



Amour Fou (Deepest Desires #2)

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Category: Romance

Description: from Bestselling Author C.J. Riggs, comes book 2 in the Deepest Desires Series.

She walked into the room with hair like fire,
and an attitude to match. Unpredictable. Fierce. Tempting.

But we cant

There are rules now, and Ill make sure my best friend and I stick to them. Except when you hold a flame under rope, its only a matter of time before it snaps. Setting in motion a night the three of us wont forget.

Because now shes ours.

This book is part of a series, but can be read as a standalone.

However, to get the best experience from this story, the author would suggest you reading Idée Fixe before starting this.

*This book is intended for readers 18+ so please read your triggers.

Total Pages (Source): 14

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 2:59 am

“Tatum!” I shout. “Where the fuck is my fucking bodysuit. I’m going to be late, have you seen my black bodysuit!?” I had everything set up for travelling and in typical Alyssa fashion, I can’t find something and I’m going to be late.

To be selected for what I’m about to do is hard—for most people, and they have to compete with the many other candidates that apply each year. Thousands of girls go for this, and with the business being so elusive, very few people get the chance to be accepted.

This job is also no easy feat; it involves a lot of travelling and a hell of a lot of hard work but if you get it, you’re pretty much set for life. This company has so much money, each member of their team is well taken care of and treated like family.

“Tatum!” I call for the second time. I need to get out of here as quick as possible, but I can’t, because where the fuck is—

“This one?”

I turn to face Tatum, standing by the door the bodysuit I’ve been searching over an hour for—hanging on the tips of her fingers.

“Thank God, where was it?” I ask, walking over and snatching it from her hand with a smile.

“On the chair where you left it last night.” She chuckles, tossing a handful of Cheetos in her mouth. “I swear, if I wasn’t here to take care of you, you’d be—”

“Lying in a ditch somewhere, I know.” Squeezing past her, I make my way into the kitchen and grab my travel snacks.

“How long did you say this gig was going to be exactly?”

“I didn’t, Mom .” I bite into the apple, while shoving all the necessary items on the kitchen counter into the side pockets of my bag.

If she knew why I was really planning on going, she would lose her mind.

I love Tatum, but sometimes she can act like the mother I don’t have, nor need.

Huffing, she drops down into the chair at the bar.

“I’m only asking because—”

“You care... I know that much.” I turn to face her, resting my hand on her shoulder and biting into my apple again.

Speaking around the piece of fruit in my mouth I continue, “But as a twenty-seven-year-old woman... sometimes I just need you to y’know.” I shrug, placing a gentle kiss on her cheek. “Shut the fuck up.”

“Will you at least let me know when you get there?”

“Yes, I promise, but after that I can’t until it’s done.” I readjust my duffle bag and grab my keys from the bowl by the door. “Look,” I turn back to face her, “I don’t know how long this is going to take. Just know I’ll be fine ok, and if anything happens to me, you’ll get a call from my boss.”

With a heavy sigh, she nods. “Ok, I guess I’ll see you when you’re back.”

If I come back.

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My wrist is snatched back before I even get a chance to take hold of the door handle to the back office. Zeke presses his hand to my shoulder and moves me back.

“Now’s not the time, ‘akh .”

“You’re mistaken, Habibi. I think it’s the perfect time.” I grin broadly, knowing full well that my brother—from a completely different set of parents—is in fact right.

“This is a bad idea.”

“Nah, it’s funny.” I shrug, angling my head towards him sweetly. “Come on, join me won’t you.”

Zeke sighs, removing his hand from my wrist. “Jesus Christ.”

Gripping the handle, I turn it, barging into the room. Zeke bundling in after me, the both of us freezing on the spot and tumbling forward slightly at the scene in front of us. Deckard has Cairo up on the desk, face pressed to the wooden tabletop, and ass raised high up in the air.

“Shit!” Deckard leans over her, shielding as much of her body from us as possible. Zeke instantly turns around, giving both of them his back.

Such a gentleman.

I—on the other hand—nod, impressed with their sexual display and cross my arms. “Y’know, I could give you a few pointers for—”

“Xaden, I swear to all that is fucking holy!” Deckard growls. “I told you to stay the fuck out of— ”

“I told you,” Zeke snorts behind me.

“Can the both of you stop fucking standing there and GET OUT!”

Yep, Deckard really is pissed, and if the crimson colour on his face is anything to go by, I’m about to have something thrown at me. It’s Cairo’s words I don’t expect.

“Deck, it’s fine. He obviously thinks he has something better to offer me than you do.” She makes eye contact with me, manoeuvring her hand from underneath her body, and reaches to me. “Come on then, show me what you got.”

“What the fuck!?” Deckard looks down, hand still entwined tightly in her black hair.

“No, come on, baby. Let’s see what he’s got.”

“Uh, what?” My eyes dart between the both of them. “I… Wait a second, I—”

Cairo bursts out laughing. “Get the fuck out of here, Xaden! Don’t barge in and offer if you’re too chicken-shit to follow through.” I dodge out the way, just in time for the plastic tissue box to fly past my head.

“Ok, now that’s just rude. I was going to give you some tips on how you can—”

“OUT, FUCKER!” Deckard bellows, humour at the end of the word. Hands grip my shoulders and before I know it, I’m being dragged out by Zeke. “Get some fucking work done while you’re at it, instead of interrupting—” He doesn’t get to finish before Zeke slams the door shut behind him.

“What did I say?” He steps forward. “Leave them to their shit. You fuck this gig up for us, ‘akh, and I’ll slaughter you myself.”

“Come on, don’t be mad at me.” I inch closer to him, pursing my lips together in a kissing motion. “You just need to get laid, and I promise—”

“Yakhsaf Allah bih al’ard,” he grumbles, shoulder checking me on the way past, and in true Zeke fashion, he uses his hands and arms to accentuate the insult. Except that does nothing but make me laugh harder. Zeke has always been so poetic in his insults.

Asking Allah to swallow the earth beneath me is one of his favourites.

“Habibi, wait!” I laugh, chasing him down the corridor.

Cairo joined the team almost one year ago, and since she’s been here, things have only expanded.

I’d be lying if I said things haven’t changed for the better.

Her hacking skills are better than her counterparts, and she has managed to free up Deckard’s time a lot more, which has led to more openings and spaces being secured for future events.

Which in turn means more donations, more private sponsorships, and much more money. I follow Zeke into the main hallway of the mansion and help the staff make sure everything is checked and correctly set up.

Zeke and I spent five years in the military as part of Delta Force, and our unit was always high on the list for being the most competent at getting shit done. I followed him into battle every single time, and even now, nothing has changed.

Our blood together runs thicker than that of our own families.

We were hired as part of Idée Fixe two years ago and are the eyes and ears of every single operation necessary to make sure each night runs as smooth as possible.

Our knowledge is key to keeping everyone who enters Idée Fixe safe, and even with Deckard's extensive knowledge from tour, he has other stuff to focus on. That's why we're here.

While Zeke makes his way over to a group of workers standing by the electrical office, I decide to give him a break from my antics and help the rest of the crew clean out the foyer. We have three weeks left until the next event, and it needs to be perfect.

"Okay. What needs to be kept?" I ask the blonde girl standing with her back to me. Turning around, her gaze meets my chest and slowly raises, her jaw slack.

Their reactions are always the same.

Standing at six-foot-five, Zeke at six-seven, both of us covered in more tattoos than skin, it's hard for either of us to be missed in a crowd.

Which in turn, makes it harder for us to hunt on the very rare nights we take Caretaker roles.

It isn't all that often, usually only when someone calls in sick or quits .

"I...uh." She clears her throat, her facial expressions moulding from fear to excitement to panic. The grin I'm trying to hold back finally cracks, crawling upwards from one side of my mouth to the other, and I step forward.

"You what... blondie. Tell me."

“T-the box with—” She points to the right, not taking her eyes off me as I step closer, her chest nearly pressed to my stomach.

This one’s tiny.

“The box with what?” I twirl a piece of her hair in my fingers but the sound of boxes flying steals my attention. Nix stumbles through the archway of the mansion Deckard secured last month, tripping over the cardboard boxes.

“ Merde !”

Someone’s pissed.

The pretty little blonde takes that as her moment of freedom, and leaves.

“Since when do we leave shit lying about, ce n’est pas une porcherie !!”

Three young guys scramble to where he stands, removing the boxes from his feet—clearly petrified of losing their jobs. That’s one thing about Idée Fixe; we pay extremely well considering our parties are very few and far between.

People from around the world come to join Deepest Desires, all for a taste of the action, and their reward... total exclusivity. I don’t miss the welt on his righteye when I walk towards him

“The fuck happened to you, biker boy?” I circle my finger around my own eye, frowning slightly. “You catch a right hook?” Huffing, he sits in one of the booths, pressing a bag of ice to his eye.

“Turns out Shannel wasn’t as single as she said she was. Her husband came home a little earlier than expected, and well,”—he pulls the ice pack away, squinting—“you

should see the other guy.”

“I bet.” I lean in, getting a closer look at it, before bumping my fist with his.

“How long until the electricals are set up and ready for a test run?” Nix asks, leaning forward and resting his forearms onto the table. We’re three weeks away from the next party, and so far, everything’s coming together perfectly. Having more staffing has been a godsend.

Pulling the sleeve of my black hoody back, I check my watch. “Give us a couple hours and we should have the sound system and strobe lighting complete. Zeke just needs to look through the electrical system in the basement and we can—”

Words fail me when the most beautiful thing on two legs walks through the door in grey, relaxed fit sweats that rest low on her hips, and a crop hoodie to match. Her bright red hair is tossed up on top of her head with a few thin strands framing her face.

The body on this woman is astonishing. The tiniest waist I’ve ever seen with an ass and tits that rival the Greek goddesses of history. My body won’t even move from the spot.

“You’re drooling, brother,” Nix scoffs from next to me, and all I can do is flip him off. I don’t even look at him.

I can’t.

“Can I help you?” Zeke’s deep voice comes from behind me, bringing me back to reality.

“Uh, yeah.” She readjusts her duffel bag, reaching her hand out to him. “I’m Alyssa.”

Zeke shakes her hand, the professional as always. “Zeke.” He nods once.

Usually when women come face to face with the big guy, they cower slightly. Not this one, I think she actually squares her shoulders more.

“I’m here to meet up with—”

“I’m Xaden.” I reach out towards her.

“Hi.” She smiles, her plump lips framing perfect teeth.

Nice firm handshake. Wonder what that will feel like wrapped around my cock.

I pull her closer to me. “Party doesn’t start for a few days but if you’re that eager, I can sort you out now... and later. ”

Snatching her hand from my grasp, she steps back from me, grimacing. “Yeah, hard pass. Thanks though.” Her eyes flick, looking me up and down.

“Leave her alone, Xaden.” Cairo shoves me out the way, a wide smile on her face.

“Hey!” she squeals, opening her arms to Alyssa and embracing her in a tight hug.

“How was the drive?”

“Oh, piece of cake.” She smiles flatly, waving her hand between them.

“Really?” Cairo squints.

Alyssa lets out a heavy sigh. “It was awful; I should’ve taken you up on that offer to fly here. It would’ve been much easier... and quicker.” She giggles and the sound sends shivers over my arms.

Her voice would sound beautiful with my name on the end of a moan. I must make some form of sound because Cairo turns back to me with a frustrated look on her face.

“Heel, boy.” She shakes her head like a disappointed mother. Taking hold of Alyssa’s hand, she leads her past me.

“Is he always like that?” She throws her thumb over her shoulder.

“Pay no mind to him, he’s an animal.”

“Maybe she just needs to relax a little.” Tilting my head in Zeke’s direction, I elbow him, still keeping my eyes on the sway of Alyssa’s hips as she walks away from me. “Or she just needs a good dick to suck.” I chuckle.

Alyssa stops, turning on her heel to face me. Slowly raising her eyebrow, she smirks back at me. “Prefiero cortarme la garganta antes que arrodillarme ante ti, perra.”

Ok, I’m completely aroused at her shouting at me in another language.

“I don’t speak French.” I shrug.

“It’s Spanish, you moron,” Nix snorts.

“Ah.” I nod once, still facing her. I speak in Zeke’s native language. “ Ya amar ‘iinaha majnuneh.”

“Uskut!” Zeke scolds me, clicking his fingers beside him as though I’m a dog. That’s a first. Usually, he’s more than happy to engage in this kind of banter with a woman.

“Y’know... ‘ana ‘afhamuk!” She winks. “Yixrib beitaak, wa-beitilli xallafuuk.”

Looking me up and down with a disgusted expression.

Cairo bursts out laughing beside her, clutching her stomach with one hand, the other encasing Alyssa's wrist gently.

"That's what you get, Xaden!" She laughs harder, pulling Alyssa with her. "For being such a flash piece of shit." Throwing her head back, she cackles even louder. Alyssa walking in time with her.

"What did she just say?" Nix asks, stepping beside us.

"She just asked God to destroy his house and the house of the people who gave birth to him," Zeke replies.

"That's harsh," Nix scoffs.

