



Breaking Hudson

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Description: My life was comfortably boring. I had my one friend and a mundane job to keep me busy. All it took was walking down the wrong street, at the wrong time, and it all changed. Everything around me came crashing down. Hudson was always a lovable jock that was nice to everyone. He wouldn't hurt a fly... right? Everyone is about to find out just how dangerous he can be when my life becomes a prize for the taking.

This is a DARK romance with HEAVY triggers. Readers discretion is HIGHLY advised.

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Colette

Hudson and I are like two peas in a pod, only he is the richer, more popular pea. I am the quiet, introverted pea. We have been friends since the third grade when he asked me if I wanted to play with him and I punched him in the face. I had just moved to town, and I was scared of everyone. I was newly adopted by my aunt and fresh out of an abusive home, so I was constantly on edge.

Through the years, Hudson has hung onto me and refused to let me stop being friends with him. He was always more popular, and I was... not. No matter how popular he was, he always made time for me. He knew I didn't want to be around his other friends, so I never went to parties with him. I didn't want him to get picked on for being friends with the nerdy little introvert that loved to learn and always had a book in her hand.

For over a decade, we have spent every Saturday night together. No matter what we have going on, we spend even just dinner together. His past girlfriends hated this, but he didn't give much room for argument. His favorite thing to tell me is that it's always been me, so I come first.

He owns a successful gym, and I work in an office as a paper pusher, so we are in two totally different parts of our life. I feel bad sometimes because I feel like I am holding him back. I have slowly been pulling away from him. It fucking kills me because I am literally in love with this man, but he's never going to have a chance at real love if I am in the way. Maybe without him around, I can move on and find love as well. That's laughable... I can't even talk to the cashier at the grocery store most of the time.

I wasn't supposed to work today, but I got called in anyway. My boss wanted me to scan in documents that I definitely could have done on Monday. I am so over this day. I just want to go home and go to bed. I am supposed to have dinner with Hudson, but I am about to cancel on him for the first time ever. It's got to start somewhere, and the day after he went on a date sounds like a good time. I try not to be jealous, but I would rather scoop out my eyeballs with a spork than hear about some pretty and perfect blonde he fucked. I will never be her, and that fucking sucks.

When I step out of the office and lock the door, I get my phone out. I am dreading this conversation, but it has to happen. I take a deep breath and force myself to hit the button.

"Hey, Cole," Hudson answers happily. "I expected you to call earlier. Where are we meeting?"

"I'm actually going to have to cancel tonight," I say slowly.

"Woah, what? No," he says. "What's going on? You've never canceled on me."

"It's just been a long day. I had to go to the office and scan shit all day. I'm tired," I say.

"You've fallen asleep more times than I can count when we hang out. Just come watch a movie with me or I'll come over to your place."

"Hudson," I sigh. "I just want to go to bed, okay? All I am going to do is eat something random out of my freezer and read in bed until I pass out."

"What's wrong? Did I do something?"

"No, Huddy. You've not done anything wrong," I sigh.

“Then why are you doing this? Seventeen years, and we’ve never spent a Saturday apart. Why now?”

“You have other friends, Hudson. Just go hang with them,” I say. “I’m walking home. I’ll text you tomorrow.”

“Colette, wait—” I end the call before he can finish his plea. Tears stream down my cheeks as I walk home. I quickly wipe my face and put my phone away. No tears, Colette. It’s not a big deal. He has other friends, and I have... me. I have myself and I am content being alone. Right?

I live a mile away from Hudson, but I have to walk through the worst part of town to catch the bus. From there, I walk a half mile home. I’ll get a car one day, but I get paid for shit. I’ve run into some sketchy people, but it’s not really bad until dark. Unfortunately for me, it’s dark outside.

I start walking down the same alleyway that I go down every day after work. I am suddenly regretting all my life choices about halfway through and it’s pitch black. I hear a commotion as one of the doors swings open. Instinct tells me to hide, so I jump behind a dumpster and crouch down.

“Where the fuck is my money?!” a man shouts. “I fucking told you three days.”

I peek out from behind the dumpster to see a group of men standing around one man that is on the ground with a gun to his head. I cover my mouth to keep from screaming, but I don’t look away.

“I’m sorry. I swear I’ll get it... No. No. No. please don’t. Wai—” His words are cut off when the man with the gun pulls the trigger. I let out a scream but slap my other hand over my mouth.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. What the fuck is wrong with you, Colette? The men snap their head in my direction, and I immediately jump up and back away. “Well. Well. Well. Who do we have here?” the man with the gun sneers.

“I-I’m s-sorry. I w-won’t say a-anything,” I stammer tearfully as all three of them start walking toward me. One of them tuts at me as they spread out in anticipation for me running.

“Oh, it’s too late for that, pretty girl,” the other man chuckles.

“Look at her. She’s shaking,” the man with the gun laughs.

“P-Please,” I beg. “Please, I’m s-sorry. I just wanna g-go h-home.”

“Oh, but you look so fun to play with,” the man with the gun says as my purse is ripped away from me by another. I stumble backward, but hands grip my waist as the other steps behind me.

“Colette Harter. Twenty-six. Lives at 678 West Hasten Street,” the man beside me says.

“I’ll make you a deal, sweetheart,” the man says as he presses his revolver underneath my chin to force my head back. I am trying to stay calm, but tears are steadily streaming down my face.

“W-What?” I choke out.

“Get on your knees and show me how badly you want to live,” he grins. “If I feel teeth, I’ll rip them out of your pretty little face.”

“Please don’t,” I whimper. “Please. I just want to go home.”

“The moment you interrupted my business, you no longer got a choice, Colette,” he leans in to whisper in my ear. “Get on your knees and suck my cock.”

When I don't move, he pulls the hammer back. I instantly break and sink to my knees, making them all laugh. The man keeps the gun pressed against my head as I pull out his dick with shaky hands. As soon as I open my mouth, he grabs me by the hair and shoves himself down my throat. I gag violently and try to push away, but one of the men pull my arms behind my head so the man can start violently fucking my throat. I am trying to breathe through my nose, but I can't. All I can do is gag and retch. I'm trying to keep my mouth wide open, so my teeth don't hit him. It seems like this is never ending.

“Swallow, bitch,” the man grunts out as he starts to come. When the bile starts to rise, he is still going hard. I try to pull back when I feel it coming, but he keeps a tight hold on me. When my body tries to turn itself inside out and throw up, he still doesn't pull away. It comes out of my nose and out of the side of my mouth as he moans and starts to come. The men are laughing when I drop to my hands and continue to gag violently. One of them grabs me by the hair and drags me up to my feet.

“Fifty bucks I can make the whore come,” the man laughs.

“You're on,” another man laughs.

The man who has me by the hair shoves me toward a crate and the other two force me to lie back on the crate.

“Stop!” I scream. “Help! Someone help me!”

“Aww. She thinks someone is gonna come save her,” the man says as he pulls my skirt up. “A pretty little girl and a pretty little thong. I wonder what you taste like?”

“You sick bitch,” another man laughs. “Let’s spit roast this whore.”

“Hold her down. I wanna taste this cunt first,” he says as he rips my thong off. I am sobbing and cannot form words, but my brain is starting to disconnect from my body.

One of them covers my mouth as a tongue glides across my clit. I try to twist my body, but he grabs my inner thighs and squeezes hard. I try to fight the feeling of the quick flicks, but a moan spills out of me when he starts sucking. “She’s already about to come,” one of the men laugh. I am pushing on the man’s head, trying to get him to stop. All he does is suck harder, making my thighs tremble. When the hand comes off my mouth, one of them shoves his dick down my throat and starts to roughly assault me while an unwanted orgasm surfaces. No sooner than he pulls away do I hear a condom wrapper. He grabs a tight hold of my thighs away before ramming inside of me.

“Fuuuuck, this bitch is tight,” he groans and starts to move faster. My brain has had enough, and I shut down. My body goes limp, and they continue to take from me. I start missing chunks of time because the next thing I know, both men are moaning as they come. As soon as I am pulled up, vomit suddenly surfaces, and I throw up all over the man who just raped me.

“You stupid bitch,” he shouts as he slaps me across the face. I cry out in pain as I stumble back, bumping against a pile of trash. I feel around behind me to find something hard to swing, and my hand lands on what feels like a board. I have to get away. They will kill me. I don’t want to die. I just want to go home. When he steps toward me, I swing it at his head, and he hits the ground when a nail sticking out of the end embeds into the side of his skull. The other two men take their attention off me for long enough that I can snatch up my bag from the ground and sprint toward the end of the alleyway. I scream and force myself to move faster when bullets hit the wall beside me.

When I get to the end, I turn left and keep running as fast as I can. I'm afraid if I stop, they'll kill me. I think I just killed that man. I just wanted them to stop hurting me. I didn't want to kill anyone.

I keep running and running until my street comes into view. When I get to my house, I lock the doors and rush to my bathroom. I am panting and sobbing as I yank my clothes off and get into the cold water. All at once, the adrenaline rushes out of my body, and I bring myself down to the shower floor. I need Hudson. I shouldn't have blown him off. He will know what to do. He always does.

I reach out of the shower and get my phone from my bag. I am leaning on the edge of the tub crying as the phone rings.

"Hey. Miss me already?" he teases.

"Huddy, I need you," I sob.

"What happened? Where are you?" he says hurriedly.

"Home," I sniffle. "Please hurry. Please."

"I'm coming, Cole. What happened?" he asks.

"I went down an alley... I said no... I didn't mean to hurt anyone..." I try to explain through broken sobs. "Huddy, I need you."

"I'm close, baby. I promise, I'm close," he says.

"They know where I live, Hudson. Please," I plead.

"Fuck. Okay. I'm on your street, okay? Where are you in the house?"

“The shower,” I whimper. “I just wanted the feeling to go away.”

“I’m here. Don’t you hang up until you see me. Okay? I’m coming in,” he warns.

“Okay,” I whisper.

I still involuntarily drop my phone and scream when the bathroom door opens. I end up curled in a ball on the shower floor, shaking.

“I’m here. I’ve got you,” Hudson says as he shuts the water off and pulls me up, then wraps me in a towel and sets me on my feet. He then leans down and tosses my phone back into my bag before handing it to me. “Let’s grab you some stuff, okay?”

“Okay,” I whimper. He leads me out and to my bedroom so he can sit me down. I am clinging to my towel as he gets a bag down and quickly throws clothes inside. He grabs everything he thinks I might need like my e-reader, journal, and the ultra soft throw blanket I sleep with.

“Stand up, baby. Let me help you get dressed,” he says gently. I nod and let him stand me up. His movements are slow as he pulls the towel from me and tosses it on the bed. I am still sniffing, trying to not openly sob again. “What happened to your thighs, Cole? Who did this?”

“Those men,” I whisper. “They... They hurt me.”

Hudson clenches his jaw and takes a deep breath. He doesn’t say anything. Instead, he pulls one of the many shirts of his that I stole from him over my head. It comes down mid-thigh, so when he has me step into underwear and shorts, it still looks like I have nothing on under it.

“Let’s go, Colette,” he says.

“I’m sorry,” I whimper as tears start to roll down my cheeks.

“For what, Cole?”

“For ditching you,” I sniff. “If I hadn’t... Maybe they wouldn’t have r... I can’t even say it. Why can’t I say it?”

“You don’t have to say it right now, sweetie,” he says as he slings my bag of items over his shoulder and leads me out of the room. “We need to go though, okay? I don’t trust the car down the block.”

“Okay,” I sigh.

Hudson leads me out of the house and hurries me to his truck. He has a lifted Silverado 2500 and I’m just over five feet, so he tosses my stuff into the back seat before picking me up and sitting me in the truck. I am happy about it because I don’t have the energy to climb right now.

As we are pulling out and driving down the road, a SUV pulls into my driveway. I immediately sink down into my seat, but Hudson pulls the center armrest up and pulls me over to lay my head in his lap. I stay curled up on the seat, trying to stay hidden for the drive over to Hudson’s house. He lives on a gated property, so I feel safer once we get into his driveway.

Hudson’s phone starts ringing but when I try to sit up, he puts his hand on my waist to tell me I don’t have to move.

“Hey, man,” Hudson answers. “No, I’m with Cole... No... It’s just not a good time, Dallas... I’m good... I’ll call you tomorrow... see ya.”

“Dallas Higgins?” I ask quietly when he ends the call.

“Yeah,” he says. “Let’s get you inside.”

“Thank you,” I whisper.

“Anything for you, Cole,” he says with a smile. “Do you want to shower or talk about what happened?”

“Both, really,” I say as we walk inside. “I just don’t trust I won’t melt down again.”

“Do you want me to help you?” he asks seriously.

“Like shower with me?” I ask, wide-eyed.

“Yes,” he says. “You can say no, Colette.”

“It’s just… You’re gorgeous and distracting, Hudson,” I say bluntly. “I’m… not.”

“Ah, but it’ll keep you distracted instead of curling up on the shower floor,” he smiles playfully. “Do you trust me with this?”

“Yes. I don’t think you’d ever hurt me,” I say. “Just self-conscious.”

“I’m going to break you of that one day, love,” he says as he sets my bag on his bed and walks to the bathroom. When he returns, he gestures for me to come with him. I sigh and go into the bathroom. Being distracted by the fact I’m about to get naked with my best friend is oddly nice for what I’m about to have to explain.

When I get to the bathroom, he tells me to undress and get into the shower before leaving the bathroom to gather clothing for us. I do as he says and get in. The warm water temporarily soothes me and I relax a bit.

A few minutes go by, and I scream when a hand touches my waist. I spin around and Hudson immediately hugs me. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. I should have warned you before," he says softly.

"I don't know why I reacted like that. I knew you were coming," I mutter.

"Let's do this. Close your eyes and talk. Focus on whatever you have to, but let me take care of you, okay?" he asks. "Also... you understand that showering gets rid of evidence, yes?"

"I can't go to the police. I think... I think one of them is dead," I admit softly.

"Okay. Just close your eyes and talk," he says.

"Okay," I say with a sigh before closing my eyes. "I got off the phone with you and was walking home. I have never walked through the sketchy part of town at night before, but I just wanted to go home. I walked down the alleyway between some random business and a restaurant. There was a noise, so I ended up hiding. These people came out, and there were three men, and this one guy was on the ground. They were talking about how he owed them money or something, I guess. One of the men shot him and I screamed. I was trying to keep quiet, but it stunned me for a moment. I stood up and backed away, but I was too scared to turn and run. They spread out and got to me fast... The guy with the gun put his revolver under my chin and basically told me that if I didn't want to die that I needed to suck his dick. I... he pulled the hammer back. I was scared out of my mind, so I just... did what I was told. He took over immediately though and was violent about it. I kept gagging and trying to pull away because I knew I was about to throw up, but he wouldn't stop. Even when I did throw up, he still didn't stop. It came out of my nose and everything... Once he finished, the other two guys forced me to lay on this crate thing. They were making bets that they could make me have an orgasm. Two of them held me down while the guy who bet he could started... eating me out... that was the most disgusting feeling.

One man took to forcing himself down my throat while the other guy put on a condom and raped me... I must have blacked out or something because I don't remember most of it. After they raped me, he pulled me up to stand and I immediately threw up all over him. He got pissed and slapped me. When I stumbled back, I ran into this pile of trash. I felt around to see if I could get anything to defend myself, and I found something that felt kind of like a board. When he got close enough, I thought he was going to hurt me again... I hit him on the side of the head. I didn't know there was a nail sticking out of it. I just wanted him to stop. I just wanted to go home... The nail stuck into the side of his head. Like his temple. He hit the ground, so I grabbed my bag and ran. They shot at me, but I got out of the alleyway before they could get to me. I just kept running until I got home. I got in the shower, but ended up sitting on the floor. That's when I called you."

Hudson doesn't say anything for a moment. He is kneeled down, washing my legs, but he is tense. He is angry and it's strange to see him like this. He is such a sweet and caring man. Even when he's pissed off, I've never seen him like this. When he stands up, he hugs me. "I'm so sorry that happened, Colette," he says softly.

"Thank you for coming to me," I say when he pulls away.

"Thank you for trusting me," he says, cupping my cheek. "You have fought me for a long time about moving in here. I'm not giving you a choice anymore. They will be looking for you, and I don't want you alone. Okay?"

