



Deviant Secrets

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Wake up.Go to work.Come home.Eat.Go to bed.

The continuous cycle sends Chloe to find solace at her family cabin. Nestled deep in the mountains she expects to clear her head. Alone and in control of her urges.

But what happens when she finds more than she bargained for.

One rainy night. A throbbing need. And two masked men waiting to play a dangerous and erotic game of cat and mouse.

Will she run?

Or give into her darkest desires?

It's just a game right...

Total Pages (Source): 17

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PROLOGUE

Unknown: Is this 'Lux?'

Who's asking?

It doesn't matter who I am, just... Please help her.

Help who?

Missed Call from Unknown

Missed Call from Unknown

Missed Call from Unknown

Look I'm busy. Spit it out

Why won't you answer? Chloe needs you...

Is this a sick joke?

Please... I wouldn't be reaching out if I had a tangible solution. I will pay you.

Show me.

She doesn't want me.

Do you really believe that? You'll be in a mask anyway.

....okay

When?

Saturday, at the cabin, I'll make sure everyone stays away. You can have the week to set up what you need.

Whoops.

Cool.

Also fuck you, Maya

How did you know?

I could be one of her friends.

Chloe doesn't have friends

You would know, wouldn't you?

Shut up before I change my mind

Thank you!

Also don't forget to bring a friend

Anything else?

Delete these texts.

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1

CHLOE

The crisp fall air caressed my skin, and I pulled my sweater closer to my body. Every year, my sister and I made the trip to the family cabin to enjoy the way the leaves turned from their forest green to darker shades of yellow and crimson reds. The fresh air rejuvenated us and allowed a chance to clear our minds. The mountainous land and dipping valleys were always home to me.

Despite the blazing inferno in front of us, the soft rain drummed against my cheeks in a soft rhythm. We hadn't been getting along and wanted to use this time to talk it out.

Her cheeks puffed out, and her mouth opened and closed a few times, striking my curiosity. Instead, she jabbed at the fire with a branch, her movements sharp and forced. Sighing, I rubbed the droplets away with the back of my hand.

Just say what you need to say...

The night would be ending for us soon and she would make the trek home while I stayed a few more days to enjoy the peace and quiet. No city noise and barking dogs next door. No painful reminders or tagging along to work with my father.

"So, any plans to settle down?" She asked curiously. "These posts you make are dangerous, and I don't want you to get hurt." Her voice showed genuine concern, but the underlying tension in her tone was unmistakable.

“The way I choose to live my life isn’t anyone’s business.” The words left my mouth before my brain had the chance to process them. I personally researched everyone before I met them. Endless amounts of money spent on background checks, STD checks. I left no stone unturned. “I promise you. I’m as careful and precise as possible. Nothing will happen to me.”

Her face contorted to one of concern, and she hummed her disapproval, as if she was the older sister. She rolled her shirt tight in her hands, faster and faster, and I couldn’t help but to feel suspicious. She was a confident person, able to decide what she wanted and take it. This was out of character.

“You know what I mean,” she continued. “Don’t you want to get married, or have a family? It’s great you’re focusing on yourself, and I’m overjoyed you take measures to look into these mysterious strangers properly. You had the perfect life though, and a fiancé that would’ve given you the world. Tried to.”

“Is that what they’re calling it?” I scoffed. “He was a monster, Maya. He threw me in a cage and locked me away from the world. I don’t want that life. I’m free now.” My voice cracked, and I found myself drifting back to a place I didn’t want to be.

The psychotic look in his darkened eyes made my skin crawl as he backed me against the wall. One arm at the side of my head, caging me in like a rabid animal. While the other squeezed the life from me, coiled around my neck like a snake.

“You’ve embarrassed me for the last time, Chloe. I don’t ask for much. All I asked for was your obedience, and to stay fucking quiet. You never learn, and now I’m going to punish you.”

My eyes darted around the room, already forming a plan to escape if needed. Falling on the open door just down the hall from us, he followed my eyes. His gaze landed on the door that was slightly ajar, and he smirked evilly.

