



Burning Souls (Flames #1)

Author: Jess Cody

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: They call me Angel, but, really, I'm a reaper—judge, jury, and executioner for those who think they can take advantage of others. My purpose is to rid this world of evil souls by any means necessary, sending them to Hell where they belong. One day, I'll join them there.

My men—Jessie, Tobias, and Sean—rescued me from the torture I endured at the hands of men who thought they were entitled to what didn't belong to them.

My body.

My innocence.

My very soul.

Now, we work together to save those in similar situations by extinguishing the abusers responsible for their pain. Meanwhile, I struggle to ignore the lurking ghost from my past, waiting in the shadows to make his move.

The night of our annual Halloween party has finally arrived. It's always a frightfully enjoyable event, except for those who don't get to leave. It's time for me to find some new toys in my dollhouse, whom I get to play with until they break. If you want to join in on the depraved fun, you know what to do.

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The music blurs throughout the night, people dancing and screaming, but all I can see is the phantom watching me from the trees. He's lurking, waiting to get me alone to strip me of my humanity.

The devil wants to take me and consume me in any way possible. Goosebumps rise on my arms as the sickness in my stomach waits to come to the surface.

Will the phantom come and get me?

My phantom is watching me, he's always watching me in the trees and from where I call home.

Will I come out alive, or will I make the connection that I'm not as safe as I thought I could be?

Men, ruthless men. Those big, firm, cold hands on my shoulders pushing me down and down until I'm no longer breathing.

Their hot breath on my skin, making it crawl as I try to escape the terror of my life.

My phantom, my devil, the person who should have loved me, but instead, he haunts me. My steps falter as I see the shadow. He's here; I can feel his presence. If I take too many steps into the darkness, I'll give up and give him what he wants.

My body.

My mind.

My very soul.

Halloween should be a night people enjoy, but for me, it's the worst night of my life. My Dove lurks in the shadows, she can see me, she's watching over me. She's always watching, but it's not enough, not when he lurks outside in the shadows, so close but so far away.

Did she try to save me, or did she take the easy route and leave me with the devil? I was met with Satan, and now the devil lies within my soul, my black soul. I'm now the person who makes people scream and plead for their lives, just like I used to.

Mind.

Body.

Soul.

Mine all mine...

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GRIM REAPER

Some people might state that killing is wrong, even if you are ridding the world of evil people. While I agree killing innocent people isn't right, killing people who don't deserve to be here for the sins they have acted on... Now that's a reason to keep doing what I do.

“Stop moving!” I yell, plunging the knife into the man's back, twisting left to right over and over, creating unbearable pain. The thickness makes my lips curl. The sight of blood excites me, giving me adrenaline I don't need.

“The more you move, the longer this takes.” A grunt hits the room, and a smirk forms on my face. There is just something about watching a man who thought he ruled the world suffer under someone else's control.

My control...

The screams fill the void of my life.

“Don't cry. No, seriously, please stop crying. The sound makes me want to rip my eyes out.” The man's face turns a dark crimson colour, looking as if it might blow up.

It gives me the feeling of rage around me. He doesn't get to feel like this after what he did. It takes everything in me not to take a knife and cut his eyeballs out.

Carving out eyes takes a lot of time, and unfortunately, I don't have the time today.

As much as I want to enjoy this, all I can think about are my arms. I can see where I could pick something I don't want to, but I give in and scratch my skin raw. Stopping what I'm doing and looking at my skin, I see multiple scratches and patches where I have picked at it.

I didn't think it had gotten this bad.

The man hangs, looking at me. I can see him out of the corner of my eye, but I'm not as focused on him as I should be.

All I can focus on is the pain in my arms, the pain I love so much that I'm debating leaving this kill.

What the hell is wrong with me today?

When I kill, I always forget about my arms. I never have the chance to think, but here today, it's all I can think about. It's consuming me.

Picking and scratching at my skin has been something I have done since I was a young girl. I would black out, not knowing I had been sitting and picking, or I would pick so much. Even when the pain was bad and I was bleeding, I couldn't stop. I liked the discomfort.

No matter how many times people tell me to stop or that I'm going to have scars for the rest of my life, they don't understand. I have no control. It's the one thing in life that takes over my body.

I hate it.

The muffled screams become louder the more I let my brain sink back into reality, only to be reminded it's the man screaming with everything he has.

I knew I should have kept the duct tape on him.

I'll make a mental note to keep the duct tape on for future kills.

No matter how much I try to focus on the task I'm doing right now, my arms are taking priority over it. They always do.

I'm hurting myself when I should be hurting this man. I don't deserve it, he does, yet my body can't help but punish me.

My body is punishing me for things that were never my fault, for the sins I was left to take on. They haunt me in my sleep, in my head, and worst of all, all over my body, making me feel the pain just like the others did. Leaving me with the scars and proof of the sinister acts I once committed.

The pain tells me I'm starting to feel something. After feeling numb for so long, I would do anything to feel any sort of emotion. Someone could drive a knife into my heart over and over, watching me bleed out, and I would thank them as my soul was sent to hell, right where all the others are sent.

The man trying to fight his way out of his restraints pulls me back to what I'm currently doing. I pull my arm away, moving back to the man.

His eyes are full of pure evil.

“Any last words before I send you into the pits of hell?” An evil laugh leaves my lips, the knife stabbing into the man's bulge, not giving him a second to answer my question. Dark red blood splatters all over me and the floor. I take my knife, cutting the rope.

The man falls face-first, knocking himself out from the brutality he has endured.

He deserved worse. The devil was inside him, corrupting his mind. He needed to go.

The girls and women he hurt went through much more.

“Ring around the Rosie, a pocket full of posies. Ashes! Ashes! We all fall down!” I sing, childlike, skipping around the dead body that lies beneath me. I will spend the rest of eternity riding this world of evil men who hurt the women of this earth.

The urge to kill is stronger than ever. I want to go on a hunt, something I never do.

My job is to send souls to hell to live with an eternity of misery, but today, I want to go and pick my next kill.

It’s giving me a thrilling rush, something I’m beginning to like a lot.

I walk out of the room, a concealed bit of red covering every inch of my body.

Red liquid drips throughout the walkway to the bathroom, leaving evidence behind.

Opening the door, I turn on the shower, letting the water warm up.

Locking the door behind me, my knees give in.

My back slides against the door. Tears fall from my eyes like a sink overflowing down my face, creating a wet patch on my top. The sound of my tears and the water hitting the glass door fills the room.

People look at killers and think we have no soul, and while for some, that’s true, for me, it’s not. I’m not crying because I took a life, but because I should have taken it sooner.

If I had, the two girls the man raped would still be breathing, playing in the park like they were before he kidnapped them and brutalised their bodies in more ways than I care to think about.

Running to the toilet, I wrap my hand around my hair, moving the strands out of my face as I puke at the thought of what those girls went through. I wash out my mouth, taking away the bitter taste of food I had eaten earlier in the day.

I know it's not my fault, but a part of me will never get used to doing this as my way of earning a living.

Not that I earn any money because I don't.

Most people can't say they kill people daily. I'm thankful for this job and for the people who gave me it. I'm just not grateful for the files I receive.

When someone is brought to me, I have to read a file on them. Their name, age, where they are from, and what they did, and that determines what I'm going to do. I don't like that part but it's something I don't get a choice in.

I read between the lines the horror that lies beneath their soul. Stripping off my clothes, I toss them on the floor to remember to dispose of them later.

The boiling water feels as if it's blistering my skin as I step back, readjusting the temperature so it's colder.

I step back in, letting the water rest on my skin.

The water turns a light red colour as the man's blood washes down the drain.

A knock at the door startles me. As far as I'm aware, I'm not due a delivery until

tomorrow and I don't have anyone picking up the body for a few hours unless he's early.

I have been losing sleep, so I could've messed up the time. I need to get an early night before I become crazy. Crazier than I already am.

I rush to shut the shower off, wrapping myself in my black silk robe. My body is still soaking wet and clinging to the silk. I slide into the pair of knickers I set aside, also placing my hair in a towel.

I open the drawer below my sink where I place my gun when I'm not using it, sliding it into my knickers.

I pick my pace up as I walk down the hall, shutting the door where the body lies waiting to be taken away.

I open the door to the one person I never thought I would see again, Jessie.

He leans against the door frame, blue jeans, scraggy black top, work boots, his chiselled jaw looking straight at me, and those blue eyes gleaming. So fucking beautiful, I hate it.

Jessie's older than me, so much older that whatever we have could be considered wrong but all that does is fuel me. The way his body and his muscles mould to his top, and his beard freshly trimmed.

He looks deep into my eyes, but I'm only interested in knowing what he wants and shutting the door back in his face.

"What can I do for you?" My voice is pleasant as I fake a smile toward him, my dimples showing while I bite down on my tongue at the same time.

“I have an unusual job for you.” He bites his bottom lip as his eyes roam around me.

He looks up at my eyes, then my chest, where little droplets of water escape from the towel around my hair, landing on my still-wet skin.

He gives me no other clues on what he could need me to do. Jessie looks into my burning eyes.

“You have a job for me? Since when do police officers offer jobs to mass murderers?” I ask, confused but intrigued by what it might be. My hair is still dripping wet from the shower.

“Ex-police officer, I have been out of the game for years. What you do or don’t do is none of my business,” he informs, moving closer toward me and towering over.

Jessie’s been out of the police force for a while.

Something about corrupting evidence. What I know is that no matter how annoying he can be, he’s mine.

He’s the reason I’m alive today.

The reason I’m allowed to do what I do.

“Right, well, thanks for the offer, but I’m rather busy with killing and all that.” I smirk as I try to shut the door, but his firm hands stop as he pushes it open, moving closer to me. The smell of alcohol lingers on his breath as he kisses my neck, but I push him off.

“Oh, I’m sorry, that wasn’t an offer. You will do it, or I would be more than happy to put you back in the basement,” he sneers, taking a step into my house.

In my personal space, the urge to stab him and watch his body bleed out plays in my mind.

“Come in, why don’t you?” I roll my eyes as he walks further in, placing himself on my couch while I’m still only in a robe.

The gun hanging in my knickers rubs against my still-wet skin.

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I could put one bullet through his skull, and all my problems would be gone. That's not true. Jessie is an asshole and is incredibly annoying most of the time, but he got me this job.

So maybe I can't call this a job, but in my eyes, it is, so let's leave it at that.

He acts like he's in control, but I am. I'm the one with the advantage. If I wanted to, I could tie him up down the hall, stab him repeatedly, or I could melt his dick in acid. I've still yet to try this one.

I sit on the couch beside him, pressing a cigarette to my lips as he places his light on me, letting the tobacco burn and filling up my lungs with the toxic chemicals I love so much.

He's fixated on my body. I flip over, locking his legs in between mine.

The gun is no longer in my knickers. Instead, the barrel rests on his forehead.

As I press harder, his lips curl. He's enjoying every bit of this.

I won't shoot him for many reasons. The mess would be a nightmare to clean, and the fact I'm not sure his two brothers would appreciate me killing him. Foster brothers, that is.

Stop judging me.

"Is this a new kink you have? All you have to do is ask. You know I'm up for trying

new things,” Jessie teases.

My finger presses harder. I’m close to pulling the trigger and blowing this man’s brains out, but when I open my eyes, I’m no longer holding the gun.

I’m not even sitting on top of him. I’m under him as he straddles me, and our legs interlock each other.

My breathing hitches and everything becomes hot.

The gun is now on my head, the barrel tight. Prick.

“You may be this bad bitch when you are killing those men, but I’m not them.

I don't hurt women. I’m the person who saved you and gave you a new way of life.

Remember that.” He scowls, his mouth closer to me.

I have the urge to roll my eyes, knowing he would choke me using his hand as a necklace, something I’m familiar with, but I restrain myself ever so slightly from making this worse for myself.

“Because if you don’t, this gun won’t be going in your brain but in your pussy while I make you ride it and come all over.

Then, I can watch you suck the barrel of your gun covered in it,” he growls, his lips tracing mine as he sucks my bottom lip and bites me until I bleed a little into his mouth, kissing me.

Jessie and I have no love. We just loathe each other.

My mouth waters at the smell roaming around him, bitter but sweet like his personality. His mouth grazes my cheek, then my ear lobe as he bites down, causing me to screech.

“You can hate me. God, I love it. When you hate me, it only makes me harder. Details will be sent over later.” His eyes narrow as he jumps off me, tossing my gun back at me. Asshole.

Jessie turns around, leaning over me and taking my hair into his fist, making pain come through in the form of a headache from the back of my eyes. His warm mouth is inches away from me.

“Let’s stop pretending your pussy isn’t aching for me to fuck you. If I was to turn you over and ram my cock into you... Would you tell me to stop, or would you beg me like the whore you are for more?”

Jessie moves off the couch, leaving me still sitting in shock.

The doors shut, making my body jerk at the sound.

But not before I’m running to the door and slinging it back open. Jessie turns around, leaning against his car, one leg crossed over the other. He looks divine, as usual, and I hate to admit that.

“Miss me already?” Yes, but I won’t admit that never being vulnerable gets you nowhere. Somehow, I need to convince him to let me find a kill.

“No. Shut up. I want to come with you to find a kill.” A crease forms between his eyebrows, his eyes narrowing in confusion before they settle, realising what I just said.

He stays leaning against his car, biting his bottom lip, licking it over and over, studying my body, and staying silent.

I'm unsure if this is a good thing or a bad thing. Something I never know about Jessie.

I walk closer toward him.

“Telling me to shut up was a bad idea, Angel. Want to come and find a kill with me? Get on your knees.” He grits his teeth together, voice deeper as his nose flares, looking at me.

I'm practically drooling as I get on my knees, feeling his hardened erection forming between the fabric. All I want is my mouth around his cock.

“Take off my belt, Angel. I want to wrap it around your neck and teach you a lesson on how speaking to people matters.” His heart pounds hard through his clothes, I hear every beat right on time. He gathers a bit of saliva between his lips before spitting on my face.

Making me feel dirty.

Something I don't mind.

“W-What? You can't be serious. That could kill me.” My heart pounds through my body. His eyes darken, showing me all the obscurity around his eyes, the very same around my soul. Maybe that's why I'm drawn to hate him more.

I like the thrilling sensation of both of our corrupted minds together.

“Are you scared? Do I make you feel on edge?” Of course he does. I'm giving him full control over my life.

“No. What makes you think I'm scared of you?” Jessie's eyes linger on me for a hot minute, looking at me with fury and desire, making sweat form on my forehead and down my back while also making me pulse between my legs.

“That's a lie. I can see how uneasy you feel. Imagine how you will feel when I cut off your breathing with my belt,” he growls, taking his finger and tracing my lips, pulling one down and then forcing three into my mouth, hitting the back of my throat and causing me to gag.

“Jessie, don't, you might kill me.” My eyes close, leaving a little gap, and puppy eyes form. My mouth opens slightly, making sure to keep my hot, burning desire on him.

“You better make sure I don't get too carried away, then, Angel. Now take off my belt, or I will do it for you, and I can wrap it around your neck. Walking you like a dog the rest of the day.” I must be sick, because my pussy is pulsing at the thought of becoming his bitch for the day.

I drag my hands over the outline of his cock, hard under all this fabric.

My hands rest over the metal part of the belt as I undo it, letting it spring off. Jessie gives me a rewarding look.

“Good girl. Now stay kneeling.” I shudder before my airway is cut off as the belt is roughly wrapped around my neck, and he tightens it.

“Jessie, stop, it's too tight,” I beg, still kneeling, practically drooling over this man.

“No, I want it tight. The more you tell me to stop, the tighter it gets. Do you understand?” Oh, I more than understand. As much as I love to be in control sometimes, I will only very rarely let him do something like this.

“Y-y-yes.” I struggle to get out of my body now, sweating, feeling beads of it rolling down my back. Only now do I remember I’m still in my robe, which is half off my body, showing a view of my tits and now hard nipples.

Fuck, if he were to ask me to crawl, I wouldn’t bat an eye to do so.

“Look at you kneeling for me, letting me choke you with my belt. Your pussy is soaking wet for me, I can see it peeking through that robe.” He teases his hands and moves toward my knees, pushing them apart and reaching his thumb toward my pussy to rub my clit.

This is what I imagine paradise feels like, or drugs.

The only difference is my drug is three men using my body.

I can't help but push my head back, only making Jessie tighten the belt, pushing my head back up.

“You don't get rewards for being rude. You also don’t get to ask to come with me. Be a good girl and go back inside.” He removes his thumb from my pussy as his hands remove the belt from my neck.

My hands rub where I was unable to breathe.

I watch Jessie get into the driver seat, driving off, leaving me hot and bothered and so fucking turned on. Damn him.

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DADDY ISSUES

I sit at the desk in my room, off-white walls, a black double bed frame coated with white bedding, black and white cushions, and a blanket to top it all off.

A white wardrobe sits across the room, and then my desk, which is light grey, holds all my makeup, hair care products, and all the essentials a girl would need.

My Annabelle doll sits looking at me while I dry my hair.

My eyes are fixed on it as I carry on with my hair as quickly as I can, but the memories of the day my mother gave it to me are burned into my brain.

She was never to be seen again. The words she spoke to me play inside my mind, making me leave the hair dryer on the same spot on my scalp, and I scream from the heat burning me.

“Mummy loves you. Sweet dreams. I’m sorry.”

Sometimes, I swear, when I close my eyes, I see her, her long, wavy caramel-like hair swaying in the wind, covering her eyes, laughing. She's happy, but then I'm reminded it's just a dream that never happened.

She was never happy.

The sound of heavy footsteps downstairs brings me back to reality.

I pick my gun up, ready to shoot whoever thought breaking into my house was a good idea.

I start walking down the stairs, checking every corner until it's safe to move on.

I make it to the kitchen, where a tall figure stands.

It takes me less than a second to recognise who it is.

No one broke in. It's only Tobias, which means Sean must be moving the body. I creep up behind him as he looks out the window, a little sunlight peeping through the half-closed blinds—the light's beam on his side profile.

His jawline takes my focus off what I should be doing. I drool over my lips, catching the saliva on the gun, and pressing the barrel to the back of his head.

“One day, I’m going to shoot you.” My voice is laced with anger as I release the gun, letting him turn around.

He smirks back at me. My eyes drop, roaming around him, checking out how good he looks, a short top that clings to his body, his six-pack showing through, His tattoos taking my focus, maybe I can get him to do me one someday.

I'd love to have him brand me. Maybe I can ask if he still has all his tattooing kit.

I'm not even sure if he still does it, but surely he must do something when he's not with me.

“Angel, are you flirting with me?”

“Stop calling me that. Help your brother with the body.”

He walks toward me, shoving me a little. I walk behind him to where Sean struggles to wrap the body up. Tobias stands there, and I push him, gesturing for him to help.

“I love it when you’re bossy,” Tobias mocks, my eyes darkening around him.

“If you have stopped eye fucking each other, help would be appreciated,” Sean states, looking at Tobias while he huffs, walking over and rolling the body up.

My body slumps against the door while I watch them both roll their bodies. My pussy throbs at the sight.

I don’t get turned on by dead bodies; I get turned on knowing I did my job to rid the world of another evil person.

“By all means, Ash, just drool over us. Don’t worry, we will collect the payment soon enough,” Sean teases, still struggling with the body. Tobias doing a shit job at helping. If you could even call it that.

“Fuck you. I don’t owe you a thing. I did the hard work.” They both walk toward me, and at that very moment, I know what comes next.

I love to piss them off. It only makes what’s about to come even better.

“You’re right. Why don’t you let us reward you for all the challenging work you have done?

” Tobias walks toward me, stopping inches before looking me up and down.

It's almost like he's creating a map of my body and ticking off where he's going to use it.

My pussy pulses at the thought of him anywhere near me, driving me insane.

All I want to do is undress and be submissive to him.

If he asked, I would be a good girl and do as he says.

Closing the space around us, his hand raises my right leg slightly and moves my knickers to the side, revealing my glistening pussy for him.

He slides his finger into my slit, rubbing my clit in circles.

“So wet for me, Angel. Is it we who have you wet or knowing there is a dead man rolled up over there?” He moves his eyes over the room, circling back to me, and his right eyebrow rises and falls instantly. My back falls to the door, my hand to my side, and my eyes close while my head falls back.

His hand gathers my breast, taking my nipple between his fingers as he rubs and squeezes them together, causing a moan to slip from me. And another.

His mouth comes toward me, taking my tits and sucking and biting. There is so much happening. I'm losing control, something I never let happen unless I'm with them.

My eyes open when he removes his finger, leaving me feeling empty. I watch him take his finger toward him, teasing it between his lips. The tip of his tongue licks the tip before he brings the whole finger to his mouth, tasting every last drop of me on him.

Fuck, he's so hot.

“So wet for us.” My eyes move over to Sean, who's now sitting in the chair where the dead man was once tied, his pants unzipped. His cock springs out harder than ever.

My mouth nearly foams from the sight of watching Sean playing with his cock and stacking his hands on top of each other, fisting himself, pre-cum already spilling from the tip.

If I weren't taken by Tobias, I would go over there and take it all, saving every last drop like it was the last time I would be allowed to taste him.

Tobias picks me up, moving us to the wall as my back is shoved against it harshly, my legs are taken hostage over his shoulders, and the robe is ripped off me.

I'm now completely naked and vulnerable, but all it does is make my mouth water at the sight of Sean moaning.

Sean's eyes are fixed on my body, watching Tobias' mouth on me, tasting me. All of me.

He keeps fisting his cock now with both hands on top of each other. My eyes close, rolling to the back of my head.

"Keep your eyes on him, Angel. I want you to watch him cum as you do," he mumbles into my pussy. I open again as Sean's movement picks up faster and more desperately.

"Fuck, please keep going," I growl at how he licks and bites my clit, hitting all the right spots. My body trembles under his touch, my eyes still on Sean as his head shoots back.

Beads of cum explode over his stomach and hand while I ride my intense orgasm out. Tobias puts me down as my legs still shake and I'm not stable enough to move.

Tobias's warm breath takes my earlobe hostage as he whispers.

“Be a good girl and clean him up. You are the reason he made this mess, after all.” I walk over, my legs still shaking. Sean sits playing with his now hard again cock still covered in cum.

“On your knees now,” he demands, his eyes narrowing in on me.

“Standing drooling over my cock won't earn you any points.” He chuckles, leaning back in his chair, spreading his legs wider, and giving me a mouth-watering view of everything. Fuck, I might die from this, not sure what it would be from but it would definitely be embarrassing.

“Ash, get on your knees and take my cock in those perfect lips of yours before I have to do it myself.” I kneel in front of him, opening my mouth wide. I debate for a second, thinking about how I wouldn't mind him forcing my mouth down on his cock.

That was a short-lasting thought.

Taking Sean's cock into my mouth while swallowing all the cum, my hands stack on top of each other doing an up-and-down motion as I suck him. I forget how big he is, but I won't stop as he takes my hair in his fist, tightening his grip.

“Those pretty lips were made for me. Come on, Angel, take more of me. I know you want to.” He leans forward, wrapping my hair in his hands and moving it out of my face.

