



Carnival Nightmare

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Category: Horror

Description: In the once-quiet town of Willow Creek, my life was a steady beat, a rhythmic routine, until the carnival stormed in, a whirlwind of chaos and danger.

Under the neon lights and haunting melodies, Cade's eyes found mine—piercing, intense, sending shivers through my soul. He was a dark storm, a looming shadow over my every move.

Cade's obsession was relentless, his desire a madness that knew no bounds. Like a predator, he stalked me, every step a calculated move in his sinister dance. I tried to resist, but his twisted charm was a siren's song, pulling me deeper into his carnival of nightmares.

Reality blurred into illusion, and I found myself ensnared in a sinister game, where every shadow whispered secrets and every smile hid a threat. In Willow Creek's heart, where nightmares walked freely and darkness reigned, I faced a chilling truth: in a stalker's eyes, love and obsession are one.

As the carnival lights dim and darkness falls, I stand at a crossroads. Will I succumb to Cade's dangerous embrace, or will I fight to break free from his deadly grip?

Carnival Nightmare is a dark stalker novella with heavy subjects that some readers may find triggering. There will be access to a full list of the warnings at the beginning of the book. This story has no cliffhanger and ends with a HEA.

Total Pages (Source): 33

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

We roll into the small town of Willow Creek as the sun rises. I lean against the rickety old carnival bus window, watching the sleepy buildings pass. This place is like a ghost town—perfect pickings for suckers willing to part with their cash at our carnival.

The bus screeches to a halt on the edge of town. “Alright, boys, time to transform this dump into a palace of illusions!” Tyson, the ringmaster, bellows as he steps off the bus. The rest of us grumble and groan, tired from the long overnight journey. But work has to be done if we want to eat.

Nobody here knows who I am, what I am. They don’t see the darkness behind my friendly facade, the cold calculations clicking away in my brain.

I hop out and unhitch the trailers carrying the rides I’m in charge of; the tilt-a-whirl, scrambler, and gravitron. Lars, Duke, and I start unpacking and assembling the hulking hunks of metal that will soon swirl people around until they puke. I pull out a wrench and begin to work, imagining the gears turning, the screams echoing in perfect harmony. This is my canvas; tonight, I’ll paint it with shades of fear and delight.

“Hey, Cade, toss me that wrench!” calls Duke, the veteran ride operator. I fling the tool in his direction without looking up. Duke is always yapping about his glory days with the carnival, back before it turned into this rinky-dink operation just scraping by.

“Place was packed every night back then,” he drones on. “Three rings full of death-defying acts that’d make your eyes pop out of your skull. And the women, let me tell you...”

I tune out the old man's ramblings while focusing on getting the rides prepped. After years on the job, this work is second nature to me. I could dismantle and reassemble these things with my eyes closed.

It will be another long day slaving away in the sun, covered in grease and motor oil. But it beats the alternative—returning to my meaningless existence before joining the carnival. I feel alive, always on the move, and never tied down. A modern cowboy taming wild mechanical beasts every night.

This is the life I'm meant for. No rules, no restrictions. Just pure adrenaline and pushing metal to its limits. These rides are my art, my creations.

I finish calibrating the last ride and glance around, the work zone buzzing with activity. Soon enough, the suckers will start rolling in, hungry for escape. This town looked desperate for excitement. Easy pickings.

Tonight, we'll give them a show they'll never forget.

"Hey, Duke, I'm gonna take a walk around town," I call out. "Make sure the rest of these knuckleheads finish setting things up."

Duke scowls, his bushy grey mustache twitching. "You can't take off, we got lots more to do before showtime."

I wave him off. "I finished my rides. That's my job. You wanna check my work, be my guest."

Ignoring his grumbled protests, I stroll away, lighting up a cigarette. Duke barks orders, thinking he's in charge around here even though Tyson is the ringmaster. But I don't take crap from anyone. Never have. Duke's got a chip on his shoulder since Lenny, the old ringmaster, passed him over and handed the reins to Ty.

I wander down the main street and take in the quaint storefronts and houses. This really is a small town, but it'll do for now. Another stop on the endless trek in search of suckers and their cash.

Most places we pass through all blur together after a while. Clusters of nameless, faceless people I'll never see again. But sometimes, fate has other plans.

Reaching the end of the main street, movement in a diner window catches my eye. Standing behind the counter in a snug blue waitress uniform is the most stunning girl I've ever seen. Smooth, creamy skin, legs for days, big doll eyes framed by golden blonde waves. A vision.

I flatten myself against the brick wall opposite and watch through the window, unable to look away. The girl is chatting with customers, flashing adorable little smiles that make my chest ache. I've never felt anything like this before. It's like I'm under a spell.

From my hidden vantage point, I study her every movement and expression. She tilts her head when listening and absentmindedly twirls a strand of hair around her finger while taking an order.

Who is this angel?

I have to know more about her. What's her name? How old is she? Does she have a boyfriend? The thought of anyone else touching her makes my blood boil. If she does, I'll fucking murder him.

Stay cool, I tell myself. Can't lose control. Not yet. This enchanting girl will be my little secret.

I snap out of my daze when she disappears into the kitchen. My mind races with

possibilities.

Finishing my cigarette in a few quick drags, I flick it onto the sidewalk and stomp it out under my boot.

And then I push off the brick wall, striding toward the diner entrance, heart pounding against my ribs. The bell over the door jingles when I enter the quaint little diner. Only a few customers are seated, leaving plenty of choice spots to observe my target.

I slide into a booth by the window with a clear kitchen view. Now, the waiting game begins. I drum my fingers on the table, anticipation building. Come on, angel, get back out here.

After a few agonizing minutes, she emerges from the kitchen, perky tits bouncing in her tight blue shirt. My pulse quickens at the sight. Her smile lights up the room as she glides between tables, topping off coffees and taking orders. What I wouldn't give to see that radiant smile flashed my way.

Finally, she notices me sitting alone and grabs a menu, sauntering over on long, tanned legs. "Welcome! I'm Lily, I'll be taking care of you," she chirps.

Up close, she's even more stunning, with full, pouty pink lips and captivating green eyes. I have to stop myself from reaching out and caressing her angelic face.

Lily smiles and pulls out her order pad. "What can I get for you?"

I meet her gaze, utterly transfixed. "I'll have you," I reply in a low voice.

Her brows furrow in confusion, and she lets out an awkward little laugh. "I'm sorry, what was that?"

I shake my head, snapping out of the trance her beauty put me under. “Just a coffee. Black,” I mutter quickly.

“Sure thing! I’ll get it right away,” Lily says brightly before returning to the kitchen.

I silently berate myself as I watch her disappear again. Get it together, man. Can’t come on too strong yet. What matters is learning every single thing about her.

Lily returns a few minutes later, setting a steaming mug of black coffee before me.

“Here you go! Nice and hot,” she says cheerfully.

I nod in thanks, unable to tear my eyes away from her gorgeous face. She’s even more stunning up close. I want to reach out and run my fingers through her golden hair.

“Let me know if you need anything else!” Lily says before turning to check on her other customers.

I watch her glide around the diner, mesmerized by her every movement. The way she leans across the counter to refill a coffee gives me a glimpse of her perfect ass in that snug uniform. I imagine grabbing two fistfuls of it and pulling her against me.

My thoughts drift into dangerous territory as I observe her interacting with other male customers, laughing at their lame attempts at flirting and touching their shoulders playfully. A flash of heat surges through me. She belongs to me now, even if she doesn’t know it yet.

I picture myself waiting for her after work, grabbing her from behind, and dragging her into a dark alley. Throwing her against the brick wall and crushing my lips against hers in a forceful kiss. Her screams are muffled as I rip her uniform open,

exposing soft, supple flesh.

“Everything alright?”

Lily’s voice snaps me back to reality. She’s standing by my table, smiling brightly. So innocent and oblivious to the vile thoughts polluting my mind.

“Yeah, it’s good. Thanks,” I mutter, avoiding eye contact.

“Wonderful! I’ll be around if you need a refill or anything else.”

As she walks away, I take a long swig of scalding coffee to distract myself. These twisted fantasies have to stop before I do something reckless. But Lily has awakened something primal and dangerous inside me. An obsessive hunger that I’m struggling to control.

I need to get out of here and clear my head. But I can’t leave yet. That would look suspicious. I’ll wait a few more minutes and finish my coffee. Then I’ll throw down the cash and casually stroll out like it’s no big deal.

In the meantime, I’ll keep watching Lily from afar. And then, I’ll spend time learning her habits and schedule without drawing attention. Soon enough, I’ll figure out how to make her mine. And once I have her, I’m never letting go.

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With a sigh, I turn the key in the lock on my front door, entering my cramped apartment. It's been a long shift at the diner, and I'm exhausted. All I want is to take a hot shower and collapse into bed.

"Lily, you're home!" Alice greets me.

Alice is my best friend, and she doesn't even live here but regularly lets herself in. Before I can even set my bag down, she's already chattering a mile a minute.

"You'll never believe it—the carnival is in town! We've got to go check it out tonight. It's opening night, so it will be extra special."

I suppress another sigh. Alice is amazing but can be a bit much sometimes, especially when overexcited about something. Don't get me wrong, I love her, but tonight, I'm not in the mood. The thought of the carnival, with its bright lights and loud music, only adds to my weariness.

"That's great, Al, but I'm pretty beat," I say, trying to let her down easily. "It was a long day at the diner."

Oh, come on, Lily, "Alice pleads, her eyes wide with excitement. "It's the carnival! When's the next time we'll get a chance to see something like this?" She gives me her best pouty face. "Pleeeeeease, can we go for a little bit? I don't want to go by myself."

I hesitate, torn between my exhaustion and Alice's excitement. I'm so tired, but Alice is set on us going together. And she's right. We rarely get excitement like this passing

through our sleepy little town. I take a deep breath, trying to summon the energy I need to make it through the night.

“Alright, fine,” I concede. “But only for an hour or so, okay? I’m running on fumes here. And the carnival is in town for two weeks.”

Alice squeals and throws her arms around me. “Yay, thank you, Lily! Don’t worry, we’ll stay for a bit and come right home.”

I can’t help but smile at her enthusiasm. “Okay, I’ll change, and we’ll head over.”

I walk into my room to change, sighing as I set down my bag. As I remove my work clothes, my mind keeps drifting back to that muscular, tattooed man who came in today for coffee. There was something so alluring about him, even if he didn’t stay long. He’s probably with the carnival, considering I’ve never seen him around here, and this town is small. I can’t help but wonder if I might see him again tonight.

I quickly select a skirt and blouse and put them on before brushing through my long, blonde hair.

“I’m ready,” I say, walking back into the living room. “Let’s go.”

Alice’s face lights up as we walk out the door toward the carnival on the edge of town.

Even from a block away, we can see the twinkling lights and hear the faint sound of carnival music. The air is thick with smells of popcorn, cotton candy, and other fair food. The atmosphere is alive with the buzz of excitement, and I feel my fatigue is replaced by a growing sense of anticipation. There’s something undeniably magical about the carnival.

We reach the entrance, and Alice is practically bouncing with anticipation.

“This is so cool!” she gushes, gazing wide-eyed at all the sights and sounds. “I’m so glad we’re doing this!”

I must admit, now that we’re here, I’m happy we’ve come too. The childlike wonder on Alice’s face is worth it alone.

“Alright, where should we start?” I ask, leading the way inside. I’m still tired but ready for an hour or two of carefree fun with my best friend.

Alice eagerly grabs my hand and pulls me toward the spinning gravitron ride. “Let’s go on this one first!” she exclaims. My fatigue melts away as her enthusiasm is contagious.

We get in line, chatting while we wait our turn. Alice points out all the rides she wants to go on, planning our route through the carnival attractions. I nod along, only half listening.

That’s when I noticed him.

The mystery man from the diner earlier today. He’s standing not far from us, leaning casually against a tent pole with his tattooed arms crossed over his broad chest.

My breath hitches. Bathed in the bright carnival lights, he looks even more striking. Tall, muscular, and inked, with sharp features and piercing dark brown eyes, those eyes watched me with an intensity that made my skin prickle while I served him at the diner today. His dark hair is shaved on the sides and longer on top, and the thought of running my fingers through it sends a shiver down my spine.

I don’t usually get starry-eyed over a handsome stranger. Still, something about him

ignites a raw, aching desire within me. An allure captivates me, a magnetism I can't ignore. Who is he, and why is he here? The question lingers, charged with a suspense that thrums through my veins.

Sensing my gaze, his eyes shift slowly to meet mine with a magnetic intensity that sends a jolt of electricity through me. A shiver courses down my spine, my heart faltering under the sheer force of the connection. Time elongates, his eyes holding mine captive in a silent, charged conversation.

He gives me a slow, almost lazy smile, one corner of his mouth quirking. A swarm of butterflies erupts in my stomach. His smile deepens and reaches his smoldering eyes, darkening further and pulling me in relentlessly. I can't tear my gaze away, ensnared in the spell he's weaving.

A flush of heat blooms in my cheeks, spreading warmth throughout my body, igniting a fire that burns with an intensity I've never known.

"Lily? Earth to Lily!"

Alice's voice snaps me out of my daze. She's waving her hand in front of my face. "It's our turn, let's go!"

I tear my eyes away from the mystery man and follow her onto the ride, my heart pounding. As we're strapped into our seats and the ride begins to spin, I can't resist glancing back at where he stood.

He's vanished, swallowed by the crowd. A strange pang of disappointment grips me. Who is he? And why do I feel this electrifying certainty that our paths will cross again soon?

The mystery of this man, his magnetic allure, has ignited a fierce curiosity within me,

which burns with an intensity I can hardly understand.

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Laughing together, Alice drags me toward yet another ride. We've already been at the carnival for over two hours, far longer than I originally agreed. The bright lights and energy have recharged me in a way I didn't expect.

"Just one more ride!" Alice pleads, giving me her best puppy dog eyes. She knows I can never say no to that face.

"Fine, fine," I concede with a smile. "But this is the last one, okay? I've got to work the morning shift tomorrow."

Alice squeals, hugging me tightly. "You're the best! I promise this will be the last one."

We get in line for the tilt-a-whirl, giggling as we watch the riders spinning around deliriously. We're both feeling giddy and free by the time it's our turn. The ride leaves us stumbling and dizzy, struggling to keep our balance.

"Okay, now I really do have to go," I say firmly as the world slowly stops spinning. "Just let me run to the bathroom quick, and then we'll head out."

Alice pouts but doesn't argue this time. "Fine, but hurry up!"

I make my way through the crowd toward the little bathroom trailer. As I reach for the door, a large hand appears out of nowhere, slamming it shut before I can enter. I gasp and whirl around.

It's him. The mystery man from the diner. Up close, he's even more

imposing—towering well over six foot six, with bulging muscles and cold, dark eyes that seem to bore into my soul. Eyes that are fixed intently on me, glinting with a disturbing intensity.

“Hello there, baby,” he says in a low, gravelly voice that sends chills down my spine.

I take a step back, my heart racing. “Excuse me?”

He moves closer, cornering me against the bathroom door. “I said hello,” he repeats, his lips curling into a predatory smile. “We meet again.”

Fear, mingled with an unnameable sensation, shoots through me. I place my hands firmly on his chest, trying to push him away. “I don’t know you,” I say, trying to keep the tremor from my voice. “Please move.”

His smile widens, a glint of sadistic pleasure in his eyes. “Not yet. I’ve been waiting to get you alone.”

My breath quickens as he leans in, bracing his hands on either side of my head, trapping me. Though every instinct screams at me to run, part of me is frozen, morbidly curious about how far he’ll go.

I shudder as his hot breath caresses my ear, his deep voice dropping to a sinister whisper. “I’ve been watching you, Lily. Haven’t been able to take my eyes off you since the moment I first saw you. I know where you work and where you live. I know you live alone in that little apartment.”

His words chill me, even as my heart hammers against my ribs. He knows my name and too much about my private life. I want to escape this predator focused so intently on me, but my feet remain glued to the spot.

“Tonight, after you leave here, I’ll follow you home. I’ll let myself in real quiet, like a shadow. Then I’ll slip into your bedroom and watch you sleep.”

I squeeze my eyes shut, willing him to stop, but his gravelly voice continues, dripping with malice.

“So beautiful lying there, all vulnerable. I could do anything I wanted to your perfect body, and you wouldn’t be able to do a thing to stop me.”

Bile rises in my throat at the grotesque images he conjures. My knees go weak, only the solid door at my back keeping me upright. Yet, I can’t bring myself to flee, morbidly fascinated by how twisted his fantasies about me are.

“But I won’t do anything tonight. No, I’m going to take my time with you. Draw it out nice and slow. Tomorrow I’ll come back and watch you again. And the night after that. Until you’re trembling at every little sound, knowing I could take you anytime I please.”

His body presses against mine, and I shudder with both disgust and an unwelcome thrill. He’s in complete control, savoring my fear. Though his threats are disgusting, a small part of me is disturbingly tantalized by his dangerous obsession.

“Please,” I whisper, hating the breathless plea in my voice. “Just leave me alone.”

He chuckles darkly. “Oh no, angel. We’re just getting started...”

My heart pounds as I stare up at this hulking stranger pinning me helplessly against the bathroom door. His threats hang between us, chilling me to the bone while they awaken a dark fascination I can’t comprehend.

I should scream, fight, and do anything to get away from him. But I remain paralyzed,

ensnared by his predatory gaze.

“Why are you doing this?” I whisper.

His smile sends another shiver down my spine. “I saw you at the diner and knew I had to have you. Couldn’t rest until I made you mine.” His hand caresses my cheek, and I flinch away from his touch. He laughs, a low, menacing sound. “There’s no point fighting this, Lily. You’re mine now, whether you want to be or not.”

Panic rises in my chest. I try to duck under his arm, but he slams his fist against the door, blocking my escape. “Leaving so soon? We’ve only just gotten acquainted.” His massive body presses closer, and I’m overwhelmed by the scent of tobacco and leather. “You’re not going anywhere,” he hisses, his eyes gleaming with twisted satisfaction. “This is only the beginning.”

“Please,” I beg, hating the quiver in my voice. “Just let me go.”

“I don’t think so.” He leans in, breath hot on my skin. “You belong to me now.”

I squeeze my eyes shut, willing this to be some twisted nightmare I’ll wake up from. But the hard door at my back and his muscular frame caging me in are all too real.

Desperate, I raise my knee, aiming for his groin. But he catches my leg effortlessly, pressing it back against the door. I cry out as pain shoots through my thigh.

“Feisty,” he chuckles darkly. “I like that.”

His hand trails up my leg as I struggle uselessly, his touch sending waves of revulsion through me. When his fingers brush the edge of my skirt, I shudder.

“Stop!” I gasp. “Get off me!”

He ignores my protests, gripping my chin with bruising force. “Open your eyes,” he growls, his voice dripping with menace. “I want you looking at me when I touch your cunt.”

Tears burn behind my eyelids, but I obey, blinking up at his cold, lustful gaze. His smile widens, and his teeth flash white against the darkness.

“There’s my girl.”

He leans in closer, his breath hot against my lips. I brace myself for his unwelcome kiss, my heart pounding in a frantic rhythm of fear, revulsion, and another rather disturbing sensation.

“Hey! Get away from her!”

Relief floods through me hearing Alice’s voice. The hulking stranger pauses, body tensing against mine. For a moment, I think he won’t release me.

But then he steps back, cold eyes flicking between Alice and me. I stumble away from the bathroom door on shaky legs, heart pounding.

Alice is at my side in an instant, grabbing my hand. “Come on, let’s get out of here.”

I allow her to pull me through the crowd, my breath coming out in panicked gasps while we race toward the carnival’s exit. Alice tightly grips my hand, guiding me to the street.

As soon as the carnival is behind us, I tear up. Sobs wrack my body as the adrenaline wears off, leaving me trembling and hollow.

Alice immediately pulls me into a fierce hug. “Shh, it’s okay. You’re safe now.”

I cling to her, the encounter replaying in vivid detail behind my eyes. The man's imposing size as he backed me against the door. The rumble of his voice describing how he planned to terrorize me. The feeling of his rough hands holding me in place.

"He knows my name," I gasp. "He knows where I live. He...he said he's going to break in and..."

I trail off with a choked sob, unable to continue.

Alice's grip on me tightens, her voice fierce. "He's not going to touch you, Lily. I won't let him."

Despite her reassuring words, cold dread seeps through me. This stranger clearly has an obsession with me, and he didn't seem deterred when Alice intervened.

"What if he follows us?" I ask in a small voice.

Alice's expression hardens. "I'll run him over if he tries. No one messes with my best friend."

A watery laugh escapes me. Leave it to Alice to threaten vehicular manslaughter so casually. But her protective anger helps steady my frayed nerves. "You do realize we walked here, right?"

She laughs. "Oh yeah, that screws that plan."

When the tears finally slow, Alice pulls back to study my face. "Do you want to go to the police?"

I hesitate, wrapping my arms around myself. I should report this man, but I don't want to recount what happened.

“No,” I say at last. “I want to go home.”

Alice nods, though her mouth presses into a thin line. “Okay, shall we get an Uber back?”

It’s only a ten-minute walk, and cash is tight, so I shake my head. “No, let’s walk home. We’re okay if we’re together.”

We walk in tense silence while I feel like I’m being watched. It’s probably paranoia, but after what that man said to me, I can’t help it.

My hands won’t shake when we reach my apartment, and I key in the code to open the building door. Once at my apartment door, I fumble to unlock it. Alice stays close while entering the dark apartment, flipping on lights and checking every room, but we’re alone.

I sink down on my couch, wrapping a blanket around myself like armor. Alice sits beside me, her usual exuberance subdued.

“Do you want me to stay over tonight?” she asks gently.

I hesitate. I don’t want to be alone, but I don’t want to endanger Alice.

“No, it’s okay,” I say at last. “I’ll lock the door and windows. I’ll be all right.”

She still looks uncertain but nods. “Call me if you need anything. I mean anything, Lily.”

I manage a shaky smile. “I will. Thank you for everything.”

After triple-checking the locks, Alice finally leaves with a fierce hug. Alone in the

quiet apartment, I can only wait for the morning and pray he was merely trying to scare me.

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I watch her hurry away, the click of her heels on the pavement echoing in my ears. She glances back once, eyes wide, before disappearing into the crowd. I stand motionless, my hands clenched into fists at my sides.

How dare she walk away from me. Doesn't she know I'm the only one who truly sees her? Who appreciates her beauty and spirit? She's mine. I know it deep in my bones.

I melt into the shadows, keeping my gaze fixed on her golden hair as she weaves through the crowd. That friend rushes to catch up, looping her arm through Lily's protectively. I want to rip her arm right out of its socket for touching what's mine.

They exit the fairground onto the quiet street beyond. I trail behind soundlessly, using parked cars and trees as cover. The night air is damp and heavy, matching my dark hunger. I lick my lips, imagining what I'll do once my angel is alone.

The women turn down an alleyway, their voices echoing off the brick walls. I pause at the mouth of the alley, not wanting to get too close. My pretty angel glances back again and stumbles, cursing under her breath. Concern floods me, even though I know she just tripped over a crack in the pavement. My poor, fragile angel. Don't worry, I'll take good care of you.

After an eternity, they arrive at a run-down apartment building. Lily keys in the code while her friend waits, nibbling her lip anxiously. I wish she would leave so I can make my move, but they both head inside.

I wait in the shadows, my body tense with anticipation. A few moments later, a light comes on, and I notice her apartment must be on the third floor. Fifteen agonizing

minutes pass before the building door opens again. Her friend emerges, looking troubled. She pauses on the front step, glancing around warily before hurrying into the night.

Finally, she's gone, and I've got my pretty angel all to myself.

My pulse quickens when I slip from my hiding place and cross the street. The neighborhood is eerily quiet, most people already tucked away in their beds. No one to bother us. No one to interrupt.

I reach her building and pause outside the front door, glancing around. I try the handle and find it unlocked. These people are so careless with their safety. But I'll keep her safe. I'll always protect what's precious to me.

The front hall is dingy, the wallpaper peeling. I wrinkle my nose at the smell of mold and stale cooking. My girl deserves so much better than this.

I climb the creaking stairs, savoring the moment. My anticipation builds with each step, my cock hardening in my jeans. Soon, very soon, we'll be together. And I'll never let her go.

On the third floor, I find apartment 3C. This is my angel's sanctuary based on where the light turned on. I press my ear to the thin door and hear the shower running faintly. Arousal surges through me, vivid images flashing through my mind—Lily's pale, perfect body displayed before me, water sluicing over her curves. I have to see her. Now.

I try the doorknob, and it's locked. That doesn't deter me. I pull a lock pick from my jacket pocket and quickly pick it up, slipping inside and closing the door silently behind me.

The studio apartment is small and cluttered. A rumpled bed, overflowing hamper, dishes in the sink. But none of that matters. All I see is the bathroom door and the prize that awaits me beyond it.

Slow footsteps bring me to the bathroom door, my heart pounding in my ears. The sound of running water gets louder with each step. I pause outside the door, peering through the narrow crack where it meets the frame. There she is.

Her back is to me, golden hair cascading down as she rinses shampoo from it. Rivulets of water run down the graceful curve of her spine, over the swell of her ass. She's a vision. An angel. And she's all mine.

I watch, transfixed, as she turns to face the spray. Her breasts are small and perky, nipples tight in the cool air. My cock strains against my jeans as I imagine cupping them in my hands, pinching and sucking those perfect pink nubs.

I unzip my pants and free my erection, unable to tear my eyes away as I stroke myself. She's even more beautiful than I imagined. Her skin looks so soft, so pure. I want to run my hands over every inch of her.

She turns off the water and reaches for a towel. I hold my breath, waiting for her to get out. After toweling off her hair, she wraps the fabric around her body and tucks it in above her breasts. I bite my lip to hold in a groan of frustration. I was so close to seeing all of her.

Lily goes to the mirror and wipes away the fog, staring at her reflection, but doesn't seem to see herself. Her eyes are distant and troubled. I wish I could reach through the glass and comfort her, telling her everything will be okay now that I'm here. Now that she has me.

She sighs and drops the towel, and I nearly come undone at the sight. Her petite

frame is even more stunning fully bare. I imprint every detail to memory, the mole on her left hip, the scar on her knee, and how her waist curves before flaring back to her hips.

Lily turns sideways and runs a hand down her flat stomach, examining herself critically. Doesn't she realize how breathtaking she is? She's perfect, so perfect. And she'll be even more perfect once she's mine.

I stroke myself as fantasies consume me. I imagine drying Lily off with that towel, caressing every inch of her soft skin, and kissing down her neck. At the same time, I cup her breasts, pinching her nipples until she gasps. Claiming her pretty pink lips in a fierce, possessive kiss.

In my mind, I push her down on that unmade bed and spread her legs wide. I lick and suck her pussy while she moans my name. Her hands twist in my hair, holding me against her as I devour her and slide two fingers inside, pumping them steadily until she comes undone beneath me, crying out in pleasure.

My balls tighten when I picture burying myself inside her tight cunt. I would start slow, letting her adjust to my size. But soon, I'd be pounding her relentlessly, owning her, making her mine. She would cling to me, overwhelmed by the passion I inspire in her. I would fill her up, mark her, ruin her for any other man. Her fear when I had her pushed against the bathroom wall was intoxicating.

My vision swims, and I grit my teeth, fighting the urge to enter the bathroom. I can't afford to lose control. Not yet.

I explode, shooting my cum on the doorknob, leaving my mark for her to find later. Reluctantly, I tear my gaze away from Lily's exquisite body and tuck my semi-hard cock back into my jeans. As much as I want to go to her, I must be patient.

I take one last look at her, searing the vision into my mind while she stands there, oblivious to my presence and to the depth of my desire.

Silently, I slip away from the bathroom and move through the dimly lit apartment. My hand slips into my pocket, and I pull out my silver bullet, which I carry for luck, placing it gently on the kitchen counter. Then, I notice a notepad and pen, grabbing the pen, I write a note for her to find.

This belongs to you as you've pierced my heart, baby. I'll be coming for you.

I leave the apartment as silently as I had entered, closing the door behind me. My heart pounds with exhilaration and primal need. I want nothing more than to turn around, burst through that flimsy door, and take what's mine.

But I know patience is key. I cannot afford to lose control.

I descend the creaking stairs and pause in the dingy foyer, listening. I hear a door open and shut above me, followed by soft footsteps. Lily, my angel, is out of the bathroom, so she'll find my gift soon.