"That's very possessive of you, Huddy," I say with a small smile.

"I'll accept it," he chuckles before turning serious again. "No one hurts my girl and gets away with it. I promise you right now, they will pay for what they did to you. There is a lot that you don't know, but it's time that you find out."

"I trust you," I say.

“Tell me why you canceled on me. The real reason,” he says.

“I feel like it’s only fair, considering you just washed evidence of a gang rape off of me,” I say. “You went on a date last night and I didn’t want to hear about it. I’ve been trying to pull away from you because I feel like you will never find happiness with a woman if I’m always around. It sucks, and I hated every minute of that, but you deserve all of the good things that the world has to offer. Having me around is making you miss out on things.”

“I didn’t go on a date last night, Cole. I was with Riley,” he smiles. “I never took you for the jealous type.”

“I don’t know who Riley is. Really, I don’t know who any of your friends are,” I say. “The last time you went on a date, I had to endure the conversation where you explained how you fucked her in the backseat of your truck. Maybe I am jealous. I know that it will never be me and I’m only getting in the way.”

“Back up,” he grins. “Did you just say that you want me to fuck you in the backseat of my truck?”

“I... I’m not going to answer that,” I say as a blush heats my cheek and I drop my head. He gently lifts my head and he’s still smiling. “If you are about to make fun of me, please don’t.”

“Why would I make fun of you for liking me?” he asks simply.

“Because we are too totally different people. You are a big muscly jock and I’m a tiny little nerd with a big ass,” I say, and he laughs heartily.

“We are more similar than you think,” he says. “We listen to the same kind of music. We play the same kind of games. We enjoy the same movies. I mean, yeah, I own a

gym, but I don't understand what that has to do with the dump truck you're carrying around."

"Dick," I laugh and hit his arm. "I just mean that I'm not your type."

"What is my type then, Colette?" he asks, with an eyebrow raised.

"Blonde, pretty, outgoing, big tits, big ass, and a small waist," I say. "That's literally what all of your ex-girlfriends look like."

"Describe yourself like that," he says.

"I'm quiet, anxious, a bit ugly, and fat," I say.

"You are quiet, yes, but there is nothing wrong with that. You have anxiety, but so do I. Just because you don't see it doesn't mean it's not there," he says before stepping closer and gently grabbing my chin so I can't look away from him. "If I ever hear you degrade my best friend again, I'll tickle you until you pee yourself. Got it?"

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“Good thing I’m already in the shower,” I smile softly.

“Cole, you are gorgeous. Big fucking deal. You are not a size zero, but you know what?”

“What?” I sigh.

“I don’t care how big or small you are. As long as you are healthy, I could still pick you up and fuck you all the same,” he says bluntly. “I mean this from the bottom of my heart when I tell you that being in the friend zone with you is the last thing I want.”

“I don’t understand,” I say quietly.

“What do you want, Colette? For just a moment, force yourself out of that little bubble and tell me what you want. We have known each other for seventeen years and we have threatened this development in our relationship since we were twelve. Don’t act like this is sudden, because it’s not.”

I take a moment to just look at Hudson. I’ve seen the way he looks at me for a long time now, but I always thought there was no way he wanted more no matter the looks or the hinting at wanting more. I never considered that I actually had a chance with him. I’m so stressed and he is the only thing that brings me peace. So why don’t just take what I want?

Shoving all of my anxiety aside, I’ll make a split-second decision. If I think about it for too long, I will freak myself out, so I just do it. I stand up on my tiptoes and grab

his face before pressing my lips against his. Regret immediately washes over me, and I try to pull away.

Hudson instantly pushes me back against the wall. He has one hand wrapped on the back of my neck and my chin is lifted with his thumb. “Mine,” he growls before kissing me hard. This time, I relax against him, and he grabs the back of my thighs to pick me up. I wrap myself around him as he keeps me pinned against the wall. We are completely and utterly lost in this kiss. It feels like all that is right in the world is guiding us through this moment.

“Fuck,” he sighs and drops me to my feet. He still has me pressed against the wall and I have my hands resting on his sculpted chest. Hudson is built like a brick wall. He is six foot three and solid muscle.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper.

“It’s not that, sweetheart,” he says. “I’m trying to remind myself that someone hurt you. I have built up this fantasy in my mind about what this would be like when we finally got here, so I am just trying to dial it back a bit.”

“You fantasize about me?” I ask.

“Mhmm,” he says with a smile. “I have since I hit puberty.”

“I... really?” I ask, shocked.

“Yes,” he laughs.

“Is it wrong that I want to act on those fantasies, even though I just got raped?” I ask.

“There isn’t a rulebook for how to cope with rape,” he says. “You are safe with me so

you can heal however you want to. I will say though, if it doesn't include me fucking you in a shower... we should probably get out and get dressed."

"I just want to stop thinking about it for a second," I admit. "I'm also afraid that this is out of pity."

"I am not going to pity fuck you," he laughs. "Also, I've been jerking off to you since I was twelve. This is nothing compared to what I've pictured doing to you."

"I don't know how to respond to that," I laugh. Hudson chuckles and shuts the water off before wrapping me in a soft towel. He ties one around his waist before we step out. I let him help me dry off and put on one of his shirts. He puts on a pair of gray sweatpants with nothing else, and it suddenly feels like torture. It is so hard not to look when he wears these damn sweatpants. Working in the gym, he does it frequently.

"My eyes are up here, Cole," he teases.

"I think it's looking at me," I say. "Why do you have to keep wearing the sweatpants?"

"Because it gets you to look at my dick," he laughs. "You suck at trying to hide that you do it."

"No comment," I say as we step out of the bathroom. "Am I taking the guest room or the couch?"

"Neither. You are staying in here with me," he says. "Lay down. We can watch a movie."

"Hudson. You don't have to adopt me like a puppy," I say. "I can sleep on my own."

“That’s the thing, Cole. I don’t think you actually want to sleep alone. I know that I don’t want to,” he says. “If you do, you are more than welcome to take over the guestroom. Otherwise, you are sleeping in here with me.”

“How on earth does that work? That doesn’t help me thinking I’m in the way of you building a future for yourself,” I argue. “How are you supposed to be in a relationship with someone if your best friend is in bed with you?”

“The only person I want to be in a relationship with is you,” he says. “I had plans on telling you that tonight either way, so I feel like it’s only appropriate that I stick to my plan.”

“What?” I ask.

“I was planning to tell you how I feel tonight. You canceled on me, but I was still going to come over,” he says.

“How... how do you feel about me?” I ask timidly. Hudson walks around and pulls back the covers before getting into bed. He pats the bed beside me, and I sigh heavily before I lay with him. We are laying on our sides facing each other, and he is smiling softly at me. “So?”

“I think you should say what you think first,” he says.

“That’s not fair,” I frown.

“Humor me, Cole,” he says.

“Fine. I’m in love with you and it fucking hurts to be close but not close enough,” I say bluntly as tears well up. Maybe if I can scare him away, it will be easier. “I have this whole life built in my mind that I don’t think I’ll ever obtain. You will find some

pretty little blonde to marry and I will have to just learn how to be alone.”

“I think I’d rather have a pretty little brunette in my bed,” he says softly as he twirls my mahogany brown hair around his finger.

“Hudson,” I sigh.

“Colette, honey. I’ve loved you since the day you punched me in the face on the playground,” Hudson says gently. “It’s always been you, Colette. It always will be you.”

“Please don’t mess with my head,” I say quietly. “Please don’t.”

“Come here, Cole,” he says. I move closer and he pulls me against his chest and lifts my chin. “I love you, Colette. I’m going to marry you someday, and I’ll put a baby in your belly. We will be together forever because we are soulmates, baby. I know we are.”

“Are you trying to breed me, river boy?” I ask with a sly smile.

“We’d make pretty babies,” he grins.

“A nerdy jock,” I laugh. “You know something, Huddy?”

“What’s that?”

“I love how no matter how bad of a day I’ve had, you can still make me smile,” I say.

“Laying here with you... I can almost forget I was violently raped.”

“Are you feeling okay?” he asks.

“Yeah. No bleeding and I’m not sore,” I say. “I’m glad he used a condom, though.”

“I’m glad you slammed a nail into his brain,” he smirks.

“Am I going to go to jail for that?” I ask.

“From the sounds of it, they don’t want the police involved and whatever they have going on,” he says.

“You said there was a lot I don’t know. What do you mean?” I ask.

“I’ll explain tomorrow,” he says. “What can I do for you right now?”

“Fuck me,” I say, searching his face to see if I just fucked up.

“Girl... Don’t play with me. I’ll do it,” he says seriously.

“I need to get rid of the feeling of their hands on me,” I say. “I don’t like the memory of how he forced me to have an orgasm. They laughed and made fun of me... mocked me for crying... I need to get it out of my head, and I trust you with my thoughts. I don’t want to think about it.”

“I need you to understand a few things, okay?” he says.

“Which are?”

“The moment we do this, you have to stop pushing me away. You are not someone who is just a quick fuck, so it won’t be just a one-time thing,” he says. “I need you to be able to communicate with me, because I don’t want to hurt you.”

“How would you hurt me?” I ask. Hudson takes my hand and presses it against him. I

thought his sweatpants didn't hide anything, but I had no fucking idea just how big he is. He is unimaginably large.

"Is this fantasy, Hudson? Holy fuck," I say, and he laughs. "That thing is not fitting inside of me."

"Oh, I'll make it fit," he grins.

"I am suddenly grateful that those fuckers had average dicks," I mutter.

"So again, I need you to communicate with me. I know you are naturally shy and quiet, but this is not the time for that. I need you to be honest with me if I'm hurting you," he says.

"Okay," I say. "Just... don't break me."

"I'll keep you safe," he grins as he rolls me onto my back and kisses me. I relax into the bed, and he slowly moves his hand down. He slips my panties down and breaks our kiss to pull the shirt off me. "My God, you are beautiful."

"I can't be the only naked one, Hudson. I'll panic," I warn. He smiles at me before sitting up and pulling his sweatpants down. My mouth falls open in shock as he gets them off and tosses them to the floor. "Hudson, I think we might be better friends. My organs are scared."

"Trust me?" he says softly, gently kneading my breast.

"Mmm. Yes," I sigh.

"I won't hurt you, Cole. Just talk to me, okay?" he says. I nod and he kisses me hard. This time, it is filled with passion and lust. He gently runs his fingers up my inner

thigh, being careful with the bruises that have formed. He pulls back from them just as he pushes two fingers inside of me. I immediately gasp and arch off the bed.

“Fuck,” I pant when his fingers expertly tease me from the inside. “Dear God, what are you doing?!”

“Has no one consensually made you come before, Cole?” he asks, as he curls his fingers and starts to fuck me with his hand.

“No. Oh my God, Hudson,” I moan. I am gripping onto his bicep, but I whine when he moves down on the bed slightly and I suddenly have nothing to hold onto.

“I’m about to blow your fucking mind then,” he chuckles. He dips down and flicks his tongue across my clit and tears well up.

“Fuck. Wait. Hudson, wait,” I almost yell.

“Who’s got you, baby?” he asks, kissing my inner thigh.

“Hudson,” I whimper.

“Every time a memory shows up, remind yourself who’s got you, okay?” he says. When I nod, he lightly sucks on my clit and a guttural groan comes from my deep in my chest. He steadily quickens his pace, and my eyes roll back as my pleasure starts to surface. It feels so different from before and I want more of it.

“Oh, fuck. Hudson. Oh God, I’m going to come,” I moan.

Hudson abruptly pulls his fingers out of me and rolls us on the bed so that he can pull me down to sit on his face. I try to move off of him, but he immediately wraps his arms around my thighs to hold me in place. I am so damn close to coming, and I want

it so badly. I give into the feeling and rock my hips.

I moan loud and helplessly as my orgasm washes over me, but he doesn't stop. I don't want him to stop. This is unlike anything I have experienced, and I never want it to stop. Another orgasm surfaces fast and I am nearly in tears when he doesn't stop. When a new pleasure starts to surface, it's different. It creates more pressure, and for the first time, I start to fight against it. He doesn't let go of me and every time I try to pull away, he nips my clit.

"Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. Hudson, I'm gonna... Oh fuck," I cry out when it suddenly punches through me. Behind the blinding orgasm is my arousal flooding out of me. I'm instantly horrified, but he growls against my pussy as he drinks from me.

Hudson finally stops and rolls us back, so I am lying down. I cover my mouth in shock. I'm so mortified, but he looks delighted. "You are fucking amazing, Colette. I could make you come all day like that," he says before kissing me. The sweet taste of my arousal relaxes me, and he pulls away.

"I never... I don't know what... I feel like I should apologize," I admit.

"Cole, squirting is normal and amazing. I would happily drown in your come if I could," he says.

"That's disgusting, Huddy," I laugh. Hudson smiles playfully as he moves himself to settle between my legs. I'm trying not to focus on the fact that he has a massive dick that I am definitely afraid of.

"Relax, Colette," he says soothingly. "I promise, this will go much easier if you are not tensed up."

"Do you consider yourself dominant?" I ask.

“I suppose so,” he smirks.

“Then I need you to just fuck me already. This slow lead up is going to make me panic,” I say. “I might still panic. Either way, don’t stop. I want this so badly.”

“Even if you fight me?” he asks before kissing my neck.

“Yes,” I breathe.

“Take a deep breath, Colette,” he says gently, pulling away to look at me. I have a death grip on his biceps, but I do what he says, and take a long, deep breath. On my exhale, he slowly fills me.

“Fuck,” I groan. “Bad idea. Abort. You don’t fit, Huddy.”

“Relax, Cole,” he says with amusement in his voice. He gently kisses my neck again and I start to relax. “Remember, I love you.”

“Wha... Oh fuck!” I scream when he abruptly slams himself inside of me. He is stretching me in ways that I’m not sure I should be able to stretch. He allows me absolutely no time to adjust before he starts to fuck me hard and deep. I am nearly silent as I arch off the bed and dig my nails into his arm.

“My sweet girl,” he mutters. “You look so beautiful stuffed with my cock.”

“It hurts,” I whine.

“You’re doing so well, Cole,” he praises. “Keep relaxing.”

He is slowly rocking his hips, filling me deeply, but not moving fast. I whimper and moan and eventually I relax and pleasure sweeps in. “Oh, dear God,” I moan.

“That’s my good girl,” he rumbles before kissing me hard. Hudson hooks his arms behind my knees and folds me, making me scream out when he starts pounding into me.

“Oh, please. Oh, please. I’m gonna come. Hudson, please,” I moan.

“Who owns this pussy, Colette?” he demands.

“You,” I gasp.

“Say it. Who owns this pussy?”

“Hudson,” I cry out again. I end up stuck in a loop of yelling his name as I slowly move through my orgasm. He ends up wrapping his hand around my throat but doesn’t cut off my breathing. He presses on the sides of my neck and something about it makes my eyes roll back.

“Fuuuuck, Colette ,” he moans as his rhythm falters, and he starts to come. Instead of rolling to the bed beside me, he brings himself down on my chest, and I wrap my arms around him.

“Christ, Huddy. You are a monster,” I pant.

“Your titties make a great pillow,” he mutters, making me laugh. “Pillows shouldn’t be laughing. Be a better pillow, Cole.”

“I’m so tired now,” I say after a while.

“Let’s get you cleaned up, and then we can go to bed,” he says before kissing my chest between my breasts and getting up.

“I can...”

“Stay,” he says. Hudson goes to the bathroom and returns with what he needs to clean me. I’m expecting it to be weird for him to clean his come off of me, but it’s not. It’s soothing and a level of care I’ve never never received before. When he gets done, he joins me in bed, and I roll to snuggle into his chest as he wraps his arm around me.

The one thing about our friendship is that it was never abnormal for us to cuddle. Almost every time we end up watching a movie together, we end up in his bed or mine, and I always fall asleep. Maybe that should have been my first clue?

I try not to think about what happened today, but it sneaks its way into my mind as I’m laying here in his arms. I feel like this situation is breaking Hudson. There are some parts of his life that I don’t know anything about, like his work life. I know nothing about that gym or anyone he associates with. I think if we are going to be together, it’s time for me to socialize.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:00 am

Colette

“Hey. Colette. Wake up, sweetheart,” Hudson urges. I gasp and jump out of bed, only to be caught by Hudson. “You’re okay. Slow down.”

