrown into the swamp, and within moments, hungry gators surface to devour the gruesome offering. I get to work on the stepmama'sbody. Piece by piece, I hack at the limbs. Blood spatter covers my shirt and face, now that I've removed my mask.

I continue with the grim task at hand, my body heavy with the weight of what I'm doing. The girl, unaware of the horrors unfolding, doesn't deserve this. She didn't ask for any of it.

As I finish dismembering the stepmother's body, the stench of blood and decay fills the air. I take a moment to collect myself, wiping the blood from my face and removing my blood-soaked shirt. The heat is unbearable, and the sweat drips down my face, mingling with the grimy residue on my skin.

I gather the remains of the girl's stepmama and dispose of her in the swamp, where hungry gators eagerly await their macabre feast. The scene is horrifying, but it is done. My mind races with the need to get back home. I need to bury the boy's body so I can acquaint myself with the girl. Lowe. Such a strange name for a girl.

These city folk namin' their children strange names. Our babies gon have normal names.

As I head home, the weight of my actions settles upon me. How am I gonna make this girl not hate me for killing her brother and father? She might always hate me. I'm not above taking her by force, but I'd rather she be willing. It will take time, I assume. Force will initially be necessary. But once she sees we aren't all that bad,

she'll come around.

I gotta admit, this SUV is mighty nice. The back road to the house cuts straight through the swamp and a good portion of the forest. It's driving through the terrain with no issues at all. Too bad we can't keep it. This would be nice driving to the slaughterhouse for work. The busted up old pick-up our parents left to us don't have no Air Con and the radio damn near doesn't work half the time. The air in this thing blowing as cold as the Arctic.

The house and workshop come into view and instead of stopping there, I drive to the cemetery out by the trees. I don't need that poor girl catching a glimpse of her brother's body before I bury him. A little bit of my heart remains. Backing up slowly, I open the SUV's hatch with a quick hit of the button overhead. On a mission to get this done quick style, I cut the engine and get out of the car. I shove the keys in my pocket and make my way to the back.

The boy's dead weight now, his body stiff, making him hard to maneuver. I carry him over to an empty spot near one of the biggest trees. This spot gets some good sunlight and we can even put a bench for our girl to sit on if she wants to visit with him. I carefully lay his body down, then head towards the shed with shovels and equipment.

As I approach the shed, the weight of the situation settles heavily on my shoulders. I grab the shovels, feeling the cold metal in my hands. The sound of cicadas in the early morning is a welcome background noise to the thoughts swarming my head.

Returning to the makeshift gravesite, I take a deep breath to steady myself. The ground feels soft beneath my boots, a stark contrast to the weight of the shovel in my hands. I dig, each shovel full of earth a physical manifestation of the pain I've carried for this family. The people I've killed for this family.

Time seems to blur as I work, sweat dripping down my forehead. The rhythmic sound

of the shovel hitting the dirt becomes a mantra, pushing me forward. I dig deep, wanting to ensure a proper resting place for this girl's brother.

Finally, the hole is deep enough. I take a moment to catch my breath, wiping the sweat from my brow. Looking down at this young boy's body my feelings are a conflicted mess as I look at him. He done us no wrong; he was just in the way of us taking his sister.

Carefully, I lift his body and lower him into the grave. It's a delicate dance, trying to find the right position, ensuring he rests in peace. As I cover him with the earth, I can't help but feel a sense of guilt. It's not the ending he deserved, but it's the only one he got.

I stand there for a moment, staring at the freshly filled grave. It's done.

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“Sorry bout dis, kid. I’ll keep my promise to ya about your sis. You can count on dat.” I say. “I’m not much for religion, but I’m sure you in a better place dan dis shit-ass town.” I’ll have Wilder make him a headstone so that he has a proper site here. He’s better at stone work than I am.

Back in the SUV, I start the engine and I drive away, leaving behind the cemetery and the memories it holds. I can’t help but feel a sense of longing. Longing for a future where my brother and I have our own family, where this house and property have some life back in it. Even if it means we have to force it to make it so, we will.

I park the SUV in the workshop and lock it, taking the keys with me. Gonna have to hide these keys so the girl don’t think she can try to run away. As I make my way up to the back of the house, I envision her lying on her back on my bedspread and waiting for me to feast on her. A smirk creeps across my face as I turn the knob to the door, walking inside to the future.

Chapter 10

Marlowe

You would think that I would try to escape this bedroom after Wilder left to get some sleep. But no. Part of my brain was telling me to try every window, to get up and see if he barricaded the door. Nope. What do I do? I crawl under the comforter of the big, handsome murderer’s bed. I tuck my knees to my chest and cry, my heart pounding in my chest. “Ethan,” I wail as if he can hear me from whatever plane of existence he is now on. “I’m sorry! I’m so fucking sorry I couldn’t protect you.”

I let the sound of my crying lull me to sleep, hoping that it had all just been a nightmare and that when I wake up, everything would be back to the way it was.

A chill hits my skin and I bolt upright. While I slept, I kicked the comforter off of me, leaving my entire lower half exposed. The room's door is wide open, and a box fan near the bed circulates with muggy air. My eyes stay glued to the open door as I shift to sit on the edge of the bed, letting my feet touch the hardwood floor. Silently, I rise and creep towards the door, listening intently for their presence.

Muffled voices from downstairs alert me to where they are. I glance down the hallway and notice another set of stairs. I tremble as I creep down the hall to the other set of stairs, praying I don't make a sound. My breaths come out in short bursts as I step onto the first step. I look back over my shoulder and nothing. Downstairs, there is a sitting room, the foyer, and the front door in sight.

Just go! Run fast and don't look back.

I summon whatever courage I have and sprint down the stairs, two steps at a time. The sound of my feet thumping as I go down. My feet hit the main floor and I ran toward the door. As I reach the front door, my heart pounds in my chest, adrenaline coursing through my veins. I fumble for the doorknob, my hands trembling with fear and anticipation. The voices from the kitchen grow louder, urging me to hurry. With a desperate twist, the door swings open, revealing the darkness outside.

I sprint into the night, my feet pounding against the dirt. Every step propels me further away from the danger that lurks behind me. I resist the urge to glance back, knowing that it would only slow me down and fuel my fear.

The cool night air rushes past me, providing a small sense of relief from the suffocating humidity inside. I push myself to run faster, my mind focused solely on escaping this nightmare. Thoughts of safety and freedom fuel me, pushing me to my

limits.

As I sprint through the trees, I can still hear faint echoes of their voices behind me. They are close, too close for comfort. Panic grips me, urging me to run even faster, to find a place where I can hide.

I scan my surroundings, searching for any sign of someplace to hide. In the distance, I spot a dirt and gravel road, a beacon of hope in the darkness. With renewed vigor, I head towards it.

“Marlowe,” their voices call out to me, in an almost playful drawl.

“Fuck...fuck...fuck!” I do the stupidest thing and glance over my shoulder. Two ominous shadows are in the distance and closing in fast.

I crouch behind a thick tree trunk, desperately trying to catch my breath and regain my composure. Silence surrounds me, broken only by the sound of my labored breathing. I listen, straining my ears for any sign of where they could be. Minutes pass, but there is no sign of them. Maybe I’ve escaped their grasp, at least for now.

Feeling a brief sense of relief, it fades when I hear the crunching of rocks. I cover my mouth with my hand, hoping to mask the sound of my breathing.

“Come out, chère,” Ollie croons. “We don’ wanna hurt ya.”

“You don’ stand a chance against us, Marlowe. We know dis forest with our eyes blindfolded.” Wilder whispers, as if he knows that I’m close.

“Chère, it’s dangerous out ‘ere. Dere be snakes dat can kill ya. Gators if you make it to da swamps. Come on now. Be a good girl,” Ollie says, coaxing me to draw me out of my hiding spot.

“You’re gonna hurt me,” I whisper, closing my eyes feeling the tears run down my cheeks.

“It’s gon be da good kinda hurt, chére. It’ll hurt, but it’ll make you feel good too,” Wilder whispers in my ear.

Both of them box me in against the tree trunk. The predators have caught their prey, and now they intend to play with me before they devour me. The fear and desperation sinks in. I can’t let them take me, can’t let them have their way with me. With a renewed sense of determination, I push myself away from the tree trunk and start running again. The adrenaline fuels my every movement as I navigate through the dense forest, my heart pounding in my chest.

Branches whip against my skin, leaving stinging marks, but I ignore the pain. I need to find a way to escape. The distant sound of a rushing river catches my attention and I change course, hoping to lose them in the water. As I approach the riverbank, I can hear rushing water growing louder, a symphony drowning out the echoes of their voices.

Without hesitation, I plunge into the cold, rushing water, the force of the current tugging at my body. I fight against it, swimming with all my strength. The water provides a temporary barrier, shielding me from their pursuit. I swim until I can no longer feel the ground beneath me until I am certain they won’t be able to follow.