I slip outside into the cool night air. Once on the sidewalk, I melt into the shadows across the street. A lone streetlamp flickers, creating a circle of pale light on the pavement.

With immense effort, I turn away into the darkness. Each step toward the camp feels weighted down. The farther I move from Lily, the heavier my limbs become. Like I'm walking against a powerful tide, drawn back toward her light.

But I force myself onward, one agonizing step after another. Back to my cold, empty trailer. I miss her already.

My Lily. My angel. My obsession.

Soon, I promise the darkness. Soon, my angel will be mine.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

The cops search my apartment while Alice hugs me close.

“I knew I should have stayed the night,” she says, shaking her head. “That fucking psycho needs to be locked up.”

I stand there numbly while the officers search my apartment. Alice keeps an arm around me, and we watch them dust for prints and bag the note and bullet as evidence.

“Did you see anyone suspicious before you got home tonight?” the lead detective asks.

Alice speaks before I can. “Some creep cornered her at the carnival and said some fucked up stuff to her about stalking her.”

The detective raises a brow. “What kind of stuff?”

I bite my lip. “Sexual stuff.”

He scribbles down on his notepad. “Okay, let me know if you think of anything else.” And then walks away, leaving me reeling.

“I’ve found something!” one of the junior detectives shouts.

He’s standing by the bathroom door and swabbing it. “Looks like semen on the door handle.”

My stomach dips at the thought of that crazy, hot guy standing outside my bathroom door, jerking himself off while he watched me. That's fucked up. And yet, the fear somehow heightens a sickening arousal that's been building within since the moment he cornered me at the carnival. As if the fear somehow turns me on. I've never known anything like it.

"Does anyone else live here or stay over?" The detective asks.

"No one," I say, shaking my head. "I don't have guys over."

The detective raises an eyebrow. "You're telling me a young, attractive woman like yourself doesn't entertain gentlemen callers?"

I resist the urge to roll my eyes. "I work a lot. I don't really have time to date."

He scribbles in his notebook. "So, no boyfriend, then?"

"No."

"Casual partners? Hookups?"

I cross my arms, getting irritated. "No."

The detective looks skeptical. "And you haven't had any men here at all? Not even a Tinder date or something?"

"No," I say firmly. "I don't do hookups, and I'm not on any dating apps. It's just me here. I don't know how that sicko's...stuff got on my door, but I sure as hell didn't invite him in."

Alice pipes up. "She's telling the truth. She's too busy with work to date. The girl's a

fucking virgin, for fuck's sake.”

I heat at that and elbow her in the ribs. “Thanks a lot for announcing it to the world.”

The male detectives all look surprised at the fact I'm a virgin. To be fair, it probably is a little weird at twenty-two not to have had sex, but the opportunity never arose.

The detective clears his throat. “Well, it's probably some idiot messing with you. Whether you're really in any danger remains to be seen.”

“Are you fucking kidding?” Alice exclaims, shaking her head. “He left a goddamn bullet.”

The detective's jaw clenches. “Yes, I'm well aware. But it's probably some kid fucking about.”

Alice rolls her eyes. “Right, not the guy that literally cornered her at the carnival and admitted he was going to fucking stalk her.”

The detective sighs. “Look, if you notice anything suspicious, ring us again. But for now, we don't have anything to go on.” He signals to the rest of the cops, and they pack up and move out of my apartment. “Here's my card,” the lead detective says. And then he leaves.

I close the door behind him, leaning against it with a heavy sigh. My skin crawls thinking about that creep at the carnival, and now knowing he followed me home and jerked off outside my bathroom. I shudder.

Alice puts a hand on my shoulder. “Come on, let's put on a movie or something. I know it's late, but I'm not leaving you alone tonight.”

I give her a grateful smile. “Thanks, Al. I’m really glad you’re here.”

We settle onto the couch, and Alice grabs the remote, flipping through the channels until she lands on a cheesy rom-com. Perfect—mindless entertainment is exactly what I need.

While the opening credits roll, Alice goes into the kitchen and pops us a bag of popcorn. The warm and comforting smell wafts into the living room and my shoulders start to relax.

Alice plops back down next to me and offers me the bowl. I grab a handful of popcorn and pop a few pieces in my mouth, savoring the sweet flavor. On-screen, the lead couple argues adorably dramatically, making me chuckle.

“This was a good pick,” I tell Alice. “I haven’t seen this one before.”

She grins. “What can I say? I know how to pick a quality rom-com.”

I nestle further into the couch, feeling my eyelids grow heavy. It’s been such a long day. The movie plays on, the characters’ silly antics making me smile.

Alice glances over. “Think you can get some sleep tonight?”

“Maybe,” I say through a yawn. Having Alice here definitely helps. I’ll rest easier with my best friend keeping watch.

Eventually, the credits roll, and the music plays softly in the background. My eyes drift closed, popcorn bowl still in hand. I feel Alice gently take it from me and hear her whisper, “Good night.” I mumble it back as I fall asleep, comforted knowing she’s nearby.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

I glare at the newspaper headline.

LOCAL WOMAN TERRORIZED BY STALKER.

My fists are clenched in anger while I read how the cops took evidence left at her apartment by the stalker. That bullet was meant for her, not for those idiot cops.

I crumple up the newspaper and toss it aside. That naughty girl must have ratted me out to the cops. I'll have to teach her a lesson about keeping secrets. But first, I need to get my bullet back. I know exactly where the police station keeps all their evidence. I'll just have to break in tonight and take what's mine.

"Cade! Get over here!"

I look up to see Tyson waving me toward his tent. Great. Just what I need right now. I plaster on a fake smile as I walk over.

"What's up, boss?" I ask casually.

Tyson holds up a copy of the newspaper. "Care to explain this?" he asks sternly.

I glance at the headline again and shrug. "No idea. I didn't do anything."

Tyson narrows his eyes. "You sure about that? I know you have a history of causing problems in the towns we visit."

I force myself to laugh. "Come on, Tyson. You know I've been on my best behavior

lately. I'm here to do my job and ensure all rides run smoothly."

"So you had nothing to do with this stalking incident?" he presses.

"Nothing at all," I lie smoothly. "I don't know anything about it."

Tyson studies me for a moment. I keep my expression neutral. Finally, he sighs.

"Alright, I believe you. But I've got my eye on you, understand? No funny business while we're here."

I nod. "You got it, boss. I'll be an angel."

"See that you are," Tyson says sternly. "Now, get back to work. The gravitron is acting up again."

"On it," I reply. As soon as Tyson turns away, my fake smile drops. I hurry off before he can question me further. That was too close. I'll have to be more careful if I want to get my bullet back and make my girl pay for being a rat. But Tyson doesn't control me. I do what I want when I want. And soon enough, I'll have what I want most—my pretty angel.

I head to the gravitron to start working on it. That thing is always breaking down. As I'm tinkering with the wiring, I hear footsteps behind me.

"How's it going, Cade?"

I glance over my shoulder to see Lars approaching. He's one of the few guys I get along with because he doesn't ask too many questions or get in my business.

"Not too bad," I reply with a nod. "Just trying to get this hunk of junk running again."

Lars peers at the control panel, shaking his head. “Man, we really need to replace this thing. It’s ancient.”

“Tell me about it,” I mutter, stripping a wire with my teeth. “But you know Tyson. Too cheap to buy anything new.”

Lars chuckles. “Yeah, unless it’s for his precious magician’s show.”

We share a laugh about that. Though it’s our least popular attraction, Tyson loves splurging on new props and tricks for the magic show. He’s obsessed with trying to make it the carnival’s big spectacle. Me and Lars know it’ll never compete with the rides.

I continue fiddling with the wires, trying to bypass the short circuit. Lars watches me work.

“Need a hand with that?” he offers. “I don’t mind lending my mechanical skills.”

I debate turning him down, but an extra set of hands could speed this up. “Yeah, sure, man. See if you can get the motor running smoothly again.”

Lars grabs a wrench and gets to it. We work mostly in silence, which is how I prefer it. No mindless small talk is needed. After some tinkering, Lars looks up.

“I think I fixed the issue. Give it a try now,” Lars says.

I flip the power switch. The motor hums to life, smooth as butter.

“Hey, nice work!” I say, impressed.

Lars grins. “I’ve got more skills than people give me credit for.”

We do a quick test run to confirm it's operational. The gravitron spins perfectly, ready for another night of shrieking riders.

"I appreciate the help, man," I tell Lars sincerely.

He waves it off. "Anytime. Let me know if you need a hand with anything else."

I clap him on the back as we walk off in opposite directions, grateful to have at least one decent guy to work with around here. I'll buy him a beer later to say thanks. But first, I've got plans to make. Heading to my trailer, I clean my hands and change clothes before walking toward town. One destination in mind—the diner where my little angel works.

I push open the door to the diner, the little bell above it jingling merrily. My eyes instantly seek out Lily behind the counter. As soon as she sees me, her face pales. I feel a little thrill rush through me. She remembers me.

I stride to the counter and sit on one of the stools. Lily glances around nervously before coming over.

"W-what can I get you?" she asks, not quite meeting my eyes.

I give her my most charming smile. "Just a coffee for now, angel."

She nods jerkily and goes to pour it. I watch her, noting the way her hands tremble slightly. She's afraid of me. Good.

Lily returns with the coffee pot and a mug. As she leans over to fill it, I make my move. My hand darts out and grabs her slender wrist in an iron grip. She gasps.

"Why don't you sit with me for a minute?" I say softly. It's not really a question.

“I... I’m working,” Lily stammers. She weakly tries pulling her arm back, but I don’t let go.

“I’m sure they can spare you for just a moment,” I reply, my voice still gentle but with an undeniable edge.

Lily’s eyes flick around the diner again, but it’s late and there are only a couple other customers. They aren’t paying us any attention.

Seeing no way out, Lily shakily sits on the stool next to me. I finally release her wrist, which she immediately cradles against her chest.

“What do you want?” she asks, her voice barely above a whisper.

I take a sip of coffee, enjoying this immensely. “I just want to talk, Lily. Get to know you better.”

She shakes her head rapidly. “Please, just leave me alone.”

“Now, why would I do that?” I ask with a low chuckle. “We’re just starting to get acquainted.”

I reach out and brush a strand of golden hair behind her ear. She flinches at my touch but doesn’t pull away.

I lean in close, lowering my voice so only she can hear. “I couldn’t help but notice a rather interesting headline in the newspaper today. Something about a local woman being terrorized by a stalker.”

Lily’s eyes widen and she tries to pull back, but I grasp her arm again, keeping her in place.

“Now I wonder who that unfortunate woman could be?” I continue. “And I wonder who that stalker might be?” I stare hard into Lily’s frightened eyes. “Why did you call the cops on me?”

Lily shakes her head rapidly. “I didn’t-”

“Don’t lie to me!” I interrupt harshly. Lily cringes at my tone. I take a breath and force myself to speak gently again. I can’t cause a scene here.

“That bullet I left you was precious to me,” I tell her. “A lucky token I wanted you to have, but now the cops have taken it from your apartment. They stole what’s mine.” My hand tightens on Lily’s arm while anger courses through my veins. “Tell me, did you think it was a good idea to call the cops on me? Don’t you realize now they’ve just made me angry?”

Lily’s eyes fill with tears. “I’m sorry,” she whispers. “I was scared.”

I soften my grip, brushing my thumb over her delicate skin. “Oh, I know, baby. But you don’t need to be scared of me. I’d never hurt you.”

She doesn’t look convinced.

I sigh. “I forgive you for calling the cops. You didn’t mean any harm, but that bullet is important. I need to get it back.”

Leaning in even closer, my mouth brushes her ear. “And once I have it, I’ll come for you because nothing will keep us apart, angel.”

I draw back and release her arm. Lily looks paralyzed, unable to move or speak. I give her a gentle smile. “It was nice chatting with you. I’ll see you real soon.”

I stand and stride out of the diner, whistling cheerfully while I light a cigarette from my pocket. I don't look back, but Lily's eyes follow me the whole way. My message has been received loud and clear. Just a little more reeling in, and she'll be mine forever. But first, I need to get my lucky bullet back. When all the fun of the carnival goes down, I'll make a late-night visit to the police station.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

My hands tremble uncontrollably as I hastily shove clothes and essentials into a duffel bag. The safety of Alice's spare room beckons, but fear grips me after the stalker appeared at the diner again.

Alice grabs my bag. "Come on, let's get out of here. The spare bed's ready, and I've got a bottle of wine to help us unwind."

I nod, the lump in my throat choking back words. We rush to her car, adrenaline spiking as we leave my apartment behind. The place that should be my sanctuary now feels like a war zone after yesterday's chaos—only the carnival might rival its danger.

We arrive at her place, and she hustles me inside. "Come on, let's get you settled." She directs me to the inviting spare room, urging me to sit on the quilted bed.

"Thanks for letting me stay here. I just...After he cornered me again, I couldn't spend another night alone in the apartment." I shudder at the memory.

Alice sits beside me and rubs my back. "Of course. Mi casa es su casa. Stay as long as you need to feel safe again."

I muster a small smile. "Have I mentioned lately that you're the best?"

"Not nearly enough," she teases. Then, her face grows serious. "Did you call Detective Morris? The stalker showing up twice should be enough for them to do something."

My smile fades. “I tried, but Morris said just talking to me at work isn’t enough evidence for them to arrest him. He has to actually harm me.” I shook my head in frustration.

Alice scowls. “Unbelievable. Men like that shouldn’t be allowed to roam free.”

“I know. I feel so powerless like there’s nothing I can do except hide here and hope the psycho loses interest.” I flop back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

One of the scariest parts of this is how he makes me feel when he does corner me. It’s unlike anything I’ve experienced. The pure terror should have been simply that, but it made me feel things that made no sense. Arousal. It’s another reason I’m so scared of him getting me alone because things might take a rather twisted and unsettling turn.

Alice lies next to me. “We’ll figure something out. In the meantime, we can order pizza and hide out here.”

I manage a small laugh. “That does sound really nice.”

She claps her hands and sits up suddenly. “What pizza do you want? I’m going to get the ham and pineapple.”

I wrinkle my nose. “I’ll never understand people who think it’s okay to put hot fruit on a pizza.”

She rolls her eyes. “You don’t know what you’re missing.”

“I’ll have pepperoni, please.”

“Boring choice, then.” She sticks her tongue out at me before dialing the pizza place to order.

I swallow hard, feeling a shiver race through me at being alone momentarily. The mystery man from the carnival has gotten under my skin in such a bad way. I can't stop thinking about him. Even though he's been stalking me ever since we met. I know I should be terrified of him—and a big part of me is—but this sick, twisted part also finds him undeniably alluring.

When he first cornered me outside the bathroom at the carnival, I was paralyzed by fear. He had me trapped there, his tall, muscular body blocking any escape. But as he leaned in close, his breath hot on my neck, I felt a shiver run through me that wasn't just fear.

It was desire. A desire for a gorgeous, dangerous man who could overpower me instantly. I hated myself for it, but I couldn't deny the unwanted arousal his proximity caused.

And now he's invaded my home, my safe space, and left his mark. That bullet on the counter was a promise that he could end me anytime. But it also showed I excite him. He wants me as badly as I find myself wanting him, though I'd never admit it out loud.

When he appeared at the diner, I thought I might pass out from the rush of fear and adrenaline. But beneath it lurked that traitorous arousal again. How he looked at me with those piercing chestnut eyes, like I was already his possession, made me weak.

If he got me alone, things could go to a very dark place. A place I'm terrified to explore yet morbidly curious about. He awakens things in me no man ever has.

My mind spins with fantasies of what he might do if he got his hands on me. And though it shames me, I can't stop picturing his gorgeous, tattooed body claiming mine, his strong hands roaming every inch of me.

I should despise him for terrorizing me, but part of me hopes our paths cross again soon. I know giving in to him would be reckless, yet I'm drawn to the darkness and depravity he represents. He's awakened my most primal urges; try as I might, I cannot make them disappear.

Alice sticks her head through the door. "Twenty minutes for the pizza. Come on, let's put on some bullshit TV and have some wine." Her intrusion chases away the unwanted thoughts in my mind, and I stand, following her into the living room.

"Sounds perfect," I say, even as I try to push the thoughts of my crazy stalker out of my mind. It's impossible. He's imprinted in there for more reasons than one. All I can hope is that he loses interest quick before things take a turn I don't think I can resist.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

The excitement of the carnival can be heard throughout the sleepy little town. Shadows act as my cover while I stride down Main Street, which is utterly deserted. It seems like the entire fucking town is at the carnival, which makes my job easier.

There will be a cop or two on guard at the station, but in places like this, the cops are lazy because nothing ever happens here. I'll be in and out before they know what's hit them.

I move swiftly and silently through the shadows toward my destination, knowing this station will be easy to break into.

Approaching a side door, I pull out my lock pick set and get to work. In less than a minute, I've got the simple lock open. I pull on my mask and slip inside, closing the door behind me and scanning the corridor. Just as I suspected, there's not a soul in sight.

I creep through the corridors, peeking into rooms, looking for any clue that could lead me to the evidence locker. Jackpot. I spot a partially open door with a glow coming from within. Peering in, I see the evidence room, shelves lined with boxes, and one cop sitting at a desk doing paperwork.

Reaching into my pocket, I grip my switchblade. Time to get my bullet back. I slip into the room silently, coming up behind the cop. In one quick motion, I clamp my hand over his mouth and hold the blade to his throat.

"Don't make a fucking sound pig. I'm here for something that belongs to me, and I'll be out of your hair quick. But if you so much as fart too loud, I'll slit your throat."

Understand?”

The cop nods rapidly, eyes wide with fear. I keep the blade at his throat while quickly scanning the shelves. And there it is. My silver bullet is bagged and tagged in a small evidence box. I grab it and shove it in my pocket.

“Pleasure doing business with you, officer. Have a nice night.”

I knock him out cold with a blow to the head and slip back out into the hallway. Mission accomplished. I got my lucky bullet back, and no one’s the wiser. Now it’s time to get out of here before they realize I was ever here. I melt back into the shadows, heading for the carnival.

The moment my bullet is back in my possession, all I can think about is my angel. Deep down, I know I should head straight back to the carnival, but I’m not one for doing what I should do. Instead, my feet carry me toward Lily’s apartment. Just a quick detour to see how my angel is doing.

I make my way through the dark streets, the silver bullet safely in my pocket, my heart racing with anticipation of seeing her. The apartment building comes into view, and I look up, expecting to see the warm glow of lights in her windows. But the windows are black and cold.

A feeling of unease creeps over me as I approach the building. Something isn’t right. Lily doesn’t strike me as the kind of girl to head to the carnival two nights in a row, so why the fuck isn’t she home? I press one of the numbers on the intercom, where I know a stoner lives on the ground floor.

“Hello?” he answers.

“Delivery,” I say simply.

The door buzzes, and I open it, slipping inside and moving swiftly up the stairs to her apartment. I pick the lock to her apartment door, open it, and step inside, finding it empty. No Lily. No lights, movement, or sound except the thudding of my heartbeat. I scan the rooms and see signs of a rushed exit. Drawers hanging open, clothes missing from the closet, toiletries gone from the bathroom. My blood begins to boil. She left. She's hiding from me.

"Big mistake, baby," I mutter into the silence, walking into her bedroom toward the open drawer. "You are messing with a man who loves hunting." It's got her panties in, which are all hot as sin, and the thought of seeing her bound and gagged in nothing but one of those thongs makes my dick hard.

And then I notice a particularly sexy pair hanging out of her overflowing hamper. I grab it, bring it to my nose, and inhale.

"Fuck, that smells so damn good," I murmur, my cock so hard it feels like it's trying to punch a hole in my pants. "What I'd give to taste you, Lily."

Moving to her bed, I get onto it and unzip my pants, fisting her dirty thong in one hand and my cock in the other. Stroking myself, I imagine how sinfully delicious it would be to have Lily at my mercy.

I gaze around Lily's bedroom, fisting her dirty thong as I stroke my aching cock. God, I wish she were here right now. I imagine throwing her down on this bed, tearing off her clothes. I'd kiss every inch of her flawless skin, inhaling her sweet scent.

"You smell so fucking good, baby," I'd growl in her ear as I pinned her wrists above her head. I'd grind my hips against hers, letting her feel how hard she makes me.

"Please, I don't want this," she'd beg, eyes wide with fear. That would just spur me on

more.

“Shhh, don’t fight it, gorgeous. You were made for me.” I’d silence her protests with a brutal kiss, forcing my tongue into her mouth. She’d whimper against my lips, squirming beneath me. Fuck, that would feel amazing.

I’d rip off her bra and lavish her perfect tits with my mouth and hands. I’d suck and bite at her nipples while she cried out in pain and unwanted pleasure.

“That’s it, moan for me,” I’d growl, sliding my hand between her legs. She’d be sopping wet, unable to resist. I’d roughly finger her pussy while she sobbed.

“Please stop, you’re hurting me!”

“Hurting you? Baby, I’m just getting started.” I’d flip her over onto her stomach, yanking her hips up and tearing off her panties. With one hard thrust, I’d bury myself inside her tight cunt. I’d fuck her hard and deep, savoring her screams.

“You feel so fucking good wrapped around my cock. I knew you wanted this.” I’d pull her hair back, fucking her relentlessly. I wouldn’t stop until I filled her with my cum and bred her the way she deserves to be bred.

I groan as I imagine Lily here with me, spilling my load into her panties. My breath comes in ragged gasps. Once I catch my breath, I tuck myself back into my pants and slide her soiled underwear into my pocket.

“Soon, I’ll have you right where you belong.” I finally look around her room before slipping out into the night. “I do love to hunt,” I utter into the darkness.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

“Cade! What the fuck is this?” Tyson asks, ambushing me when I leave my trailer the next morning.

I yawn and glance at the newspaper in his hands. “What is what, Ty?”

“This!” He shoves the paper into my hand.

I snatch the paper from Ty’s hands and scan the headline. My heart sinks seeing the article is about the break-in at the police station, specifically mentioning a bullet was stolen from the evidence locker.

“Yeah, what about it?” I say, trying to play it cool.

Ty’s face reddens. “Don’t bullshit me. I know that you’ve got a bullet you always carry with you. It was you, wasn’t it?”

I hesitate, weighing whether to deny it or come clean. Ty might be my boss, but he’s also one of my closest friends. If I lie, he’ll see right through it.

“Okay, okay, it was me,” I confess, crumpling the newspaper in my fist. “I had to get it back, Ty. It’s important to me.”

Ty grabs my shoulders. “Dammit, Cade, what were you thinking? Breaking into a police station? You trying to get yourself arrested?”

I shake him off. “I was careful. No one saw me.”

“Except the cop who you threatened and held a knife to his throat!”he shakes his head. “What the fuck, man?”

“He didn’t see me. I wore a mask. Chill out, Ty. We’ll leave here in less than two weeks. This shit never follows us.”

Ty rakes his hands through his hair, looking like he wants to murder me.

“It wasn’t just any bullet, Ty. It was my grandpa’s engraved bullet,”I explain. “The one he gave me before he died.”

Ty’s face softens a bit, but his eyes stay hard. “And why exactly did the cops have it in evidence?”

I hesitate. If I tell Ty the full truth, he’ll flip his lid. But I also know he won’t drop this without answers.

“I left it for someone,”I say finally. “A girl.”

“A girl,”Ty repeats. “So you broke into her place?”His face turns furious. “Fuck’s sake. You said you had nothing to do with breaking into that girl’s apartment!”

“I didn’t break in,”I lie. “I was invited over and left it as a gift. The girl must’ve freaked out and called the cops.”

Ty narrows his eyes, scrutinizing me. “Bullshit. I know how you can get. Obsessive. Possessive. You’ve gone full-on stalker on this one, haven’t you?”

I clench my jaw, hating when Ty talks to me like I’m some kind of psycho.

“I really like her, okay?”I snap. “She’s special. Different.”

Ty snorts. “Yeah, I’m sure. Listen to me, brother. Leave this girl alone. Don’t go near her again.”

My hands ball into fists. Who is Ty to tell me what to do? He doesn’t understand my connection with Lily.

“I can’t do that,” I say through gritted teeth. “I need to see her again.”

Ty grabs my shoulders, forcing me to look him in the eye. “If you care about staying out of prison, you’ll stay away from her.”

I know Ty’s looking out for me, but he doesn’t get it. My angel is different. I’ve never felt this way about a woman before. Sure, I’ve got in trouble being too forward with women before, creeped them out, as well as getting in fights after fucking women who were already married, but this with Lily is nothing like those occasions. I knew she was special when I first saw her in that diner. Those big doe eyes seemed to stare right through me. That cascade of golden hair framed her delicate face. The way she smiled shyly when she brought me my coffee. Everything about her draws me in like a moth to a flame.

“Okay, okay, I’ll stay away from her,” I say, even as my gut twists just thinking about never seeing Lily again.

Ty looks relieved, clapping me on the shoulder. “Good man. Plenty of other girls out there.”

I force a smile and nod. But as Ty walks away, I know there’s no way I can keep that promise. Lily has awakened something primal in me that I’ve never felt before. An all-consuming need to possess her, protect her, make her mine. Sure, I’ve had infatuations with girls before, and I have never been good with boundaries, which is why I’ve got into a shitload of trouble, but Lily is different.

I saw the fire in her eyes when our gazes locked as she waited to get on the gravitron. Deep down, beneath her facade of fear, a part of her craves me too. If I could get her alone again, she'd realize we're fated for each other and awaken the fierce passion hidden beneath her shy exterior. She thinks she wants some nice, normal guy, but she needs someone like me who sees beyond the surface to her true, wild self. Together, we'd be unstoppable. She's the only one who can tame the darkness within me.

I respect Ty, but he's wrong about this. I have to see Lily again, no matter the risk. I'll be more meticulous this time and plan every detail, covering my tracks. One way or another, she will be mine.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

Blinking against the sunlight streaming through the blinds, I wake, wondering where I am. For a moment, I panic. Then it comes back to me—I spent the night at Alice’s apartment.

I sit up in bed, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. I feel rested. Ever since that disturbing encounter with the mysterious man at the carnival, I’ve barely been able to close my eyes without imagining him lurking in the shadows.

But spending the night at Alice’s, staying up late watching silly movies together, has helped calm my nerves. I feel lighter this morning, and the knot of anxiety in my chest has loosened slightly.

I shuffle into the small kitchen, following the smell of freshly brewed coffee. Alice is sitting at the tiny table, staring intently at the newspaper. She startles when she notices me and quickly folds the paper shut.

“Morning!” she says brightly. Too brightly. “There’s coffee if you want some.”

I pour myself a mug and sit down across from her. “Thanks again for letting me crash here. I really needed a good night’s sleep.”

“Of course, anytime.” Alice takes a sip of her own coffee, not quite meeting my eyes.

I glance down at the newspaper. “What were you reading just now?” I ask. “You seemed really focused on it.”

“Oh, nothing important,” Alice says dismissively. But I notice her cheeks flush

slightly.

Now I'm really curious. I reach over and tug the paper toward me before Alice can stop me.

"Lily, don't-"she protests, but it's too late.

I scan the headline article, my stomach dropping.

brEAK IN AT POLICE STATION FOR A BULLET, the bold letters declare.

A bullet.

That means the man who broke into my home is so unhinged he even broke into the goddamn police station. All the anxiety returns while reading the article, which mentions an officer was held up by a masked man at knifepoint.

"Fuck," I mutter under my breath.

"I know," Alice says, biting her lip. "I didn't want you to see it."

I pin her with a glare. "I was going to find out sooner or later."

I toss the newspaper back on the table, feeling sick. This man—my stalker—broke into the police station to retrieve the bullet he had left in my apartment. The one the cops took for evidence after he broke in and left that note.

Just thinking about that night makes my skin crawl. I can still picture the bullet sitting ominously on the counter, right next to the note promising he'd be back. At the time, I thought going to the police would make me feel safer. Clearly, that was naive.

“I don’t get it,” I say, shaking my head. “Why is he so obsessed with getting that specific bullet back?”

Alice grimaces. “Who knows with creeps like him? It could be some kind of weird trophy or memento. Maybe it has sentimental value from another encounter.”

I shudder at the thought. “Well, whatever the reason, the guy obviously won’t stop. I mean, he assaulted a cop just to get it back!”

“Yeah, he’s clearly unstable,” Alice agrees. She reaches across the table and gives my hand a comforting squeeze. “But we’ll figure something out, okay? I won’t let him get to you.”