Zeke turns to face him, while simultaneously standing in front of me. "Most of our insults are, we go straight for the jugular."

"Brother, I think I'm in love."

Zeke groans beside me, smacking me on the side of the head.

"What the fuck, man?" I exclaim, rubbing it gently.

"Do you really have to bother the staff?" Zeke looks down on me, pointing behind him, and I can tell he's majorly pissed, but there's also something else there that I can't quite place. "We're already short as it is, and I'm sick of having my ass chewed out because I can't keep you in line!"

Holding my hands up in surrender, I grin. "Alright, I'm sorry."

Screwing his face up, he shakes his head. “No, you’re not.”

“She’s sexy as fuck though, right?” I smile so broadly my face begins to ache, and I watch the muscles ripple through Zeke’s jaw as he fights the smile.

“Get some fucking work done.” He chuckles, taking a few steps back from me, before eventually turning around.

“You know I’m right!” I call to him .

“Do you ever stop talking?” Nix questions, and considering he’s a man of many words himself, the audacity of the question isn’t lost on me.

“No.” I shove my hands in my trouser pockets, turning my head to face him. “But maybe if you stopped talking to women for a bit, you wouldn’t end up looking like you went two rounds with Mike Tyson.” I grimace, lifting my finger to poke the bruise before he inevitably smacks my hand away.

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Dropping my bags onto the bed, I smile, looking around at how absolutely stunning this room is—the place that will be my home while we prep for the next show.

Deepest Desires has always been extremely elusive, you never knew where it was going to pop up, and it never lasted longer than that one night.

Since the new performance manager Cairo joined, things have taken a huge turn, her presence within the company changing everything for the better.

This is not only an exclusive show every two months, but now...

it travels. Spending a lot more time in one spot and spacing the entertainment over two days rather than one.

Since then, nobody has been able to stop talking about it.

It's still the most secretive party to get into, but the brand has grown drastically.

Currently, it's situated in Ohio, just outside of Thomson and McSherry forest, where the large manor house is secluded by tall trees and a large lake.

Expanding over forty acres with only one way in... and one way out.

“What do you think?” Spinning on my heel, I see Cairo leaning against the wall with her hands crossed over her chest. “Pretty sweet, huh?” She grins.

“I love it.” I smile, sitting back in the bed. “Seriously, it's amazing, Cairo.”

“Deck wasn’t so sure at first, considering the size of it. I mean, he was surprised I found enough employees to fill this place.”

“Thank you again for taking a chance on me. ”

Waving a hand in front of her face, completely dismissing the comment altogether, she straightens up. “Honestly, you’re doing me a favour. If it wasn’t for you showing up, I’d be without a decent performer.”

“That bad, huh?” I snort.

Rolling her eyes, she runs her hands down her face.

“You can’t even begin to imagine. It’s like I’m bleeding females left, right, and fucking centre lately and the reason behind it, is Xaden.

” She points her thumb over her shoulder.

“He seems to really enjoy fucking the ones we have, then ignoring them until they eventually leave.”

“Ah.” I nod, mainly because as much as Xaden has a big mouth, I can’t deny both him and Zeke are hot.

“Alyssa...”

“I know the rules, Cairo... don’t worry.”

Rolling her eyes, she clicks her tongue. “Rules shmules. Deckard made that up last year because we couldn’t keep Xaden on his leash, and even now the little fucker doesn’t listen. If you’re going to go there—”

“I never said I was going to go anywhere.” I snort, laughing.

“You didn’t have to.” She narrows her eyes playfully. “Your reaction to him said enough.”

I shake my head. “And Zeke?” I ask. Cairo purses her lips, trying to refrain from smiling.

“Zeke is...” She pauses, pursing her lips slightly.

Her eyes flicking to the ceiling as she thinks of the correct words to describe him.

“He’s complicated; tends to keep to himself when it comes to women.

” She shrugs. “Not sure why and I don’t ask.

He’s more into riling up my fiancé with his best friend than anything, but they’re good guys once you get to know them. Just don’t expect more than—”

“I’m not expecting anything.”

“You’re part of this family. I spoke to Maverick and assured him of that also. I know how overbearing your brother can be.” She winks.

“I appreciate that.” I smile up at her.

Straightening herself from leaning on the wall, she mimics my expression, taking hold of the door handle. “Take the rest of the day to set yourself up, take a look around, and get yourself acquainted with the place. You’re gonna need it. Dinner is at seven.”

“Thanks.”

With a smile, she turns around, walking through the threshold of the doorway before closing it.

I should be thinking about my future here, and how amazing the opportunity will be for me. Not about the two men downstairs that took me by surprise. Not how they both looked at me, and definitely not about how my body secretly reacted to them.

But all I can think about, all that’s invading my mind right now, is the deep brown colour of Zeke’s eyes. A shade I’ve never seen. So dark they were almost black, but the closer he got to me, the easier it was to see those tiny flecks of amber dancing within the darkness.

And even though Xaden has a mouth on him—one that surely gets him in trouble—those hazel-coloured iris’s of his took me back. A perfect mix of green hues and brown the colour of woodland bark.

Christ, I need to get a grip.

I’m here to work, not to fraternise with colleagues.

They’re just men.

Hot, muscular, deep-voiced men that could throw you about a room and fuck you where you land.

Alright, that’s enough.

Time to occupy my mind with something else, maybe a nap will help.

Setting a timer, I drop a quick message to Tatum, letting her know I got here safely, and lay back on the bed.

Bringing my knees up to my chest, I check my watch, the time says four pm.

I allow myself an hour's nap before I take a look around.

Making my way down the winding black staircase, my phone begins to vibrate. Lifting it from my jeans pocket, my brother's name flashes across the screen. I smile and slide my thumb across the screen.

"Hey, Mav."

"Hey, Beansprout." His smooth voice comes over the speaker. "Settled in ok?"

"Mhmm," I respond, trying to choose which of the large hallways I'd prefer to walk down. Deciding to take the right, I stroll down it and continue talking to my brother.

"The place is kind of creepy."

"I know." He laughs softly.

"Of course you would know."

"I had to see where my little sister was going to be situated for the next couple of weeks."

I roll my eyes, running my fingers along the elegant wood panelling design on the wall. The manor is giving Interview with a Vampire, and I'm here for it.

"You have my number, so call me whenever you need me ok, and no," he interrupts me before I even get the chance to mention time to him, "I don't care what fucking

time it is. If you change your mind at any moment, you call me immediately. Do you understand me?"

"Ok, I promise."

"Where I go, you go..." he murmurs.

I repeat our childhood saying. "Where you go, I go... Mav?"

"Yeah?"

Chewing the inside of my cheek, I tell him, "I love you, y'know that right?"

"I love you too, Beansprout. "

"Be safe in your new job ok, and if anything happens to you, I swear on all that is holy, I'll kill you myself, Mav."

His laughter seeps down the line, and I have to fight my smile. "Beansprout, there's no better person on this earth I'd rather have kill me than you."

"You're stupid," I snort, straightening up from the wall.

"Shit, I have to go, the President's coming." And with that, the line goes dead. Leaving me alone in a darkened hallway, with only my thoughts to comfort me.

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Pressing the pads of my tattooed fingers against the joystick in front of my laptop, I zoom in slightly, watching her walk down the hallway. Fingers cresting the ornate wood panelling carved into the walls throughout this gothic style manor.

Red hair mimicking the billowing tones of a forest fire as it sways against her back with each step she takes.

And those eyes, Jesus Christ, those fucking eyes of hers.

The moment I saw them, I couldn't breathe.

I was sucked into her aura before I even heard her name.

Everything went dark; her being the only thing in my eyeline.

Beautiful alabaster skin merging with my darker complexion when she shook my hand.

I'm not a believer in that fairytale, love at first sight shit, believe me, but when I clasped her hand in mine and she spoke, it set something off in me.

The sensation zipping all the way to the thick muscle dangling between my legs, turning it rock solid with a few words from that gorgeous mouth of hers.

My eyes continue to roam the length of her curvaceous figure through the CCTV, and fuck, if the desperation to touch her isn't filling me to the brim with need.

I can't stop watching the way she moves through each camera.

Alyssa is fucking sensational, and it's been a long time since I've been this bothered by a woman.

I must've been so into my own thoughts that the sound of Xaden crashing through the door makes me jump.

"You motherfucker! "

"Wait!" Xaden shouts, trying to diffuse the situation, but the shit-eating grin on his face tells me different—that he's enjoying this just as much as I am right now. I swirl around in my chair, narrowly moving out the way before Xaden's lower back crashes against my desk.

Crossing my legs at the ankles, I weave my fingers together, resting them comfortably in my lap. I told this little asshole not to play games when Deck and Cairo are fucking, and like the petulant child he is, he ignored my words of warning entirely.

"Just... calm down," Xaden laughs. "It was just a joke, let it go."

"Calm down!?" Deck bellows. "Let it go?!" He lunges towards Xaden, but he quickly moves to the right. "You burst in on me fucking my future wife and you think I'm going to let it go?"

He steps forward, lunging for a laughing Xaden a second time.

As my friend twists his body out the way, Deck's hands crash into the keypad, knocking a few items from my desk, but I don't care.

There's nothing like seeing Deck angry, and it's even sweeter when he's trying to smack the shit out of my best friend.

Holding up his hands, Xaden smirks. "Maybe if you fucked her in a bed like a normal person, then—" Xaden stops talking immediately, his eyes focused on the laptop screen resting on my desk. "Uh, care to explain that?" He smirks, jutting his chin before turning to face me.

"Explain what?" Deck asks, before looking to where Xaden is pointing behind him, distracting him from trying to beat the ever-loving shit out of him for the third time this week.

"Why is Alyssa on the screen?" Xaden asks, and my eyes widen at the realisation that I forgot to close it. "Were you beating your meat?" Xaden wiggles his eyebrows.

"No," I snap, standing from the chair and moving to where he stands, slamming the laptop closed .

"Were you planning to?" Deck joins in with a smile, crossing his arms over his chest. Completely forgetting that he was just about to murder Xaden. "Did we interrupt you having some private time with Alyssa and baby Zeke?"

Rolling my eyes, I mutter, "Here we go," I pull the leads from the laptop and snatch it from the desk. "I was just keeping an eye on her."

"Hmm." Xaden leans in slightly, sniffing me like a dog. Grimacing, I step back from him.

"What?" I screw my face up and press my hand to his shoulder, moving him back with a little more force than usual.

“Oh nothing, I just smell a huge amount of bullshit.” Smirking, he steps back, standing beside Deck again.

“If you’re planning on fucking her, you know—”

“Deck,” I halt him, holding my finger up. “I think you’re getting me confused with Xaden who likes to fuck anything that walks.”

“Hey!” Xaden exclaims, placing his hands on his hips. “I take offence to that.”

“I know the rules, unlike him.” I nod towards Xaden, my eyes still focused on Deck.

“Remember that girl he fucked last year and she—”

“Vomited all over him.” I grimace, remembering how he walked into the office covered in what I initially thought was green slime. “Yeah, I still remember the smell. I never did get that out of my clothes, and it wasn’t even me she puked on.”

Screwing up his face, Deck turns to face Xaden. “Didn’t you fuck her the night after, too?”

“First of all, I don’t fuck anything that walks.

Secondly, I didn’t get to finish. And contrary to the popular belief that most men like it, unconscious and drunken women aren’t my thing.

” The memories must flood his mind too, because the light shiver that runs over his body makes him hug himself a little tighter.

“Anyway,” he continues, pointing in my direction.

“This isn’t about me, fucker, this about the fact that we caught you red-handed stroking the pipe like a needy little boy. ”

“I wasn’t stroking the fucking pipe,” I groan, knowing neither of them are listening.

Patting Xaden’s shoulder, Deck smiles broadly. “If you need any help, X here can help you with that.”

“Yeah, I can... wait, bro what the fuck!” Shoving Deckard away, he looks back at me and points directly in my face. “Don’t get any ideas about asking me to relieve you.”

I step a little closer. “If I was ever going to let you touch my cock... you’d be begging for it first, but I wasn’t fucking jacking off, asshole.”

Pointing between us, he smirks. “So what’s with the tent.”

Looking down, I realise I am in fact hard as fuck. Shifting the laptop, I pull it down, covering myself just as Deck and Xaden begin cackling like two mischievous women.

“Go fuck yourselves, both of you,” I grumble, shoulder checking Xaden as I push between them, heading towards the door.

“Oh, come on, we can double-team her,” Xaden calls.

I stop at the door and turn back with a dirty smile. “Hey, Deck, Xaden said he wanted to join you and Cairo in the office next time to raw dog her over the desk.”

“Whoa! No, I fucking didn’t!”

I watch as Deck slowly turns his head towards Xaden, a murderous look on his face.

“Deck, he’s fucking lying... I just said a threesome wouldn’t go amiss!”

Deckard grabs him into a headlock, both of them beginning to fight like children.

“You son of a bitch!”