Gasping for breath, I emerge on the other side of the river, my clothes soaked and clinging to my body. I take a moment to catch my breath and assess my surroundings. I find myself in a dense thicket; the foliage providing some much-needed cover. I crouch down, trying to make myself as inconspicuous as possible.

As the minutes tick by, I can still hear their voices in the distance, growing fainter with each passing moment. Are they that far away, or is it the sound of the river

playing tricks on me?Gathering my strength, I push through the thicket, moving deeper into the forest. I keep my senses sharp, listening for any sign of civilization.

After what feels like hours of walking, I finally stumble upon a dirt road. It stretches out before me, offering a glimmer of hope. “Oh thank god,” I mumble. Relief floods through me. I break into a jog, hoping this leads me to the main road. Up ahead, the road ends. “No...no.” I cry out. Before me is a large pit of muddy brown water that runs through the trees. The swamps. I look up and down the bank, seeing how far it goes down.Maybe I can hide outhere?

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The soaking wet shirt clings to my skin and even though it's hot and muggy out, a shiver raises goosebumps across my skin. The hissing interrupts the sound of my heavy breathing from behind me. My body trembles as I slowly turn around and come face to face with a large alligator. "Oh shit," I whisper. "Fuck, what the fuck?" I inch backward toward the way I came. The sound of twigs snapping behind me doesn't even register as I keep my eyes on the beast in front of me.

"We done told you dere was gators out 'ere, chère. Guess you jus had ta go find one for yourself." Wilder chuckles.

"What do I do?" I whisper, not looking away from the teeth that are snapping in front of me.

"We should let it eat ya for runnin'." Ollie snaps.

"Please," I step backward toward the sound of their voices. "Please don't let it eat me. I don't wanna die." The gator moves toward me, hissing and snapping its jaws. "I'll go...I'll go with you back to the house. Please, I swear I'll be good. Just don't let it eat me."

Chapter 11

Wilder

Ollie and I stare at the gator that's threatening our girl, and glance over at each other, chuckling. This girl would run straight to the swamp. I shake my head and raise my eyebrow at Ollie before moving forward. "Go stand wid Ollie," I say, stepping in

front of her so that I'm now the focus of the gator's attention. Marlowe's feet shuffle in the dirt as she inches backward.

"I got 'er," Ollie confirms.

I stick out my boot and push down on the gator's mouth. It hisses back at me. "Gon an git now, you." I nudge it back toward the water and, after a minute, it crawls backward, slinking into the murky depths. The sigh of relief from behind me has a smile spreading across my face. "Now chère, I wouldn't feel too relieved now. We gon have ta punish ya for runnin'."

"P-punish me," she stutters. "H-how do you mean?"

"Well, we were gon let your first time wit us be all tender-like. How it should be. But dat's only for good girls. You gon have ta earn dat tender lovemakin', chère." I cluck my tongue in disappointment.

Marlowe's face flushes a lovely hue of pink that spreads from her cheeks to across her nose. Ollie and I smirk at each other. He bends down to whisper in her ear. "Ya wanna run again? We do love the chase."

She nods her head.

"How's 'bout we make a wager?" I offer.

Her eyes lock on mine. "If you make it back ta da house before we catch yous, we'll take turns and be nice about it. Agreed?" I look at Ollie. He scrunches his face and shrugs.

"It's good wit me." He agrees.

Marlowe moves away from Ollie to where she can see both of us. “You want to chase me, don’t you?” She pans from Ollie to me. “This turns you on?”

“More dan you can ever imagine, chère. Jus ‘bout as much as I wanna spank dat ass of yours for runnin’.” Ollie says, licking his lips and rubbing his hands together.

“Jus as much as I wan’ ta fuck dat ass,” I interject. “So what’s it gon be? You gon run an’ try ta make it back, or you gon let us take you right here, how we want?”

“I’ll get lost. I-I don’t know my way back. It’s not a fair agreement.” She stammers, her lip trembling. Tears begin to fall down her cheeks.

Ollie rolls his eyes. “She a tricky one. We gon have ta watch out.” He steps forward, grabs her arm, and spins her around. Ollie points to the west, through the trees. “If you go in a straight line dat way, bout’ ten minutes, you’ll hit da back road. Dat road leads ta da back of da house an’ property. If you is waiting at da breakfast table for us, you win. We’ll forget about da punishment an be sweet ta ya.”

Marlowe’s eyes widen as she takes in Ollie’s instructions. She wipes away her tears, determination replacing the fear in her gaze. “Alright,” she says, her voice steady. “I accept.”

Ollie smirks, releasing her arm. “Good. We like a girl who’s up for a lil’ adventure.” He turns to me and nods. “Let’s give ‘er a head start, shall we?”

I nod in agreement, stepping back as Marlowe takes off into the dense foliage. The thrill of the chase courses through my veins, a primal instinct awakening. Ollie and I exchange a glance, the excitement burning in our eyes.

We give Marlowe a few moments before we start our pursuit. The anticipation hangs heavy in the air as we navigate the swampy terrain. The sounds of nature surround us,

but our focus is solely on catching our prey.

“We gon let ‘er win ain't we?” Ollie chuckles.

“You t'ink we should?” I ask.

“You wan her hatin’ us right away?” He says, giving me a knowing look. “Hatin’ us more dan she already does?”

The look of disappointment on my face makes him laugh. “I enjoy fuckin’ in da dirt. It makes me feel one wit nature.”

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“Ahh, dat’s some bullshit. You jus like fuckin’ outside. And chasin’ t’ings.”

Minutes pass, and we can hear the faint rustling of leaves ahead. Marlowe is close. Ollie and I quicken our pace, adrenaline fueling our determination. The chase intensifies, the thrill of the hunt pushing us forward.

Finally, we burst through the trees and onto the back road. The house is in sight, and Marlowe is running through the back of the property. We jog past the cemetery just as she throws the back door open. We make it up the steps, our boots thump against the old wood, and we enter moments behind her. There, breathless but triumphant, waiting at the breakfast table as agreed. A smile tugs at the corners of my lips, impressed by her resilience.

Even though we let her win.

“Well done, chère,” I say, my voice filled with admiration. “You earned your reprieve.”

Ollie joins me, his face beaming with pride. “You proved yourself, Marlowe. We’ll keep our promise.”

Marlowe’s expression softens, relief washing over her features. “Thank you,” she whispers, gratitude evident in her voice.

“Now da question is, which of us are you gon have first? We’ll let you pick,” Ollie says, his eyes trailing her body, taking in every inch of her curves.

Her eyes narrow at him. “Wilder,” her voice drips with disdain.

Color me surprised.

Ollie smirks as if he already knew she’d pick me.

“Well, dat settles it. Gon now.” He nods his head toward the stairs. Marlowe turns and climbs the steps slowly as if she is waiting for me to follow her.

“You gon up, chère. Get dat shower started for us. I’ll be dere in jus a minute.” I give her a small smile. She turns and continues up the stairs. Once she is out of view and I hear the shower kick on, I turn to Ollie.

“Can’t say I’m surprised.” He chuckles.

“What if she a virgin?” I say, a hint of panic in my voice.

“Then jus go slow. I’ll come up in a bit and check on ya. Make sure ya aren’t tearin’ da poor girl ‘part.” Ollie pushes me toward the stairs. I stand at the foot of the steps, take a breath and begin the ascent.

Marlowe is sitting on the toilet, waiting for me when I get into the washroom. “I didn’t know if you wanted to - to shower with me or separate. So I just waited.” Her voice is just above a whisper.

This poor girl's terrified.

“Have you ever...” My voice trails off and I clear my throat.

“Maverick Boudreaux tried to stick his in during a game of Seven Minutes in Heaven in the tenth grade. But nothing happened.” She blushes as her eyes take me in.

I step back and pull my soaked shirt over my head. I kick out of my boots and go to unbuckle my belt. Her eyes track where my hands go. I can't tell if her body is trembling because she is cold or if it's cause she's nervous. Pulling down the zipper to my jeans nice and slow, she snaps her eyes back to mine. Jus the look in her eyes has me hard, and I can't wait to bury myself deep inside her.

"You on birth control?" I ask as I hook my finger in my boxer briefs, pausing for her answer.

"No," she whispers. "My father wouldn't allow it."

I say a silent thank you to the man.

"Is it gonna hurt?" Her bottom lip quivers, her eyes move back down to my cock.

I suck my teeth, then speak. "First times, usually do. And I'm pierced, so I'mma say yeah."

"You have a piercing? Down there?" Her eyes widen as I pull my underwear down. The silver curved barbell sits at the tip of my cock on display, and Marlowe gasps. "Doesn't it hurt?"