Despite her reassurance, I still feel that knot in my stomach. That this psycho can get away with breaking into the station so easily means he’s smart. For all I know, he’s out there right now just biding his time, planning his next move.

I realize my hands are shaking and quickly clasp them in my lap. “What if he’s watching us right now?” I ask Alice nervously. “He seems to know where I am all the time.”

Alice glances around as if expecting to see him peering in the window. “I doubt he even knows you’re here. But we can close the blinds if it makes you feel better.”

I nod, standing up to lower the blinds throughout the apartment. Alice helps, and soon, the rooms are cast in shadow.

“There. Now no one can see in,” Alice says.

It’s probably just paranoia, but I do feel a little safer with the blinds down. Out of sight, out of mind. At least for now, until we figure out what to do next. Because one

thing is clear, I can't keep living in fear, waiting for this maniac's next move.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

Wiping down the counter at the diner, I'm thankful the morning rush is over. Despite sleeping well, the anxiety from everything going on is exhausting.

The bell above the door chimes as Gareth walks in. He's a friend of Alice's whom I've hung out with a few times.

"Hey, Lily, how's it going?" he asks, sitting at the counter.

"Oh, hey, Gareth. I'm alright, trying to get through the morning here. How about you?"

"Doing pretty good. Thought I'd stop in for some breakfast before work," Gareth replies.

I grab a menu, setting it in front of him. "Well, you came to the right place. What can I get started for you?"

He scans the menu briefly before deciding. "I'll take the lumberjack breakfast special with a coffee, please."

"Coming right up," I say, ringing in his order.

As I pour his coffee, we chat about nothing in particular: the weather, his job, and plans for the upcoming weekend. It's a welcome distraction after everything that's happened recently.

"Have you heard about this stalker business and the break-in at the police

station?"Gareth asks, immediately shattering any calm I'd found from our conversation.

"Yeah," I mutter.

"It's those travelers if you ask me. Police should move them on, no matter how many people love the carnival."

I tentatively agree with Gareth because I'm aware it's the psycho from the carnival behind all this. After all, he was pretty upset about the bullet when he cornered me yesterday. I don't want to talk about it anymore, though.

"Anyway, how's work going for you lately?"I ask, trying to change the subject.

The bell above the door chimes, and someone walks in. I glance up, and my heart drops into my stomach. It's him. The man from the carnival who's been stalking me.

He looks angry, his jaw clenched and eyes narrowed. His gaze is on me, and I feel a chill run down my spine. There's a dangerous possessiveness in his stare.

I quickly look away, focusing on wiping down the counter, though my hands shake. I can feel my stalker's eyes burning into me as he sits at a table nearby.

Gareth seems oblivious, telling me about some new project at work. But I'm struggling to concentrate, hyper-aware of the stalker's presence. He's watching us like a hawk as if waiting to swoop in.

I take a deep breath, trying to stay calm and act normal. Maybe if I ignore the psycho, he'll eventually leave.

"Anyway, let me grab your food,"I say to Gareth, eager for an excuse to slip into the

kitchen.

When I glance back, the stalker's eyes meet mine. There's a silent threat in his gaze, sending a chill down my spine. I quickly turn away, hoping Gareth stays until this creep leaves.

My hands shake carrying Gareth's food out from the kitchen. I take a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves before approaching the table.

"Here's your lumberjack breakfast," I say, setting the plate on the counter.

"Thanks, this looks great!" Gareth says, digging into the heaping pile of eggs, bacon, sausage, and hashbrowns.

I manage a weak smile. "No problem. Let me know if you need anything else."

I turn to walk away, but Gareth speaks up. "Hey, why don't you sit and chat while I eat? You look like you could use a break."

I hesitate, not wanting to be trapped with the stalker watching me. But I don't want to act suspicious, either.

"Yeah, sure," I say, sitting across from Gareth on a stool behind the counter. I position myself so my back is to the stalker, unable to meet his piercing gaze.

Gareth chatters between bites of food, telling me about a new gym he joined and weekend plans with friends. I listen and make small talk, but I can barely concentrate. The hair on the back of my neck prickles, aware of his eyes boring into me.

Finally, Gareth finishes eating. "That really hit the spot. Thanks. What do I owe you?"

“It’s \$12.50,” I say.

Gareth hands me some cash. “Keep the change. You deserve it,” he says kindly.

“Oh, thank you,” I reply, smiling.

“Well, back to the grindstone. I’ll see you around!” Gareth heads out with a wave.

My heart sinks as the door shuts behind him. Now I’m alone with the stalker. I take Gareth’s plate and slowly walk back behind the counter, feeling his eyes tracking my every move. What does he want from me? I wish someone, anyone else would come into the diner right now. But for the moment, it’s just me and him.

I keep my back turned, busy wiping down the counters, though they’re already clean. The weight of his stare makes my skin crawl. After several agonizing minutes of silence, I finally summon the nerve to turn and face him. His eyes instantly lock onto mine, his expression unreadable. I quickly avert my gaze, my heart pounding.

“Can I get you anything?” I ask shakily, unable to stand the tension.

He doesn’t respond. The silence stretches on. I risk a glance back at him. He hasn’t moved, continuing to stare at me intently. And I’m a rabbit caught in the eyes of a wolf. Trapped. Helpless. Prey.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

My naughty angel has been talking to another man. A man I'm toying with killing despite their conversation being rather mundane. She's mine, and no one should get to talk to her except me.

I sit silently, letting the tension build between us. Her fear is palpable while she avoids my gaze, busying herself with menial tasks. Knowing I've gotten under her skin, I love having this effect on her.

After a few minutes of toying with her, I slide out of my booth and slowly approach the counter where she stands. Her eyes widen and she takes a few steps back, but I continue my advance. I back her into a corner step by step until she has nowhere to go. I place my hands on the counter on either side of her, caging her in.

"Where have you been hiding, baby?" I ask in a low voice, leaning so close to her I can smell that unique scent of strawberries and peppermint that's hers and hers alone.

She licks her bottom lip, perhaps out of nerves or because she's turned on. Either way, it draws my eyes to them.

"I've missed you so damn much, angel." Her breath quickens, making my cock impossibly hard. "Did you miss me, baby?"

She shakes her head rapidly, unable to form words.

I lean in close, inhaling her scent again. "No need to lie. I know you've been thinking about me ever since the carnival," I murmur.

She trembles against the counter, trapped between it. I brush a strand of hair from her face, and she flinches at my touch. “We’ve got an undeniable connection, you and I. Don’t you feel it?”

“No, you’re a fucking psycho.”

Her declaration snaps my resolve, and I grab her throat with my hand and move my lips to within an inch of hers. “Is that right, baby?”

I press my lips to hers, unable to resist any longer. At first, she freezes, clearly shocked by my bold move. But as my mouth claims hers, she soon melts against me. Her body goes pliant and her lips part ever so slightly.

I take it as an invitation, sliding my tongue between her lips to deepen the kiss. She lets out a soft moan that sends desire coursing through my veins. Her hands come up to grasp at my shirt, pulling me closer. I wrap one arm around her waist, eliminating the space between us.

My other hand slides from her throat into her hair, tangling in her soft locks. I angle her head to kiss her more thoroughly, our tongues dancing together. She tastes even better than I imagined. I can’t get enough, kissing her with unrestrained passion.

This is even better than all the times I imagined it. The reality of her supple lips molding to mine has me drunk on lust. I press her harder into the counter, feeling every curve of her body align with mine. Another moan escapes her, and I swallow it greedily.

I break the kiss only when the need for air becomes necessary, both of us panting. But I’m not done yet; I move my lips to my angel’s neck, planting hot, open-mouth kisses on her skin.

My hard cock is pressed firmly against her stomach, and she can feel it as she arches into me.

I continue trailing kisses down Lily's neck, unable to get enough of her sweet scent and soft skin. She lets out soft whimpers and gasps that only spur me on, making me crave more of her.

"I've been dreaming about this, about having you all to myself," I whisper hotly against her neck. My hands grip her hips, pulling her tightly against me.

"No one else gets to see you like this, feel you, taste you." I accentuate each point with a nip or lick of her delicate skin. Lily trembles under my touch, caught between fear and desire.

"You're mine now. I'm going to take care of you, protect you." My hands slide under her shirt, caressing the silky skin of her lower back. I press a series of kisses along her jawline as she pants softly.

"Who will protect me from you?" She whimpers.

I smirk. "No one because you're mine, and I'm your sweetest fucking nightmare, baby." Moving my hands gently up her creamy, thick thighs, I part them and hitch up her skirt, groaning when I see how wet she is. The string of her thong is completely soaked. "I own these perfect, pretty little tits," I murmur, moving my lips to suck on her hard nipples visible through the fabric of her shirt.

Lily moans, back arching.

"I own this tight, perfect cunt," I groan, dragging a light finger through her wet folds.

"Oh God," she breathes.

“No God will save you, baby. I’m the only fucking God you will worship from this moment on. Got it?”

She nods, biting on her lip. “What’s your name?”

I can’t help but smirk because she’s forgotten all about her fear. Now I’ve got her pinned against the counter, my hands and lips claiming every inch of her body.

“It’s Cade, baby,” I murmur against the sensitive skin of her neck. “But you can call me anything you want.”

I slide one hand up her thigh again, brushing against the soaked fabric of her panties. She gasps, arching into my touch.

“Cade,” she breathes, like she’s testing how my name sounds on her lips.

Hearing her say it nearly makes me lose control right then and there. I crush my mouth to hers again, kissing her hungrily as my fingers tease along the edges of her panties. I’m desperate to feel her, to slide my fingers into that tight, wet heat and make her scream my name.

But I force myself to go slow, to drag it out. I want her begging for me.

I trail hot, open-mouthed kisses down to her chest, my tongue flicking out to tease her nipples through the thin fabric of her shirt. She’s panting and writhing beneath me, hands tangled in my hair to keep me close.

“Please,” she gasps, eyes glazed over with lust. She’s forgotten all about being scared of me now. All she can focus on is the pleasure I’m giving her.

And I’m just getting started.

I kiss my way back to her ear, nipping at her sensitive skin. “Tell me what you want.”

My fingers slide under her panties, barely grazing her slick, aching flesh. She shudders, trying to angle her hips so I’ll touch her properly, but I keep teasing, drawing it out.

“Please,” she whimpers again.

I nip at her earlobe. “Please, what, baby?”

I want to hear her say it, hear her beg for me to fuck her. To claim what’s mine.

She trembles against me, mindless with need. “I don’t know what I want. I have this ache...”

The uncertainty in her voice and the way she says that gives me pause. “Ache?”

She bites her bottom lip, something that makes my cock leak. “Yeah, I don’t know. I’m not sure what I want or need...” Her cheeks are so red right now.

It can’t possibly be true. Is my angel a fucking innocent little virgin? If she is, I’m done for. Because that only makes me want her more, which I didn’t believe possible.

“Are you telling me you’re a virgin?”

I stare at her in disbelief as she nods shyly, a deep blush spreading across her cheeks.

“I... I’ve never...” she stammers, unable to meet my gaze.

A wave of possessiveness washes over me at this revelation. The thought that no other man has been inside her makes my cock throb almost painfully. She’s

untouched, innocent. Mine for the taking.

“Never?” I ask, needing to hear her say the words. I trail my fingers up her thigh again until I’m stroking over her soaked panties. She gasps, hips bucking reflexively.

“N-no,” she whimpers. “I’ve never done anything other than kiss before.”

Fuck. My fantasies of corrupting this sweet, innocent girl threaten to overwhelm me. I want nothing more than to pin her down and fuck her relentlessly until she’s screaming my name.

But I need to take this slow. I can’t scare her off now.

“Don’t worry, baby. I’ll make your first time so good for you,” I murmur. I capture her mouth in a searing kiss, swallowing her moan. My fingers slip under her panties again, finally making contact with soft, slick flesh.

Lily cries out into my mouth as I stroke over her sensitive clit. Her thighs tremble, and she clutches at my shoulders for support. I have to hold myself back from plunging my fingers inside her right then.

No, I need to savor this and draw it out until she’s anticipating each of our moments together. Until she’s in bed waiting and aching for me to break in and fuck her.

I rub tight circles around her clit as I kiss down her neck. “That’s it, baby. I’ve got you.”

She rocks her hips urgently against my hand, seeking more friction. Precious little whimpers and gasps spill from her kiss-swollen lips.

I’m drunk on having this effect on her. On being the first one to ever touch her like

this. To awaken these desires inside her.

“Cade, please...” she pants. “I need...”

“I know what you need.” I nip at her earlobe as my fingers pick up speed. “Let go, baby. Come for me.”

I feel Lily’s body start to tense and tremble against me as my fingers work her clit relentlessly. Her breath comes in short, frantic gasps, and her nails dig into my shoulders, telling me she’s close.

“That’s it, let go,” I urge her. I capture her mouth in a searing kiss, muffling her cry of pleasure as she finally crests that peak. Her clit throbbing while she grinds against my hand, drawing out every last ounce of sensation.

I’m fucking hard as a rock feeling her come undone like this. Knowing I’m the first to ever make her feel this kind of pleasure. She’s panting and boneless in my arms as I slowly withdraw my fingers. I bring them to my lips, maintaining eye contact as I lick them clean with a groan.

The taste of her on my tongue makes me hungry for more. I’m leaning in to kiss her again when the front door bell jingling interrupts us. Lily’s eyes widen with panic as she realizes we’re no longer alone. She pushes at my chest in a rush, trying to disentangle herself from my embrace. I simply smirk, unwilling to let her go just yet.

“Hello there, welcome,” I call out casually to the newcomer, not bothering to turn and look. My focus stays locked on Lily’s flushed face and kiss-swollen lips. God, she looks so fucking sexy right now.

I hear the patron make some confused murmur in response but pay them no mind. Lily is frantically smoothing her skirt and tugging her shirt back into place, mortified

at nearly being caught in such a compromising position.

“Shhh, it’s alright, angel,” I murmur, stroking her cheek. She avoids my heated gaze, embarrassment, and perhaps a tinge of shame darkening her cheeks further.

I lean in close to her ear. “I’ll see you again real soon,” I promise before releasing her. She sags back against the counter, looking dazed as I stride away, throwing a wink over my shoulder.

My cock is still rock hard, but I adjust myself discreetly before slipping out into the street.

I light up a cigarette and take a long drag, eyes fixed on Lily through the window. She’s busy cleaning the spotless counter, avoiding looking out the window. But I sense she can feel my stare burning into her. I lick my lips slowly, recalling her sweet taste.

Soon, I promise myself as I exhale a cloud of smoke. Next time, I won’t stop until I’m buried deep inside my angel. Until I’ve claimed every last inch of that untouched body. The thought makes me painfully hard. But I can be patient. Lily is well worth the wait.

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“Hey, Lily, can you lock up?” Daryl asks from the kitchen. “I’ve got a few errands to run.”

My stomach twists at the thought of being here entirely alone, not that it made any difference having Darryl in the kitchen earlier.

“Sure, no problem,” I say, despite not wanting to be left here alone. It’s already getting dark outside, which only puts me on edge.

I finish cashing the register and doing some admin before locking the door to the office. When I return to the diner, my breath catches in my throat. There, sitting on the counter is a bouquet of white lilies.

My stomach churns because I instantly know they’re from my stalker. I hesitantly approach the flowers, looking around warily even though I’m alone. There’s no note attached, but the meaning is clear. He’s been here. Inside. While I was in the other room.

A shudder runs through me, thinking about him sneaking in, unseen and unheard. Violating this space that’s supposed to be safe. Leaving a “gift” meant to terrify me.

I want to sweep the flowers into the trash. Stubbornly, I leave them sitting there. I won’t give my stalker the satisfaction of knowing how deeply he affects me.

I finish my closing tasks methodically, hyperaware of the lilies taunting me. Their pure white petals glow in the low light, and their delicate appearance contrasts the sinister threat they represent.

As I lock the diner door, a tutting sound behind me makes me freeze.

“Why are your flowers still in the diner, baby?” He moves out of the shadows toward me. “There’s an important note you haven’t read with them. Now be a good girl for me and retrieve them and follow the instructions, or you won’t like what happens.”

I’m frozen at the sound of his voice. My thighs tremble, but that traitorous ache ignites almost instantly. What the fuck is wrong with me?

To be fair, no man half as gorgeous as Cade has ever touched me, but his psychopathic tendencies should be enough to douse any desire toward him. Instead, I feel drawn to him like a moth to a flame.

“Do as you’re told, angel.” He’s behind me, and I haven’t dared turn to look at him. But his presence is overbearing.

My hands tremble as I turn the key and open the diner door again. The click of the lock echoing results in an appreciative sound from him. “That’s my good girl.”

I take a deep, shaky breath before stepping inside. The flowers sit perfectly on the counter, almost glowing in the low light. Taunting me.

Slowly, I approach them. I can feel his intense gaze following my every move. My heart hammers against my ribs.

I reach out and wrap my fingers around the stems. The lilies feel like velvet against my skin, deceptively soft and innocent for something delivered by a monster.

I lift the bouquet, my eyes scanning for the hidden note. There it is, a small white card nestled between two blooms. My fingers tremble as I pull it free, the anticipation electric.

With trembling hands, I unfold the notecard. In neat, precise letters, it reads:

Lily, my beautiful flower. Meet me tonight at 8pm by the Ferris wheel. Come alone. I'll be waiting.

-C

I suck in a sharp breath, my heart pounding. My stalker wants me to meet him alone at night? It's clearly a trap. However, we won't really be alone. The carnival is packed at that time every night. But the thought of disobeying his demands fills me with dread. What will he do if I don't show up?

I glance at the clock on the wall. It's nearly 7pm already. I've got an hour to decide if I'm brave enough to face my tormentor.

My legs shake, walking to the door, the note clutched tightly in my fist. Cade is no longer outside waiting for me. I don't know whether to feel relieved or more afraid.

Once home, I pace my small apartment, sick with indecision. I could call the cops, but he has proven he can evade them easily. And if I don't show up to meet him, what horrific retribution might he take?

7:45 arrives faster than I hoped. Hands trembling, I get in my car and begin the short drive to the carnival. My mind races with terrifying possibilities of what he has planned. But underneath the fear, a traitorous thrill runs through me. I tell myself it's morbid curiosity, not attraction.

The carnival looms ahead, bright lights cutting through the darkness. I park and make my way slowly toward the Ferris wheel, hyperalert. All the town is here, and kids' laughter fills the air, highlighting how tense I am.

I don't see Cade, but I sense his eyes on me. My cell pings, and I dig it out to see a text from Alice.

"Are you staying at mine tonight? Thought you'd be back by now."

Shit.

Now I've got to lie to my best friend about what I'm doing. This is so screwed up.

"No, I wanted to go home. Tired of being intimidated. I'll pick up the stuff I left in the morning."

Once the text is sent, there's no going back. He will have me exactly where he wants me. Alone and at his mercy, which a small twisted part of me wants more than anything.

I sense his presence and catch that scent of tobacco and leather before seeing him. His large hands land on my hips, forcing all the air from my lungs.

"You're such a good girl, Lily. I like this submissive side of you." His breath teases my earlobe. "Now it's time for me to show you why we belong together."

My breath catches in my throat when Cade squeezes my hips. Despite the fear coursing through my veins, I can't deny the electric thrill that shoots down my spine at his touch.

"We don't belong together," I say, trembling. "I don't even know you."

Cade leans in close, his warm breath tickling my ear. "You do know me, Lily. I know everything about you. Your hopes, your dreams, your desires." His hands slide up from my hips, wrapping around my waist possessively. "Because I'm your sweet

nightmare, angel. Did you know nightmares are so much more exciting than dreams?"

I suppress a shiver, unsure if it's from fear or unwanted arousal. Cade's muscular body presses against my back, enveloping me, making me feel tiny and fragile in his arms.

"What do you want from me?" I ask, desperation creeping into my tone.

He chuckles darkly. "I think you know exactly what I want."

One of his hands leaves my waist, trailing up my body. He gently grasps my chin, tilting my head to the side. I gasp as his lips meet the sensitive skin of my neck.

"We're meant to be together, Lily," he growls against my flesh. "I knew it from the moment I first saw you. Tell me you feel it, too."

My treacherous body ignites at Cade's touch, my skin burning everywhere he kisses me. But my mind recoils in fear.

"Please let me go," I whimper, even as my legs threaten to give out. "I don't want this."

Cade laughs, the sound sending chills down my spine. "Oh, but you do. Your body betrays you." His fingers trail down between my legs, brushing against my pussy through my panties.

I bite my lip to hold back a moan, ashamed at how my body is responding. This is so wrong but I'm helpless to stop him. Or myself.

His teeth graze my neck, and I gasp again. "Please..." I beg softly, though I'm unsure

what I'm asking for.

His hand on my chin turns my head, bringing his lips crashing down on mine. I whimper into his devouring kiss, overwhelmed by dark desire.

“Mine,” he growls against my lips before claiming them again.

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She lets me take her hand, lacing my fingers with hers to lead her away from the Ferris wheel toward the engineer's tent, where we'll be alone.

My playground is the perfect place to defile my angel.

"Where are we going?" Lily asks, her voice barely above a whisper as I lead her through the bustling carnival grounds.

I glance at her, unable to keep the smirk from spreading across my face. "It's a surprise," I reply cryptically, gently squeezing her hand.

She looks uncertain, her brows furrowing together in that adorable way they do when she's worried. No doubt she's thinking this is a bad idea, going off alone with a stranger who broke into her home and stalked her. If she only knew what I've imagined doing to her, the plans I've made...

But no, I can't scare her off. I need to take this slow and gain her trust.

"Don't worry," I say in my most soothing voice. "I want to show you something. We'll be quick, I promise."

She still looks hesitant, so I stop and face her fully. I lift my other hand to cup her cheek, rubbing my thumb lightly over her bottom lip and making her tremble. Her breath catches at the contact, and it's hard to stop myself from fucking her right here.

"Do you want me?" I ask, holding her gaze intently with mine.

“I shouldn’t,” she breathes, conflict in her eyes. “You’re a fucking psycho.”

I grab her throat firmly. “What did you call me?”

Fear ignites in her eyes. “You’ve basically spent the last few days stalking me.”

It’s true. But Lily doesn’t realize it’s because we belong together. She has been mine since the moment I set eyes on her. “Come on,” I say, releasing her throat and grabbing her hand again, dragging her toward the tent.

She follows without protest as I lead her between two concession stands toward the back of the carnival. We’re getting close now, the crowd’s noise fading behind us.

My pulse quickens in anticipation. Soon, I’ll have my angel all to myself. No more waiting, no more watching from a distance. She’ll be mine completely, to do with as I please.

I glance back again, noticing Lily looks nervous but keeps pace, her fingers tightening around mine. Little does she know she’s clutching onto the hand of a monster who will devour her whole. Or perhaps she does know that and is too ensnared in my trap to care.

I lead Lily into the empty engineer’s tent, the familiar smell of motor oil and gasoline filling my nose. It’s dimly lit, with random tools and machine parts scattered on the floor haphazardly.

“What is this place?” Lily asks, her voice wavering slightly as she takes in her unfamiliar surroundings.

“It’s where I work on the rides,” I explain casually, dropping her hand so I can begin lighting the kerosene lamps hanging from the support poles. “Don’t worry, no one

will bother us in here.”

I watch as she wraps her arms around herself protectively, those doe eyes darting around nervously. She’s realised now that she’s completely alone with me, no one around to hear her scream. The thought makes me ache with desire.

“Are you cold?” I ask solicitously. “Here, let me get you a blanket.”

I grab a blanket off one of the boxes in the corner and drape it around her shoulders, letting my hands linger momentarily. She flinches slightly at my touch but doesn’t pull away. Good girl. Your fear is so fucking hot.

“Why don’t you have a seat?” I gesture to a wooden chair in the corner. “Get comfortable.”

Hesitantly, she perches on the chair, watching me warily as I move about the tent, tidying things up. I pick up a wrench and begin polishing it with a rag, the motions slow and deliberate.

“This is one of my favorite tools,” I remark conversationally. “So versatile. You can pry things open with it...or tighten them up.”

I left the wrench in my hand, testing its weight and making Lily’s eyes widen. She shifts nervously on the chair.

“Why did you bring me here?” Her voice comes out strained.

I move toward her slowly. “I think you know why.”

Kneeling down in front of her, I grasp her chin, forcing her to look at me. Her breath comes in short, panicked gasps that make my cock stir.

“Please, Cade,” she whimpers, a tear trailing down her cheek. “You’re scaring me.”

“Mmh, I do love your fear, it’s goddamn intoxicating.”

She trembles. “I want to go home.”

My grip on her tightens. “But we’ve only just got here, angel,” I purr. “And I’ve got so many tools I want to use on you.”

I run my thumb over her trembling lower lip, and she tries to turn away, but I hold her firmly in place.

Mine. All mine.

“You’ll be begging me soon enough not to go home.” I grab her throat, kicking open her thighs with my legs. “This wrench is perfect for sliding into a tight wet cunt too.”

Lily gasps at my language, but her eyes dilate. “Cade,” she breathes my name.

I’ll never tire of hearing her say my name like that. Grabbing some rope, I tie her wrists to the armrests of the chair she’s sat on. She fights a little, the fear still present even though she’s turned on. And then, once she’s bound, I turn to fetch one of the tactical masks we’ve got for events at the carnival. Facing her again, I peer at her through the two holes.

Her entire body stiffens, and she sobs.

“Are you scared, baby?”

She nods. “Please, don’t hurt me.”

I stiffen at that. “Hurt you? I’ve got no intention of hurting you. I’m going to fucking blow your mind. Make you mindless with need until you’re begging me to give you my cock.”

Tears streak down her face when I approach and place my hands on her thighs, pushing the hem of her skirt to her hips. Her tears are addictive. I love her like this, so vulnerable and utterly at my mercy.

“Fuck, you’re so wet that I can see it through the fabric of your panties.”

Lily is trembling violently when I lean down and press my nose to her pussy, inhaling. “Fucking addictive,” I muse.

“What are you going to do?” She questions shakily.

I smirk at her. “So many filthy fucking things, baby. By the time I’m through with you, you won’t be able to live without me by your side.”

Her lip quivers. “This is crazy.”

I push the gusset of her panties aside and thrust my tongue into her virgin pussy, groaning at the sweet taste.

“Oh my God,” Lily gasps, hips pushing toward my face.

I can’t believe I finally have my girl right where I want her. Tied up and at my mercy in the workshop tent. She looks so goddamn delicious, squirming in that chair, her skirt hiked up to show off those creamy thighs, which I run my hands over slowly, feeling her tremble beneath my touch.

“Please, I don’t want this,” she whimpers, trying to clench her legs together, but I

easily spread them open, leaning down to inhale her sweet scent. My cock throbs almost painfully.

“Shhh, relax, angel,” I croon, blowing a stream of air over her exposed pussy. She shudders, unable to hold back a tiny moan. “I know you want this as much as I do. Your body gives you away.”

I press my mouth to her heated core, lapping at her wet cunt. Fuck, she tastes amazing. I spear my tongue inside her tight channel, fucking her slowly with it, alternating between that and sucking her swollen clit between my lips.

Lily cries out, writhing against the restraints. “No, stop! Please, I can’t...”

I grin at her wickedly. “Oh yes, you can, angel. And you will.”

Gripping her hips, I feast on her juicy cunt like a starving man. Her protests shift to breathy pants and whimpers as I work her closer to the edge. I slip two fingers into her slick heat, pumping them in time with the strokes of my tongue. She’s right on the brink now.

With a sharp nip to her clit, I send her tumbling over with a choked scream. Her pussy clenches rhythmically around my fingers as she comes hard.

“There’s my good girl,” I croon, licking my fingers clean.

Lily slumps back against the chair, flushed and panting. She won’t meet my gaze.

“Look at me,” I command.

Slowly, she lifts her eyes to mine. They glisten with more unshed tears, and her cheeks are tear-stained, but the fear from earlier is gone, replaced by something far

sweeter—desire.

“That’s it,” I murmur approvingly. “No more fighting this, is there?”

She shakes her head mutely.

I grab the wrench, and she stiffens. “And what are you going to do with that?”

I smirk. “Get you warmed up for something longer and thicker,” I murmur, pressing the cool metal against her soaking cunt.

Lilly shivers. “It looks too hard.”

I move to kiss her lips, thrusting my tongue into her mouth. “No harder than I am every fucking time I see you, angel.”