“Why did you scare me like that?” I whimper. I realize now that I’m crying. Why am I crying?

“You were having a nightmare,” he says, hugging me. “I tried to let you come out of it on your own, but you started crying and it was afraid you weren’t breathing.”

“I’m sorry,” I sniffle.

“It’s okay, Cole. Do you want to come to the gym with me for a few?” he asks.

“You aren’t going to make me run, are you?” I ask.

“No,” he laughs. “I just need to talk to the guys.”

“They don’t know me,” I say.

“They think you’re a man because I call you Cole,” he says, and I laugh. “You’re going to learn a lot today, Colette. I need you to keep an open mind and understand that I will never hurt you, okay?”

“I mean... I am sore, so that’s a lie,” I say. “I understand.”

“I talked to Dallas a little bit ago. He’s the only one who knows what’s going on,” he says. “Colton, Jayden, Andrew, and Doug have no idea why I asked them to come up to see me.”

“Dallas is the guy from high school, right?” I ask.

“Yeah. He already knew who you were. I always told him if you wanted to come around, you would.”

“Apparently it takes getting raped in an alleyway by three random men,” I say bitterly. “I’m... afraid they won’t like me.”

“One, they will likely pick on you, but not in a negative way. They are just... annoying,” he laughs. “They’re nice. I went to college with all of them.”

“Ah. Frat brothers,” I say. “Let me get dressed and I’ll be ready. I wore my contacts to bed when I shouldn’t have. I’ll have to wear my glasses today.”

“I like you in your glasses,” he smiles. “I know you feel weird about wearing glasses, so I’ll wear mine.”

“Since when do you wear glasses?” I ask.

“Since my vision started going to shit when I got older,” he says. “I’m in the four-eye community now, Cole.”

“You’re annoying,” I laugh.

“Get dressed,” he says before kissing me. I look around for my bag, but I don’t see it. Hudson chuckles and points to the closet. “I put your clothes up. We can have the guys go back with us to your house and get everything else. We can just donate the

furniture.”

“Are you sure you want me to live with you?” I ask.

“Colette, I’ve been asking you to live with me since we turned eighteen. I was completely willing to ditch the fraternity to live with you.”

“I thought you just felt bad for me,” I shrug and go to the closet. I choose snug-fitting jeans and a T-shirt. I go to the bathroom and take my contacts out before putting my glasses on. I turn around and Hudson is watching me. He has glasses on now, and it is probably the hottest thing I have ever seen this man wear.

“What?” he asks with a smirk. “Like them?”

“I... That is hot as fuck,” I say.

“Well, I will wear them more if you wear yours more. I know you hate contacts,” he says.

“Okay,” I laugh.

“Is it appropriate now to tell you that your ass looks great in those jeans?” he asks.

“Hudson, you said that like a week ago. It’s not new.”

“Well, you look amazing as always,” he says before kissing me. “Let’s go.”

When we get to the truck, Hudson lifts me up and sits me in the truck before going around to get in. As we drive, I scroll the news to see if there is a new murder investigation going on. I am hyper focused on the fact that I might go to jail. Maybe I should just turn myself in? It was an accident after all. I was defending myself. I

shouldn't get in too much trouble for that.

When we get to Hudson's gym, he turns and looks at me. "What's on your mind?"

"I think I should just go turn myself in for what I did. There's no way that guy survived," I say.

"Come in and talk to everyone first, and we can go from there, okay?" he says. "I'm not telling you to not go to the police, but you saw them shoot someone in cold blood over owing money. I have a feeling it has something to do with a gang or the mafia. They are not people you want to go to the police about, because they probably have the police in their pockets."

"They're going to come after me, aren't they?" I ask.

"Yeah," he says sympathetically. "One step at a time, okay?"

"Okay," I sigh.

Hudson comes around and helps me out, so I don't have to jump. Right away, there are sounds of weights hitting the floor mixed with an occasional grunt.

"It's sounds like a bunch of jocks are fucking on a weight bench," I say, making Hudson laugh.

"Hey! Hudson!" Dallas says cheerfully. He racks his weights before coming over to us.

"Hey," Hudson says, shaking his hand.

"I'm Dallas," Dallas says, shaking my hand.

“I know,” I smile warmly. “We went to school together.”

“Didn’t figure you saw anything outside of your books,” he says with a wink.

“It’s been twenty seconds since she walked in, asshole,” Hudson says.

“Think I’m bad? Wait until they find out Cole is a girl,” Dallas grins. “Hey guys. Come meet Cole.”

“Cole?” a man asks. “That’s a lady.”

“Don’t assume, asshole,” another man says, punching him in the arm.

“Shit, my bad,” the first man says.

“My name is Colette,” I laugh. “Hudson has just always called me Cole.”

“Wait...” another man says. “Cole... The one you hang out with every Saturday?”

“That’s the one,” Hudson laughs. “We’ve been friends since she punched me in the third grade. We are dating now, though.”

“Since when?” another man asks.

“Can I get names?” I ask. “I think I know them, but I don’t know who they belong to.”

“That is Colton Smith, Jayden Ruiz, Andrew Slager and Doug Jones,” Hudson says.

“All five are trainers.”

“Do you work out with Hudson?” Dallas asks innocently.

“Ha... I guess you could put it that way,” Hudson say with a grin, making the others laugh.

“No, I don’t,” I say with blushed cheeks.

“Why not?” Colton asks.

“Because I’ll get crushed by weights,” I say. “Also, do I look like someone who works out?”

“Oop. Don’t answer that, buddy,” Doug says.

“You could,” Colton shrugs.

“I spend far too much time at the office for that,” I laugh. “Which reminds me, Hudson...”

“I love you, but you are not going back there,” Hudson says.

“I thought you’d say that. Am I just a bum living at your house now?” I ask.

“No, you can come here,” Hudson says. “Or stay home and read. Either way, you are not a bum.”

“What in the world would I do here?” I ask. “Train people on how to eat junk food?”

“No, smartass,” he laughs. “We both have a master’s in business administration. I am opening another gym soon, so you can help me do business shit.”

“Why do I have a feeling you are drowning in paperwork?”

“Hey. I had to make sure there was work for you when I finally stole you away from that sketchy office,” he says.

“Yep. Stay too late and it gets even more sketchy,” I frown.

“Huh?” Jayden asks.

“So... Let’s go downstairs,” Hudson says.

“Downstairs?” I ask.

“One of the many things I’m about to explain,” he says before kissing me.

We all walk downstairs to the basement, and it opens up into a huge room. There is a large mat in the center with a red circle on it. All of the seating is facing toward the mat, and there is a bar in the back with more seating. I turn to look at Hudson and he is studying me.

“Do you run a fight club?” I ask him.

“I do,” Hudson says. “Thoughts?”

“Why don’t I ever see you hurt?” I ask. “I see you more than just Saturdays.”

“Because I’m good,” he says as he lifts me up to sit me on one of the tables.

“They call him the Reaper,” Dallas says as he and the others come over.

“Why?” I ask him.

“Because...” Dallas starts to say, but stops.

“Because I inadvertently killed someone with a well-placed punch to the head,” he says, standing in front of me.

“At least I’m not the only one out here murdering people,” I say, making him smile. “What else?”

“Uh. Betting. Sometimes people like to bet when they don’t have the money and... well that doesn’t go well for them,” Hudson says carefully.

“You mean...” I start to ask. For whatever reason, panic swells inside of me when all I can imagine is Hudson being one of the three men. Being surrounded by these five men is suddenly overwhelming. I hop off the table and back up, but Hudson gently grabs my waist and pulls me back to him.

“Breathe, Colette,” he says, taking my face between his hands.

“You... How many?”

“I don’t know,” he says softly.

“Say it,” I say tearfully, trying to calm down.

“I have killed people, and I don’t know how many,” he says. I try to pull away again, but he holds onto me. “Listen, Colette. I am not those men. That is not how I operate. I make sure that whatever I do, it doesn’t involve others. I would never do what those men did, okay? I would never hurt you, Colette.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I don’t know why...”

“It’s been less than a day, baby. I wanted to tell you all of this now because I can certainly help, but you need to know how I’m able to,” he says. “Also, if we are

together, you deserve to know this side of me.”

“I don’t know if I fit into this world, but I want you,” I say.

“Well, I fit in you, so that’s gotta count for something,” he says with a playful grin.

“Hardly,” I say, returning his smile. “You’re sugar-coating things. Give it to me straight.”

“I’m going to find who hurt you and I’m going to beat the ever-loving fuck out of them for what they did to you,” he says. “If there is anyone on this planet that I am willing to kill for without hesitation, it’s you, Colette.”

“You’d kill for me?” I ask with a smile.

“In a heartbeat,” he says. “No one hurts my girl... No one.”

“So... do we get to find out what’s going on?” Doug asks.

“Good?” Hudson asks me.

“Go ahead,” I sigh.

“Last night, Colette was leaving work. She was later than usual, so it was dark. She ended up in an alley but hid when people came out of one of the buildings. They shot some guy for owing them money but spotted her when she reacted to the shot. They all then raped her in various ways. She was stood up at one point and threw up on one of them. He hit her and she got hold of a board. When she swung it at him, there happened to be a nail sticking out of it. So, she slammed the nail into the guy’s head and ran. She got home and called me. I immediately went and got her, so now she lives with me.”

“They got my address off my license,” I say quietly. “They know my name... age... address... they still have my license, I think.”

“I’m going to fuck someone up,” Dallas says. “What did they look like?”

“So... he’s missing details,” I say.

“Figured I’d let you explain if you wanted them to know,” Hudson says.

“Well, if any of y’all are killing for me, it’s only fair you know what happened to me,” I say. “They all were white. Had a Russian accent,” I say. “The first guy that made me blow him... He seemed like the pack leader almost. He was definitely the oldest. The guy that raped me, the one I killed, he seemed like the youngest. The other one that assaulted me orally... he, I guess, is younger than the leader, but not younger than the one I killed. The one I killed hardly looked my age.”

“What alley?” Colton asks.

“The one next to The Galway Pub,” I say. I think that’s the door they came out of, actually. Like their back door, or whatever.”

“Shit, girl,” Andrew says.

“What? Is that bad?” I ask.

“There is a Russian mafia around here that openly abuses women. They never get charged with rape because the victim never lives, and evidence disappears,” Hudson sighs. “It’s the Ivankov brothers. Vlad is the oldest. Middle is Dima and the youngest is Akim.”

“Oh... shit,” I say slowly. “That’s bad.”

“Very bad,” Hudson says.

“But... manageable,” Doug says.

“How?” I ask.

“Well... Hudson here is basically the mafia as well. Others don’t start wars with us, because we have far too many people behind us,” he says. “If you two are married, you belong to him. It means that if he fucks with you, everyone will be on his ass.”

“I mean we still will,” Hudson says.

“Yes, but the others will only rally behind you for family or those you consider family. They don’t care about girlfriends. If you are married; they’ll help you with no questions asked,” Doug explains.

“Time to see if you really meant it, I guess,” I say to Hudson. “That was a joke. You don’t have to marry me.”

“I certainly wasn’t joking,” Hudson says. “They’re right. We get married, we have a lot more support.”

“It’s not uncommon for people to keep their engagements a secret. Get Makayla and Kaylee to throw some shit together,” Jayden says.

“Who?” I ask.

“Makayla is Colton’s wife and Kaylee is Jayden’s,” Dallas says.

“Is that what you want?” Hudson asks me.

“Look... I’ve been in love with you for as long as I can remember. I want this forever, so if you do too, let’s get married. I mean, hell, you’ve already threatened to get me pregnant,” I say.

“Alright,” Hudson says with a smile. “Let’s get married.”

“Yeah?” I say excitedly.

“Mhmm,” he smiles. “Next Saturday.”

“Always a Saturday,” I say with a smile. He kisses me hard before grabbing the backs of my thighs and picking me up. I giggle and wrap my arms and legs around him. When he sits me back on the table, he cups my face.

“There is a fight tonight. You don’t have to be here for it,” he says.

“Are you fighting?” I ask.

“I am,” he says.

“Then I’ll be here,” I say.

“Guys, do y’all care to come with us to her house? We are going to get the rest of her stuff. Everything else is getting donated.”

“Hell yeah,” Dallas says. “Let the motherfuckers show up.”

“Y’all ready to go then? I’d like to get some time with the bag before tonight,” Hudson says.

“Let go,” Jayden says.

We all pull into the driveway. Not all the vehicles can fit, so a few are in the grass. The street is quiet but we all immediately notice the blacked-out SUV down the block.

“Is that...” I go to ask.

“Don’t look at them,” Hudson says. “Let’s just focus on this.”

I nod and go first up to my door. When I turn the key in my lock, it doesn’t click. I know we locked it when we left. Why isn’t it locked now? I stay standing in front of the door, staring at the handle. I don’t understand. No one is rushing me, but I know they are all confused. Something is wrong. I don’t know what, but I don’t think I want to go into this house.

“Colette,” Hudson says softly, gently resting his hand on my back.

“Something is wrong,” I say.

“How so?”

“The door. You locked it. I saw you lock it. It’s not locked right now. I turned the key, and it did not click. Someone has been in this house,” I say. I glance behind me, and I see that the blacked-out SUV has the passenger window down. I cannot make out who it is, but there are two people in that vehicle, at a minimum.

“Dallas, do you want to...” he starts to ask.

“No!” I snap when I look back and notice that there is a thin wire connecting from the door frame to the bottom corner of the door itself. “Get away from the house. Back up.”

Hudson immediately grabs my arm, and we back away from the house. All of a sudden, an explosion goes off and Hudson wraps his arms around me before bringing us both to the ground beside the truck. He is shielding my body with his, but I can still feel the shift in the air when the blast goes off. Somewhere on the street, tires screech as the SUV drives away. I turn my head just enough to be able to make out the letters. “RYY” on the plate, followed by numbers that I can’t remember.

“Fuck. Are you okay?” Hudson asks, pulling me up to sit as he checks me for injuries.

“Uh... yeah. My ears are ringing,” I say. “The others?”

“Everyone good?” Hudson asks.

“Yeah,” Dallas says. “Now I’m really gonna kill these fuckers.”

“We need to get out of here before the cops show up,” Hudson says. “I’ll replace anything you need or want. Let’s go grab some food.”

Hudson doesn’t give me any room to argue. He simply picks me up from the ground and puts me back into the truck. My house is on fire now and the entire front wall of the house has been blown off. There is debris on the hood of the truck, but everything looks unscathed for the most part.

I don’t know where we are going, but anywhere is better than here. When we pull out of the driveway, we go no more than a half mile before the firetrucks come screaming past us. I should feel sad, or something, but I don’t. I have Hudson and that is sufficient enough. Anywhere is home as long as I am with him.

When we get to the restaurant they had chosen, I still have not spoken. Hudson doesn’t make me talk, instead he just comes around to help me out of the truck. We

get in and take a large, round booth in the back. I'm in the corner with Hudson on one side of me and Dallas on the other. Within a few minutes, Makayla and Kaylee join us. I should introduce myself, but I am all out of sorts. Colton and Jaden explain to the girls what is going on and they both give me a sweet smile, but they don't make me talk, either.

"What can I get for you, sweetheart?" The server asks me. I look at Hudson because I don't want to talk. I don't think I'm capable of talking. He knows what I eat.

"Half and half tea to drink and... a buffalo chicken wrap," Hudson says. "I'll do the same thing."

"Thank you," I whisper when the server walks away. Hudson gently grabs my chin and lifts my face to look at him.

"We should've been paying attention. If you hadn't noticed that something was up, we all could have been killed," Hudson says. "Thank you."

"They tried to kill me," I say quietly.

"Yes, but they didn't. You are very much alive, Cole. I plan to keep it that way," he says, kissing my forehead. I audibly sigh and melt into him. He keeps me pulled against his body and I start to relax more and more.

"I'm sorry I'm not talking," I say to the others. "I'm not trying to be rude."

"You're not being rude," Makayla says sweetly. "I'm sorry this is happening. If you ever want to get away from the dumb boys, we would love to have you hang out with us."

"Oh," Dallas says. "Can you help plan a wedding? Hudson and Colette are getting

married on Saturday. It's a long story, but it's for the best."