“Fuck, Ash, you're going to make me cum again,” he moans as I come up for air, but he slams my head back down on his cock.

I choke from the harshness of the intrusion and welcome his size.

I'm sweating, and my freshly washed body is now a mess as he releases the harsh hold he has on me, but not for long.

I'm brought to my feet by his heavy hands as he sits me on the seat, taking the bloody rope that was around the dead man's body.

"What are you doing?" I ask even though I'm fully aware of what's about to happen.

"Shut that pretty mouth of yours. You're not in control anymore." His eyes blacken to pure evil as my hands are knotted behind the chair and my feet are bound. I'm trapped with no way of getting free.

"The more you fight, the more it's going to hurt. All that you will achieve is a face fucking, Angel," he growls, parting my legs and ripping my soaked knickers as I sit naked, tied to a dead man's chair.

The floor is still covered in red, a knife lying in the spreading pools of blood. My eyes are pulled to it as Sean noticed, picking it up as the blood dripped, leaving a trail.

Sean takes the knife, smothering the blood over my stomach, and the coldness of it touches my skin, giving me goosebumps all over my body as the hair rises on my arms.

"Angel, you didn't think this was about you.

Tobias gave you your orgasm. Now I want to have mine down your throat.

" The knife is thrown back to the floor as Sean moves closer to me, his cock hard.

He teases the tip of my mouth as I open wide, welcoming him in.

He thrusts in, hitting the back of my throat, causing me to gag.

I try to get my hands free, but they're bound too tight.

I'm not sure I'm getting any blood circulation.

He gives me a second to breathe before his hand is around me, choking me, and he's thrusting back into me, repeating his actions while I struggle beneath him.

I'm relatively sure I'm going to pass out soon, but no matter the eyes I give to him, he looks angry as if I have done something, but I haven't.

He's using me to get some shit off his chest. I relax, letting him become more violent with my body. He slaps my tits and squeezes my nipples until I force him out of my mouth. I whisper and yell before he's back inside me. Face-fucking me harsh and desperate.

"Such a slut. I bet you would get on your knees for any man as long as a cock is involved." The harshness of his words has tears spilling from my eyes, not because I'm upset, but because he's right and I don't care.

I never claimed I was perfect.

I should be in a mental hospital, hooked up to God knows what drugs. Calling me a slut is the nicest thing anyone has said to me in a long time.

His fist tightens around my hair as he pulls me back, leaving me dripping from my mouth, my eyes narrow, ready to beg for whatever he's going to take from me. Without any given warning, he takes his free hand, slapping me across the face, once and then another. My face turns red, and heat swells around my body. His eyes dart around me, not looking apologetic at all, almost as if it's giving him some sort of

release he needed.

My pussy pulses more that he's being like this. I like it. I want him to slap me again. Before I can beg him to degrade me more, he's shoving my mouth back down on his cock, giving me no way to breathe. He moves my head up and down as I gag.

His cock twitches around my lips and pulses against me as hot beads of cum squirt down my throat. He leaves his cock inside me, making sure I have no other choice than to swallow.

“Good girl. Same time next week.” He rolls his eyes, smirking, as he picks the wine-coloured knife back off the floor, cuts off the rope, and lets me get up but makes no attempt to pick the rope up for me.

Which is now covered in blood. I watch them both carry the body out, and a sense of relief comes over me until I look back and see the mess I have to spend hours cleaning up to do the same thing again tomorrow.

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TAINTED LUST

“ I said no,” I say, crossing my arms, already making the same decision I made an hour ago when Jessie nearly broke down my door at seven in the morning.

It was still dark outside. The sun hadn't even set, and for someone who could stay in bed and never leave again, he sure is punctual.

Seriously, who needs to be up that early?

I sure as hell didn't need to be.

For a single second, I was sure a soul needed to be released to the pits of hell, or I was in fear for my life, but no, of course, nothing like that.

He wants me to complete a job to find a victim, or I should say an abuser, because the man he wants me to find and bring back here is far from a victim. He's a monster who deserves to be rotting six feet under and in hell for the rest of his life for what he did.

The same type of job I was made to do a few weeks ago by him. Give me someone to kill, and as long as it's not a kid, then I'm up for it. I tend to stray away from killing women unless I really feel I want to.

Only I can break my own rules. Sometimes the voices in my head tell me to; sometimes they say stuff like, “You see that woman over there? Wouldn't it be nice to see her struggle or see her bleed out?” When this does happen, my control is taken

from me. The voices tell me what to do, and even if I think I can push them away, I can't, unless I'm with them.

When I'm alone with them, it's silent and peaceful, and I feel safe.

They always overrule me.

“You’re missing the point. I wasn’t asking, I was telling you.” He scowls, telling me the same thing he’s been saying to me since he came around. Is it that hard for him to understand I do the killing and that’s it? I don’t want to do it.

“You’re missing my point that I’m not doing it, end of story.

Why are you suddenly so interested in me catching them?

It’s never been my job, and I have been in this job for years.

” Jessie stands, looking at me. I think he may have grasped that he can shout at me and demand that I do stuff, but I won’t. I make my own choices.

“I told you I wanted to help out, and you wouldn't let me, and now you want me to. Funny how it’s only when it suits you,” I sneer.

“Okay, let me show you something, and if you still feel this way, I won’t bring it up again. Deal?” he asks, and it seems fair enough, but I’m sure whatever he shows me won’t change my mind.

“Fine.” I sigh, walking over to the car. We sit in silence the whole way, not even looking at each other. There’s something off about Jessie. I just haven’t quite put it together yet, and I’m not sure I ever will.

I'm not convinced he's like the others. Something about how I got here and am still living and breathing doesn't sit right with me. I just never acted on it because I had nowhere to go.

They are my family. I have no say in it even if I don't stay. I'm all alone and in danger of them finding me and taking me this time; they might take my soul, and I won't get it back, not like I did last time.

We pull up outside of a hotel or what looks to be one. I'm confused but say nothing as we walk in, and it's filled with dozens of women, kids, and teenagers.

"What is this?" I ask, my eyebrows raised, and sweat beads off my lip as my pulse rises. This place is beautiful, it's full of kids running wild. A group of them play tag with each other while I see three mums sitting and chatting.

Everyone here looks so happy. I can't help but reach for my arm, picking at a piece of skin, pinching until I flinch at the pain, but continue making myself bleed.

Jessie's eyes land on me. The sleeve of my top is being pulled down to hide the redness and the new scar I have added to the dozen I still have.

"You think you don't help any of the victims of the men. You're wrong. When possible, we give them a place to stay. Look at this." He gestures as he points to a woman and a child. The woman runs free, the other children happy and laughing, while the mum laughs, watching their kids have fun.

"Over there with the dirty blonde hair. That's Lucy and her little one, Sarah.

She was in an abusive relationship with her late husband.

He would beat her up, rape her, leaving her walking around with piles of makeup to

cover it up.

I got information from the guys at the station.

They helped me find her. I took her and her kid in.

They have been here for several months, living with freedom.

No one is trapped here, but they are given jobs and helped back on their feet.

We try to keep it as normal as possible and let them be as independent as they wish.

You helped save them by riding the world of one more evil man,” he tells me, tears falling from my eyes, coating my face as my nose runs.

I didn’t know victims were taken to safety. He put this much into it.

“Don’t do that, Ash. I can’t take any credit; this isn’t my doing.

Sean and Tobias put their money into this.

All I do is use my past with the police to help now and then.

” I can’t stop crying. Every night, I would fall asleep wishing I had done more.

But now I can see that I had done enough; we all had, but no one will ever see it like this.

“Hey, Angel. Don’t cry, this place is some people’s heaven.” The softness of his voice is like nothing I’ve heard before from him and I like it a lot. He takes his thumb, wiping it over my face, wiping the tears away.

“I know you wanted to show me this place so that I would do this job for you. I will as long as you promise me we’ll get him, and I get first dibs on him.” I chuckle. I’m not sure how tonight will go, but if it means we rid this earth of one more evil spirit, I’m happy to help.

“Okay, I won’t lie to you. This is dangerous and you could end up hurt.

I need you to understand I will do what I have to, to keep you safe.

” Chills travel down my spine. I have to do this.

I’m also aware I’m putting myself at risk for killing people for a living, but that doesn’t mean a man’s touch can’t be far more dangerous than mine.

“I’m in.” He walks us both back to the car.

“I will send you all the details later, but it won’t be until next week and you have a lot of work until then.” He smirks as the car engine turns on and we drive back to my place in silence.

The excitement of knowing I have a body to kill or torture fills me, giving me the feeling I love. Rage. Excitement.

I open the door slightly with too much force. My eyes lay on the man tied to the chair, duct tape on his mouth. His pleading eyes shoot to mine, muffled screams seeping through the tape.

His name is Damian. He is twenty-seven. I’m not much older than him; he has a slim face, and his chestnut brown hair seeps over it as he moves his head up. He has a black eye, a bloody nose, and has taken a few punches to the face.

Whoever the person bringing them to me is, they had their bit of fun. As long as I still get to kill him, I don't mind.

"I'm going to take off the duct tape, but for the love of God, if you scream, it goes back on. You are here and you won't leave, not until your heart stops. That's a promise." I laugh at how creepy I sound. The man's eyes look like they could pop out of their sockets.

I walk over toward the man above him. I have a metal pipe that goes around the room.

I don't use it much, but I have a surprisingly innovative idea of what I'm going to do, and I'm going to enjoy every bit.

I attach handcuffs to both wrists. Jessie, being an ex-cop, means having a supply of handcuffs is actually quite common for us.

The man hangs his feet off the ground as he struggles to get free.

That won't happen.

The guys stand there admiring my work. There's nothing I love more than showing them how dangerous I can be.

I rip the duct tape off him. His mouth is red from the harshness of the rip.

"Fuck you, stupid bitch." He spits in my face, causing rage to filter through my body.

"That's not very nice. What's wrong? You're no longer in control, or is it the fact that a woman has all the power and you're nothing but weak under my touch?" I torment him as I pick up my knife, tossing it in the air.

“You don’t know what I’m about to do to you.” I bring the knife down, cutting the man’s shirt and letting it fall open. Next, I take the knife, cutting the pants down the middle of his crotch. I pull his pants down, removing his shoes first, and throwing them onto the floor.

I bring the knife to his left, slashing him over and over as blood seeps out, his screams falling from his mouth and filling the room.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

His dick is soft, and I bring my knife, scraping it down his body straight to it. He flinches. I run the blade of the knife over his flesh, causing horrifying pain. He yells and spits at me multiple times, only encouraging me to run the blade over him more, deepening each slice.

Drip.

Red.

Drip.

Red.

“Run, run as fast as you can.” I snicker, as I know there isn’t any form of escaping me.

“Oh, that’s right, you can’t run.” I smirk as I go over, ripping another piece of duct tape off and placing it over his mouth, muting him like he did to the women.

“I warned you what would happen if you didn’t behave and now look at what you have done.” My finger rests on my lips as I pull my bottom lip down, looking at the man screaming into the tape. Pathetic.

“You know, I have killed many people. I have shot people, stabbed, cut out eyes and organs, but what will I do with you? Maybe I will do all of it until your body is nothing but ash. Maybe I will cut your heart out and save it for a meal later.”

The man’s eyes are bloodshot with trepidation. He knows he won’t get out alive. I have this execution all planned out, and I plan to take my sweet time with him. After all, I’m here to offer a service.

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“Should I start with carving you open, taking your organs out, then your liver, and then your heart, or should I shoot you and get it finished, use acid? Choices, choices, choices.”

My room is my safe space. It's dark inside, with black walls and an off-black wooden floor. I have a chair in the middle of the room, stained with blood from the people who have died in this place. Their spirits always go to hell. I make sure of it, or I haven't done my job.

My phone goes off, taking me out of the routine I was about to begin. Jessie messaged me with the details for next week.

I silence my phone. I have a table on which I spread all my objects out for now. I have two handguns, three knives, a chainsaw I've still yet to use, and a bottle of acid that I've also still yet to use.

I take another two strips of the tape and position them over the man's eyelids. I don't need to see his eyes as I do what I am about to do.

“When I'm done, your evil spirit will be in hell.

” I chuckle as I pick up the chainsaw, pressing the button to turn it on.

I hover over the man's soft dick; his chest is racing up and down faster the closer I get, before I take the chainsaw to the man's balls and saw them off.

Blood splatters up the walls on me, on him, and all over my other tools as I go to the

tip of the man's dick, sawing off from the tip in an upward motion, splitting his dick in half.

Splat.

Splat.

Splat.

A smile coils at my mouth as I see the man's breathing slow down. He was barely even here, or maybe he passed out.

Taking the still-turned-on chainsaw, I aim for his leg, sawing it from the knee. As more blood seeps out, I do the same thing with the other leg.

I turn the blood-soaked chainsaw off, placing it back on my table.

I take a knife, open his chest, and watch his exposed heart pulsing ever so slowly.

Placing my hand on his heart, I rip it from him and watch as it beats for its final few moments in my hand.

The body will shut down. I plan on letting him hang there until he is no longer here.

As for the heart, I place it on the table, drawing my knife and stabbing it over and over until it no longer beats.

My table is covered with a piece of this man's heart, and if I'm being honest, it isn't the nicest sight.

Walking over to the man's limp body, I undo the cuffs as he falls to the blood-filled

floor.

He has nowhere to go, his legs beside him and his dick just lying there.

I stare at the mess, knowing Sean and Tobias will come along and get rid of the body, burying it where no one will find it.

Though if they did find it, I'd happily tell them it was me.

Some days, I wish I could leave this place. I'm not a prisoner, but I'm sure they are watching me. They will catch me as soon as I step outside on my own, and I'll be right back in the basement.

The cold floor. My wrists are in shackles.

A man stands in the corner like a shadow, watching me struggle.

My first instinct is to fight. I kick and scream.

It's no use. The figure is gone. I'm left alone, hanging with my hands in cuffs.

I'm alone in a place I don't know, waiting for the person, the very thing that keeps me awake at night. The devil who will strip me of my title of being a human, after that, all I will be is broken into pieces, covered in stitches, and fractured bones, and no one will ever love me. Not even my own father did so why would another man want a broken used-up whore. No amount of glue could stick me back together. I'm too fucked up to be loved and cared for.

It's been about two months since I was confined to this basement, but I have no way of knowing. I'm fed three meals a day, washed, and clothed.

I haven't been hurt. So really, I'm confused why I'm held captive down in this basement.

I may not have been hurt physically, but mentally, if I were given the chance, I would drown myself, but then I'm never left alone.

I was robbed of any independence when I came here.

He's with me when I shower, when I eat, even when I sleep.

I don't take a breath without him lurking around the corner, watching, waiting to see if I will try to get out.

It's no use. I'm stuck here and I won't ever be free.

Slowly, I have been given more things. I'm no longer handcuffed or hanging. I have a blanket, even two cushions.

He hasn't spoken a word to me or shown me his face.

He wears a mask and gloves all the time.

The more time I spend here, the more he lurks around the corner.

He says he's giving me my independence back in little steps, but he's lying.

I know he's just seeing if I still want to leave.

Of course I do, but I tried, and even if I was to make it out the door, how many guards would be standing waiting, and then would I get outside and feel safer back down there, away from my father?

I have lost count of the days being down here. I got to see his face, but only a glimpse. He's older than me, much older.

I tried to look at some of the man's facial features.

It wasn't successful, but I did see a tattoo of a raven on his right shoulder.

He is big compared to the men I have been around.

He kind of intimidates me in a good way, if there even is one.

I noticed the wrinkles forming on his skin and the texture, but I didn't get to see anything else before he was gone.

Last night, he let me lie on him and fall asleep, seeing as I haven't been sleeping, which is normal considering I'm in a basement with a thin mattress, two thin cushions, and one blanket, if I dare call it that. But he stayed with me, letting me lie on his chest.

My body became relaxed as he tickled me to sleep. I woke to the cold breeze that came before the door. The door I have tried countless times to escape. I have nothing to smash it with or pick the lock. I'm not even sure it has a normal lock.

I'm wholly trapped, but no longer in a rush to leave. This place is the quietest place I have been to.

I'm in danger with the devil, but have never felt so much peace.

The only thing that has gotten worse is my skin picking. I pick my skin so badly I bleed not from one but several wounds. The man came down, cleaned me up, and put a dressing on.

I got diagnosed when I was thirteen with a skin-picking disorder. It took a lot for me to accept that I was sick and that there was something wrong with me.

No one tells you about how there is no way to fix it, only ways to manage it, and I'm yet to find something.

I have no control over the urges, no matter how much I know the voices scream at me to pick or that I look disgusting.

It consumes me and I hate it, but I also love it. Sometimes the worst pain can feel good.

The door opens, and he walks in, handing me a tray of food—a bowl of porridge in a plastic bowl and a plastic fork. This guy isn't taking any chances. I was given an apple juice box like a kid and then sliced up apples, though I'm a hostage.

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THE LOST DOVE

ABOUT FIFTEEN

My mother disappeared three days ago, leaving me and my sisters in the hands of my father. Something I know she wouldn't do even if she had no other choice, which is why I'm starting to get worried. Daddy's growing more frustrated the longer she's gone.

He isn't used to looking after his kids. I'm not even sure he ever has. It's always been my mother or me.

Daddy hasn't tried to bond with us. He spends most of his time in the office downstairs on the phone or with people coming in and out.

I get scared when strange men are in the house. It makes me feel on edge, like I have to be cautious about going near them.

The landing is my favourite place to sit. It keeps me from being seen as I watch what goes on downstairs past our bedtime.

My sisters are always asleep. I make sure to tuck them in and kiss them goodnight while I'm here. Skylar is only ten, and Jasmine is nine. I'm the oldest, meaning I have to pick up the slack and act like a mother more times than I should.

I don't mind caring for my sisters; I truly love them, but going to school and trying to have a social life is complex and tiring.

For the past week, I have been dropping them off at school before me, and then leaving school to run and pick them up later every day.

I'm sure their teachers are concerned, but not enough to ask or ring home; something I wish they would do.

They won't as long as they turn up clean and look fed. It isn't their job to care, but it is their job as teachers; if they think something is going on at home, they are to safeguard us.

No one cares, they never do.

My sisters and I sit at the table tonight eating steak; I watch my father cut his steak, and blood oozes out, making me feel uneasy, and suddenly, I'm no longer hungry.

The two men stayed tonight. They both look older than my father.

The man on the left looks deep into my eyes.

His eyes fill with fury, narrowing in on me as he looks at me as if trying to warn me of something.

I move my gaze off him to my food, eating the steak, wanting to puke from the blood.

I have no other choice but to suck it up and eat.

"Daddy, where is Mummy? I miss her." I want him to tell me Mummy is on her way home and has a good reason for being gone.

"Ash, what have I told you about interrupting me while I'm speaking?" That earns me a harsh slap across the face, leaving an imprint of his hand on my cheek.

I'm a mummy's girl, and the table feels empty without her. Why isn't she here sitting with us like a family?

The night she left, she came into my room, kissed me on the forehead, and laid my Annabelle doll with a letter in the doll's arms, addressing it to me, in my arms to hug while I slept. She whispered to me, "Mummy loves you. I'm sorry, sweetheart, please forgive me..."

Did she give my sisters the same thing? I haven't told anyone, not even my father. I'm scared he's going to get angry at Mummy. What if I'm not special, and she planned this for all her children to get one? Does that mean I'm just a normal person to her?

Does she love me less or more? I'm confused.

I want my mummy back so I can have a clear headspace. I want to sleep, but all I can think about is her, and it's driving me insane.

All my classes have been awful this week. I can't concentrate, and I'm scared they might ring home if I carry on. If possible, I'd like to avoid that problem. The thought of my father screaming at me for failing classes isn't something I want to endure.

I have seen him do it to my younger sisters, and it made me feel sick. I know he would do more than scream at me since I'm the oldest.

As I listen to those words in my head over and over at night, the more I'm sure she won't be coming home, or I get this sick feeling she is no longer in this world. My heart hurts and feels a little emptier than usual.

It's late, and I should be asleep. We have one rule in this house: kids are asleep by seven, but I'm wide awake, hoping my mother appears through my bedroom door. I

can't sleep because the noise of the children's trick-or-treating keeps me awake.

Today is Halloween. Normally, we go out and dress up with Mummy, but not today. Daddy hasn't even tried to ask if we want to.

I hear voices downstairs. Men's voices, a lot of men's voices.

Are my father's work colleagues here, or his mates?

I slide out of bed, putting on my slippers.

I go to sit on the top stair and creep around the corner.

We have a nice house and I'm grateful for it.

Seven men stand in the living room, all in a circle, and creepy music plays.

The men move to the side as a woman is on her knees, her hands tied together, blindfolded.

My father removes the blindfold, throwing it to the floor.

He backs away into the crowd. He looks sad, and his eyes fill with fury, like he's ready to set fire to the house.

He steps forward again, standing in front of the woman.

Moving to the side, I see it's my mother.

She has two black eyes, and her eyebrows are both split and bloody.

I cover my mouth with my hands, choking on the tears.

Today I'm living in a real nightmare.

Her eyes look at me as I peek around the corner, she gives me a warning look to stay quiet, and I do what she commands while trying to control my emotions.

Tears form at the back of my eyes, waiting to spill.

I'm not sure I would make it out alive if I were caught.

They might let my mother go. I think for a second, but I don't know whether it would save my mother or get us both killed.

I can't leave my sisters. That wouldn't be fair.

One man comes in front of her, slapping her across the face, leaving her with an imprint, just as I have.

"One" slap. The sound vibrates through my body, giving me chills.

"Two" slap. Her face is bright red from how harsh these men are, but that doesn't stop them from slapping her another five times.

By the end, she has a waterfall of tears falling from her face.

I cry in silence at the top of the stairs while these men beat my mother up.

My father comes to kneel in front of my mother, drawing a cross on her forehead as she cries. He holds a necklace with a cross, waving it over either of her shoulders. He does it three times, kissing her forehead again. Putting it down, he goes to speak,

clearing his throat before he does.

“You chose them over what we believe in. I’m sorry, but I have no other choice. I love you. Sweet dreams ...” My father takes a rock to her head, hitting her over and over. She falls face first, her hands still tied. She’s covered in blood, and so is our cream rug.

The monster has come to the services, and I’m not making it out alive.

My mind goes back to the night she came to my room with the doll. She left me a letter. I move slowly, making sure I don’t make any noise as I go back to my room.

Closing my door quietly so no one knows I’m awake, I go through my drawers until I hold the letter in my hands; I open it, taking a minute. I don’t know what this is going to say, but I’m so scared.

I’m sitting in bed watching your father sleep while I write this. Ash, if you are reading this, then I’m no longer on this earth.

He caught me. I’m sorry I couldn’t be the mum you wanted me to be and I couldn’t keep you safe.

Just know I tried so hard to fight for you and your sisters.

I gave you this letter because you are brave enough to take this in.

Your father is a bad person. He had a choice.

He sacrificed me because I wanted to leave. You won’t be safe.

Those men you see come round to see your daddy; they are not his friends.