I thought a ten-kilometre run would help relax me...

it hasn’t. I haven’t been able to get the girl out of my head and it’s frustrating to say the least. Slowing my pace, I finally come to a stop outside the doors of the pool house and pull off my headphones, tossing them onto one of the loungers closest to me as I walk inside.

Balancing on one foot, I tug my trainers off one at a time, followed by my socks, shorts, and t-shirt.

The tiles cool the soles of my feet before I walk down the steps of the pool and directly into the cold water. Dunking my entire body under, I sit there for a moment and let the icy feeling wash over me. My muscles, mind, and body relaxing.

After a few short seconds I break the surface of the water, running my hands over my face and brushing the hair from my forehead. When I open my eyes, I see the woman who has been occupying my mind this entire day, sitting at the edge, legs dangling over the side.

“Hey.” A brief smile crosses her face. She leans back on one hand, the black chiffon of her swim shirt falling open, exposing her midriff to me.

My eyes momentarily flick down to roam the toned golden skin of her perfect body, and when I lift them to look back at her, she smiles around the glass of wine in her hand, raising an eyebrow at me.

Alyssa takes a sip of her red wine, then finally settles the glass beside her. Her long legs gently dancing through the water, creating ripples that travel towards me.

“Can I get in or... is this a one-person pool.”

This is a bad idea... I need to leave. But do I? No... instead, I simply say, “Do what you want.” Before my brain can stop me .

Standing from her seated position, I watch Alyssa shed her top, walking to the lounge and resting it on the arm of the seat before making her way back to the pool. Her toes curl over the ceramic edge and she dives in, piercing the water with perfect form.

I don't move from my position, even when she crests the surface of the water, her long red hair slicked back with beads of water scaling over her face, before she runs her fingers over her eyes.

When she opens them, and I stare into the bright azure colour of her iris's, I'm frozen on the spot, because this woman... is fucking breathtaking.

“Fuck, the water is cold.” Her perfect giggle bouncing off the walls and echoing around me.

I glide my arms back and forth through the water—not that I need to, I'm tall enough where I don't need to tread it. I just need something to do with my hands and arms, so I don't reach out for her.

“Do you not like me?” She steps closer.

“I don't know you enough to form an opinion.”

“I don’t know you enough to—” She mimics me with an exaggerated version of my voice, screwing her face up and groaning. “That’s how you get to know someone, y’know, by talking.”

I nod once. “I never would’ve guessed that, Alyssa.”

“Oh, he makes a joke.”

“What do you want, exactly?”

“I don’t know, some fun. Would that be so bad?”

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The way her hooded eyes are pinned on me in this moment is enough to tell me what she wants, what she came here for.

Her being this close to me is extremely dangerous, because I don't know if I'll be able to restrain myself from touching her if she continues looking at me the way she is.

Moving closer, her eyes scan over my body, taking in every inch of me.

Leave, Zeke .

Alyssa moves her hand towards me, but I don't give her the ability to touch me because I snatch her wrist in my left hand.

Her ocean eyes pierce my brown ones, and I find myself focusing on how her soft, creamy skin feels beneath the callouses on my palms. I watch her take another step forward, our bodies only a hairs width apart—the smell of her honeysuckle and citrus shower gel invading my senses.

“Don't.” My command—even though I want it to be loud—is weak and pathetic. An order she wholly ignores, because the fingertips of her free hand skim along the space just above my boxers.

A smile gradually curves her plump lips, and as she takes another step closer, her body is practically pressed against me. “Don't... what?”

“Have you read your contract?”

“Mhm,” she hums, nodding once. “Your point?”

“No fraternisation between staff, it’s the one and only rule.”

She smiles even broader now, and I realise I still have a hold of her wrist. “If you want to touch me you can, I don’t mind. I won’t tell if you don’t.” Lifting an elegant finger to her chest, she makes a cross over her heart.

Fuck.

The desire dripping from her statement causes a shiver to run up my back. “Alyssa,” I sigh, fighting the urge to kiss her.

“Zeke.” She mimics my tone.

If she keeps saying my name like that, I’ll buckle.

“You seem a little uptight. Sometimes... rules are meant to be broken... no?”

Her hand dips into my boxers, fingertips tracing the area just above the root of my cock, and I’m gone, all restraint flying from my body.

My hand grips her throat, tugging her even closer to me.

Her pebbled nipples press against my chest. Alyssa bows her back, pushing her full breasts further into my pectoral muscles.

“Alyssa,” I hiss as she wraps her hand around the length of me .

Then, and only then, do I fold like a fucking deckchair and give into my carnal need to taste her. I smash my lips to hers, swallowing her sweet moan into the depths of

my chest. Her lips taste like red wine and strawberries.

“Zeke,” Alyssa mewls.

“Fuck,” I murmur into her mouth, sliding my tongue over the seam of her lips—they welcome me instantaneously, but my enjoyment is short lived. Coming to a complete halt when the door to the pool house is forcefully yanked open.

“Zeke, are you—” Xaden walks through the door with my name on his lips. My head whips to the right and I finally release her, taking a step back to put some space between us.

“Well, well... what do we have here. Getting the jump on me first huh, brother.”

“Nobody is getting the jump on anyone.”

“Quite the little tete-a-tete, I feel...” Tapping his chin with his index finger. “Left out.”

“So, get in with us,” Alyssa counters and I immediately look at her. “I don’t mind sharing... the pool.”

“Don’t have to tell me twice.” Xaden strips out of his clothes faster than I’ve ever seen, and wearing nothing but his boxers, he bombs into the pool like a child. Water splashes and ripples before he breaks the surface, wiping the excess water from his face. “So, what’s the plan?”

“I was just trying to get to know your friend here.” Nodding her head towards me, Alyssa moves herself between the both of us to perch herself on the middle step of the pool. “But by the way he’s acting now, I don’t think he wants to.”

Xaden's hand curves over my shoulder, squeezing a little tighter than usual. "Don't worry about him, he was dropped on the head too many times as a child."

Clicking my tongue in frustration, I address him. "Do you ever stop talking?"

"Not really, you know I have an issue with awkward silences, it makes me uncomfortable and—" Halting mid-sentence, both of us watch Alyssa seductively lean back, resting her elbows on the step above the one she sits on; while bending her right knee, she lifts it up, widening her legs.

Both of us get a full view of the very tiny piece of black fabric covering her pussy. I didn't think it was possible to sweat in a cold pool, but here I am. My cock also didn't get the memo about remaining soft, because it's literally about to burst through the fabric of my boxers.... again.

My eyeline follows the fingers on her left hand the moment they press against the plump skin on her breast, tracing a single line slowly down the centre of her toned stomach.

The pads bouncing over the curves of her abdominal muscles the lower she gets to the apex of her thighs, my heavy swallow audible.

"Holy shit," Xaden murmurs next to me.

Looking between us both, she smiles. "Wanna have some fun?"

"YES!" Xaden exclaims.

"No." I say at the same time he does.

"No?" He mirrors me, confusion marring his face. Leaning back as though I slapped

him. Xaden presses a hand to his chest dramatically like an actress from one of those Spanish telenovela's he watches.

"You heard me." I keep my attention on Alyssa, waiting for her to call out psyche , but she doesn't.

"Come on, finally there's a woman that understands the type of man I am, and—"

"I said no, Xaden." I look at him sternly.

Tapping his temple, he steps closer to me. "Are you hearing yourself right now? You sound insane, you... Are you taking the correct medication?"

"Medication?" Alyssa asks.

"I'm not taking medication." I look at her .

Xaden huffs beside me. "Maybe you should be if you're thinking of passing this up, because you sound like you should be in a cell... with vast amounts of white padding. There is no way you're thinking clearly right now."

"There are rules here and you know it." I grind the words out because he knows I'm a stickler for them. "Or did you forget? Considering yet again, you're thinking with that small dick of yours." I point.

Xaden turns to face her, chuckling. "It's not small."

She laughs. "Well, I don't have time for this right now." Both of us watch as Alyssa stands up and takes the steps out from the pool.

"Wait a second," Xaden protests beside me. "Look, he doesn't know what he's

saying, he's had a lot of sugar today and he's clearly,"—turning to face me he says the final words through gritted teeth—"not in his right mind."

Lifting the chiffon shirt from the back of the lounge, she continues talking. "I'll just go finger-fuck myself in my room."

"Come on... don't listen to him. He clearly has dementia, or some form of brain disease." He growls, shoving his elbow into my roughly into my ribs, silently begging me to confirm for her to stay—but I won't. "At least let me come and watch?"

Shaking her head, she moves to the edge of the pool, picking up the crystal glass that is still half filled with red, and with one final glance from over her shoulder, she leaves the room. I'm unable to take my eyes off the door, hoping, praying, at some moment she will walk back in.

The smack on the back of my head pulls me from my trance. "Fuck, what's your problem?"

"My problem?" Xaden points to himself. "You turn down sex, a threesome in fact, and I'm the one with the problem?"

Dropping his head back, he laughs harder and proceeds to wade through the water, pressing his hands to the edge of the pool, hoisting himself out.

"Don't speak for both of us next time, okay? "

Grabbing his clothes and trainers from the chair he left them on, he leaves through the opposite door, and I'm left alone... and hard.

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Get me Annalise Keating on the phone now, because I need to get away with murder, and with the way she trudges into a courtroom...

I know she will get me off. Because what the fuck just happened.

How did I go from the possibility of getting my dick wet...

to losing that chance and wondering if my hand will give me the same pleasure her pussy would have.

"I'm going to kill him," I mutter, opening the door to my room and slamming it behind me. I need to shower and get this chlorine off my skin and maybe calm down a little before I drag him back to the pool and drown him. A knock comes from the bedroom door before I even make it into the bathroom.

Groaning with frustration, I walk back to the door and yank it open, only to see Zeke standing there. "What?"

"Xaden, grow up." He rolls his big brown eyes at me. I can see why women lose their shit over him when he's so unbothered like that. "You know this shit can't run."

"She is literally offering us a one-time thing, the thing I'm so clearly good at.

No strings!" I grip the doorframe. I'm not angry at him, I'm just frustrated because it's been months since I've seen a stitch of pussy, what with these new bullshit rules Deckard implemented, and this time...

I wasn't even chasing. She made the move first.

Sighing, Zeke moves past me and walks into my room.

"Oh, please... do come in."

"I'm not standing in the hallway arguing with you like a married couple."

Closing the door, I turn to face him. "You're literally passing up an opportunity... to fuck... HER!" He laughs.

"If we get caught—"

I walk towards him. "We won't get caught," I groan, because I can see it as clear as day that he wants her too.

"If we do, we are out on our fucking asses."

"Pshh ." I roll my eyes, dismissing his statement. "Deckard won't do shit; I've cleaned up my act."

"Yet here you are trying to convince me to do it."

"So, you don't think she's hot?" I ask him.

"Hold on, I didn't say—"

"And you don't, at all, want to put your dick," I point to it, and he slaps my hand away, "anywhere near her?"

"Stop putting words in my mouth."

“So, then what’s the problem?”

“The fucking loss of a well-paid job, asshole!”

“Y’know,”—I narrow my eyes, wagging my finger in his face—“I’m getting a little tired of all this negativity.”

He groans at me. “There’s clearly no talking to you.” He stands from the bed and makes his way to my bedroom door. “Fucking the staff is a no-go. So, grow up and deal with it.” And with that, he yanks open the door and leaves, slamming it behind him.

“Stop slamming doors, asshole!” I call.

Walking into the bathroom, I turn the shower on and jump in, letting the ice-cold water cascade over my body, washing away the work and stress from today. The only thing creeping into my mind is the thought of the red-haired beauty sleeping in the West Wing.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 2:59 am

It's been a week since the pool house.

A week since I've looked at her.

And a week since I allowed thoughts of her to invade my brain.

I've actively done my best to keep myself away from the woman I can't get off my mind, and it's driving me fucking insane.

Readjusting myself in the chair, and situated at the kitchen table, I turn the page of the book I'm reading and take a sip of bourbon. I've tried everything I can to keep her off my mind, and to stop myself walking up to her room and fucking her over the edge of her bed.

The padding of feet down the hallway catches my attention.

Looking up at the clock, I realise it's later than I expected.

Two a.m to be exact, and the funny thing is, I can smell that it's her, the citrus shower gel she uses daily filtering into the kitchen and hitting my senses and the moment she walks into the kitchen, she yelps.

"Fucking hell!" Clasp her chest, she takes a step back.

"I hope they do," I respond.

"Huh?"

“Fuck. In. Hell... I hope they do.”

“Har, har... funny. What is it with you and Xaden skulking in the shadows.”

“I’m not skulking, I’m reading.” Resting my finger on my current page, I close the book, looking at her from head to toe. The white, oversized t-shirt she’s wearing sits at the middle of her thighs. Doing absolutely nothing to cover her body.

“In the dark?” Her delicate voice helps to tear my eyes away from soft looking skin.

“What are you, some kind of vampire?”

“No, I ate a lot of carrots as a kid.” I wink.

Tilting her head to the side, she raises an eyebrow at me, staring for a few seconds before rolling her eyes. “You’re quite the joker, huh?”