"Hell yeah!" Kaylee grins. "Casual?"

"Nothing elaborate," I say.

"Oh, you're wearing a dress," Hudson says with a grin.

"I was going to anyway, but why?" I ask.

"Want me to answer that question out loud?" he laughs.

"You dirty boy," I dramatically gasp, and the others laugh with me.

"I am definitely fucking you in your wedding dress, but I just love you in dresses," he says before kissing me.

"Oh shit! I should talk to my parents," I say.

"They're with my parents right now. We are meeting them after this," he says gently.

"I don't know how to tell them," I say. "How do I tell my parents I got raped?"

"You don't have to," he says.

"I want to. I just don't want to melt down again," I say. "Is everyone coming?"

"Mom wants to see everyone, but I can certainly tell them to fuck off," he says.

"No, no. It's okay," I say. "Did they go to church or something?"

“No, they heard about the explosion and my mom texted me. I told her to get your parents over to their house and I’d explain why later,” he says.

“You think they’d go after my mom and dad?” I ask.

“It’s possible. I don’t want to find out, so I’m just going to have your parents stay with mine. They’re together all of the time anyway,” he says. “Food is coming. Let’s eat, okay?”

“Yeah,” I sigh.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:00 am

Colette

We pull past the gate to Hudson's parents' home, and I see my parents' car. Hudson's parents are Henry and Tammy. Mine are James and Jill. They have been best friends for as long as Hudson and I have. We took family vacations together. We celebrate all holidays together. The big ones, like Thanksgiving and Christmas, end up with both entire families in one house. It's chaotic, but I wouldn't trade it for anything.

Hudson does not get a chance to help me out because my dad is the first one to get to me. He helps me down before hugging me so tightly I can hardly breathe. Mom joins and I'm just now realizing how scared they were. They obviously knew that my house blew up, but that's all they knew.

"I'm okay," I say softly.

"Your house exploded, baby. That's not okay," Mom says.

"I was already in the process of moving out," I say. "We were only there to get the rest of my things."

"You were there?!" Tammy says before stealing me from my parents.

"Yeah. Your son makes for a good shield," I laugh. "Seriously, we are okay. I noticed the wire and we got away."

"I'm glad y'all are okay," Henry says as he hugs me. "When are you and Hudson going to date? You live together now, yes?"

“I’ll do ya one better,” Hudson laughs. “We are getting married next Saturday.”

“Oh, my goodness!” my mom says excitedly. “Really? You’re not joking?”

“We are,” I say. “I’d like to say it’s not in response to something else, but it is.”

“As long as you want to be married, you’ll do great,” Henry says. “We’ve been waiting for you two to figure this out for a long time now.”

“Well, we have,” I smile.

“Definitely going to knock her up,” Hudson chuckles.

“You only make silly jokes like that around us when you are nervous. What’s wrong?” Jill asks.

“Let’s all go sit down. The guys know. They told Makayla and Kaylee,” Hudson says, wrapping his arm around my waist. Mom and Dad look at me for a moment before they nod. They know something is wrong.

When we get inside, Hudson sits and pulls me into his lap. Our parents smile when he gently kisses my shoulder, and I relax. “Can you explain?” I ask Hudson quietly.

“Yeah,” he says. “Full story?”

“Uhh... yeah,” I sigh.

Once everybody is sitting down, Hudson starts explaining the situation from the beginning. I steadily have tears rolling down my cheeks, but I keep control over my emotions enough to not outwardly sob. Our parents are tearful, but quiet as well.

“I’m so sorry, Colette,” mom says through tears.

“Thank you for taking care of my girl,” my dad says to Hudson.

“So... we know who these people are. We are still trying to confirm if that guy actually died, but it was a Russian mafia family,” Hudson says. “I won’t go into as much detail as I did with Colette, but I run an underground fighting ring. I have for many years, and I have made a name for myself that allows me the opportunity to help Collette with the situation. In short, I suppose I am kind of like the mafia. I don’t get into it as deep as other families do, but it does allow me a lot of protection. With us getting married, it means other families that I have allied with will happily help us. They are big on family and marriage, so it’s the only way they are willing to stick their neck out.”

“As long as you never hurt my little girl,” Dad says.

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” Hudson says with a smile. “I’d like you and Jill to stay here with my parents. At least on the property. I’m not confident that they won’t go after you guys to get to her.”

“Okay,” Dad says with a sigh. “What now? Get married, then what?”

“We will just live our lives,” Hudson says. “I will make our marriage well known. Beyond that, I don’t want to stir things up. We will be looking into things behind the scenes to make sure we stay ahead of this, though.”

“Okay. We will do what we need. Just keep us updated,” Mom says.

“We will. We do need to get back to the gym, though, so we will call you guys soon. Makayla and Kaylee are planning the wedding. I’m sure they’ll reach out to you soon, too.”

“Alright, son,” Henry says. “You guys be good.”

“Always,” I smile.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:00 am

Colette

I've been watching Hudson train for the last few hours. This man is incredible. He moves with such grace, but each hit he makes to the bag is powerful. I feel sorry for whoever he is fighting against.

I changed into a yellow sundress with no panties. When he wins, I want to be his prize. I am finding myself wanting him so damn badly all the time now. I thought there would be more awkwardness, but there isn't. He's just Hudson.

"You look beautiful," Hudson says as he leans down and kisses me. "Good enough to eat."

"Mmm. I'll do you one better," I grin. "You win, I'm your prize."

"Girl, I will fuck you in front of every person here. Don't play," he says.

"Win, and you can do whatever you want!" I say happily.

"Deal," he smirks. "Almost time for me to go up."

"I'll be here," I say.

"Stick close to the guys, please," he says. I nod happily and he kisses me once more before going to the center. I stand so I can see better. Everyone seems to be placing bets against the guy that Hudson is going to fight. I'm very nervous, but no one else seems to be. It's like everyone is watching a rerun of a fight on TV. It's still exciting,

but they know who wins.

The fight starts and the man is keeping his distance. Hudson looks amused but stays focused. I take a few steps back to let someone walk past me and hands catch my waist.

“Oh, I’m sor—” I turn to apologize to whoever I just ran into but fear immediately stabs through me when I see Vlad smirking at me. His face is one of three burned into my mind. This exact smile is what haunts me. Immediately, I rush away and grab Dallas by the arm to get his attention.

“What’s wrong?” Dallas asks, as they all turn to me.

“Vlad. He’s here. He was behind me. I backed up and he was there. He’s watching me. They both are,” I ramble. Dallas immediately grabs me and pulls me to his other side and all five men surround me, but leave room for me to see Hudson.

“They won’t hurt you here,” Dallas says softly. “They’re just being intimidating.”

“It’s working,” I mutter.

I try to focus my attention back on Hudson just in time to see him punch the guy hard enough that he stumbles back and goes down to the ground. He takes his mouth guard out and turns to me.

“Go,” Dallas nudges me with a smile.

When I get close, he grabs the back of my thighs and lifts me so I can wrap my arms around him. He kisses me hard and nothing else around us matters. There are nearly seventy people watching, but I don’t give a shit.

“They’re here,” I say quietly. He raises an eyebrow at me, so I clarify. “Vlad and Dima.”

“Trust me?” he asks with a smile.

“Always. I’m your prize,” I confirm.

Hudson sets me to my feet and kisses me again before turning me around. “I want everyone to meet my beautiful fiancée, Colette. We’ve been together for ages but wanted to finally announce that we are getting married in a week!”

Everyone claps and cheers when Hudson pulls my head back and kisses me again. He steps me forward a few steps before bending me at the waist. He lays my hands on the table the other guys are sitting at.

“So much for being an introvert,” I joke as Hudson pulls my dress up to my waist.

“You’re mine, Colette,” Hudson says with sincerity in his voice. “Forever.”

“Forev— Oh, fuck!” I gasp when he abruptly surges into me. Everyone is watching us, but I still don’t notice any of them. None of them matter. He fucks me hard and fast, making me cry out with each stroke. I reach a point where all I can think about is how deep he is. I push my hips back to meet his thrusts and throw myself into an orgasm that makes my eyes roll back. I pull him down with me and he groans as he pushes deep inside of me to come.

When he pulls out of me, and I am turned to face him. “I love you,” I say breathlessly.

“I love you too, Cole,” Hudson says as he kisses me.

We hang out for a little while before people start to leave. Vlad and Dima stare me down for a while longer, until they also leave. Once Hudson has been cleaned up, we join the others.

“Can we talk about how similar you look to Vlad and Dima?” Colton says.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you could be family,” Doug says.

“I don’t know who my birth family is,” I say. “I was surrendered to a hospital the day I was born. I spent nine traumatic years before I was eventually adopted.”

“Uh... I think it would be a good idea to figure out who your birth family is, because that’s creepy,” Andrew adds.

“I agree,” Hudson says. “I’ve seen them before but seeing you all in the same room is weird.”

“Mom and Dad know more than I do about my birth family. It was a closed adoption, obviously, but I think that they were given at least a little bit of information,” I say.

“Let’s go see them,” he says, kissing me.

We pull into Hudson’s parents’ driveway, and our parents meet us outside. They were not expecting us to show up this late, so they are understandably worried.

“What’s wrong?” Mom asks as soon as Hudson sets me on the ground.

“We just need to ask y’all something,” I say. “Sorry for coming by so late.”

“It’s fine, sweetie,” Tammy says, hugging me. “Let’s go inside.”

When we get inside, Hudson pulls me into his lap to sit again while the others join us. “So... two of the three men who raped me were at the fight tonight,” I say.

“Oh, honey,” mom says.

“I look scarily similar to them,” I say.

“Here is a still shot of earlier tonight,” Hudson says, handing his phone to our parents.

“Oh wow,” Dad says. “That’s... weird.”

“Do you guys know anything about my birth family?” I ask. “Because I’m seriously wondering if I’m related to them.”

“What we were told was you were surrendered the moment you were born. It was a voluntary surrender, but we were informed that you were connected to a dangerous family. Your biological mother’s life was in danger, so they did not put her any of her information down,” my mom says. “There was a clause in your adoption that said that we couldn’t publicize you in any way. You weren’t allowed to be on TV until you were 18 years old. You couldn’t be in big programs like pageants or televised sports. We couldn’t really put you on social media, either.”

“So, they could be her family, is what you are saying?” Hudson asks.

“It’s possible. I know that Colette had a heart arrhythmia when she was born. She stayed in the NICU four weeks for monitoring. I was always under the assumption that her mother surrendered her because she didn’t have a choice. From the sounds of it, she would not have lived a safe life if she hadn’t given her up, especially with her having health issues.”

“So, we need to find Vlad and Dina’s parents,” I say.

“Their father is dead. He had a heart attack last year. That is why Vlad is leading,” Hudson says. “We can certainly go pay their mother a visit.”

“If she surrendered me because she had no other choice, I don’t want to go to her angry. It sounds like she was forced to make that decision,” I say.

“I agree,” Hudson says. “We will just need the guys to make sure that we can talk to her without her sons around. She won’t open up if they are. No one would.”

“Are you guys going to be upset if I find her?” I ask my parents.

“No, honey. She is your family. If she cares about you as much as I think she does, I think it would be good for you to know where you came from,” Dad says.

“Did you guys ever have any issues with me potentially having heart problems?” I ask.

“No. Not at all,” mom says. “They told us, but it didn’t matter. We always made sure that you went for the yearly checks to make sure the arrhythmia never came back, but even if it did, we would’ve stuck by you.”

“You never had any issues, did you?” Hudson asks.

“No. My doctor has all my medical records. They said it wasn’t anything genetic, and it cleared up on its own. Since I was released, I’ve never had any issues. Everything has always come back perfect,” I say. “I was actually at the cardiologist a few weeks ago for the yearly EKG.”

“Well, let’s go home. We can locate her tomorrow,” Hudson says.

“Let’s hope they got their cruelty from their father, and not her,” I say.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:00 am

Colette

When we got home last night, Hudson and I went straight to bed. When I woke up this morning, I was crying again. I don't remember my dreams, but Hudson tells me that I am having near violent nightmares. I feel bad because I am waking him up, but I don't know what to do. I suggested me sleeping on the couch so he could sleep, but he was not keen on that idea.

“So, what’s the plan?” I ask.

“We had a few people put feelers out and she should be in town today. The guys can keep watch and you and I can go talk to her. It’s important that they are not around so she can speak as freely she wants,” Hudson says as he locks the front door.

“Sound easy enough,” I say.

“Yep. If anything goes wrong, whoever is closest to you will get you out of there,” Hudson says. “Don’t separate from us at all. No matter what. I don’t care what’s going on, but you do not go off by yourself.”

“I have no intention of any solo explorations,” I laugh. Hudson lifts me up into the truck as everyone else’s gets in with us. We are in Hudson’s massive SUV because it has a third row. When we pull past the gate, we make sure it closes before we drive onto the main road.

“I’m so tired,” I sigh.

“Yeah, you didn’t sleep very soundly,” Hudson says. “Lay your head down. It’s going to be a minute before we get to downtown.”

“You’re just trying to get some road head,” Dallas cackles.

“Yeah, I don’t think that’s happening,” Hudson laughs.

“Says who?” I ask with a frown.

“Baby, I don’t mean it disrespectfully. I just mean that I don’t think you are there. You have a lot of trauma around that,” he says before kissing the back of my hand.

“I have trauma with getting eaten out, but that’s literally the first thing you did. I think I’m the only one who gets to decide if something is triggering,” I say.

“That’s true, but I don’t see that happening right now. Not with that at least,” he says. He is being genuine and doesn’t think that I can, so I’m going to. I trust him and if I do it while he is driving, then I am in control. There’s no chance of him taking over. Eventually, I do want him to, but for the first time I want to be the one to control things.

“I love how you are so confident that you know what I’m thinking,” I say simply.

“I love that you are trying to be so confident when I am the one that helps you at night when you scream in your sleep,” he says bluntly. I narrow my eyes at him and the guys in the backseat chuckle. I move a little closer and maintain staring at him as I unhook his belt. “Colette.”

“Are you saying no?” I ask.

“To you sucking my dick while I drive? Absolutely not,” he laughs.

“Then shut up and pay attention to the road,” I say. I give him no room for argument as I go down and immediately take him to the back of my throat.

“Holy fuck, Cole,” he groans and tightens his grip on the steering wheel with one hand as he rests his hand on my back with the other. He is making sure to not touch my head because we both know that is what will make me panic. I suck hard and bob my head up and down while simultaneously cupping his balls to gently squeeze and massage them.

“Well shit,” Colton says. “Girl knows how to suck dick.”

“Fuck. Now I’m hard,” Doug adds.

“You better not fucking wreck us,” Dallas laughs.

I hum with delight and Hudson moans. I love the sounds that he makes when he’s getting off. I gag softly when I take him as far down my throat as I can and suck harder.

“Fuck, Colette,” Hudson pants. He grabs a fist full of my hair, but he doesn’t force me. He lets me lead but is desperate to come. As long as he does not try to push me down on his cock, I reward him by going faster and keeping him deep. He is grunting and groaning as I move. Everyone is silent, so only the noises of me sucking his cock echo through the vehicle. When we come to a stop, I keep going. This allows Hudson to focus on me more.

I abruptly decide I want him to take over. I want him to take what he wants because I trust he won’t hurt me. I refuse to let those fuckers have control over my life. I stop moving and Hudson growls in frustration. I gently squeeze him and keep sucking, trying to communicate what I want. He immediately understands because he simply leans his seat back and lifts his hips. As he lifts them, he pushes me down on his

cock. I squeeze him again to let him know I am okay, so he breaks.

Hudson starts to violently fuck my throat, desperately chasing down his orgasm. It is absolutely beautiful how perfectly I take him and how fucking erotic it is to be used by my best friend. I would do anything for this man, including letting him use me for his pleasure.

“Fuuuuck,” Hudson moans as he starts to come. I happily swallow him down as he fills my mouth. When he pulls me off him, he immediately brings me up to kiss me hard. “Where the fuck did that come from, Colette?!”

“Don’t you ever decide my triggers for me,” I say firmly. “I am a big girl, Huddy. I love you and I trust you with everything.”

“Okay,” he smiles. “I’m sorry I was assuming. Although... I’m tempted to say I think you’re too triggered for anal.”