"Nah. Once da pain is t'rough, it'll feel good for ya." I kick the pants away and make my way over to her. I see the hesitation in her eyes. "Ya wan' me ta take it out? I'll do it. Since it's your first real time an all."

Marlowe surprises me by shaking her head, her eyes filled with curiosity. "No, it's okay. I trust you," she breathes. I feel a surge of relief wash over me, grateful that she's willing to try.

I reach out and gently take her hand, guiding her to stand up from the toilet. "Let's

take it slow, a'ight? We'll make sure you is comfortable every step of da way," I assure her, my voice filled with sincerity.

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“Arms up, chère.” I motion for her to raise her arms so I can undress her. Marlowe lifts her arms. I drag the shirt up by the hem, and her full hips have me groaning. “Damn, chère, you is perfect.” She's thick with full breasts and the most perfect nipples I ever seen. I toss the shirt to the side and then move to the boxers she's wearing.

I slip my fingers under the waistband and pull them down. Her bare cunt was now on display. I eye her suspiciously. “You bare down here?”

“I got waxed before we left for the trip.” She whispers. “I don't like hair there.”

“I don't care either way. Pussy is pussy.” I reach between us and let my fingers caress the soft skin of her stomach to the bare mound. “And dis one belongs ta Ollie an me.”

We both walk towards the shower, the sound of running water growing louder as we approach. The steam-filled bathroom encloses us in our own little world. As she steps into the shower, I follow closely behind, the warm water cascading over our bodies. I reach for the shampoo and begin to lather her hair, my touch gentle and careful. Marlowe's eyes are closed, her face relaxed as she enjoys the sensation.

I continue to wash her body, my hands moving slowly over her curves, savoring the softness of her skin. Marlowe's breath quickens, excitement, and nervousness clear in the way her body moves. I lean in and press my lips against hers, the taste of the water mingling with the sweetness of her kiss.

Breaking the kiss, I look into her eyes, tenderness, and desire reflected in my gaze. I quickly wash myself up. “Ya ready?” I ask, my voice filled with reassurance.

Marlowe nods, her eyes filled with apprehension.

I turn the knob, stoppin' the flow of water, and step out. She steps out behind me and I hold up a towel to dry her off, then myself. Once finished, I scoop her up in my arms and carry her to the bed. I lay her down, and my hands explore her body with a delicate touch.

“Has anyone ever had a taste of dis pussy?” I ask, sliding my hand down to her cunt. She shakes her head. “You ever take care of yourself?” I smirk as I drop to my knees at the edge of the bed.

“Well, yeah. What girl hasn't?”

“Show me, chère.” I bring her hand to her clit. “Get yourself nice an wet for me. Then I'll eat dis pussy so good you never gon wan run away again.” I lean back on my haunches as I watch her slide her middle finger down to her clit and then inside. Her finger glistens as she pulls it out.

“You turned on, baby girl?”

Marlowe doesn't answer. Instead, she pulls her knees up, her feet flat on the bed. She spreads herself nice and wide for me and circles her clit. “Oh god. I'm gonna go to hell.”

“Why's dat chère?” I ask, leaning in so that I am just inches away from her cunt.

“I-I don't know. It shouldn't feel good. But it does. I feel dirty.”

“You ain't dirty. If you wan' dirty, another time I can take you out back an fuck you in da forest. 'Sides dat, da only dirty you gon be is what's on your skin. You t'ink fuckin's dirty?”

“This way. Yes.” She moans, her fingers moving faster. Her chest heaves up and down. I waste no more time and dive in. My tongue gliding up her entrance, tasting her sweetness. I groan as I lap at the arousal, having never tasted such saccharine pussy in my life. Marlowe continues to touch herself. Her hips lift as she eagerly meets the thrusts of my tongue.

“Oh,” she whimpers as her thighs shake.

The tip of my cock leaks precum as I reach down to spread it over the head. I give myself a few firm tugs to ease the pressure that’s building. I pull back, licking her from my lips. “Still feelin’ dirty?” I ask playfully.

She nods.

“I can make it dirty if dat’s what ya wan’.” I’m irritated now. I knew she would have some hesitation in all this. And while I want to be sweet with her, show her I can make her feel good without hurting her. I’m angry that she thinks sex is dirty. Or at least sex with me is dirty.

Marlowe’s eyes bug. “No, I don’t want that. Please,” she cries.

“You like it when I ate your pussy, right?” I stand up and crawl on the bed, settling myself between her thighs.

“Yes,” she whimpers. Her voice cracks, and the tears hit the comforter.

I reach between our bodies and grip my cock, coaxing her soaking wet entrance. Her thighs relax as I slowly inch my way in.

“Ow...ow. Stop,” she pushes her hands against my chest, attempting to stop me.

“It’ll stop hurting soon,” I say, continuing to push my cock inside her. She is tight like a vise around me. She feels so fuckin’ good. I couldn’t stop if I wanted to.

“I said stop. You’re hurting me.” Her hand comes up and smacks me across the face.

I don’t take too kindly to being hit in the face.

“Well, now you had ta gon an fuck it up.” I huff, pulling out all the way. Blood covers my cock.

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“What are you gonna do?” She whimpers.

“What a lil' slut like you deserves.” I grab her shoulder and flip her onto her stomach.

“Ta get fucked from behind an hard.”

Marlowe screams as I thrust myself back inside her. Taking my frustration out on her virgin pussy, I slam into her again and again. I lean down and place my lips on her ear. “I wanted ta be sweet wid ‘cha for ya first time, chére. You’ll learn real quick not ta hit me in da face. Next time you do, it’ll be your ass I tear up.”

The door creaks open as Marlowe cries underneath me. She continues to beg me to stop. Ollie’s heavy footsteps draw closer to the bed. “I thought I told you ta go slow?”

I look up at him, my hand around the nape of her neck to keep her down. “I swear I tried. She hit me in da face d’ough once I got inside her. She was a virgin.” I slow my thrust to stop from coming.

“She feel good?” Ollie asks, running his hand over her head to push the hair out of her face.

“The fuckin’ best I ever had. She so sweet too. Wait till you taste her.”

Ollie crouches down so he can look Marlowe in the eye. “You take my brother so well, chére. Let’s see how well you take both of us.”

Ollie

“I-I can’t,” her voice hoarse from screamin’ and cryin’. “Not both of you. Please.”

“Whether you can or can’t don’ matter, chère. You’re gon take us.” I say, pulling my shirt over my head.

I look at Wilder. “You still have dose handcuffs in ‘ere?” He pauses his thrust and points to the bedside drawer. I pull the drawer open and rifle around, producing them from the back. “Pull out.” I tell him.

Wilder withdraws from her pussy, and Marlowe winces and groans. I pause briefly, contemplating how I desire this to go. “You got lube?”

“Should be in dat drawer.” He says, admiring the blood that is now drying on his cock. “Can I stay in her pussy? As much as I wan ta fuck dis ass, I need ta come inside her.”

Marlowe looks at me as I produce a bottle of lube from the drawer. I also grab a pack of wipes. “Fine by me. I’ll take her cunt next time.”

“You can’t. Please... pretty please.” She whines.

Wilder situates himself with his head on the pillows. He motions for Marlowe to straddle him. “Come on now, if you a good girl, I’ll make ya come again.”

Before she does, I grab her wrist and close the cuff around it. “Now you can either have your hands under my brother’s neck, or behind your back where I’ll hold on ta dem while I fuck ya.”

“Behind his neck,” she cries, her voice trembling with fear. She pants as she moves to

straddle Wilder's waist.

“Sit on his cock,” I order her, and she gives me a pleading look, begging for mercy. “Don’t look at me like dat now, chère. You fucked dis up. Not me.”

Marlowe hovers over Wilder’s cock, lowering herself, wincing as the head breaches her entrance. “It hurts, I can’t.”

“She’s dry, Ollie.” Wilder lifts her, moving her onto his stomach. “Gimme some of dat lube.”

I flick the cap open and squirt some into his waitin’ palm. He strokes himself, coating his dick real good. Then guides Marlowe back. “Lean forward, chère.” Without argument, she does. He pushes in once and only the tip slides in. She squeezes her eyes closed at the pain. I walk around the other side of the bed and cuff her other wrist around Wilder’s neck.

“You feel so good, chère.” Wilder groans as he slowly thrusts into her. “Your body is perfect. Everything I love in a woman, curves, a lil’ soft in the middle, and tits for days.”

As much as Marlowe whines and mumbles for him to stop, she meets every thrust of his hips. “Make her come again, Wild. Get ‘er all nice and relaxed for me.”

I drop my shorts, not having bothered to put on underwear after my quick shower. Climbing onto Wilder’s bed, I situate myself in between his spread legs. My fingers glide down her spine, and I feel her quiver at my touch. I grab the bottle of lube, covering my fingers and dripping some over her tight back hole. She instantly tensed. “Relax now, I wouldna wanna hurt ya too bad.”