Snapping his fingers, a couple of his men strode down the hall and slammed the door harshly before locking it from the outside.

“You were given to me. That means you obey me, you dress how I order you to, you fuck who I want you to. You keep your mouth shut, or I will remove your vocal cords myself. I don’t want or need a wife, but I do need what your family has.” A lone tear fell down my face, knowing this was my life now and I needed to accept it. “I will keep punishing you until you get the hint. Got it?”

The fear gripped me as tight as the hand that held me hostage against the wall, leaving me speechless. Forced to choose between a few heaving breaths and the courage to speak up. His nostrils flared as he spoke threateningly, and the smell of nicotine engulfed my nostrils the further his nails dug into the skin of my neck.

The pounding and yelling from down the hall caught my attention, and I turned my head toward the noise. Gripping my chin harshly, Ezra returned my focus to his dangerous eyes.

“You’re done skating, and if I find out you’re continuing to sneak out for those private lessons with him, you’ll be sorry.” A sinister smile

formed upon his twisted face as I clawed at him, trying desperately to fill my lungs with air.

“Th-t-there’s n-noo private less-ons, I swe-ar,” I choked out against his grip. “W-we volunteer with the k-kids.” He watched in

satisfaction as I sputtered, taking in deep breaths before being pushed into a stronger pair of arms that gripped me painfully and hoisted me over their shoulder.

“Not anymore. What you’re going to do now is please my men while I watch.” I cried

out as a hand came down hard on my asscheek, spreading a ripple of pain throughout the delicate flesh. I sobbed, my pleas falling on deaf ears.

She struck a nerve, and I started to regret opening up the conversation. Yes, traveling was lonely sometimes, but it was better than what I had endured. I would never go back. Not for all the money in the world. “That freedom is worth something to me, and I’m never going back.”

This was a constant fight within my family, and I hardly attended functions due to it. I have no regrets about the life I chose for myself. The only one brave enough to escape the chains. While everyone else

hid in a secret world of arranged marriages and flexing blood money to get out of trouble. A small attempt to exit the conversation dawned on me and I yawned, moving my glasses further up my face.

“I think I might call it a night. I’ll be up late tomorrow stargazing. Will you stay?” I asked with a slightly melancholy tone.

Despite the slight snap, I didn’t want our weekend to end so abruptly. Growing up, Maya and I shared a lot of the same interests, and one of them was our love for the stars.

“I’ll let you look in the telescope first, and I’ll even set it up, too.” The awkward laughter erupted from my body, but died down quickly; noticing her almost mischievous stare.

Why doesn’t she just stick her demon claws down my throat and take my soul while she’s at it?

“I can’t this time,” she said, pinching her eyebrows together. If she kept doing it, the

creases in her perfect face of plastic would crack under the pressure. “Ezra wasn’t the only one you left behind. Other people suffered from his abuse.”

Guilt welled up in me at her statement, but I stayed quiet, pouring the rest of my water bottle onto the fire. Watching it fizzle to ash before throwing it to the trash can at the side of the cabin.

A shiver clawed at my spine, hearing movement from the brush of the forest. Sometimes we had wild animals, coyotes, bears, things of that sort, so I really didn’t think much of it.

“Why do I have to save everyone?”

My chest clenched, and I played ignorant to it, storming inside to hide the tears that threatened to fall. Back then I never cried this much, but now it’s like the weight of the world was crushing me. In times like this, I wish I had someone to hold me and tell me everything was going to be alright, even if it was a flat-out lie. The cabin was old, and the wood started to rot at the foundation, but it gave me the privacy needed.

Hidden among a throng of trees and thick brush. It had three bedrooms and a bathroom with a medium-sized kitchenette. I loved the place dearly and would soak up as many years as possible before it needed a complete renovation. I always made the drive here to relax when the hustle of the city became too loud.

“Stay safe! You never know what’s lurking out here!” She yelled from the window of her SUV.

The sound of tires spinning in the wet earth grabbed my attention, and I watched as her truck became a speck on the horizon. My eyes landed on the dusty turntable that adorned the corner of the room, and I padded across the itchy carpet. Placing the needle right on the edge of the vinyl. Part of me hoped it still worked.