“You freak,” I laugh.

“That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen,” Dallas says.

“Put your dick away,” Hudson laughs. “We’ve got to go do this.”

“Right,” he says. “We will go ahead a little bit. She should be in that boutique.”

“Got it,” Hudson says. Everyone gets out and Hudson comes around to get me. I love how he takes care of me in the simplest of ways.

“Enjoy yourself?” I ask when he sets me on the ground.

“You have no idea,” he laughs. “I was a bit unsure about taking over control, but you

seemed to enjoy that.”

“I am finding that I want you to absolutely wreck me. I don’t want a way out. I don’t want mercy. I just want you to fuck the life out of me and then pamper me after like you always have done,” I say.

“I’m definitely fucking your ass tonight then,” he says with a sweet smile. I grin back at him as we walk into the store.

“That’s her,” I say.

“Jesus. Talk about a copy paste,” Hudson says.

“Hi,” I say to her. “Are you Victoria Ivankov?”

“I am. Who’s—” she says as she turns to look at me, but the rest of her words get stuck.

“We just want to talk for a second,” I say.

“You can’t be here,” she says. “I…”

“You are safe. We have people to make sure we can talk in private,” I say. “I believe that you are my birth mother.”

“They’ll kill me,” she says. “They can’t know about you.”

“How are you so sure she is telling the truth?” Hudson asks suspiciously.

“The birthmark on her collarbone,” she says, pointing to my neck. She pulls her scarf down to reveal an identical birth mark. “If I’m right, you’ll have a darker one to the

upper left of your belly button.”

“Your sons raped me,” I say bluntly.

“They’re awful men, just like their father,” she says, shaking her head. “I’m so sorry they did that. Are you the one who killed Akim?”

“I didn’t mean to, but yes,” I say.

“They put a hit out on you,” she says.

“Well, someone blew up my home, so I assumed as much,” I say. “Tell me about them.”

“Vlad is the oldest and took his father's spot when he died. Dima is the middle child. There was a baby girl before you that your biological father killed. Akim was ten months younger.”

“He killed his child?” I ask.

“Yes. That’s why I gave you up. I found out she was a girl, and he beat me so badly that she died. When I got pregnant with you a month later, I waited until I knew you were a girl. I hid the pregnancy and just disappeared for a few days to have you in a hospital. I was told you might have heart issues, so I wanted to make sure you were with someone who could help you.”

“You didn’t want to give me up?” I ask.

“No. I wanted to take you and run away, but I knew they’d find us. I knew Boris would kill you and probably me too. It would have been a miserable life and if you needed medical care, you would’ve ended up neglected due to having to run so

much,” she says tearfully. “Is your heart okay?”

“I had an arrhythmia for a while. I’ve avoided surgery and I’ve been fine since. I get regular check-ups to make sure my heart is still doing okay,” I say. “I went into the foster care system for a while, but I was adopted at nine years old. That’s when I met Hudson.”

“Are your parents good to you?” she asks.

“They’re wonderful,” I say. “I never would have been able to have the life that I do if it weren’t for you making that sacrifice. So, for that, thank you. I cannot imagine how hard of a decision that was.”

“It was an easy decision in the sense of me wanting you to survive, but it hurt,” she says. “All I wanted to do was run away with you. They convinced me to stay for two days, and I held you basically the entire time while they had you hooked up to all of the monitors. I knew that when I put you down that I wasn’t ever going to see you again, so I tried to soak in as many memories as I could.”

“Who named me?” I ask. “My name is Colette.”

“Oh, I’m so glad they kept the name,” she sighs. “I named you Colette because it has the meaning ‘people of victory.’ I wanted to leave a little piece of myself with you. I didn’t think I would ever get to meet you, so I knew you would never know, but I wanted you to know that I loved you so much.”

“And he never found out?” I ask.

“No. When I went home, he knew I was at the hospital. I was bleeding from giving birth, but I was able to convince him that I had a miscarriage. He was so angry and that resulted in him assaulting me frequently until eventually I got pregnant again

with Akim. That ended in a c-section, and I had a hysterectomy at the same time due to the damage he caused after you were born.”

“That’s terrible,” I say.

“Colette, if they find you. They will kill you. They are cruel men, and it won’t matter that you’re their baby sister,” she says. “It’s only a matter of time before they find out I lied and kill me. Not until after they rape me too.”

“What?” Hudson asks. “You’re their mother. They raped you?”

“Frequently,” she says quietly. “It’s how their father taught them to control women. I try to keep my distance but sometimes I think they just look for a reason to punish me. I’m only allowed the privilege of shopping because they want me to appear as their loving and supportive mother.”

“Huddy,” I say, looking at Hudson.

“Come stay with us,” Hudson says. “I have a pool house on a gated property. You’ll be safe there.”

“I don’t want to put her in anymore danger,” she objects.

“I’m already in danger,” I say. “You saved my life as a baby by sacrificing your own happiness for mine. This is the least I can do to try and repay you for giving me a chance at life. I would also like for you to meet my adoptive parents.”

“I don’t know if—”

“They’ll want to meet you. My mom told me yesterday that she always understood that you didn’t actually want to get rid of me. The new very minimal information

about the situation, but they knew it was imperative that no one knew where I came from,” I say.

“We can provide you with anything and everything you need. You don’t even have to leave the property if you don’t want to,” Hudson says. “I will promise you now, Vlad and Dima Ivankov will die for what they did to my fiancée.”

“The world will be a better place without them,” she says. “You two are getting married?”

“Yes. We are getting married Saturday. It will be at our home on the gated property,” I say. “I’d love for you to be there.”

“Are you sure it’s not a burden?” she asks us.

“We are sure. You can’t just live your life running from them and not knowing if you will live another day. Let us take care of you the way you did for me,” I say.

“Okay,” she says tearfully. “Can I... can I hug you?”

“Yeah,” I say warmly as I hug her instead. She holds onto me tightly as she tries to keep in her emotions. Twenty-six years of not having her little girl with her when that is all she ever wanted. I might not know her as my mother, but she still is. I want to learn and grow with her. This woman has lived a hard life, and she deserves peace.

“Hey. We are coming out. Victoria is coming back to the house with us,” Hudson says into his phone. “Just move the SUV closer... yeah, she’s okay... Well, I am going to assume that she is not helping them considering she gets raped by her sons with some frequency... Mhmm. Just another reason to exterminate the bastards... We will be out soon.”

“Thank you,” she says.

“I want to learn how to be your daughter,” I say to her. “It will be confusing because I’ve only ever known the people who adopted me as my parents, but I know they will love you. Hudson’s family will love you. No matter if you had to give me up or not, you are still my mother. You did nothing wrong, and I don’t want you to blame yourself.”

“I’m just happy that you are okay,” she sniffs.

“Let’s go,” Hudson says. “Victoria, there are five others that will be in the vehicle. They are trustworthy and will protect you. No one will hurt you.”

“No one can hurt me the way Boris and his horrid sons have,” she says. It’s almost eerie the way she doesn’t call them her children.

When we step out of the store, the guys quickly get us into the vehicle. I am in front with Hudson again and they have Victoria in the center between Dallas and Doug.

“Damn. This is creepy,” Dallas says.

“Must you?” Hudson says.

“What? I am looking at Colette in the future,” he laughs. “At least you know she will age well.”

“They’re children,” I tell Victoria.

“Better than monsters,” she says with a smile.

“Watch yourself, girl. I am not afraid of a cougar,” Doug jokes. Hudson is about to

scold Doug when Victoria laughs. He is definitely attracted to her. I can see it all over his face and the way she melts a little when he leans into her slightly.

When we get back to the house, Mom, Dad, and Hudson's parents are waiting for us. As soon as I get out, my mom and dad hug me tightly. "I have someone for you to meet," I tell them.

"Oh?" Mom asks.

"Yeah. We are moving Victoria into the pool house," I say. "You were right, she didn't want to give me up. My biological father apparently killed a little girl before me, so she hid the pregnancy and gave me up. She made sure that she was in a hospital when she had me so that I could be looked after the heart issue. She was raped frequently by my biological father and her sons. Also, I definitely killed Akim. He is ten months younger than I am."

"That poor woman," Dad says. "I'm glad she is here now. I can't imagine what has been done to her."

Victoria walks around the SUV and Mom immediately hugs her. "Thank you," she says to Victoria. "Thank you so much for taking care of her the way you did."

"I just wanted to give her a life that I could not. She has grown into an amazing woman," Victoria says. "It's interesting to see how similar we look, though."

"How those three dipshits didn't notice it originally is beyond me," Dallas says.

"If y'all could help her get what she needs, she doesn't have anything," I say.

"Of course. We will keep her company so she can be around people her own age. Not that you all are not fun to hang out with," Mom laughs.

“You guys don’t have to do all of this,” Victoria says.

“That’s what family does,” I say. “Family is what you make it. You take care of one another unconditionally, without hesitation. You never hesitated to give me a better life, so I will not hesitate to make sure that you can find peace.”

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:00 am

Colette

Five days later

Today, I get to marry my best friend. Hudson is my whole world, and I have wanted this for as long as I could remember. I daydreamed about the day that I would finally get to marry him. I thought it was unreachable because it seemed as though we were two different people, but we are not. It's always been him and I.

I am dressed in a simple white dress. It is knee length and has simple straps. It pushes my breasts up, just enough to highlight them, but not make it overly revealing. I have been with Makayla, Kaylee, Victoria, Mom, and Tammy all morning. When Dad shows up, the others go out and he and I stand back for a moment before we go.

"I love you, baby girl," he says as he hugs me. "I am so happy for you. Hudson will make a wonderful husband."

"I love you too, Daddy," I sniff. "Don't make me cry. I will look like a raccoon."

"It's time to go, Colette," he smiles.

We step around the corner of the house, and everyone turns to look at us. The ceremony is small, but the girls went all out. Everything is immaculately decorated. You can tell they spent a lot of money on this, and I am in love with it.

Hudson has tears in his eyes as we make our way to him. He has a bright smile on his face and it's solidifying just how much he loves me. I can see the overwhelming

amount of happiness pouring out of him, just as it is with me. We get through the beginning of the ceremony smoothly. When it's our turn to read our vows, I go first.

“Hudson, you are the kindest and sweetest man I have ever met. I've never doubted how much you care about me. Above all, I knew that it was always you and I against the world. I promise you today that I will continue to stand by your side, no matter what life throws at us. I vow to love you unconditionally. I could spend forever promising you the world, but we've already given each other the universe. With that, know that I will always be your rock, and I love you so much.”

“I have loved you since the moment I laid eyes on you. I knew you were the one I would spend the rest of my life with the moment you punched me in the face,” he says, and everyone laughs. “You are strong and capable of greatness. It has been an absolute honor to grow with you. I feel as though I'm the luckiest man in the world to be able to wake up to your beautiful face every morning. This is my promise to you that no matter what life hands us, I will always hold you above all others. It's always been you, Cole, and it always will be. I love you to the moon and back, four eyes.”

“Back at ya, river boy,” I laugh through my tears. I love the way he always manages to make a joke. Ever since we were kids, he always knew how to make me smile.

“I love you, Cole. Forever,” he says gently as he takes my face between his hands.

“I love you too, Huddy,” I say before he kisses me. I loop my arms around his neck as he grabs my waist to pull me closer. Everyone cheers and celebrates with us as the officiant announces our marriage.

After taking pictures with everyone, we move to the table at the front of the reception that the girls have set up in a different part of the yard. This is a huge piece of property, and they used every bit of it to help us celebrate our marriage.

Once we get done eating, everyone is having a good time, chatting and dancing, but I lay my head on Hudson's shoulder. "I can't wait to get you back in the house," Hudson says.

"Oh?" I laugh.

"I told you. I'm fucking you in that dress," he says, kissing my head.

"I could just get you off and you wouldn't be able to," I laugh.

"Oh? Do you think that will work out for you?" he asks with a smirk.

"No one is paying attention to us. I could easily slip underneath this table," I shrug. "Think of it as a wedding present."

"That's evil," he says. "You'd suck my dick in front of our entire family?"

"You fucked me in front of seventy people. Or more," I say. "I think hiding under a table and getting you off is far nicer."

"I am warning you now, Cole. I won't hold back when I get you alone if you tease me," he says.

"Well, if you are a good boy, you get to come," I grin. I glance around to make sure that no one is actively looking at us before I quickly slip under the table. I am shielded by a tablecloth, and there is plenty of room for me to work.

I waste no time pulling out his cock and taking him down my throat. I suck hard and bob up and down on him. Little groans of pleasure slip through and it only makes me work harder. Just as I think he is about to come, I stop. A few seconds later, I start again.

“Hey. Where is Colette?” Dallas asks. I suck as hard as I can, making Hudson moan. He tries to cover it up with a cough, but Dallas laughs.

“She’s torturing me,” he grunts.

“Teach her a lesson,” Dallas laughs. Hudson immediately pulls me up.

“Hi, Dallas,” I giggle. “I don’t think he liked his wedding present.”

“If he doesn’t want it, I’ll take it,” he winks.

“Come on,” Hudson says. He has put himself away and pulls me up to stand.

“Bye, Dallas,” I laugh. Hudson leads me away from everyone and we step around the corner of the house. We are still within earshot and can hear everyone, but no one can see us. Hudson immediately puts his hand up my dress to yank my panties down. When I step out of them, he pulls his cock out and picks me up.

“I told you, didn’t I?” he says. “I told you I wouldn’t hold back, right?”

“Yes,” I giggle.

“And you know I love you, right?” he asks as he pushes me back against the house.

“I do.”

“Good. Keep that in mind while you are begging me to stop,” he says, before slamming into me. I slap my hand over my mouth as he starts to ruthlessly fuck me against our house. My belly aches and the pain ripples through my body, but it is an intense pleasure that is unlike anything I have felt.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Too hard,” I whimper.

“Oh, you shouldn’t have said that,” he growls as he drops me to my feet. He immediately spins me around and bends me at the waist, so I have my hands on the side of the house. He grabs my hips and shoves himself back into me. I arch my chest toward the ground to give him better access to push deeper and hold my breath as he rails into me.

He is unrelenting as he fucks me. As soon as I sense another presence, he grabs me by the hair and pulls my head back, so I am looking at Dallas. I give him a wicked grin when I see that he is hard. He looks absolutely feral and if I’m being honest with myself, I would get on my knees in a heartbeat for him if Hudson told me to.

“I love that reaction. What was that?” Hudson asks as he slows his pace. “Tell me and I’ll let you come.”

“Fuck,” I whine. “You won’t be mad?”

“No, baby. I can feel the way your pussy grips me. Say it out loud,” he says.

“I like that he’s hard for me,” I say. I’m rewarded by him quickening his pace slightly, making me moan. I am about to fuck everything up or venture into something new. “I… want to help him.”

“Then open that pretty little mouth and suck his cock, Cole,” he says, pull my head back further.

“Please,” I whimper.

Dallas glances at Hudson for a moment before pulling his cock out. I lick my lips in anticipation and I’m beyond excited to get destroyed by both of them. His cock is just

as big as Hudson's. What a fucking dream it would be to have both of them inside of me. I wonder if Dallas sounds just as delicious when he comes?

Dallas takes my face between his hands, and I open my mouth, extending my tongue slightly. "Such a needy little slut," he says. "Beg for it."

"Oh God," I moan when Hudson starts fucking me harder. "Please fuck my throat. Please don't be nice about it... Oh my God, that's good."

"No way out," Dallas grins. It dawns on me as he pushes to the back of my throat and matches Hudson's rhythm that this was planned. He's using my words that I spoke only to Hudson. This is what I call a wedding present.

Hudson and Dallas are aggressively fucking me. The only thing that comes through are gargled moans and whimpers, but I can't help but daydream about what it would be like if Dallas took my ass while Hudson was deep in my cunt. The thought of them angrily fucking me draws something out of me. I start to suck harder and grip onto his thighs as I tighten my pussy around Hudson with all the strength I can muster up. I make both men moan in unison as I start to come. I drag them down with me and eagerly take every drop of them.

When they pull up to stand, Hudson hugs me first. I am shaky and out of breath, but he let me recover before he speaks. "Did I take it too far?" he asks.

"Not at all. Honestly, you definitely could have gone further, and I would have been in heaven," I say.