I watch her walk over to the fridge, opening it up and pulling out a fresh carton of milk, and I can’t take my eyes off of her because the moment she reaches up to the top cupboard, the hem of the t-shirt rises to the middle of that glorious peachy ass of hers.

Her fingers graze the box, not being able to grip onto it properly due to how short she is. I watch her try a few more times, smiling and rolling my eyes at her struggle before she turns around to look at me. Placing her hands on her hips she stares at me.

“Are you going to sit there and watch? Or are you going help me?”

Removing my finger from the middle of the book, I fold the corner over and place it on the counter, getting up from the chair and making my way over to her. She doesn’t move from her spot, so I reach over, paying close attention to how close our bodies are.

Reaching above her head, I grab the box of cereal and bring it down to her level.
“There.”

“Thank you.”

Opening the cupboard next to it, I grab a bowl out too, placing it on the counter next to her.

“So, is there a reason you’re so uptight?” she asks playfully.

“I’m not uptight.” Looking down at her, I focus on the single strand of hair coasting the side of her face and realise how desperate I am to move it behind her ear.

“This is the closest you’ve been to me since the pool house. Do I smell? ”

“No,” I answer quickly.

You smell amazing.

“So, why do you stay away from me like I do?” Reaching her hands back, she hoists herself up onto the kitchen counter, so she’s eye level with me.

“It’s for the best.”

Frowning, she looks at me. “The best for who? For you?”

“Yes,” I answer honestly. “You know the—”

“Rules, yep.” She rolls her eyes sarcastically. Looking at me as though I’m crazy, and I must be for denying the way I want her. Alyssa has this aura about her that forbids anyone from ignoring her. She’s absolutely stunning.

Bright red hair the colour of flames, with blue eyes that could lead you to the depths of Hell, and you would go willingly, just for a taste of her. Plump lips that were made for kissing and a body that is sinful enough to drive you into insanity. She's perfect.

"Have you ever thought about breaking them?"

"Yes."

She stares at me, not saying a single word, and I don't have to explain to her who I want to break the rules for, she knows.

"So why don't you?"

Stepping further between her legs, she widens them a little more to give me the access I need. I press my palms on either side of the cold countertop, leaning further in before I speak.

"Alyssa," I murmur, so close to her face I can taste the mint from her toothpaste. "There's nothing I want more than to bend you over this counter and fuck your tight little cunt raw."

Lifting my hand, I tuck the wavy strand of red hair behind her ear, her head moving towards my palm. My calloused fingers touching a slice of heaven as they connect with her silky-smooth skin.

"To feel your tight walls gripping my cock, the sound of my name on your lips as you and your pussy beg for it to be deeper... harder. "

A whimper leaves her throat, and I step closer to her. My cock tenting the fabric of my grey sweats as it rests against her stomach, all thick and swollen. I shamelessly grind myself against her, knowing that I've stepped too far already, I can't bring

myself to stop.

I don't want to stop, I want her. I want to feel her shiver beneath me, hear the tone of her moans as they hit my ears and devour her to within an inch of her life. I've never wanted a woman as much as I do her, and it frustrates the hell out of me.

"I can't."

"Because of the rules," she murmurs, the mint on her breath skating along my skin.

"Yes." It's all I have for an answer, because right now my restraint is so close to snapping, that if she begged me...

I know I wouldn't be able to stop myself from giving in to her without a second thought.

Taking a single step back, I reach behind me for the kitchen island and continue backing up until my hands meet the edge, gripping it tightly enough to crack the marble countertop.

"Is watching breaking the rules?" she asks. The corners of her eyes crease and a mischievous look adorns her face. I know what she's asking without her saying it, but I want to hear her say it. I'm desperate for those words.

Tilting my head to the side, my eyes skate over the bare skin on view. "Be. More. Specific." I hone in on the way her legs gracefully widen just enough for me to see that she's wearing no panties.

"Specific enough?"

Looking up at her I smirk. "Very."

Wasting no time, she lifts her leg, resting the heel of her foot on the edge of the counter, she angles it out slightly to open herself up even more, giving me full access to her pussy as it glistens with her arousal.

I cross one foot over the other, my eyes not leaving hers.

“Touch yourself, Alyssa.” I know what I’m doing is still crossing the line, but after seeing what her cunt looks like, I can’t stop myself.

I watch as her fingers crest along the skin on her legs, all the way to the apex of her thighs... teasing me.

Leaning back, she rests the back of her head against the cupboard door, taking both hands and ruching the hem of the t-shirt up to give me a better view, and I know I need to leave, to get out of here before someone walks in on this silent exchange between us, but my feet are cemented to the ground.

I’m unable to gather the strength it would take me to walk out this door and leave her alone.

Curving her finger towards me, my body reacts before my brain can even tell me to stop.

I move towards her as though there’s invisible rope pulling me towards her, watching as she slides her fingers between her lower lips, and a small, very low whimper sails from her throat.

Replacing the emptiness between her legs with my hips, my hands press against the cold marble on either side of her hips, and I peer down. I watch as she moves her fingers up and down her slick heat, coating them in her thick arousal before pressing them against her clit.

Her free hand wraps around my hip, gripping it tightly and tugging me closer. “Alyssa,” I warn, my control yet again holding on by a single, microscopic thread.

“You don’t have to touch me, just come closer.”

So I do, I give her what she asks for... what she clearly needs. My focus still on her fingers as she works her clit perfectly in slow circular motions, applying just the right amount of pressure to elicit those breathy moans that send a shiver through my body.

With her hand still gripping my hip, I ask, “Does that feel good?”

“Yes,” she hums, dropping her head back and biting down on her bottom lip. On the second intake of breath, her lower lip pops free and she releases a breathy moan of seduction. As though she’s beckoning my cock to fall short of staying away from her.

“What are you thinking about?” I press.

“You, burying your fat cock inside me.” Her voice is thick with arousal .

Jesus fucking Christ.

“I want you so bad, Zeke. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you since that night in the pool. Xaden either. I want you both so bad.”

I should feel irritated that she mentions my best friend’s name during this private moment between us, but all it does, is make me harder.

“Be a good girl, Alyssa, and put your fingers inside yourself for me.”

My hands roam her silk skin, gliding to the inside of her thighs and I push them out, widening her limbs as far apart as I can get them. Lifting her other heel to the

counter, she's now completely on display for me, her pussy lips open, her slick release dripping over her skin and onto the counter.

"God, look at you... you're so wet, Alyssa." I can't take my eyes off of her, can't stop watching her play with herself. Delicate moans filter through the air, and she cups her hand over her mouth to keep them at bay a little longer.

My hands now rest on the edge of the counter, so close to her cunt that my fingers grip the edge so tightly my knuckles turn stark white.

She's driving me insane here, all I want to do is give her one little touch.

The tip of my index finger twitches, lifting involuntarily to ghost the skin by her hole.

She twitches the moment the tip connects to her and a guttural moan flies free.

The way she's touching herself is driving me insane. Slipping two fingers into her core, thrusting in and out a few times, then bringing them back up to her clit and continuing her slow pursuit to an orgasm.

Her hand falls from her mouth, hitting the kitchen counter with a loud slap. "Fuck," she growls frustratingly.

"What?"

"I can't come, it's not working. Will you help me?"

"Alyssa, I—"

"Please, Zeke," she begs, her bottom lip flipping out from under the teeth that bite down on it. "Please, I just, I really need to—"

I don't waste time listening to her beg—I'm a weak man, a man with absolutely no fucking control over myself or my fucking actions, because the moment I thrust two fingers inside her dripping, no, soaking wet cunt, I groan along with her.

I cover her mouth, pushing against her head so it presses further into the wooden cupboard door behind her.

“This what you wanted, hmm?” I growl. “My fingers in this perfect little cunt, fucking you until you come undone?” She nods in response. “ Fuck , Little One.” I begin moving my fingers, slowly at first, curving them at the perfect angle so I can get the moans I desire.

Pressing my thumb to her clit, her back arches, and like the fucker I am, I snag a peaked nipple between my teeth, tugging on it until it pops from between them.

They're both so hard under the white cotton fabric that my cock is harder than it's ever been, and I find myself thrusting my length against the hard grooves of the cut out wooden doors by my waist.

Grinding myself against them like a pre-pubescent teenager that needs to get off because I can't fuck her, I won't. I know what I'm doing is close, but the contract says no fucking, not—

“Yes!” she cries out from behind my hand. Her muffled moans and hot breath pressed against my palm are killing me. I can feel the throb of her core clenching around my fingers, which tells me she's close.

“Shh, Little One,” I command her. “Look at me.” I stare down at her, a smirk playing on my lips. “You're going to come for me... right now.”

She nods and I pick up the pace, finger-fucking her so furiously her eyes roll back.

My cock still grinding against the wooden door, the wet patch in my sweats so fucking evident, that I wouldn't be able to deny anything happened between us, my own orgasm being drawn to the surface simply by her moans alone.

After a few more thrusts, her warm pussy clutches my fingers, her nails biting into the skin on my wrists, and she comes aggressively. Alyssa tightly wraps her legs around my waist, pulling me closer against her and I follow her into the deepest orgasm I've ever had without being touched.

Biting the curve of her neck to quieten my own release, our heavy breathing now the only sound within the room as I lift my head, I pull my fingers from her cunt and shove them into my mouth.

The taste of her exploding on my tongue, something akin to honey with a touch of salt and its fucking incredible.

"Thanks, big guy." She chuckles. Pressing her hands to my chest, she pushes me back. "Now I can sleep."

"Excuse me?"

"I didn't come here for cereal; I came here to check your restraint. And just as I thought... not very good." She giggles, hopping off the side, and I realise I've been played. "Sleep well." She winks up at me, tapping my chest patronisingly before leaving through the archway of the kitchen.

The beating of her feet against the hardwood floor pisses me off, and the moment Xaden steps into the kitchen—his arms crossed over his chest and a shit-eating grin on his face—I hold my finger up.

"Don't... say a fucking word." I growl, cutting him off before he has a chance to give

me shit.

I cracked, and so easily too. I lean back against the kitchen island and rub both my hands over my face, the scent of her still lingering on my fingers.

Fuck.

“Did she just—”

“Use me? Yeah.” I nod. “I think she did.”

“I think I’m in love,” he murmurs.

“You think you’re in love with every woman you see.”

“Did you just see the way she treated you like you were just a piece of meat... I mean, wow, she’s something else, and you just took it like a little—”

“Xaden!” I snap.

He holds his hands up in surrender, but the smile on his face tells me he’s loving this.

“Do me a favour,” I cut him off, “go get your fucking laptop. There’s something I want to look at.

” A devilish grin covers his face before he runs from the kitchen and down the hallway.

If she thinks she can fuck me up like that, she has another thing coming.

I’m pretty sure Deckard performed a full background check, so let’s have a little look

into Alyssa, shall we.

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It's finally here.

Amour Fou, the manor filled with people.

The theme for tonight is a gothic masked ball. Everyone wears dark clothing and filigree masks to cover their faces, giving the illusion of shadows roaming the rooms. Blood-red lights covet the ceiling, blanketing the manor with a dark, eerie feeling.

Heavy R&B music playing from the sound system has a sexualised tone to it, while the Caretakers walk around wearing plague doctor costumes and masks.

The manor has taken on a sultry yet dark image, playing on the fact that there isn't much lighting so that the guests can enjoy their time here in privacy—guests drinking from goblets instead of glasses, all the windows draped in thick blackout curtains to keep the sanctity of what's inside hidden.

Each room has been filled with different themes catering to specific desires of the users.

The West Wing has been set aside for anyone who chooses to divulge in sexual activity without a Caretaker—privately...

or openly with others. Men are dressed in all black suits, women in gothic style dresses of their choosing.

Tonight, I chose a black dress, with a corset boning around the bust. Thigh-high leather boots and black mask similar to The Phantom of the Opera. My hair flows

down my back in loose waves with the front pinned back from my face.

I take the steps down the winding staircase on the right-hand side of the main hall, my hand gliding over the top of the smooth banister for balance. Tonight, the manor is filled with guests from around the world, rich men and women engaging in depraved acts.

Stilt walkers roam the room dressed in black and white suits with devil masks covering their faces, magicians entertaining small crowds into laughter and excitement, and aerialists wrapped in red and black silk hanging from the ceiling. Now that everything has finally come together, it's perfect.

I haven't spoken to, or had any close contact with Xaden since the pool house, and Zeke since the incident within the kitchen, but I've caught them staring while setting up the final few things for tonight.

"Looking good." Zeke's raspy voice sounds beside me, and I quiver.

I turn to face him then, but it's not his handsome features I'm used to, but the faceless black mask that covers it, gold paint scattered over the forehead to give the illusion of it dripping. His broad, muscular frame fills the black suit he's wearing, and he smells fucking incredible too.

"I know." I shrug.

Raising a gloved hand to my chin, he pinches it, the cold leather pressed against my warm skin brings a hitch in my breathe.