After some scratching, the soft melody of ‘(You’re the) devil in disguise’ by Elvis sounded from the singular speaker. Drowning out the sounds around me, I swayed to the music, letting it flow through my veins, feeling transported back in time.

The same feeling I used to have on the ice. Closing my eyes softly, I inhaled the foreign scent of the rink, watching everyone skate around, and helping those who wanted to learn. There’s nothing quite like it. The smell of ice that was freshly smoothed over ten minutes before your skate touched it.

Relaxation washed over at the memories, and I smiled, heading over to the kitchen to grab some snacks and a nice glass of wine. The rain tattered on the old mossy roof, and the patter gave the song an added beat. Past conversations were at the forefront of my mind again, and I tried to shake them away.

Why would she try to gaslight me like that? My parents were disappointed when I left, and because I didn't trust them, I never told the full truth of what I went through. Not that they cared anyway.

Plus, I’d always craved a different type of lifestyle, and sometimes shame crept to the surface. People always assume in my world, especially those on the outside looking in. It hasn’t gotten me in

trouble yet, and oh, do I love to play. Each conversation meticulously planned out, right down to what color the paint on my toes was.

I’d gone out on dates and attempted to share my life with someone I thought loved me, but the truth is I’m selfish, and I’ve created safety within myself. I rose from the ashes, and I’d be damned if anyone took that away.

I have a particular set of needs that can only be fulfilled by those willing to cross a threshold most are afraid of. Which is understandable, yet drab, to say the least.

The smell of buttery goodness permeated the air as I reached for the wineglass, tempted to drink it right from the bottle. Flashbacks and memories flooding my mind in a haze. Making my heart flutter from anxiousness. I was never keen on alcohol, but at this moment I wanted to forget before it completely ruined my night.

Making my way over to the small chair, I grabbed the fuzzy blanket that laid across the top and set out to enjoy my snacks and curl up in a good book. The fourth in the series, and what I've been waiting for. All I needed to do was relax.

Leaning back in the chair, sleep pricked at my eyes, and I started to doze off with the book draped lazily at my side. A shiver crept its way up my back, and my body jolted as the needle zig-zagged. An uneasy feeling claimed the room as the song to skip and restart the same line.

You're...

The Devil...

The Devil...

The Devil....

It was eerie to say the least, and I chalked it up to the multiple scratches that record has gained due to the years of overuse. All I had to do was fix the needle and the soft melody would penetrate my ears. Flowing through my brain once more. My arms raised above my head, stretching each muscle to the max before they rested in my lap.

I rolled my eyes and rose from the couch with the glass of wine in my hand, and the floor creaked ominously as I headed towards the turntable. An unmistakable thump came from the back room, and my breath hitched. Goosebumps pricked at my skin,

and I agonizingly waited, a sense of dread washing over me.

Then came the footsteps, and the old wood creaked under the intruder's feet. I froze, and the wineglass slipped from my fingers, shattering to the floor as I tried to push down the rapidly growing lump in my throat.

Someone was inside...watching me...or were they outside, trying to get in?

I peered through the window with my hand over my face, pleading with the rising vomit to not spill. My breathing stilled, escaping in wisps through my fingers as panic rose within. I couldn't see anyone through the crisp frost of the window.

Not one breath Chloe . If I can get to my keys on the table, it might be possible to make a run for it.

I jumped halfway out of my skin, hearing three knocks sharply pound against the door and furrowed my brow in confusion. Maya would be home by now.

Again.

My head whipped toward left at the harsh knocks, and I moved toward the front door to investigate. They continued to almost rhythmically sound like morse code. Sending a message to those inside. What the hell?

The floor creaked ominously beneath my shaking feet. It's hard to believe that anyone could be out here at this time of night, in the middle of nowhere during a rainstorm. The dirt was practically

quicksand at this point. My ears perked, focusing on the lingering sounds. My heart thundered against my chest and I swallowed thickly.