They are powerful and wanted us to sell you and your sisters to them for a lot of money, but I refused.

Please forgive me, sweetheart.

Remember when I took you to the park one day after school?

It was December and it was snowing, and you asked if we could make a snowman. So, I went to the park and spent hours building the biggest snowman. The next day, it melted, but it was worth it to see the way your face lit up.

Or when I let you play on the swings, and you begged me to let you go higher.

“Mummy, higher, higher.” You shouted with a huge smile, and I did, but you got scared, and I had to hold you in my arms all night so you knew you were safe.

Please remember those parts of me, not the parts where I was drunk and couldn’t get off the couch, or the time me and your father were shouting and screaming at each other.

You and your sisters shouldn’t have had to see that, and I’m sorry.

Please look after your sisters for me, keep them safe. Don’t let anyone take control. Please, Ash, don’t let them win. You are stronger than me, I know it. You have a gift, remember to use it.

I know you must be scared, upset, and angry right now, but remember, I will always be with you. Keep going to school, grow up, and be an amazing woman your mother can be proud of. Stay away from bad boys and keep out of trouble.

Ash, I hope you got this far in the letter. I had to write the first bit because I knew

your father wouldn't be able to read it all—or so I hope.

By now, you would have heard the news of my death, and I'm sorry, but listen carefully. I had no choice. They wanted to take you, and I would not let that happen. Promise me you will get out when you get to an age where you can, please, run away.

When those men come into your room at night, be quiet, close your eyes, and think of me, all the fun we had, and when he's gone, hug the doll and remember me. I didn't want to go.

I need you to understand I wasn't given a choice. Your father is a ruthless man. I hope one day you can be proud to say you rid this world of him, but for now, be a good girl.

I never wanted this to happen, I promise.

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Let me tell you a story about a man I met when I was seventeen. We were in college, and I would've done anything for him. He would take me on weekly dates, but we had little money back then, so we would settle for microwave popcorn and rent a movie.

That was the man I fell in love with, not the man who worked all day and was never in a good mood, or a man their kids feared.

I always noticed when you would bow your head so he wouldn't look at you or get angry when you would beg him to take you to the park, or you wanted him to check your maths homework.

Even when you would draw him photos, he never showed interest. Sweetheart

I promise I loved every photo. All the photos you ever drew are in a special box, and sometimes, before bed, I would look at them and tell myself how proud I am of the person you are turning out to be

Please, Ash, take what I'm telling you to the grave. Your dad is ruthless and isn't a good person. Please try to leave and do what you have to do to survive.

Sweet dreams, Mummy loves you. I'm sorry.

Stay safe.

Love mum ?

My eyes are sore, red, and puffy. I cover my mouth, trying to cover my trembling tears. I don't know how to feel: Should I be grateful my mother wrote me the letter, or should I be angry because she knew this was planned?

All that letter did was confirm that my mother did love me.

My father, on the other hand, is incapable of loving his children, and we are just a burden to him.

What do I do with this letter? Show it to my father or confront him about what happened?

No, I would get into trouble because I was up past my bedtime and snooping.

My face still stings from the harsh slap my father gave me at the dinner table today.

The way those men looked at me still gives me goosebumps and makes me uncomfortable.

2 YEARS BEFORE

“Daddy, look, I did it. DADDY!” I shout, waving my math homework in his face while he looks at his phone screen, not noticing his daughter who just worked out the maths questions I had been stuck on for hours. I thought he would be proud, but he couldn't care less.

I slam my hand down on the table, leaving a red mark and an indentation on his office desk. As his eyes look up at me as he slams his phone down, he reaches for my hand and pulls me up over the desk.

“What do you want, Ash? Can't you see Daddy is busy with work?”

Show Mummy, let Daddy finish work.” He kisses my forehead, letting me down as I walk out of the room.

As the door closes, I walk across the hall to see if Mummy is busy.

She’s passed out on the couch. It’s only two in the afternoon; she shouldn’t be passed out.

I remove the empty bottle of wine from her hand, place it on the table beside me, and cover her with a soft throw from the other couch.

My mummy has been getting worse over the past few weeks; she is always sleeping, and if she isn’t doing that, she’s pouring wine.

I’m worried Daddy pays no attention to her and never seems to care, but I do. I love her and I’m going to help her.

I go upstairs to my bedroom. I like it here; it’s quiet, and no one shouts at me or checks on me. I lay on my bed.

I love my daddy, but I wish he loved me as much as I love him. Sometimes it feels like I’m an outcast in this family, and they are waiting to ship me off.

I bring my Annabelle doll toward me, opening my bedside drawer where her hairbrush and choice of clothes lie.

I pick them all out, laying them out on my bed as I untie her two plaits and let her hair fall while I brush the knots and repair it.

Trying to choose which outfit she will wear today.

I scan each outfit, taking a second to look each one over.

As I settle for the baby pink dress, I unzip the white and red one she wears now.

I switch her outfits and lay her back beside me.

It's been hours since I last checked on Mummy; she must be awake now.

I want to go to the park. I sprint down the stairs, jumping off the second-to-last step and running toward the couch.

My mother lies there on her back, foaming from the mouth.

I shake my mother to wake her, but nothing happens.

I take my finger, opening her eyes, but still nothing.

I run into Daddy's office, nearly slamming the door off its hinges.

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" I scream at the top of my lungs, my throat hurting and my face bright red, as I try to crawl up on his desk, but I'm too little.

"Daddy, please. Mummy won't wake up, and she's shaking, things coming out of her mouth." My voice scatters as I panic, and then he looks at me, and his eyes furious.

What did I do wrong?

"Ash, Daddy's trying to work," he scowls, looking back at his laptop while he types and pays no attention to his screaming daughter.

"Daddy," I yell louder this time, hitting his knee repeatedly. I'm picked up viciously

by the throat and pinned against the wall while my father squeezes me in his hold. I kick my legs trying to get free, but I'm too small and young to break free.

He throws me down and I land on my knees, my hand rubbing my throat from the pain.

My father runs to the living room, and I follow him. As he comes to a stop, watching my mother foam at the mouth, he opens his phone and dials 999. The operator tells him what to do. My mother wakes but is in shock.

I was told my mother had overdosed on pills. She had taken one too many and tried to convince everyone it was an accident. She was taken into a mental health ward and put on suicide watch. We see her once a week, and it's the happiest day of the week.

Since my mother isn't home, my relationship with my father has gotten worse. When he isn't working, he is drinking, and when he isn't drinking, he is working.

I tried to get Daddy to take me to the park like he used to, but he said no, he always says no. I think he blames me for my mother's overdose.

I sit at the table with my father in the head seat, while I sit next to my sister and the three younger children.

We sit in silence. She's my best friend and the one person I know I can trust. She's younger than me by three years—she's only nine, while I'm thirteen. I swirl my pasta around the plate; I'm not hungry.

These people are not my family; I don't recognise any of them. I stay quiet and keep my mouth shut; I have learned that's the best way. With my mother being away from the house after food, Daddy is always in a meeting, leaving me and the others to fend for ourselves.

I wanted to get a bath tonight with bubbles and play with my bath toys, but Daddy says I'm too little to do it on my own, and he's always busy when I ask him, or he gets mad.

I play with my doll again, brushing the hair as I plait and undo it multiple times, until my eyes are slowly closing.

I placed my doll beside me as I slid off my bed and opened my drawer to dress myself in some pyjamas.

My legs are curled to my chest, tears still falling from reading the letter and replaying the same memories over and over of my mother overdosing.

I'm not so sure if she was taken into a mental health ward or if that was my dad's way of hiding her while she saved our lives one by one.

I lay on my side, curled up in my blanket and hugging my doll tightly to my chest, looking at nothing but darkness until I forced myself to sleep.

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ENDLESS ECLIPSE

Next week is Halloween, the one time of year I can dress how I want. No one can judge me, and I can do what I'm best at with no questions asked, not to mention leave the house. Every year, I pick a new theme. This year, it's an abandoned carousel theme park.

We are known for throwing Halloween parties every year.

What people don't know is that it's a cover for what really goes on in the pits of the darkness.

I originally had a different plan. I was going to some sort of fancy-dress Halloween party, finding some guy, and then torturing him and ridding his soul to hell, but Jessie informed me it had been taken care of.

I didn't question him as I wasn't in the mood to go to some half-ass Halloween party where people were more scared of this holiday than to love it.

This is the one time of year I get to break my only rule.

I have one rule: I don't kill women unless the voices tell me, but today is the day I don't need a reason.

I can kill one just because I feel like it.

I will find one female normally. It's one who thinks she is so much better than

everyone else in the group.

What that means is she is insecure, and most likely has a troubled home life, and while I sympathise with that, it doesn't give someone a good reason to treat your friends like shit or manipulate them into doing things their way.

People like that shouldn't get to live their lives, and I plan on ridding the world of one of them.

I stand in the abandoned theme park. Rust, dust, and mud are the three things that catch my eye as Sean, Tobias, Jessie, and I walk onto the muddy ground.

Our footsteps leave footprints as a trail for us to get back.

It's getting dark, so we only have a few hours to set up until pitch dark.

The thought of being alone with the three of them is thrilling.

Every time we do something like this, we have to test the water out, and as always, it ends up with me breathless, my hair messy, and normally covered in mud or blood.

I'm drawn to the broken and well-used carousel a few feet away. I walk over; the others follow behind me.

"I want lights, music, and smoke when people enter. The abandoned house is going to be where we keep them until the end. I want all my gear to be there and all in order!"

I have so many ideas about how this night will go. There is one person I would like to attend: my father. The last time I saw him was the day I left that place. It's been a few years since I left, but I still have it burned into my brain.

To say I'm still mad at him after all those years is an understatement.

If I ever get the chance to find my father, I would put him through the same hell he put me through.

When I was younger, I never realised how toxic and unrealistic my parents' relationship was.

I lost count of how many women went into his office for hours on end.

My younger self was convinced it was for work, and it very well could have been just not the work I was thinking about. Tobias and Jessie walk over to the abandoned building, not too far back, where the darkness of the woods lurks beneath me.

Sean and I walk over toward the run-down rides.

There are teacups and a carousel with horses.

Some have seen better days and are missing a leg or two.

Halloween was always something I spent with my mother and sisters until my mother passed away.

It was my job to take my sisters trick or treating, and now I spend the night hosting a fake party to find my next victims. I haven't seen my sisters since I was about fifteen, give or take.

The night I planned to run away, just like my mother told me to, I had no bags packed, nothing, just me and the Annabelle doll my mother gave me.

That was a short-lived idea because I never made it. I was robbed of my soul.

Today is the anniversary of my mother's death, the worst day of my life, still to this day.

Sean and I set up the lights, hanging them from the rusty poles that used to be lit many years ago. After they're hung, we both take our fake blood and spill it on the rides, making it look like a disaster, covering up what was going to happen here.

I would've liked to have used real blood, but my DNA is on most of the blood I have, and fibres pointing at me for countless murders over the years.

I enjoyed having them help me out before I was met with these. I was alone. I still threw killer parties, but with their help, I'm able to throw bigger ones, meaning I can lure more people.

When I say killer parties, I mean I would throw parties when I was much younger, in my teenage years, yet I still think they were pretty good.

I have had Sean and Tobias staking the place out for weeks, making sure no one is using it except some younger kids lurking around at night.

They were lurking around until Sean scared them off, and they haven't been here since.

Jessie's been working hard posting about the party and letting word of mouth do its thing.

He's even been using social media, something I'm not so good with, and I don't think I ever will be. I'm completely off-grid.

Only three people know I'm alive, and they stand with me. The only other people who could know I'm alive have either given up or are hunting me down.

I mean, sure, I have a phone, but I don't use it much. The only time I tend to use it is when I need to get in touch with the guys, which isn't much considering they spend most of their time with me.

Because of those people, I make sure I'm unrecognisable.

This year, I'm dressing up as Annabelle. I'm wearing a white, old-ish dress with white and black tights. My hair will be in two buns on either side of my head, and I'll also be wearing a jet-black wig.

The guys are all going as some sort of masked man.

The thought of them all in masks has my breath hitching and my legs rubbing together from the hotness of my thoughts.

"I investigated what you asked, but nothing came up. Are you sure he's alive or didn't change his name?

" Sean walks in front of me, giving me the information I figured he would find.

I asked him to look up something for me as a secret, but it wasn't successful. I wasn't confident it would be, but I wanted to check any leads I had.

So far, every lead or piece of information has done nothing and never led me any closer to what I'm looking for.

I should stay here and help them set up. It's only fair, but I'm itching to look up more information. I set myself a task and intend to finish it, no matter the consequences I'm given.

Hours later, I'm sitting on the couch blasting music on the TV. Paper covers the floor

and the other half of the couch. I use Jessie's old laptop on my knee as I search for my father's name.

Mark Anderson, my father, the man who sacrificed my mother's life and left for a business trip but never made it back. He abandoned his children, leaving me to look after them until I couldn't and had no other choice but to try and leave. Try being vague.

I look at my siblings fast asleep in my bed after having the best Halloween.

"I'm sorry, Ash loves you, but it's too hard for me," I whisper, my voice shaky.

Closing my bedroom door slowly and as quietly as possible so the hinges don't wake them up, I grab the bag over my shoulder and make my way downstairs into the kitchen. I do one last check of my bag, grabbing some food to keep me going. I can feel someone is here before I can turn around to check.

A cloth is over my mouth, taking me hostage. A firm pair of hands grabs me as my eyes gradually close. I'm taken to the pits of darkness...

The sound of two men speaking makes my eyes slowly open but my vision is still blurry.

My heart beats hard, I'm scared it might pop out,

I'm woken by the breeze of coldness on my body, my eyes heavy and hard to open. I can hear people talking. My first sense to kick in is smell. I wish it wasn't, but essentially, all I can smell is dampness and strong Men's aftershave. It's a musky, spiced smell making my nostrils flare.

"Fuck man, she wasn't meant to get hurt."

“I’m aware, but she wouldn’t stop fighting, so knocking her out was the only option.”

“Where’s the patient?” A rough voice brings me back to life. My eyes shoot open as a man wearing a white jacket opens a bag, draws a needle, and fills it with a clear liquid.

My fear of needles kicks in as the tip of the needle is placed in my arm.

I want to scream and kick. Anything but my body is unable to move, not because I’m in shackles on a table, but because what would screaming do?

Nothing, it would have zero difference to what is about to happen.

I wish I believed I could get out of whatever shit this is but I’m here and something tells me if I want to leave, it won’t be as the same unconcern person who was just trying to finish school. No, instead, I will be a monster.

I’m scared. So scared.

My mouth opens, but nothing comes out, no matter how much I want to scream stop, I’m frozen. My mouth closes as my body relaxes. I can either fight this or I can get it finished.

The sharpness of the needle is inserted into my arm. My eyes are weak, my brain goes silent as my eyes close, and I’m taken to the pits of darkness. Again.

What I can only imagine is hours, days, or maybe even weeks later.

I’m hooked up to an IV but not on a hospital bed and not in a hospital. Two men stand beside me, guns in their hands, and each one has a taser. Fuck.

I try to move, but my hands and legs are held hostage to the table. The very cold table; they couldn't get me a blanket?

I don't need to ask what's going to happen. I'm going to be forced to do whatever they want.

I'm just a girl. We have no control over what we do, but men do what they want.

Keep your mouth shut and be a good girl, Ash. It will end quicker, I tell myself.

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“W-WHAT is going on? Why am I here? Please help me. I need help,” I try to scream with a shaky voice, but I can hardly get my words out.

My mouth and jaw feel like I have been to the dentist and had some teeth pulled, and now I'm waiting for the medicine to wear off.

One man turns around, looking at the other; they both stand on either side of me. They each roll their eyes. Rude.

So much for keeping my mouth shut.

“Look who’s awake.” A man's voice is vague as I'm still adjusting. Their eyes follow their conversation. I'm too weak and tired to take any of the information in, and I'm sure they wouldn't be stupid enough to talk about information that's not for me.

“I’m aware. We wouldn’t be in this room if you had just done what you were told.”

I’m lying on a table freezing my ass off and these two men can’t stop arguing about how they did not do their jobs right.

A normal person who just got taken from her house would be scared, and yes, I am scared.

Over the years, I have just taught myself to make insanely dark jokes in situations like this. Soon after they stop nearly killing each other, my legs and arms are unlocked, and I'm taken off the table, dressed in a ripped hospital gown covered in blood. I'm not so sure it's the same blood as mine.

“Come on, I don't have all day; he's waiting for you.”

Who is waiting for me? Now I'm freaking out. My pulse is harder, and my chest tightens. I feel I may pass out, or I'm having a heart attack. I'm too young to die in this place. What is this place?

Who took me and why?

I'm taken to a room; my father stands with his back to me, talking to someone else.

Why would my father kidnap me?

My father turns around, looking at me. I shake, scared. He looks furious as if I have done something wrong.

“Good, she's here. I hope she doesn't have any scratches. He won't like that,” my father says to the two men still standing beside me, pointing their guns at me.

Who is he and why won't he like it?

“Now let's get started, seeing she is ready,” the man on my left says. My father smiles, walking toward me.

His hand comes to my shoulder, making me flinch and want to puke at the feel of his touch.

“Don't touch me!” I slap his hands away.

“Ash, now is not the time.” He rolls his eyes back, walking away, turning around to lean against the front of his desk, resting his hands on either side.

“Not the time for what?” I shout, trying to step forward, but I stop. The barrel of the gun is at my stomach, holding me still.

“We don't have time for you to have a tantrum. We can talk about this later.”

Is he for real right now? He vanishes and leaves his kids, and now I'm listening and doing what he says.

“What the hell is going on?” I stand back, crossing my arms.

“Let's stop pretending you don't know what happened to your mother. The real story.” His eyes darken. He looks at me without making a move. How could he know that I saw what happened?

I kept my mouth shut and didn't tell anyone.

“You should have stayed in bed, and we wouldn't be here.” His tone is angrier this time.

The door opens as a man walks in, taller and older than my father, with a black beard and short, curly black hair. He comes up to my father, placing himself beside him as he looks me up and down, licking his lips.

I'm left with an uneasy feeling. It's at this moment that I'm sure I know what's about to happen and there isn't any way I can stop it.

My heart beats fast. I have no idea why or what my father is involved in, but I seem to be the damage control.

“Is this who you were talking about?” The man nudges my father as they both smirk, and he nods toward him, confirming he is right.

“This is Ash. Look after her and treat her well.” My father stands, walking further toward me and stopping inches away. My breathing hitches and I want to run, but where the fuck would I go?

“Ash, make daddy proud and be a good girl, or don’t; either way, you won’t make it out of here alive.

” The anger rises in me. If I didn’t have a gun with me, I would fight him, but it’s too late.

My father walks away, and the man walks over to me, trying to grab my arm.

I slap it away, walking backward. He takes offence at me walking away.

“She’s a fighter. I will have her trained in no time.” The man smirks, grabbing my hand with force as he drags me away.

“Please. I promise I will keep it a secret!” I yell, but he turns his head, not able to look at me.

The door closes. I’m dragged into a dimly lit room down the hall from my father’s office. We get to a door; the man opens it and throws me inside. I land on the bed, hitting my head.

“Let’s get a few things straight. From this moment on, you are mine. I paid a lot of money for you. Don’t disappoint me.” Rage builds inside me. The past month has been the worst, but here, today...

I’m living in actual hell.

I can sense the man coming up behind me. He’s inches away. His hand lies on my left

shoulder as my body flinches. I turn around and I'm forcefully pushed onto the bed for the second time. The man towers over me.

"Strip for me, slowly. I want to see every inch of your skin." The man licks his lips. I could puke at any second.

"While I'm not allowed to take your virginity or do anything to you vaginally, you do have a fine-looking ass, I can't wait to explore." The coldness of the word makes my skin crawl. How can someone say that to someone so young and smile like he's getting off on it?

My body freezes, not wanting to do what I'm told. I'm scared that if I do what he says once, I won't ever say no. What if I am a good girl for him and that's it?

I am a good girl for any man who wants their turn.

"Little girl. Fighting me will only get you hurt," he growls, biting his bottom lip.

I sit looking at him, making no movement to undress. It makes me shudder as I look at the grin on the man's face.

He's enjoying me being scared, and I can't turn it off or fake it. I have already moulded my body to act.

He walks over to me, grabbing my hand. I'm taken harshly off the bed to my feet before I'm turned around and thrown with force on the bed again, my face buried into the blanket as his hand firmly presses it down. I'm struggling to breathe.

The man rips my black leggings down, and the same with my pink underwear, parting my legs. His hands brush my ass, making me feel so incredibly uncomfortable.

Tears fall from my eyes onto the blanket cover.

“The more you fight me, the more I will punish and hurt you. Little girl, I don't want to hurt you. It's in your best interest to relax.” His words are like sour milk that's been in the fridge for a week and left a tangy smell.

I refuse to answer. When he pulls my hair, my head lifts off the bed, hanging, back until I'm forced to throw my neck back against his tight grip on the back of my head.

The man gets up and walks to the other end of the room, where he opens the black matte wardrobe, revealing it to be full of dresses and heels. He picks up a pair of black Jimmy Choo heels and brings them back toward me.

I go back to being frozen. His grip is back on me, my legs spread open again.

“Just know I warned you. Now I have to teach you a lesson.” The heels are taken toward my back. He traces the pointed edge on my lower back, scraping me until his hands on my ass again. Tormenting me.

The man's firm large hands spread my ass cheeks open, holding them in place while the thin heels shoved into my hole, making my body jerk from the pain.

“Please stop. I'm begging you, please just leave.” My head presses harder down on the bed, while I cover the sheets in my tears.

“NO, NO, NO, fucking no. Please, I'm begging you, don't do this!” I scream so loud, all my energy is gone; I don't have it in me.

Three times he has thrust into me, each time more painful than the last.

I relax, giving up the fight, letting the man take what he wants, closing my eyes, and

thinking of anything but this moment.

“Come for me, Little Girl.” The sour words make my stomach curdle as he pulls my hair, jerking my head toward him.

He presses a kiss to my lips, grabbing my chin to force me to obey.

I feel sick, like all I want to do is throw up in his mouth.

He kisses me over and over, angry, desperate.

He tastes like cigarettes and pizza, making me feel more sick.

Minutes after, my body starts to shake, making me cum right on the shoe the man retrieves from inside me.

I feel dirty. I didn't ask for it and I didn't want to cum, but it was a normal body reaction, one I have no control over again.

The man smirks at me, throwing my face back down and leaving me on the bed, not giving a care in the world that he just took advantage of a fifteen-year-old.

Even after I said no. I told him to stop. I tried. I fucking tried but it didn't work, he overtook me.

I screamed over and over. I tried to fight him off me, but it wasn't any use. Once again, a man was in control and had his way with me, and there wasn't a thing I could do. No matter how much I screamed the words no or tried to fight him off, he won like they always do.

If there is one thing I have learned, it is that men take what they want, no matter the

consequences.

I lay on the bed in the same position as before. I'm sore, weak, and unable to move.