“Please,” the sound of her whines silenced as Wild covers her mouth with his,

swallowing her cries and moans as he brings her closer to climax.

Much to my surprise, she doesn't fight his kiss. She mumbles against his lips as he kisses her. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry I hit you. Please, don't hurt me."

I can sense my brother crumble. He is weak for her already. Marlowe cries out as her orgasm hits, leaving her in a collapsed heap on his chest. I tease her back hole with my index finger. She clenches around the fingertip. "Breathe, Marlowe." I wait for her to take a breath. "Now bear down."

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She does and cries out as my finger breaches the rings of tight muscles. Easing in and out a few times, I waste no time adding a second finger, which causes her to recoil. “Ow, ow. Please,” she begs. “It burns. Please make it stop.”

“Shh...Let him in, chère. Once you do, we can make da pain go away. Then we be havin’ ya feel so good.” Wilder encourages her, stroking her face with his thumb as he continues to kiss her all tender-like.

So much for him punishin’ her. He’s coddlin’ her, even after she hit him in the face.

I give her a few minutes of stretchin’ her. I can feel my brother slow strokin’ inside her. He’s tryin’ to hold off on coming until I’m inside her, too. I reach for the packet of wipes, grabbin’ one to wipe my fingers off.

After withdrawin’ my fingers, I clean them, then take the lube and apply more to her and then to myself. “Alright Wild, stop movin’.” He pauses and I line up with her back hole, letting my tip push through.

“Wait, wait...please.”

With my left hand, I press down on her shoulder to keep her flat against Wild’s chest. “Push all your breath out and bear down now,” I instruct her. She does exactly as I said, and I push in. “Damn, she so tight.” I stay still lettin’ her adjust to my size and to being filled.

“Oh, God. It’s too much, please someone move. It’s so... full.” Marlowe whines. It’s definitely one of discomfort and not pleasure.

“You heard our girl,” I say, lookin’ at my brother, who has a shit-eating grin on his face. “D’ough, chère ain’t no God ‘ere. You can pray ta us ta makeya feel good.”

I pull back, and Marlowe moans. That’s our cue to keep going. We carefully alternate thrusting in and out of her in tandem. It takes everything in me to not destroy her virgin ass. I keep pace with Wild’s thrustin’ to keep me grounded in the moment.

“Still hurt, baby girl?” Wild asks her, bringing a hand to cup her tit.

“We givin’ pet names now?” I grunt as I drive into her a little harder.

“Fuck Ollie, I’m close. I don’t t’ink I can wait no more.” He turns his attention to Marlowe. “I’m gon need ya to come again. I need to come feelin’ ya come, too. Can ya do dat for me?”

The only sound Marlowe makes is a series of low moans and whimpering unintelligible words. Wild picks up speed, chasing his release and I follow his lead, mine right there on the cusp of exploding.

“Oh fuck, oh...I’m gonna,” she cries as she breaks, clenching around both our cocks. Her walls pulse around us and Wilder comes with a roar, emptying himself inside her cunt.

Two more tight strokes and I fill her ass with my cum, grunting loudly as I do. Marlowe breathes heavily, her body still quaking with the aftershocks of her orgasm.

“Such a good little slut.” I smack her ass hard as I pull out, my cum leaking out onto the bed sheets.

“Dammit, Ollie, I jus changed dese damn sheets,” Wilder grumbles, adjusting himself to stay inside her.

Wilder and I share the same kink, breeding. We were probably the only teenage boys in the parish that was itching for babies, not that we was trying to get every girl we fucked pregnant. And now at twenty-four, it's a fucking need. This girl right here is gonna fulfill them needs for us. I climb off the bed, clean myself off with a wipe, and make my way around the bed, grabbing my clothes.

I hear my brother praising her softly as she cries into his chest.

“You done so good, baby girl. I’m proud of ya.” I can hear her soft whimpering and sniffing. Wild keeps himself seated inside her. I look at him, his eyes flickering to mine.

“Give ‘er a few more minutes, den we’ll get ‘er cleaned up. I’ll get da bath goin’.” I say, making my way into the adjoining washroom. We may have just had our way with this girl, our girl. But we ain’t complete monsters. Just because we’re rough with her in the bed, don’t mean we’ll treat her that way out of it.

The pipes in the wall groan as I turn on the knob for the hot water. A spray of water splashes up at me and I hold my hand under the flow to make sure it’s the right temperature before putting the stopper down. I walk away, letting the tub fill to grab something for Marlowe to wear.

I search through Wild’s drawers, finding a soft T-shirt and a pair of comfortable sweatpants. As I return to the bedroom, Marlowe is still catching her breath, her body slowly calming down from the intensity of our encounter. I approach her gently, offering the clothes with a reassuring smile.

“Here, Marlowe,” I say softly, “You can put dese on after your bath. We want ya ta feel comfortable.”

Wilder pulls her arms over her head and removes the handcuffs. He inspects her wrist

and from where I stand; they don't look too bad. I lean over and scoop her up in my arms. Meanwhile, Wilder remains seated on the bed, his protective presence unwavering.

Once I carry Marlowe into the washroom, I set her on her feet, supporting her as she wobbles slightly. I assist her into the tub, making sure she's settled before stepping back to give her some space.

As the water envelops Marlowe, I can see the tension gradually melting away from her body. The aftermath of our rough fucking is now visible on her body. I take in the red marks that will turn to bruises from my grip. I can't help but feel a deep sense of responsibility towards her. This girl is going to hopefully soon have our children.

"I hope that's the only time we have to be like that," I say, clearing my throat, and looking down at her. "Restraining you is not something I care for. Once finished, you can make a list of things you'd like, clothes, books, whatever, and I can go get 'em for you."

"Can I go with you?" Her eyes plead with mine.

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“Not yet, chère. Once we can trust you not to run, then you can go out wid us.”

While Marlowe relaxes in the bath, I turn my attention to cleaning up the mess we’ve made. I gather the soiled sheets and toss them into a laundry hamper, making a mental note to wash them later. Wilder joins me, silently assisting with the cleanup, his expression a complicated mix of concern and care.

After tidying the room, I glance at Wilder, silently communicating the need to give Marlowe some space to recover. We sit on the couch that is in Wild’s room, sitting our bodies tense with emotions. We know that our desires and actions are unconventional, but we also know that our intentions toward Marlowe are genuine.

As we wait for Marlowe to finish her bath, we share a brief conversation, discussing our next steps. We both understand the importance of communication and consent, and we agree that it’s essential to check in with Marlowe and ensure she feels safe and comfortable moving forward.

Finally, Marlowe emerges from the washroom, her body wrapped in a fluffy towel. She looks tired, yet there’s a hint of contentment in her eyes. We offer her a warm smile, silently assuring her we’re here for her.

“You feeling okay, Marlowe?” Wilder asks gently, his voice filled with genuine concern.

She nods, her voice barely above a whisper. “Yeah, I’m just... processing everything.”

“We here for you, Marlowe,” I say softly, reaching out to squeeze her hand. “We’ll take things at your pace now, okay?”

She nods again, and I hand her a pad of paper and a pencil so she can make a list of all the things she needs to be comfortable here.

Chapter 13

Marlowe

One Month Later

I’ve fallen into this little routine we’ve developed, the twins and I. The days blur all together, and more often than not, I don’t know what day of the week it is. Today marks one month since they killed my family and kidnapped me. I thought they would let me have my own room by now, but that hope was quickly shattered.

Initially, they alternated nights. One night I would sleep with Wilder and the next with Ollie. This continued for about a week. But then, everything changed. On that fateful night, I found myself in Ollie’s room, peacefully sleeping. The door creaked open, and the mattress dipped behind me. It was Wilder, his muscular arms enveloping me. As if Ollie could sense his brother’s presence, he shifted in his sleep, throwing his leg over mine and rolling into my chest.

At that moment, I realized they weren’t lying about needing me. It was a strange realization, being trapped between these two men who had caused me so much pain, yet finding comfort in their proximity. They created a little Marlowe sandwich as they slept. It was both unsettling and oddly fulfilling, knowing that I was fulfilling some purpose for them.

Before I came into the picture, all they had was each other. They relied on each other

for human connection and love. I don't think they ever crossed any lines but the thought plays at the back of my mind. They share me willingly and when we all have sex, they don't shy away from seeing each other. More often than not, sex is a group activity. In the past month, I can only count five times I have had sex with only one of them at a time.

Fear still grips me, the constant worry they'll hurt me again at some point. But for now, I am giving them whatever it is they are seeking. It's a twisted sense of satisfaction, being needed in this way. I can't help but acknowledge the messed up state of my mind. Marlowe, your head is fucked.

As the twins come downstairs, their faces light up with excitement at the sight of me preparing breakfast for them. It's a slight gesture, but it brings them so much joy. And in a way, it brings me joy too. I stayed, despite being forced into this life.