“What the fuck is happening right now?” I muttered to myself, placing a shaky hand on the knob, but stilled. My body refused to move another step.

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CHLOE

The door swung open, and I stepped onto the wrap-around porch in confusion. The damp night air settled against my skin, creating an icy layer over the warmed area.

My car was half-buried in the mud. I could try to leave, but I knew better than that. Past experiences of my foot thundering down on the gas pedal to loosen things up came to mind and I scoffed. Every part of my body was on high alert and my muscles tightened against the chilly weather.

The moon was full tonight and hung low in the sky, casting light among the dense forest. The eerie shadows danced around, creating distorted images and my breath quickened. Tricking my mind into thinking I saw the familiar outline of a person.

My eyes darted around the terrain, gasping at every gust of wind, and I laughed at how scared I'd become. Cautiously, I stepped further into the dark night, looking around for any clue to who had been pounding so recklessly on my door.

Then I saw it. Lying perfectly on the ground at the foot of the stairs was a crumpled, soaked piece of paper.

"Hello," I called out.

Silence.

My curiosity quelled, and I found myself instinctively climbing down the rickety steps, my heart pounding against my skin with each step I took. My mind drifted to the conversation with my sister, and I shuddered. This must be a really shitty joke she's playing. I'm sure she would jump out any minute; just like when we were kids.

Something just...felt off, and I bent down to grab the note, my stomach in knots at the lettering that splayed all over the paper in blotchy letters.

My trembling fingers flattened out the wet paper, and my bulged eyes refused to leave the warning written in smudges.

You've been a naughty girl Chloe

It's time for you to learn your lesson

You will beg

You will feel pain

And you will love every minute of it

We own you now

It's time to run

And you better hope we don't catch you

Below that was an ad...but I didn't create it. Those are definitely not my hard limits, well, except the piss/scat play.

Lesson. What lesson? What have I done? There had been no anonymous exchanges.

No plans to meet with anyone. My mind raced through any possibility that could explain what was going on, but nothing made sense. It wasn't clicking.

Thunder cracked, and I shrieked, feeling the movement of the ground below me.

Despite everything causing my head to spin, I took a deep breath, trying to think clearly. Normally, I wouldn't come here to fulfill any fantasies. Knowing anyone could come and see what was taking place. It wasn't a risk worth taking.

Ignoring the writing, I crumpled it and harshly threw it to the ground.

Behind me, the leaves crunched and gravel kicked up, signaling that someone was in my proximity. I wouldn't dare to turn around. Someone was definitely here, watching, waiting.

It was eerily quiet, aside from the scream of the raging storm. The only light I had was the soft glow of the nightlight in the kitchen, coupled with the zap of mosquitoes that were unfortunate enough to run into the electric trap.

"Who's out there?" I called shakily, facing the masked stranger I'd been searching for all night. A flash of lightning flitted through the sky, illuminating his silhouette.

He stayed silent, watching me with his head tilted ever so slightly to the right.

"Maya, this isn't funny!"

Whoever was out there playing this sick joke wasn't funny anymore. Just a stupid prank. Well, jokes on them. I had no problem making sure they would freeze in the rain.

My heart pounded against my ribcage as I stumbled into the house, checking over my

shoulder every few seconds. The lock clicked and a huge heave of breath escaped my lips in a low whistle.

Fear gripped my throat, and a soft sob left me as I reached for the vodka in the top cabinet.

Relax Chloe, you're safe here. There's just a man dressed in black and a hockey mask outside. Nothing to worry about.

My temple throbbed, but my intuition screamed loud and clear as another sound came from the back room, confirming my fear. There's not one, but two people. I had three choices. Run, die...or find out what they wanted.

My gaze darkened, going for intimidation, while I quickly tried my best to work out a plan that would involve getting out of this alive.

One was in the house, and one was right outside that locked door. That much I knew.

The heavy footsteps attempted to mask themselves against the rain, waiting to sneak up on me, and the sounds that came from the stranger became louder and louder before they stopped, and my breath hitched.