"I looked you up, Alyssa. You applied to attend here two years ago." Bending at the waist, the smooth fabric of the mask runs along my cheek, my core throbbing instantly with his close proximity. "I know all your dirty little secrets now. Let's just

hope you remember your safe word.”

Without giving me a chance to respond, he brushes past me and makes his way down the stairs, blending in perfectly with the rest of the workers. It’s only when he disappears entirely... that my safe word floods into my mind...

Vanilla.

The first few cords of Motley Crew by Post Malone bounce from the speaker.

The main stage is free, and I’ve taken all the precautions to make sure that I’m kept safe.

Two workers light the cast iron fire torches I hold in either hand, filling my mouth with the correct amount of paraffin to breathe fire, or... blow it into the atmosphere.

Taking the steps up to the main stage, with a plague doctor on either side, I begin my routine.

Twirling the iron torches within my hands, I move my wrists to create an intricate flame pattern in the darkness of the room.

The light bouncing off the surface of my body, creating an orange hue within the negative space around me.

The people surrounding the stage make sounds of approval, clapping their hands as I create intricate moves while rolling and gliding my body from left to right.

The paraffin within my mouth waiting for the first round of fire breathing.

Lifting a torch a few inches from my mouth, I suck the air in through my nose, then

spit the fluid through a very small gap in my mouth.

Flames billow at a diagonal angle above the heads of the people, cheering and clapping spurring me on –pushing me to continue playing with the bright orange and yellow flames.

The heavy guitar riff is vibrating from the floor, rising over my body and leaving goosebumps in its wake.

Crossing the torches together in front of me, I blow for a second time, the explosion of heat bigger than the last, and a few people step back.

Bringing the rods to either side of me, I twist and turn them, crossing them left and right, up and down, using my entire range of motion to take up as much of the stage as possible.

As the song begins to come to an end, I raise one torch to my open mouth, gathering as much saliva on my tongue as possible before I close my mouth around it, extinguishing the flames one by one.

Everyone in the grand hall explodes with cheers and more clapping.

Crossing one leg behind the other, I take a bow before my eyes land on them.

Both their faces covered with similar masks, but I know who they are, the men that have taken my thoughts over everything else.

Excitement swirls within my stomach as I turn around, making my way off the stage and into the crowd of waiting praise.

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As the night progressed, many couples took to performing in their own way.

Refusing to take to the privacy of the rooms that had been set out and practically fucking for anyone to see.

I'm currently standing by the back wall, watching a woman get fucked into oblivion by one of the Caretakers.

Many of the guests here tonight stand around to watch, touching themselves too.

I made my rounds, standing with masked men, dancing for them with the rule that I can't be touched.

They can watch, touch themselves, and I can put my hands on them, but they're unable to put theirs on any part of me.

Most of the night, I've felt eyes on me, and not from the men here.

The feeling of having familiar eyes on me is different to those of which you entice.

Before I know what to do with myself, a hand wrapped in leather cups my mouth, pulling me back against a hard chest. Panic settles in and I claw at the hand, his second wrapping around my waist.

"Easy, Butterfly, it's just me." Xaden's voice sounds different from behind the mask; deeper, harsher, but by the pet name he's given me, I know I'm safe. His erection presses between the crack of my ass while he holds me still. "Think you can ignore

us, hmm?”

The thrum of my body ignites like the flames I once played with, his tight grip on my face, my core clenching with lust. Moving his hand from my mouth to my throat, he tightens it. Not too much to cut off my breathing, but enough to tell me he’s the one in control .

“What are you doing?” I choke out as the tips of his fingers press into the side of my neck.

“I’m touching what we have decided belongs to us,” he growls, grinding his cock further into me this time, his hand lowering from around my waist, cupping me between my legs.

“Fuck you,” I huff. “I belong to no one.”

Xaden’s middle finger traces the length of my silk-covered slit, applying pressure to my bundle of nerves, and inciting a moan from my throat. “Oh, I fucking plan to, Butterfly.”

“What if I say no?” I struggle against him, but the pressure of his fingers against my clit are making my struggle pathetic.

“No?” He chuckles. “I don’t think he will agree.”

“Who?”

I look up just as Zeke steps in front of me. “No isn’t your safe word, Little One. So, until you say it, there’s no stopping us.”

Crouching beneath me, Zeke slides his hands up my skirt torturously slow. Twisting

his fingers in the silk fabric of my thong, he wastes no time at all tearing it from my lower body.

“That’s hundred-dollar underwear, asshole!” I snap.

Peering down at me, his laugh is muffled beneath his black mask. “I’ll replace it.”

I don’t need to see Zeke’s face to know he’s highly amused with himself right now.

He trails the hemline of my skirt before sliding the back of his knuckles up the inside of my thigh, the pads of his fingers finding my clit and swirling traitorously slow, taking over from Xaden who rests his hand on my lower stomach.

“Exhibitionism was your biggest kink from two years ago, no?” Xaden says from behind me.

Moving his free hand behind my back, he too, puts his fingers against the opening of my pussy, gliding them tentatively round my hole.

Teasing me so beautifully that I can’t even hate him for it. “So wet,” he hums in my ear.

“I’m turned on from watching the big guy fuck his wife on stage,” I lie terribly, dropping my head back against Xaden’s shoulder and biting my lip to suppress the moan wedged within my throat. The ache between my legs rising up through to my stomach.

“Here’s what you’re going to do…” Zeke leans further into me, sandwiching me between himself and Xaden. “You’re going to come, right here, with everyone around us.”

“The fuck... I am.” Without hesitation, Xaden thrusts two thick, gloved fingers inside my pussy, my back arching as I groan on the fullness he gives me. “Oh, my—”

Xaden covers my mouth again, muffling my moan of pleasure. “What was that? I can’t quite hear you,” he asks, resting his chin on my shoulder this time. “Is it us making this greedy little pussy slick, or the fact that anyone could turn around and watch you get finger-fucked right now.”

Zeke raises his free hand, pressing it to the wall behind me and Xaden, caging us both in. “Release her mouth, Xaden. Let everyone hear her moan.”

Doing as commanded, my mouth is released. Zeke pinches my clit with so much pressure my leg involuntarily hikes against his thigh, pulling him even closer.

“Oh, fuck,” I cry out. Both my hands fisting the fabric of his black shirt.

Pumping his fingers inside me faster, Xaden’s heavy breaths filter through my ears, all other sounds surrounding us merging into nothingness. The only thing that matters in this moment, is the three of us.

“You belong to us tonight, Little One,” Zeke growls. Removing his hand from the wall—and his fingers from my clit—he wraps both of them around my throat, choking me tightly, while Xaden continues to finger me in quick, deep strokes .

The burn at the back of my throat from the loss of oxygen, amalgamates with the incredible pleasure building in my lower stomach and I can’t help the way I grind my ass shamelessly onto Xaden’s fingers. Meeting him thrust for thrust.

“That’s my girl, fuck yourself on my fingers,” Xaden grunts.

So I do.

I shamefully roll my hips, searching for friction against the thick ache of being strangled by Zeke. Ready to die on a final breath, but praying I get to experience the orgasm Xaden is about to give me.

My core tightens, my eyes roll back, and as Zeke releases my throat, I come harder than I ever have before. Xaden's gloved hand swipes against my pussy lips, spreading my release all over the floor as I squirt violently. Cum trailing down the inside of my thighs.

Black spots dance in my eyes. "Good girl, let it all out, cover the fucking floor with your cum," Zeke growls as they both smack my pussy in perfect synchronicity.

"Yes, yes, yes," I mewl on repeat, the sound becoming higher and higher until I groan the final 'yes' and stop squirting. My chest rising and falling, gasping for the oxygen I was previously lacking.

Resting the forehead of his mask against mine, Zeke speaks. "Tonight, you're going to be used so fucking well that you'll forget your own name."

"Don't..." My chest rises and falls. "...Count on it."

After a few moments, I move to sidestep them, but Xaden cups my mouth, still covered in my cum.

Hoisting me up in the air, I begin to cry out, my words muffled so well nobody even bats an eyelid, and why would they.

This is a place for the depraved, and all this looks like to them, is three people having fun.

I hit the leather chair with a thump. Xaden walks away from me while lifting his

faceless black mask up, tossing it onto the four-poster California king, Zeke following suit just after.

The room is dark, vampiric almost, with only the flickering lights glowing from the fake candles that are scattered throughout the room.

A small fireplace filled with fake wood and amber lights to create a warming effect inside.

Turning on his heel, Xaden stalks towards me.

Stopping in front of me, he bends at the waist.

“You have a lot of frustration to get out of your system, Butterfly.”

“I’ll say the safe word.”

Zeke bursts out laughing from the seat adjacent to me. “Like you said it back there?” He says, pointing his thumb over his shoulder to the door.

“I—”

“You what?” Widening his legs, he leans forward with a devious smirk on his face. “That’s right, Little One. You didn’t say shit. You let us touch you in front of all those people because you fucking loved it.”

He’s right, I did love it, but I want to see how far both of them will go to fuck me.

“I can smell your needy cunt from here, you want us just as much as we want you. So give in already.” The bass in Zeke’s voice has dropped, turning into something so feral my skin ignites with goosebumps.

I lean back in the chair. “Alright.” I smile playfully. “If you do something for me... both of you can have me.”

“However we like?” Xaden confirms.

“Sure.” I shrug, turning my head to face Xaden now. “Why not.” I nod, crossing one of my legs over the other. What I have in my mind I know for a fact they will never agree to. “If you both do it, then I’m fair game, but if you don’t, you can never touch me again.” I smirk playfully.

“Easy,” Xaden snorts.

“What is it?” Zeke leans forward in his chair .

“Fuck that, I don’t care what it is... Yes!” Xaden agrees instantly.

“Xaden,” Zeke warns, and I know by the tone he uses, that he is fully aware I’m up to something. “Don’t—”

“Shit, I’ll suck his fucking dick if it means we get to have you however we want!” Xaden exclaims, raising his arm to point behind him, but his eyes never leave mine.

“Jesus Christ,” Zeke sighs, rubbing his hand down his face and sitting back in the distressed leather wingback chair.

“Funny you should say that.” I raise an eyebrow, looking in between them both.

“What?” they both ask in unison.

I roll my tongue over my top set of teeth. “You want me bad enough to suggest that to me... then prove it.”

“Alyssa,” Zeke growls.

I look at him then, his knuckles white from the grip he has on the arms of the chair.

“Afraid?”

“Of that? Not at all,” he counters.

“You’re serious?” Xaden asks, gawking at me.

“Hey, look.” I hold my hands up in surrender. “You suggested it, nobody is forcing you.” I giggle. “But you did say you would do anything .”

“So, you’re telling me, that if I suck his dick in front of you.” He points to his best friend. “Then you’ll give us whatever we want?”

Silence rings through the room and I take a little longer than they want to answer, but more than anything I’m giving them the time to change their minds.

The deadpan expression on both their faces brings me to the realisation that changing their minds isn’t an option for them. So I give them a quick nod.

“Use your words, Alyssa,” Zeke demands, his voice gruff and filled with lust. “I want to hear you say it, we both do.”

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I know what she's thinking; that Xaden won't do it. Except there are no lengths he won't go, to get exactly what he desires, any time he wants it.

"Okay." She nods. "If you both give me this, you can have me for as long as you want, whenever you want."

Fuck it!" She lifts her arms, dropping them back against the arms of the chair. "Even after tonight." Her mouth curves up devilishly and all I want to do is seal my lips with hers. "And my safe word will be a distant memory. I'll be yours to use and abuse however you see fit."

Alyssa is the most fascinating woman I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. If she was beautiful before, she's fucking stunning now.

Xaden turns to face me. "You down for that, brother?"

"You heard her..." I look at him then. "So do me a favour, be a good boy... and crawl to me."

Alyssa looks between the both of us so swiftly, her jaw hangs at my statement.

Xaden knows what I like, he knows how I am sexually.

Because for me, the gender or sex of a person doesn't matter.

It's the connection, and right now, his mouth better connect to my fucking cock before I have to drag him over here and throat fuck him myself.

We have been friends for so long that nothing fazes us. There isn't a single thing we don't know about her, so this is nothing.

"Come on man," he snorts. "I'm not crawling to—"

The hard click of my fingers silences him. "Don't make me tell you again, Xaden." My eyes meet his. "On. Your. Knees... like the obedient boy I already know you to be."

After a few seconds, my eyes follow him down to the floor where he removes his black leather gloves, launching them to the opposite side of the room.

Positioning himself on all fours, he places one hand in front of the other.

I watch him languidly crawl to me, my stomach swirling with nerves I didn't know I'd feel in this moment; like butterflies breaking through their chrysalis.

Stopping between my legs, he sits back on his heels. Broad muscles spilling beneath the tight fitted shirt he's wearing, clinging to him so perfectly I take my time to look him over. Angling myself forward, one forearm resting on my thigh, I trace the hard angles on his jaw.

"This can stop at any time, brother." I look into his eyes, silently telling him that this is all his call. "We just won't have her."

"If you think I'm stopping, you're crazier than I thought you were."