Her eyes dip to the bulge in my pants, dilating a little.

“Do you want to see how hard I am for you?”

Lily licks her lips before giving me a shy nod. Fuck. This girl will be the death of me.

I can’t take my eyes off her, slowly unzipping my pants, watching the way her breath catches in anticipation. When my throbbing cock springs free, her eyes go wide.

“See what you do to me?” I rasp. “From the moment I first saw you, I’ve been hard for you. Aching for you.”

I step to the side so that my cock is inches from her plump, pink lips. “Open up, angel. I want to feel that pretty mouth on me.”

She hesitates only a second before parting her lips. I slide inside with a groan, reveling in the wet heat as she tentatively swirls her tongue.

“That’s it, just like that,” I encourage. My hand fists her hair while I pump my hips. She gags slightly, but I don’t let up, fucking into her mouth relentlessly.

Spit drips down her chin, and her mascara runs in dark rivulets while I use her. But I can’t bring myself to care. She looks so goddamn beautiful, choking on my cock.

I feel my climax building and grip her head hard. “Get ready to swallow it all, baby. Every last drop.”

With a primal shout, I erupt, shooting thick ropes of cum down her throat. She splutters but manages to take it. I hold her there until I’m completely spent.

Finally, I withdraw, admiring my work. Lily looks utterly debauched—lips swollen, makeup ruined, eyes watering. But there’s a new light in them now.

“You did so good, baby,” I praise, caressing her cheek. She nuzzles into my palm like an affectionate kitten, making my heart swell with possession.

“It’s time to get your cunt ready.” I grab the wrench and position it at the dripping-wet entrance of her pussy.

Slowly, I thrust it inside her, watching as her nose wrinkles in pain. “That hurts.”

“Wait until it’s my cock splitting you open, angel.”

She moans, starting to relax as I fuck her with the wrench. Never before have I seen such a beautiful sight. My girl spread wide and bound for me, taking one of my favorite tools in her tight little pussy. I’ve got more tools I want to use on her yet.

Draw this out until she's a begging, aching mess.

I pull the wrench out and give her a moment to breathe. Watching her squirm only spurs my desire further. I grab a larger wrench, my eyes dark with intensity. "You ready for more, baby?" Her eyes widen, but she nods, biting her lip.

Sliding the larger wrench inside her, her body reacts with a mixture of pain and pleasure, and I can't help but feel a surge of satisfaction. "Look at you, taking it so well," I growl, thrusting deeper. Her moans grow louder, filling the room with their raw, primal sound.

I increase the pace, every thrust eliciting a new moan, a new shiver of pleasure. Her eyes lock onto mine, filled with a mix of submission and lust that fuels my every movement.

She's close, and I want to see her fall apart. "Come for me, baby. Come all over my favorite tool." Her body tenses, her back arches, and with a loud cry, she falls over the edge, her climax shuddering through her. I watch, utterly captivated, as she rides out her orgasm, her body trembling with each wave of pleasure.

She slumps back into the chair, breathless and spent, and I withdraw the wrench, my eyes never leaving hers. "Good girl," I whisper, leaning down to press a possessive kiss to her lips. "You're mine. All mine."

And as she looks at me, completely and utterly ravished, she knows it too.

"Cade? You in there, man?"

Fuck.

It's Duke. Nosy bastard always sticking his nose where it doesn't belong. For a

second, I consider snapping his neck when he comes through that tent flap. But no, too risky with Lily here as a witness.

“Give me a minute!” I call back in the most normal voice I can muster. Then I turn to Lily and press a finger to her lips in warning.

“Not a word, understand?”

She nods. I grin and brush a sweaty lock of hair back from her face. “Good girl. This isn’t over.” I lean in close, my lips grazing her ear. “I’ll be back to finish what I started as soon as possible, baby.”

Quickly, I tidy myself up and push my still-solid cock back into my pants before heading out to deal with Duke, casting one last heated look at Lily.

“What is it?” I ask him.

Duke runs a hand across the back of his neck. “Gravitron is playing up again. No one can work it like you.”

Motherfucking gravitron.

Leaving Lily alone to work on it puts me on edge, but I have no choice. Nodding I follow Duke to the gravitron, hoping no one goes into that tent before I return. Or else, they’ll be dead for setting eyes on my girl half fucking naked, and then I’ll bask in their blood.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

Why the fuck did I let him bring me in here?

The second he left, reality crashed over me hard. His taste still lingers on my tongue, intoxicating and maddening. But I can't afford to think like that. The man is insane—certifiably insane.

I need to get out of here. I pull on the bindings, testing them, hoping to slip my wrists free.

With desperation, I force my hands out and leap off the chair. I need to escape, clear my mind, and get some distance from the man who's twisted me so completely that I barely recognize myself.

There's a very dark part of me that wants Cade. Craves him. It's primal and scary, and I must get out of here before it takes over entirely.

He's a psychopath, for fuck's sake. A man so obsessed that he broke into my home, stalked me. There's no reality in which I should want him.

Rushing out of the tent, I check my surroundings to be sure he isn't hanging around, and then I rush through the quietest part of the carnival to evade him.

"Lilly, is that you?" A deep voice calls, making me freeze. When I turn around, I see Gareth walking toward me.

"Hey Gareth, funny to run into you twice in one day!"

He smirks. “Not really. This town is so fucking small.” His eyes look glassy, and he smells of whiskey. “I was hoping to run into you, to be honest.” He moves closer, and I realize how alone we are.

“You were?” I ask.

His eyes dip to my chest and cleavage, making me feel uncomfortable. Gareth is always so kind and friendly at the diner. “Yeah, how about we get out of here together?”

I shake my head. “I’m meeting Alice,” I lie, glancing around to find an escape route as he’s clearly drunk.

His jaw clenches. “Don’t be a cock tease. You’re always flirting with me in the diner.” He steps closer, grabbing my wrist. “It’s about time you actually put that mouth to good fucking use.”

“Fuck you!” I spit, yanking my arm out of his grasp. “Don’t be a asshole.”

Gareth’s eyes flash with rage, and he comes for me, grabbing me harder this time. “Speak to me like that again, and I’ll gag you with my cock.”

“Gareth, this isn’t you. You’re drunk. Let go of me.”

He sneers at me. “You don’t get to flirt with me at the diner and then say no when I want my dick sucked. That’s not how this works.”

I bring knee him in the balls, making him double over. Then I rush away, but he recovers faster than I expect. Suddenly, he has his hands on me, hauling me against the side of a trailer. “You’ll pay for that.”

The trailer's cold metal against my back sends shivers down my spine as Gareth presses into me, his breath hot and reeking of alcohol on my face. "You think you're so fucking smart, don't you?" His words are slurred, but his grip is iron. I feel my pulse hammering in my ears, panic and fury colliding in a visceral mix inside me.

"Let go of me, Gareth!" I hiss, my voice a raw whisper filled with a desperate edge. My hands claw at his arms, but he holds me firmly, a sinister smile spreading across his lips. His knee parts my legs, making my entire body tense with resistance.

"Not a chance, sweetheart," he murmurs, leaning in to nuzzle my neck, his stubble scratching against my skin. I want to vomit; the intimacy is terrifying and repulsive. "You've been teasing me too long—I won't be made a fool of."

A deep roar makes my heart skip a beat. Suddenly, Gareth is knocked to the floor with one hard punch from Cade. His eyes are chaotic as he straddles Gareth and uses him as a punching bag.

Blood flies into the air, and I'm momentarily caught in morbid fascination, watching. His powerful fists land punch after punch, turning Gareth into a pulp. Cade doesn't stop. He's lost in the violence, and I've got a feeling he might murder Gareth. A thought that should have me ringing the police, but after what Gareth tried to pull...

I shake my head. No, he doesn't deserve to die. But instead of calling the cops, I bolt from the scene, my feet hitting the dirt hard as I weave through the crowd. People shout curses as I bump past them, but I don't stop to apologize. I need to get away from here. Away from Cade. Away from the dark thoughts rising to the forefront of my mind.

The lights and sounds of the carnival fade behind me as I burst onto the quiet street. My lungs burn, but I force my legs to keep pumping. I'm not nearly far enough away yet.

I glance back to check if he's following me, but the street is empty. Still, I don't slow down. It feels like he could appear at any moment, covered in blood.

Up ahead, the run-down apartment building comes into view, sending a wave of relief through me.

Almost there. Almost safe.

My thighs ache, and my breath comes in ragged gasps, but I keep running, taking the steps two at a time. I fumble to fit my key in the lock with shaking hands.

Finally, the door swings open, and I fall inside, slamming it closed behind me. My back hits the wood, and I slide to the floor, chest heaving. I made it.

I'm away from Cade, who both terrifies and excites me. My mind is still spinning, trying to make sense of everything that happened. Gareth might be dead. Surely, he can't evade law enforcement for murder. If he does kill, the police will apprehend him.

I can only sit on the floor, trying to catch my breath and slow my racing heart. I made it home. I'm safe, at least for now.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

Washing the blood and mud from my body, I'm hardly bothered by it. This isn't the first time I've killed; it will likely not be the last. In fact, I'm hard as a rock after murdering the man who tried to touch what's mine. The bastard fucking pushed her against the trailer, and I saw red. Nothing could have saved that piece of shit. And no one will find Gareth, at least not until long after I've left this town. By then, they'll never catch up with me or link the murder to me either.

The hot water cascades over my body, washing away the grime and blood from earlier. I barely feel it, though; my mind is elsewhere. My cock is hard and aching, so I grab it and give it a tug.

"Fuck, Lily," I murmur into the empty shower. I can still see my angel on her knees before me, my fingers tangled in her hair while I forced myself deeper into her warm, wet mouth. The look of fear and arousal in her eyes only spurred me on more. I wanted to choke her, to dominate her completely.

Stroking my dick, I imagine what would've happened if Duke hadn't interrupted us. I almost killed him, too, for taking the moment away from me. But I stayed calm, leaving her trembling while I dealt with the broken ride.

And then she fucking escaped, and some piece of shit tried to rape her—tried to touch my angel, which I couldn't tolerate.

The image of her lips wrapped around me keeps replaying in my mind. I can almost feel her again as I roughly stroke myself in the shower. Her body bent to my will gives me a thrill I've never known before. I want to break her, mold her, shape her, and I will.

The thought alone sends me over the edge, my body tensing as I come with a guttural moan. My blood boils with the intensity of the desire coursing through my veins, and I can't help but imagine the myriad of ways I'll bring Lily to her knees.

I'll find her no matter where she runs, no matter where she hides. And when I do, she'll understand that she was never meant to escape tonight. She was always destined to be mine, shaped, broken, and rebuilt to my every whim.

I turn the shower off and step out, drying myself briskly before getting dressed again. Can't waste too much time cleaning up when there's still work to be done.

I head back toward the fairground to double-check that all the rides are powered down properly for the night. As I'm walking, I hear a voice call out.

"Cade! There you are. Where the hell have you been?"

It's Tyson. He hurries over to me, his brow furrowed.

"I was fixing up the Gravitron earlier," I say with a shrug. "Got covered in grease trying to get the damn thing working again. I had to shower before I came to power everything else down."

Tyson eyes me for a moment before nodding. "Right, well, get to it then."

"You got it," I reply, clapping him on the shoulder as I walk by.

My lies come easy enough. Nobody is sticking their nose in my business right now, especially since Ty already suspects I'm losing my head over a girl.

I've got unfinished matters to attend to. The hunt. The inevitable acts of domination and submission that will follow. The thought is enough to bring a wicked grin to my

lips. She'll be scared and resist, but eventually, she'll succumb.

She may have escaped tonight, but it won't be long until I track her down. When I do, her cries will echo in the night, a symphony of pleasure and pain that only I can orchestrate. And in that perfect moment of surrender, she'll know her place—as mine, forever.

But that will have to wait. For now, I focus on my work, methodically powering down each ride under the glow of carnival lights. The sooner I finish up here, the sooner I can get some rest and dream of the twisted things I'm going to do to my angel when I get my hands on her again.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

Arestless energy floods my veins when I wake early the next morning. Thoughts of Lily and yesterday's events consume me. My mind replays everything—forcing her onto the chair, tying her up, feeling her struggle, hearing her cries. I must see her again.

I dress quickly and head to the diner, hoping she's working this morning. Upon entering, I don't see her immediately. I take a seat at the counter and glance around. Another girl is working, not my pretty angel. Disappointment surges within me. I had been so eager to see her eyes again.

The other waitress approaches with a smile. "Morning! What can I get you?"

"Just coffee. Black," I mutter, barely acknowledging her. My thoughts remain fixated on Lily.

Where could she be? Maybe it's her day off. I sip my coffee slowly, contemplating my next move, considering heading to her apartment and breaking in. The question is whether she's returned home or still hiding elsewhere.

Finishing my coffee, I leave a few dollars on the counter and head out. As I walk, I ponder what I'll do when I see Lily again. I want to pick up right where we left off, to feel her soft lips wrapped around my cock, her body yielding to my desires.

By the time I reach her building, I'm getting hard imagining it. I head inside the building since it's not locked and rush up the stairs to her apartment, picking the lock easily. Inside, it's quiet.

I move toward the bed in the studio apartment, the morning light filtering through the blinds. Theremy angelis, curled up in bed, still fast asleep. Her cheeks are streaked with the remnants of dried tears, and black mascara is smudged under her eyes. She looks so vulnerable like this, lost in dreams.

Pulling a half-face mask that only covers my eyes and nose, which I selected from the carnival stores, out of my jacket pocket, I put it on. The moment it's in place, excitement courses through me, my cock throbbing against the zipper of my pants.

Slowly, I undress until I'm down to my boxer briefs. I peel back the covers and slide into bed beside her. She doesn't stir, her breath steady and slow. I watch her chest's gentle rise and fall, savoring the proximity. My eyes trace her face and messy hair down her neck to the slope of her breasts peeking out from her tank top.

All she's wearing is a tank top and panties, and my gaze lingers on her bare legs, imagining how they'd feel wrapped around me.

Unable to resist any longer, I brush a strand of hair from her face. At my touch, she stirs slightly, her brows furrowing. I hold my breath, willing her to stay asleep. After a moment, she settles again with a soft sigh.

I shift closer, feeling the warmth radiating from her body, my heart pounding with anticipation.

I lie next to Lily, watching her sleep for a while. The temptation to touch her becomes overwhelming. Gently, I run my fingers along her arm, feeling her soft skin. She remains undisturbed.

My heart pounds, shifting even closer. I lean in, breathing in the sweet scent of her hair. Being this close to her is intoxicating.

My heart pounds as I shift even closer, inhaling the sweet scent of her hair. Being this close to her is intoxicating. Slowly, I move my hand to her hip, caressing her through the thin fabric of her tank top. The desire I feel at this moment is almost unbearable. Yet, I restrain myself, touching her gently, tracing circles on her skin.

The darkness within rises to the surface while I move my fingers lower toward her panties. Insane thoughts of defiling her and entering her sweet virgin cunt while she sleeps enter my mind. Never before have I claimed to be a man of sound mind or morals, but deflowering her while she sleeps, although the thought is as hot as fuck, it may be a step too far.

Even so, I remove my boxers and gently nudge her thighs open, wanting to rub my cock through the entrance of her cunt. I'll give her the friction she craves, the friction she deserves.

How wet are you, my virgin angel?

Slapping the head of my cock against her clit, I watch her beautiful body twitch, responding to me even in her sleep. It's mesmerizing. I can't help but slide my cock through her wet entrance, slowly at first, feeling her arousal coat me.

I slide through her, bumping the head of my cock against her clit, but this time, she begins to stir, mumbling incoherently and attempting to roll over, but I hold her in place.

Suddenly, her eyes open, a mix of fear and confusion flashing across her face. My heart races as we lock eyes, my cock resting on her stomach, leaking onto her skin.

Lily screams, and fuck, it makes my dick so damn hard, but I clamp a hand over her mouth. "Now, Lily, there's no need for dramatics."

She's breathing fast now. Fuck. It's so damn hot seeing her so scared.

"Will you behave if I remove my hand?" I demand.

Her eyes, wide with fear, are so dilated there's barely any blue left, making my cock leak more. Her creamy skin glistens with my precum. I slowly lift my hand from her mouth when she doesn't respond.

"L-let me go," she whispers, her voice barely above a whisper.

I shake my head fiercely, my grip tightening enough to let her know who's in control. "Be a good girl for me," I whisper back.

She shakes her head frantically, tears welling in her eyes.

My hands tremble, and my heart races. I can't look away from my angel. She is stunning, even in fear. "Please," she whispers, trying to pull away, but I can't release her until I'm satisfied.

Ignoring her plea, I slowly rock the head of my cock over her clit, watching her squirm beneath me. She begs me to stop, but her body betrays her. It's as if she can't help but respond to my touch.

I lean down, my lips near her ear. "Tell me, Lily," I whisper. "Do you really want me to stop?"

She nods violently, but I know she's lying. "Yes, please, Cade," she begs. "Let me go. I'll do anything you want."

I smirk, feeling a shift in the air. "Anything?" I ask, tracing her jawline with my thumb. "What if I want your tight little cherry? What if I want to fuck your virgin

pussy?”

Tears spill down her cheeks as she shakes her head.

“I know you want me,” I whisper, rubbing my cock over her clit once more. “I can feel it. Tell me the truth, angel. Do you want my cock inside you?”

She shudders but remains silent, her eyes squeezed shut.

“I asked a question.” I grab her throat gently, making her eyes snap open wide. “Do you want my cock, baby?”

Her breath hitches. “Yes,” she whispers. “Please, Cade. Stop tormenting me.”

My smile widens as I align my cock up with her tight cunt. “Good girl.” Slowly, I push inside. The first and only man to ever be inside her. And it will remain that way, so help me, god.

Lily gasps at the sensation, her nails digging into my shoulders. I take my time, inch by inch, relishing the feeling of her tight walls clamping down around me.

“You’re dripping wet for me,” I murmur, biting her neck. “You love how I stretch you out and fill you completely, don’t you?”

She nods, whimpering.

Fully inside her, I move slowly, feeling her tighten with each thrust. “Tell me you want it,” I growl.

“I want it,” she cries out, her fingers tangling in my hair. “Please, Cade, don’t stop.”

I groan, feeling my balls ache.

Gripping Lily's hips in a bruising grasp, I thrust in and out of her, reveling in the feeling of her tight virgin pussy clenching around my cock.

I quicken my pace, driving into her with an all-consuming need. Lily's gasps turn into loud, unrestrained moans echoing in the dim room. She wraps her legs around my waist, pulling me deeper, her nails marking my back.

"That's it, baby," I grit out, feeling the tension coil tighter in my balls. "Take all of me."

Her head falls back, exposing her delicate neck, and I can't resist. I lean down, my teeth grazing her skin before biting down, leaving a mark.

"Cade!" she screams, her body convulsing as she comes undone around me. The pulsating of her muscles sends me over the edge; I thrust harder and faster, finally allowing myself to fall into the abyss of pleasure, filling her with my cum and marking her as mine.

As the waves of orgasm finally subside, I collapse on top of her, our bodies slick with sweat, hearts pounding in unison. She clings to me, her body trembling in the aftermath. I gently stroke her hair as we catch our breath.

"Did you enjoy that, baby?" I ask.

Tears stream down her face as the realization of what happened hits her. "You bastard," she mutters.

I tilt my head. "What's wrong? You wanted it. You even asked me for it."

Lily bites her lip. “Because you won’t fucking stop! Because you’re a psycho who might kill me if I say no.” Her jaw clenches. “What did you do to Gareth?”

I grab her throat, squeezing hard. “Don’t say that man’s name. I never want to hear another man’s name from your lips. Understood?”

She nods quickly, eyes wide with fear, and I release her throat. My temper simmers, but I force myself to calm down, tracing my fingers along her jaw, my touch gentle compared to the ferocity moments ago.

“Gareth doesn’t matter anymore,” I growl. “You belong to me now. Every inch of you.”

She shudders beneath me, a mix of defiance and submission in her eyes. “I won’t let you control me,” she whispers, but the tremor in her voice betrays her.

I smirk, taking in her flushed cheeks and trembling lips. “Oh, Lily,” I murmur, my breath hot against her ear. “By the time I’m done with you, you’ll be begging for my control. You’ll crave it, need it. There’ll be no one else for you. I’m going to make you so wet and desperate. You’ll scream my name while I take you over and over again until you can’t think of anything but me.”

Her breath hitches, and I lean back, observing the conflicting emotions on her face. The push and pull of power excite her, even if she won’t admit it yet. Slowly, methodically, I slide down her body, my lips tracing a burning path along her skin, reigniting her desire.

“You’ll see,” I whisper against her thigh, my fingers teasing. “Soon, you’ll be mine entirely.”

I move back up her body and crush my mouth to hers in a brutal kiss. She struggles

initially but soon melts against me, her body recognizing its true master. I grope her breasts roughly through her tank top, pinching her nipples until she gasps. She thinks she can resist me, but she's wrong. Despite her efforts to mask her desire with anger, I can see her need swirling in those pretty blues.

"Take this off," I command, fisting the fabric.

She complies, pulling off the tank top and exposing her perfect tits to my gaze. I suck one pink nipple into my mouth, biting down just shy of too hard.

Lily cries out, her hands clutching at my hair. Her resolve weakens while I lavish attention on her breasts. My cock, already growing hard again, presses insistently against her thigh.

I kiss lower, over her stomach.

"Still wet for me," I murmur appreciatively. I run two fingers along her slit before pushing them inside. "And full of my cum. I want to spend the rest of the day filling you with so much cum it'll be dripping out of you for days. I'll breed you, mark you, and make sure you never forget who you belong to."

Lily arches into my touch, moaning at my dirty talk.

I pump my fingers in and out, setting a relentless rhythm. Her moans grow louder, more desperate, while her hips move in time with my thrusts. I curl my fingers inside her, hitting that sweet spot that makes her cry out my name. The sound ignites something primal within me, a hunger that only she can sate.

"That's right, give in to me," I croon. Her head thrashes on the pillow, soft moans spilling from her lips. I circle her clit with my thumb until she's right on the edge, then send her right over.

I pull my fingers out and lick them clean, savoring the taste of our mixed arousal. Lily tries to pull away and get up, but I force her back down.

“I’m not done with you yet,” I growl, positioning my cock at her entrance. I thrust into her in one smooth motion, filling her completely, setting a hard, punishing pace, each thrust deeper and harder than the last.

“You’re mine now,” I tell her. “No other man will ever touch you again.” I fuck her with long, deep strokes, angling to hit that sweet spot inside her. “Say it,” I demand, my voice rough with need. “Tell me who you belong to.”

She hesitates, biting her lip, but I slam into her harder, making her gasp.

“Say it!” I command again.

“You!” she cries out, her voice breaking. “I belong to you!”

A satisfied smirk curls my lips as I drive into her with renewed intensity. Her walls clamp around me, and I feel her shatter beneath me.

“Come for me,” I groan into her ear. “Be my dirty little slut and come all over my cock again.”

My demand undoes her. She shudders violently beneath me, her pussy clenching me. I follow right after with a guttural groan, emptying myself inside her for the second time.

The mere sound of her soft little pants has my still-solid cock swelling. Lily gasps when she feels me move again.

“Cade, what are you?—”

I flip her onto all fours, still buried inside her. “I can’t get enough, angel. Fuck. You’re too fucking addictive.” My hands grip her so tightly I’ll leave bruises. Hell, I want to. “Feel how hard you make me, baby. Every inch of me is solid for you.”

She moans, the sound muffled by the pillow her face is buried in.

“That’s right, take it,” I growl, thrusting harder. My eyes narrow in on her tight little asshole, which would look fucking beautiful stretched around my cock. Baby steps, I coach myself. I lean over her, blanketing her body with mine as I fuck her.

“Tell me how it feels,” I demand, biting her shoulder.

“So good,” she whimpers. “You fill me up so good, Cade.”

I grin against her skin, fully aware I’ve shattered her resistance. Now she’s mine entirely. Reaching around, I rub her clit while thrusting into her.

“Come for me again.”

Lily shudders, her walls spasming around me as she climaxes once more. I groan at the sensation but maintain my pace.

I flip her onto her back to see her face twisted in pleasure. Her nails rake down my chest, leaving angry red trails.

“You’re insatiable,” she gasps as I pin her wrists above her head.

“For you? Always.” I crush my mouth to hers, swallowing her moans. She kisses me back hungrily, all hesitation gone now. She’s as desperate for me as I am for her.

I feel my third orgasm building, my thrusts becoming erratic. With a few more deep

strokes, I come again, emptying myself inside her.

I collapse on top of her, both of us breathing heavily. Slowly, I withdraw, watching my cum trickle out and stain the bedsheets.

Lily sighs, utterly spent.

“You’re completely and utterly mine,” I murmur possessively, tracing my fingers over the bite mark on her shoulder. The love bites and bruises are marks of my ownership, stirring a primal satisfaction deep within me.

I press a kiss to her temple, a newfound hunger awakening within me—an insidious need that only she can quell. “Ready for round four?” I whisper, my fingers already tracing provocative paths down her body.

“You’re going to be the death of me,” she breathes, looking utterly shocked that I’m ready to take her again so soon.

“We’re just getting started, angel,” I murmur, caressing her face. She gazes up at me with those big doe eyes, still dazed from pleasure. I’ve hooked her now—she’ll keep returning for more.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

I wake with a sweet ache between my thighs and a warmth beneath my head. Dazed from sleep, I nestle against the warmth, groaning softly.

“Hey there, angel,” a deep voice murmurs into my ear, setting me on edge.

And then it all comes flooding back. A mix of shame and heat slams into me at once.

Cade.

I startle out of his arms and the bed, my heart pounding erratically.

He chuckles. “No use being scared of me now. I filled you with so much fucking cum already. What point is there resisting now?”

The memory of how this insane man made me feel hits me again, and I can feel myself slick between my thighs. When I opened my eyes to see him between my thighs with his huge thick cock against my pussy and that mask on, I almost died. From both shock and arousal.

I stand there frozen, unable to tear my eyes away from him. Cade is sprawled out on my bed like he owns it and me. And the worst part is, a dark part of me wishes he did.

No. I can't think like that. This man is dangerous. He's broken into my home and violated me in the worst possible way. I need to get away from him before...before what? Before he does something else to me? Something I might secretly want him to do?

No! Stop. I take a deep breath, trying to calm my racing heart.

“Get out,” I say, my voice trembling.

Cade smirks. “Make me.”

Anger flashes through me. How dare he? I march over to the bed and try to pull him up by the arm. He doesn’t budge. Of course not. He’s so much stronger than me.

His hand encircles my wrist, firm but gentle. I freeze again. His touch makes my skin tingle. Makes heat pool low in my belly. I bite my lip, torn between fear and desire.

“See?” he purrs. “You don’t really want me to leave.”

His other hand trails up my thigh. I shudder but don’t pull away.

“We both know how this ends,” he says, his eyes burning into mine. “So why fight it?”

My resolve weakens. Maybe he’s right. Maybe some part of me wants this. Wants him.

No! I can’t. I try again to wrench my wrist from his grasp, but he holds me fast. And then he yanks me forward and forces me to straddle him, his thick cock resting against my pussy.

“God, baby. I love it when you fight. It’s so fucking sexy.” He kisses me, and I melt into the kiss, moaning as his tongue tangles with mine. His lips trail down my neck, making the hair on the back of it stand on end.

My mind spirals as Cade’s lips ignite a searing path down my neck. His hands clutch my hips, anchoring me firmly atop him. I should resist, should scream, should do

anything to get this dangerous, obsessed man from my home and my bed.

But my traitorous body has other ideas. Heat pools between my legs as his erection presses against me. My nipples pebble almost painfully against the thin fabric of my tank top. I bite my lip to hold in a moan as his tongue darts out to trace along my collarbone.

What's happening to me? I've never felt such an overpowering desire; I never wanted someone so much that it consumed all rational thought. Cade terrifies me yet excites me, awakening some dark need I never knew existed within me.

His hands slip under my top, rough, callused palms grazing the sensitive skin of my waist and ribs. I gasp, arching into his touch before I can stop myself. Cade growls approvingly, nipping at my shoulder with his teeth.

"That's it, give in," he rasps into my ear. "You want more of my cum, don't you. I can feel how wet you are. How greedy that beautiful little cunt is to be filled."

Shame floods me at his crude words, but worse, I know they're true. My thin cotton panties are soaked through. And as Cade continues his relentless assault on my senses, I feel myself growing slicker by the second.