The Elvis vinyl still played into the darkness of the cabin, skipping at just the right moment. Creating a haunting environment.

The Devil...

The Devil...

The Devil...

Silently, my hand slid across the table, reaching for my car keys, and I cursed to myself when they jingled slightly, alluding to my location. The time displayed clearly on the stove, and I focused in on it, swallowing down my growing panic.

22:45

Time slowed to an agonizing still. Over my ragged breathing came the creak of a floorboard behind me. I could feel the height difference as his body towered over mine.

Then I heard it, an unmistakable deep voice that sent chills down my spine. He was right behind me now. His hot breath against my ear.

“I’m not the devil,” he rasped, “but you’ll be begging whatever’s out there for mercy by the time I’m done with you. Mercy that you won’t receive.”

Hyperventilating, my knees shook, and every instinct in my body screamed. I ripped my keys from the counter and split for the door with every ounce of energy I had in my tipsy state.

His laughter sent a feeling of dread spiraling within me. A mixed cry of fear and anger belted from my lungs when I bolted for the door, my wet fingers slipping slightly on the door handle.

A jolt of adrenaline prepared me to run anywhere but here. But I wouldn’t be going anywhere unless it was in a body bag if they got ahold of me.

I crashed into a solid figure, the rigid muscles quivering under menacing laughter. Tears threatened to fall as the impact took my breath away.

I tried to scream, but the room suddenly spun as a hand clamped down on my throat,

lifting me off the ground with ease. The mystery man slammed me against the wall, gripping tighter. My hands moved fast to claw him away, gasping for breath as my airway threatened to close.

“Oh, she’ll be begging alright, and if she doesn’t snuff out the fire deep in my groin. She’ll have an even larger problem.”

3

CHLOE

I couldn't see what they looked like aside from the brunette hair that stuck out behind the masks in wisps. They both wore hockey masks in different styles and their muscles rippled under the T-shirts they wore. One had glacier eyes that almost glimmered against the green spray-paint across it, immediately drawing me in.

The other had cracks in his mask, making him look a lot more intimidating than he probably did on a day-to-day basis. One hit and I'm willing to bet it would break.

His eyes were dark and uninviting, and I was slightly intimidated. Standing strong, it was easy to match his energy despite everything within me screaming. Our eyes locked in a standoff.

"We told you to run. Are you that eager to get ravished? Or do you enjoy defying direction?" Cracked mask asked.

He was wearing a voice modulator, causing him to sound deeper and raspier than he most likely was.

"I-I don't...you have the wrong person."

A pained cry echoed off the walls as the other gripped my hair tight, pulling my body flush against his toned chest.

“I’m going to enjoy breaking you. Can you feel my dick twitching against the crease of your ass? Thinking about all the things I’m going to do to you?”

His hardened cock pulsed against my ass as he pulled my hair taut. Forcing my head upward to look at him, and I couldn’t help grinding into him with a soft moan. My face flushed with heat, feeling how perfectly our bodies molded together. “I bet you’re soaked thinking about it.”

The buzzing in my clit only intensified at his dirty words, and I closed my eyes, waiting for more. Feeling every rock hard inch of his chest, I inhaled his scent as he held me close. It was warm and inviting, despite the current events.

Maybe it’s just my twisted mind, but I was slowly succumbing to my situation and I was loving every minute of it.

In my moment of distraction, the first clasped a collar around my neck, locking it. Even if I tried, it wasn’t coming off, padlocked at the base and needing a key to escape. I growled as not one, but both pulled a key from their pockets.

“We own you now, Little Fox.”

“That’s a stupid nickname,” I spat into the mask.

I would try my hardest to handle my own, refusing to submit to people that hid behind the safety of a mask that looked like it was bought at the costume store.

It was almost as if he could read my mind when he tightened his grip, wiping the insult from the cheek of the mask. Running it between his fingers, a growl settled in his chest as he forced them past my parted lips and down my throat.

I gagged, trying to fight the intrusion, but he only pulled them out and shoved them

back in, putting the fluid back where it belonged. I respected that and melted further into him at the sheer amount of degradation within the action.