Looking up, I focus on our girl, yet continue speaking to the man at my feet. "Take your shirt off."

He follows orders perfectly, tearing the fabric from his broad chest and throwing it to

the opposite side of the bedroom. Alyssa's lips roll between her teeth, her breathing hitched as she keeps her eyes strained on us.

I peer down at my best friend. "Look at me, Habibi ." I use the pet name he has called me from the very first moment we met twelve years ago. Cupping the underside of his jaw, I raise it slowly, making sure he is focused on me, and only me.

" Ana behibak ."

Without wasting a single second, he replies, " Ana behibak. "

As slowly as I possibly can, I lower my mouth to press my lips ever so softly against his, using my tongue to lick along the along the seam, kissing him for the first time.

It's slow... new .

He's hesitant at first, stiffening below me, the muscles in his jaw ticking against my palm. I rub my thumb in a circular motion over his cheek, calming him, making him remember it's just me. Nobody else.

Raising up onto his knees, Xaden grasps my face, pulling me closer and kissing me back with more force than I did previously. I open my mouth a little, allowing his tongue entry, giving him the control he needs right now... in this moment.

After a while, his hands fall from my face, lips still attached to mine while his fingers search for the button on my black trousers, popping it through the hole.

The teeth of the zip grinding together as he tugs it down, drives me mad.

Reaching inside the waistband of my boxers, he wraps his rough hand around my hard shaft, and I automatically groan on instinct.

Xaden opens his mouth wider, stealing the sound from my throat and swallowing it down into his own.

“Ffuuck ,” I growl.

With his free hand, he cups my chin, squeezing it a little harder than I expect and pulls back from the kiss.

“Lay back,” he demands softly, and I comply.

Widening my legs further, I bridge my hips, enabling him to pull my pants just below my ass. I groan with pleasure at the connection of his tongue sliding up the underside of my cock. All the way from base, flicking up and over the tip and swiping the bead of precum from my crown.

“Je-sus, ” I grunt through gritted teeth.

Another elongated moan slips free from the depths of my throat just as Xaden sucks the head of my throbbing shaft into his mouth. Resting my hand on top of his head, I let him take the lead. “Just like that, fuck.”

I watch him slowly bob up and down, taking more of me with each twisted stroke of his hand.

I moan, tension already building in my lower stomach.

“God damn it you take me so well. Fuck!” He releases a deep moan, the vibrations travelling from the tip of my cock to my groin, my balls drawing up instantly. “ Good boy, that’s it...” I hum, my head falling back against the seat with a light thud. “Just like that... don’t stop.”

The sounds of him slurping, drool trickling over the angry veins of my cock, and the tip hitting the back of his throat, create a squelching sound. Swallowing around me, his throat closes up and a shock of enjoyment travels straight to my balls.

My fingers tighten in his short black hair, and I feel him freeze as though he already knows what I want to do, and without removing my cock from his mouth, he offers me a curt nod. Giving me permission to take what I need.

What I really want from him.

“That’s my boy,” I praise. “Look at me, Xaden. I want to see your eyes water while I fuck your throat.”

I stand from my seated position. Xaden’s large hands gripping my thighs. His eyes widen, looking up at me like I’m the Messiah and he is a man worshipping me at the altar of his church.

“You look fucking perfect swallowing my cock, I’m so proud of you.”

Clearly Xaden is a praise boy, because the moment I say those words, his eyes roll back on a moan. With his mouth still stuffed full of my cock, I glide my fingers through the crown of his hair.

“Touch yourself while I own your throat, but do not think for a single second you can come.” Frowning, he looks up at me with a slight tilt to his head. “You’ll save that for later. For her.”

I watch as he wraps both hands around his cock, gripping it roughly, stroking himself up and down in slow, orbital fist movements as I begin to fuck his throat slowly and deeply.

Directing my attention to Alyssa, I must've been concentrating too hard on my best friend, because I clearly didn't notice the moment she started to touch herself.

Each one of her legs are resting on either arms of the chair, her fingers playing with her clit.

The black skirt she's wearing is ruched up to her waist, the tightness of the black corset thrusting her breasts up to the point they're nearly spilling over the top, and her beautifully bare pussy lips are spread open.

A clear sheen of arousal glossing her skin as it slowly slides from her hole to the seat.

Alyssa's moans are now starting to blend with mine and the moment Xaden hears, he presses his hands to my thighs, pulling back entirely.

"Is she doing what I think she's—"

The rasp of my laugh gives him pause. "Yes, and fuck me, brother it's a sight." I cup his jaw, angling his face to look at her, and I whisper in his ear, "Go to her."

Keeping my eyes on her I watch as she dips her middle finger inside her core, gathering her arousal, further spreading it over her clit. Xaden stands from his kneeling position. His whole demeanour changing instantly, closing the distance between him and Alyssa.

I watch her look up at him, cheeks dusted with a soft pink hue, her bottom lip taugt between her teeth. "Up."

She follows his command perfectly, lowering her feet to the floor and rising from the chair. He moves to stand behind her and I marvel at the angel before me. The amber hues from the fake candlelight dancing over one side of her body, giving her a

devilishly sinful glow.

Xaden threads his hand through her long red hair, tugging her head back before he tastes her lips. The kiss is bruising, rough. With his free hand he slaps her pussy as hard as he can, and I grin when her legs buckle.

“We did what you asked,” he groans against her cheek, “so now you’re going to do everything we say. Isn’t that right, Butterfly?” She hesitates for no more than a split second before she nods. “Take your clothes off, now.”

I stand from my seated position and close the distance between myself and them, the both of us watching as she begins to strip naked as slowly as possible.

Getting in one more tease before we have full control over her body.

Any time I’ve ever played with someone at Deepest Desires, I’ve always been the one in control.

Command RP is my specialty, and tonight, she’ll experience it for the first time.

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I've never been so sexually driven to fuck another human like I am with her.

Removing her leather boots first, I watch as she then strips the clothing from her hourglass shaped body, the hooks on the corset pop open one by one delivering the perfect tease.

Alyssa's perfect, natural tits spill free from the hard boning of the corset, and it drops to the floor.

Not willing to wait any longer to have her, I press my hand firmly against her chest, backing her up to the bed before pushing her down to the silk-covered mattress. From the corner of my eye, I see Zeke walk to the dressing table beside me, opening the drawer and lifting out the red Shibari rope.

Alyssa turns her head to the side, facing him and watching every single move he makes.

Brushing her flame-coloured hair from her face, I hoist her right thigh to her chest. Taking hold of her right forearm, I bring it to the side of her thigh and we both watch as Zeke ties a beautifully intricate design, tying both of them together.

The way in which she's bound, it keeps one leg up and wide, with the other two limbs free to move about.

"Beautiful," Zeke breathes against her cheek before placing a soft kiss to her lips. "Please her, Xaden, but don't let her come."

I tug the mask from her face because I want to see every expression she makes, while Zeke makes his way over to the door and opens it wide.

“What are you doing?” she asks, lifting her head off the bed to stare at him.

“Exhibitionism was on your kink list, Little One. So... we’re going to let them watch you come apart.”

Panic settles over her beautiful face, and for a split second I break character. Pressing my lips against hers, the shudder of her mouth against mine feels heavenly.

“Nobody other than us will touch you. The moment you want this to stop, you know what to say.” I pull back, searching her face for an answer, but all she does is nod nervously.

“I’ll kill anyone who so much as looks at you the wrong way,” I explain further. “Do you understand me, Butterfly?”

“Yes.” The word is so quiet I hardly hear it. She’s tense, nervous, as her eyes widen and I hear a third set of footsteps. “Xaden,” she breathes softly.

Leaning over her again, I kiss her, deeper this time. Doing my best to relax her mind. Sliding my hand between our bodies, I run my fingers through her pussy and grin against her mouth.

“Always so wet,” I hum, my fingers already soaked just from one swipe. “Relax for me, baby. This is all for you.”

Alyssa nods gently in understanding, so I slide my fingers inside her core, her back arching, pushing her perfect breasts against my bare chest, nipples peaked against mine.

Her delicate moans flow on breathless waves while I finger her languidly, drawing her enjoyment out, making sure she feels every single stroke from knuckle to tip.

“Xaden,” she mewls. “Please... don’t stop.”

More footsteps pace into the room; each person taking a seat or standing where they can to get the best view of her writhing body. Her moans become louder, reacting to me so perfectly that I forget what Zeke and I are supposed to be doing.

Alyssa’s free hand grips the silk sheet beneath her, twisting it within her grasp. It’s then I feel Zeke’s lips at the shell of my ear.

“Bring her to the cusp of orgasm, then stop. She wants to play around, then we’ll give it to her.”

“Yes... fuck, I’m going to come!” she cries out, pressing her foot to the bed, bridging herself. “Don’t stop, don’t—”

Pulling my fingers free, I step back from her body. Dropping down onto the bed, Alyssa looks through her legs at me. Bringing my fingers to my lips, I grin as I lick them clean in front of her.

“It’s not nice is it, Little One. Being denied something you want.” Zeke’s baritone voice grabs her attention.

“Oh, eat me, Zeke.” Frustration fills her entire demeanour, and I can’t help but laugh.

She’s ballsy, I’ll give her that.

I’ve wanted her since the moment I laid eyes on her, we both have, and it’s clear to anyone witnessing this little exchange, that she wants us just as much. The way he’s

looking at her right now is nothing but pure unadulterated lust. A look that's enough to make me come.

"Oh, I plan to, sweetheart, don't worry your little head about that." He chuckles. "If you're that desperate, ask one of the people in this room." He continues, "I'm sure someone will help you."

"Fine." Using her very small range of motion, she looks at the men and a few women situated by the bed, finally focusing on a lean blonde guy. Alyssa raises her free hand, curving her finger towards him. "Come here," she sings sweetly, calling Zeke's bluff.

The man she's chosen straightens from the wall, sauntering over to her before Zeke speaks again.

"Just know, whoever touches you... I'll snap every single one of their fingers and pull every tooth from their fucking skull."

Blondie falters, freezing on the spot and second guesses his next move. Zeke stares directly at him, silently telling him to back the fuck off, and yeah, I'm rock hard. Deciding it's not worth the hassle; he hurriedly leaves the room .

"Xaden," Zeke says, turning to face me. "Use your tongue to drain all the sense from her brain." As I walk forward, he raises a finger at me. "Remember though, she doesn't come."

"You got it."

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X aden stalks towards me like a predator, looking upon my naked body as though I'm his prey.

I'm so desperate to come that the feeling of his warm mouth descending upon me is a welcome feeling.

When people began walking into the room where I lay, tied up and bare for them to see, nervous wasn't even the correct word to use.

His tongue swipes through my folds, flicking up the moment the tip of it reaches my clit.

Sucking it into his mouth, I moan, hoisting my untied leg up and over his shoulder, not caring who's watching, or hearing my cries of pleasure.

Xaden works me slowly, bringing me to the edge of another orgasm, moaning against my pussy like it's the best thing he's ever tasted, sending shivers directly through every crevice of my body.

I'm gripping the fabric of the silk sheet that is now creased up beneath me, clenching so tight I lose feeling against my palms. My clit throbbing as he works me with expert precision.

Leaning back, I watch as he spreads my pussy lips open with his thumbs, spitting over my labia before diving back in to eat me like a man starved of affection.

"Please..."

“Please, what? Little One. Tell me.” Zeke’s voice hums from beside me. A torturous sound that I know he will use to halt his best friend’s assault on my core .

“Please, just... I... Holy fucking shit!” My back arches, and I release a high-pitched squeal of ecstasy. Xaden forces three fingers inside me, curling them to reach the sweet spot that drives all women wild.

Sitting up, Xaden presses his hand to my lower stomach. Pressing down with the heel of his palm he begins fingering me up and down, wet sounds gushing from my pussy are loud enough for everyone present to hear.

“Such a greedy little whore, aren’t you, Butterfly?”

“Yes, Xaden. Please,” I beg audaciously, not giving a single fuck what I sound or look like because this feels so fucking good.

“Look at you, laying there while everyone watches how desperate you are, begging for it like the greedy little whore you are.” The heavy growl of Xaden’s voice pushes me further to the edge.

My climax builds frustratingly higher, my walls closing, tightening...

strangling his fingers. I’m praying to whatever god is listening his fingers don’t leave until I’m done, but just like I expected, he stops.

I’m then flipped around so my head is hanging off the edge of the bed, looking up into Zeke’s blown-out eyes while he stands above me.

A malicious—but lust filled—look covers his face. Unzipping his black suit trousers, he lifts his swollen length out and my eyes widen.

It's fucking huge.

I couldn't see how big it was when Xaden was sucking him off earlier, but now... I'm scared to death that it won't fit.

"Don't look so scared." He chortles. "It'll fit." With his balls resting on my forehead, he bounces his cock up and down on my lips. "Come on, Little One, open that big mouth of yours."

My clit is so swollen from all the blood that is seemingly rushing there and nowhere else. I want to come so bad that the whirlwind of emotions sparking inside my body is driving me insane .