With a swift move, he flips us so I'm pinned beneath him on the bed. Cade's dark eyes are blazing with lust and obsession, glaring at me and grinding his dick against my pussy, making me whimper and clutch at his muscular shoulders.

"Please..." I whisper.

Cade smirks, trailing one hand down to stroke me through my panties. "I know exactly what you need, angel."

My thighs fall open of their own accord, and he groans appreciatively. In one quick motion, he rips my tank top and panties off, baring me completely to his heated gaze.

Cade's head dips between my legs, and I cry out as his tongue finds my slick heat. He laps hungrily at me, growling against my flesh as my fingers tangle in his hair.

"Oh fuck, your pussy tastes sweet as hell, but it's even hotter tasting my cum still mixed with yours," he growls, staring up at me with wild eyes. "I love filling you with cum, breeding your tight cunt. I'll never get enough of it."

I'm thankful that despite being a virgin, I've been on the pill since I was eighteen. A baby with a psychopath is the last thing I need to worry about right now. And I can't deny that it turns me on like nothing before, feeling him cum inside me. He kept watching me push it out, telling me how beautiful it looked to see my pussy dripping with his seed.

Fuck.

I've lost my mind.

"Come for me, angel. I want to taste your come on my tongue." He slides his teeth against my clit, and I explode.

"Fuck, Cade!"

"That's it, baby. Scream my name."

It feels like my soul leaves my body as I shudder beneath him, his tongue still lapping at my clit.

How can a man be that skilled with his tongue?

I lay there panting, my body still trembling from the aftershocks of my orgasm. Cade hovers above me, eyes boring into mine with that same intense, obsessed look. Slowly, he lowers his head and captures my lips in a searing kiss. I moan into his mouth as his tongue caresses mine, making me taste our combined pleasure.

Despite everything, I can't resist kissing him back hungrily. The way he makes me feel is like nothing I've ever experienced before. My hands slide up his muscular back as our bodies press together. I can feel his erection straining against me, and I shift my hips, desperate for more friction.

Cade breaks the kiss with a growl and pins my hands above my head. "Don't tempt me, angel. I need to be buried balls deep in this tight little pussy again, but I'm already fucking late for work."

I whine in frustration, which makes him chuckle darkly. "Patience." He kisses me again, more gently, this time. "I need you to be a good girl and attend the carnival tonight. Come late, near closing time. This was a preview of what's to come."

My mind is hazy with conflicting emotions, but I nod in agreement. Cade kisses down my neck as his hand slides between my legs again. I gasp as he strokes my still-sensitive flesh. "Fuck. Look how wet you are, angel. Your pussy is so greedy for me. It's hard for me to leave when you're like this."

I moan, my back arching off the bed as he slips two fingers inside me.

Cade groans. "Fuck, you're soaked." He rubs his cock against my pussy. "I can't get enough of making you come."

His fingers move between my thighs. I cry out as he rubs my clit with his thumb while his fingers work inside me. My second orgasm builds embarrassingly fast.

Cade growls in my ear. “Come for me. Be my good little slut and come all over my fingers.”

His words send me over the edge, and I climax hard, gushing around his fingers. Cade groans loudly. “Fuck yes, soak my hand, angel.”

I sink into the mattress beneath him, panting and spent. Slowly Cade withdraws his fingers from my dripping wet pussy. He brings them to his mouth and sucks them clean with a satisfied moan.

“You taste fucking incredible.” He kisses me again deeply. “I’ll have you again tonight, angel. Don’t forget who this pussy belongs to now.”

With that warning, he gets off the bed and pulls on his clothes before walking out the door. He pauses in the doorway to look back at me lying there, naked and well-fucked.

“You’re mine now, angel. And I take care of what’s mine.” Then he’s gone, disappearing, leaving me confused, aroused, and terrified of what comes next.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

Alice barges into my apartment about an hour after Cade leaves, eyes wide while she clutches my bag. I'm sitting in my robe at the table, eating a bowl of yogurt. "What the fuck, Lily?!"

My eyes widen. "Hello to you, too."

"You realize I've been trying to contact you since this morning asking when I could bring your stuff over? I thought you were fucking in a ditch murdered by a psychopath."

Shit.

My heart skips a beat. I'd been so wrapped up in the shit that happened last night, and today I hadn't even checked my phone.

I set down my yogurt, avoiding Alice's piercing gaze.

"I'm sorry, I haven't checked my phone..." My voice trails off as flashes of this morning flood my mind. Cade's strong hands on my hips, his hot breath against my neck, the way he growled my name as he...

I shake my head, willing the memories away.

"Lily!" Alice's sharp voice snaps me back. "What the hell is going on with you?"

I rub my temples, the beginnings of a headache forming. "It's nothing, really. I overslept this morning and have been chilling," I lie.

Alice narrows her eyes, clearly not buying it. She grabs my chin, turning my head side to side, examining me. “Why do you have bruises on your neck? And bite marks?”

I jerk away, tugging my robe closed. Shit. I’d forgotten about the marks Cade left.

“Did someone hurt you?” Alice asks, voice laced with concern.

“No, no, it’s not like that.” I avoid her gaze. How can I even begin to explain? That I let a dangerous man into my bed, and I liked it?

“Lily.” Alice’s voice softens. “You know you can tell me anything. I’m here for you, okay?”

I nod, tears pricking my eyes. I want to confess it all—the visits at the diner, the carnival last night, the break-in last night, how he makes me feel—but the words stick in my throat. It’s all too insane.

“It was a hookup, that’s all,” I mumble instead. “I’m fine, really.”

Alice’s brow furrows. “A hookup? Are you saying you’re no longer a virgin?”

I shrug, wishing I could sink into the floor.

“What the fuck? Who did you have sex with?”

I swallow hard, unable to meet her gaze. “It’s not important.”

“The hell it’s not. You said you were waiting until you found the right guy, so who is this right guy exactly?” She sits down opposite me and clears her throat. “Look at me, I’m your best friend. You can tell me anything.”

I sigh heavily, knowing she's right. "I slept with my stalker," I murmur quietly.

Alice stiffens, eyes narrowing. "Did he force himself on you?"

I shake my head. "No. I mean... I don't think so. Fuck, I don't know. I was desperate for him, and one thing led to another."

"Did he break in?"

I bite my bottom lip. "Yeah..."

"You need to call the cops." She grabs her cell phone and dials, but I stop her.

"No. I don't want to. It may sound crazy, but I want to see where this goes."

Alice's eyes are as wide as saucers.

I drop my gaze, unable to meet her shocked stare out of shame. What the hell is wrong with me? I should be calling the cops, not confessing my twisted desires to my best friend.

"Lily..." Alice begins gently. "This guy broke into your home. He's dangerous."

I nod, chewing my bottom lip. Alice is right, of course. Cade is unstable, and I should stay far from him, but logic and reason fly out the window when I'm with him.

"I know," I say softly. "But when he looks at me, touches me... I feel things I've never felt before."

"Of course you do. You've got nothing to compare it to!" Alice shakes her head in disbelief. "He's got you all twisted up inside. This could end badly if you're not

careful.”

She’s trying to protect me, but her words sting. I’m not some naive girl being taken advantage of. I wanted Cade as much as he wanted me; it’s why I went to the carnival last night, even if I did resist at the start when I woke with him naked in my bed.

“I appreciate your concern,” I say evenly. “But I’m an adult. I can make my own choices.”

Alice opens her mouth to argue, but I hold up a hand. “Please, trust me on this.”

She purses her lips, clearly unhappy. But she nods.

“Thank you,” I say, relieved that the conversation is over. I stand up to give her a quick hug. I’m going to take a shower and get ready for the night shift. Otherwise, I’m going to be late.”

“Okay.” Alice picks up her purse. “But this conversation isn’t over. If he hurts you...”

“I know. You’ll kill him.” I give her a small smile.

She pulls me into another hug. “I’m here for you, always. Don’t forget that.”

I nod against her shoulder, fighting back a surge of tears. No matter what happens with Cade, my best friend is my anchor.

Once Alice leaves, I strip off my robe and step into the shower. As the hot water cascades over my skin, I think about what lies ahead.

I’m playing with fire but can’t resist the forbidden thrill. Cade makes me feel alive in a way I never dreamed possible. I’ll face the consequences if and when they come.

For now, I plan to savor every electrifying moment.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

“What the hell, man?” Ty demands as I stroll into the camp. “Where’ve you been?”

I smirk. “Sorry, got caught up.”

Suspicion flickers in his eyes. “Don’t tell me you’re still terrorizing that girl?”

I can’t help but chuckle at his choice of words. “I don’t think she’d call it terrorizing when she was screaming my name and coming on my cock for the seventh time,” I retort.

Ty raises an eyebrow, and a hint of admiration appears. “Nice,” he concedes, clapping me on the shoulder. “But seriously, we’ve got work to do. I can’t have you slacking off, chasing tail all day,” he adds sternly, making it clear I need to refocus on my job.

I nod, pushing thoughts of my angel from my mind. “You’re right, Ty. Let’s get to work.”

We head to the Tilt-A-Whirl, which has been making some concerning noises. I grab my toolbox and inspect the ride while Ty looks for kids trying to sneak onto the stationary rides.

After about an hour of tinkering, I have the Tilt-A-Whirl running smoothly again. Ty gives me an approving nod. “Good work. Why don’t you take a break? Grab some food from the vendors.”

My stomach rumbles at the suggestion. I realize I haven’t eaten since yesterday,

thanks to having to bury that worthless piece of shit last night. Then, there was my eagerness to visit Lily this morning. “Yeah, sounds good.”

I wander through the fairgrounds, the smell of popcorn and hot dogs filling the air. My mind keeps drifting back to Lily, though. The way she gasped and arched her back when I?—

No, stop it, I tell myself. Focus on work. There will be time for more of that later.

I buy a corn dog and a Coke, then sit down to eat. Lars joins me with his own corn dog. “Hey man, Ty mentioned you’ve been spending time with one of the local girls?”

I grin. “Yeah, you could say that. She’s a sweet girl who works at the diner in town. Her name’s Lily.”

Lars raises an eyebrow. “And?”

“And I fucked her brains out. Took her virginity too,” I admit.

“Shit, really?” Lars looks impressed. “How’d you manage that so fast?”

I chuckle. “It wasn’t hard. She resisted at first, but I could tell she wanted it. She needed a strong man to show her what she’s been missing.”

Lars nods, but I can see a flicker of concern in his eyes. “So what, you’re banging her while we’re here?”

“Nah, it’s more than that.” I take a big bite of my corn dog. “She’s mine now. I’m going to take her with me when we leave.”

“Seriously?” Lars frowns. “Don’t you think that’s a bit much? You just met her.”

I shake my head. “Doesn’t matter. I knew the second I saw her that she belonged to me.”

“Will she agree to come with you?” he asks.

That is where things get tricky.

I take another bite of my corn dog as I consider Lars’ question. Convincing Lily to accompany me won’t be easy, but I’m confident I’ll succeed.

“She’ll come around,” I say casually. “I need more time with her. She won’t want to let me go once she knows how good I can make her feel.”

Lars still looks uncertain. “I don’t know. Girls don’t usually take well to being forced into things.”

I bristle at the implication. “I’m not forcing her into anything,” I say defensively. “I’m helping her see what’s best for her.”

Lars holds up his hands. “Hey, no judgment. All I’m saying is to be smart about it. Don’t get yourself into trouble over a girl.”

I nod, seeing his point. One wrong move, and I could lose my angel for good.

“I’ll be careful,” I assure him. “Believe me, I don’t intend to let her slip away. She’s perfect for me. I have to make her see that.”

Lars seems mollified by this. “Alright, man, as long as you know what you’re doing.” He stands up, having finished his food. “I should get back to work. The

graviton has been acting up again.”

“Yeah, I should head back too,” I say, crumpling my empty food wrappers and following Lars back toward the rides.

My mind is already racing ahead to tonight when Lily agreed to visit me. This time, I’ll make sure we’re not interrupted. I lick my lips in anticipation, imagining how I plan to claim her again tonight.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

After applying bold red lipstick and adjusting my daringly short skirt, I'm ready for tonight. Cade makes me feel alive in a way I've never experienced, as my life has always felt mundane.

Since my mom abandoned me in foster care when I was eight, I've merely survived. When I was little, I moved from one foster home to another until I found stability at Willow Creek. Eventually, I was old enough to venture out independently, securing a job at the diner and renting my apartment.

But when Cade touches me, I feel truly alive. No longer merely surviving. And tonight, I want to explore whatever this is between us.

The cool night air raises goosebumps on my bare legs as I walk down the dimly lit street toward the carnival. I tug self-consciously at my short skirt, wondering if I should have chosen something more modest. But I want Cade to desire me, to be unable to resist ravishing my body again.

Under the orange glow of the streetlights, I feel exposed, worrying that anyone who peeks out their window will see me heading toward my late-night meetup in my slutty outfit. My heartbeat quickens when I near the carnival's colorful lights and muffled music. Cade didn't give me any instructions, so I don't know where to find him once I arrive.

Slipping through the front gate, I'm enveloped by the sights and sounds of the carnival. The rides remain lit but mostly still, with a few spinning slowly with their last evening passengers. I wander aimlessly at first, trying to figure out where to look for Cade. A giggling group of teenagers brushes past me toward the exit.

Despite the scattered fairgoers, I feel conspicuous in my outfit. A creeping sensation of being watched gnaws at me, making me scan the crowd for any sign of Cade, my anticipation mingling with nerves.

Where could he be?

“Are you looking for me, baby?” A deep, sinful voice demands from the shadows.

I swallow hard, turning toward the voice as he emerges. His eyes slowly travel down my body before he approaches and pulls me tight against him. “This fucking skirt is too short,” he growls, eyes flashing with rage. “Did you walk through town in this?”

“Yes,” I breathe.

“I never want you to wear anything this short again in public, do you understand?”

I bite my lip. “I wore it for you.”

His lips curl into a smirk. “I know, angel, but other men can ogle what is mine, and I don’t fucking want that, got it?”

The possessive tone of his voice drives me wild. “Yes.”

My heart races as Cade’s strong arms wrap around me, pulling my body flush against his. I feel the heat of his breath on my neck and tilt my head back, exposing my throat to him.

“That’s my good girl,” he purrs. “You know who you belong to, don’t you?”

I whimper in response, the ache between my thighs intensifying. I’ve never wanted someone or something this badly.

Cade's calloused hand trails my thigh, pushing my tiny skirt higher. His fingers brush over the thin lace of my panties, and I gasp.

"Already so wet for me," he chuckles darkly. "Tell me what you want, Lily."

"You," I breathe. "I want you, Cade."

He rewards me with a searing kiss, his tongue invading my mouth aggressively. I cling to his muscular frame, grinding my hips against the growing bulge in his jeans.

Cade breaks the kiss, piercing eyes scanning the dimly lit carnival grounds. Most people have left for the night.

"Come with me," he commands gruffly, taking my hand and leading me between the rides and game booths.

We arrive at a trailer labeled Employees Only, and Cade unlocks the door, glancing around before pushing me inside. My heart hammers in my chest, and I feel nervous and excited.

The trailer is dark and cramped. Cade doesn't bother turning on the light. I hear the door lock click behind us.

"On your knees," he orders.

I obey without hesitation, feeling the worn carpet scratch beneath my bare knees. Fumbling in the darkness, I finally free his thick cock from his belt. He hisses as I eagerly take him into my mouth.

"That's right, suck me good like the dirty girl you are," he groans above me, his hand fisting my hair.

I lose myself in pleasuring him, gagging each time his length hits the back of my throat. His musky scent and taste overwhelm my senses.

After several minutes, Cade roughly pulls me off him. “Bend over the table,” he commands through ragged breaths. “I’m going to fuck that tight pussy raw.”

I comply eagerly, my skirt hiking up over my hips as I bend over the rickety table. I wiggle my ass enticingly, letting out an impatient whine.

Cade smacks my ass hard, making me yelp. “Such an eager slut,” he growls before I hear his belt hit the floor.

A moment later, he slams into me without warning, stretching my walls deliciously. I cry out, bracing myself against the table while he fucks me. The trailer creaks and sways with the force of his thrusts.

“You like that, don’t you? Like getting fucked hard and rough in secret,” Cade hisses in my ear, one hand fisting my hair while the other digs into my hip.

“Yes, yes!” I gasp, pushing back to meet each punishing thrust. The mix of pain and pleasure is intoxicating.

He straightens and grabs my shoulders, using them as leverage to hammer into me even harder. The table edges dig into my hips, but I don’t care. I’m lost in ecstasy, my mouth hanging open, little whimpers escaping with every slap of his skin against mine.

“That’s right, take this cock. Take it like the filthy slut you are,” Cade growls through clenched teeth.

His degrading words make me clench around him. I’m close, so close. Just a little

more...

Suddenly, Cade stops mid-thrust and pulls out abruptly. I cry out in frustration, trying to push back against him, but he holds my hips firmly, denying me release.

“Not yet,” he rasps. “Tonight is going to be a long night. I’m nowhere near done with you.”

His strong arms flip me over roughly, hoisting my ass onto the table. I wrap my legs around his waist as he thrusts back into me, resuming his relentless rhythm. The table creaks and shakes violently beneath us.

I rake my nails down his muscular back, writhing in ecstasy as he repeatedly hits that sweet spot deep within me.

“You feel so damn good,” Cade groans, his face buried in my neck. He nips and sucks the sensitive skin there, undoubtedly leaving marks.

My cries of pleasure echo through the cramped trailer, and I’m aware we could be caught at any moment, but I’m too far gone to care.

Suddenly, he hooks his arms under my knees and pushes them up against my chest. The new angle allows him to penetrate me so deep it feels like he’s trying to split me in two.

“Oh god, yes!” I whimper, completely at his mercy.

Cade’s eyes blaze with lust. “I’m going to make you come so hard you see stars,” he promises through gritted teeth.

I nod frantically, teetering on the edge. His thumb finds my clit, and that’s all it takes.

My orgasm crashes over me, my vision going white. I let out a keening wail that Cade muffles with his hand.

He continues to fuck me through my climax, and when I think I can't take it anymore, a second orgasm rips through me, more powerful than the first.

I convulse and shudder beneath Cade helplessly. He pins me down, using my overstimulated body purely for his pleasure now.

“That’s two. Let’s see how many more I can wring out of you tonight.” There’s a dark delight dancing in his eyes.

I moan, equal parts protest and needy desire. I’m not sure my body can handle much more, but Cade won’t stop until satisfied.

After a few more rough minutes, Cade’s thrusts start to falter. He buries himself to the hilt with a long groan, his cock pulsing inside me as he finds his release and fills me with his cum.

I cling to him weakly as he collapses on top of me, our hearts hammering in unison. We stay locked together for long moments, catching our breath.

Finally, Cade moves, pulling out slowly and tucking himself back into his jeans. I wince at the ache between my legs, sitting up gingerly. My inner thighs are slick with our combined release.

Cade smirks, clearly proud of how thoroughly he ravaged me. “Clean yourself up. Then it’s time for round two.”

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

I was so fucking desperate for her I lost control and gave her my cock right away, which was not the plan.

Now, it's time to play. I lace my fingers with Lily's, squeezing as I lead her back to the engineer's tent. Where all my favorite tools will make her scream. The wrench, the hammer, the reciprocal saw with the dildo, and my drill with the dildo attachment, too. This girl won't know what fucking hit her.

"Are you ready to have fun, baby?" I demand.

She bites her kiss-swollen bottom lip and nods. "Yes, Cade."

I lead Lily into the tent, my grip tight on her hand. Inside, tools and equipment are strewn about haphazardly. I sweep my arm across the table, clattering wrenches and drill bits to the floor.

"Bend over," I order.

Lily obeys, leaning over the table and presenting her bare ass to me. I give it a sharp smack, leaving a red handprint on her pale skin. She gasps.

I roughly spread her legs apart, then reach between them to feel her pussy. She's sopping wet already. Perfect. Grabbing a hammer off the floor, I trail the cold steelhead along her inner thigh.

"We're going to have so much fun, baby," I purr.

I press the hammer against her slick folds, letting her feel the weight of it. Lily shivers in anticipation. Slowly, I push the handle into her tight cunt. Her lips stretch around the unforgiving metal, swallowing it inch by inch.

Once it's fully seated inside her, I start pumping the hammer in and out. Lily moans loudly as I fuck her with it. I pick up the pace, ramming into her harder and faster. The wet squelch of her arousal echoes in the tent.

"You like that, you dirty slut?" I growl.

"Yes, yes!" she cries.

I continue reaming her with the hammer, watching her ass jiggle with each brutal thrust. The image of the hammer still deep in her cunt and my cock in her ass makes me wild. Soon, I coach myself. Soon, I'll have her stretched open and gaping for me. Her moans get louder and higher-pitched. I can tell she's getting close.

But I'm not ready for her to come yet. I want to keep playing with my new favorite fucking toy.

I slow my pace to keep her on edge, continuing to fuck her at an agonizingly unhurried speed. Lily whines in frustration, trying to push her hips back and take it deeper. I laugh and smack her ass again.

"Not yet, baby. We've got all night."

Anticipation coils in my gut. This engineer's tent has so many fun tools to violate Lily with.

I pull the hammer out of Lily's cunt, eliciting a whimper from her. Strings of her cum cling to the handle, placing it aside.

“Don’t worry, baby, I’ve got something even better for you,” I promise.

Reaching for my toolbox, I open it up and rummage through it. I select the smaller wrench I used on her before Duke interrupted us last night, admiring its weight and thickness.

“Spread those cheeks for me,” I order.

Lily reaches back and pulls her ass cheeks apart, presenting her tight little hole to me. Time to see how well my angel takes it in the ass. I drizzle some lubricant directly onto her puckered rim, watching it glisten.

“What are you?—“

I spank her ass. “Quiet. You’re mine, and that means this tight little asshole is mine to play with too.”

She gasps when she feels the cold, slippery lube makes contact with her hot flesh. I take my time, massaging it into her tight ring with my fingers, teasing and prodding enough to keep her on edge. Her breath hitches every time I circle her sweet spot. I feel her whole body trembling in anticipation. I lean forward, my lips brushing against her ear as I whisper, “You’re going to take every inch of this wrench, baby.”

I press the tip of the wrench against her asshole, slowly applying pressure until her sphincter gives way. Her body tenses before I visible shudder travels through her the moment I press it inside.

Lily cries out the moment her ass swallows the head. Her noises stir that primal part of me. Slowly, deliciously, I push the wrench deeper, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps as her body adjusts to the intrusion.

“That’s my good girl,” I murmur, my voice dark and gravelly with desire. “Take it all... just like that.” Her tight anal ring stretches around the unyielding metal.

Before long, she’s panting and moaning, her knuckles white as she grips the edge of the table.

Once I’ve buried the wrench to the hilt in her ass, I start thrusting it in and out. Lily howls, her tight hole clenching around the invading tool. I pound her brutally, enjoying the sight of her ass cheeks rippling with each merciless thrust.

“You feel that tearing up your ass, angel?” I growl.

“Oh god, yes!” she screams.

I continue fucking her asshole with it, twisting and corkscrewing the wrench inside her. Lily is sobbing and shaking, completely overwhelmed. Her gaping hole flutters helplessly around the wrench as I ravage her.

My cock is so hard and leaking in my briefs while I watch her take the anal abuse so well. But I’ve got more in store for my little angel.

I slip the wrench out of Lily’s ass, hearing her grunt as her hole snaps back to its original tightness. She pants heavily, sweat beading on her lower back.

“Lie down on the crate over there on your back,” I demand, pointing at it.

She does as she’s told, immediately lying down and watching me with desperate need.

I grin and grab the reciprocating saw off the bench.

Lily screams when she sees it and scrambles off the crate, looking for an escape. “You said you wouldn’t hurt me!” She cries when she sees I’m blocking the only exit.

Marching toward her, I grab her wrist. Her eyes are wide with fear as she stares at the saw in my hands, shaking. “Calm down, baby. I’ve got an attachment for it. A dildo attachment. Now lie the fuck down. I’m not going to hurt you, and you know it.”

She glances between me and the saw, chewing her lip. “Okay,” she breathes, but her gaze is still uncertain.

I ignore her fear, remove the blade from the saw, and then grab the dildo attachment to replace it.

“See? It’s just a toy,” I say, holding the modified saw for her to see. She hesitates, her chest rising and falling rapidly. Still, she takes a deep breath and lowers herself onto the crate.

I approach slowly, watching her every reaction. “Good girl,” I murmur, stroking her thigh with one hand while holding the saw in the other. Her skin is warm and trembling slightly under my touch. My heart rate accelerates, the thrill of control coiling tightly in my chest.

I slide the dildo inside her soaking wet cunt before turning it on. The moment I turn it on, she gasps.

She arches her back, the vibrations making her moan loudly. “Fuck, that feels good,” she whispers, eyes fluttering shut. I move the saw slowly at first, letting her adjust to the sensation. Her breath becomes more ragged, and her hands grip the edges of the crate.

I smirk, increasing the speed slightly. “You like that, don’t you?”

“Yes, I love it,” she moans, her hips beginning to move in rhythm with the thrusts. Her body responds willingly, making my grin widen. I feel a surge of satisfaction at her submission, enjoying the power I hold over her.

Her moans grow louder, echoing through the room. “Please, don’t stop,” she begs, writhing under the relentless vibrations. I lean in, pressing my lips against her ear.

“I won’t, baby. Not until you’ve come for me,” I mutter, speeding up the movements. Her body tenses, her orgasm approaching rapidly. I hold the saw steady, ensuring the dildo hits the right spot over and over.

With a final, breathless cry, she shudders violently, the orgasm ripping through her. Her walls clench tightly around the toy, her entire body quaking. I slowly withdraw the dildo, turn off the saw, and place it aside.

“Time to try one of my other favorite toys,” I say, grabbing my drill off the bench and attaching another dildo to it. “This one can go in your pretty ass.”

She shudders, moaning softly when she feels me squirt lube onto her tight little hole.

“Are you ready, baby?”

Lily nods eagerly, glancing over her shoulder at me.

I position the drill at her entrance and let the tip tease her, circling it around her puckered hole. Her breath hitches in anticipation, her body trembling with fear and excitement. I press the tip against her, giving her time to adjust before slowly pushing it in. Her moans fill the room, her body tensing and then relaxing as she gets used to the sensation.

“You’re doing so well,” I murmur, leaning down to kiss the small of her back.

Her hips push back, craving more, and I oblige, pressing the dildo deeper. I keep the movements slow and steady, allowing her to savor every inch. Her nails dig into the edges of the crate, her gasps and moans becoming more urgent with each thrust. It’s not even on yet.

I watch her closely, noting the way her body shudders with pleasure. “Do you want me to turn it on?” I ask, my voice low and teasing.

“Yes, please,” she begs.

I turn on the drill, and the dildo goes in circles in her ass, making her gasp in shock. “How does that feel, angel?”

Her response is a breathless moan, her body quivering in pleasure. “So good,” she whispers, her voice barely audible over the hum of the drill. I increase the speed slightly, watching as her back arches, crying out in pure ecstasy.

“You’re such a good girl,” I praise, my free hand caressing her lower back. Her reactions spur me on, and I slowly build up the speed, the vibrations sending shockwaves of pleasure through her. Lily’s hands grip the edges of the crate harder, her knuckles turning white.

“I can’t... it’s too much,” she gasps, her eyes squeezed shut.

“Just a little more,” I coax, my voice soothing yet commanding. The drill continues its relentless assault, bringing her closer and closer to the edge. I can see it in the way her body writhes, the way her breath hitches, and the desperate sounds she makes.

“Please... I’m going to...” she starts, but the words trail off into a scream when she

finally reaches her peak. Her body spasms around the toy, the intensity of her orgasm taking her by surprise.

I gradually slow the drill, letting her ride out every last wave of pleasure before turning it off. Gently, I withdraw the dildo, watching as she collapses onto the crate.

“Get on all fours,” I demand. “It’s time for the main event.”

Lily immediately drops to her knees, looking at me over her shoulder with an expression of desperate need.

“Now it’s time to see how you take both simultaneously.”

Her eyes widen while I add more lube to her slightly gaping ass. “Cade, I can’t?—“

I spank her ass to silence her, groping the stinging flesh. “You can and you will.”

Grabbing the reciprocating saw, I push it back into her tight little cunt while it’s powered down. And then, I grab the drill and stick the dildo back in her ass.