"Explain," he says.

"I am almost desperate to have both of you fuck me at the same time," I say. "I didn't realize until I saw him watching us just how attracted I am to him. Maybe I should

not say that on our wedding day but...”

“Don’t feel ashamed of something I knew you felt before,” he says. “Maybe you never noticed, but I’ve seen the look on your face when you look at him. You trust him as much as you trust me. You saw your abusers during my fight. You did not hesitate for a moment to go to him. You never even considered anyone else helping you because you knew that he would. I talked to Dallas about this days ago, and it was decided then that if you showed interest then we could pursue it. When he made the joke about him getting my wedding present and you looked happy about it, we knew it was time. Don’t feel bad about the day because that is only a societal norm and from the look of things we don’t fall into. I will happily share you with him because I trust he will always keep your best interest at heart. The only stipulation that I have is, I must be aware of what’s going on, and he is not allowed to come inside your pussy. I’m the only one who’s allowed to get you pregnant.”

“So, condoms until you knock me up, then he can fuck me that way,” I laugh.

“Yep. And he can take your ass or mouth however he wants. We are all clean, so I’m not concerned,” Hudson says.

“What about the others?” I ask. “Will they know?”

“We will keep it between the three of us for now,” Hudson says. “I will warn you though, until we get this shit cleared up with Vlad and Dima, everyone will be staying at the house.”

“So secret fucking,” I grin.

“Mhmm,” he smiles. “Means you have to actually be quiet for a change.”

“Better keep me quiet then,” I laugh.

“Be careful. He has a choking fetish,” Hudson laughs.

“That’s convenient, because me too,” I smile.

He chuckles and turns me to face Dallas. Dallas smiles softly at me before wrapping me in a hug. “You are incredible, Colette,” he says softly.

“You are too,” I say. “Thank you for taking care of me the way he does.”

“I’m going to assume you did not mean that sexually,” he laughs. “I don’t really understand it, but I just want to be close to you. It’s like you have your own gravitational pull, and I have no desire to fight it.”

“Then don’t,” I say. He loosely grips my throat before kissing me hard.

“You might change your mind when you wake up with me in your ass,” he remarks seriously.

“If you fuck my ass while I’m sleeping, have Hudson help you. Waking up with two gorgeous men balls deep inside of me would be a dream come true,” I say, making him grin.

After our secret sex behind the house, we joined the rest of the party and ended up dancing for the rest of the evening. I had so much fun with our family and friends, but I was exhausted by the time we got into the house. Everyone else sent us away so they could clean up. Hudson stayed with me so I could fall asleep.

I am lying on my side facing Hudson. He is also on his side with his arm loosely draped over my side. The blanket shifts slightly before someone slips into bed behind me. I am wearing nothing but Hudson’s shirt and no panties.

“Hey,” I say softly.

“Hi,” Dallas says, kissing my neck. “I was going to be nice and warm you up, but I see you don’t have panties on and I just can’t help myself.”

“Don’t hurt me,” I laugh quietly. I hear a pop of a cap before he applies lube to me.

“No way out,” he whispers in my ear before pulling my hips back. I hold my breath when he presses against me. I push my hips back a little more to allow him better access and he immediately shoves himself balls deep in my ass. I never even noticed that Hudson was awake until he covers my mouth just in time for me to let out a sound that is like a mix of a moan and a scream.

“Jesus, you are so fucking tight,” Dallas groans. Hudson and Dallas work together to move me on top of Hudson. When Hudson slams into me, My breath hitches and I nearly scream out. I’m stretched far beyond anything I ever thought was possible. There’s a perfect mixture of pleasure and pain as they go harder and harder.

“Harder,” I beg quietly. “God, please. Make it hurt.”

“Our sweet little masochist,” Hudson says with a soothing tone. Dallas pulls me up and gets a tight grip on my throat as they suddenly find a pace that brings real pain forward. Despite the pain, there is still pleasure that I am finding within the pain and it’s fucking mind numbing.

I can hardly breathe. Delicious moans are the only thing I can focus on. “More,” I whimper.

Dallas tightens his grip more until I can no longer breathe while Hudson pinches my clit so hard that the intense amount of pain immediately throws me into orgasm. I’m desperately rocking my hips as I slowly move through my orgasm. My body is so

tense, but they continue to force themselves as deep as they can at a pace that is nearly punishing.

When they fall into their orgasm, my arousal floods out of me as a silent scream rips from my throat. They groan as they pump themselves into me. When the feeling passes, I collapse to Hudson's chest, and Dallas lays his head on my back as we all try to catch a breath.

"What a fucking wedding present," I laugh breathlessly. "I'm going to need the two of you to do that again... and again."

"Oh, don't you worry. Whether you are asleep or not, I'm going to keep taking that ass," Dallas says. They move me to lay on the bed. I'm back to facing Hudson as Dallas lies behind me. They are both wrapped around me, and this is so fucking soothing.

"That's incredible. You guys are incredible," I mumble.

"Sleep, Cole. We will clean you."

"Mmkay," I sigh.

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Colette

Three Months Later

Everything has been quiet for the last three months. We haven't had any more issues, but we know we will, eventually. Victoria has hardly left the pool house. When she does, she only goes as far as the patio outside the door. She is absolutely terrified to leave, but we make sure that we are bringing her everything that she needs.

Dallas comes to our room every night and they fuck me as hard as they can, as quietly as possible. I wake up every morning to Hudson getting me off in some way. Sometimes it's his fingers, sometimes it's his mouth, and occasionally wake up with him balls deep in my pussy.

Dallas stays in here until morning, but makes sure to leave before anyone else wakes up. With both of them in here at night, my nightmares have gotten significantly better. Hudson thinks it's because I stay surrounded by people I trust and although it's helpful with him to be there, it's even better with both of them.

I woke up to go to the bathroom when Dallas was leaving the room, so that gave me a chance to give him a kiss. We refrain from being intimate in any sort of way around others because we are just not ready to tell anyone that I am with both of them. Originally, we hadn't put a name to it. I asked what this was considered, and we had a discussion about labels. Ultimately, it was decided that they were both my partners.

At first, we were using condoms, but then Hudson just told him to pull out. I don't have a problem either way because if I get pregnant, they have both agreed that they

will both be considered the father. I think they are both still finding out where they are comfortable, and we are slowly inching towards Dallas having full access to me. I think what they don't understand is that the pull-out method is not effective all of the time.

Last night, I told them that I was a day late, and that is not normal, so they're both starting to realize that either one of them could be the father if I am pregnant. I expected Hudson to have an issue with it, but they were so fucking excited. I think this is the turning point of our relationship where we finally find a comfortable place for us to be.

Really, they have just overcomplicated things for the last three months, but I don't care because I'm still getting fucked by the two men I care about the most. I'm going to uncomplicate things right now by looking at this pregnancy test. They will have to get their shit together and figure out what they are doing because, logically, if I am one of them is the father.

I flip the test over and I see the second line, but it's faint. I tilt my head to the side because I'm wondering if maybe it is not actually positive. I would be early still, so who knows?

"Hudson," I say.

"Mmm," he groans.

"Did you fall back asleep?" I ask as I walk with the test to the bedroom.

"Is that what I think is?" he asks, sitting up.

"Mhmm. Tell me what you think," I say, handing him the test.

“It’s very light but... I think you are,” he says. “We should probably just take you to the doctor. Especially considering you might have heart issues one day; it would be best to find out sooner rather than later.”

“Yeah,” I say. “I think everyone but Dallas is busy today. Can he come with us?”

“Of course,” he says, confused.

“I just didn’t...”

“Cole, I know I have been weirdly possessive, and I’m trying to get myself out of that for Dallas’ sake. That man loves you and he has every right to you as I do. I know it’s frustrating, but I’m working on it.”

“And do you understand that he very well could be the biological father?” I ask.

“I do. I knew that it was a possibility originally, but I was still holding onto that possessiveness that I’ve always had over you,” he says. “Dallas has been so fucking patient with me about it.”

“It’s because he respects you,” I say. “He abided by your boundaries until you made the decision for them to change.”

“Do you love him?” Hudson asks.

“Yeah,” I say. “It’s still new, but I do.”

“Then the three of us will raise this baby together. If you aren’t pregnant, you will be soon,” he says. “Everyone else should be gone. I am going to make a call to get you into a doctor's office. Go down and tell him the good news.”

“Okay,” I smile. I kiss him once more before leaving the bedroom.

I find Dallas in the kitchen, and he smiles brightly when he sees me. “Hey, sweetheart,” he says, kissing me.

“Hi. I have something to tell you,” I say.

“Okay...”

“I am more than likely pregnant,” I say, handing him the test. He stares at it for a second before tossing it on the counter and picking me up in a hug. I giggle when he spins me around.

“How is Hudson taking it?” I ask.

“Good. He knew it was a possibility and he’s just trying to work through his possessiveness,” I say.

“Yeah, he apologized to me last night after you fell asleep,” he says as he sits me on the counter. “He has never had to share you, but he wants to share you with me.”

“Yeah. It’s a bit comical to see him go back-and-forth, but he always ends up enjoying watching you fuck me,” I laugh. “We have to tell the others eventually.”

“Yeah. Let’s confirm either way, and then we can sit down with everyone,” he says.

“I love you,” I say.

“I love you too,” he says, smiling brightly. “I did not expect that.”

“I’m sure you didn’t. Hudson asked me if I did, and I finally let myself admit it. I

wanted you to know.”

“Hey,” Hudson says as he comes into the kitchen. “Tell him?”

“I did,” I smile. “You gonna tell him?”

“Tell me what?” Dallas asks.

“I am done being possessive over her with you. You deserve the same access as I do. I will not stand in the way of you doing what you want with her,” Hudson says.

“So, you could stand there and watch me fuck your wife without intervening?” Dallas challenging him with a smile.

“Yeah,” he chuckles.

“Hmm,” Dallas says, smiling at me.

“Think we can save fucking the life out of me for after the doctors office?” I ask with a laugh. “If I am sore when they do that vaginal ultrasound, it will suck.”

“That’s true. That would be mean,” he laughs. “I’ll be nice. I’ll make Hudson sit beside us when I fuck you.”

“Which means I end up getting fucked by both of you,” I laugh. “You would not deny me that pleasure.”

“She’s gotcha there,” Hudson grins.

“I have no willpower with you,” Dallas chuckles. “Let’s go. We can get food on the way home.”

“Mrs. Mulder?” the nurse calls. I stand up, followed by Hudson and Dallas joining me. The nurse looks confused, but she doesn’t say anything. I follow her back and she does routine checks like blood pressure, weight, temperature, and finally a urine test. Once all of that is complete, she puts us in an exam room.

“Why do you look like you are going to pass out?” I ask humorously.

“Hmm? Nope. I’m good,” Hudson says.

“You sure?” I ask, laughing.

“I am realizing if you are pregnant, I’m going to see a child come out of you,” he says.

“That’s how pregnancy works,” I say.

“No, I know. I just don’t like seeing you hurting.”

“Understandable,” I shrug.

A knock at the door catches our attention and a woman walks in. “Hi,” she says kindly. “I am Dr. Kidd. You are Colette?”

“I am,” I smile.

“So, your test came back positive. Based on everything, I am estimating you are around seven weeks pregnant,” she says. “It’s my understanding that you do want an ultrasound today?”

“Uh. Yeah,” I laugh.

“Alright. We will take a look at baby and go from there,” she says. “Who is dad?”

“Good question,” I shrug, and the guys laugh.

“I understand,” she smiles. “It says that you are married, so your husband will not have to fill out anything, but you will need to fill out some things for the other so that they can be privy to your care.”

“No problem,” I say as she hands me a clipboard of papers.

“Follow me down to the ultrasound room and I will get you set up with him,” she says.

Once I finish filling out the paperwork and it is signed, we follow her out of our current room and down the hallway before going into another. It’s darker in this room, but cozy. She hands me a blanket and tells me to undress from the waist down. When she leaves us, Hudson turns to me. “Him?” he asks.

“Yeah, Huddy. Boys can do a girl’s job too,” I say jokingly as I get undress the way I was told.

“No, I know that. I just... didn’t expect a man to be the one putting something inside of you today,” he says. I sit on the table and cover up before responding.

“It’s an ultrasound. It’s not like he’s going to fuck me with it,” I say but laugh when I see a man stepped into the room.

“I am Fabian,” he smiles. “I’ll be doing your ultrasound today.”

“Nice to meet you,” I say. “I will just preemptively apologize for them.”

“I understand,” he smiles. “So, we are measuring baby and getting a heartbeat today. I will also take a look at both ovaries.”

“Why?” Hudson asks.

“Huddy,” I say.

“Sorry. I’ll shut up,” he smiles.

“Better to have an overprotective partner than a neglectful one,” Fabian says. “Would you like for me to explain the procedure?”

“Basically, it’s like a wand that’s gonna stick inside of me and it’s gonna give us the heartbeat. He’ll also be able to see all my internals that way,” I say. “Also, babies look creepy on the scans.”

“Ah, not as creepy as an MRI,” Fabian laughs. “Have you ever had an ultrasound like this?”

“Yeah. Once when I had an ovarian cyst,” I say.

“Good. So, you know what to expect,” he says. “Put your feet up in the stirrups and the dads can join you on your other side.”

“Not going to guess who the father is?” Dallas asks.

“I learned a long time ago not to make assumptions,” he says. “Also, her chart says that there are two fathers.”

“They are just looking for something to be weird about. Ignore them,” I say.

I lay back and put my feet up before Hudson and Dallas join me on my other side. I laugh when they both look stressed when the ultrasound technician puts lubricant on the wand. When he inserts the wand, their attention goes to the screen on the wall in front of us. Right away, I see the little blip. He focuses on measuring the uterus, ovaries, and cervix first before focusing on it.

“Alright, this is your baby,” he says. “You are measuring for... seven weeks and two days.”

“It’s so small,” Hudson says.

“Not for long,” Fabian says. “Babies grow fast.”

“Ah yes. My poor back,” I say.

“We will just carry you everywhere,” Dallas laughs.

“I wouldn’t put it past either of you,” I laugh.

“This is the heartbeat,” he says. When the sound plays through the room, I immediately tear up. Hearing that sound puts everything into perspective. “One forty-five. It’s perfect.”

“It’s a baby,” I say tearfully to Hudson and Dallas.

“Yeah,” Hudson says sweetly. “You are going to make an amazing mother.”

“Can I call you mommy now?” Dallas asks.

“Fuck no,” I laugh and wipe away my tears.

“Take your time but you guys are good to go,” Fabian says, handing the pictures to Hudson.

“Thank you so much,” I smile.

“They’ll call you in the next day or two to set up your next appointment,” he says.
“Congratulations.”

“Thanks,” Hudson says.

When the door shuts, they immediately take to cleaning the lubricant off me before helping me get dressed. I feel like I’m on cloud nine. I am so happy. We walk hand in hand to the parking lot, only separating so that Dallas can sit behind the driver’s seat. Just as Hudson opens my door, I see a familiar blacked out SUV.

“Hudson,” I say quickly. I suddenly start to panic when I pistol comes out of the passenger window. “Hudson!”

I instinctively step in front of him as soon as shots ring out. They hit the side of the SUV and suddenly I feel numb. Hudson pulls me back almost immediately when I step in front him, but it’s too late.

“What the fuck was... Oh God,” Dallas says. Hudson snaps his head in my direction and his eyes go wide.

“I... don’t feel well,” I say. I’m completely dazed. I’m not in any pain, but I know I was hit.

“I’m going to fucking kill them,” Hudson growls. He pulls his shirt off, leaving him in just an undershirt. Dallas takes it and presses it against my shoulder before they get me into the backseat.

“Want me to call the others?” Dallas asks as he applies more pressure to my shoulder. I grunt, but I’m not in pain. At least it’s not registering.

“No. Let’s get her taken care of first,” Hudson says.

“Am I going to die?” I ask. Dallas has me laying on my side, so my shoulder is closer to him and I can be comfortable. I look up at him and he looks shaken, but not scared.

“No, baby. They just grazed your shoulder. You are probably in shock,” he says. “Just relax and I’ll get it taken care of, okay?”

“It doesn’t hurt,” I explain.