I could have tried to run again. But, here I am.

What other options do I have? With my family dead and my future shattered, I have no means to pay for school or even make it out to California. This life, as unexpected as it may be, is now my reality. Surprisingly, the twins have been nothing short of gentlemen, going above and beyond to provide for me.

They have bought me everything I have asked for, supporting me in ways I never thought possible. It's as if they're trying to atone for the burden they caused me. And while it may be unconventional, I have found solace in their kindness.

I stir the grits and flip the shrimp in the pan. A sense of gratitude washes over me. Despite the hardships I've endured, I have found a glimmer of hope in this unexpected family dynamic. The twins may be attempting to make things right for how we ended up together.

So, I embrace this new chapter in my life, accepting the role I have taken on. Despite not choosing this path, I will make the best of it. Maybe, with the twins' help, I can rebuild my future and discover a new purpose.

Ollie and Wilder sit at the breakfast table as I dish up their bowls with the grits, a pat of butter, and the shrimp. Setting the bowls in front of them, Ollie grabs my hand and kisses my palm, something he has taken to doing daily. I look down at him and give him a soft half-smile before caressing his face. Wilder's lunch box awaits on the counter for me to pack with my homemade treats for his workday.

Since I joined, the twins have rotated their work shifts at the slaughterhouse to accommodate being home with me. While I fill Wilder's lunch box with the sandwiches and snacks I prepared, I can't help but feel a sense of purpose. It may seem like a simple task, but knowing that I am contributing to their day brings me a sense of fulfillment.

"Baby girl, are you gon sit down an' eat?" Wilder asks as he pauses in his eating. "You need to make sure you eatin'."

Yes, I need to make sure my body is being nourished. Even though I am young and very fertile, they are worried about not being able to father children because I am not pregnant yet. I cried at the thought initially. These two men want me to carry their babies being only eighteen. Now, it's strange to think I am coming around to the idea.

Ever since I joined their lives, I have witnessed their unwavering dedication to providing for me. They work tirelessly at the slaughterhouse, enduring grueling hours and demanding physical labor. It's not an easy job, but they do it without complaint. They have taken on the role of providers, ensuring that I have everything I need.

I often wonder why they feel the need to go above and beyond for me. Is it guilt for the burden they placed upon me? Or perhaps it is their way of expressing gratitude

for my presence in their lives. Whatever the reason may be, their kindness has become a source of solace for me.

In this unconventional family dynamic, I have found a glimmer of hope. As the twins finish their breakfast and head off to finish their morning routines, I take a moment to reflect on what life means now.

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I'm alive. I am treated well. This could all be so much worse. They could rape you still, forcing you to do things. You're not chained up or mistreated. I eat good food; I have free rein in the house and when I want to visit Ethan; they take me.

I clean up the breakfast dishes, grateful for the stability and affection that the twins have brought into my life. When Dad married Diane he was all about their relationship, leaving me to raise Ethan by myself. It hurt having to take the place of my mother in my brother's life, especially when I desperately needed my father's love.

As I prepare for the day ahead, I can't help but feel a sense of contentment. Bent over, I rummage through the refrigerator to figure out what we will eat for lunch and dinner tonight. Wilder's boots thud down the stairs as he comes down dressed for work. "Come on now, chère. You know I need me a kiss ta make it t'rough the day."

I smirk as I close the door and spin around. The little summer dress sashaying as I do. Wilder is the more romantic of the two. Ollie's getting there, but he still has some roughness to him. Wilder, on the other hand, makes me feel beautiful every chance he gets. Wilder's eyes light up when he looks at me making me feel like the only girl in the world. I grab his lunch box from the counter and saunter over to him.

"You spoil me, chère." Wilder snakes his hand between my breasts, popping the buttons that cover my breasts from view. "Mmmm," he groans, taking in the sight of my lace-covered nipples. "How am I gon work knowin' you is waitin' for me to come home like this, hmm baby girl?"

"You're gonna have to just make it through, I suppose." I giggle.

He takes the lunchbox from my hand, setting it down on the floor with a soft thud, before lifting me up and gently placing me on the island. Mynipples harden and a warm sensation stirs deep in my core. It still amazes me that my body reacts to them the way it does. Even when my mind is screaming at me that all of this is wrong, my body betrays me.

Wilder's hand circles my throat as he places a firm kiss on my lips. His tongue pushes past my lips, stroking mine with dominance. The sound of a throat clearing breaks the moment.

"You gon be late if ya keep dat up. Ya won't be able ta stop. Not dat I'm sayin' you should because fuck, watchin' you two together..." Ollie groans as he adjusts himself. The outline of his thick cock is visible in his sweats. Ollie has that going for him. Ollie's cock, unlike Wilder's pierced and almost identical in length, is thick.

It makes my mouth water just thinking about it.

"You wan me, Marlowe?" Ollie smirks, his eyes taking in the reaction of my body. "Hungry for my cock, like da greedy little slut ya are."

I nod, my tongue darting out to moisten my lips. Wilder's praise stirs something within me, but it's Ollie's relentless degradation that unleashes my feral instincts.

"Well den, you know what ya need to do."

Wilder helps me down from the island. As if it's second nature, I drop to my hands and knees and crawl over to Ollie. Ollie sits back on the stairs, spreading his legs wide as I crawl towards him. The anticipation builds in the room, a palpable tension that electrifies the air. I can feel Wilder's eyes on me, his presence adding to the excitement. As I reach Ollie, I look up at him, meeting his gaze with a mixture of desire and submission.

Without a word, I reach out and undo the drawstring on Ollie's sweats, tugging them down around his ankles, revealing his throbbing cock. My mouth waters as I take in the sight, my hunger for him growing with every passing second. I lean in, my lips hovering just inches away from him.

Ollie's hand tangles in my hair, gripping it firmly as he guides me closer. I can feel his power over me, his control asserting itself. Without hesitation, I wrap my lips around him, taking him deep into my mouth. The taste of him fills my senses, and I surrender myself to the pleasure of pleasuring him.

"Dirty fuckin' girl," he moans in a near breathless whisper.

As I work my mouth up and down his length, I can hear Ollie's moans of satisfaction mingling with Wilder's low growls of approval. The sound of their pleasure fuels my own, igniting a fire within me that burns with an insatiable hunger. I lose myself in the rhythm, my mouth and tongue expertly exploring every inch of Ollie's cock.

Time seems to stand still as I continue to pleasure Ollie, my focus solely on him and the intoxicating power dynamic at play. Our desires create a symphony of passion that fills the room, echoing off the walls. I can feel myself getting lost in the moment, surrendering to the primal instincts that drive me.

But as much as I revel in this intense pleasure, a part of me remains conflicted. Deep down, I know that this forbidden love between the twins and me is a dangerous game to be playing. It's a whirlwind of emotions, a storm that threatens to consume us all. And yet, in this moment, I can't help but succumb to the intoxicating allure of their dominance and desire.

Behind me, I hear Wilder's belt buckle unclasp, and his zipper comes down. "I need ta feel her before I go. I can't wait all dem fuckin' hours."

Wilder drops to his knees behind me. My heart races as I feel Wilder's hands on my hips, pulling me closer to him. His hardness presses against me, sending a surge of desire through my body. Ollie's grip tightens in my hair, guiding me back to his throbbing cock. I take him eagerly, my mouth and tongue working in sync to please him.

The intoxicating sounds of our pleasure fill the room. Every touch, every moan, fuels the fire within me. But amidst the intense pleasure, a nagging feeling of conflict lingers in the back of my mind.

Wilder's hands move from my hips to the hem of my dress, lifting it and exposing my bare skin. The anticipation builds as his hot breath tickles against my neck. I tremble with need as his fingers tease at my entrance. The moans that escape my lips as he thrusts his fingers in and out of me are embarrassing, the sound of my arousal loud as he finger fucks my pussy.

"I need ya," he murmurs, his voice filled with urgency. And before I can fully comprehend his words, he enters me with a force that takes my breath away. Pleasure mixes with pain as he fills me completely, and I surrender to the overwhelming sensations.

"You take Wild's cock so well. Our perfect little slut. Ain' you?" Ollie tugs at my hair. My eyes find him, and I moan around his cock in response. "I'm gon come down dis pretty throat."

Wilder ruthlessly continues to slam into me, chasing his orgasm. I'm close to coming myself. The wet, smacking sound coming from behind me as he drives into me has me forgetting about Ollie's cock in my mouth. With the room fading into the background, our connection takes center stage, its intensity palpable.

"Dat's it, chère, feel him gettin' ready to fill that empty cunt of yours. You gon make

us a bunch a pretty babies.” I feel Ollie's cock throb in my mouth as he releases himself. Ropes of his salty cum hit the back of my throat and fill my mouth. I gulp all he gives me, eagerly. I know this makes him happy.