The door opens, but I don't flinch. Someone sits on the bed rubbing my back. A voice vaguely speaks.

My mind is numb. I can't tell how long I have been lying here, but I'm in so much pain, my stomach feels like I'm getting punched over and over.

I don't have to move to know that.

I want to die; I don't want to be alive—that's the only thing circling my mind at this very moment.

"This may hurt. I'm sorry. Let me get you cleaned up." All I hear is a shallow male voice, deeper than the last one.

I'm too weak to fight. A hot cloth is placed between my thighs as the man cleans me, doing the same to my ass.

"What's your name? Mine is Killian," he asks, carrying on cleaning with the hot water and towel.

"Ash. Where am I?" I ask, half knowing the answer but hoping I am given more information.

My eyes look at the heels in the rearview, lying on the floor covered in my blood. My breathing hitches, remembering what just happened, and yet this man isn't trying to hurt me, even though I know just because he's not now doesn't mean he won't take this as an invitation for later.

“Nice to meet you, Ash. I need to get you in the bath. Will you let me?”

He asks as if I say no, he won't just take me there, anyway.

I don't answer. The room is silent. It's only now that I look up and take in where I am.

The walls are off-white and dirty. The bed I'm lying on is low and nearly on the floor. The floor is brown wood, covered in scratches. The sight of my surroundings in my new home brings me nausea in the pit of my stomach.

“Will it matter if I say no?” My head curls as I try to turn around, but I'm in too much pain. I give up.

“No, it won't.” He picks me up, cradling me and walking me out the door. Down the hall, we take two lefts until we come upon another door. He kicks open to a bathroom, the bathtub already filled, and I'm lowered in.

The water is hotter than I would have liked. I sit with my knees to my chest, my arms hugging them. Killian walks over, placing cloths in the water before he wipes my body clean.

I have the urge to ask him to add bleach to the water, but I don't think bleach could clean me.

Nothing could clean away the touch of the man's hand all over my body in every sacred place, but now there is his.

My body is nothing, at least not to me anymore.

It's the man's pride and pleasure, and I just worship the ground he walks on.

If I were to dunk my whole body in the water and stop breathing, would he save me, or would he know this is a better choice than having a man violate your body at any given time?

I have no worth on this earth. All I am is a child under a man's command, but worse, I am molded to take it like a good girl.

How long until he has my soul, dignity, and my very reason to live?

Tears gather at the back of my eyes, falling without warning and dropping into the water. I feel dirty, used. Just like a dirty whore!

What kind of father sells their teenage daughter to a grown man and lets them rape and beat them up?

The man carries me back to my room, leaving me curled up on my side.

I'm taken to my arms, and the red patches from picking my skin form.

My fingers graze my skin. When I find multiple bumps, I'm unable to stop myself from digging my nails, picking them over and over.

My eyes squint when the pain gets too much, but I carry on until I'm left with blood oozing out of my arm in various places.

I apply pressure to my arm with my hands, trying to stop the bleeding.

The constant pain is there.

Sometimes, even the worst pain can feel good.

When I sit picking my skin, I feel as if I'm giving myself the punishment I deserve.

The voices calm down when I do what they say, but sometimes I wish the voices would leave.

I don't like hurting myself, but it's all I know. I'm not built the same as anyone else.

Pain is the very thing I have known since I was a child.

HALLOWEEN NIGHT

The music drifts throughout the crowd. More people than intended turned up to our Halloween party, and everyone's outfits are shocking, to say the least.

I take immense pride in how I made this party look. I have skulls hanging from a pole that goes from the entrance and stops just before the pits of darkness lurking in the trees. My stomach growls; I'm hungry, but not for food to send a new soul to hell.

It's been weeks since I got the thrill of killing. I'm more than a killer tonight, more than the Grim Reaper. I'm ready to open all the darkness that I hide and unleash it tonight. I don't want to be fair; I want to take what was taken from me over and over. I'm the executioner that people fear.

I dressed up as Annabelle, just like my doll. I'm wearing an oldish white dress and black-and-white striped tights. I have a jet-black wig with two buns on either side of my head and two skull clips. A red ribbon is tied around my stomach to mimic a belt.

We fixed up the nearly non-existent haunted house that had been abandoned. The last week had been spent losing sleep and neglecting any business. The guys had to completely redo it, and I'm so glad we did.

When you walk inside, Michael Myers jumps out with a knife to your throat and welcomes you.

That's Sean's costume. If you keep walking, you're met with a long hallway of darkness, and fake smoke opens a path, the walls decorated with many creepy dolls,

skulls, body parts like arms, legs, eyes, lips, nose, even organs, hearts, and livers.

The best part is that they are all real; not a single body part or organ is fake. As you turn the corner and continue walking, you're met with a door. When you walk through, you enter my dollhouse, which we personalized to my theme.

I have my rocking chair to sit in.

I called it Endless Eclipses, where souls enter but never leave.

An evil laugh leaves as I throw my head back.

I'm not alone in my dollhouse. I have Tobias, who is dressed as Freddie.

I want it to make people cry and run away, so he has to chase them over and over.

I want them all to chase me and take me in their costume, making me fear for my life.

It's just about time for us to open.

The guys turn all the lights off, allowing only the disco-like light to roam through the place.

While I walk to my dollhouse, I sit in my rocking chair and turn it away from the door. I hold my doll and brush her hair as I rock back and forth.

Jessie is controlling the crowd while I do what I do best.

He was boring and refused to dress up. We have the same argument every year, and he's always keeping the crowd under control. I guess it's something I have to live with now.

The first group enters my dollhouse while I sway back and forth, singing like a child in a creepy voice.

“Hush little baby, don’t you cry, mama’s going to buy you a rocking chair.” I sing childlike to my doll while brushing her hair.

I can hear three voices, and I’m guessing it’s a group of three, which means one of them is a mean girl. I don’t make the rules. One is always a mean girl, and one is always left out. The other just stays out of the whole friendship and minds her business. I like that one.

I turn my chair around, placing a creepy smile on my face.

The girl in the middle has dark urban hair that flows down her back, leaving two pieces over her eyebrows covering her eyes.

The eyes I’m now attached to. I picture how I would carve them out or how I could send her into the trees and have my men run after her, only for her to get caught in my trap.

The trees are laced with multiple traps, so if anyone went for a walk, they wouldn’t last long. I may let them go, or I may use them. I know this is wrong, and I don’t have a reason to kill this girl, but I don’t get the passion for anything. There is a reason I’m drawn to her.

“You in the middle,” I point out, narrowing my eyes.

She points to herself, looking around the room; she has no way of getting past me.

The voices are screaming at me. Take her back to your house and show her just how brutal you can be.

It takes a lot for me to want to hurt a woman, as I was once hurt, but today I'm listening to the voices that are so loud in my head I can't get rid of them unless I get rid of her.

“Yes, you. I think I have found my lucky winner. Follow me; your friends can wait outside.” I chuckle, rolling my eyes at how stupid she must be.

A smile beams off her as if she's happy she was picked.

Little does she know that her life was over the moment she decided to come here.

The girl follows me without hesitation. Stupid girl.

She walks behind me as I skip, humming down the hall until I stop. Freddie Kruger stands in front of me as my lips curl.

“I have someone for you.” The girl looks at me with fear and worry in her eyes, as if she wants to ask me for help but knows it's too late. Oh, it was too late the minute they entered the house. We clearly stated that once you're in, you never leave. The silly girl needs to be taught a lesson.

“Don't worry; I will be back in a couple of hours,” I tell her as Tobias takes her forcefully.

I skip back to my dollhouse, humming. I sit in my chair with my doll, brushing my hair.

Another group of people walks in. I turn around to keep in character.

The girls stand laughing, looking around the room, and taking photos.

Not one person is left out. I don't need to take a soul, at least not from these people.

They seem happy, and I'm not one to take away someone's happiness.

After what feels like an eternity, the group leaves while a new one enters, one girl and two men who I suspect are in their late twenties.

One girl has ash blonde hair that's up in a ponytail. She wears a Playboy costume but has a jacket over her because of how cold it must've gotten outside.

The girl entered with two men but is now left with one.

He grips the woman's arm, causing her to pull away, but he stops her, putting more of a firm grip on her.

She looks uncomfortable. I don't interrupt, I need more than him grabbing her arm to take him, and I think he's in for a shock for the rest of the tour.

I can't take all the work. Hours go on, and more groups of people walk in. Once it was around midnight, we shut the house tour down. I didn't want to be up until the early hours, hiding a body in broad daylight.

That never ends well, speaking from experience. I never want to go through that again. But that's a story for another time.

All I want to do is go upstairs and play with my new toys, but as Tobias and Jessie said, if I want to throw a party and look for more people to kill, I have to clean up.

I pick up empty beer cans and plastic cups until we have around three bin bags full. I'm itching to go and see my new toys; Sean is keeping them company upstairs and making them feel right at home.

After what feels like hours, it has only been ten minutes. I finish cleaning up, and Jessie and I walk up the stairs. He comes to a stop before we get to the top.

“Do you have a plan?” he asks, shrugging his shoulders. What kind of question is that? Of course, I have a plan.

“No, I just thought taking two people hostage in an abandoned fairground sounded fun.” I roll my eyes, crossing my arms now pissed off. My voice now laced with anger as I huff a breath out, and my steps falter.

“You have done it before. Angel, you are full of surprises.” He’s not wrong.

I once kidnapped the postman who accidentally knocked on my door.

I was still on edge that I was going to be found and taken away again.

I took him upstairs, knocked him out, and played with him for a few weeks.

I do see how that sounds. Jessie was ready to get me locked up.

“That was uncalled for. Be careful, I might just accidentally drive my knife through your heart over and over, watching you bleed out.” Threatening to kill Jessie is the only way I know how to shut his mouth; otherwise, he would carry on, and then I would drive my knife through my ears, so I didn’t have to listen to him anymore.

He stares at me for a long minute until he carries on up the stairs. It’s small up here with only one room. I walk in

Sean and Tobias stand against the windowsill, their masks off. The man hangs upside down, tied by his feet to a metal pipe, the woman next to him hanging from the same pipe but from her wrists—duct tape over both their mouths.

The blood will rush to his brain, and well, I'm not so sure what will happen, but I'm sure it won't be good.

The smell of fear lingers around the room, causing my lips to curl at the thought of how they must feel inside to be robbed of their independence just like I was so many years ago.

Tobias steps forward, placing my knife in my hand, the dried blood still there from the last time I used it.

I'm brought in front of the man with his face in my rearview.

He doesn't deserve me speaking to him. I glide the knife over his nose, chopping it off in one swift motion.

As it falls to the floor, the woman beside him tries to get herself free, kicking her legs, and her screams are muffled into the tape.

The blood dripping and the sight of his nose falling to the floor excited me and turned me on. My pussy pulses but I must carry on.

I have two souls to send to hell. I shake my head back, letting out an evil laugh you would hear in a horror movie.

I'm taken to the woman hanging, kicking her feet; she nearly kicked my face. Bitch.

"Someone come over and hold this bitch's legs still before I cut them off." Sean walks out, smirking as she holds her legs still. I bring the knife to where her belly button lies. I cut her top and rip it off, leaving her tits covered.

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I slice her stomach over and over, causing little cuts enough for her to scream into the tape, but it's muffled. She shakes her wrists, trying to get free, but all she's doing is causing herself more pain.

I rip the tape off her mouth as she spits in my face. Sean sucker punches her in the face causing her to have a nosebleed. I can't help but laugh.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

"Stop it, you're going to make me cry. I knew you cared about me." I laugh at Sean's back, holding her feet down. I have no doubt she would try.

"Stop acting like I won't tie you up and fuck the smart remarks out of you," Sean growls while I take the knife over to the man whose nose is still lying on the floor. He's been upside down for too long. He will pass out soon.

"It's a tragedy I had to slice your nose off. I thought you had a rather cute one."

Lie.

Lie.

Lie.

I rip the tape off his mouth, causing him to screech. His skin is red from the harshness of my rip.

“Fuck you, crazy bitch.” He spits in my face. Where did these people grow up and what is it with spitting?

“I’m not crazy!” I shout, circling the knife around his throat. I have the urge to slice it, but then I wouldn’t get to drag this out, and I’m in the mood to play.

I spin the knife in my hand and the air.

“I’m just very much in the mood to kill you.”

“Hush, little baby, don’t you cry, mama’s going to buy you a rocking chair.” My childlike voice comes back as I start skipping; they look at me like I’m crazy.

It hurts my feelings. I’m not crazy. All I am doing is sending souls to hell. I’m doing God’s work.

The girl tries to fight Sean’s hold, but all she achieves is Tobias coming to hold down the other leg.

I like the thought of leaving them hanging as they wait to see if they can escape. Maybe I could let them run and catch them or I could cut the man’s dick off and feed it to the woman and show her what happens when you leave someone out and treat them differently.

I’m tired and could do with a nap, but I have two toys that need their souls ripped to shreds and sent to hell.

I’m not magic. I don’t have any sense that I know if someone’s soul is rotting and

evil, but if I see someone doing something I class as evil, I take their soul.

When I first started, I took souls that were not evil, but I was new.

It was unfortunate I had to take those lives, but you live and learn.

I hold the knife as my life depends on it.

A hand grips my waist, slowly moving down to my thighs. I part them without releasing, slapping the hand.

“Stop it, I'm working,” I snarl.

“They will still be here when we are done.”

“I want to work. Later.” I slap his hands again, realising it's Sean.

My hair is viciously wrapped around his hand as he pulls me like a dog on a lead.

I'm thrown on a chair as Sean traps his legs between mine. Jessie walks over, bringing my hands behind me and crossing them over.

Jessie unravels the big rope and has cut enough to secure my hands.

My legs are next, but this time they are tied to either leg of the chair, leaving how glistening I am for them obvious, with a wet patch on my knickers.

Tobias comes to kneel before me, ripping my knickers off me.

Again. He scrunches them up into a ball, standing.

“Open your mouth, Angel.” I happily open wide for him to place the knickers down my throat, making me gag.

“Be a good girl. Now let them eat,” he growls. My cheeks are hot, and I have no doubt they are a rose-red colour.

Jessie is the first to step forward. His hands rest on either side of my legs, parting them more, causing the rope to rub against my skin.

My head is thrown back as Jessie’s tongue licks my clit in circular motions.

Tobias takes my chin, holding my neck back. My eyes are heavy from the pleasure, and how sensitive I am. I try to look at the two people hanging, but it's too hard. I grow wetter as I get more turned on.

I have a show to put on.

Tobias presses his finger and thumb on my nose, closing my airway. I struggle to breathe with my knickers down my throat and Jessie in between my legs, giving me pleasure I have never felt before. Sean walks over toward me, standing to the side.

He reaches down my throat, taking the knickers out. I gasp for air before he's unzipping his pants and shoving his cock down my throat.

I'm unable to breathe altogether.

The tip of his cock hits the back of my throat.

No warning is given by Sean before I’m choking on his cock with one hand behind my head, pushing me further down, and the other feeling my rock-hard nipples against my top, showing how visibly turned on I am.

“That’s it, take it all. Take my cock down your throat, Angel.” I welcome his size, taking it further down my throat, even if it's too much. With Jessie eating me out and Sean down my throat, Tobias cuts off my breathing. I may pass out from the pleasure. I feel whole when they are using my body.

The room spins, and the two people still tied up look at me. Burning fear in their eyes, from being too weak, they have nowhere else to look but to watch my show.

It's like they're getting live-action porn for free. Lucky bastards.

Jessie leaves me feeling empty.

Tobias lets go of my nose, letting me breathe, as Sean leaves my mouth, which is now sore. My hands and legs are untied.

The feeling of being free makes me smile but not before Sean picks me up and sits on the chair, placing my ass down as he spreads my legs open, revealing my wet pussy. Jessie licks his lips as Sean thrusts into my ass. With no fucking lube, his cock is unbearable but I don’t dare say a word.

Tobias comes and stands where Sean was standing a minute ago. His pants are now down. He teases my mouth with the tip already dripping pre-cum. Tobias thrusts into my mouth, making me take all of him, and I welcome the invasion.

Sean thrusts inside me and Tobias face-fucks me. I see Jessie in the corner of my eye, standing grinning. He lifts his shirt, reaching for my handgun. Fuck, he did not.

He wouldn’t.

Would he?

“Remember when I said I would fuck you with your gun? I don’t break promises,” he growls, coming toward me. My legs spread wide open, waiting for him to act on his promise.

Jessie kneels in front of me, bringing the barrel to my pussy. My heartbeat tightens as I become more turned on.

Jessie takes the gun, sliding it around my slit and teasing me before he brings it upward, motioning for my mouth. Tobias stands back and carries on fisting himself as Jessie places the barrel inside my mouth, moving it around and letting me lube it up with my saliva.

He returns the gun to my entrance, slowly starting to edge the tip into my dripping pussy deeper and removing it just to enter me again. Sean and Jessie create a rhythm, fucking me senseless.

Tobias is right back to thrusting into my mouth. I’m unable to think clearly, not that I have before.

He’s fucking me with my gun, and I like it.

I feel more than normal and full. Every hole is filled, sending my head back and giving me a sense of euphoria.

I try to thrust the gun in more profoundly, but Sean’s hands are on my hips, keeping me still as I bounce up and down on his cock while taking my weapon at the same time.

“Fuck, please don’t stop,” I plead, the pleasure of being mixed with pain, having my body used in any way possible, but this time I want it.

“Do you like being used? What is it that’s got you so flushed?”

The fact that I'm fucking you, the gun being rammed in and out of your pussy, or the thought of Tobias making you choke on his cock? Tell me which one it is,” Sean taunts, slamming my hips down fully on his cock. Fuck, I’m so full inside.

“All of it.” My body shakes as Tobias is back with the tip of his cock at my lips. I wrap my mouth around it, taking him, and Sean lets me take my hands, placing them up and down, following my mouth.

“Fuck, Angel, keep doing that. Don't stop, I’m so close to coming down your throat,” Tobias commands with a shaky breath, trying to focus on the pleasure.

“Fuck, Ash. You take us so well.” Those words alone have my body shaking. The pleasure rips through me, making me cum and soak Sean’s cock, following the gun still in my pussy.

He retrieves it from my pussy, taking it to his mouth to taste me.

Minutes later, Sean and Tobias are both coming down my throat and in my pussy. I sag from the mind-blowing orgasm. My eyes swiftly drift closed.

Sean takes me, holding me back.

“You did so well.” Sean lifts me, showing me the cum dripping out of my pussy, the cum also dripping from my mouth, landing on him. He cradles me.

“Angel, you didn't think we were done, did you? We have only just begun.” I don't know if I can go again. Sean walks out, carrying me down the stairs, out the door, toward the trees, Jessie and Tobias following behind. My eyes are slowly closing, and my body is becoming lighter.

I have no energy left.

“Stay awake for me, Angel. Can you do that for me?” Sean's voice is light and soft in my ear, and my eyes open wide. We stop by a tree somewhere in the woods.

“We will tie you to this tree so we can all have a go. Can you be a good girl for us?” Fuck, who am I to say no to getting tied to a tree and fucked by three guys, completely getting my body used?

“Y-Yes,” I mumble as Tobias and Sean both pick my body up, still dripping cum down my legs.

My body slams against the tree as they hold me up, Jessie unravelling the rope and cutting multiple pieces, some big, some small.

Sean lets me go, giving Tobias the job of holding me up. I'm not tall, so it shouldn't be a problem for him.

Jessie takes a long piece of rope, wrapping it horizontally from my upper shoulder to my knee and the same on the other side.

Taking a new piece, he wraps it around my stomach and then wraps more pieces around my legs and arms. My arms are taken upwards as they tie lots of rope around them.

My knees are now bent upward, opening my dripping wet, cum-filled pussy waiting to be used again.

“Fuck, you look so beautiful tied up dripping my cum out your cunt,” Sean growls, licking his lips.

Tobias steps forward, being the first to undo his pants and shoving them off, his cock hardening as soon as my eyes fall on him.

“Now, Angel, do you think you are ready for me?” I don't get to answer the question before he's on his knees.

His warm breath laces my pussy as his tongue circles my clit, tasting mine and Sean's cum mixed together.

Next, he releases his tongue, curling two fingers inside me and placing his tongue back on my clit.

Circling and fucking me, in and out. I've never felt anything like it before.

“I can taste you inside her.” He turns his head, looking straight at Sean

“You're welcome.” Sean chuckles, a smile coiling. Now he and Jessie both fist their cocks, dripping pre-cum. They lean on the trees behind Tobias giving me a mouthwatering view

“Please, right there. Don't stop, I'm so close.” I plead for him, wanting him to carry on but as soon as those words leave my lips, he's standing in front of me.

“You are not allowed to cum unless we say. Do you understand?” he hisses standing back, and I watch all three of them jerking off.

“Yes.” I shake from the coldness of the breeze on my body, making my nipples constantly hard.

“Good girl.” I would've melted away if I weren't tied tightly to this tree. There is just something about getting called a good girl that I'll never get bored of.

Tobias comes closer to me, teasing my pussy with the tip of his cock, making my body tense. I need him inside me. Fuck, I think I might be a sex addict.

“Remember, you are not to come until I tell you.” I'm reminded as he thrusts inside me, jerking my body, all the rope rubbing and burning my skin. A moan slips because of the pleasure and the pain.

“Fuck, Angel, you are so tight, I barely fit. How did Sean ever fit inside you?” A question I fall asleep most nights asking.

“Why don't I help you out? It wouldn't be fair for you to have all the fun now.” Sean creeps up behind Tobias, arching his back and making my body shift forcefully.

“Be a good boy and spread those legs but don't stop fucking her,” Sean growls, parting his legs wider, making my legs shift and causing more pain.

The more I move my eyes to focus on Sean thrusting inside, Tobias has his hands around my throat, making sure I look straight into his eyes.

They are filled with rage and desire; my favourite is a corrupted soul.

Tobias lets a moan slip, choking me harder. Jessie comes over, takes a cloth out of his pocket, shoves it down my throat, and then pinches my nose with two fingers, bringing his other hand to play with my hardened nipples.

Everything in me is darkness, but right now, all I see is light.

I need to cum, all I want right now is to release everything I have kept inside me for years. All the stuff I never got to say, I need to release it all.

Tears stream down my face, falling onto Tobias, who shoots his head up, slapping

Jessie's hand away from my nose and taking the cloth from my mouth, allowing me to breathe. I break into a full-on sob.

Fuck, getting emotional while having sex isn't what I do and it sure isn't romantic. I bet I look horrible.

Tobias traces his thumb over my face, wiping my tears away and cupping my face.

“Hey, Angel, what's up? Tell me if this is too much, and I'll stop.” I open my mouth, ready to tell him to carry on. I'm okay with him using my body. But I freeze, unable to speak, the same thing I did when that man would come near me.

Fuck, Ash, why are you like this you are safe with them? I ask myself over and over.

“Untie her now,” Tobias growls, retrieving himself from me and pulling his pants back up. Sean and Jessie untie me, my body unable to move and covered in marks from the rope all over my body.