Lily cries out, shuddering. “Oh my God, it’s so full...”

I turn on the drill first, starting slow as the dildo rotates inside Lily’s ass. She gasps and moans, pushing her hips back. I increase the speed gradually, watching her hole stretch around the spinning toy.

“You like having your ass fucked, don’t you?” I growl.

“Yes, yes!” she cries out.

Once I have the drill on high, I flip the switch on the reciprocating saw. As it powers

up, the dildo buzzes to life deep in her pussy.

Lily screams in ecstasy and shock as both her holes are stimulated at once. I start thrusting the saw, fucking her cunt in rhythm with the spinning dildo tearing up her ass. Her moans turn to unintelligible babbling, the overwhelming sensations driving her wild.

I increase the drill's speed, watching her cunt spasm around the dildo attachment. Her slick juices coat the shaft, dripping down onto the crate below. The drill whirls around in her asshole, stretching it wide.

"That's right, take it like the cock-hungry slut you are, baby," I growl.

The machines allow me to fuck her with inhuman speed and force. The sounds of the drill and saw drown out her wailing. Lily's arms give out, and her top half collapses onto the crate. Still, I keep a bruising grip on her hips, holding her ass up to continue the double penetration.

At the same time, the saw buzzes unrelentingly in her pussy. Her swollen clit is pressed tight to the base, the vibrations resonating through her entire core.

"Fuck, I can't...I can't..." she gasps.

"You'll take it as long as I want you to," I snarl.

I increase the speed again, the drill whirring frantically inside her spasming cunt. Lily shrieks, her body wracked with tremors. Her holes clench and flutter around the tools, but I keep going.

Drool leaks from her open mouth, and her eyes roll back while I utterly demolish her. I've never seen her come so hard before when a flood of liquid squirts around the

dildo in her cunt, her orgasm seemingly endless, wracking her body over and over.

I can tell she's come two, maybe three times in a row, overwhelmed by the brutal double penetration. Her arms and legs shake while she remains on all fours. I grab a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back.

"You don't come again until I allow it, you greedy girl," I hiss in her ear. "Understand, angel?"

"Yes, yes!" she sobs.

I continue, enjoying her whimpers and moans. Her body glistens with sweat, her ass jiggling lewdly. I'm drunk on power, high on dominating my angel.

Soon I'll coat her insides with my hot cum, claiming every inch of her body. But not before I've had my playtime.

Lily is my toy to use however I wish. I'll play with her all night, fucking her raw with my tools until she's a shattered mess. Only then will I give her my cock.

And the night's still so very young. My twisted games have only just begun.

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I've lost the plot.

While I come for the sixth? Maybe the seventh time while Cade fucks me in both holes with his tools, I can hardly think straight.

Who the fuck knew that being taken in hand by a crazy psychopath would be this fucking good?

He pulls the lubed dildo attached to the drill out of my ass and turns off the saw, sliding it out of my slick pussy and leaving me so empty. I've never felt an ache so intense.

"Cade, no," I whine.

Cade chuckles, the sound sending a shiver down my spine. "Don't worry, angel. I'm not done with you yet."

He flips me back onto my stomach, my cheek pressed against the cold concrete floor. I feel the cool metal of handcuffs clicking around my wrists as he restrains me.

"Can't have you trying to get away before I'm finished," he murmurs. Rough hands grab my hips, positioning me on my knees with my ass in the air and my face pressed against the cold concrete floor.

Cade's palm cracks against my backside, and I yelp. "You've been a very good girl. I think you need to be rewarded."

I whimper, equal parts fear and arousal swirling inside me. My thighs are slick with juices, and I shouldn't want this, but god help me, I do.

The hot head of his cock nudges my entrance, and then he pushes inside, stretching me wide. I cry out, the mix of pain and pleasure overwhelming.

He thrusts into me with a raw, primal force that steals my breath. Each movement is deliberate, driving deeper into me, and all I can do is cling to the sensation lost in the waves of ecstasy and torment. His grip on my hips tightens, bruising but grounding, pulling me closer with every powerful stroke.

"You love this, don't you?" he growls. "Being used."

My face burns with shame, but I can't deny it. His depraved words only heighten my arousal.

My cries echo in the tent, intertwining with his guttural moans, a symphony of raw desire. Each thrust sends sparks of pleasure shooting through me, building toward a crescendo that promises sweet oblivion.

"You're mine," he growls, the words vibrating through my body. I can feel his possession in every thrust, the way he claims me completely and without reservation. There's no escape, no room for protest, just an all-consuming surrender.

I'm close, so close, another orgasm building deep inside. His thrusts become more erratic, a testament to his own nearing climax. The friction between us is a white-hot blaze, each movement stoking the fire until it threatens to consume us both. My moans turn into desperate cries, my body taut and trembling as the orgasm crescendos within me.

"Come for me," he commands, his voice guttural and raw, each word a caress to my

frayed nerves.

The command sends me over the edge, and I come hard, my vision whiting out. The orgasm crashes through me, a tsunami of pleasure that leaves no part of me untouched. My body convulses around him, muscles tightening, and I scream his name, the sound reverberating through the tent.

His own release follows a guttural roar ripping from his throat as he thrusts deeply one last time. I feel the warmth of his cum, the final, possessive claim that leaves us both spent and trembling. Cade collapses on top of me, his harsh breaths loud in my ear.

“I’m not done with you yet,” he says darkly, and I shiver in anticipation. “That ass needs stretching around my cock, next.”

I whimper at the thought of Cade’s thick cock stretching my ass wide open. As much as it scares me, the thought also makes me unbearably aroused.

Cade’s fingers dig into my hips as he lines himself up, the thick head of his cock teasing my tight hole. The anticipation is electric, a knot of nerves and excitement coiled tightly in my belly. “Relax for me, baby,” he murmurs.

I do my best to obey, forcing my body to loosen up. Cade pushes forward slowly, and I cry out at the burning stretch since he’s so much thicker than the dildo. He doesn’t stop until he’s buried to the hilt inside me.

“Fuck, you’re so tight,” Cade groans. He gives me a moment to adjust before drawing his hips back and snapping them forward. “Your ass is more perfect than I ever imagined.”

I bury my face in the crook of my arm, muffling my cries as Cade falls into a steady

rhythm. His cock stretches my ass beyond anything I've ever imagined, the sensation overwhelming.

Cade's thrusts grow more brutal, using my body for his pleasure, and it feels so fucking good. "That's my good girl, take it like the good little slut you are. My good little slut."

My cheeks burn with humiliation even while my arousal drips onto the floor below. One day I'm a virgin, and the next, I'm being used like a fucktoy in both holes, and it shocks me how much I love it. Crave it, even.

"Your ass is gripping me like a goddamn vice," he groans, grabbing the back of my neck and forcing me upright so his chest is pressed against my back. "So fucking perfect. Aren't you, baby?" He thrusts at this angle drive even deeper, and he wraps an arm around my throat, partially blocking my air supply.

"Oh fuck, Cade," I groan, arching my back.

"That's it, baby, say my name. I want you to scream it while you come apart with my cock in your ass."

Cade's movements become erratic while he chases his release, too. I whimper and clench around him, spurring him on.

"Fuck, I'm coming!" I scream, unable to help it, as my entire body shudders violently against him. Never before have I felt pleasure so intense. My body feels like jelly while Cade pumps two more times, groaning loudly as he spills his cum in my ass.

Cade collapses on top of me, his chest heaving against my back. I'm spent and sore but craving more already despite the soreness.

He kisses the back of my neck softly. “You really are an angel, Lily. My angel,” he breathes, and I’ve never felt more special. And I realize how fucked up that is. That this man who stalked and harassed me to the point I slept with him is the only person to ever make me feel cherished, but it’s how I feel.

Cade gets off me, his semi-hard cock slipping out of my abused ass. And then he sits down and pulls me onto his lap, cradling me. “Rest now, but it won’t be long until I’m ready for more.”

I shudder at the thought. My body feels utterly spent, but my mind is excited at the idea of experiencing more of this insane pleasure with a completely unhinged man. I can’t resist Cade’s dangerous allure.

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I wipe down the counter at the diner, lost in thought. Cade and I have been inseparable these past few days, existing in our own private world. But reality always comes crashing back in.

The carnival is only in town for another week. Then Cade will pack up and move on to the next town while I remain here, returning to my normal, mundane life. The clock is already counting down on our whirlwind romance.

Since we haven't discussed it, I don't know what will happen when Cade leaves. We've both been avoiding the subject, wanting to pretend our time together could last forever. Still, soon, we'll have to face the inevitable goodbye.

My heart aches at the thought of him leaving. I've never felt as alive as I do with Cade. He awakens something primal and passionate inside me that I didn't know existed. I can't imagine not feeling that anymore.

"Morning, stranger," Alice says.

I'm so deep in thought that I don't even hear the bell ring over the door. "Morning! What are you doing here?" My brow furrows. "Shouldn't you be at work?"

Alice works at the attorneys' office in town and is always in on weekdays.

"I've taken a week off," she states.

My brow furrows. "Oh, I thought you had that big case this week."

“We do, but I needed a break and have loads of holiday.”

“And Mr. Carter was fine with you taking it this week? That’s a miracle.”

She laughs. “Right? It’s a miracle he lets me take any holiday at all.”

I wipe down the counter, avoiding Alice’s gaze. She’s been worried about me since I told her about my encounter with Cade. As much as I want to confide in my best friend about our relationship, it’s hard to put my feelings into words.

“So...” Alice says slowly. “Are you going to tell me what’s been going on with you and that stalker guy, or do I have to drag it out of you?”

I sigh, setting down my rag. “His name is Cade, and we’ve been seeing each other the past few days.”

Alice’s eyes go wide. “Seeing each other? Lily, this guy broke into your apartment and left you a bullet! How can you be hooking up with him?”

“I know it sounds crazy,” I say. “But when we’re together, it’s like nothing else matters. He makes me feel things I’ve never felt before.”

“Stockholm Syndrome things?” Alice asks pointedly.

I shake my head. “No, it’s not like that. He would never actually hurt me. The connection we have feels so intense and passionate.”

Alice looks skeptical. “Okay, but what happens when he leaves town? It can’t last.”

“I know. The carnival is only here another week. I don’t know what’ll happen after that.”

Alice reaches across the counter, squeezing my hand. “Just be careful, Lils. I don’t want to see you get hurt, physically or emotionally.” She clicks her tongue. “The guy is clearly unhinged. He could quite easily try to kidnap you.”

I bite my lip because that’s true. Cade’s mind doesn’t work like anyone I’ve ever met, and he might pull something crazy like that when the time comes.

“Believe me, I’m not stupid. I won’t let my guard down around him.”

Alice raises an eyebrow. “Letting him fuck you is kind of the definition of letting your guard down.”

I clear my throat. “Enough about me. What’s been going on with you? And why the sudden holiday?”

She shrugs. “Not a lot new going on. I need a rest.”

I sense the lie and notice the flash in her eyes before she averts her gaze. She’s not telling me something. Instead of pushing it, I nod in response. “Fair enough.”

The bell above the door chimes and I glance toward it, but I know before I see him who it is.

Cade.

Alice turns in her seat at the counter to face Cade as he approaches us. I can see the fire in her eyes. This isn’t good.

“So you’re the asshole who’s been stalking my friend,” Alice says, not even attempting to mask the contempt in her voice.

Cade smiles, unfazed. “And you must be the loudmouth best friend.”

“Damn right I am,” Alice shoots back. “And I think you’re a piece of shit for terrorizing Lily the way you did.”

I put my hand on Alice’s arm, trying to get her to dial it back. She’s trying to protect me, but her abrasiveness isn’t helping.

“It’s okay, Alice, really—” I start to say, but she barrels on.

“No, it’s not okay!” Alice exclaims. “This creep broke into your home, left threatening messages, and now you’re fine with him being around?”

Cade chuckles, seeming more amused than offended. “She’s not wrong. I was a bit of a bastard with my approach. But when I first saw Lily, I knew we belonged together. I had to make that happen, no matter what it took.”

I give Alice a pleading look, hoping she’ll hold back whatever retort is on the tip of her tongue. As much as they clash, they both mean a lot to me. I want us all to get along.

“Lily is too sweet to say it, but you need to back the hell off,” Alice says sharply. “She deserves better than some psycho carnie who is obsessed with her.”

Before I can interject, Cade leans on the counter, fixing Alice with an intense stare.

“Sweet little Lily loves how I make her feel,” he says in a low voice. “Isn’t that right, baby?”

My cheeks flush hot as I avoid Alice’s eyes. She means well, but I can speak for myself.

“Yes,” I reply.

He leans in and kisses me. It’s gentle at first but turns ravenous.

Alice clears her throat and we break apart. “Lily you never struck me as the type who would be into PDA.”

I never struck myself as that kind of person, but all rhyme and reason float away around Cade.

“Have you heard that Gareth has gone missing?”

I freeze, my eyes darting to Cade’s. There’s no emotion there. “No, how long has he been missing?”

“Just over four days now, I believe. Hewas last seen at the carnival.”

I feel my stomach drop at Alice’s words. IsGareth missing after being seen at the carnival? My mind races, thinking back to that night Cade and I were there. I remember Gareth approaching me, grabbing my arm, and getting aggressive when I told him to leave me alone. And then Cade showed up, beating Gareth senseless.

Did he kill Gareth after I ran? The thought makes my blood run cold. As much as Cade excites me, I know deep down he’s dangerous. Capable of violence and obsessiveness, and God knows what else.

But no, surely he wouldn’t actually kill someone, would he? Just because Gareth got a little too handsy with me? I glance sideways at Cade, searching his expressionless face for any hint of guilt. But as usual, I can’t get a read on him.

“That’s awful,” I say carefully. “I hope they find him soon.”

Cade shrugs. "I'm sure he's fine. Probably took off somewhere." His tone is casual, but there's an undercurrent to it that puts me even more on edge.

Alice frowns. "Without telling anyone? That doesn't seem like Gareth." She turns her gaze on me. "You were with Cade at the carnival that night? Did you see Gareth at all?"

My mouth goes dry. I don't want to lie to my best friend, but I also can't voice my suspicions about Cade aloud.

"Um, I don't remember," I hedge. "It was pretty crowded."

Cade slides his arm around my waist possessively. "We were a little preoccupied with each other to notice anyone else," he says with a wolfish grin.

I force a weak smile, acutely aware of Alice studying us. I wish I could tell her the truth about everything that night. But not here, not now, with Cade right beside me.

"Anyway," I say brightly, desperately trying to change the subject. "What else is new with you, Alice? You said you took off work this week?"

Alice still looks troubled, but she lets me redirect the conversation. As she chatters about her impromptu staycation, I focus on her words. But my thoughts keep drifting back to Gareth. And the very real possibility that Cade may have done something unthinkable.

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Lily is on edge when I pull her onto my lap. She's been on edge since we ran into her friend, who told her of Gareth's disappearance.

"What's on your mind, angel?" I ask.

She bites her lip. "I know you don't want me to say his name, but did you hurt the man who put his hands on me?"

I smirk. "You saw me hurt him, baby. You don't need to ask that."

The column of her throat bobs. "You know what I mean. Did you have anything to do with his disappearance?"

I firmly grip Lily's chin and tilt her face to look at me. Her wide eyes reflect the dim light of the trailer.

"Do you think I killed him, angel?" I ask bluntly.

She hesitates, lower lip trembling. After a moment, she gives the slightest nod.

My fingers tighten in her hair as I recall that worthless scum putting his hands on what's mine. "You saw me beating the shit out of him after he touched you. Is that what you're thinking of?"

Another small nod. She doesn't pull away from my painful grip, meeting my gaze steadily.

“And how does that make you feel?” I demand. “That I got rid of someone who tried to hurt you?”

Her breath catches. “I...I don’t know. Scared.”

“Is that all, angel?” I demand, sensing the conflict.

“Yes, Gareth may have acted like a bastard to me that night be he was drunk. He was a good guy.”

Rage slams into me as I grab her throat and squeeze softly. “Wrong. Any man who tries to fuck you against your will isn’t good.”

She raises a brow. “Have you tried looking in the mirror?” She rasps out. “That’s exactly what you did to me.”

A deep growl rises in my chest. “No, that’s different. What I did was because we’re meant for each other. I only made you see that. That son of a bitch wanted to get his dick wet for one night, angel.”

“And what do you want?” She asks.

“You,” I reply, kissing her soft lips tenderly. “Forever.”

She doesn’t ask me how that will work, considering I’m moving on with the carnival next week. Instead, she kisses me back. But I have a plan. There’s no way in hell I’m leaving her behind.

“Don’t you regret what you did to him, though?” She asks. That delicious fear is still visible in her bright blue eyes.

I chuckle darkly. “Regret hurting someone who tried to hurt you?” I shake my head. “I’d do it one hundred times over. If anyone ever tries to hurt you again...” I release her throat and stroke her cheek almost gently. “You’re mine, Lily. I’ll kill anyone who tries to take you from me.”

A shudder goes through her slender frame. But she doesn’t pull away, though, pressing closer. She’s not as light and innocent as I first believed.

“Aren’t you worried you’re going to go to jail?” She asks.

My angel cares about me. Some of her fear isn’t born out of what I’m capable of but losing me to law enforcement. It excites me that she’s open to who I really am. The monster that lurks beneath the surface. “No. I know what I’m doing.”

Her expression hardens. “Because you’ve done it before?” She tries to get off my lap, but I hold her firm. “How many women have you done this for before?”

I shake my head. “None. I have killed before, but not for the same reason.”

She sinks her teeth into her lip. “You really are unhinged, aren’t you?”

I tighten my grip on Lily’s waist, keeping her firmly in my lap while she tries to pull away. She called me unhinged. Maybe I am. But she’s the one who opened her door to me tonight.

“I’m not a monster, Lily,” I tell her firmly. “I did what I had to do to protect you. That’s all that matters to me—keeping you safe.”

She shakes her head, looking away. “You barely know me. I don’t understand this obsession you have.”

I grasp her chin and force her to meet my eyes. “You felt it too, that very first night at the carnival. This connection between us.” I run my thumb over her soft lower lip. “I knew you were special right away. That’s why I had to have you, make you mine.”

“By stalking me? Breaking into my home?” Her voice shakes slightly.

“I needed to know everything about you.” I smooth back her hair. “I’d do anything for you.”

She bites her lip again, giving me a conflicted look.

“Tell me you don’t feel what’s between us, and I’ll let you go right now,” I challenge.

Lily hesitates, holding my gaze for a long moment. Slowly, she leans in and presses her lips to mine. I crush her against me, claiming her mouth hungrily, triumph surging through me. She’s mine, and she knows it.

I break the kiss, both of us breathing hard. “See? You’re meant to be with me. I’ll never let anyone hurt you again.”

Lily touches her fingers to her kiss-swollen lips, looking dazed. “I don’t know how to feel right now...”

“You don’t have to figure it all out yet, angel.” I kiss her forehead gently. “Just trust me. I’ll take care of everything.”

She nods slowly, still conflicted, but our connection is too strong to deny. In time, she’ll come to accept what we have.

“It’s getting late. I should take you home.” I lift her off my lap and stand, taking her hand.

As we leave the trailer, I spot one of the vendors giving Lily a lingering look. Jealous rage surges through me. I put my arm around Lily's waist and stare him down until he looks away.

Lily is mine. And soon, I'll make sure we're never apart again.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

Tyson is leaning against my trailer door, smoking when I return from Lily's apartment.

"There you are. About this girl that you're fucking." He pushes off the door and walks toward me. "I didn't realize it was a regular thing."

"What of it?" I demand. Grabbing a cigarette from my pocket, I light it up and lean against the opposite trailer.

"It's going to cause trouble." His eyes narrow. "I know you, Cade. Better than anyone. You can't help but cause fucking trouble."

I take a long drag and blow the smoke into the air. "There is no trouble. We're fucking, and my angel loves it. What's the goddamn problem?"

He pinches the bridge of his nose and throws the stub of his cigarette on the ground, stamping it into the earth. "What happens when we leave this town in one week?"

I shrug. "Lily's coming with us."

His eyes widen. "She's agreed to that?"

"Not yet," I admit, meeting his piercing gaze. "But she will." I take another long drag of my cigarette, blowing smoke rings into the night air. "I haven't asked her yet, but she will agree."

He shakes his head. "This won't end well, Cade. Mark my words."

I flick my cigarette to the ground, crushing it under my boot. “Enough. I don’t need a goddamn lecture.”

“Just trying to talk some sense into your thick skull.”

I grab him by the front of his shirt, slamming him back against the trailer. “You don’t know shit about me and Lily. She wants this—wants me. I’m not forcing her into anything.”

He shoves me back. “Yeah? Then why did Lars say she’s got bruises on her neck, Cade?”

I scowl, looking away. Sometimes, I may have been too rough with her, but she hasn’t complained.

“We like to play rough during sex. It doesn’t mean she doesn’t want it. She’s mine, Tyson. And I protect what’s mine.”

“By hurting her?” He steps closer, eyes blazing. “She’s not some toy for you to play with and discard when you’re through.”

My hands clench into fists. “That’s not what this is! What we have... it’s real. She doesn’t fully understand it yet.”

Tyson shakes his head sadly. “You’re obsessed, Cade. And obsession like that never ends well.”

“Just stay the fuck out of my business,” I growl.

He holds up his hands in mock surrender. “Fine. But when this all goes to shit, don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“Whatever, Ty. You don’t get it because you’ve never had a woman like her.”

His eyes flash, but he doesn’t protest. “You’re my friend as well as my employee, but if you bring hellfire down on this fucking carnival, I will end you, got it?”

I square up to Tyson, nostrils flaring as we stare each other down. He’s a couple inches taller than my six-foot-four frame, but I have more muscle.

“You think you can take me?” I taunt him.

He laughs harshly. “I’ve put better men than you on their asses.”

We’re chest to chest now, the tension crackling. My fists are clenched by my sides, ready to swing.

Then he shoves me back a step. “But I’ve got no desire to brawl with you, Cade. You’re like a brother to me.”

I hesitate, the fight draining from my veins. “Yeah, well, sometimes brothers fight dirty.”

“True enough,” he says, cracking a grin. “But we’ve got a show to run here. Can’t have my best mechanic laid up with busted knuckles or a black eye.”

I snort, the adrenaline fading. “Who says you’d land a punch?”

“Please. We both know I’d leave you kissing dirt.”

“In your dreams.” I punch him on the shoulder playfully, and his grin widens.

“Keep running that mouth. I’ve still got a few moves to teach you.”

I hold my hands up in surrender. “Alright, truce. I’m too tired for this shit anyway.”

“Too much fucking?” He raises an eyebrow.

“Maybe so.” I head toward my trailer, eager for some shut-eye.

Tyson calls after me, “Just watch yourself, Cade. Don’t do anything too stupid while we’re in this town.”

I wave a hand in acknowledgment and slip inside the trailer. Kicking off my boots, I stretch out on the creaky mattress. As I drift off, thoughts of Lily swirl through my mind. Soon, there will be no disputing the absolute fact. She’s mine. Now and forever.

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Alice links arms with me as we walk toward the carnival. Cade leaves tomorrow, and he still hasn't mentioned it, which freaks me out.

"What've you been doing then with your time off?" I ask Alice.

Her cheeks redden. "I met someone," she murmurs.

I jerk her to a stop. "What? There's no one in this town we don't know! Who is it?"

"One of the carnival workers."

I arch a brow. "So we're both hooking up with one then?"

She laughs. "Yeah, I guess so." There's an odd expression on her face. "The thing is, he's asked me to go with him tomorrow. And..."

"You're not seriously considering it?"

She shrugs. "Maybe. Has Cade asked you to go with him?"

A sinking feeling presses into my gut as I shake my head. "No. He hasn't mentioned it at all."

Alice clears her throat. "Oh, I had this silly notion we could have both gone together. Strike out on a new adventure away from this shitty town."

I smile sadly at Alice. "You're right, this town isn't much. But it's familiar. And

going off with a near stranger..."I trail off, thinking of Cade. Is he really such a stranger anymore? After all that we've shared, he feels like something far more. But the thought of leaving everything behind for him terrifies me.

We reach the carnival entrance, where bright lights and heady smells greet us. I spot Cade by the ticket counter, his muscular arms crossed as he watches the crowd. Our eyes meet, and my heart skips a beat.

"There's your man," Alice says. "Go talk to him. I'll catch up in a bit."

I weave through families and couples until I reach Cade's side. He pulls me against him, and his warmth and woodsy scent, mixed with tobacco, envelops me.

"I was starting to think you weren't coming," he murmurs in my ear.

"I wouldn't miss our last night together." The words make my throat tighten. Only one more night before he's gone. I want to ask about his plans, but the question sticks in my throat.

"Last night together?" He asks.

"Yes, the carnival leaves tomorrow." I fiddle anxiously with my hair. "Which means you leave too, right?"

A dark, sinister smile spreads onto his lips. "Right, and you are coming with me."

My heart skips a beat. Not a question. A demand.

My breath catches in my throat at his words. Come with him? Leave everything behind to follow Cade and his dangerous, nomadic life?

“Cade...”I begin hesitantly. “That’s a big decision. My whole life is here.”

His eyes darken, his grip on me tightening. “Your life is with me now, Lily. You know you belong to me.”

A shiver runs through me at his possessive tone. I can’t deny the magnetic pull between us and our intoxicating passion. But the thought of abandoning all I’ve ever known fills me with uncertainty.

“I need some time to think,”I say gently. “This is so sudden.”

Cade’s jaw clenches, his nostrils flaring. “There’s nothing to think about. You will be coming with me whether you like it or not.”

The breath catches in my throat. “So you’ll kidnap me if I refuse?”I confirm.

My heart pounds as I stare into Cade’s dark, determined eyes. This man who I’ve shared such passion with, who makes me feel alive in ways I’ve never known. But also dangerous, possessive, andwilling to commit violence in my name.

“Cade,”I say gently, “I care about you. Deeply. But leaving everything behind, my home, my job...”I trail off, unsure how to explain my swirling doubts.

His grip on my arm tightens. “You think I’m giving you a choice?”He asks in a low, chilling tone. “You belong to me now, Lily. Your place is by my side wherever I go. That’s how it is.”

I swallow hard, a tremor of fear running through me. But also, shamefully, a flutter of arousal at his commanding words.

“Please,”I whisper. “I need some time. This is all so much, so fast-”

“We’re done talking,”he cuts me off harshly. “You’re mine. That’s been decided. The only choice you have now is whether I take you willingly or not.”

His eyes blaze with frightening obsession. I know then that he will never let me go. That my fate now rests in his hands alone.

“Okay,”I relent softly. “I’ll go with you.”

A smile spreads across his face. “Good girl,”he purrs, pulling me in for a crushing kiss. I let him take control, my mind still spinning with what I had just agreed to, knowing that my future with Cade would never be boring.

He breaks the kiss, leaving me breathless. “Now, let’s enjoy our last night here,”he says. “I want to make some memories before we hit the road tomorrow and start our new life together.”

Despite my lingering doubts, a thrill runs through me at his words. If Alice decides to leave with the carnival, she’s all I have here in this town anyway. Starting afresh on the road with Cade and my best friend might be exactly what I need.

I take his hand as we approach the carnival’s bright lights and heady sounds.

“What would you like to do first?”Cade asks, his dark eyes burning into me.

Cade takes my hand and leads me into the colorful lights and sounds of the carnival. I push away my doubts about leaving town with him tomorrow. Tonight, I want to enjoy our last moments here together.

We stop at a ring toss game, and Cade wins me a giant stuffed panda. I can’t help but smile when he presents it to me with a flourish. As we walk, we share popcorn and cotton candy, the sugar melting on my tongue. The rides beckon us - the Scrambler,

the Tilt-a-Whirl, the rickety old Ferris wheel. Cade keeps an eye on his watch, ready to run off if there are any issues with the rides he helps maintain.

After riding the rollercoaster, we run into one of Cade's coworkers. The man is tall and muscular, wearing dark clothes despite the heat. But most striking is the ghoulish skull mask covering his face.

"Lily, this is Gage," Cade says. "He works on the rides with me."

"Nice to meet you," I say. Gage simply nods, staying silent.

Cade and Gage talk briefly about some maintenance issues while I wait awkwardly. Gage seems eager to get away, giving only vague, cryptic responses.

Once he leaves, I turn to Cade. "Why was he wearing that creepy mask? It's the middle of summer."

Cade shrugs. "Gage is a bit odd. Likes to wear it year-round, not just for Halloween. He's always been that way."