“That’s good. Let me know if it starts hurting,” he says. I can tell he’s trying to keep calm. If they panic, I will panic. Considering I’m bleeding all over the place, panicking is not a good idea.

I’m completely silent as we drive home. As we get closer, I start to feel the pain in my arm. Dallas is the one to carry me inside and we go straight to our bedroom.

“I think it’s stopped bleeding now,” Dallas says.

“It’s not as bad as I thought,” Hudson says.

“No, it just bled a lot,” Dallas explains. “Let’s get her in the shower to get all the blood off of her first. I can numb it and close it after.”

“Are you capable of of that?” I ask. “That was rude. I’m sorry.”

“I am,” he smiles. “I learned to help with the fighting in case anyone needed stitches.”

“Makes sense,” I say. I looked down at myself and everything hits me at once. “They shot me.”

“You are okay,” Hudson confirms.

“I could have died... They tried to kill me,” I add.

“But they didn’t,” Dallas says. “One thing at a time, okay? Let’s get you clean so I can take care of the wound.”

“Okay,” I whisper.

Go to the bathroom and they carefully help me out of my clothes. My shirt and pants are drenched in blood. When I look in the mirror, I see I am still covered in it. They both get into the shower with me and gently start rinsing the blood from my body. I try to calm my mind, but I can’t. I almost died. What if I had been shot in the abdomen and lost the baby? What if they had shot me in the head? Any higher and they would have. I would have died in Hudson’s arms. I almost died.

“Come on, sweetheart,” Hudson says. He helps me out of the shower, and they take to drying me off before having me lay on my side facing him as Dallas sits behind me.

“I’m going to close this with glue. It might be a rough scar, but it’ll save you from getting stitches. We will just have to keep an eye on it to make sure it doesn’t open back up,” Dallas says.

“Okay,” I sniffle.

“What can I do?” Hudson asks as he lays in front of me.

“I don’t know,” I whisper. “I almost died.”

“You’re safe,” he says softly. “We will never let them hurt you again, you hear me?”

“What if they hurt you?” I ask. “Or Dallas? Or any of the others. Being near me is dangerous.”

“We will all be fine. I promise,” he says.

“How do you know?”

“Because they have no fucking idea the of war they just started and how few people they have on their side,” Dallas says.

“This will all be over soon, Cole. I will destroy everything they know to avenge what they’ve done to you,” Hudson promises.

“Thank you,” I say softly.

“You’re good,” Dallas says, leaning down and kissing me. I look and see he has my arm bandaged well and I laugh. “What?”

“I... that’s a lot of gauze,” I say.

“Can we talk about why you stepped in front of me?” Hudson asks.

“I didn’t want you to get hurt,” I say. “I saw the gun and... I’m not apologizing.”

“I’m not asking you to,” he says. “I can’t argue with you trying to protect me.”

“Good. Because I’ll argue,” I say firmly.

“I know,” he chuckles.

“Can I ask for a favor?” I ask.

“You can,” he says.

“I want you two to fuck me,” I say. “Like... hard.”

“Okay,” he says. “Why?”

“Because I need my mind to be quiet,” I explain.

“I think Hudson should be the one in front of you,” Dallas says. “You stepped in front of a bullet for him. I think you need that time together.”

“I want you too,” I tell Dallas.

“I know, and you’ll get me. I just think it’s important you two connect like that,” he says.

“Okay,” I smile.

“I don’t want you using your arm,” Hudson says. “Let us have control, okay?”

“Then take it,” I snicker. I squeal when he suddenly pulls me on top of him and I groan when he pulls me down on his cock. “Fuuuck, I’ll never get over that. You are so fucking big.”

Hudson pulls me across his chest and, as I suspected he would, Dallas slams into my ass, making me scream. As pain moves through me, they start to move in perfect rhythm. They quicken their pace, and Dallas pulls me up by my hair to wrap his hand

around my throat. I groan when they push deeper and it's not even registering that I cannot breathe. My mind is empty, and I am at peace.

As the world darkens, my orgasm slowly moves through me, shaking my body. I don't fight my consciousness slipping away; I embrace the warmth that it feeds my soul. As my body weakens, their amazing moans echo through my mind.

"She's okay. I promise," Hudson says softly. I am lying between him and Dallas, and they both have their hands on me. My arm aches, but I stay still so they can talk.

"She was shot, Hudson," Mom says. "That's not okay."

"Jill, I need you to trust me. She is a strong woman. It wasn't a bad wound. She is shaken, but she's okay," Hudson says.

"Is she in pain?" Victoria asks.

"Probably, but she is too damn stubborn to admit it," Dallas says.

"Asshole," I mumble.

"Am I wrong?" he laughs and kisses my forehead.

"Maybe. I ache," I say.

"But no pain?" Hudson asks. "Dallas gave you a shot for pain medicine."

"After I passed out?" I ask with a smirk.

"You passed out?!" Dad asks worriedly.

“I don’t know if you want me to explain that, Dad,” I laugh.

“Oh,” he says simply.

“I wanna know,” Colton asks.

“Please... please don’t,” Dad says, shaking his head.

I try to sit up but groan in pain. “Hey. Don’t do that. Let us help you,” Dallas says softly. He and Hudson help me sit up and I sigh in relief when I can relax again.

“Good?” Hudson asks.

“Yeah. Just exhausted,” I say.

“So, what do we do from here?” I ask.

“You die,” Hudson says.

“Sick of me already?” I ask with a smile.

“Mmm. Not in the least,” he says, kissing me. “They don’t know if they hit you or not. As far as anyone else is concerned, you are dead.”

“And if I’m dead, we will get more support,” I say.

“We will get support either way, but making everyone think you are dead will buy us some time so we can plan,” he says. “We do a closed casket funeral. I’ll make an announcement of sorts to vow to find who killed my wife without pointing fingers. After the funeral, we will get trusted people together and plan how to go after them.”

“Can I go to my own funeral?” I ask.

“Yeah. We can have all the women wear black dresses and black veils, so no one will know who anyone is. We say it’s in honor of you and it is just customary in our family. This will allow you, and even Victoria, to attend,” he says.

“And I’ll be safe?” I ask.

“Absolutely. All the women will stay with who they came with at all times. I’ll have you go with Dallas because you can’t exactly come with me,” he says.

“Yeah, that would be shitty to go to your wife’s funeral with another woman,” I laugh.

“Exactly,” he says.

“Can you get a hold of a real body?” Dad asks. “What if someone looks in the casket? It would be sketchy if it was locked or empty.”

“Yeah. I have a friend who runs a funeral home. They have a woman there that is similar in build to Colette that shot herself. She doesn’t have family or an identity, so we are going to bury her in place of Colette. We won’t do a headstone, but we can just tell people it’s being ordered,” Hudson says.

“She will get a headstone though, right?” I ask.

“Yes. It will just be in honor of her, not you,” he says.

“Good,” I say. “So... I’m dead?”

“Yep,” he says. “You need to stay indoors at all times until the funeral. Really, don’t

even go near the windows.”

“I’ll just lie in bed and read,” I shrug. “Haven’t been able to do that in a while.”

“You got shot. Make them bring you things,” Makayla laughs. “We will all be here to help still.”

“Ya know... it’s nice not being lonely,” I say.

“Yeah?” Hudson asks.

“Mhmm. I thought I liked being alone but... I like you guys more,” I confirm with a smile.

“I’m glad I pulled you out of your bubble,” he says, kissing me again.

“Me too,” I say happily.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:00 am

Colette

Three days later

How many people can say they've gone to their own funeral? I shouldn't find this so cool, but I do. This is cool. It's also sad, because there is an actual body in that casket. I'm glad she will still get a burial, though.

I have been stuck to Dallas all day. The veil is nice because no one knows who I am. All the women have taken to silence, and it's just being explained that it is a part of our family customs. Mainly, this is so no one tries to get me or Victoria to talk. She is terrified, but stuck to Doug. I am fairly certain they're fucking, but I am so happy for them. They seem so happy in one another's presence. She deserves happiness and I think Doug brings her happiness. She gets along great with Mom, Dad, and Hudson's parents.

The funeral is over now, but the burial is soon. It's weird to hear people talk about me as if I'm dead, but they don't know that. Luckily, I have been able to sit between Hudson and Dallas all day. Although, Hudson cannot touch me. I need someone to touch me, and I'm hoping that will be soon.

Everyone leaves the room and it's just Dallas and I now. "How are you?" Dallas asks, pulling my veil back. My back is to the door, so no one can see if they come in.

"I miss Hudson but I'm glad I get to be with you," I say. "I feel touch deprived though."

“Oh?” he grins. “I can fix that.”

“What if someone catches us?” I laugh.

“Just put your veil down and they’ll just think we are disrespectful, he says, turning me to the coffin. I pull the veil down when he pulls my dress up.

“There is a body in here,” I laugh.

“I’m sure she doesn’t mind,” he says as he pulls my panties to the side.

“Fuck, this shouldn’t be so hot,” I groan when he pushes into me.

“See? Now you can say you’ve been fucked at your funeral on your coffin,” he says.

“Better keep quiet, so no one catches us.”

I cover my mouth as he starts to fuck me. I am trying my hardest to not make any noise, but he is pushing so deep that the noises slip out anyway. “Fuck,” I whimper.

“Harder? Is that what you said?” he asks with a snicker.

“God. No. We’re going to get... oh fuck, you’re so deep,” I moan. I nearly jump out of my skin when someone walks in, but Dallas holds me in place.

“Look at you, getting fucked over a casket,” Hudson says, lifting my chin. He pulls my veil back and kisses me hard before pulling it back down.

“Oh my God,” I moan and push my hips back to meet his thrust. “Christ, I’m gonna come.”

“Better hurry,” Hudson chuckles. I groan louder when Dallas starts pounding into me

harder and harder. As I start to come, he does too. Dallas groans with me, leaving us both breathless.

“Holy shit,” I pant.

“Oh, it’s not over yet,” Hudson says. “Dallas, come watch the door.”

“Are you about to fuck me in a closet?” I ask when Dallas pulls my panties up and hands me off to Hudson.

“Yep. We don’t have much time before the burial,” he says as he pulls me into a storage closet.

“You two are crazy,” I laugh.

“Shhh,” he smirks as he pulls my veil back. “There’s my beautiful wife.”

Hudson takes my panties off before pulling my dress up. “This is hot,” I say.

“Keep quiet, love. I’m not going to be nice about it,” he says as he picks me up. I slap my hand to cover my mouth and drop my head to his shoulder when he slides into me. I have one arm looped around his neck, but he has a tight hold on my ass. My back is against the wall as he starts to fuck me desperately hard and fast. I try to contain all my screams as he pulls painful orgasms out of me one by one. Dallas was far nicer than what Hudson is doing to me.

“Come for me, Cole. Come on my cock like the sweet little whore you are,” Hudson growls. I have tears running down my face and I hold my breath to keep from making anymore noise. “Fuck, that’s it. Goddamn, you feel so fucking good.”

“Oh, Hudson,” I whimper. I kiss him hard because it’s the only thing that will keep

me quiet. He groans against my lips and we both start to come.

“Fuck, you’re amazing,” he says as he sets me down. “Ready to get buried?”

“Hell yeah,” I smile. “I smell like sex now.”

“Good,” he smiles. “You should clean up, though. That’s a lot of come to have leaking out of you.”

“That’s... gross,” I laugh.

When we step out, Dallas chuckles. “Have fun?”

“God, yes,” I say as I fix my veil.

We go through the room with the casket, and I hesitate when I see Vlad and Dima.

“Can I help you?” Hudson says flatly.

“We just wanted to pay our respects,” Vlad says. Dallas holds onto me tighter, so I don’t run away, but I want nothing more than to fucking kill them.

“I appreciate that. She shouldn’t have died like this,” Hudson says. “She was a kind woman who never hurt anyone.”

“That’s what we hear. We also heard you have vowed to find her killer, yes?” Dima asks.

“Yes. I won’t rest until I avenge her,” Hudson promises.

“With all due respect, I think you should give proof of death,” Vlad says. “We have no problem helping, but we do need some sort of assurance that we are fighting the

right fight.”

“Anyone is free to look at her. It’s closed casket for a reason, but she would want to give that assurance if it means finding those who hurt her.”

“What do you mean?” Dima asks.

“She would be okay with people seeing her like this if it meant finding her killer,” Hudson clarifies.

“May we?” Vlad asks.

“Go ahead. Just be warned, the shot was to the head,” Hudson says. He turns away from the casket when they open it. I’m glad I have a veil on because my mouth falls open when I see the body of a woman. She has essentially no face but the same hair color and body shape. That’s unsettling.

“What’s shame. She was a beautiful woman. Look at her now,” Dima says.

“She still is beautiful,” Hudson says softly. “That will never change.”

“I understand. I hope you know that we mean no disrespect,” Vlad says. “Thank you for the assurance.”

“I just want to help her find peace,” he says.

“It’s time,” Dallas says gently.

“We will go. We just wanted to pay our respects,” Vlad says. “Let us know if you need anything.”

“Will do,” Hudson says tightly. When they leave, Hudson sighs heavily. “I’m going to fucking kill them.”

Unless I get to first...

After the funeral, we go to the gym. Everyone changes clothes while Hudson makes the call for all the trusted groups and families to join us. The gym is neutral ground, so here is best. Victoria decided to go home with Mom, Dad and Hudson's parents. She’s still nervous about being in public and I don’t blame her.

I am past scared. I am not panicked. I’m pissed. They tried to fucking kill me because I defended myself. Fuck that. No, they will die. If Hudson doesn’t kill them, I will.

“Ready?” Hudson asks me.

“Mhmm,” I say.

The door that leads to the outside staircase opens and people emerge. They immediately look confused as they come in. We say nothing until everyone is here.

“Hey, guys. So, I know I just saw you all at the funeral. If you can’t tell, Colette isn’t dead,” Hudson says. “She was shot three days ago, and we felt it was best to go this route so we could plan and not have to worry about someone trying to kill her again. We know it’s the Ivankov brothers and the reason is simple.”

“You want us to go against Vlad?” a man asks.

“He and his two brothers brutally raped Colette a few months ago. In the process, she defended herself while trying to get away. She hit Akim with a board that unknowingly had a nail in it. This killed Akim, and they have been trying to kill her since. This time, she was nearly killed by a bullet that hit her arm instead. Luckily, it

wasn't bad, but it could have been. She is also pregnant. So not only did they try to kill my wife, but my child as well. There is a lot unsaid here, but these are the facts."

"Also," I say," looking at Hudson. He nods, so I continue. "Vlad and Dima are my biological brothers. Victoria gave me up as a newborn because Boris has a habit of murdering babies that weren't boys. They have brutally raped her many times as well."

"Their own mother?!" a woman asks. "Who in the fuck does that?"

"Monsters," I say. "Monsters that do not deserve to breathe anymore. Vlad and Dima are a danger to everyone. Your wife, girlfriend, mistress, sister, mother, grandmother, kids... everyone. They are horrible people, and I nearly died because I tried to get them to stop raping me. I didn't do anything in cold blood. I didn't go out of my way to harm anyone. Hell... I didn't even want to kill them, but now I do."

"We need numbers," Hudson says. "They have only themselves and a small number of people that they keep close. This would be an easy in and out job and we will take care of most everything."

"When?" a man asks.

"Right now," Hudson says. "They're on their property. They are far enough out they we can blow up the front gate. We flood the place and my men and I will find the brothers. No survivors, unless you find children. Victoria has drawn a map of the entire property and house so we know where we are going."

"And we can trust her?" someone asks.

"Absolutely. She is staying hidden because she will be killed if they find her," Hudson says.

“Where is she?” another man asks.

“Unsure. She was placed into a safe home, and I was not given her location as a precaution,” he lies.

“We are in,” a man says.

“Us too,” another adds.

One by one, we gain the support of everyone. We then transition into planning how we will go in and what we will be doing. We have to make sure this is seamless, so no one gets hurt. Hudson and Dallas are not too keen on me being there, but they won’t try and stop me. They understand why I want to be there.

Colette

It's dark, probably two in the morning right now. Everyone is so focused that no one is talking. Our plan is not complicated, but we must all be vigilant. I would never tell the others this, but I have a sneaking suspicion that they are going to get to me either way. I talked to Victoria on the phone about it, and she says that if they do, then they won't kill me automatically. They like to punish women, which means they will more than likely do the same before they kill me. They will let their arrogance get in the way and assume they have time to play.