Tobias picks me up, walking us back to the house silently, all I can think about are the two people waiting for me to kill them, but even I know there is no way they're going to let me do this now.

“Whatever you're thinking you can do later, right now you're resting.” And there it is, I could argue, but I don't have the energy, and I do need to sleep if I'm really going to send these souls to hell.

SATANS HELPER

I may have forgotten about the two people upstairs. It's not my fault, I was tired.

Walking up the stairs, stairs might be a far-stretched word.

These could crumble at any given moment.

They stand arms crossed, one leg over the other, in a perfect line. Their jaws all line up, and my mouth waters from the view. I narrow my eyes and take a slow breath, carrying on as I walk up the rest of the stairs.

Walking back into the room, they all smirk at me and then at each other.

The man hangs, the rope now around his neck.

The woman is hanging too, her wrists still tied up and taken hostage.

"Cheer up. You both look miserable." I chuckle, but they don't find it funny.

"Fuck you, crazy bitch." She spits, missing my face. I step back. Sean steps forward, slapping the woman.

"Next time you call her crazy, I'll do more than slap you." He blows me a kiss, walking away.

"Not to break up this adorable moment of Sean being protective over you, but the

man hanging from his neck won't last much longer," Tobias informs me, as if I didn't already know. Anger floats in my stomach like acid.

"Thank you for stating that. Don't forget I will happily stab you with this knife, then burn you to ashes."

"Such bitter-sweet words. Flirting with me again, Angel. You can stab me, then burn me to ashes, but only if I get to taste that sweet pussy of yours."

"Oh my God."

I roll my eyes, flipping him off.

"God has no room in this. The only God you will pray to will be us when you are on your knees, waiting for us to fill you up."

Walking back over to my toys, I take the tip of my knife and cut the rope around the man's neck. He drops to his knees, his hands around his throat as he dry-heaves, trying to catch the lost air back to his lungs.

My knife's taken to the woman tied at her wrists.

She drops to her knees, rubbing where the rope has left red marks from her blood circulation.

"Run as fast as you can. If I catch you, I kill you. If I don't, you are free." They both look up at me, wondering whether I'm joking or not.

I never joke.

"If you would rather, I will kill you here. I can also work with that." My head is

thrown back as I toss my knife in the air. The blade lands in the palm of my hand; I laugh at the pain. The pain feels good, giving me more adrenaline.

“Seriously, you two are boring. How about this? If you don't run, I won't just kill you but your whole family as well. Don't underestimate me,” I say. They both pick up three feet and run out the door down the stairs.

They won't get far, but I like to give people false hope.

The same false hope I was given daily, year after year.

As soon as they enter the woods beside this place, they will think they are free, but what they are yet to discover is that we have traps all over the woods. Not to mention, the men walking out of the room love a good chase, as do I.

I can hear them and smell the fear as they run downstairs. They can get out if they are smart enough to figure it out.

I run down the stairs. I'm struck with a pair of women's feet running. I run after her, she comes toward the back door, it's locked, but she fights for her life, kicking it until she breaks it down, running outside toward the woods. The dark woods where hell lurks.

“One two, Freddie's coming for you,” I sing while chasing her, singing loud but running a little slower.

“Three, four, better lock your door.” She enters the woods, surrounded by a dozen trees; the clouds are lower tonight, giving off a foggy effect. Tobias and Sean's eyes meet mine as they enter the woods a little further away from me. Jessie is nowhere to be seen, but he's here.

“So stupid, you think I won’t catch you.” I repeat the song while I roam the woods, running forward. I come up to the first trap, a man is hanging upside down with rope around his neck and his wrists tied together. He’s not breathing, so I leave him there. He isn’t my problem.

“Come out, come out wherever you are.” An evil laugh leaves me. I see the man running slowly, but I can tell he’s trying.

“You can run, but you can’t hide. When I find you, I’m going to ruin you.” The man comes to a stop feet away from me.

He lurks in the shadows, looking like a figure.

Excitement fills me. I move closer, being cautious of my surroundings.

The man’s back is to me. He has no idea I’m here.

It fuels me, giving me a feeling that I know too much.

The urge to kill, to take his life, then to bring him back home and cook a delicious meal.

My stomach howls at the thought of agreeing with my sincerest thoughts.

“Gotcha!” I shout as I retrieve the knife from my pocket. Before I can stab the man, Sean and Tobias make an appearance with the woman. I drive my knife into the man's lower back, causing him to scream.

Sean holds her in a chokehold. I can't help but feel jealous. I should be in the chokehold, not her. I walk over, holding the blade of my knife toward her face. I stab her eyes, moving in and out, right and left. Her right eyeball falls to the floor. Making

Sean move, I slice her throat, watching the blood ooze out as she falls to the floor, no longer breathing. Bitch, that's on you, no one except me gets choked.

"Bitches who take what's not theirs don't deserve to live." I spit on her, letting her body become limp as I move to the other guy, who is now in Tobias's strong grip with no way out.

"I'm going to have a lot of fun with you." I giggle, swinging my knife in my hand, thinking of all the ways I'm going to mark this man's body.

The blade of the knife is at the tip of the man's neck.

I toy with the idea of slicing him open, but I refrain from acting on my dark, unhinged thoughts.

The voices are louder than ever. Screaming at me, back and forth.

Kill him, do it. He deserves it, and while I know he does something in me stops, not because I feel he should be let back out to the world, but because I want him to think he's free until he's robbed of the feeling of freedom, something I was robbed of year after year.

Tobias releases him from his hold, letting me take over.

I bring my hand around the man's neck, choking him and backing him up against a tree. I step on my tiptoes, creating more height for myself, and tightening the surrounding grip.

"If you ever speak to a woman like you did tonight, I will carve your skin, leaving evidence of where I was. You are incredibly lucky I'm letting you go. I'm watching you."

My voice almost echoes, letting my grip leave him, and standing back. He runs. Nowhere to be seen. I feel sick. I let him leave, but the last thing we need is the police up our asses. Going to jail isn't on my list for this year or next.

The woman is still here. I'm surprised she hasn't tried to run again. Killing one woman is my rule, but tonight I was blessed with two that needed to go. The first, I cut her throat, and this one, I plan on dragging it out.

I walk toward her, Sean standing behind, keeping her secure.

"As for you. I think I'm going to take you home. You can be my new favourite toy. Cheer up. We are going to have loads of fun." I walk away toward Tobias Sean, taking the woman with him further behind.

Tobias looks at me.

"What is your mind thinking about it?" He shrugs his shoulders, pushing me with a little force.

"The shower head that's waiting for me." His eyes narrow, turning a little to the left as he looks at me, not making any movement for a strong minute.

I lied. I just want to stand in scorching hot water and pick my skin until there isn't any left and until blood drips, turning the water red and then orange.

A few hours later, we are back home.

The woman's dragged up the stairs as she screams and kicks like a baby having a meltdown.

I stand in the kitchen, sitting on the countertops, and Tobias hands me a beer.

I let the cold liquid run down my throat and into my body, releasing me.

Killing people is hard. It's one in the morning, which means I should get to sleep, but as I go to jump off the counter, Tobias is locking himself in between my legs.

"Tell me, Angel. How long have you been hurting yourself?" My eyes narrow, confused about what he's talking about, and then it clicks that he's caught on to me and my skin-picking. I hadn't noticed I had been doing it more frequently, but that's the whole point.

"Don't know what you're talking about." His eyes are the ones narrowed now. He moves closer to me, closing any personal space I had.

I know what he's talking about but it's my shit, not his. This isn't our thing. We don't check in on each other; that's how it's always been. How it should stay.

"Don't lie to me. Why are you hurting yourself, Angel?" Don't cry, don't cry. Don't show weakness!

"I don't even know I'm doing it. Most of the time, I black out or I'm unable to control the urges." Every emotion is running through my mind. It takes everything in me not to cry.

I lean up toward him, our eyes locking.

"Do you want the truth?" I ask, knowing I'm about to say the things I think every time I look in the mirror, waiting to shatter into pieces, but it never does. I always leave with the reflection of how broken and useless I am.

"Angel, I want you to tell me why you do what you do so I can understand." I hesitate for a single second.

Do I really want to be vulnerable? I was always taught it was a bad thing, but how long can I keep this buried before it comes to the surface and blows up?

Then, what will I be? Just a pile of ash waiting to be brushed away like I was never on this earth.

“I pick my skin because when I look at myself in the mirror, I see a broken person, someone who is revolting.” Tears are waiting to fall, streaming down my face, but I know I can't. I need to act strong, even if the words spilling from my mouth are anything but that.

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“All I see is the little girl in me screaming at me to do something, anything that I don't deserve to be alive, so picking at my skin gives me the pain I'm being screamed at that I deserve.

Sometimes, all I want to do is put myself in the position of those I get rid of upstairs.

Maybe it's me who should be there, not them.

" Tobias looks at me like I just stabbed him over and over, leaving him to bleed out.

I knew I should've kept my mouth shut, no one needs to know the darkness that stays within me, the evil spirits that shunt my soul, taking away a little piece of me every time I hurt myself.

When I'm giving myself pain, I feel whole, like I'm the real me.

“Angel, look at me.” His hand cups my chin, pulling my face up toward him. Tears scream as his thumb wipes them away. It's such a simple thing, but it's the nicest thing a man has done for me.

“You have been through more than any person should.

If you leave this world, we go together.

There isn't any of you in this, there is us and only us.

You are not alone, Angel. I love you more than I ever have before, so let me in, show

me the darkness around you.

" His words are soft, something I never get off of him, but the fact that he said it's us and not me is all I needed to hear.

Now, all I want to do is hide away, but that's not going to happen.

As he places his hand outward to me, we interconnect as our footsteps falter.

His lips trace my earlobe to my back, placing soft, everlasting kisses all the way up to my lips. He takes me into his embrace, devouring our lips together.

“Angel, you are perfect. If a little crazy.” He stops, lifting me so I’m straddling him.

His dick hardens instantly at my touch.

“Come with me. I think you deserve a reward.” He puts me down as he takes my hand in his, he walks me up the stairs and turns left. He then opens the door, letting me enter the bathroom.

Tobias locks the door after us, and the noise of the shower shocks me, turning me around. Tobias’ clothes are already stripped, and he is off standing in the shower. His cock harder than ever, pre-cum already spilling from the tip, making my mouth water at the sight.

My clothes are stripped to the floor in the corner. I stand, taking in the full view of Tobias as he lets the water drip from his hair to the floor. God, he’s so sexy.

“Are you coming to join me?” He puts his hand out for me to grab, but I stay put, loving the image I’m seeing from this angle.

“Touch yourself. I want you to touch yourself.” The room is silent for a moment before Tobias grabs his balls in his hands, rubbing them, then moving both his hands onto each other in an up-and-down motion on his cock.

I’m drooling at the sight as I watch him jerk off. I walk forward, stepping into the shower. My hand reaches out, ready to take over, but Tobias slaps it away.

“You said you wanted to watch. This is watching,” he states, moving back and not letting me help him. Fuck.

“You’re right, but why can’t I taste you?” Fuck, those words alone have me dropping to my knees, my mouth wide open ready to take him.

“Fuck, Angel, you can taste me anyway.” He thrusts his cock into my mouth, hitting the back of my throat. I’m following his rhythm, moving my head back and forth as he face fucks me, sending me into oblivion.

“Fuck, baby, just like that. You’re doing so well. Keep going.”

I’m so turned on. All I want is his mouth on my pussy, licking my clit, having me shaking and coming all over his face.

I pick up speed, taking him faster, but he steps away, leaving my mouth.

“Put your leg up so I can see how glistening your pussy is for me,” he demands. I rest my hands on either side of the tiles, lifting one leg. He wasn’t wrong. I’m soaking wet for him.

“So fucking pretty, Angel,” he growls, removing the showerhead, adjusting the pressure, and making sure it’s the best one. He lowers it to my pussy, resting the water on my clit. Fuck . My head falls back.

“Fuck, please don’t stop,” I beg just as the water pressure is removed from my entrance and put back minutes later. Tobias keeps getting me close to coming and then removing any pleasure I was ready to ride out.

“To-Tobias, please let me come,” I beg, struggling to get my words out as I become dizzy.

“Angel, you will cum, but it won’t be from this showerhead. It will be around my cock as I’m pounding deep inside you.” Those words send me over the edge.

He removes the shower head, puts it back, and shuts the water off as my body sags against him until he’s carrying me, bride-style, out of the bathroom and into my bedroom. Tobias throws me on my black and white bedding.

He crawls up the bed, landing between my legs and parting them.

“Please touch me!” I beg, parting my legs further and letting Tobias move closer to my entrance.

He traces kisses up my thighs. His hot breath lingers on my skin, his hands explore my pussy.

My finger enters, just as Tobias’ tongue enters me, licking and circling my clit. I remove my finger, relaxing my body.

“So fucking hot when you beg for me. Tell me what you want. Use your words.” Tobias leaves me, tracing his lips up my thighs.

He reaches my stomach before tracing every piece of my body, making me feel whole again.

His lips trail my arms, and he kisses each scar and cut, not leaving a single one behind.

“Angel, tell me. Show me what you want me to do.” His lips move to my other arm further up. He takes a second, looking at it, his fingers placed over my scars as he stalks my cuts while looking at me, also worried and concerned.

Embarrassment overrides me. Any sexual pleasure or feeling I had vanishes.

“I’m sorry. I know they are disgusting.” I’m not someone who lets herself become vulnerable or even be as soft as I am now with Tobias, but this is the first time I have truly let someone see my arms and what I live with, and he isn’t disgusted by me; he’s concerned about me. Someone is concerned.

My eyes narrow, confused. I’m not used to caring for myself. I haven’t had that in years. Do I let him carry on, or do I kick him off me and scream for him to leave?

“They are not disgusting at all. You are perfect and so damn hot.”

He traces his lips back down my arms, kissing me. My breath picks up as Tobias slides down my body and off the bed. His cock is still hard, dripping pre-cum.

“Please fuck me,” I beg as he stands there, not moving.

“I didn’t quite hear that. What was it?” he asks, moving closer to the bed, lifting one knee after the other and crawling up again.

His face is over mine, placing a kiss on my cheek.

His cock teases my entrance, having me whimpering against his hold.

Fuck, watching a man crawl is the hottest thing I've ever seen.

"Please fuck me. Make me feel good," I plead. His lips come to my ears, his hot breath making my eyes flutter and my eyes blurry.

"Seeing as you asked so nicely. Anything for you, Angel."

He thrusts inside me, jerking my body backward from the intrusion I welcome. Arching my back, my hips rock back and forth. Tobias' hands are holding the side of my head as he moves my hair from my face.

His thumb trails down my eyebrows to my lips, pulling them down and smashing his lips to mine.

"Ash, you taste so good. You are so beautiful. Never forget that." A single tear, followed by a stream, falls from my eyes. He wipes my tears, licking them away with his tongue. Fuck, that alone has my hips rocking faster against his thrusts.

"Stop crying. All I am doing is telling you the truth." He thrusts in deeper, more demanding, and meeting my rhythm.

"Fuck, please!" I scream. He looks up at me, thrusting harder, in and out, holding my hair.

My orgasm is in the pit of my stomach as I let the pleasure rip through my body, and I see stars.

Tobias slows down. My body shakes from the pressure, and I feel his cock tighten inside my pussy as he spills into me, holding me in his hands before rolling over.

I'm taken onto his chest, and all my worries disappear. At least for now, until I have

to let myself back into reality. Knowing I have a human to kill should give me more joy, but at this moment, it doesn't.

"You're perfect—" Tobias' words get cut off by Sean and Jessie walking into the room. They look at each other rather than at us. I can't tell what they're feeling, and that is the scary part.

"Smells like sex in here. Get dressed, you have a soul to send to hell," Jessie sneers, throwing me my top and the same to Tobias, walking out of the room as Sean turns.

"Don't worry, Angel. I have just the right punishment in mind for you later." Sean winks at me, walking out of the room.

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ONE, TWO FREDDY'S COMING FOR YOU

After I get myself dressed, I accompany Jessie and Sean upstairs until I ask them to leave.

I need to do this without any distractions, and them being in the same room would have me bent over getting fucked.

"I could let you go, but I feel as if you would run to the cops, and I can't be having that." I tap the side of my cheek, stepping back to appreciate how she looks. She's sitting tied to a chair, a gag in her mouth, with her feet and arms tied down.

She's unable to move or speak, making this easier for me.

I brought a bag of salt before I came here, and it's going to hurt like hell when I pour it into her cuts.

"Those cuts look sore. Let me heal them." My eyes narrow as I pick up the bag of salt, scooping a handful and throwing them in the multiple cuts over the woman's body. She tries to scream into the gag, but all I get is a half-assed muffled sound.

I bring my knife across her face, slashing her cheeks, nose, and any skin I can over and over, while then pouring more salt over her wounds. Blood pours out. I love the sight of blood. It makes me feel alive.

"Do me a favour. Please be quiet. Do I need to superglue your mouth shut? " A crease forms between my eyebrows, getting me irritated with her attempts at screaming,

which is pathetic. She should be embarrassed.

I was hoping she would have put up more of a fight, but not a single muscle moved to try to release herself.

Boring.

Here I am, thinking women are meant to be more fun, but I'd rather be cutting a man's dick off and melting him in acid.

Maybe I should call myself the Cock Slayer. I'm good at cutting them, sucking them, and fucking them.

Her screaming is starting to irritate me. I'm debating on throwing her out the window. There is no way she could survive the fall.

I walk over to the window, opening the latch to look out and see how she would survive. Surely, if I threw her out, she wouldn't be able to run, or I could throw her out, still attached to the chair. That's got to hurt and damage you in some ways.

I'm up for a challenge, and it's not like I'm on my own; they're downstairs waiting for me.

I open the window entirely, letting the fresh breeze hit my skin, giving me goosebumps. The excitement rises.

I walked over to the chair, dragging it across the wooden floor, leaving scratch marks. The sound screeches through my ears, causing me to shake slightly.

She tries to scream and move.

Trying everything she possibly can, but it's no use. She can't do a single thing; she is trapped.

Some may say I'm in the wrong for killing this woman, and I should let her go, but one, she knows too much, and prison isn't my style or the vibe I want.

Two, she was fucking vile to her friend's, laughing and bullying her. I just won't tolerate that stuff. If I focused on killing women more, I'm sure I would find more people.

I have never claimed to be a good person or that every time I kill, I have a justified reason because I don't, but one thing I do know is it's my choice, and this woman needs to go.

I'm teaching her a lesson: actions have consequences. Right now, the consequences are that if she wanted to mistreat her mates, doing it at my Halloween party was a bad choice.

I bring the chair off the floor, picking it up with both arms hanging out the window. Any minute now, I'm ready to throw her.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Jessie stands leaning on the door frame with his arms crossed, looking at me when he could be helping me.

"Just playing a game. What do you think I'm doing?" I snarl, turning my head halfway to make eye contact.

"Looks like you are struggling to throw someone out a window while they are tied up and failing miserably."

Jessie is a smartass as usual. If he would just help me throw her, this could be done

with, but he's going to stand there and gloat because that's what he does.

"Stand there, but don't be surprised when I throw you out of this window next," I snarl at him, edging over the window and letting go.

I watch her fall to the ground and smile as I hear a wet splat. Her head is split open, and her knee bone is sticking out from the height of the drop.

"Angel, I don't think you could pick me up if you tried." He tips his head back laughing.

"You underestimate me." I turn my back toward him, and the chair hangs inches from falling.

I shouldn't do this, but then I don't care. Now is not the time to suddenly care about someone's life. I never did before, so why would I now?

"I wouldn't do such a thing." Jessie walks over, standing on either side of the chair. I need to make up my mind. My arms become numb and weightless.

"What are you waiting for? Push her. Make her suffer. We both know you love the thrill of it," Jessie teases, moving behind me. His weight behind me builds pressure on me.

He stands closer, his lips near my neck, and his tongue traces my collarbone, moving upward toward my ears.

"Do it. What are you waiting for?" Those words torment me over and over, louder and louder. I look over, taking all my strength from my arms, pushing them up, and throwing the woman and the chair out the window.

She's not there. Only now did I realise that I pushed her ten minutes ago, and I had been spaced out, letting Jessie taunt me when the act was already done.

I turn, running down the stairs out the front door to get to the body.

To the person who no longer gets to live. It makes me happy, giving me a sense of purpose in life. Something I haven't felt for a long time.

I stand looking at the body.

"What the hell did you do, Ash?"

Sean stands beside me, looking me up and down. Why does he look mad? I only did what needed to be done.

"What does it look like? I pushed her." I roll my eyes. I should just move the body and burn it to ashes.

It would be easier than disposing of it and having to cover up.

It's already going to take time to clean the blood. I'm so fucking tired, all I want to get into bed and free my mind as I convince myself I'm going to blackout while picking my skin.

I wasn't lying when I said I did, but sometimes, I lie to myself to make things sound better and give myself a decent excuse.

"I can see that. Did you have to throw her out the window?" Sean places a firm hand on my shoulder, startling me back to reality.

"I want to burn her," I announce, lifting my head and meeting Sean's eyes halfway.

“Course you do.” He rolls his eyes, walking over with his pocket knife and cutting the rope off the body, making her fall to the floor as more of her brain empties.

He lifts her arms, dragging her along the floor.

I follow him as he approaches a gate. He drops the body and looks over at me for several seconds, not moving or saying a single word.

“If at any given point you feel like helping me move the body you killed and want to burn it, it would be much appreciated.” I lift both her legs as we walk through the gate, the metal lock swinging back and forth, making a super annoying noise.

I’m tempted to go and rip it off, but I can sense Sean would be thrown off, and then I might be the one getting burned alive.

That sounds quite lovely and peaceful.

“Oww!” I screech as my leg catches on a bunch of nettles, making my skin go red.

“Quit being dramatic. I’d like to get this done before the sun sets and it’s pitch dark.” We walk until we come up to what I like to call the dump site, where we dump anything that can be burned. Old chairs, clothes, wood, anything we can find.

This is off-limits to me normally, but today I’m allowed to carry on my adventure to kill.

I know she’s already dead, but burning her gives me some type of thrill I haven’t felt before, and I’m loving it now.

Sean places the body on the floor. Walking to peek over the slightly broken wall, I follow him as we lean against each other.

“Want to tell me why I was looking into a guy called Mark Anderson?” Sean asked. I was hoping he had forgotten about this by now, but this is Sean, and he’s not going to stop until I give him a straight answer.

I won’t give him one. I can’t. It’s unfair for me to put this on him when I’m not even sure what I’m looking for.

The guys are well aware of what happened to me and how I met Jessie. They also know about my father.

He knows my father is Mark Anderson but will never say he acknowledges him as someone he knows.

“Nope.” I jump off the wall and walk over to the body lying helplessly.

“Pass me my knife, I want to have some fun.” I place my hands out, kneeling and hovering over the body. Sean moves, walking over and kneeling beside me.

Sean dips his hand into his pocket, retrieving my knife and placing it in mine. Once a year, I get to kill a female, so every year I cut off some of their hair and put it in my secret place to keep it as a little souvenir.