I shiver, recalling the skull's empty black eyes. "Doesn't it weird people out?"

"Sure, but no one gives Gage trouble. He's built like a tank and keeps to himself. I try not to pry into his business."

I glance over my shoulder, but Gage has disappeared into the crowd. One of the many colorful characters that make up Cade's world. A world I'll soon be joining if I can gather the courage.

"Come on," Cade says, tugging my hand. "Let's go on the Ferris wheel before they close up."

I let him lead me toward the giant, spinning wheel glowing against the night sky. Pushing aside what tomorrow will bring, I focus on savoring these last perfect moments with Cade in this town. Because I can't be sure that leaving the only town that has given me stability all my life will be so easy.

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The carnival goers are thinning out, and the rides are being powered down while Lily and I wander around.

“Cade,” she says my name.

I look down at her to see the anxiety blazing in her pretty blue eyes. “Yes, baby?”

She shakes her head. “I don’t know if I can leave this place behind. It’s my home and?—”

Grabbing her throat, I silence what she’s about to say. “I’m your home now, angel. You agreed to come with me earlier. What changed?”

“It’s a huge step, and you didn’t give me much time to think about it and put things in order.” She wrinkles her nose. “I’ve got a job, an apartment. You don’t just leave those things on a whim.”

I feel my blood boil at her calling what we have a ‘whim.’ She really doesn’t get it. I grab her hand firmly and start walking, practically dragging her to the main events tent.

“Cade, stop! Where are we going?” she cries out, struggling to keep up with my fast pace.

I don’t answer, fury pulsing through me. We reach the empty tent, and I force her onto a chair in the middle of the large space.

“What we have is special, Lily,” I state through gritted teeth as I pace in front of her. “I will prove it to you so you never question me again.”

She watches me with wide, fearful eyes, shrinking back into the chair. “Please, Cade, listen?—”

“No, you listen!” I roar, crouching down and grabbing her chin roughly. “I saw you when I got to this town and knew you were mine. Don’t you feel our connection?”

Tears spill down her cheeks as she whimpers, trying to pull her face from my grip.

I soften my voice and caress her cheek. “We’re meant for each other. I can’t leave here without you. You have to see that.”

She shakes her head slightly, sniffing. “I don’t know...”

I stand up abruptly, fists clenched. “Well, I do know. And I’ll prove it to you before we leave Willow Creek.” I quickly undo her blouse and bra, discarding them on the floor.

“What are you?—”

“No questions,” I growl, moving to her skirt next and forcing her ass off the seat to drag it down. “Fuck, you’re so wet.” I drag a finger through the soaked gusset of her panties. “All for me, isn’t it, baby?”

Her eyes flutter shut as she exhales deeply. “Yes,” she murmurs.

I tear her panties in two, discarding the fabric so she’s entirely naked on the chair before me. “Beautiful,” I muse, grabbing some rope from the floor and tying her body up, using bondage techniques to put pressure on her most sensitive places. Once

finished, I circle Lily.

Fuck she looks angelic.

A prize ready to be claimed.

I circle around Lily, admiring my handiwork as she sits bound on the chair. The ropes accentuate her curves perfectly, tightening in all the right places. She watches me with those doe eyes, equal parts nervous and excited. I can't wait to make her scream.

"Now, don't go anywhere," I tease. As if Lily could even get out of those bindings if she wanted. I take my time gathering supplies from around the tent. An abandoned bottle of baby oil from a magician's act. Some silk ribbons were left over from the acrobats. And, of course, a few of my favorite tools from my toolkit. I set everything up on a table beside her.

When I'm satisfied with my preparations, I stand before her again, running my hands up her thighs. I squeeze roughly when I reach her hips, making her gasp.

"Please," she whispers. I'm unsure if it's a plea for more or for me to stop. Either way, I have no intention of doing either yet. I want to take my time and make her ache for me.

I trail my fingers up her stomach, circling her nipples before giving them a sharp pinch. She cries out, arching into me. I grin. My angel is so responsive. I repeat the motion again and again until she's panting and writhing in the ropes.

"That's my good girl," I murmur.

I continue to lavish attention on Lily's body, determined to make her understand that she belongs to me. My hands glide along her curves as I admire the way the ropes

accentuate her figure. She's trembling, but I can see the desire burning in her eyes.

"Cade, please..."she whispers, her voice thick with need.

I silence her with a firm kiss, swallowing her whimpers. When I pull away, her lips are swollen and glistening. "Shh, angel. I'm going to take such good care of you."

Picking up the bottle of baby oil, I drizzle it along her collarbone, watching it glisten on her skin. Slowly, I trail my fingers down, massaging the slick oil into her sensitive flesh. Lily arches into my touch, her breath coming in short pants.

I knead her breasts, rolling the pebbled peaks between my fingers until she's squirming. "That's it, let me hear you,"I murmur, lowering my mouth to capture one aching bud between my lips.

Lily cries out, the sound music to my ears. I suckle and nip, determined to wring every last bit of pleasure from her body. When I switch to the other breast, she's whimpering and writhing, lost in sensation.

Satisfied for now, I trail my oily fingers lower, tracing the outline of her hips. I can see the glistening evidence of her arousal soaking the chair. "So wet for me, angel. You want me to touch you, don't you?"

She nods frantically, straining against the ropes. "Yes, please. I need you."

I chuckle darkly. "Beg for it."

The sound of footsteps draws my attention. Turning around, I find Nash, Colt, and Remy entering the tent and instantly, their eyes are drawn to my angel.

"Sorry, Cade,"Colt says, holding his hands up. "Didn't know you were busy."

Remy chuckles. “Any chance you’re putting on a late-night show?” His eyes flash with dark desire.

If these fuckers even considered touching her, I’d murder them all without hesitation. Still, the idea of giving them a show, proving to them who this pretty angel belongs to, thrills me.

“Sure, stick around.” I turn my attention back to Lily. “But know if you ever even consider touching what’s mine, I’ll murder you all.”

Nash and Colt laugh, but it’s no joke. “Don’t worry, we’ll just watch.”

“Cade,” Lily says my name in pleading, eyes wide. “Please, don’t.”

“Don’t what, baby? Show them who you belong to? Show them how fucking beautiful you are when you come on my cock?”

Her lip trembles as she glances toward the stands where the three men sit. I follow her gaze, noticing all three are already jerking off. She licks her lips, and I grab her chin forcefully. “Don’t tell me you are thinking about sucking their dicks?”

“What? No!” She replies.

“The only dick you can ever fucking think about is mine, got it?”

She swallows hard and nods. I release her and turn my attention back to Nash, Colt, and Remy sitting eagerly in the stands.

“Enjoying the show so far, boys?” I call out.

They whistle and laugh in response.

I look back at Lily, taking in her naked, bound form. My cock throbs at the sight. I trail my fingers along her thighs before dipping them between her legs. She's absolutely soaked.

"You're loving this, aren't you?" I growl in her ear. "Being on display for me. Showing everyone that your body belongs to me."

Lily whimpers, squirming in the ropes. I continue stroking her slick folds until she's panting and moaning. The sounds of her pleasure echo through the tent.

When she's right on the edge, I withdraw my fingers. Lily whines at the loss. I chuckle and turn to select a toy from my toolkit, making a show of deliberating for my enthralled audience.

"Your favorite tool, isn't it, baby?" I ask, grabbing the wrench and holding it up for her to see.

Lily's eyes widen at the sight of the wrench in my hand. She shakes her head frantically, tugging at the ropes binding her wrists.

"No, please, not that," she begs. But her pleas only excite me more.

I run the cold metal head of the wrench down the valley between her breasts. She shivers, nipples pebbling.

"I think you do want this," I murmur. "Your body doesn't lie, angel."

I continue gliding the wrench down her stomach and over her thighs. Lily squirms, her breath coming faster. I can see the conflict in her eyes, fear and desire warring within.

When I nudge the wrench against her slick folds, she gasps. I grin wolfishly. Slowly, I work the handle back and forth, letting the ribbed metal stimulate her most sensitive spots.

Lily tosses her head back, unable to hold in her moans of pleasure. Her hips buck, seeking more friction. I increase the pace, fucking her with the wrench as she cries out.

“That’s it, let us hear how good it feels,” I growl.

The sounds of her wet pussy squelching and Lily’s ecstatic wails echo through the tent. I sneak a glance at Nash, Colt, and Remy. All three have their cocks out, stroking furiously as they watch the show.

“You gonna come for us, pretty girl?” Remy calls out. “Show us how much you love having that tight cunt stuffed full.”

Lily whimpers, her thighs trembling. She’s right on the edge. I slow my motions, drawing it out.

“Who does this belong to?” I snarl, emphasizing each word with a hard thrust.

“Y-you!” Lily cries. “It’s yours, Cade!”

“That’s fucking right. Now come for me.”

I drive the wrench home hard and fast. Lily shatters, her orgasmic screams ringing out. I work her through it until she slumps limp in the ropes.

Slowly, I withdraw the wrench, slick with her release. Lily pants heavily, her eyes glazed and unfocused. I smirk, pleased at having unraveled her so thoroughly.

Shows only getting started, and once I've claimed Lily with an audience, there'll be no refuting it. She's my angel. And she belongs with me. Wherever the fuck I go, she goes.

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The need within me is borderline excruciating when Cade lifts me off the chair, keeping the rope bound around my body. Slowly, he bends me over it, spanking my ass hard.

Damn. In this position, I can't see the three men in the stands around the ring, but I know they're there, watching Cade claim me. It's electrifying.

Cade's cock teases through my drenched pussy. "Are you ready, baby?" he whispers, his hot breath igniting my ear.

I close my eyes, taking a deep, shaky breath, attempting to steady myself against the chair. My wrists strain against the ropes binding me, the rough fibers biting into my skin.

I know I shouldn't be here. This is so far from who I am, so different from the cautious small-town girl I've always been. But something about Cade makes me abandon all caution, surrendering to him in ways I never imagined.

With him, I feel alive, desired, and wanted in a way that no one else has ever made me feel. It's terrifying and exhilarating, a raw surge of emotions crashing over me.

I know he's dangerous. Obsessive. His grip on me is so tight it steals the breath from my lungs. But I also know I can't stay away. He awakens something primal within me, a dark desire I never knew existed.

"Yes, I'm ready," I breathe, my voice trembling with anticipation.

My breath catches in my throat as Cade's fingers trail down my spine, igniting a fire beneath my skin. I'm bent naked over a chair in the heart of the carnival tent, wrists bound behind my back. Three men sit watching from the stands, their eyes locked on us while they pleasure themselves.

Cade's cock teases my entrance, and I whimper, a mix of fear and raw arousal coursing through me.

"That's right, baby. Show them who you belong to," Cade growls.

With one swift motion, he's inside me, filling me completely as I cry out. The ropes dig into my skin, but all I can focus on is Cade, thrusting into me with relentless intensity.

My moans echo through the tent, drowned out only by the lewd jeers and shouts of the men observing us. I feel their eyes boring into me, watching every intimate moment as Cade claims me roughly.

"You like putting on a show, don't you?" Cade hisses in my ear. "Showing everyone what a slut you are for me and me alone."

I don't answer, too overwhelmed by the onslaught of sensations. The rope chafing my wrists, Cade's fingers digging into my hips, the unbearable pleasure as he hits that sweet spot inside me over and over.

My orgasm builds rapidly, and I whimper, "Please, I'm so close..."

I cry out in frustration, knowing better than to defy him. We've crossed the point of no return. My body is Cade's domain, his to command as he desires.

Cade's relentless thrusts propel me toward the brink, my moans resonating through

the carnival tent. The ropes bite into my skin, but my entire being is consumed by the raw sensation of him inside me, claiming me for his pleasure. His pace quickens, mirroring the crescendo of my cries. I'm on the precipice, ready to unravel.

"Fuck, yeah, give it to her, good!" One of the men shouts from the stands. "Show her who owns her!"

Cade's rough hands seize my breasts, a display for our eager audience. I whimper as his fingers pinch my nipples, the sharp pain bringing tears to my eyes.

"Fuck her harder!" Another yells. "Make her scream for you!"

Cade complies, thrusting into me with such force that stars explode in my vision. My cries mix with the intoxicating blend of pleasure and pain, driving me wild.

I'm his toy, his plaything. And I never want it to end.

"Please, let me come," I beg, breathless and desperate, teetering on the edge.

His grip tightens on my hips as he slams into me again and again. "You come when I say," he growls.

Frustration builds within me, so close to release yet denied. The spectators shout lewd encouragement as Cade claims me. His strokes grow erratic, nearing his peak while I remain wound tight, on the brink of bursting without his permission.

"Please," I whimper again, my voice breaking. "I need to come..."

Cade tightens his grip on my hips and growls in my ear, "Come for me now, baby."

His command sends me hurtling over the edge. My orgasm crashes over me in

intense, relentless waves as I let out a ragged scream. Cade continues pounding through my release, magnifying the mind-numbing pleasure.

Finally, he shudders and comes deep inside me with a primal grunt. Cade slaps my ass and steps away. "Good girl," he says, glancing over at our voyeurs. "I think the boys enjoyed our little show."

"Is it over so soon?" One of them complains.

Cade chuckles. "No, her ass needs a good fucking now."

I tense as the idea of my ass being abused in front of these other men makes me so horny. Suddenly, I feel him squirting baby oil on my tight ring of muscles.

With my eyes closed, I struggle to steady my breath as Cade massages the cold oil around my ass. My heart pounds, nerves are electrified. This is so unlike me. Before Cade, I was untouched, and now I'm here, laid bare and fucked for an audience, putting on a show.

But Cade ignites something primal within me, a scorching need to please him, to be claimed and controlled.

I flinch as one slick finger breaches my tight hole, methodically working me open. Cade's movements are deliberate, his touch commanding yet tender. He knows every inch of me, exactly how to play me.

"That's it, baby, relax for me," he murmurs. I take a deep breath and force my muscles to loosen.

Before long, a second finger joins the first, scissoring and stretching me wider. I whimper at the burn, overwhelmed by so many new sensations.

Cade leans in close, his hot breath tickling my ear. "You gonna let me fuck this tight little ass in front of my friends?" he growls.

My cheeks burn with embarrassment, but I can't deny the spike of arousal his words trigger. Slowly, I nod, surrendering myself fully to Cade's desires.

"Good girl," he praises. A shudder runs through me at his approval.

I brace myself as the thick head of his cock replaces his fingers. He eases the tip inside, and I gasp at the intrusion, much thicker than his fingers. Cade gives me a moment to adjust before pushing deeper.

I do my best to relax through the initial pain, focusing on my breathing. Cade moves slowly, allowing my body to accept his cock in my tight ass. Before long the pain fades, replaced by a different but not unwelcome sensation.

Cade gradually increases his pace, thrusting deeper into my ass. I moan as the pleasure builds, my body accommodating his girth. Our spectators shout their encouragement, heightening my arousal.

"Fuck yeah, pound that ass!"

I whimper and clench around Cade's cock, consumed by this intense new pleasure. He grunts and picks up speed, his fingers digging into my hips.

"You like that, baby? Like getting fucked in the ass in front of other people?"

"Yes, yes!" I cry out, lost in ecstasy.

Cade slams into me harder, skin slapping on skin. I strain against the ropes holding me in place, overwhelmed by sensation.

Closer, closer, until finally, I shatter with a ragged scream. Cade fucks me through wave after wave of intense pleasure before finding his own release.

My knees nearly give out as Cade withdraws from my thoroughly used body. I'm left gasping for breath, barely comprehending all that occurred. But one thing is clear—I now belong fully and completely to Cade. And tomorrow, I know I won't have a choice but to leave this town. This was a demonstration of the power he has over me. Power I have no strength to resist.

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Packing up my trailer, I glance at the clock.

She's late.

A part of me hopes she tries to back out because I'll enjoy forcing her. My cock strains against the zipper of my pants while I imagine it. Imagine tying her up and throwing her into the back of the bus while Tyson tells me I'm fucking insane.

She's coming. There is no world in which she doesn't leave this town with me today. Ensuring everything is tied down and ready for transport, I turn and leave the trailer, glancing around in search of my angel. No sign of her. I spot Lars with his arm around her friend, Alice.

Marching toward her, I clear my throat. "Hey, Alice. Have you seen Lily?"

Lars' eyes narrow at seeing me talk to her, but he doesn't speak.

Alice bites her lip, shaking her head. "No, but she texted me saying she couldn't leave earlier today. I tried to convince her but?—"

"When? Last night, she was sure she was coming."

Alice sighs heavily. "Look, Lily has had it rough all her life, and Willow Creek is the only real home she's ever known. It's not so easy for her to leave."

I nod slowly, processing Alice's words. The thought of Lily backing out fills me with a cold rage. She belongs to me now. There is no other option.

“I see,” I say evenly, trying to contain my fury. “Well, I will find her and sort this out. She made me a promise, and I intend for her to keep it.”

Alice frowns, looking concerned. “Cade, don’t do anything rash. If she doesn’t want to go, you must respect that.”

I step closer to Alice, towering over her. Lars tenses beside her, but I ignore him, my eyes boring into hers.

“Lily is mine,” I say in a low, menacing voice. “She submitted to me completely. I own her mind, body, and soul. No one, not even Lily herself, gets to change that now. So I suggest you stay out of my fucking business before you get hurt.”

Lars growls and steps between us. “Who the fuck do you think you are talking to, Cade?”

I grind my teeth and turn away from him. “I’ve not got time for this shit.” I stalk off in the direction of Lily’s apartment.

I knew she would try this. I could see the hesitation in her eyes last night as I pushed her to heights of ecstasy in front of a crowd of strangers. She thought she could walk away from me—from us.

Not fucking likely.

I arrive at her apartment block and scale the stairs. Once at her door, I pound on it with my fist. “Lily! Open up. We need to talk!”

No response. I grit my teeth.

I pound on the door again, harder this time. “Lily, open the fucking door! I know

you're in there."

Still no response. Red-hot rage courses through my veins. How dare she try to hide from me after everything we've shared? After she gave herself to me so completely?

I take a step back and kick the door with all my strength. It splinters and swings open, revealing Lily's tiny apartment. I storm inside, eyes scanning the room for any sign of her.

That's when I hear a muffled whimper coming from the bathroom. I stalk over and throw open the door to find Lily cowering in the corner, tears streaming down her face.

"Please, Cade," she begs, her voice shaking. "Don't do this. I can't leave. This is my home..."

I cross the room in two strides and grab her by the throat, slamming her against the wall. She gasps and claws at my hand, but I only tighten my grip.

"Your home is with me now," I growl, my face inches from hers. "You belong to me. You don't get to change your mind." I tease my lips down the side of her neck. "Didn't I show you how fucking perfect it would feel to be owned by me last night?"

She shudders. "Yes, but?—"

"There is no but. You're my soul mate, angel. And I'm not leaving without you." Looking into her eyes, I see a mix of defiance and desire. "Is this what you wanted?" I ask, realizing her game. "You want me to force you to come with me, don't you, baby?"

"W-what do you mean?" she stammers.

“I mean, you’re a dirty little girl who likes it when I force you into things. It makes you wet, doesn’t it, angel?”

A shiver races through her, and she nods. “I’m fucked up.”

“No, it’s fucking hot.” I kiss her fiercely and run my hand through her panties, groaning when I feel how soaking wet she is. “Goddamn it. Do you want me to haul you over my shoulder and fucking kidnap you, angel? Is that what you want?”

She moans, arching her back, but doesn’t speak.

“Answer me!” I growl.

“Yes, I want you to force me to come with you,” she admits, eyes flickering shut. “I want you to force me like you did when you took my virginity. It felt so good.”

I bite her collarbone hard enough to make her yelp. “Fuck, baby. You like me raping you, don’t you?”

Slamming three fingers into her dripping wet cunt, I make her cry out. “Yes, Cade. I love it so much.”

The throbbing in my cock is excruciating. Grabbing the zipper, I pull it down and free myself. There’s no stopping me despite how short on time we are. Lifting her against the wall, I nudge her panties out of the way and slam inside her in one thrust without warning.

Lily screams, and fuck, it’s the most amazing sound I’ve ever heard.

“That’s it, angel. Scream for me.”

I thrust into Lily, consumed by primal need. Her screams urge me on as I take her roughly against the wall. I've never wanted anything as much as I want to possess her completely.

A loud knock at the door interrupts us. I freeze, still buried deep inside Lily. She gasps and pushes at my chest. "Cade, stop! Someone's here."

I ignore her pleas and start moving again. She cries out. "No, we have to stop!"

The knocking continues, more insistent. With a growl of frustration, I withdraw from Lily and stalk over to the door, not bothering to tuck myself back in.

I wrench open the door to find Tyson standing there, his eyes widening as he takes in my disheveled, half-naked state. "Jesus, Cade, what the hell are you doing?"

"I'm discussing Lily's plans to leave town with us," I say through gritted teeth.

Tyson peers past me to where Lily is cowering against the wall, trying to cover herself. His expression darkens. "Doesn't look much like a discussion to me. We're leaving in twenty minutes, with or without you. I suggest you get to the bus and leave the girl alone."

I clench my fists, ready to take a swing at him. How dare he interrupt my time with Lily? But I know if I delay us any longer, Tyson won't hesitate to leave me behind.

I take a deep breath to calm the rage boiling inside me.

"We'll be there," I tell Tyson evenly.

He eyes me warily for a moment before nodding and turning away. I slam the door shut and spin around to face Lily again. She's cowering against the wall, tears

staining her cheeks, looking utterly fuckable.

I stalk toward her, backing her into the corner. Grabbing her throat again, I force her to meet my eyes.

“Now, where were we?” I purr.

Lily whimpers, her eyes wide with fear and arousal. God, I love that look. I crash my mouth against hers, kissing her fiercely. She kisses me back hungrily, her hands fisting in my shirt.

I break the kiss and turn Lily around, shoving her against the wall face first. She gasps as I rip her panties down her legs.

“Please, Cade,” she whispers.

“Please, what, angel?” I growl in her ear as I position myself at her slick entrance.

“Tell me what you want.”

“Please fuck me,” she begs desperately. “Make me come with you.”

I slam into her with a groan, filling her completely. Lily cries out, pushing her ass back against me. I start pounding into her relentlessly, knowing I only have minutes before we need to leave.

“Yes, yes, fuck me!” Lily screams.

I grip her hips bruisingly tight, rutting into her like an animal. The sound of my skin slapping against hers echoes through the room. I won’t last long like this.

Reaching around, I rub her clit in fast circles. Lily shudders against me, moaning

wantonly.

“Come for me, angel,” I command. “Come with me now.”

Lily clenches around me as her orgasm hits. I fuck her through it before finally letting go myself, emptying deep inside her with a roar.

We stand there panting for a minute as I soften inside her. Then, I withdraw and tuck myself away. Lily slumps against the wall, looking thoroughly used. I grin, satisfied.

“Clean yourself up and grab a bag, angel,” I tell her. “It’s time to go.”

Lily nods, moving slowly on shaky legs to the bathroom. I hear water running as I wait by the door.

A minute later she emerges with a small duffel bag, eyes downcast. I grab her chin roughly and make her look at me.

“You’re mine now, understand?”

She swallows hard and nods. I smile and kiss her forehead.

“Good girl. Let’s get the fuck out of here.”

I take Lily’s bag and lead her downstairs to the idling carnival vehicles, ready to depart. Tyson gives me a wary look as we approach but doesn’t comment.

Lily and I climb onto the bus and sit near the back. I pull her close, nuzzling her hair.

“Welcome home, angel,” I murmur as the bus lurches into motion. Lily shivers against me but doesn’t pull away. I smirk, satisfied. She’s finally mine.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

Clutching my arms around my waist, I stroll the grounds where the carnival is set up next. This isn't a life I ever envisioned for myself. Yet, here I am, with my best friend by my side.

Alice and Lars are an inferno together. Lars's obsession with her is fierce, almost maddening. He clings to her like she's the oxygen he breathes, which, admittedly, can be grating. And I thought Cade was possessive.

I can't deny that I wanted him to come to my apartment and force me to leave with him a week ago. There's something fundamentally wrong with me. Cade's dominance ignites a fire within, a raw, unquenchable need. I crave it. Especially when he forces himself on me wearing a mask.

"Wait up, angel!" Cade's voice cuts through the air.

I spin to face him, my pulse quickening at the sight of those dark, desire-filled eyes.

"Where do you think you're going?" he murmurs, his arms coiling around me like a vice.

"I'm just exploring," I whisper, melting into him. "And thinking."

"Thinking about what?" he demands, his voice a low, thrilling growl.

"How crazy this all is. Me and you."

He kisses me roughly, stealing the breath from my lungs. "Nothing crazy about it.

We're meant to be, baby."

Heat flushes my cheeks as I glance away. "You're right. We're meant to be together. I can't imagine my life without you now." Nervous, I bite my lip and meet his intense gaze. "There's been something on my mind lately..."

Cade raises a brow, his eyes darkening with curiosity. "What is it? You know you can tell me anything."

"A kink I want to explore more."

He groans softly, his grip tightening. "What kind of kink?"

"Rape fantasy," I breathe, my voice barely a whisper. "I know we've done it, but I want to role-play it more seriously."

My heart races as I wait for Cade's reaction. His eyes blaze with desire, and he pulls me closer, his voice low and gravelly. "Rape fantasy sounds fucking hot. You've been holding out on me, baby. I knew there was a naughty side to you waiting to be unleashed."

I flush under his intense gaze. "I thought you might not want to..."

Cade cuts me off with a rough kiss, his tongue plundering my mouth. "Oh, I want to. I'm going to make all your filthy fantasies come true. Now, tell me exactly what happens in this fantasy of yours."

I glance around, wondering if someone might hear us. It's absurd, considering some of the guys have actually gotten off on watching us fuck. Knowing their names now, it's a bit embarrassing seeing them. Nash, Remy, and Colt all pretend they didn't see me get taken in both holes that night.

“Getting shy, angel? How about we find somewhere quieter?”

I smile. “Where do you have in mind?”

He grabs my hand roughly, dragging me away from the carnival camp toward the forest.

“Where are we going?” I demand.

“Somewhere private,” he says, a predatory glint in his eyes.

I follow Cade into the forest, my heart pounding with raw anticipation. He leads me down a winding path until we reach a secluded clearing. With a sudden, forceful movement, Cade pins me against a tree, his body pressing urgently into mine.

“Tell me about this fantasy of yours,” he growls. “I want to know every filthy detail.”

I flush with a mix of embarrassment and arousal, but the hunger in his eyes pushes me on. “I imagine being taken against my will...forced. You catch me off guard, maybe alone in the trailer or wandering somewhere, and you’re wearing a mask.” Biting my lip, I hesitate.

“Keep going, baby. I want to know.”

Drawing a deep breath, I lock my eyes with his intense gaze. “You don’t take no for an answer. You just...take me while I scream and shout for you to stop.” I arch my back, the thought alone making me shiver. “You slam inside me and fuck me senseless.”

Cade groans, grinding his hips against me, his desire palpable. “Fuck yes. I’ll make that happen for you when you least expect it. Surprise you out of the blue.”

I take a deep breath as Cade pulls me closer, his words sending a shiver of raw excitement through me. This dark, twisted fantasy feels strangely right with him. Our connection is deeper than I ever imagined.

“I trust you,” I whisper, locking eyes with his intense gaze. “We might need a safe word.”

Cade’s expression darkens, confusion giving way to something more primal. “A safe word?”

“Yeah, in case it’s too much, and I need you to stop.”

A dangerous glint flashes in his eyes. “Fuck, Lily. You’re asking me to rape you, but you also want an out?” His jaw tightens. “I’m not sure I can stop once I’m inside you.”

My stomach flips at his words. “Why?”

“Because you’re fucking addictive. Because I can’t get enough of you.”

Moaning, I arch my back, desperate for him. “Cade,” I breathe.

“What do you want, angel?”

“You,” I respond, voice thick with need.

An animalistic growl escapes his lips. “You can have me, but that fantasy must wait until the right moment. When you’re unsuspecting.”

I nod eagerly. “Yes, but I need your cock now,” I murmur.

“Fuck,” he breathes, quickly freeing his hard length and lifting me off the forest floor, pinning me against the tree. “Beg for it, angel.”

I suck in a breath, trying to calm my racing heart. Cade’s intense gaze ignites every nerve in my body.

“Please, Cade,” I beg, grinding against him. “I need you inside me.”