I can work with this. I can survive their attack again if it means they still die in the end. If it means that no one else is ever harmed by them, I will make that sacrifice, but I will also blow their brains out the second I get a chance. I have officially lost my mind, but rage filled thoughts of their death have been stuck in my mind since the moment I was in that alleyway with them. I have tried to fight it for so long because I didn't want to be that person, but I am that person. They made me that person when they hurt me. They sealed their fate when they decided to try and have me killed.

"Colette," Hudson says when we stop. Others jump out to put the explosives on the gate.

"Yes?" I ask.

"Please stay close, okay?"

"I planned on it," I remark. "Any reason you're acting like I'm incapable of handling myself?"

“I’m sorry,” he sighs. “I just don’t want you getting hurt.”

“I understand,” I say.

The gate suddenly busts open, and our attention is diverted back to the plan. We drive through first and make our way to the main house. As soon as we park, we all jump out. Hudson signals for everyone to take their positions. I stay with the others and go to the entrance. We slow our pace significantly as we get the front door open. Once we are sure we aren’t going to get blown up, we enter.

It is pitch black, but we expected this. We keep our lights off as we make our way through the house. “It’s too quiet,” I whisper.

Hudson nods in agreement and we head for the staircase. I am behind everyone, which seems logical, until a hand covers my mouth. I am pulled away so fast that I don’t have a chance to scream or get their attention. One minute I am right there with them and the next minute I am being dragged away. I scream against the hand and thrash my body, but I am already in the next room and nearly out of a side door by the time I can react. They keep a tight hold on me as they pick me up and I’m carried to a nearby building.

Well... this sucks. I know I’ll survive, but this means they knew we were coming. That means we have a spy.

I am forced over a table and my arms are restrained before anyone comes into view and the hand comes off my mouth. Instead of being scared or pleading for mercy, I laugh. I’ve definitely lost my mind.

“Something funny?” Vlad asks, grabbing me by the hair and yanking my head back.

“You know I’m your sister, right?” I say. “Won’t stop you from raping me

considering you also like to rape Victoria, but... You'll go down as the freak who fucked his family and got off."

"I don't have a sister," he says, releasing me.

"Mmm. You do. You have two actually. Your father killed the first one, so she kept me a secret and I was adopted to someone else," I say. "But go ahead. Rape your little sister. You got off using my body once."

"You think I care?" he snarls.

"No," I laugh.

"Stop fucking laughing," Dima says firmly. When I laugh again, he smacks my ass hard enough to make me wince in pain.

"You gonna come for us again, whore?" Vlad says as he pulls my jeans down, leaving me in just panties.

"You seriously need an anatomy lesson," I snicker. "You see, Vlad, it's biology. Certain parts do certain things when stimulated. Kind of like if someone fucked your ass, you'd still come."

"You are still a whore," Dima says.

"It's like arguing with children," I say. "You'll be dead soon enough."

Vlad ignores me and pulls my panties down. I close my eyes and take a deep breath. They want me to fight, but if I fight, they'll rape me and it will hurt. I don't want to risk my baby, so I am forcing myself to be quiet. That is, until I hear the lube open. My eyes snap open and see Dima smirking at me. He is leaning over the table and is

at eye level while Vlad is behind me.

“What’s wrong, sissy?” Dima mocks. “I thought you weren’t scared?”

“You are going to die,” I say but groan the last few words when he pushes fingers into me. As he starts to slowly push in and pull out, he is coating my ass at the same time. I know what he’s going to do, but I don’t know when. I grit my teeth, and unbridled anger is rising inside of me when that disgusting pleasure sneaks in.

“That’s it, sissy. Tighten little that pussy for your big brother,” Vlad mocks. “Choose pussy or ass.”

What the fuck is this? Incest games? I can’t fucking wait to kill him. I know the guys will find me, but I have a feeling they’ll walk in to seeing me bent over and my brother raping me.

“Pick, or it will be both,” Dima says with a smile. What do I pick? Ass would mean I risk pain. Pussy risks my baby.

“Ass,” I growl through gritted teeth.

“Good choice,” Vlad says before abruptly grabbing my hips and slamming into me. The scream that comes out of me is nearly ear piercing as pain floods my abdomen. Dima comes around and I hear the vibrations before I feel them. As soon as he presses the toy against me, my body immediately reacts. Tears flood my face, and a moan is forced out of me. Vlad starts moving more and more aggressively.

“Come for your brother, whore. Come on my cock,” Vlad growls. I groan and bang my head on the table, trying to fight it. Where in the fuck are they? I don’t want this fucking loser to come in me. The more I fight it, the worse it hurts. I force myself to relax my body and a disgusting orgasm floods out of me right as the door swings

open.

I am so fucking angry that I can't focus on anything but their death. Vlad and Dima step away from me and I am pulled up from the table. Dallas fixes my pants while Hudson takes my face between his hands.

"Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

"I'm going to fucking kill them," I say rage still shakes through me. He studies me for a moment before kissing me.

"Are you positive?" he asks.

"Yes," I confirm.

"A round is chambered," he says, turning his pistol around for me to take. I smile as I take it from him and immediately turn to Vlad and Dima. Everyone else has a gun on them, so they know their fate.

"This is for my mother," I say simply. Without hesitation or a shred of remorse, I point the pistol at Vlad's groin and pull the trigger. I immediately shift the gun and repeat the process with Dima. They both let out a shrill scream as they hit the ground and blood floods the area. I take a few steps forward before putting the gun to the center of Vlad's forehead. "And this is for me."

I pull the trigger, and his body drops to the ground. Dima is still writhing in pain but is actively trying to get away from me. The others let him pull his body away from me a few feet before he ends up cornered. "P-please," he whimpers.

"This... This one is for my baby," I say. "Congratulations, Dima, you're going to be an uncle." I pull the trigger again and his head snaps back before his body slumps to

the ground.

I turn back and hand Hudson him his gun before walking out. Everyone is speechless, including me. I know I just killed them, but I feel like I should feel bad. I don't care. If I'm being honest, I'm happy.

"Hey," Hudson says as he backs me against the SUV. "Are you okay?"

"Yes," I say. "I don't feel like I should be, but I am."

"Physically though?"

"Yeah. I'm okay," I say. "I'm sorry you had to see that."

"Well, I like the part where you killed them," he smiles.

"I feel like I should have remorse," I say.

"Why? They hurt you. They threatened the life of your child," he says. "You can only push someone so far before they break."

"What happens when you break?" I ask.

"I move my best friend in and fuck her," he smirks, tucking stray hair behind my ear.

"I broke you?" I ask. "I thought breaking Hudson would be harder than just existing."

"Cole, I will happily break for you over and over again," he says sweetly. "Let's go home."

"Oh... there is definitely a spy," I say.

“Yeah,” he sighs. “Pretty sure I know who it is.”

“Can we take care of that first?” I ask.

“You just want to see me shoot someone,” he laughs.

“Yeah,” I smile.

“Colton,” Hudson calls out.

“Yeah?” Colton answers.

“Go get our spies,” he says.

We walk over to join everyone else while I watch Colton and Andrew snatch two younger men by the arms and drag them over in front of Hudson. “W-What’s going on?” one stammers.

“You were working for Vlad. Why?” he asks.

“No,” he says quickly.

“Don’t play me for a fool. Why?”

“He paid me,” the other says quietly.

“Shut the fuck up, Sean,” the other growls.

“No,” I say. “Talk. Why?”

“Why did he pay me?” the man asks.

“Why did you need the money? Chris, your father is in the fights, correct?”

“Yeah,” he says quietly.

“So why would you go against everything you’ve ever known that was not abusive or harmful to you?” I ask.

“My mom has breast cancer. The treatments are so expensive... She doesn’t want to do the treatments because of the money... The cancer is treatable if she’ll just do the treatments. He came to me about two months ago and offered to pay for her treatments if I just relayed information about where you guys were at and what you were doing,” Sean says. “I know I’m going to die. Just don’t let my mom die. Please.”

“Why didn’t you come to me?” Hudson asks. “Carrie and Rob our friends of mine. If you had just told me she needed the money, I would’ve paid for it myself.”

“Randy convinced me it was better this way,” he says, gesturing to the guy beside him. “Vlad promised him a spot with him if he helped.”

With no hesitation, Hudson pulls his pistol and shoots Randy. When he turns to Sean, he lowers the pistol. Sean seems to be accepting of his death, but Hudson’s not going to kill him. “If I ever find out that you betrayed me again, I will fucking kill you. If you ever put my wife in danger again, I will fucking kill you. Do you understand me?” Hudson asks with a dangerously low tone.

“Yes sir. I swear to God I will never do this again. I was just desperate. I’m so sorry,” he says pleading.

“Go,” Hudson says. “And Sean?”

“Yes sir?” Sean asks.

“I’m not telling your parents because your mom will only reject my help. I will take care of the bills without them knowing, and this will stay between us. Don’t make me regret my decision.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you so much,” Sean sniffles. When he walks away, I smile at Hudson.

“What?” he asks.

“You’re a momma’s boy. That’s the only reason you didn’t shoot him,” I say.

“Yeah, I would’ve done the same thing if someone convinced me that Vlad was my only option. I would do the same thing for you too,” he says.

“Ready to go home?” Dallas asks.

“Absolutely,” I sigh.

The first thing I do when we get home is go to the master bathroom and get into the shower. I don’t wait for anyone, and no one joins me. They let me have this time alone. I scrub my body, getting rid of the evidence once again. This time, for the last time. They will never hurt me again. They will never hurt anyone again.

When I get out of the shower, I go to the bedroom to get dressed. I find that Hudson and Dallas are waiting for me. “Hi,” I say.

“Come here,” Dallas says. I step closer and he grabs my waist and pulls me against his body. “I’m not even going to ask you what you need, because I know.”

“Okay,” I say slowly. He smirks at me and then steps back slightly to undress himself. When he sits on the edge of the bed, he pulls me into his lap and immediately thrusts into me. “Fuck!”

“Tell me what happened,” he says, pulling me across his chest.

“They kept calling me a whore,” I say, relaxing against him.

“What else?” he says as he starts so slowly fuck me.

“They kept mocking me about coming for my brothers,” I sigh. “Vlad used his fingers first... they made me choose pussy or ass... I chose ass so the baby wasn’t at risk.”

“Then what?”

“Dima used a toy while Vlad raped me,” I groan when he quickens his pace. “They forced me to come to try and humiliate me. You guys showed up in the middle of it.”

“Are you humiliated?” he asks.

“No. I was angry,” I choke out. It’s getting harder to focus now.

“And now?”

“I want to come,” I pant.

“For who?” he grunts.

“You. I want to come for you,” I moan. “And Hudson. I want both of you to make me come.”

“Good girl,” he says before kissing me. The moment I relax against him, Hudson slams into me. I gasp and sit up, but Hudson gets a tight grip on my throat and pulls me against his chest as they start to pound into me. I can hardly breathe, but I cannot make a sound.

“Oh, look at our little slut. Struggling to breathe,” Hudson mocks. Fuck, it’s so hot whenever he does it. Let’s be real, I think everything he does is hot.

“Come for us, Colette,” Dallas groans.

“Please,” I choke out.

“Please what?” Hudson asks, loosening his grip just enough so that I can talk easier.

“Please make me come,” I moan. “Please come with me.”

Hudson lays me back across Dallas’s chest before they both turn frenzied and fuck me as hard as their bodies will allow. I’m instantly transported to a place in my mind that they have created for this blissful like state of pleasure. As we start to come together, the bedroom door comes open.

“Caught ya, bitches,” Colton laughs.

“Go away,” I groan.

“Hell no. You three have been trying to hide this relationship for months now. Figured it would be fun to catch you in the act to force you to tell us what’s up,” Jayden says.

Hudson and Dallas chuckle as they move me to the bed and help me wrap up in a blanket so I can sit up and not be exposed. Hudson then puts his shirt on me.

“You couldn’t have waited until I did not have two dicks inside of me?” I ask, glaring at them.

“No, I won’t lie. That was my favorite part,” Makayla giggles.

“How long have you been with Dallas too?” Kaylee asks.

“Since the wedding,” I laugh.

“See?” Kaylee says to the others. “I told you it happened at the wedding.”

“Why does it matter?” I ask.

“I’d like to think we are all family,” Colton says. “I don’t ever want to hear of you guys hiding something this important from us again. We would’ve supported you from the very beginning. Of all people, Hudson should know this.”

“Well, then you should know that I don’t know who the father is,” I smile.

“Oooh. A mystery,” Andrew laughs. “How far along?”

“Tomorrow will be eight weeks,” I say.

“You know,” Colton says with a smile. “Hudson never wanted kids until you.”

“Oh, that is because I am incredible at breaking Hudson,” I say with a sweet smile.

Colette

Thirty-One Weeks Later

As of tomorrow, I am thirty-nine weeks pregnant. Not only that, but it is the anniversary of being violently raped in an alleyway. I don't like to think of it is that. I like to think of it as my one-year anniversary with Hudson. The anniversary of us getting married and me starting my relationship with Dallas is next week.

I find it ironic that I am in labor on a Saturday. it seems almost symbolic that I'm going to have our baby girl on a Saturday. Hudson joked about it for my entire pregnancy, but I was always secretly hoping that I would have her at least on a weekend.

I had a conversation with my adoptive parents about what to name my little girl. The guys are leaving it up to me, and I want to name her after my mothers. I still refer to Victoria as Victoria, but I introduced also introduced her as my mother. She is my mother. She didn't do anything to get that title taken away from her. The first time I called her my mom, she cried.

I told Hudson and Dallas that I wanted to have our baby at home. I thought they would call me crazy, but they have fully supported me and not wanting to be in a hospital. I want all of my family and friends here with me. I want her to come into this world being surrounded by love and comfort. We have a large inflatable pool with lots of towels set up in the living room. Everyone is so excited. When we called and told everyone that I was in labor, they rushed over to be with me.

Hudson and Dallas have been sitting with me in the pool, offering me comfort through the contractions. We have a midwife here, but she is only here just in case something goes wrong. The plan is for me to stay leaning back against Hudson so Dallas can help deliver her. He is more trained and less likely to pass out. Hudson is able to comfort me in a way that no one else can.

“Getting close, baby,” Hudson says, kissing my shoulder.

“It hurts,” I whimper.

“What does it feel like?” Victoria asks as she and my mom kneel beside the pool. They are each holding my hands while Hudson gently rubs my belly.

“Pressure. Like I have to push,” I groan as another contraction hits me.

“Pull her legs up,” Hudson says softly. Dallas does, and I involuntarily push. “There ya go. Good girl. Keep going.”

“You’re doing so good, Cole,” Hudson praises. When the contraction passes, I relax.

“One more, baby,” Dallas says. “One more and you get to meet her.”

“Fuck, it hurts,” I whimper again.

“I know, honey. You’re so close. You can do it,” Victoria encourages.

I whine when another contraction starts, but I start pushing again. This time is different. It’s like my body knows she’s almost here. I groan deeply as I bear down and push as hard as I can.

“Keep going. Keep going. Keep going. That’s it. Just a little longer,” Dallas encourages. “There she is.”

All at once, pressure sweeps over me. When Dallas pulls her up from the water and lays her on my chest, I start crying with her as she breathes her first breath of air.

“I’m so proud of you, Cole. You did it,” Hudson says tearfully as he holds us.

“You are amazing, Colette. You did incredible,” Dallas says sweetly, kissing me, and then our daughter.

“Oh, she’s beautiful,” Victoria sniffs.

“Isn’t she just the cutest?” Mom says, joining her in crying.

“James?” Dallas says.

“Hmm?” Dad asks.

“Want to cut the cord?” Dallas asks.

“Yes,” Dad says happily. I stay relaxed while the placenta is delivered and handed off to the midwife. We have decided that we want to donate it, so they go through all of that first.

“Wanna know her name?” I ask.

“Hmm?” Victoria asks, as I look down at my daughter. She is calm and relaxed against my chest as we lay against Hudson.

“Nicole Jillian,” I say. Both of my moms gasp and tear up again. “I wanted her to be named after the three strongest women that we know. My biological mother, my adopted mother... and me.”