The top of the knife is brought to the woman’s dark, cherry-like hair. I cut a piece off, shoving it in my pocket for later. While I’m there, I take the tip of the knife down her stomach, cutting a line like you would if you were getting a C-section.

I stand up, placing the blood-covered knife in my pocket for later.

I place the small and large pieces of wood over the already-built bonfire. Sean lights the fire as we both watch it burn.

Once the fire is going, Sean carries the body, throwing it on the fire as sparks form. We both go toward the wall, this time both sitting on it.

Sean's arms are placed around me, pulling me closer to him. He takes his jacket off, swinging it around my shoulders as my head presses against his.

"Thank you," I tell him as we watch the body burn, amongst other stuff.

The sky is dimmed as I look up, watching the sunset. I have never been one to watch the sunset or do something so intimate as sitting with him like this, but I like it.

"You know, sometimes, being soft and letting yourself be needed isn't a bad thing.

You can't always be the crazy soul burner.

" Sean turns, lifting my chin and making me look at him.

My facial expressions change to almost softness and disappointment.

A single tear leaves me. Sean swipes his thumb over my cheek, catching it before I do.

"I know, but I feel whole when I am. It's like nothing else matters and I'm the one in control." More tears fall as Sean catches them.

"Angel, you are always in control. No matter the situation. Remember that," Sean tells me. My hand falls to his leg over his pants and his cock hardens instantly from my touch. He stops grabbing my wrist.

"Angel, what are you doing?" he asks, looking up at me.

“This is my way of thanking you.” I lick my lips, my eyes gleaming as he releases my wrists, letting me undo his belt and pants. I pull them slightly down, his cock springing out. My mouth waters.

I jump down from the wall, standing in front of him.

I bring myself to my knees. The tip of his cock rests at my lips, waiting to be taken.

I take my hands, stacking them on top of each other. Gilding them up and down, I let a drop of spit land on his tip, working it in as a lube.

I guide my head down, letting his cock enter my mouth, taking control. I move up and down, keeping it the same with my hands. Sean’s head shoots back, a growl leaving his lips. He takes his hands, moving my hair out of the way.

“Fuck, Ash. Keep doing that. Such a good girl.” He grabs my hair tightly, causing the slightest bit of pain.

Sean thrusts into my mouth, making me gag. I welcome the intrusion, moving in and out faster and rougher.

“Such a good girl. Choking on my cock. Look how needy you are,” he growls, slamming my head back down on his cock, moving me up and down, then leaving me full of him until I’m nearly unable to breathe. I love it when I get cut off from the air.

It gives me adrenaline. I’m struggling, but that doesn’t make him stop; it only makes him press harder, causing my eyes to water.

I try to move back up and get air, but all that does is make him let me get a quick breath, and he’s slamming me down on him again, over and over.

“I love seeing you helpless, wanting to get air, but I won’t let you get it. I will keep you trapped until you pass out.”

His words send pulses to my pussy, making me even more wet.

Sean is more significant than the other two, so taking him is more complicated, but I love the challenge.

I let Sean’s cock enter my mouth again, and this time I want to taste his cum.

I wrap my hands back around his cock, feeling his balls tighten against my hold. Seconds later, his cum is spilling down my throat.

He jerks, so much cum coming out that I’m not able to keep any more in. He lets the rest land on my face as he paints me with his cum. I swallow, letting it drip down to my tongue as I taste the sweetness and saltiness of him, loving him increasingly more every time.

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LOST SOUL

The door being slammed open and the heavy weight of being picked up by two men, Killian and Jessie, sends me into shock.

My first thought is to kick and scream, but a hand is soon covering my mouth, stopping me, and another hand tightens around my legs, trapping me.

A sharp prick of a needle is inserted into my arm, until my hands become less and less heavy, the same as my whole body. I'm sent to the pits of darkness again.

My eyes open slowly, still heavy. I'm in some sort of basement.

My hands are tied behind me. Fuck, panic sets in.

My eyes open fully, and I see Killian and Jessie standing beside each other.

"What the fuck? Get me out of here. Please, I have been good. Get me out of here!" I yell, trying to break free, but it's no use. Killian comes over, kneeling to my height.

"Shh, come on, we wouldn't hurt you, but the more you scream, the more likely they are to come down, and we all will be dead," Killian says, wiping my face as tears form without me noticing.

"Okay, sorry, I just got scared," I say in a faint voice. I'm not stupid enough to trust them. For all I know, they are in on all of this, but I need all the help I can get.

The worst that will happen is that I will die.

“It’s okay, baby, we just needed to get you alone. We need you to listen to what we’re going to say.” I nod, trying to stay still so the rope won’t rub against my skin and burn me.

“Okay,” I murmur, my voice slowly becoming less shaky. They both stand looking at me, leaning against what looks like a wooden shelf. I have never felt more on edge than I do at this very moment.

“We have a plan; we can get you out of here, but for that to happen, Jessie is going to claim you and outbid your current buyer,” Killian tells me as I try to collect my thoughts for a second. Who is my current bidder, and why do they know and I don't?

I’m yet to be sold or bid, but I have heard from the other girls that they must claim you in front of everyone when you are brought.

One reason they keep you a virgin. They let the men do whatever they want as long as they don’t take your virginity. Most of the men like to do anal or fuck you with other things.

My stomach turns at the thought of my first night here. He came into my room, shoved me face down, holding me as my pants were pulled down. My legs were spread wide open, and a heel was pushed inside me in and out for what felt like a lifetime.

I told him no. I screamed and kicked. I tried.

I fucking tried to get him off me but all it did was make him hold me down tighter and choke me harder. Saying no should have been enough, but it wasn’t even the bare minimum.

These men get off on us saying no. They want us to beg them to stop, beg them not to fuck us. All it does is make them do it harder.

There is one girl, Phoebe.

She is older than me and has been here longer. She's known as the crystal. She's worth more than anyone here.

She has been here so long that there isn't anything left, not a single soul inside her. She doesn't cry or scream when he comes into her room.

The numbness that consumes her would worry a normal person, but to me, Phoebe is doing the only thing possible in this place.

I'm not sure how long I have been in this place, but it's been more than a week, maybe months or years. I have lost track of time. My father is nowhere to be seen.

Killian's voice takes me back to reality.

Now that I think about it, this basement looks vaguely like the one I was in for weeks. This is the same basement I was kept in by that man. I wasn't hurt, but it stopped me from having to go through the bidding.

I was never bought.

Everyone thinks the man who comes to visit me is the one who's buying me, but I'm not so sure. I think he just paid to do whatever he wanted as long as he didn't take my virginity before I was sold.

The thought that someone could buy me like I'm only worth some cash makes my skin crawl.

“I have been here before; in this basement, I was kept down here for what felt like weeks.”

They both look at me, confused and concerned; I’m not crazy. I remember being down here. Or do I? Am I just going crazy being in this place?

I wouldn’t be the first one. I haven’t stepped outside since I was kidnapped.

I’ve lost any sense of what the outside world is, how it would feel to breathe from the outside into my lungs, or how touching some grass would feel, even just doing simple things like going out with my friends.

I know they think I’m dead, or my dad told everyone I was. I would do anything to feel the cold breeze of the air on my skin or how my hair would stick to the clear lip gloss I would wear for school, but no matter how many times my hair stuck, I still kept wearing it.

Jessie kneels to my level, placing a hand on my shoulder.

“You haven’t been down here. Maybe it was a dream,” Jessie tells me, and he’s probably right. If they say I wasn’t down here, then they are right.

I would argue with him if my life weren’t such a mess right now.

I don’t trust Jessie. I met him after I had been here a few years.

He’s sketchy, but told me he’s going to get me out of here. Whether that happens or not, I’m still waiting.

I have been here since I was fifteen, and now, I’m twenty-eight. I have been in this hellhole for twelve years. I have been beaten, raped, chased, and watched people be

sacrificed just like my mother was.

My father is yet to be seen. He's around here.

I know he is. I found out he runs this whole place, and when he was always busy in his office, it wasn't to do with the business our mother went through.

He is the leader of one of the world's largest human trafficking rings. He never wanted kids; all he wanted was for us to get old enough so he could make money off us.

You would think this is only in the UK, but it's worldwide.

The horrors I have seen through these walls are things no person should have to live with.

"Look, Ash, when, and I mean when, Jessie is told to claim you in front of everyone, I need you to understand he has no other choice unless you want to die in this place." What he means is he has to take my virginity, fuck me rough and make it look like hard-core rape because those sick bastards get off on it.

The bitter taste roams around my touch.

"I know and I'm ready," I breathe, my body shaking. What else could I say? If this is what I have to do to leave this hellhole place, then I will.

I'm tired and brought back to my room, where Killian stays outside. I sit on my bed drawing a shape letter with my finger for hours.

The door is slammed open, and the man returns. Fear coats my eyes, knowing what's going to happen.

“I have missed you. I hope you’re ready for what I have planned,” the man's crude voice echoes as he walks closer to me, sitting on the edge of my half-broken, ripped bed. -

I shuffle back, ensuring he can’t touch me, but it’s useless.

I’m not in control, no matter how much I want to be. I will never be.

“Stand up and undress for me. Slowly,” he demands I get up from my bed standing up straight, removing the straps from my vest top, slowly moving it down my body to reveal my tits. Next, I’m told to take off my sweatpants, leaving me bare. They don’t give us underwear.

My body is twitching from the emotionlessness within me. I stand naked in front of the man, waiting for his next instruction.

He looks deep into my eyes like he’s looking for my soul.

A soul I’m not sure I still have.

His heavy footsteps jerk my body forward before he grips my arms, pinching my skin. He throws me on the bed face down, back slightly arched.

The sound of his zipper opening and jeans coming down has my eyes filling with trepidation, tears form at the back waiting to spill, but I don't let them escape.

I know what’s about to happen.

I'm in the same position every time the man leaves me. Face down on the bed, unable to move, too numb to try, and Killian comes in and cleans me up.

He carries me to the bathroom, placing my body in the hot, steamy water.

“I’m sorry,” he whispers against me, taking a cloth in the water and wiping it over my back to clean off the man’s cum. His favourite thing to do is to get off on me being held down as he finishes on me.

I never complain.

I'd rather he did that than stick stuff up, leaving me feeling more pain than I already do.

“I know...” I whisper to him as he takes the showerhead, drenching my hair. He takes the shampoo, lathers it up, and then applies conditioner.

Tonight is the night of the bid, and I can't escape this one.

Jessie has to have more money than anyone, and that won't be a problem.

I’m carried back to my room, where a lilac dress and a bag of makeup are laid on my bed.

I leave my hair to dry naturally, as they are not going to let us use a hair dryer.

My legs cross on the bed as I open the bag of makeup I was given. I take the mini eyeshadow palette and open it, looking in the mirror to see dark circles and no life in my face.

I apply a brown eyeshadow to my eyes, finishing with a pearl shimmer in the middle. I use a light base of makeup.

When I finish, I take my hands and scrunch my hair to make my natural curls more

defined.

This is the first time in years I have dressed up or felt like a human.

Killian comes toward my room, leaving the door open as he is ordered. I drop my towel and pick up the dress. I start stepping into it as Killian zips me up and passes me a pair of heels.

The same heels I was made to take.

I hesitate to take them off him, but when I do, I throw them on the floor. I put them on, trying to forget the memories that haunt me.

“I didn't have a choice.” I grow angry; he did have a choice; everyone has one, and he just chose the wrong one.

“Are you sure about that? You did have a choice.” I snarl at him, crossing my arms. Now is not the time for me to get worked up.

“Ash, now isn't the time for this.” I roll my eyes as he speaks.

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“When is the time? I have been here for years and done any and everything I was asked of, and you come in here and make me wear the same shoes that man assaulted me with when I was sixteen.” I sense tears rolling down my cheek, and I try to stop them from ruining my makeup.

Killian walks out of the room. What a surprise.

I never should've trusted him; I have ruined any chance of getting out of here.

The crowd behind the door is louder than I suspected it would be.

Then I didn't know what I was hoping for. It's a room full of men who are about to bid on helpless women. I bet most of them have wives and children waiting for them at home. The thought makes me feel sick to my stomach.

Two men open the two black double doors. The girls and I walk in a line through the crowd, down the middle, and onto the stage. The men look at every inch of our bodies, up and down, grinning at us while we are put into our spaces on the stage.

Jessie stands in the middle, off to the left, not making eye contact with me. My heartbeat pulses, sweat beads from my upper lip, and heat rises over my body, making me sweat from the look on Jesse's face. I'm not sure if I should feel good about this or try to run away.

That would make my life more of a living hell than it already is.

The men are kept away from us, as you can now only touch us when we are picked.

Anyone who isn't picked is deemed unusable, so they won't make it through the night. I suspect most people who get chosen won't make it through the night either.

The only person who isn't here is Phoebe. She's already gotten her buyer; she just isn't ready to be taken yet. My father is trying to get more money for her than he already has.

I'm told to step forward by the man speaking into the microphone.

"This is Ash, twenty-eight, 5 ft 4, in perfect condition. Bidding is now open."

I wait for Jessie to put something up, but he stays silent, still not looking at me.

An older man who I'm sure could pass for being my grandad steps forward, raising his hands.

"Fifty million. Final offer."

Did someone just offer to buy me for that amount? Jessie, please say something. Do something for fuck's sake or I'm going home with this old man.

I shouldn't be feeling disappointed that no one wants to take me. No, Ash, this is good.

Jessie stands, bringing himself to the front and raising his hand.

"I offer 100 million." The man looks surprised that anyone would bid that much money.

"Going once to the gentleman in the front, going twice. Sold to the gentleman in the front. Your new toy will be ready to take home at night."

I should feel some sort of relief, but I can't help but feel guilty that I'm leaving—that I'm leaving behind all the other girls without a care in the world.

Does that make me selfish?

Jessie walks to the front of the stage, stopping the man from speaking.

“I will take my property now. She is mine now, correct?” He winks at the man as he nods. Jessie takes my hands, taking me off the stage, tightening his grip around my waist. I hope it's to show what if I just got myself into a worse situation than I was already in.

“Well done,” he whispers against my ear. The urge to punch him seems like a good idea, but even I know it's not the best idea.

We made it to the door but were stopped as my father walked in, looking down at me. I haven't seen him for years. The last time I did, he sent me to hell, literally hell.

“I'm more than happy that my daughter found her match, but she still has to play by the rules.” My father taps Jessie on the shoulder.

As we walk right back to the front, I'm brought to the stage, and the rest of the girls are taken off to the side. My father takes the microphone from the other guy.

“Now Ash has been picked, which means her new man must claim her in front of us all and mark his territory...”

My eyes dart around the room, and Jessie pulls me into him.

“You know I respect you, right?” he whispers, biting my earlobe, tracing his hand down my dress, and turning me to face him.

“Yes,” I whisper back, letting him retrace my ear lobe, this time biting longer and harder.

“Good because it's about to look like I don't.”

Without so much as a warning, I'm pushed to the floor on my knees, with my back pressed down and ass the air. My dress is pulled up, revealing my tight holes. The sound of a zipper being torn awakens me; I feel Jessie's hardened cock at the entrance to my pussy.

I thought I would feel sick or disgusted, but I'm turned on.

Jessie thrusts into me with no warning given. My body jerks forward, my hands firmly placed on the stage. Jessie's firm hands grab my hair as he thrusts back in.

My body becomes weak from the intrusion and pain of how big he is.

His large body leans over mine, taking my ear hostage once again, whispering.

“Ash, you are doing so good. Just a little bit longer.” He lifts my head, bringing me back and placing my lips to his, tasting like sweetness.

My back arches, and Jessie spills out as he presses my head down, holding me and thrusting back in, sending me to heaven.

Losing my virginity on a stage in front of hundreds of men wasn't on my cards in this lifetime, but I'm thankful it's Jessie who's taking it, not some strange man.

My hair is pulled roughly against Jessie's hands, forming into a fist with my hair now all messed up. Taking my hand, Jessie brought me to my feet, shaky and unable to breathe, probably from the pleasure and pain all mixed into one. Jessie brings me to

my knees.

I kneel in front of him and he stands towering over me with his blood-covered cock from taking me. My mouth opens with no warning, but knowing what's about to come. He thrusts in, letting me taste the sweetness of his cock and the metal-tasting blood around him in my mouth.

He thrusts back into my throat, causing me to gag.

HEAVEN OR HELL

“There is no fucking way I will ever be doing that,” I scoff, sitting on the countertop in the kitchen, swinging my legs back and forth and sipping my ice-cold beer.

Jessie, Sean, and Tobias stand around me, also drinking a beer.

Music plays in front of the TV in the other room, blasting around the house.

“And why is that?” Tobias smirks, reaching into the fridge for another drink, popping the lid off with his teeth. So fucking hot.

“Maybe because you want to tie me to a chair, blindfold me, and put me in a ring of fire. Sorry, but that sounds like you may be trying to kill me.” I huff as they all stop looking at me and burst out laughing.

I don’t get scared easily, but why the hell would I trust three men to sit me tied and blindfolded in a ring of fire?

Would I come out alive?

Is this their way of saying they’re done with me?

“If we wanted to kill you. We wouldn’t tell you,” Jessie says, shaking his head and stepping closer to me. The room suddenly becomes hotter.

“I would wait for you to be asleep. Climb on the bed and slice your throat, watching

you bleed to death as I fuck you one last time. This time you won't be breathing.”
The words are almost soft for such a vicious act.

I rub my legs together, suddenly hot from the words that just came out of Jessie's mouth, sending things to my brain. Things every day, sane people wouldn't think about. We have proven I am not normal or rational.

I'm a crazy badass bitch who refuses to let a man control her again.

We live in a world where the government controls us.

If a woman says she feels unsafe walking alone at night, that's our problem, not the man's problem, for speeding up as soon as he sees a woman on her own.

Or when one of us is raped, the first question asked is what you were wearing, like if we were wearing a dress and heels, that makes it our fault.

People are quick to assume we are lying if we don't report it, but the truth is, most of us don't want to have to relive that moment over and over, about whether people believe us.

I would do anything to be able to scream to the world about what they did and watch them suffer, but even I know there is a slim chance that would ever happen, so I gave up on that wish a long time ago, even though I wish I didn't.

We invited it to happen.

I was fifteen when it happened to me. The man was my father's age or older, but what I do know is that I screamed with all the air I had in my lungs for him to stop. I tried.

I fucking tried to get him to stop but he was bigger than me, his hold was tighter. He silenced me.

He took my choice away, again and again.

There were moments I would sit curled up in that room, wishing I had taken my own life and stopped the suffering, but every day I kept going.

I took the pain for over ten years. I let the man who raised me take me into a world of suffering.

If I ever get to see my father again, I won't let him live. I will carve every single piece of his body and put him through the pain he put me through.

I want him to feel what I did. I want him to look at me and scream for me to stop, begging me not to do it.

Then I want to see him give up and let his body and mind go numb, and let it happen with no fight because it is worthless.

I want him to feel like killing himself. I want him to have to sit at the top of the stairs as a child and watch his mother get beaten by men and then killed over and over while a rock is taken to her skull, leaving her to bleed out.

I want him to pretend to sleep while his mother lays a doll and a letter in his hands, so she can whisper to him. "Mummy loves you, sweetheart. I'm sorry."

This is why I spend my days getting justice for the women who aren't able just like me. I never got any justice.

My rapist is still out there breathing and living his life for all I know. My father is

probably still searching for me and doing what he did to me, or maybe he found my sisters. My body shakes from the thought of my father doing what he did to me to them.

It's been years since I was taken from our house. I never saw them again. I never got told if they were safe or if they got taken as well. I never really thought about it until today, at this very moment.

Would it be wrong to ask Sean to look up information? I'm not even sure I want to find them. I wouldn't forgive myself if I were the reason those things happened. I don't think I would be able to carry on with life.

The guilt would eat at me too quickly.

People will look at me and see a victim, a person who broke down and went crazy. But you know what I see? A little girl who was robbed of her teenage years that came out stronger and stopped letting people control her.

I took control back.

If I hadn't gone through what I had, I wouldn't be sitting in the kitchen with three men who took care of me but never controlled or hurt me. All they did was love me and give me a second chance at life. I will forever be grateful for that.

I lift my head to see the three of them looking at me. Shit, did I say all of that out loud?

"Are you okay?" Sean places his hand on my back. My breathing calms down, and I feel safe now that I'm back in the place I love.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to say that all out loud," I apologise to them.

Sean places his beer beside me, taking mine out of my hand.

His hands reach under my legs as he picks me up, taking all my weight with him to the couch in the next room, which has a sweeping view.

It's a large musky green couch with off-white pillows spread across.

Tobias and Jessie sit at either end, and Sean walks over with me, placing me down in the middle as he sits beside me and Tobias. A fluffy red blanket is laid across me.

“You know we don't see you as a victim, right?” Tobias says, sitting forward so we are looking at each other. I know they don't look at me as a victim, which is why I like being around them. Yes, they can be annoying, but that's our relationship, and I wouldn't change it for a second.

“What you went through was never your fault. You came back stronger than anyone would. No one would blame you if you wanted to hide from the world.” Jessie's words are so soft I could mistake them for a feather. The weight off my shoulders disappears from the words they pour out.

For so long, I didn't want to leave the house again; I didn't see the point in life, but I didn't let that happen. I got up and showed the world he wouldn't win. I was stronger than he was.

“I know, but sometimes I think I'm using the pain as an excuse, and I should be over it by now.

” My voice cracks while trying to speak, but I was taught to get over it and never talk about my feelings.

So why do I want to scream so loud? The voices in my head are louder than ever,

telling me to speak up, but my father's voice is even louder, calling me a stupid girl, telling me to relax and take it like I should.

"I stopped saying no after I realised it wouldn't make a difference, and I was wasting my breath. I was taught that saying no made it worse. While I never said yes, it was over quicker if I just let him do what he wanted." I sob, unable to control myself.

All three of them look up at me like they just want to cradle me and sweep me close to them.

Something I wouldn't mind. I have never felt so safe with people who are so dangerous but so soft and kind toward me.

This is the first time in years I have told them about what happened. Sure, Jessie was in the place with me, but he was never there when I was getting raped only after. After all, Jessie was my father's right-hand man. Fuck, he still could be, I could be a prisoner, but I don't even notice.

Would I try to leave?

No, I have been here for years. If he wanted to ship me back to my father, he would have done it by now. Right?

"Ash, there isn't a time limit for how long you can grieve. You can for the rest of your life. That's your choice, no one else's," Sean says, rubbing my back. It's a simple action, but it's melting my heart.

"One time, I was woken up in the middle of the night by him. he walked in with a shock collar. I didn't scream.

I never said a word. I sat up on the edge of the bed and let him do it.

Within minutes, he left. That's why saying no isn't always an option if I had I would have been beaten up and raped over and over that night.

I saved myself.” As Jessie puts my favorite movie on, I lean into Sean, resting my head and snuggling into the blanket.

Even people like me enjoy a bittersweet movie.

The microwave pings as Tobias opens it, emptying the popcorn into bowls and bringing more beers and snacks.