He growls, capturing my lips in a searing kiss. Rational thought flees as his large hands roam my body. When we break apart, we’re both panting.

“Turn around,” he commands.

I obey instantly, bracing against the tree. Cade presses against my back, his hardness pressing into me. One hand grips my hip while the other teases me between my thighs.

“So wet for me, angel,” he murmurs, biting my neck. “You want this as much as I do, don’t you?”

I can only whimper in response, my mind shrouded in a fog of lust. Cade chuckles darkly, savoring the moment as he slowly pushes inside me, stretching me. We groan, the raw sensation electrifying us, and he pauses to let me adjust.

“Move, Cade,” I plead, my voice barely more than a breath. “Please, I need you to move.”

With a primal growl, he begins thrusting, the sound of skin slapping skin reverberating through the clearing. I bite my lip to stifle my cries, but Cade tsks disapprovingly.

“Let me hear you, angel,”he commands. “I want to know how much you’re enjoying this.”

I throw my head back, surrendering to my moans. Cade sets a punishing pace, driving me closer and closer to the brink. When I think I can’t endure anymore, he reaches around to rub tight circles on my clit.

“Come for me,”he rasps in my ear. “Let everyone know who you belong to.”

I moan shamelessly, my cries piercing the secluded clearing. Cade’s fingers expertly work me, sending electric shocks of pleasure through my body. My orgasm builds rapidly, coiling tighter and tighter until it finally shatters through me.

“That’s it, angel,”Cade growls, his voice dripping with dark satisfaction. “Come for me.”

I clench around him, my walls fluttering as wave after wave of ecstasy crashes over me. Cade’s pace never wavers, drawing out my climax until I’m trembling and oversensitive.

“Please,”I whimper, uncertain what I’m begging for.

Cade chuckles lowly, the sound sending shivers down my spine. “Please, what, Lily? Use your words.”

I take a shaky breath, trying to collect my scattered thoughts. “I-I don’t know. Just...more. I need more.”

“Your wish is my command.”He punctuates his words with a particularly hard thrust that has me crying out.

Cade continues pounding into me relentlessly, his grip on my hips bruising. The sounds of our frantic coupling fill the air, mingling with the distant noises of the carnival. We should be more discreet, but at this moment, I don't care who hears.

"Cade," I gasp, feeling the familiar tightening. "I'm going to come again."

"Then come," he growls, his fingers returning to my swollen clit. "Come for me, Lily."

The combination of his skilled touches and the intense friction of his cock stretching me sends me hurtling over the edge. My orgasm rips through me, leaving me shaking and boneless. He groans lowly, his movements becoming erratic as he chases his own release.

With a final, deep thrust, Cade stills, spilling himself inside me. We stand there, panting, as the aftershocks ripple through us. Cade places a surprisingly gentle kiss on the back of my neck before slowly withdrawing.

I wince at the loss of contact, already missing the feeling of him filling me. Cade turns me around and pulls me into a tight embrace, his heartbeat thundering beneath my ear.

"You were perfect, angel," he murmurs, kissing my forehead.

A deep sigh escapes me as I burrow deeper into his embrace, feeling an intoxicating mix of safety and desire, the outside world dissolving into oblivion.

"We should get back before they send out a search party," he jokes, taking my hand and guiding us out of the woods.

The sun dips low, casting a burning orange glow over the carnival. I spot Alice by the

food stands, her laughter with Lars a distant echo in the electrifying air.

“There you are!” she calls out, her voice dripping with relief and suspicion. “I was beginning to think you two ran off together.”

I roll my eyes, feeling the weight of her gaze. “Very funny. We went for a walk.”

Alice gives me a knowing look, and my face burns, but she doesn’t push it. We dive into an effortless conversation as the four of us grab dinner—steak sandwiches dripping with juices and cold beer. It’s almost normal, a fleeting illusion of simplicity. For a moment, I can pretend I’m not ensnared in a dangerous affair with a madman.

The carnival lights flicker on as the sky descends into darkness, casting a surreal glow over the chaos. Tinny music, the shouts of vendors, and the piercing screams from the rides create a symphony of sensory overload. It’s chaotic, yet oddly comforting.

As the night wears on, exhaustion starts to creep in. It’s been a long day. Part of me struggles to grasp that this is my reality now, but another part knows this is where I belong.

Cade notices my weariness and pulls me close, his arm a possessive band around my waist. “Ready to call it a night, baby?”

I nod, sinking into his embrace. “Yeah, I think so. It’s been quite a day.”

He chuckles, pressing a kiss to my temple. “That it has. Let’s head back to the trailer.”

We say our goodbyes to Alice and Lars, promising to meet for breakfast in the

morning. A profound sense of belonging washes over me as we walk through the carnival grounds. This nomadic life, laced with excitement and raw passion, suits me in ways I never expected.

Cade unlocks the door to our trailer and ushers me inside. This small space has become our sanctuary, where we strip away all pretense, leaving judgment and prying eyes behind.

I slip into an oversized t-shirt, the fabric grazing my skin as I crawl into bed. Cade joins me moments later, pulling me into the firm embrace of his arms.

“I love you, Lily,” he murmurs, his voice thick with emotion and desire. “I know our relationship isn’t conventional, but I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

Tears prick at my eyes as I gaze up at him. “I love you too, Cade. You’ve shown me a side of myself I never knew existed. I’m grateful for that, for you.”

He kisses me tenderly, pouring all his love and devotion into it. As we part, I nestle into his chest, feeling safe and cherished.

Sleep begins to tug at my consciousness, and I surrender, secure in the knowledge that Cade will be by my side when I wake. Our journey together is just beginning, and I’m eager to see where it takes us.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:58 pm

Tonight is the night. I've waited five days, which felt like an eternity, but I wanted to keep her on edge, and I've got it all planned out.

My angel wants to role-play, and we're going to fucking role-play tonight. She's been working in the main events tent tonight. And once everyone is gone, Tyson has instructions to force her to stay on and clean up alone.

That's when I strike.

And it's gone midnight, meaning it's time.

My cock is so fucking hard it hurts as I adjust my mask and march toward the tent. Colt overheard me talking to Tyson. It wouldn't surprise me if we end up with an audience, but I've never been one to shy away from exhibitionism. Lily has a safe word, red, which we agreed to. She knows I could strike at any time, and she has to slip into her role as the victim and act like she doesn't want it.

The tent flap rustles as I slip inside, and my eyes are immediately drawn to Lily. She's on her knees, scrubbing the wooden floor, her short skirt riding up her thighs. I can't believe she's mine—my angel, my obsession.

I approach silently, my boots making no sound on the soft earth. Lily freezes as my shadow falls over her, her body trembling.

I clear my throat, and Lily whirls around, her eyes widening in shock as she realizes it's me. I grab her arm roughly, yanking her to her feet.

"Cade?" she whispers, fear evident in her voice. "What are you doing?"

I don't answer, instead shoving her against the nearest pole, pinning her there. I press my body against hers, feeling her tremble. My mouth finds the sensitive spot on her neck, and I nip at the delicate skin there.

"No, please," Lily whimpers, her hands coming up to push at my chest. "Stop..."

But I don't stop. I can't stop. The only word that could stop me is red, and even then, I can't be sure. The beast inside me has been unleashed, and I need to claim what's mine. My hands grip her hips, pulling her flush against me as I grind my arousal against her.

Lily's eyes dart around the tent, searching for an escape, but we're alone. She opens her mouth to scream, but I silence her with a bruising kiss. She makes a muffled sound of protest, her nails digging into my arms.

I pull back slightly, gazing down at her flushed, fearful face. "You're mine," I growl. "Remember your safe word if you need it."

The desire in her eyes is at odds with her act. And it makes me so fucking hard.

I rip open her blouse, sending buttons flying across the tent floor. Lily gasps as I expose her breasts, the cool night air pebbling her nipples. I lean down, taking one rosy peak into my mouth, swirling my tongue around it.

"No, stop..." Lily protests, her hands tangling in my hair despite her words of protest. "Stop this. I don't want?—"

I bite her nipple, making her scream.

Suddenly, I notice movement in the stands. Colt sits down, eyes blazing, while he watches. He meets my gaze as if asking for permission. I give him a nod so Lily doesn't notice him yet. It might make her feel self-conscious about the role-play we're acting out.

I yank her skirt up around her waist, revealing her lacy black panties. With a growl, I tear them off, the flimsy fabric no match for my strength. "On all fours, slut!" I growl.

She shakes her head. "No, please, don't."

Grabbing her hips forcefully, I push her hard onto the floor. Her face pressed into the sand-filled center, forcing her ass into the air.

Fuck.

This is how she is meant to be, fighting me while we fuck.

"Stop this! No. I don't want it!" She acts so damn well.

I pull down her panties, exposing that beautiful round ass and perfect tight cunt, and give her a hard slap on the left cheek, leaving a red handprint. "You're going to take it, whether you like it or not," I sneer, my voice low and menacing, unbuttoning my pants to free my cock.

"No, stop this, you bastard!" My angel shouts, kicking out in a false attempt to escape. She's easier to read than a book. I can tell she wants me to pull her back. This is what my innocent angel has been fantasizing about.

I catch her ankle, holding it firm, and yank her back toward me, my grip tightening around her hip as I position myself behind her, the tip of my cock teasing her

entrance. "You're not going anywhere," I hiss, leaning over her back and grabbing a fistful of her hair. "Look at me while I enter you, slut."

Craning her neck, she tries to meet my gaze through the eyeholes of my mask. I slam into her, my cock forcing its way into her tight little cunt. The pained cry that escapes her lips drives me insane. The flash of desire and fear in her eyes makes my already hard cock swell. "Fuck," I growl, savoring the feeling of her pussy strangling my dick.

"No, stop this! Please, stop!" she cries.

I glance into the stands to see a few more people have arrived. Gage has joined, wearing his signature mask, and has his dick in his hands, along with Tyson and Nash.

Fuck.

That's when Lily notices the audience, too. My dominance takes over as I pin her hips down, holding her in place with one hand while I yank her hair, pulling her head back, my teeth grazing her earlobe. "They're all watching you, baby, watching me rape you," I snarl, my voice low and menacing, while I slow my pace, drawing out each thrust, making sure everyone gets a good show.

Lily whimpers and squirms, but I hold her firmly in place as I continue my slow, deep thrusts.

"Please, stop," she begs, her voice hitching on a sob that I know is fake. "I don't want this."

I lean down, my lips brushing her ear. "But you do want this, don't you, my little slut?" I purr. "You've been dreaming about me forcing you, taking you hard against your will. Admit it."

Lily shakes her head frantically, but I feel her inner walls clench around me. I chuckle darkly. "Your pussy doesn't lie, baby. You're soaking wet for me."

I pick up my pace now, fucking her harder, my balls slapping against her clit with each brutal thrust. Lily cries out, her hands scrabbling at the dirt floor beneath us.

"That's right, scream for me," I snarl. "Let them all hear how much you love being fucked while you tell me to stop."

My gaze drifts back to our audience. All the guys have their cocks out now, stroking themselves in time with my thrusts.

"You see that?" I hiss in Lily's ear. "You've got them all hard and aching for you."

Lily whimpers, clearly playing up her distress for our onlookers. "No, please, I can't take any more," she sobs, but she still doesn't use her safe word.

I grin savagely. "Oh yes, you can. And you will."

I piston my hips faster, my balls tightening as my orgasm builds. Lily cries out sharply with each brutal thrust. I lean down, biting the tender spot where her neck meets her shoulder. She screams, the sound ringing out through the empty tent.

"Oh god!" She screams, unable to maintain the part of the resistance as she comes apart for me.

I feel Lily's inner walls convulse around my cock as she climaxes, her screams of pleasure echoing through the tent. The sight of her coming undone pushes me over the edge. With a few more brutal thrusts, I let out a primal roar, exploding deep inside her.

I collapse on top of her, both of us panting. The smell of sex and sweat hangs heavy in the air. After a moment, I pull out and flip Lily onto her back. Her eyes are glazed, lips swollen. I lean down and kiss her deeply.

"You were amazing, baby," I murmur against her lips.

Lily gives me a satisfied smile. "So were you. That was...intense."

"Was it all you imagined?"

She nods. "Everything and more."

I grin and stand up, fastening my pants. Then I scoop Lily into my arms, holding her bridal style. Her head rests against my chest as I carry her from the tent.

Our audience has disappeared now, leaving the two of us alone. I walk slowly toward my trailer, savoring the feeling of Lily's warm body pressed against mine.

"I love you, Cade," she whispers softly.

"I love you too, angel." I kiss the top of her head as I reach our trailer.

I shoulder open the door to my private room, gently place Lily in the bed, and climb in with her, holding her close. I know she must be sore and exhausted after that.

"Cade," she breathes.

I glance down at her. "Yes, baby?"

"Tell me about your past. How did you end up with the carnival?"

I take a deep breath, steeling myself to share the dark parts of my past. "My childhood wasn't exactly a fairy tale, Lily," I begin, my voice low and tense. "My old man was a monster, always drunk and angry. My mother, too scared to leave, just took all his crap. I couldn't take it anymore, so I ran away when I was eleven."

Lily's eyes widen in shock, but she doesn't interrupt. I continue, the painful memories flooding back. "Living on the streets was rough. I did things I'm not proud of to survive—stealing, fighting, anything to get by. I was a mess, spiraling out of control. But when I was sixteen, everything changed."

I pause, taking in Lily's concerned gaze. "That's when Lenny found me. The old ringmaster of this carnival. He saw something in me and gave me a job and a place to belong. It wasn't easy adjusting at first, but Lenny showed me the ropes, taught me how to work on the rides, and gave me a second chance at life. I've been traveling with them ever since."

Lily's fingers trace the lines of my face, her touch soft and reassuring. "Thank you for telling me, Cade," she whispers, her voice filled with empathy. "I can't imagine how hard that was for you."

"It's all in the past now," I say, pulling her closer. "The carnival saved me, and now, so have you."

I kiss her. "Alice mentioned you have had it rough all your life. What did she mean?"

Her eyes fill with unshed tears, and whatever happened, I want to tear apart every person who hurt her with my bare hands. "My mom abandoned me when I was eight. Left me in foster care. I bounced around a lot, from one home to another, never really belonging."

"My first foster parents seemed decent initially, but they were pretending. When their

true colors came out, it was too late. The man—he made me do things, horrible things, and no one believed me when I tried to tell. I was a "troubled" kid in their eyes."

I tighten my grip on her, my rage simmering beneath the surface. "Those bastards," I mutter, barely containing myself.

Lily's voice shakes as she continues. "I had loads of homes after that. Until I came to a home in Willow Creek, the parents were decent and caring. I finished school there and then got the job at the diner."

"Give me your first foster father's name," I demand, knowing I'll track him down and murder him for what he did.

Her brow furrows, and she shakes her head. "I don't remember it. I was only there until I was nine."

A storm of fury rages inside, but I keep my face calm. Every fiber of my being screams for vengeance. How could anyone hurt someone so pure, so innocent as Lily? My mind churns through a thousand scenarios, each more violent than the last. I can't stop my thoughts from circling back to that monster of a man. I don't care how long it takes or what I have to do; I will find him, and when I do, he will suffer for every single moment of pain he inflicted on her. My grip tightens around her, my mind already plotting the bastard's demise.

"Anyway," Lily says, breaking through my violent thoughts. "Enough of that, I'm exhausted."

"Get some rest, baby," I murmur, pulling her closer. "You deserve it after the show you put on tonight."

Lily smiles sleepily at me as her eyes drift shut. I watch her momentarily, my heart swelling with love and protectiveness. She sighs contentedly and snuggles against me.

As I drift off to sleep with my angel in my arms, I know I'm the luckiest bastard on earth. Tonight was perfect, but it's only the beginning for us. I have so many ways to keep making my baby's fantasies come true for the rest of our fucking lives.

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One year later...

Alice clears her throat. “I’ve got to get going. Lars wanted me at our trailer by ten, and it’s already past that.” She bites her lip. “You okay wrapping up here?”

I pause and smile. “Absolutely. Go to your man.”

She raises an eyebrow. “What about yours? Where is he tonight?”

I shake my head, feeling a flutter in my stomach. “No idea.” Usually, when I don’t see him, he’s planning a special scene to act out. Things have gotten more raw and intense since the first time, and I love it.

Maybe he broke me. His relentless pursuit was both infuriating and intoxicating. Since then, I’ve been hooked on his obsessive tendencies.

After tidying up, I pack the supplies away and step out of the tent. Turning the corner, I collide with a solid wall of muscle, my gaze locking onto Cade’s dark eyes through his skull mask. My heart skips a beat, freezing me in place.

“What are you?—”

A gloved hand clamps over my mouth, his other hand gripping my neck. “Hello, Angel. I’ve been watching you all night. Now, you’re mine.” His voice, altered by a distortion device, sends a shiver through me, heightening my arousal.

This is our scene, and I seamlessly slip into my role as the terrified, unsuspecting

prey.

“I’m in the mood to hunt,” he declares, dragging me away from camp and toward the forest. “You’re going to be my prey.”

My heart pounds in my ears as Cade pulls me deeper into the forest. Once there, he rips my skirt from my hips, the fabric tearing under his force.

“What are you?—”

He spans my bare ass to silence me, then reaches around to tear open my blouse, buttons scattering across the forest floor. Adrenaline surges through me, a potent mix of fear and electrifying excitement. This new game, taking me into the wild, is thrilling.

“Please stop,” I beg, feigning resistance. “Let me go.”

“Shhh,” he hushes, his masked voice menacing. “Run, angel. Give me a good chase.”

Heart racing, I bolt through the trees in my bra and panties, my breaths coming in ragged gasps. Moonlight filters through the dense canopy, casting an eerie glow. Every snap of a twig, every rustle in the underbrush, sends my pulse skyrocketing. I glance back—Cade is nowhere to be seen, a predator lurking in the shadows, ready to strike.

“You can’t escape me, angel!” Cade’s predatory growl echoes through the forest.

I duck behind a thick trunk, desperately trying to catch my breath. But the sounds of his pursuit grow closer, leaves crunching and twigs snapping underfoot. Panic grips me, and I push forward, stumbling over the uneven ground.

My feet pound against the ground. The thrill of the chase electrifies my senses; I’m

caught in a whirlwind of terror and exhilaration. The forest is a labyrinth of obstacles, branches clawing at my skin, roots threatening to trip me, but I can't afford to slow down. I almost feel Cade's gaze, a dark, looming shadow fueling my desperation.

Suddenly, my foot snags on something, and I'm hoisted upward before I can comprehend what's happening. I scream, trapped in a thick black net. It hits me—this is a net trap. This is definitely new.

Heavy, deliberate footsteps close in behind me as I squirm a few feet off the forest floor.

“Pleasingly predictable,” Cade's distorted voice slices through the tension. He enters my view, eyes gleaming with a dangerous mix of amusement and malice. “Did you really think you could escape, angel?”

My excitement spikes, this new twist taking things to another level. Trapped like an animal, my struggle is futile. “Let me down now!” I demand, playing the unwilling victim even as I revel in Cade's twisted games.

Cade's eyes light up, and he circles me like a predator savoring its prey. “Why should I, angel?” he whispers. “You're mine now. Completely at my mercy.” He grabs hold of me, positions me on my back in the trap, and cuts a hole in the net right where my pussy is with a knife. “I'm going to fuck you while you hang there, trapped and at my mercy.”

Oh God, this is beyond hot.

“No! Don't do this. Please!” I cry out, knowing he loves my resistance. I kick out at him, but the net renders my attempts useless.

He cuts the fabric of my panties and twirls the tip of the knife over my clit, making my back arch with sensation. I love it when he plays with me using the knife—so

twisted, so depraved, yet the complete trust I place in him, knowing he'd never truly hurt me, thrills me to my core.

His breath is hot against my skin as he leans in, lips brushing close to my ear. "Do you feel how wet you are, angel?" His voice is a husky whisper that resonates through every nerve in my body. The knife continues its tantalizing journey, trailing slow, deliberate circles that amplify the throb between my legs.

Slowly, he drags the tip over my thighs, grazing the skin deliciously.

"Please, don't hurt me!" I cry, continuing my role.

He chuckles, the sound so fucking hot with the distorter.

He lingers for a moment, the knife resting at the juncture of my thighs, a wicked smile playing on his lips. "Hurt you? Never, angel," he murmurs, lifting his gaze to meet mine. His eyes are dark, filled with lust and something deeper that sends a shiver down my spine. My breath hitches as he presses the knife a fraction deeper, a delicious pressure that promises much more.

"Look at you," he purrs, tracing the blade along my side, "so vulnerable, so desperate." His free hand slides up my other side, fingers dancing lightly over my sensitive skin through the net, and I can barely contain my moan as his touch sends jolts of electricity through me. "You love this, don't you?" He tilts his head, eyes locked on mine, soaking in my turmoil and desire.

I bite my lip, playing the reluctant captive, thrilled by the game. "No, please," I gasp, even though I'm trembling with need. His fingers find the slickness between my thighs, and a dark chuckle escapes him. "You're soaking," he says, his fingers slipping easily inside. The knife clatters to the ground, forgotten, as his free hand grips my hip possessively while I hang in the net. "There's no hiding the truth from me, angel. Your body betrays you."

He thrusts two fingers inside me suddenly, and I gasp, overwhelmed by the sensation. He moves them deliberately, curling and pumping with an intense, predatory focus. I can't help the whimper that escapes my lips, my hips moving against his hand, making the net swing into him.

"That's it," he growls, his voice thick with desire. "Give in to it, angel. Let me see you break." His words are a command wrapped in a promise, fueling the fire coursing through my veins. I arch my back, my body a marionette to his every pull and demand.

He pulls his fingers out slowly, almost agonizingly, and brings them to his lips, tasting me with an expression of pure carnality. "Sweet as sin," he murmurs, and the sight of him savoring me makes my pussy clench with longing. His hands explore my restrained body, rough and possessive, trying to memorize every inch of me.

He unzips his pants and positions his cock at the hole in the net. "Time to take my cock."

"No!" I thrash out, but all it does is push the net toward him, my pussy bumping against the thick head of his hard dick.

He grips the net tighter, his eyes darkening with desire, watching my futile struggles. "Oh, you'll take it," he promises, his voice a dangerous whisper that sends shivers down my spine. With a slow, deliberate thrust, he pushes his cock inside me, filling me completely. The net creaks with the strain of my movements, but there's no escape.

His hands are laced in the net as he uses it to slam me onto his cock harder and faster, fucking me so hard it feels like he's trying to break me in half. And I love it.

The intensity of his thrusts drives me to the brink of madness. His every movement is calculated to push me further into the abyss. My body is a prisoner to the rhythm he

sets, each slam of his cock sending waves of raw pleasure coursing through me.

“You’re so fucking dirty, aren’t you?”he rasps, his voice dripping with a dark, sensual hunger. “You love every second of me taking you like this against your will.”His words ignite a wildfire within me, making every nerve ending in my body scream for more. I feel myself unraveling, each thrust tearing away the last remnants of my control.

“Beg for it, angel. Beg for me to fuck you harder.”The command slices through the haze of pleasure, but I don’t beg because I love how wild he gets when I tell him to stop.

“Please,”I gasp, my voice trembling with need. “Stop this.”

A savage growl escapes his lips, and he drives into me with a renewed ferocity that steals my breath away. His hands tighten on the net, using it to pull me onto his cock with a ruthless, relentless pace. The pain and pleasure blend together, consuming me completely. All I can do is hold on and surrender to the overwhelming sensation of being utterly, deliciously wrecked.

Suddenly, he yanks his huge cock out of me and grabs the knife to slash the net, bringing me crashing to the ground with a thud. And then he’s on me. “There’s no stopping this. Not now, not ever.”

I continue to wriggle beneath him, my breaths coming in rapid, shallow gasps. “No, please,”I plead, my voice cracking. But the line between acting and my true desires blurs, and I struggle to remember which is which.

His weight presses down on me, and I can feel his hot breath on the back of my neck. “Is this what you need?”he growls, pressing his cock against my pussy.

“You bastard,”I hiss, trying to sound defiant as I push back against him.

Cade laughs, a low, menacing rumble. “Such a fighter,” he taunts, unhooking my bra and discarding it. His hands seize my breasts with a rough intensity, squeezing hard. “I fucking love it.” His grip is ironclad, forcing me to fight the urge to surrender entirely to the moment.

I kick out weakly, trying to scramble away. I catch him off guard, breaking free momentarily to turn onto all fours and crawl away.

But he’s back in control in an instant, seizing my hips and pulling me onto his cock with brutal force. “I told you there’s no escape.” He spans my ass. “You should have listened.”

“Stop! I don’t want this.”

He fucks me so hard, groaning. “I fucking love it when you tell me to stop, angel.”

He fucks me hard, groaning. “I fucking love it when you tell me to stop, angel.”

I gasp, my body writhing under his relentless thrusts, pain, and pleasure merging into a haze of sensation. Each thrust leaves me breathless, teetering on the edge of agony and ecstasy. My mind screams to resist, but my body betrays me, greedily welcoming each plunge.

“Tell me how much you fucking want it,” Cade demands, his grip on my hips tightening.

I can’t hold back anymore. My pretense shatters at his command. “I want it,” I whisper, barely audible.

“I didn’t hear you,” he growls, his pace quickening.

“I want it,” I repeat, louder this time, my voice trembling with raw need. “I want you

all the fucking time,”I admit.

“Good girl,”Cade growls, satisfaction dripping from his voice. His thrusts become even more forceful, each one sending waves of intense pleasure crashing through my body.

I clutch the leaves scattered beneath me, my nails digging into the mud.

The mixture of raw passion and sheer force overwhelms my senses, my cries piercing the stillness around us. Cade’s hands roam my body, gripping, teasing, and driving me wild with unrelenting desire. The sensation of his fingers pressing into my flesh only fuels the raging fire within me.

“Do you like that, angel?”Cade’s voice is a low, guttural growl in my ear, sending shivers down my spine.

“Yes,”I gasp, unable to hide the truth any longer. “Yes, I love it.”

“Good,”he murmurs, his breath hot against my skin. “Then take it. Take all of me.”

“Cade, please,”I pant, my body trembling with need. The pressure inside me is building to an unbearable peak, teetering on the edge of release.

He leans down over my back, his breath hot against my ear. “What do you need, angel?”he whispers.

“Make me come,”I beg, my voice breaking. “I need to come.”

A low, approving growl rumbles from his chest as he picks up the pace, his movements becoming almost brutal in their intensity. Each thrust pushes me closer and closer to the edge.

“Fuck, I’ll never get enough of this. Come for me, angel.”

“Oh fuck!” I cry, my orgasm hitting me hard, screaming while my body convulses with the intensity of my orgasm.

Cade doesn’t stop, riding out my climax and sending me into another, even more powerful orgasm until I’m a shaking, quivering mess beneath him.

“That’s my girl, milk my cock, and let me breed that tight little cunt.”

I arch my back, feeling the pulse of his cock as his release intensifies my own pleasure, flooding me with his cum. Not that I’ll actually get pregnant since I’m on the pill, but he loves to claim he’s breeding my pussy and ass.

Reality slowly returns, and Cade’s strong arms wrap around me, pulling me close to his chest. He removes his mask, and I feel the rapid beating of his heart mirroring my own. We lie together, entwined and spent, on the soft forest floor beneath the canopy of trees.

The forest’s silence surrounds us, broken only by the distant calls of an owl and the rustling leaves. Cade’s fingers trace gentle patterns on my back.

“How was that, angel?” he asks softly.

“I fucking loved it. The net was an amazing idea.” I nestle closer to his chest, sighing as his warmth comforts me. “Definitely add that to my list of favorite ways to be fucked.”

He smirks and pulls me closer, kissing my forehead. “Good, I knew you’d enjoy it,” he murmurs. “I fucking love it when you pretend not to want it. Reminds me of when we first met.”

“Me too,” I agree, tilting my head to meet his gaze. His eyes are soft now, the wild intensity replaced with something tender.

He grins with genuine warmth. “I love you, angel,” he murmurs, his voice a tantalizing caress.

My heart swells at his confession, and I cradle his face. “And I love you,” I reply, my voice thick with raw emotion.

We lie there, savoring our connection, basking in the intoxicating afterglow. The first time Cade cornered me at the carnival, I never imagined being here with my stalker, entwined with him so deeply. My heart, mind, body, and soul are his. The outside world fades into insignificance whenever I’m near him, eclipsed by the intensity of our twisted and obsessive love.

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