Opening my mouth, Zeke shoves three fingers to the back of my throat, and I cough straightaway at the invasion. Pulling his fingers free, he spreads the thick saliva from the back of my throat and over his cock.

"Good girl."

Without wasting a single second, he feeds his cock to me.

Plunging it down the back of my throat and face-fucking me without restraint.

I choke, I gag, and I fluster. Thick saliva drizzles from the corners of my mouth, trailing down my cheeks and neck.

After a few seconds he pulls back, smiling manically as I cough profusely.

"Breathe through your nose, it helps." I don't get a chance to respond, before his cock is filling me once more.

Tracing the length of my neck with the tip of his finger, he then flicks it.

“My cock looks so good filling your beautiful throat.” The slap of his hand on my cheek initiates my pussy to clench.

“Such a good girl. Taking me like that.” Allowing me to take a few breathes, he leans forward, filling my pussy with two thick fingers.

“Yes, please...” I beg, “please, Zeke, please let me come.”

“You don’t deserve it though, do you?” Xaden chimes in.

“No... no I don’t but please, I’m sorry...” Thick pressure builds all over again in my lower stomach. I’m desperate to come, but they won’t let me.

They’re torturing me for teasing them, and I deserve it.

I might be desperate to come, but I have also never been this soaked or turned on before in my life, and as much as I’m begging, I also don’t want it to stop.

“Show me how much you want to come, and I’ll see if you deserve it.”

Letting go of his hand, I reach out, turning my head to find Xaden moving closer to me.

Using my one shaky hand, I yank the zip of his trousers down, reaching into his boxers, and with a little help, he lifts his cock for me.

Licking the entire length of my hand, I wrap it back around Xaden’s shaft and begin jerking him off.

“Both of you can fuck my throat, just please let me come.” I feel no shame asking for this. “I’ll do anything. Please just make the ache go away. ”

“Fuck me,” Xaden exclaims.

One by one they begin filling my throat, taking turns to thrust inside me a few times before swapping. My free hand being used to please the other while they wait for their turn.

“Such a filthy girl,” Xaden groans deeply. “You want both of us to fill up this hole before your cunt?” he asks pulling his length free from my mouth.

“Yes, yes... I need both of you!” I scream, tears streaming from the corners of my eyes as the pressure continues to build inside me.

“Please... I just—” My words are stuck in my throat, choking on them because my emotions are all over the place.

I can’t breathe. I can’t function. I can’t do anything. It’s too much to take any longer.

“V-vanilla,” I sob.

Both Xaden and Zeke freeze. The expressions on their face changing to panic.

“Everybody out!” Zeke bellows, stepping back. Quickly ushering everyone from the room and slamming the door shut, locking it behind him. My heart is beating through my chest so hard I fear it might break through my ribcage or even give out.

Zeke stops by the bed, taking hold of the red rope and untying it as quickly as possible. My arm and thigh fall limp to my side. “I’m s-sorry.”

“Don’t you dare apologise, baby. You did so well, we’ll take good care of you.” Launching the rope to the other side of the room, Zeke lifts me in his arms and moves to the leather chair in the middle of the room.

Sitting down, he turns me in his lap so I’m facing out, his chest to my back. “You did so well tonight, Little One. I’m so proud of you.” His praise washes over me like a glistening sea of diamonds, my chest tightening instantly.

Xaden kneels in front of me, brushing his hand over the side of my face sweetly. “Are you ok?”

All I can do is nod.

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“Perfect,” I breathe, praising her.

“You did so well, Alyssa.” Zeke caresses her face, soothing her and praising her further in a soft tone. She called out her safe word, and as promised, everything stopped.

“Let’s get you cleaned up.” I smile softly.

“No.” She bites her bottom lip. “Please, I just... I didn’t—”

“You called your safe word, Alyssa,” Zeke confirms. “So, let us take care of you.”

Closing her eyes, she drops her head back, sighing heavily. “I just wanted the torture to stop. Nothing else.”

I look up, meeting my best friend’s gaze. Typically, we would stop everything altogether, provide aftercare, and make sure she felt safe in her room.

But that’s not what she wants.

Reaching up, I cup her face with both hands, but her eyes still remain closed. “Tell us what you want.” I slide my thumbs back and forth over her reddened cheeks.

“I don’t want to stop. Please?”

“Alyssa,” I sigh.

“Please, Xaden,” she whimpers, “please don’t stop, please let me come.”

“Z?” I question, not taking my eyes off of her because right now I don’t think I have the strength to deny her what she’s asking for. Not when she’s pleading the way she is. And more than anything, our first priority is to make sure she’s ok, that she feels safe.

“Look at me, Alyssa.” His order is subtle, and when she opens her eyes, he stares at her for a few seconds, silently considering what to do. Whether the three of us should continue or end this whole night and leave her reeling without an orgasm.

Shit, that’s punishment enough.

Something I’d never want to experience.

“Please?” Alyssa whispers. “I’m fine, I promise.”

“Xaden.” The corner of Zeke’s mouth turns up. “Give her what she wants.”

From her ankles, I slowly trace the inside of her legs, her skin covered in those little bumps of excitement, and I grin at the blatant desire she has for the both of us.

Stopping at her knees, I push her legs wider, moving them back to her chest—taking extra care with the leg that’s been bound for so long—opening her dripping cunt up to me completely, wasting absolutely no time before diving in and devouring her like the starved, desperate man I am.

Sucking her clit into my mouth, I slowly swirl my tongue around her sensitive bud. Alyssa’s so pent up with despair that it won’t take long before she explodes.

The sound that comes from her throat is a mix of a heavy groan and a cry, soon

muffled by the rough kiss of Zeke as he swallows it.

I lift my mouth from her and grin wildly. “Let’s see how quick you can come for us, Butterfly.” We’ve denied her orgasms the entire time we have been in here, and for her, this release is going to be the best feeling she’s ever had.

“Are you ok?” I hear Zeke whisper concerningly in her ear.

“Y-yes... I’m... oh my God!” She exclaims, Zeke’s mouth moving straight back to hers, swallowing her cries.

Both of them massaging each other’s tongues with deep passion.

The sweet taste of her wetness exploding in my mouth causes me to release a groan that vibrates over her mound, causing her back to arch.

“Right there... ffuuuck! ” Her entire body shudders in reaction. “Please don’t stop! Not this time, I—”

“Don’t worry, baby, he’s not going to,” Zeke murmurs. Changing the position of his arms, he cups the underside of her knees, keeping them pulled back to her chest, except he widens them further. Her body moving into position beautifully.

Leaning back, I scoop up her arousal and run all four of my fingers back and forth over her clit. Her eyes squeeze shut, mouth agape, and an animalistic moan permeates the room, making my dick twitch.

“ OhmyfuckingGod ...” she cries on a single heated breath.

“Yes, right there I—” I watch as her toes curl so tight they turn stark white, her jaw slack, and the scream she releases as she comes is sheer perfection.

Like music to my fucking ears. Going back in, I devour her all over again, eating her out like a man starved.

As though she's the only thing I'll ever want and need.

"Fuck!" she howls.

"Hold it." I command her. "Make us proud one last time."

Pressing down on her lower stomach like before, just above her mound, I curl three fingers inside her to meet the perfect angle for her g-spot and begin fingering her furiously.

"Yes, oh God!"

Wrapping my hand around her throat and yanking her forward, I grunt, "I don't want to hear you say another man's name while we're touching you or fucking you. God isn't here right now... just the three of us and your tight cunt."

"Yes, okay... please," she whimpers, choking.

"You're just another fuck-hole for us to play with. Do you hear me?"

Nothing.

"Don't make me repeat myself!" I croon, doing the same thing as before and rubbing her clit with perfect speed and pressure.

"Yes!" she cries out. "Use me, I don't give a fuck, Xaden, just... just... Holy fucking shit!" Her hands are white knuckling the arms of the leather chair. "Fuck, fuck, FUCK! "

I shove both my middle fingers inside Alyssa's glistening cunt, her walls tightening around them, strangling them in a vice-like grip. Pressing the ball of my palm to her clit, I begin fingering her furiously.

"We own this greedy little pussy of yours,"

"Yes!" A guttural moan releases from her throat, making me smile even wider.

"This tight fuck-hole is ours to do with as we please, to fill you up like the dirty little cum rag you are, and you'll fucking thank us for it. Every single time..." I freeze, feeling her even closer to the edge. "Won't you?"

"Yes!" she cries out again. "Do whatever you want!"

Snaking his arm under her knee, Zeke pulls it taught towards her chest, gripping her throat and squeezing at the same time, opening her up more to me.

"Xaden pl—"

"Say my name again." The sound of it on her lips fills me with a burning desire.

"Xaden." She gags, due to the tightness of Zeke's hand on her throat. "That feels s-so... good. Please... Please can I come?"

"You're going to come, but with us inside you."

"Oh, yes please. Thank you, thank you, thank you. Fuck!"

Looking at Zeke, I wink. "Kiss her." I tell him.

Turning his face to her, his hand moves from her throat to her jaw. "Look at me." He

demands gently. “Words.”

“I’m fine,” Alyssa insists, “don’t make me beg anymore, just kiss me.”

Pulling her in, Zeke seals his lips against hers, both of them moaning the second the skin on their lips meet.

Taking my free hand, I take this moment to prep her back hole.

Using her arousal, I use my thumb to spread it over her asshole and rub my index finger softly at her puckered rosebud before slowly and delicately pushing it inside her bit by bit.

Another groan vibrates in her chest as I slide it in, all the way to the first knuckle .

“Filthy girl.” I grin, a devilish feeling forming over me as I watch her writhe against the finger in her ass, searching for more friction.

“More...” she begs against his lips.

“If that’s what you want, Butterfly.” Lifting her slightly, she keeps her lips attached to Zeke like a magnet, their moans turning me on further.

I find Zeke’s rock-hard cock, gripping it tightly and listening to the hiss that sounds as I do, I bring it forward and into my mouth—unable to stop myself.

“Jesusss! ” he hisses.

I coat his rock-solid cock with my saliva, forcing it to the back of my throat and gagging the second it hits the soft part. Pulling back, I spit on it for added effect, lifting her again and angling her ass over the head of his shaft.

“You’re going to fuck yourself on his cock, Alyssa. Like the dirty girl you are.” I smack her pussy and the crown of his cock slips past the tight pink ring of her ass.

“Fuck! Oh my... I—” She stutters.

“Christ.” Zeke groans with pleasure.

“Take all of him, baby. I know you can.”

With my hands supporting her weight, I watch his cock slowly disappear inside her ass. My cock has been hanging out of my trousers since we started this thing. I grip it tightly in my hand and jerk myself a few times before rising up onto my knees.

“Look at me.”

Without missing a beat, her eyes find mine and I rub the full length of my cock through her still soaked pussy lips, coating it in her arousal and tapping the crown against her clit.

I smirk at her, leaning forward. One hand on the back of the chair, caging them in, the head of my own cock patiently breaching her entrance.

Giving her a few seconds to get used to the stretch of both her holes. I slowly slide all the way in .

“Breathe. Breathe, baby,” I croon. When she does, the sound is almost ethereal. Something I’ll never get tired of hearing. The three of us hold still still for a few seconds, giving the other time to adjust. “Are you ok?” I ask, checking in and making sure she’s doing well.

“Yes.” She hums, biting her lower lip.

“Fuck! I need to move,” Zeke breathes.

Slouching down further in the seat, keeping his legs wide to accommodate me between them and slowly... ever so fucking slowly, he begins to thrust in and out of her ass, holding the underside of her thighs so as to support the weight of her.

“Oh, shit! I can’t—”

“Yes, you can.” Zeke tells her, working her nice and slow so she can get used to the feel of him, of me, inside her. “You’re doing exceptionally well, baby, so fucking good for us both. But you need to relax... and breathe.”

Releasing a shaky breath from her chest, she nods. Finally giving herself over to the both of us and relaxing perfectly.

“Thaaat’s our girl,” I praise her. “So tight, so beautiful.” Slowly, I mirror Zeke’s gentle movements. This isn’t about us, about what we want. It’s all for Alyssa, her pleasure, and her needs being met.

“More,” she pleads on a mewl. “Please... I...”

“Say it.” I lean in further, my mouth ghosting over hers. “Say it, baby, tell us what you want... say it and it’s yours.”

Looking between the both of us, her eyes shine like diamonds in the night sky. Nerves filling her to the brim.

“Please, fuck me... you both feel sooo good. And I’m so close.”

“Anything for you,” Zeke answers. Dropping my head, I kiss along her neck, and when the both of us begin to move in unison, she relaxes further and fully hands

herself over to us. Two sets of hands roaming her body. Our heavy, guttural moans blending seamlessly, working in sync with one another .

“Fuck, that’s it. You both feel so fucking good,” I moan, my eyes finding Zeke’s and I lean in, kissing him. The feel of his cock rubbing against mine feels unlike anything I’ve ever experienced.

“Harder, both of you. Fuck me like you hate me.”