As much as I love killing, I also love moments like this when I can pretend my life is normal for a moment.

It's been four days since my last kill.

Her bones are still here, and I know just the right thing to do with them. I'm on my own in the house.

I walk outside and through the gate, sliding a pair of yellow rubber gloves on, as I come up to the burnt bonfire where her bones lie.

I spend a few minutes picking up the remains.

After I have everything, I need to walk back to the house and up to my room. My lips turn into a smile when I realise how clean it is here.

Everything has been scrubbed, no remnants of blood or smell of a dead body. I walk over to my side table, where I normally have my weapons of choice, but today...

I have a large, tall tub filled with acid.

I place a mask over my mouth and put on safety glasses, not wanting to inhale any of the chemicals.

I carefully grab the bones, placing them one by one.

I close the lids, leaving the bones to disappear.

It could take twenty-four hours or up to twelve weeks.

Luckily, I have all the time in the world, and the three of them will have a new body for me very soon.

They told me they were going hunting for someone.

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I'm excited. I have so many new things I want to try. I'm itching for the kill. For a reason to be in total control.

I move the tub of acid with the bones to my windowsill, the same window I pushed her out of only a few days ago.

I enjoyed that. I think I'm going to start doing it more often, or even save it for special moments, as it's pretty time-consuming.

I move back to my table, sliding the bag out from under it.

The vibration of the doorbell going off downstairs pulls me from my daydream. I skip down the stairs, nearly missing the last step from my sudden energy burst.

I open the door to Tobias and see Sean holding a man by his neck. He looks like he's been dragged through a mountain of trees and dirt, which wouldn't surprise me if they had done that. This man looks familiar, like I've seen him before, or I have...

Yes, this is the same man from Halloween all those weeks ago.

I was wondering how long it would take for him to return.

You didn't think I was about to let a man disrespect a woman and let him be free. I just felt like making him believe he had the power, just to strip him of it.

"We thought you could use a new Toy," Tobias says, walking in with Sean, taking him straight to my room. He's not wrong.

I'm itching for the kill and about to make this slow and painful. He deserves to feel the pain.

The usual knife I use isn't as sharp as I would like it to be, so I go over to my kitchen, open the drawer of cutlery, and pick out a selection of knives that I know are sharp and ready.

Picking up the choice, I walk up the stairs, entering my room, where the man is hanging from my metal pole. I had, especially for him, turned the heating on, knowing in a few minutes he was going to be screaming from the burning sensation on his skin.

I walk further, setting my new knives on my table, where my weapons have been laid out perfectly for me.

The man hangs, and there it is, the screaming. Meaning the pipe has heated up.

It won't take long for it to blister his skin.

Sometimes I wonder why I do these things.

When people scream, I get so angry, I can't stand the sound.

The worst is when babies scream or cry, which is why I will never have kids. I'm not sure I would be any good.

How does one even keep them out of trouble? Would I have to stop my day job and become pure because I'm not sure I would be able to do that? I have killed so many people, the devil is waiting for me in hell, as well as all the people's souls I have sent there.

“You didn’t think I was just going to leave you and let you carry on living.” I roll my eyes, gesturing for Sean to come over here.

“I want him stripped naked and exposed.” Just like he did to so many women, I’m about to make him suffer in ways he didn’t even know he could.

If he can tell women to take it like a good girl, he can take it like a good boy.

Sean does as I ask, ripping his old-looking, dirty shirt off, revealing his hairy chest and beer belly.

Next, his belt is removed, and his blue jeans are unzipped and pulled from him, leaving him in only his grey undies.

His screams become louder as his hands are now raw from the heat of the pipe.

“All screaming is going to make me angrier,” I say as Tobias comes over, ripping a piece of duct tape and placing it over his mouth and silencing him.

Look at that, now I can get to work. Picking up one of my smaller knives but one of the sharper ones, I tread over to the man’s stomach.

Starting at one end, I carve the letter A into him, letting the blood seep out.

I retake the knife, this time carving the letter B and then the Letter U .

Moving closer over more to the right to carve S into him, deeper this time, as more blood oozes out, only to move to the next letter E, leaving space for the last letter R.

Taking a few steps back, I lick my lips to appreciate my work.

“In case you can’t see, I carved the abuser into your stomach. It felt fitting, seeing as you think you are so powerful. In reality, you’re just a man who wasn’t loved by his mummy.” I chuckle. He tries to kick me, but the pain is too much, and he isn’t able to carry out his actions.

“Now for my favourite bit.” I look back at both of them enjoying the show. They know what’s coming.

I’m about to fuck some shit up, and those two are about to watch me fuck some shit up and then reward me for it.

I wonder if they’re going to tie me up and fuck me or if they will let me ride the handle of the knife I carved that man’s stomach with. My pussy throbs at the thought of any of those situations.

I turn, walking toward both of them as they lean against the windowsill, moving up as I get closer.

“Any of you still have your motorbike? I think it’s time to go for a ride,” I say as they both glare at each other, forming smiles. They know why I want their motorbike and what the ride is for.

I have only done this once before. It turned out to be the best day of my life, which ended with the hottest sex I had ever had, and I have had a lot of sex in my lifetime.

“Oh, Angel, I thought you would never ask. Meet us downstairs,” Sean says, leaving the room.

Tobias stays behind as I go to my bedroom, putting my hair in a messy bun as I walk.

Opening my wardrobe, I strip my clothes off, slipping into an all-black fitted

bodysuit, putting on a ruby red leather jacket, and some black chunky boots.

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HOW MANY INCHES IS TOO MANY?

The clash of the wind settles on my skin, and a piece of hair flies around, landing on my lips and covering them with clear lip gloss.

The man is hooked between them both, Tobias holding his legs and Sean holding his arms, both with a tight grip. His eyes are full of trepidation. A plastic bag is placed over his head, with some holes poked through.

I'd hate for him to die on the ride. That would be a very unfortunate situation, considering I have a whole plan for this.

I can't help but push my head back, letting an evil laugh escape.

I'm in no mood to be sane Ash today. I plan on being the ruthless crazy bitch people hate so much.

"You didn't dress up for me, did you?" A gasp leaves me as Tobias's hot breath falters on my neck. His eyes stay on my body as he bites his lips.

The man trying to kick him startles him back to reality.

"I never dress up for you, but I do undress," I tease, walking away and letting them lay the body down on the floor, moving closer to the bike. Tobias is the first one, while Sean is the second. I don't have a clue about them but what I do know is they are fast.

Tobias comes toward me with some rope, tying a knot on the back of his bike.

I'm brought to my knees, now at the man's height. I notice he has a stainless-steel collar on. He can try to fight, but all that will do is hurt him more. My body pulses at the sight of a helpless man. There is no way out, no way for him to get away.

Nothing but helpless...

Sean comes over, taking the rope that's now been made into a circle to fit the man's head. It's placed on him tightly so if he tries to get out. The ending will be his death.

He's our pray.

"Now look at who's in control. You have no idea how much I'm about to ruin you." Sean comes over, passing me a mask. I look at him, confused for a second.

"Put this on. I don't need anybody seeing us," Sean says, and I put on the red mask. Tobias puts on a dark blue mask, and Sean puts on a dark green mask. Sean gets on his bike while Tobias and I get on his. I wrap my hands around Tobias's waist, holding him tight.

Sean turns the bike on, revving the engine. He moves off before us, the man rasping against the floor. The sight of the man's face wrapped in the plastic bag scraping across the concrete flooring is making my day better every second I look.

"Hold on tight," Tobias mocks, driving off at the back of Sean. We drive down the open road. Luckily, it's not busy because I'm not sure how it would go with two motorcycles, one with a man sliding off and one with a girl holding on to the other.

It doesn't take us long to get on the back road into the woods. The woods that lead to one place. Jessie's cabin. I know, how original, but by being out here, we have free

rein to do whatever the hell we want. No one's going to find us. I'm not even sure if anyone knows this place even exists.

Jessie's waiting for us inside. We gave him the heads up that we would be using the cabin, and he should come and join us to fuck shit up.

I have never craved anything more than I am right now.

Tobias is the first to park up, with Sean parking after us for a minute. I forgot the guy was on the back of the motorcycle.

The plastic bag is nowhere to be seen. I didn't intend for it to stay on the whole time. His face is cut and bleeding, with mud all over him from being dragged.

Jessie opens the cabin door, wearing a Santa apron with a tea towel over his left shoulder, leaning against the door frame and grinning at me, and Sean undoes the rope keeping the man attached to the bike.

We both drag the body, me holding the man's legs and Sean holding his arms. Tobias is nowhere to be seen. Typical.

"What do you think you're doing?" Jessie cocks his head, standing in front of the door, not letting us in. Here we go. How much do I need to bet that he's going to say we can't bring him inside because the floor will get messy?

"What does it look like I'm doing?" Rage builds as I place the man's legs down and one hand on my left hip, looking at Jessie.

"Looks like you're trying to bring the man covered in blood and mud into my space." I have no idea why I thought this would go smoothly with Jessie. Nothing to do with Jessie is ever easy. He is the most self-centred, sarcastic person I have ever met.

“For fuck’s sake, Jessie. Stop being like this. If I give you a blow job tonight, will you let us in?” I suggest, knowing there is no way this man will pass up a chance to get head from me. And with one swift movement, there he goes back into the cabin with us following behind.

I leave the body with Sean. Walking toward the kitchen, a delicious smell roams throughout the cabin, making my mouth water and my stomach growl. I now need whatever is being cooked.

The kitchen is an open plan with a wall to hide the cooking. I slide myself around the wall, walking toward Jessie, who stands stirring a big pan of...

I still haven't found out, but the steam is blowing off.

I try to make it over there, but Tobias takes my throat hostage, flipping me around to him.

“Someone tells me you’re offering free blow jobs.” At this moment, I wish I had kept my mouth shut, but no, Ash, you can’t do that, can you? You must turn everything somewhat sexual.

“I did, and you were not one of them.” I laugh, pushing him off me and walking over to Jessie.

“What are you cooking?” I ask curiously, but all he does is look up at me, smirking and then laughing. It was foolish of me to think we would come here and get a meal cooked for us—a dream.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” I seriously need to know what’s in that pan.

“It’s bone broth. Here, try some.” Jessie takes a little teaspoon, places some on the

spoon, and into my mouth. I let the hot liquid in, with what I think is garlic, onions, and carrots.

“It’s good,” I say, surprised, placing the spoon down next to me. Jessie just looks at me. If looks could burn, he would be scorching my eyes. I just told him the food was good. So why is he looking at me like I just insulted him?

“Why are you looking at me like that?” I take a step back, getting a full view of him but all he does is laugh fucking loud. I sense I have been left out of an essential part of this.

“Ash, you just ate bone broth with human bones.” The sudden urge to puke rises from the pit of my stomach.

I think we can all agree I have done some fucked up things, but I draw the line at any part of a human being consumed in the way I just did unless, of course, it includes me taking their cocks down my throat.

“What the actual fuck, Jessie. Do you want me to kill you?” I think Jessie underestimates how willing I am to kill him.

“We can talk about that later. For now, you have work to get done.” Oh, right yes, I have a whole ass man in the next room who I have been ignoring. Now I can hear his muffled screams. I need to kill him, and this might be the quickest I’ve ever done it, but I’m growing annoyed at the noise.

Something about crying feels like nails on a chalkboard in school. This might be the worst noise I have ever heard.

I walk out of the kitchen and back into the living room, where the man is now tied to a chair. Blood drips from multiple places. Jessie eyes one of the pools of blood,

letting me know he's going to give me shit later because I got blood on his hardwood floors.

Maybe next time, I will leave Jessie out of my plan because I'm so close to reaching into my waistband, putting the barrel of my gun to his head, and shooting him.

His brain should splatter all over the place.

Ash, for fuck's sake, stop thinking of killing him, you won't do it.

The voices in my head are so much louder today, screaming at me that I need to do this.

Jessie comes up behind me. I can feel that he's close, so fucking close. If he doesn't move, I'm going to have no choice but to kill him. And when I do it, it won't be my fault but his

I turn around, inches away from him, and all he does is turn his lip sideways.

I'm so close to driving my knife into his cock and cutting it off.

"Unless you want me to cut your cock off and feed it to you, leaving might be the best option." I move back, crossing my arms, not taking my eyes off him.

"The only reason I'm leaving is because I have too much respect for my dick to let you cut it off. Oh, and I will have it down your throat, choking you later," he growls, stepping closer to me. He grabs my shoulder, pulling me forward. He takes my hand, bringing me to feel his growing erection.

"Feel that. Feel how hard I am for you. The quicker you get rid of the man over there, the quicker we can sort this out," he says, and there it goes, I could melt into him. I

won't have a job to get done. Murder, not sex, is a new rule I'm sticking to from now on.

Jessie walks away, leaving me. I walk further into the living room, and the man's muffled screams become louder, making me just want to stab him, maybe in the eyeballs and carve them out. It's been a while since I did that.

"Now. What should I do with you?" My finger taps my cheek while I kneel, ripping the duct tape off his mouth, leaving a red mark around his mouth. I take a cloth from the couch beside me. Rolling it up, I stuff it down his throat, placing a new piece of tape back over his mouth.

There we go in silence. Nothing but sweet, sweet silence.

He tries to turn his head away from me. "You don't get to look away. I want you looking into my eyes when I slit your throat," I say as Tobias passes me a knife, nipping me. At least we know this one is sharp.

The man's top is off, and the word abuser is carved into his stomach, swollen and red, probably becoming infected.

"Don't think I'm going to make this easy on you." I glide the tip of my knife to the man's stomach, digging the sharp blade into where I carved, making him try to scream, but it's no use; he can't do anything.

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I robbed him of fundamental human rights just like he did to others. Karma is a bitch.

“This is what happens when you think you have the power to tell a woman what she can do. Did you tell her that her dress was too short or she looks too slutty?” I say, getting to my feet.

I start skipping around the man; it’s become my new thing.

I love how their eyes fill with regret, fear, and fury. Knowing they can feel and think what they want, but I will always be the one in control.

Killing makes me feel alive, like I’m not just the little girl who was under a man and helpless.

I stop skipping as Sean glances over at me, somewhat annoyed. I don’t see why he has to be here, in fact, neither of them do. When I kill, I usually do it on my own. I focus better when I do.

I bring myself back to the man’s height. Unfortunately, I’m only small.

I bring the knife to his throat, cutting him in one swift motion. I do it again and again as red blood splatters across my face and the floor, and his head falls forward. Then, to my surprise, his head falls right into my lap. What the actual fuck is wrong with these two?

“Seriously, when did we discuss cutting his head off?” My eyebrow narrows toward Tobias, who is just standing there, covered in blood with the chainsaw still turned on

happily, not like he just cut someone's head off. And I'm the crazy one here.

"Sorry, the voices told me too. Sometimes they override me." He turns the chainsaw off as I get to my feet again, standing back to look at the mess.

I can hear loud, deep footsteps coming toward me.

I don't have to turn around to know it's Jessie and he's pissed.

Before he can flip me around, I spit out.

"Before you give me some half-ass threat, Tobias made most of the mess so if you're going to force anyone to suck your dick it should be him. "

Why did that turn me on so much?

Would I like to see them play with each other? Fuck yes!

"Woah, did our Angel just tell me she wants to watch some guy-on-guy action? You ask, you shall receive." I know I should be excited, which I am, but when there is a man's body with no head and he did it on the floor right in front of you, it's kind of off-putting.

There is no way in hell I will pick that up.

I'm crazy, but I haven't gotten to that level yet. Yet being very vague.

Sean moves forward, taking me to the couch where we both sit.

"Angel, I want you to play with yourself while you watch us," Jessie says, moving toward Tobias. Turning him around, their lips crash into each other, heating my body.

I slide up on the couch, removing my sweatpants covered in blood with no knickers on. I spread my legs, feeling my slit and how wet I already am.

Jessie removes his belt, throwing it on the floor and pushing his jeans down to his feet. He pulls out his thick cock, already hard and dripping pre-cum from the tip.

I lick my lip, wishing I was having a taste, but something tells me this will be far more enjoyable.

“You made a mess, so it’s only fair you take me. Don’t make me have to force you,” he growls toward Tobias, who comes forward, dropping to his knees. His hard erection outlines his jeans as he plays with himself through his pants; he opens his mouth, letting Jessie thrust in.

Oh fuck, I was right. This is so fucking hot.

“Fuck, just like that, take me all the way,” he says, and Tobias takes him whole, not wasting any time.

My fingers slip into my pussy as I press one finger inside then another, watching Jessie fuck Tobias’ mouth.

My other hand takes my tits, my hard nipples, and my fingers. I press and pinch, turning myself on more from the pain.

I catch a glance at Sean, who is now fisting his hard cock beside me.

“Fuck, Angel, look how turned on you are. Would you like me to fuck him?”

Who would I be to say no?

“Yes, please fuck him. It’s so goddamn hot,” I whimper, taking a third finger, faster this time.

I throw my head back, but lift it again when Tobias is bent over the dead man’s body and stripped of his pants.

Jessie takes his finger toward the now dead body soaking up some of the blood, as he brings his finger toward Tobias' ass.

“We gotta get you nice and ready to take me. Relax for me, baby,” he says as Tobias does just that, and Jessie's finger slides in, and a groan leaves Tobias’s lips

“That’s it, ride my finger, show me how desperate you are for my cock.”

“Fuck, anyone would think you were a desprate whore for your foster brother’s cock inside of you again. Are you?” Fuck, there is no way this is real life, because what did I do to deserve all of this?

“Yes, I want you inside of me,” Tobias says, his heart pounding as Jessie's finger starts pumping faster in and out.

A minute or so later, the room is filled with moans from all of us. It’s a sound I never want to stop hearing.

“Goddamnit, fuck me already.” Tobias scowls.

Jessie moves his hand around his neck, choking him.

“Fuck, so desprate for my cock. Beg me. Tell me how much you need me inside of you.”

“Jessie, if you don’t put your cock inside my ass, I’ll ask Sean to do it.” That's all Jessie needed before he gives him no warning and thrusts into him. Tobias takes his hand, fisting his cock while he gets fucked at the back entrance.

“You like this, Angel? Watching me fuck him rough and hard?” Jessie asks, taking his hand and choking Tobias hard for a second.

He may turn blue or pass out.

Sean moans,as Jessie and Tobias moan at the same time. Jessie thrusts harder, not letting him get a second of release until Tobias is fisting his cock, spilling his cum over the man’s dead body.

All that does is make me fuck myself harder.

Feeling the orgasm in the pit of my stomach, my legs visibly shake as I try to stop myself from cumming so early.

Fuck, I’m like a horny teenager just finding out how to masturbate.

That moment you try on yourself what you saw on a porn video, just to find out it’s fake, but then you find that your fingers can give you an earth-shattering orgasm and men are not needed.

Unless, of course, they are mine. Then they are, because how the hell do I find new men to fuck me over a dead body without getting admitted to a mental hospital?

Someone crazy wouldn’t recognise that was what a crazy person would do. Would they?

I try to stop myself, but I’m too turned on to last any longer.

I slouch down the couch, letting my legs rest a little as my pussy pulses and stiffens around my fingers as I cum. My legs shake and my vision becomes a little blurry but I open back up to see Sean cumming right after me, squirting his cum all over his stomach.

Our eyes snare each other, full of desire and the need for more.

But we are both taken to the other two while Jessie pulls out of Tobias, spilling his load all over his back and not letting him move.

Jessie looks at me with a worried look. I'm not stable enough to walk, still coming down from my high.

"Come clean him up, Angel." Fuck, okay, I didn't think this could get any hotter.

I wobble over, kneeling as I take my tongue, tracing the patch with his cum. I lick every single drop, devouring his salty load.

I felt empty when I got here, and now, I feel so full.

Then I'm taken to the dead body, covered in Tobias' cum, and I will not be licking them even if I have limits and I have reached them.

I can't see us getting home tonight, so after I let them clean up and move the body, I jump in a hot shower, washing the blood and smell of sex away. I finish with a fresh pair of fluffy PJs sitting by the wood fire built and lit by Sean.

That's until...

COCK SLAYER

Getting rid of the bodies has never been my job.

I never gave it any thought until Jessie asked if I wanted to help him in the woods. Thinking about it hours later, going into the woods was probably one of many stupid decisions I have made.

It's too late to turn back. I might end up getting chased in the dark, which would turn me on, considering they cut the man's head off. When I say them, I mean Tobias and the very unhinged thoughts he has.

I carry a bin bag with his head over my shoulders. I like to keep myself fit, but I'm not as fit as I first assumed. I'm out of breath and ready to throw the head, not caring where it lands.

Not to mention, I'm freezing. It's so cold that I may come back frozen and no longer be able to walk. Jessie may have to carry me back.

"Now I know why you never help with this bit." Jessie stops turning to watch me struggle like carrying a head in the woods at night is a normal thing to do.

"I'm sorry. I'm just not used to having a head in a bin bag and carrying it over my shoulder in the woods at night." My eyes narrow at his nose, flaring as the anger rises.

"Here we are. You can put it down now." He shoves the body into an already-dug

grave.

I follow, placing the bin bag inside, relieved I don't have that hanging off my shoulder.

Turning around, I get ready to go back to the cabin. But not before Jessie's hand is fisting my hair, pulling me back and spinning me around, causing me to defend myself by taking my hands and slapping him across the face.

"You like violence, but I can get with that. Just not now. Be a good girl and stand still while I sort this out," he taunts sarcastically.

I have the urge to do the opposite, but it's pitch-black outside, and all we have is one torch, and I don't feel like getting chased.

As much as I've dreamed about it, tonight isn't the night to live out that fantasy.

"I would hate for such a pretty woman like you to have to get her hands dirty. Oh, wait, who am I kidding? You are covered in blood most days." He throws the mud at the grave, covering the dead body.

If he had a shovel, this would be easier.

Which now that I come to think of it, why the fuck don't we have one?

"Do you plan on just kicking the mud with your foot?" I ask, rolling my eyes now, freezing my tits off.

I don't know what I thought was going to happen with burying a dead body, but this wasn't it.

In the movies, there are always more than two people and shovels. Again, why the fuck don't we have them?

“Do you have a better plan? Please share with the rest of us.” He looks at me, still kicking the mud over the body with his feet.

I stand looking at the dozen trees, the light of the torch beaming on each tree, the green colour mimicking different shades.

The lights hit the floor, where mud, sticks, and weeds cover my black boots that were once clean, not to mention the dried-up blood from the body lying beneath me.

I'm going to die out here, and if it isn't from Jessie, it will be because I froze to death.

Not bringing a coat was wrong on my end, but isn't a gentleman meant to offer his jacket to the lady?

But then again, this is the same person who fucked me with my gun and then sucked the barrel full of my juices. Nevermind.

“The rest of us? There isn't anyone else out here but us,” I state the obvious, but Jessie isn't happy with my response. He kicks quicker, just what I wanted. I make a mental note to piss him off to make this go quicker.

“Woah, let's not forget the dead man. Don't be rude.” I flip him off.