“Clean up all of it. None gets wasted,” Ollie commands. I obediently lick him clean as Wilder picks up his pace, the intensity of his thrusting jutting me forward.

“Oh, fuck. Wild, please don't stop. I'm so close.” I moan as he pulls my hips back.

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Wilder let out a low grunt as he stills inside of me. His hand reaches around and his finger finds my clit. A few seconds later, my orgasm explodes around his cock, my walls milking him of every drop of his cum.

Exhausted, I fall forward onto my elbows. I look up at Ollie, who gives me the loving look that I crave from him.

“You did so good, chère, so good.”

And there it is. My heart flutters at his praise. “Thank you,” I whisper. Ollie leans down and places a kiss on my lips. His attention quickly shifts to the clock about the stove, then to his brother.

“Jus tell Beau dat da truck was havin’ trouble dis mornin’.”

Wilder pulls out, pushing my shoulder down so that my ass stays high in the air.

I’ve grown accustomed to having to keep things elevated after they come inside of me. They say it helps. Part of me hopes it happens soon. A baby here to keep me company when they are off doing things would be nice.

Listen to you, already so conformed to the idea of having these monsters children.

Pathetic.

Chapter 14

Ollie

Wilder and I both have the day off today. We take Marlowe out for a walk around the property, showing her all the nice hidden nature spots. Wilder carries food in his backpack for lunch, while I have "other" items for fun.

We find a pleasant spot near the outskirts of the river. Wilder unpacks the food and sets up a nice little picnic for us. Marlowe looks out at the water, her eyes narrow at every bubble that hits the surface. I smirk, knowing she is worried about gators again.

I come up behind her and wrap my arms around her waist, pulling her back to my chest. "Nothin' gon hurt ya wid us around, chère."

Marlowe's worry about alligators seems to fade away. She relaxes into my embrace, her hand resting on top of mine. "You've been so nice to me lately. Thank you, Ollie." Her words of gratitude catch me off guard, and I can't help but feel a warmth spread through me.

But I can't let her misunderstand my quiet nature. I lean in closer, whispering in her ear, "You see, chère, bein' quiet don' mean I'm always nice. Sometimes, it's da quiet ones who hold da darkest secrets an' hide da wildest desires. We unpredictable, but once we have someone in our grasp, dey ours forever."

I hope my words don't scare her, but I want to be honest with her. Today, as we explore the hidden spots on the property, I want to see if she truly understands what she's getting into. If she's willing to embrace the darkness that lies within us.

Marlowe looks up at me, her eyes searching mine for any hint of deception. But instead of fear, I see a spark of curiosity and acceptance. She's not running away; she's willing to explore this side of us.

With a mischievous smile, I tighten my hold on her and whisper, “Get ready, chère. Today, we gon show you just how wild an’ untamed we can be.”

She takes a bite out of her sandwich and looks between Wilder and I, her eyes narrow. “What do you two have planned?”

“Finish up eatin’, baby girl. You gon need your strength for what we got planned.” Wilder says licking the juice from the orange that drips down his hand.

After we clean up our mess and pack everything away, I bring my attention back to Marlowe. “Alright, chère. You gon run again, an’ we gon chase ya. We be much further from da house now, but,” I turn her toward the direction of the house. “You make it back to da house and we’ll go easy on ya. If not, we gon use you da way we want to. Deal?”

“Deal.” Not a moment of hesitation.

“Run, baby girl. Run fast.” Wilder says.

As Marlowe disappears into the dense woods, a mischievous grin spreads across my face. “We not gon let her win dis time, Wild,” I say to my brother. “Let’s have a lil’ fun before she wid child.” We exchange a knowing look and set off after her, our footsteps echoing through the quiet forest.

The thrill of the chase fills the air as we navigate through the twisted trees and overgrown bushes. Branches whip against our faces, but we push forward, determined to catch Marlowe. The adrenaline courses through my veins, awakening the primal monster inside of me. The monster that’s yearning to cut into her delicate skin, to mark her, and make her bleed just for me.

Suddenly, I catch a glimpse of her ahead of us; her figure darting between the

shadows. She's quick, but we're relentless. We close in on her, our laughter mingling with the rustle of leaves beneath our feet. Marlowe glances back, her eyes giving off a hint of fear and excitement.

She ain't afraid of us.

She should be.

With a burst of energy, Marlowe sprints towards the house, her shoes struggling to find traction on the uneven terrain. We pick up our pace, closing the distance between us. The anticipation builds as we approach the threshold of the house, the finish line of our game.

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We catch up to her as Marlowe reaches the steps of the house, gasping for breath. We surround her, our triumphant smiles revealing our victory. “Well, chère,” I say, my voice laced with mischief. “You didn’t quite make it. Now you all ours.”

Marlowe’s chest heaves as she tries to regain her breath. “I’m already all yours. You both do with me as you please. So,” she pants heavily. “What could you possibly want to do?”

“Jus you wait,” Wilder says, a deep look of hunger in his eyes. He bends down and tosses her over his shoulder, and we make our way back to the edge of the forest. “We gon take you ta our favorite place ta be when we was young'uns.”

Our fort, where we used to run away to when things got to be too much. I set the backpack down on a tree stump and unpack. Ropes, lube, a firstaid kit, and a sterile knife. Wilder sets Marlowe down and her eyes fall on the pile of stuff.

“Mmm, da t’ings we gon do to ya, baby girl. I can’t wait to see your pretty cunt wrapped ‘round my cock.” Wilder leans in and kisses her neck, and Marlowe melts into him. “You gon be a good girl for us?”

“Yes, I’ll be so good for you.” She whimpers in his arms.

I grab the rope and stand in front of her. “Hold out your wrists.”

Marlowe obediently holds out her wrists, anticipation and surrender clear in her eyes. I expertly bind her wrists with the rope, ensuring it is secure, but not too tight. The atmosphere is thick with desire and the pulsatin’ energy of our little game.

As I secure her wrists, Wilder's hands roam over Marlowe's body, teasing and tantalizing her. His touch ignites a fire within her, and she moans softly, her desire matching ours. I step back, admiring the sight before me, the vulnerability and trust shining in Marlowe's eyes.

"Now, my lil slut," I whisper, my voice husky with desire. "You gon experience pleasure like you never known before. Not widout pain, dough." I reach for the knife and pull her toward the fort. I throw the rope over an old pulley, and Wilder hoists her up, tying the rope to a stake in the ground.

"Now, Wilder is gon eat your pussy until you screamin' our names. I'm gonna give ya a little somethin' to let da world know who you belong ta. You know who you belong to, don't cha?"

"You, Oliver, and Wilder Broussard." Her words were resolute.

She is ours. Ours to mark. Ours to fuck and breed. She's ours to love and care for.

Wilder pulls her up and drapes her legs around his shoulders. He wastes no time in burying his face in her cunt. Tasting her. Wilder has her moaning his name as his tongue teases her clit. She is lost in the pleasure, so I start what needs to be done. I remove the knife from the sheath; the blade glintin' in the sunlight.

The tip digs into the meaty flesh of her hip as I drag it down. She cries out in pain, but Wilder pulls her attention back to him. Blood drips down the blade of the knife and my wrist then down to my hand. She flinches as I finish the first letter.

"Chére, you gon have ta stay still. I have ta mark ya. How else is everyone gon know dat you ours?" I lean forward and place a kiss on the letter W, for Wilder, that is now carved into her flesh. I lick the blood from my lips and even the taste of her blood turns me on. I can't get enough of this girl.

She cries as I begin the second letter on her other hip. An O, for Ollie. “Cry for me, baby girl.” I use the pet name Wilder gave her.

Once finished, I lick the blood from the O and place kisses all over her. Marlowe struggles and the wet slurping sounds coming from Wilder have my cock itching to burst out of my pants.

Marlowe screams our names as she comes on Wilder’s tongue. “You taste so good, chère. You need ta taste her, Ollie.” Wilder dives back into her pussy, then pulls back, grabs me by my collar, and tilts my head back. He spits her release into my open mouth.

Fuck, dis girl is the most delicious kinda poison. She a drug dat we be addicted to, an’ one we never gon give up.

I reach for the bottle of lube, pouring a generous amount into my hand. With deliberate movements, I spread the slick substance over Marlowe’s back hole and all over her pussy, relishing in the way her skin glistens and her breathing quickens.

Wilder takes a step back, his eyes locked with mine, as we both take in the beauty before us. Marlowe’s body is a canvas, waiting to be painted with pleasure and ecstasy. We exchange a silent understanding, knowing exactly what needs to be done.

He lowers her body into my arms, and I reach between us, freeing my cock from my pants. I slide into her pussy and thrust. My eyes roll back at the feel of her warm, wet cunt surroundin’ me.