“Alyssa, I don’t—”

“Fuck!! Just do—”

Zeke doesn’t give her a second longer, pressing his hands under her lower back, angling her up, and ploughing into her so ruthlessly that I can feel his aggression through the thin layer of skin separating us both. Following suit, we finally find a synchronic rhythm.

Skin slapping together, sweat building on our skin, my balls rubbing against his and it’s amazing. Both mine and Zeke’s ball sacks draw up at the same time, but no matter how much we are fucking desperate to come, our silent understanding explains... not until she comes first.

Always first.

Alyssa howls and I can feel her core heating, tightening, ready to let go.

“Alyssa, your cunt is squeezing my cock. Fuck,” I growl, gripping her face in both of my hands. “Brother, I’m about to fucking come, Jesus.”

“Me too!” Zeke replies through heavy pants, both of us fucking her without a single

ounce of control or restraint, our moans and cries of ecstasy filling the room, overflowing into the very building work of this manor.

Zeke reaches around, flicking her clit. “Come for us, Alyssa.”

“ Ohmyfuckingfuck !”

“Fuck!” she screams. “I’m coming!”

“That’s my girl.” He croons, pressing his forehead against her temple.

Alyssa’s back arches off of Zeke’s chest and all three of us lose control in that moment. Her scream of pleasure sends Zeke and I over the edge. Both of us filling her simultaneously with thick ropes of warm cum .

“Good girl.” The praise comes from us both immediately. Our subdued breathing the only sound left in the room, as the three of us begin to come down slowly from the heaviest orgasm either of us may have ever had.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 2:59 am

I 'm lying face down with my arms tied tightly behind my back.

Waiting patiently for them both. These motherfuckers have been relentless since I let them use me during the night of Deepest Desires.

There hasn't been a moment where my body has been free from their hands or cocks, and tonight is no different.

I have absolutely no clue where I am, except that I'm naked, arms bound. And the only thing illuminating the warehouse—at least I think it is—is the circle of fire spanning out at a ten-foot radius around me. I can feel the heat billowing from the flames and dancing along my skin.

The fire is far away enough where my skin wont blister, but close enough for my skin to glaze with sweat.

I'm a fire breather so I have a very good relationship with it, however, being stuck in the middle, naked and alone...

is slightly terrifying. Which, if that's the case, why the fuck is the space between my thighs throbbing the way it is.

“You assholes! Get out here!” I scream from the dirty floor. Readjusting my body, I try to manoeuvre myself so I'm able to bring my knees up and under my stomach for a little comfort. “Fuck, this is hard without help,” I mutter to myself .

Finally managing to kneel, my face still rests within the dirt, my ass up. Every ounce

of me exposed to the heat and slight night breeze that filters through.

The gravel crunches under a heavy set of footsteps and I roll my eyes, because I know that walk anywhere.

Zeke.

Before I have a chance to speak, I hear Xaden closing the space behind me. Zeke tsk's from above me, nudging his black army boot under my chin and crouching down so he can meet my eyeline.

"Oh, Alyssa," he croons, using a single finger to brush a lock of red hair back from my check and tuck it behind my ear. "Positioning yourself perfectly for us. So eager to please."

"Fuck you," I growl, breathing through my nostrils.

"Oh, you will," he snorts in response, a devious smile growing on his face as he looks down at me. "Now, do you remember your safe word?"

I nod.

"Words," he presses.

"Vanilla."

"Good girl." Zeke smiles down at me.

Pulling the zipper on his combats down, he removes his cock. Fisting it, he begins stroking languidly, his breath hitching. And as I watch him, my tongue darting over my bottom lip, I feel Xaden's fingers graze up the back of my thighs, my pussy clenching the second he makes contact with my skin.

“Tell us, Alyssa,” he murmurs behind me. “How desperate are you to be filled?”

“I’m not,” I lie. Because I love having them prove me wrong. It’s all part of the game and I’m addicted to it already. Addicted to them, to everything they give me.

Xaden releases a light chuckle before plunging two fingers deep within my core, and my body betrays me, releasing a lust filled moan .

“Huh, your cunt tells me different,” he says while continuing to pump in and out of me.

The ache between my legs is killing me, because for the last three days, both of them have been relentlessly teasing me, neither of them allowing me to come.

My clit and pussy are so fucking swollen with need that if they asked me to, I’d crawl on my hands and knees to eat their cum off this dirty floor if it meant I’d get to experience a mind-blowing orgasm.

“Fuck,” Zeke groans from above me, bringing my attention back to him, I watch his hand speed up, twisting his fist as he meets the crown of his vein ridden cock. “Do you want to come, Alyssa?”

Xaden’s fingers fuck me quicker, and I instantly bite my lower lip, trying my hardest to fight the urge to beg.

Zeke’s palm connects to my cheek, smacking me harshly enough that my eyes pop open. “I asked you a question, and I expect an answer.”

“Yes! Fuck!”

“Greedy girl.” Without wasting time, Xaden begins fingering me with unrelenting accuracy.

“Oh my God,” I cry out the moment he presses his thumb against my engorged clit. “Please.” I relent, begging them.

“There she is,” Xaden hums, pulling his fingers free, and I all but groan in frustration. His hand connects with my pussy, and I jolt forward, yelping.

Zeke’s laden breaths of pleasure grab my attention and when my eyes meet his, thick ropes of cum spurt from his dick, covering the left side of my face entirely.

“Ffuuck.” He releases a deep grumble he releases, pinching the crown of his cock to make sure every last drop is released. “Open that cumcatcher of yours,” he commands, and like the whore I am, I comply. Zeke swipes his warm cum into my mouth with his finger. “Suck it clean.”

Wrapping my lips around his index finger, I do exactly as he told me to and drink down every last drop .

“Please,” I cry. “Just let me come already!”

Xaden takes hold of my forearms, bringing me into a kneeling position, bringing his lips to the shell of my ear. “Careful what you wish for, baby.”

Both of them stand, Xaden nudging my knees further apart. I look down and watch both of them position a single boot-clad foot underneath my pussy. Pressing them together, toe to toe.

Lifting my chin, Zeke smiles down at me. “Ride our boots, show us what a hopeless cum-whore you are.”

Holy shit.

I’m yanked back by the tight grip Xaden has on my hair. “Does he need to repeat

himself?”

“No,” I whimper and begin to move. Rolling my hips back and forth over the smoothness of their leather boots before the roughness of their laces glide between my pussy lips, rippling over my clit. The sensation bringing gooseflesh over the entirety of my skin.

“Look at you.” Xaden laughs from behind me. “No better than a two-dollar prostitute.”

“Is that what you are, Alyssa?” Zeke asks, crouching in front of me, taking hold of my face in both of his hands. “A cheap bitch any man can fuck. Only thinking about herself?”

“N-no,” I stutter, feeling the effects of my building orgasm hit my lower stomach, my hips rolling and grinding faster with each stroke.

“Who do you belong to then, slut?” Both hands gripping my throat and squeezing. I grind faster, Xaden’s laughter reminding me of my humiliation, the laces still strumming my clit at the perfect angle. My eyes flutter closed but a further slap across my face opens them.

“I asked you a fucking question, Alyssa.”

“I belong to you both!” I cry out. My body desperate to come, screaming for a release I’ve been denied for seven days.

“Ride that cunt faster, fuck yourself on our boots, whore. ”

I do as Zeke asks, widening my legs so my body dips lower, achieving more pressure and contact to the leather, and now slick fabric of the laces. I’m screaming, moaning louder than I ever have before. My chest is heaving as I gulp for the oxygen Zeke is

forbidding me from taking.

“Such a good fucking whore,” Xaden praises.

“Come for us.” His hands taking hold of my bare breasts, pinching my nipples so harshly he might tear them off.

The moment he squeezes my breasts, my orgasm spills over and I come on a high-pitched scream as Zeke releases my throat and I finally soak in fresh air.

The fire surrounding us a distant memory now as I crash and burn into the most intense orgasm of my life. Shuddering while I continually ride over their boots and my release squirts aggressively from my cunt.

Snatching their boots from under me, Xaden grins down at me.

“Well.” He nods towards their shoes. “Clean it off.”

Not willing to let them forbid me from further orgasms, I angle my head down, running my tongue over the thick leather, sucking up my juices and swallowing them down.

“That’s it, taste yourself. Swallow it down and fill yourself up on your own cum.

” Xaden degrades me further, pushing me over the edge with his words and I’m back where I was before, desperate to come again.

“Please,” I murmur, still licking my cum from their boots. “Please fuck me.”

“Would you look at that, Xaden. The dirty little cock-sleeve remembers how to beg.”

Their laughter echoes around the abandoned warehouse and I should be embarrassed,

hating the way they treat me. But I don't, I love it and all I want is more every time.

“Up you get.” Xaden hoists me from my kneeling position, turning me to face the wall of fire still flickering brightly, illuminating the room and casting an amber light everywhere.

Pushing me forward, I focus on the old table placed perfectly in front of the flames and I try to dig my heels into the dirt .

“Wait,” I beg. “What are you—”

“You want to come, that's where it's going to happen.”

“What!? I'll burn!” I twist and turn my body in his grasp as I try to lessen his grip on me. “You're fucking crazy! Both of you!”

“You're just realising that now, Butterfly?” Xaden says, before biting my earlobe, making me hiss.

The heat from the flames grows higher the closer I'm pushed towards the table, and as Xaden thrusts me towards the desk, I'm face to face with the flickering heat as it dances in front of me. Grabbing me at the nape of my neck, I'm pulled flush with Zeke's chest this time.

“Legs up, feet flat on the table.” Is all he says before hoisting me up onto the wooden countertop.

“You're going to squat, Butterfly, and we are gonna fuck you until you can't come anymore.”

I do as Xaden tells me, squatting low. The heat from the fire bringing a sheen of glistening sweat to my chest and face. So why am I so turned on? Why is every fibre

of my being excited beyond belief?

The moment the crown of Zeke's cock pierces my asshole, forcing its way past my tight ring, I clench in shock.

"Relax for me," he breathes, and I do the best I can. "That's my good girl," he praises me, forcing every inch inside me.

My eyes roll on instinct as he starts to thrust in and out of me. His hands gripping the underside of my thighs, helping with my balance and I lean back against his chest, allowing him to take most of my weight.

Looking down and between my legs, I see Xaden's head beneath my pussy, a smile on his face so devilish I can't stop mine from growing.

Poking his tongue out, he begins to eat me out from below. Running his tongue through my wet pussy lips while Zeke speeds up, fucking me angrily from behind .

"Just like that," I hum with enjoyment. "Fill my cunt, please, Xaden." His laughter vibrates against my core before he fills me with two fingers.

"More," I beg. So he adds another. "I said more!" I cry out from the fullness in my asshole and pussy.

"Fucking fill me up!" I howl like the dirty whore I am. "I need it!"

"Jesus Christ , Butterfly," he moans, stretching me with a fourth finger and his thumb. "You want me to fist this worthless cunt?"

"Yes! Fuck yes!" I scream, at this point the fire and the fact that I'm in a warehouse fading onto the background, because the moment Xaden thrusts his entire hand inside me, I'm weak.

Xaden's mouth latches onto my clit and I'm the fullest I've ever been... ever felt. Both my holes being fucked fervently, aggressively, and without respect. I love it, I love the way they treat me like a whore in the bedroom. Using me for their own gratification and mine.

"That's it, baby, let go," Zeke begs, his mouth latching onto the curvature of my neck and biting down harshly. No doubt drawing blood.

"I can feel your fucking dick, Zeke," Xaden exclaims. "Such a greedy girl, isn't she?"

Zeke says nothing, his fingers biting into the delicate flesh on my thighs.

"I'm close!" I screech.

Unlatching his teeth from my skin, he growls, moaning with me. "Fuck, me too."

The moment Xaden pinches my clit, my second orgasm rolls through me.

My stomach clenches as I'm thrust over the edge and into oblivion, squirting my release into the fire.

The sound of singeing cum fills the room as Zeke fills my asshole with thick ropes of jizz, and Xaden slowly removes his entire hand from my pussy.

And I watch as he swallows down drops of my cum that fall free from my pussy.

My body instantly falling limp in Zeke's arms.

Zeke very slowly pulls out of me, manoeuvring himself so he can lift me in his arms bride style. "Xaden, grab the comforter and put this shit out," he commands .

Following his command, Xaden removes himself from between my legs, jumping up.

Still holding me close to his chest, I can feel Zeke's cum seeping from my back hole, but I don't care. I watch with hooded eyes as Xaden runs back over with a black comforter. He drapes it over my body and places a kiss on my forehead.

"I think I'm in love with you both after that." I chuckle.

"About time you caught up, Butterfly." Xaden winks, before walking towards the fire extinguisher, to put out the fire surrounding the three of us.

"How long?" I ask, raising my head and looking at Zeke, who I'm pretty sure is still standing there with his dick hanging out of his trousers.

Smiling down at me, he places a kiss on my forehead. "We'll talk later, close your eyes and rest."

Allowing my eyelids to close, the sounds of the fire being put out lulls me into a euphoric relaxation under the knowledge that I'm quite possibly the luckiest girl on the planet.