Jessie pulls out a knife, my eyes nearly fully closed, with my finger tapping on my top lip, waiting for an answer on why he could need one. I look down at the grave, seeing the body covered. He walks around freely, bringing a goddamn shovel out, shoving bigger clumps of mud over the grave.

“Seriously, you couldn’t have used that before? I’m done; I’m going back to the cabin.” I turn around starting to walk back until a hand is around the back of my neck, pulling me, his hand now fisting my hair. Again.

“Where do you think you’re going?” His breath laces my ear as he whispers, tightening his grip on my hair and making me screech.

“Back to the cabin. I’m cold,” I sneer, but all it causes him to do is tighten his fist around me, turn me around, kiss me, and our tongues crash.

fuck I wanted to hate him right now, but now his tongue is down my throat, I can't stop kissing him back with those sweet, luscious lips and minty fresh breath.

“You drive me crazy. I want to taste all of you,” he growls between my lips, sending the feeling of hate and anger through my body.

Everything about Jessie is wrong. He's ten years older, yet I can't get over him. I hate him but I want his mouth on my pussy any time I can. Though I don't want to admit how much he bothers me, this man's ego is already big enough that I don't need to add to it.

“There is something I want you to do. Can you be a good girl for me?” His voice is low as he asks.

I’m hesitant to answer, but no matter what I say, I will do what he wants even if it isn't by choice.

“Yes,” I say slowly, and with a shaky breath, my eyes move up to Jessie. His eyes narrow, overcast with a sense of danger. Something I have never seen before my body tense at the thought of what he was going to do, sending a throbbing sensation right to my pussy, a wet patch forming on my knickers.

“Are you scared, Angel? Knowing there’s no one to save you?” He creeps, standing behind me. I can feel him smile, the one I want to hate, but all I can do is inhale deeply through my nose and take it all in, nearly slipping a moan out.

“No one but the two of us. I have a lot planned for you.” He’s behind me, nearly inches away. A hand wraps around my chin, spinning me around, his finger bringing my lip downward.

I’m in the woods all alone with Jessie in a pair of fluffy PJs, my hair soaking wet from my shower, wearing my black boots. I look ridiculous, but all I can focus on is the man behind me taking my throat hostage.

Not long ago, I was sitting on the couch, legs spread, watching him fuck Tobias and watching Sean get himself off.

Now my pussy is aching, I don't know what I want. Do I want him to be on me, or in me, or for him to take complete control?

Something they do is never take complete control. They know what I like and dislike, what I can take and what I can't, and never go beyond that unless I say so.

“I never got my turn with you inside. Now I want it out here.” Any dignity I once had left in me is far away, nowhere to be seen. Not that I have had any for a while.

“What could you possibly want me to do?” I say, lowering my eyes filled with desire.

“I want you to ride this knife handle in the mud.” My eyes shoot open, not ready for what he said. I almost feel shocked but I'm up for it.

“You can’t be serious, it's been raining,” I inform him, but it's no use, he's taking the knife, stabbing the blade into the ground.

I peek at the knife, ready for me to ride the handle.

“Undress or I will do it for you,” he growls, looking at me.

I could argue with him, but it wouldn't end well.

In my defense, I strip off my pants, followed by my top, leaving me naked in the middle of the woods with the one person who could kill me.

He has every right to. If we are speaking about being honest, he brought me so I'm his, I'm to do whatever he wants, so at any second, he could turn around and kill me.

He could make me do whatever he wants, and I wouldn't have a choice.

I'm just thankful that's never happened, at least not yet.

“Do you think you will be able to ride the handle, take all of it?”

My brain is back to wanting to say anything that's going to piss him off and it's hard. I can't help it. I love to wind people up. It gives me a sense of joy.

“What kind of question even is that? You know I can,” I say proudly. What can I say, I never back down from a challenge.

“A very serious question. Ash, look at me when I tell you this. You will ride the handle until you cum and only then will I let you get off. Are we clear?” He looks at me deep into my blue eyes, just like the sea, I stare back into his hazel eyes, a sparkle shining in them, or the devil. No one knows.

“You look breathtaking. Now do what I say,” he demands, not taking his eye off me, watching my every step. I walk closer still with my boots on but fully naked, the

breeze hitting my skin and making me shiver down my spine.

“I want you to slowly hover over where the knife is, but do not try to take it. I need to work you up on that.” Thank God he said that, even though I have had a lot of sex, I'm hoping he brought some sort of lube, or this is going to be more pain than pleasure.

I reach the last step, coming up to the knife. Thankfully, I'm smallish, so hovering over the knife isn't as uncomfortable as anticipated.

“Good girl, now what I want you to do is. Take this lube, and I want you to cover the knife handle in it. Then, put some on two of your fingers and start working it in.”

He passes me the bottle of lube; I open it, letting it drop onto the knife handle, making sure I apply a good amount.

I take two fingers, letting the lube glide over, and place the bottle beside me.

I take it to my entrance already wet, I put two fingers inside my cunt, curling my fingers upwards hitting the right spot.

I completely forgot my surroundings. I place my fingers in and out, finding it harder each time I finger myself to stay put and not fall into the mud.

“Fuck, you look so good fingering yourself,” he growls, standing and watching. I catch on to the bulge in his pants, and my mouth waters instantly at the sight.

I fight the urge to come right here, right now.

“Angel, it's time. I want you to slowly start sitting down. I will be right here, baby,” he assures me. I slowly place both my hands, now covered in mud, as I lower myself

to the tip of the handle.

The tip enters my pussy. fuck this is a lot more than I thought.

“It’s too much, I can’t do this,” I plead with my eyes on him, hoping for something, anything to happen.

“I know you can take it. We’re not going to back out now, are we?” he taunts, leaning against the tree.

I slam myself down letting the handle fill my pussy up. I take a second to start working in and out, bouncing up and down, and kicking myself using one of the many dildos I have at home. Your girl doesn’t always have three men to get me off. Sometimes I have to do the work.

Fuck, this feels amazing knife play isn’t something I ever thought I would be into until now I’m obsessed and want to do this again.

“Don’t you dare come until I say?” Jessie’s voice slowly goes to the back of my head while I ride the pleasure out. I need to let myself have this release. I deserve it.

“Please, Jessie, please.”

“What do you need, Angel? Use your words,” he growls, walking toward me and crouching, taking his hands to my hips as he slams me down back on the knife, not letting me get back up.

“I want to cum, please,” I beg. His hands release my lips but he doesn’t take them off. He bounces me up and down, watching me fall apart.

“Cum for me, Angel,” he demands as his hands let go, letting me take control.

I bounce up and down, letting my body rip apart.

I let the orgasm rip through my head, shooting back. I cum all over the handle fully naked.

My body slumps against Jessie as he catches me, picks me up, and lets me sit on his lap. He takes my PJs, dressing me back up, and I shiver from the cold air around us.

“Come on, let's get you inside and warm.”

I breathe, feeling relieved that I can get warm. I'm surprised my nipples haven't frozen and fallen off.

The walk back to the cabin is quicker than getting there this time, as both are cold and tired. Having wet hair sure isn't helping.

As we make it back into the cabin, the fire is still hot, and the orange flame sparkles. I go to the kitchen and take out three mugs.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:10 am

NETFLIX I can smell him on me. It makes me sick.

I was caught scrubbing myself raw with bleach, and now I can't shower on my own. I can't even sleep on my own. They take turns staying with me in the chair because I refuse to let them in my bed.

The person I see in the mirror isn't me; I used to smile and have colour to my skin, but now I might as well just be skin and bone. I lost so much weight from being there, and I'm not eating while here.

I'm doing myself no good.

I stare into the bathroom mirror, looking at the horrible image of me. Dark purple fills the gaps around my eye as the bruises are at their worst they have been. My lips left a scar, and my left eyebrow has a scar from when my father sliced me with a knife.

I have long, bright red hair, or I did until a minute ago when I took a pair of kitchen scissors and cut all my hair off. Now I have a pixie cut.

Moments later, the bathroom door is kicked open. Locking the door was a poor choice on my end, I see. Sean stands there looking at me, shocked. So fucking shocked. Shit, do I look worse? Why would I think cutting all my hair off would solve all my problems?

I start crying, I don't know what to do.

“Ash, what the hell happened?” Sean asks in a deep voice. He comes forward, but I

instinctively flinch and back away.

“Nothing. I want to be left alone to shower,” I say, not wanting to have this argument. I just want to be alone, and I haven't been able to do that for years.

“Nothing. We have left you for the past two weeks. Not forcing you to eat, but I'm done being nice, you're driving me crazy,” he says, standing by the door. I turn to face him.

“Driving you crazy? Imagine how I feel. I feel like I'm going fucking crazy.”

“I feel like I'm drowning, and I don't want to come up for air. All I want to do is hold my breath and never come back up.” A weight is lifted off me after saying all that.

“Fuck, Ash, can't you see we are trying? Really fucking hard. Please just let us take care of you, that's all we want to do.” He steps forward, catching me as I fall into his arms, and we both crash to the floor.

“I don't want to feel like this. So hopeless and unable to get over it.” I stop talking and Sean gets up, carrying me over to the walk-in shower I turned on before he places me on the floor, curled up. He removes his clothes, leaving his undies on. My clothes are soaking wet.

A large body sits beside me. Sean takes my top, removing it and leaving me exposed.

I flinch and move my hands to cover myself.

I don't want him to see the scars and bruises.

I look revolting. My stomach is covered in bruises, cuts, and marks.

The most recent ones are from a punishment for trying to fight the man off me.

I was dragged out of bed in the middle of the night, hand over my mouth, and another person grabbing my legs. I was utterly hopeless.

Next thing I know, I'm standing in a dark room.

The floor feels like concrete. My feet are bare; I only have a mini vest top, no underwear, standing wholly exposed. I was confined to a chair, hands and feet locked in a way that prevented me from moving or trying to fight.

A cloth over my mouth, a finger pinching my nose shut. Water is poured over the fabric again and again to mimic drowning.

I want to scream, but I'm trapped again. I have no way of defending myself. All I can do is scream at the voices in my head telling me how weak I am.

How this is all my fault, and no one will ever want to love a used-up whore because all I am is just a dirty whore used for her body. It's all women are good for in this day and age.

Sean's voice vaguely brings me back, he looks at me all most worried but soft with a touch of a tear forming which has made me feel worse I don't want him to Pity Me and my fucked-up brain.

“Ash, I'm not interested in hurting you. You have an incredible body, but I won't do anything you don't want me to,” he says, moving closer but not touching me.

“Can I touch you? All I want to do is wash your body and hair.

That's it,” he says. I remove my arms, letting him have a full view of my tits.

This feels calm and soft; he doesn't want to hurt me.

I need a shower. It's been a week since I have had a proper one, so fighting isn't going to do me any good.

The voices in my head are screaming at me. He's going to hurt you, take your body for what it is, nothing but a piece for a man to use and break.

NO, NO, NO, it's not fucking true. He isn't trying to hurt me. I scream into my head, needing the voices to leave me alone.

"Please don't hurt me," I say in a muffled voice, narrowing my eyes like a puppy does when it wants food.

His fingers trace my face, bringing my chin up to look at him.

"I promise to never hurt you. You want to burn this world down. Done. I will pass you the match and watch you light the world on fire."

"I want to feel normal or safe, I want the voice to leave and stop telling me I should be dead or it's all my fault." His eyes trace mine as I move in closer to his chest, trying to stop crying.

He called me an Angel, something I am far from.

"You just called me Angel, why?" My eyebrows flare in confusion, and my lips curl at Sean's silence, just looking at me, biting his lower lip, and smiling at me.

"Deep down, there is a devil inside waiting to come out and play, but to me, you will always be the Angel who came into our lives at the right time. The Angel we want to love and care for." The softness that comes with his voice has the voices melting

away for a single second, and all I have is silence and peace, something I have been trying to find for a long time.

He takes the shampoo bottle and squeezes some onto my hair, then takes it by hand and massages it, lathering it up, and rinsing it out with the showerhead.

A part of me is tempted to get up and run out because this feels wrong and uncomfortable, but the other part of me knows if he wanted to hurt me, he would have done it by now.

I'm letting myself be vulnerable and cared for, something I have never let anyone do. I was taught from a young age not to, but right now it feels like the only holy thing I will ever get in this lifetime.

For just a second, I can pretend I'm an Angel and there isn't a devil trying to fight its way out and show the real me, the real person that's been hiding all these years.

“Come on, stand up. You're safe, I won't let you go. You can hold onto me as tight as you need to feel safe.” I take his hand, letting him pull me up. I stand my back to him, holding onto the wall. He reaches for the cherry-scented body wash, applying some on a sponge, starting with my back. I stop breathing. I don't think I'm going to be able to have a man touch my body again; it feels wrong and makes me feel dirty.

All I can hear is the man's voice over and over again.

“Baby, you feel so good.”

“Don't I feel good inside you?”

“NO, NO, NO. Fucking no. Get out of my head. Leave me alone!” I yell, turning around, forgetting Sean was here.

His hands were placed on my shoulder, and I didn't notice. I step out of the shower, opening the drawer above the sink where I keep all my products. I whip out a gun, pointing it at his head, ready to shoot him, but my hand freezes. Fuck, Ash, why can't you do it? Shoot him.

Fucking shoot him.

You pathetic bitch.

Do it, do it.

You're so weak.

The voice screams over and over.

"Ash put the gun down. It's me, Sean, I'm not here to hurt you." He puts his hands in the air, showing he won't do anything, but I don't see Sean.

I see the man. Old wrinkled skin. The man who took my soul from me year after year with no care in the world. My legs give way, and I fall to my knees, letting the gun leave my hands. Sean quickly grabs it, coming over to me.

"I'm sorry. I don't know what happened." He comes to me, wrapping a towel around my body and taking me to his arms, he carries me to his room, placing me on the bed. He gets a new top on and slides in beside me. I happily cradle him, needing his warmth to help me sleep.

"Get some sleep, baby girl," he says, pressing a kiss to my head and bringing the blanket over both of us.

"I'm sorry," I say, closing my eyes, suddenly tired.

“Sweet dreams, Angel, I love you.” My eyes shut as I fade into heaven in his touch. I feel as safe as I have ever felt.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:10 am

THE DEVIL'S HOME...

I wake up alone, the sheets around me calm to the touch, telling me they've been gone for a while. I'm in a faded, worn T-shirt so large on me it falls to my knees, comforting me since I've also realised I'm completely naked underneath.

I get up from the bed, grab my knickers quickly, pull them on, and go downstairs.

The smell of butter, bacon, and pancakes roams through the cabin, making my stomach growl and my mouth water. Following the scent, I go to the living room and walk to the connected kitchen.

Sean smiles at me from where he is making breakfast. Jessie sits at the table reading a newspaper, but Tobias is nowhere to be seen.

I feel the pit in my stomach rise with sickness. I don't know why I feel like this. Is it because he isn't here, I lay in his arms all night, or he was right there, next to me, when I woke up from my nightmare, showing me compassion and tenderness?

They were all there for me when they heard me screaming, each getting comfy on the bed while I lay my head on Tobias, my legs on Sean, and my hands on Jessie. They took care of me.

Now and then, I awake screaming and sweating from nightmares of that place. I thought I had gotten rid of the scene as it had been months since I last had one, but I was wrong. I'm lucky I was curled up in bed with the three of them.

This one was the worst. I was reminded of the worst day of my life, and it wasn't when my father sold me.

The smell of aftershave awakens me from my rocky sleep, leaving me feeling uneasy. I take a minute to turn around, scared to see the horror that awaits me today.

As I turn around, I'm struck by a man who's taller than me, towering over me at the end of my bed, if I can even call it that.

My first move used to be to scream at the top of my lungs, waiting for someone, anyone to come and help me, but I learned very quickly that no one in this house is here to help; all they are here to do is destroy my life in every little detail they can.

They have damaged me too much in this place.

I'm moulded to act like they want me to.

Be submissive to every move.

My eyes are fully awake now as I look over the man's features. He isn't the same one who usually comes to my room, as he has for the past years like clockwork.

This man is taller, has broad shoulders, and is freshly shaved.

I make sure not to move a single muscle, not until I'm told to.

Another thing I learned is that men are in control, and you do whatever they say, no matter what they want.

“Get up and get dressed!” The man's voice burns right through me. They just want to see all of us. Which also means we're going to be in training.

Training on how to be submissive to our man when we are sold.

I can't imagine most girls make it very long before their bodies wash up on the shore.

Not that I've ever seen a body washed up but it's all I can imagine, and these men are powerful, people look the other way when they do this kind of shit.

You can't change my mind that people don't know what's going on. I bet they are covering it up. The last thing they want is the people who are supposed to make our country better, yet they are doing the opposite.

I stand in a line with the other girls, some I had met, some I had yet to meet, but most of us are shaking.

"I get it, you're scared, but acting scared and shaking will only make it worse," I whisper to the girl standing next to me, looking like she might crumble at any given second.

My father walks over to me, yanking my arms toward him and pulling me out of the line, making me stand in front of everyone beside him.

"What part of standing and not opening your mouth do you not understand?" Don't do it, Ash. Shut up is all I say to myself, but even I know I'm not capable of keeping my mouth shut.

"None of it." I sneer at him, glaring. A crease forms above my eyebrows, and a firm hand slaps me across my face three times.

The fourth time, he slapped me so hard that I fell to the floor as he spat on me.

"Don't make me punish you. I wouldn't want you to enjoy it. Seeing a whore like you would." Being called a whore by your father is a different kind of hurt and trauma.

One that no girl wants to hear, but it was the only thing he ever called me.

I slide into one chair around the breakfast table, and Sean places a plate of bacon, another stacked high with pancakes, maple syrup, and a steaming hot cup of tea in front of me.

The smell of this food has me practically drooling. He fills a plate and hands it to me, doing the same for Jessie and himself.

“Thank you,” I say, stabbing my fork into a piece of bacon and pancake and bringing it to my lips.

I eat every bite of food. Leaving my empty plate by the sink, I leave the kitchen to sit on the couch with Jessie. We share the same black fleece blanket I was given last night.

“Where’s Tobias?” I ask, slightly concerned that he isn't here. He could be out looking for wood, but we rarely go there alone.

“Good question, no clue. I’m sure he's around here somewhere.” Sean says, coming over to the couch

A knock at the door has me going into flight or fight mode.

What if it's the police coming to take me away? Please don't be , I say over and over to myself.

I didn't have the police on my list of people to kill.

Yes, I have a list of people to kill. It's a very long list, and I'm going to set it as my New Year's Resolution.

Jessie gets up and opens the door. The curtains are drawn closed.

What the fuck?

My mouth is open wide, my face turning red, and then there it is.

Everything that keeps me up at night.

The devil, the person who will have me going right back to my fifteen-year-old self.

My father...

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Before my father can step in, Jessie stops his body, freezing as his eyes make contact with my father. Everything in me is kicking at myself for not having a gun on me at this very moment.

“Miss me? Daddy certainly missed you.” Those sour words have my stomach wanting to curdle at the sight of the grin on his face.

“Well, invite me in then. Surely, you wouldn't want your friend to die outside.” I don't even think about my subsequent actions; I'm launching myself toward the door, but before I can carry out whatever actions I had planned, my father pushes Jessie to the floor and steps inside.

The air around us changes to a hostile environment.

Rage.

Blood.

Vicious.

Vicious thoughts.

Tobias is harshly brought inside by his collar, dripping blood from multiple places. My father throws him to the floor as he groans in pain, unable to move.

“What the hell did you do?” I shout, running over to Tobias. Kneeling beside him, I check his pulse, shaking his body. I need him to wake up.

“Please wake up, I need you to wake up,” I plead, still rocking his body back and forth. Sean and Jessie don't help me; they just stand looking at me with disappointment.

“Fuck, why are you just standing there? Help me.” I turn him over so he's lying on his back as I go to start CPR. Jessie kneels beside me, taking my hands between his and rubbing them together.

“Angel, stop, he isn't here.” My eyes fill with tears falling down my face, Jessie catches them with his thumb.

“Stop it, he's going to wake up. Jessie, please tell me he will.” I need him to tell me, even though I know he won't.

“Well, isn't this a sight for sore eyes? He will wake up. I drugged him. Stop overreacting.” My father says, his eyes burning through the back of my head. I can feel him lingering around me.

“It’s me you want, so take me. Leave them out of it.” I lift my knees off the floor, walking over to stand in front of my father. It's been ages since I saw his face this close.

I hate him, but I also kind of want to feel something other than hate.

Is it normal that even though he put me through hell, I kind of wish he had turned toward a new way in life and could be my father?

What the hell, Ash, stupid, he could have your sister. I say to myself

My stomach hurt knowing they might have had to go through the same things as me, maybe even worse.

“Ash, what the fuck? You will not be going anywhere with him. Over my dead body,” Sean growls, coming up behind me and pulling my hair in his fist, harshly sliding me back toward the kitchen. All that does is make my father chuckle.

He pulls me to one side.

“Are you crazy?” I mean, if he's only just realising this, I worry he might be the crazy one

“You will not go back there. I won't let you, even if I have to take my life, so you're safe.”

Cute, real cute, just not the time.

“Okay, so as cute as that was, this isn't the time. My father will kill you and me.” I try to walk away, but I'm brought back into his hold, and my body is slammed against the back of the wall.

His eyebrows furrow as he looks at me with all the fury one person could have.

“Let me make one thing straight. I will do whatever it takes to keep you safe.”

“If I need to take a life to prove that, then I will. Ash, mark my words. I would go to hell and back for you. I would walk through fire a thousand times,” he growls, becoming angrier, squeezing his hands around my throat, stopping me from breathing.

“Want me to kneel for you and beg you to stay with us? Done.” He doesn't understand.

My father scares me; my skin is crawling in his presence, but my sisters mean more to me than any of them, and they don't know the full extent of what happens in that place.

I have things burned into my mind that no person should have to see every day.

I've seen more horror in my thirty years on this earth than anyone would in their entire lifetime.

When I'm killing those men, I feel nothing, no rage, all I feel is safe.

When I say I do God's work, it's just a saying.

I don't even believe in God because if I did, he wouldn't have done this to me.

So yes, some would say, how can you send souls to hell because I want to have my freedom to take them, and I sure as hell won't let another man take away my liberty and silence me, that includes my sisters.

“Stop it, Sean. If I go, I might be able to save my sisters.” He doesn't let go of his

hold and looks at me as if I just insulted him.

“Ash,” he growls.

“I get it, you want to see your sisters, but how do you even know they are with him?”
Okay, good point he has there, but why would I go back to the hellhole?

“Oh my God. Okay.”

“God won’t help you, the only God you cry out for is us. God can’t save you. No one can but us. We can save you and help you.”

“I won't go,” I say, looking at him.

“See how you listened to me? That’s because I am your God, and I worship you. I love you, Angel.”

He lets go of my hand as I turn around, and my father opens the door.

“The devil always saves his Angel.” My eyes shoot up, glancing at him. I'm no angel, but just for a second, I can pretend it's real. I don't even get to fight him before a woman walks in with two others who look younger.

All of our mouths drop wide open.

No, this can't happen. This isn't her.

I saw her.

I k-k-k...

TO BE CONTINUED...