Wilder, unable to contain himself any longer, joins in, his hands exploring every inch of Marlowe’s body. Together, we worship her. Marlowe gasps as Wilder pushes his cock into her ass, and I can feel him inside her. Marlowe surrenders completely, giving herself to us in body and soul, trusting us with her body.

As the intensity of our actions increases, Marlowe's cries of pain turn into moans of pleasure. Her body responds eagerly to our touch, her hips moving in sync with our rhythm. The trees echo with the sounds of our desires merging; the wet slapping of skin against skin, and the intoxicating scent of sex permeates the air.

Every thrust, every touch, is an affirmation of our connection with Marlowe. She consumes us, and she willingly surrenders herself to us, her pleasure becoming our purpose. The boundaries between pain and pleasure blur, and we find solace in the raw, uninhibited passion that binds us together.

Our movements become more urgent, more desperate. Wilder and I chase our release as Marlowe's body trembles between us, her moans growing louder with every stroke. Marlowe comes first. Her orgasm has her clenching around both of our cocks inside of her. I smash my lips into her as I thrust once more, emptying myself inside of her. Wilder comes with a roar that reverberates off the trees.

In the aftermath, we hold on to each other, our bodies intertwined, basking in the aftermath. Marlowe, marked with our love and desire, lays her head peacefully on my chest, her breaths coming in gentle waves.

We are bound by a forbidden connection, a love that defies societal norms.

Chapter 15

Wilder

Three Months Later

Marlowe's breathy pants escape her lips in small bursts as I continue thrusting into her. Her sleepy voice, which I adore, interrupts the silence. "Mmmm, Wild, I'm trying to sleep. I can still feel both of you inside me from last night."

Ollie and I been taking turns, hoping that one of us will successfully get her pregnant. It's been three and a half months and nothing. To say I'm frustrated would be an understatement. I had expected that my brother and I would have gotten her pregnant right away. Ollie is just as determined as me, but he hides his frustration better. He tells me I need to relax, claiming that my stress might be hindering our chances. He believes that if I let go of the pressure, it'll happen. I'm not entirely convinced.

I lean in and place a gentle kiss on Marlowe's neck, just below her ear. "Come on, baby girl," I whisper. Without hesitation, I bring my hand down on her bare ass cheek, the satisfying sound echoing through the room. "I woke up cravin' you. Lemme fill ya up one more time before I have to get up and help Ollie outside."

"Okay," she whimpers as I graze my fingertips over the reddening mark on her tanned skin. "Just be gentle. I'm still sore."

"I'll try my best, chère."

Sunday mornings have a new routine for Ollie and me. We venture out to the back of our property, working to clean it up. Marlowe, ever the practical thinker, mentioned

last month that if we were gon be having babies here, a fence would need to be put up to prevent them from wandering off into the forest. To ease her mind, we are building a fence around the main house. We'll do anything to make her happy and keep our young'un's safe.

As I take a momentary break from my task, I glance up and spot Marlowe peering down at us from the window. A mischievous grin spreads across my face as I jokingly remark, "I swear dis woman is gon be the death of me."

Ollie, catching my gaze, follows it up to the window, where Marlowe waves playfully at us. Chuckling, Ollie replies, "You an me both, Wild," before returning to his work of digging a hole for the fence post.

I continue to watch Marlowe at the window, admiring her from afar. She truly is the best woman anyone could ask for. She takes such good care of us, effortlessly slipping into her role as the new matriarch of our family. Sometimes, I can't help but believe it was fate that brought her into our lives.

"Come on, now. Da quicker we get dis done, we can spend all day lovin' on 'er."

Laughing, Ollie and I enter the house after working in the heat. We kick off our boots at the door and step into the kitchen. Marlowe has lunch ready for us, and she's plating it up. We walk up on either side of her at the counter, pecking her on the cheeks. Ollie grabs three glasses from the cabinet and pours us all some sweet tea.

As we sit down at the kitchen table, the aroma of the jambalaya hangs in the air. Marlowe always knows how to nourish our bodies and souls. While eating, we discuss our plans for the day. Ollie proposes a break from the fence building for a swim in the river. Marlowe's eyes light up, and she agrees.

"You guys go cool off. I have some more things to get done here. It'll be easier for

me if you're not constantly trying to fuck me while I'm doing them." She giggles, throwing us a playful look.

We finish our lunch, and Marlowe insists on doing the dishes while Ollie and I head outside to enjoy the water. The sun is high in the sky, casting a warm glow on everything around us. As we swim, I can't help but feel a sense of contentment. The worries and frustrations about getting Marlowe pregnant momentarily fade away. We are living in the moment, enjoying each other's company, and embracing the love that has grown between us.

After a couple of hours, we make our way back to the house, our bodies tired but our spirits rejuvenated. Marlowe greets us with a smile, already changed into a comfortable sundress. She suggests we have a relaxing evening, perhaps watch a movie together and cuddle on the couch.

As the night settles in, we open the big windows, letting in the night air, finding ourselves snuggled under a cozy blanket, Marlowe nestled between Ollie and me. The movie softly plays in the background, but we focus our attention on each other. We share soft kisses and gentle caresses, cherishing the intimacy and connection we have built.

So, as we lie there, wrapped in each other's arms, I let go of the pressure and stress. I trust that this growing love, our patience, and dedication will lead us down the right path. And if it takes a little longer than expected, I know we will face it together.

In this moment, as the warmth of Marlowe's presence envelops me, I can't help but feel a sense of contentment and peace. In this small space, the outside world fades as our love takes precedence.

The movie on the screen continues to play, its gentle soundtrack providing a soothing backdrop to our shared moments. We laugh at a funny scene or whisper inside jokes,

creating a world of our own within the confines of this cozy living room.

Time seems to slow down as if it knows how precious these stolen moments are to us. We temporarily forget the worries and stresses that often plague our minds and instead experience the simple joy of being together.

As the night wears on, the embrace between the three of us grows tighter. Our bodies mold perfectly against one another, creating a cocoon of safety. The only people I need in life are the two next to me. Marlowe and Ollie, are the two people that fill my life with joy and light.

In this space, we can let go of inhibitions and be vulnerable. It's a rare and beautiful thing to find someone, let alone two people, who accept you wholly and unconditionally. And in return, we give each other the same unwavering support and love.

I've always had that with Ollie. Pure bliss washes over me, knowing that I can now share my experiences with Marlowe.

As the movie ends, we remain entwined, unwilling to let go of one another. We know that the outside world will inevitably seep back in with its demands and responsibilities. Marlowe's mouth finds mine, coaxing me back to the moment. "Take me to bed," she mumbles against my lips, then turns to kiss Ollie. "Both of you."

Ollie and I take one look at each other, licking our lips. "Run, chère. If we catch ya, nothin' gon stop us."

Epilogue

Multi-POV's

Marlowe:

Source Creation Date: May 21, 2025, 7:44 am

The early fall breeze flows through the windows in the nursery, as I nurse our daughter to sleep. Lisette Evangeline Broussard was born eight days ago, right here in our home, in the bed I share with her fathers. Just like her twin older brothers. Sebastian Adonis and Remy Lucien Broussard, my three-year-old twin boys, are outside playing in the big fenced-in yard.

Well, we technically don't know if it's Ollie or Wild who is the father of the boys, or Lisette. They said it doesn't matter that all the children are theirs and both share the role of father. They love the children equally and are exceptional fathers. Surprising, considering our rocky start years ago.

Have the twins killed anyone since my family? A few that I know of. They never bring victims into the house, out of respect for me. Especially now that we have the boys and Lisette. Their workshop out back is where everything gets dealt with.

My love for them has evolved from a survival mechanism into something genuine and profound. They are damaged souls, craving acceptance and love. And I have given them that, unconditionally. In return, they have given me a sense of belonging, a family that I never thought possible.

Reflecting on our unconventional life, I question whether I would change anything. The answer is simple - this is where I belong. Here, with the twins and our children, we have created a unique and remarkable existence. It may not fit society's norms, but it is ours, our version of love and happiness.

As the early fall breeze continues to caress our nursery, I feel a profound sense of peace. Despite the darkness that once consumed us, I know without a doubt that this

is where I am meant to be.

Ollie:

“Pere, put me down.” Sebastian giggles as I toss him up in the air. Nothing compares to the magic of our boy’s laughter. I would do everything in my power to protect them from this cruel world. Wilder feels the same. Even if we don’t verbalize it. I can feel it. That twin connection. Something I am positive our boys share.

Wilder is chasing Remy around the yard, and our dog, Cal, chasing them. The best surprise this woman has ever given us was the news that our baby was twins. Marlowe and the midwife kept it a secret until the boys was born. Well, except now that she has blessed us with a daughter. Our daughter, Lisette, joined our family just a few days ago, adding to our little clan. She is the light of our lives, just like her brothers. As I watch Wilder and Remy play, I can’t help but feel overwhelmed with gratitude for our growing family.

Wilder and I always desired children, never imagining we would be blessed with three beautiful souls. Parenthood has been a journey filled with joy, laughter, and countless sleepless nights. But every moment is worth it when I see the smiles on their faces.

Sebastian, with his infectious giggles, reminds me of the magic that exists in the world. I hold him tight, promising to protect him from the harsh realities that may come his way. And as Wilder chases Remy, their bond evident in every step, I am reminded of the unspoken connection they share.

Cal, our beloved dog, has been an unexpected blessing. We got him when Marlowe found out she was pregnant, not knowing that we were expecting twins. Cal has become a loyal companion, always by our sides as we navigate the challenges of parenthood. He is fiercely protective over the children, everything I could have asked

for in a dog.

Marlowe continues to amaze me. Her strength and love know no bounds. I am forever grateful for the surprise of our twin boys and now our precious daughter. Our family is alive and thriving, and I couldn't ask for anything more. Whatever the future holds for us I welcome with open arms.

Wilder:

I'm the happiest fucking man alive. I have three beautiful children, our woman, and my brother. This is all I need in life. I can't wait for Marlowe to fill our house with more children. The sound of their happiness is everything to me.

When it comes to who the father is, we really don't care. Ollie and I share similar DNA being twins, so in my eyes, we are both as much of their father. The boys call OlliePere, and they call mePapa. Marlowe isMama. This is everything we dreamed of. This girl made our dreams come true. To think that three years ago this all started because we didn't wanna be lonely anymore.

We killed for her.

I'd do it again in a heartbeat.

Ollie and I usher the boys into the house for nap time, plus we wanna check on our girls. The house smells amazing as Ollie has had some stew simmering all morning.

"Alright, you's two. Boots off and butts in bed. Y'all gon take a nap 'fore lunch." I say to them, kissing them on the tops of they heads.

"Aw Papa, do we have to? We wanna play with Mama and Lisette." Remy whines.

“Don’t argue wit your Papa, Remy.” Ollie calls over to him. “Be good, now. Head up and we be dere in a sec.” The boys reluctantly head upstairs for their nap. Ollie and I exchange a knowing smile. Our girls, Marlowe and Lisette, are our pride and joy. Even for our boys, this is true.

As we make our way to the living room, the aroma of Ollie’s stew fills the air, teasing our senses. It’s moments like these that remind me of how blessed we are to have this beautiful family. Marlowe, the love of our life, made all our dreams come true.

It’s hard to believe that just three years ago, Ollie and I were two lonely souls searching for companionship. We found that and so much more in Marlowe. She completes us in ways we never thought possible.

We settle down in the living room, the stairs behind us creaking from the weight of someone coming down. “Baby girl?” I turn my head to catch Marlowe, trying to get herself down the last few steps.

“Shit,” I get up and my curse prompts Ollie to turn around.

“Aw, hell woman! You know you is supposed to be in bed.” Ollie huffs as he rises from the couch.

“I can’t lie down anymore. I need to move around.” She groans as she grips the banister.

Both Ollie and I stand at the foot of the stairs, waiting for her to ask for help. I don’t want her hurting herself so I ask. “Need some help, baby girl?” I ask, extending my hand towards Marlowe. She nods, grateful for the support, and takes my hand as she carefully descends the stairs. Ollie follows closely behind, his concern evident on his face.

“You shouldn’t be pushin’ yourself, Marlowe,” Ollie says, his voice filled with worry. “I dunno what we would do if somethin’ happened ta ya.”

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Marlowe smiles weakly, her hand resting on her still-swollen belly. “I know, Ollie. But I just can’t help but feel restless. You know how I am. I was like this after the twins were born.”

I wrap my arm around Marlowe, offering her comfort and stability. “We understand, baby girl. But we need ta prioritize you healing. Can’t havemore babies if you not healed up and nourished. Let’s get back to bed and rest for a while. We can all rest.”

Marlowe sighs, reluctantly agreeing. “Alright, Wild. I’ll go back to bed. But can we at least check on Lisette first? I miss her already.”

Ollie and I exchange a glance, silently communicating our shared love for our daughter. Lisette, our little angel, brings so much joy to our lives. We nod in unison, and I guide Marlowe back upstairs towards Lisette’s room, Ollie following closely behind.

As we enter Lisette’s room, the sight of her peacefully sleeping brings a smile to our faces. She looks so innocent, so pure. Marlowe gently strokes her hair, whispering words of love and adoration. Ollie and I stand by her side, our hearts filled with warmth and gratitude.

Ollie whispers to Marlowe, his voice filled with emotion, “We are truly blessed.”

Marlowe nods, tears glistening in her eyes. “I never thought I could be this happy, this fulfilled. You both complete me, and our children bring us so much joy.”

“I love you both,” Marlowe says, her voice filled with sincerity.

Ollie and I exchange a glance, our love and gratitude mirrored in our eyes. We hold Marlowe close, cherishing this moment of pure happiness and contentment. Together, we know that we have created a beautiful family, built on love, trust, and unwavering commitment.

“We love you too, baby girl. Ain’t nothin’ gon change dat.” I whisper in her ear, feelin’ the smile pull at her cheeks.

Everyone sits around the dining room table as we get lunch served. Marlowe holds Lisette in her arms as Ollie buckles the boys into their high chairs. I serve up the bowls of stew for us adults and plate up some food for the boys. We learned real quick to not give the boys bowls of food as it ends up everywhere. These two are menaces!

Jus like dere Papas.

A loud rap against the front door pulls our attention from our lunch and family time. Ollie stares at me as we both rise from our chairs. His hand instinctively reaches for his knife, while my hand swiftly searches my pocket for my own weapon. We make our way over to the door; the floor creaking beneath our feet. Ollie's hand closes around the knob and before he pulls, we look back at Marlowe; the color drained from her face.

Ollie turns the knob. The screen door hides the person on the other side.

“Broussard residence?” The man asks.

“It is. There a problem, sir?” I reply, leaning in to get a good look at who it is on the other side. Peter Guidry, the dickweed wannabe football star from our high school days, looks back at me. Now he’s the sheriff. Dis parish really has gone ta shit.

“Oliver and Wilder Broussard? You bayou boys still livin’ at home with Mama?” He

snorts, slapping his hand to his knee.

This motherfucker. He knows damn well our parents died years ago.

Anger and resentment course through my veins as I size up good ol' Petey. How dare he come to our home and mock us about our parents' death? Ollie's grip tightens around his knife, his knuckles turning white. Marlowe senses tension and quickly joins us by the door.

Before any of us can respond, Marlowe steps forward, her authoritative presence diffusing the tension. "Sheriff, I suggest you watch what you say on our property and show some respect. These men have been through enough."

The sheriff scoffs and rolls his eyes. "That so, and who might you be, chère? Ain't no woman ever give these two the time of day." He starts checking her out through the screen door. Even having just given birth, our girl is the sexiest thing this side of the bayou.

Ollie and I stiffen. We've never gone over what to do if someone came asking questions. I look at Ollie and then back at our boys in their high chairs. Lisette stirs in her bassinet next to the table. I'm on edge and Ollie can sense it. He gives me a look, tellin' me to calm down.

Ollie pulls her to his side, cutting her off before she can say anything.

"She's taken," Ollie growls possessively.

Peter's smug expression falters for a moment, realizing that his attempt to belittle us and hit on our woman has backfired. He mutters a half-hearted response and clears his throat. "I came to give a warnin' to the area's residents. We've got ourselves a killer on the loose. Broke outta the prison, and we been findin' bodies all over the parish." He turns to walk back down the porch steps, stopping at the foot.

“Y’all do best to make sure the house is nice an secure. Wouldna want anything to happen to that pretty girl y’all got.” Lisette starts to cry in the background. Peter’s eyes narrow. “Or them children you got in dere. Have a good afternoon, now.”

As the door closes, we release a collective sigh of relief. Marlowe wraps her arms around us, offering comfort and support. She pulls back.

“This isn’t you two, right?” Her gaze fixed on our eyes.

“No, chère. Dis ain’t us. We ain’t never been ta prison.” Ollie chuckles.

“I might add dat we also leave nothin’ behind,” I say, slippin’ my arms around her waist.

Ollie rushes over to Lisette, lifting her and cradling her to his chest. “Imma change ‘er, den I t’ink it might be time for a feedin’.”

“Wait,” Marlowe says. Ollie spins around to look at her. She takes a step back so she can rest against the door. “What does this mean now?” Her voice quakes with a hint of fear.

Ollie and I chuckle. “Baby girl, dis means dat if anyone tries to step foot in dis house dat ain’t welcome, dey gon meet two much better killers den dey is. You an’ our babies are what’s important. We killed for ya once, we ain’t ‘fraid ta do it ‘gain. We play dirty, wicked games, chère, and dis is only the beginning.”