“Tell us a safe word. You’re going to need it.” His demeanor was the complete opposite of his friend, and I felt myself crumbling under his intense gaze.

I had to think for a moment. I decided that if I was going to indulge in this, I would need two. One for free use, and one for the times I would be gagged tonight. These two wouldn’t be much of a challenge.

“Peaches, and if I’m gagged, I’ll tap a sequence if that’s alright.” I said breathlessly.

They both nodded their assent and my hands trailed up the hard chest in front of me, using my forefinger to show them the sequence. Tap. Tap. Pause. Tap. Tap into his muscular chest.

Before I could protest, I was shoved back out into the dark night, while the other waited patiently to the side with a set of black rope. Keeping track of these two would be hard. I would have to rely on demeanor, over which one wore what mask.

“Why are we going back outside?” I asked.

I tried to back away from his darkened stare, but the hold on my hair was impossible, and I bit down on my bottom lip in anticipation.

Mr. Green mask knew exactly how to pull your hair to assume full control without causing too much pain. He took another step forward, and I swore the most deviant smile laid behind that mask.

In a flash, a pair of thick hands gripped my torso, ripping my shirt down the middle while the other gently released the tight hold on my hair. Removing my sweater and

glasses, he placed them on the picnic table behind us.

These two were the perfect mix of what I needed. Rough and dominant, yet gentle and encouraging. This was going to be fun, but I wouldn't make it easy for them. My body is a temple, and I've always had control over my sexual encounters.

My open shirt revealed plump round breasts. Suddenly becoming self conscious, I moved my hands across my chest to cover them up. They sagged just a tad, no longer perky as they had been in the past. The veins showed clearly, hues of blue and green like a web throughout. Giving way to the stretch marks from years of weight fluctuation. How could they want this? They should have chosen someone else. Beautiful and untouched, with no damage.

"Don't you dare," he said lowly, and moved fast to take my arms and hold them behind my back.

With my back arched, my tits stood out at attention and I could see the erection of the masked man in front of me as it constricted inside his pants, begging to be released.

His eyes glazed over in desire, and I challenged him through hooded, sexy eyes to come closer. Taking my breast in his large hand, he rolled the sensitive nub between his fingers. I couldn't help the slight roll of my eyes at the pleasure that pinged back and forth between my breast and core.

The other lifted his mask just enough to let his tongue twirl sensuously over the other, still managing to hold me hostage.

"Stop," I moaned out, my body shuddering at the intense pleasure rippling through me.

"Now why would we do that?" His hot breath danced around my skin each time he

flicked and sucked before reluctantly pulling his mouth away.

Tears stung in my eyes at the force used to tug and pinch the other, almost causing me to stumble into another rigid body.

“King, I think we should give her a taste of what’s to come, don’t you?”

But it wasn’t a question, more of a demand, and I was starting to piece the puzzle together. The one who wore the painted mask must have opted to be more submissive, looking to ‘King’ for direction. I’d noticed it a few times, and it piqued my curiosity.

My thighs clamped tighter, and I moved myself along the panties that now wedged between my folds. Trying to give my throbbing clit some sort of friction while I watched the exchange between the two. The hand that snaked it’s way between my legs quickly noticed it, spreading them slightly.

The need to tighten the coil within me raged, and we were only getting started. Playing with me in order to get the upper hand was unfair, but oh, do I love it.

I want more.

I crave it.

“I think the dirty slut would like that Lux.”

I gritted my teeth as his fingers massaged my pussy lips, spreading them teasingly. The cold air caressed my clit, and my body betrayed me.

“How far up your pretty little cunt do you think my fingers can go? I’m willing to bet I could fit my whole fist in. Right up to the forearm.”

The thought made what was coming that much more pleasant, and I was more than apt to give them whatever they wanted to take. Even if they had the wrong person.

“Beg him,” Lux whispered, burying his chin in the crook of my neck. “Tell him how greedy you are for his thick fingers to stretch your hole.”

“Please...stretch me out. I need it.”

“Again.”

“Finger fuck me with your thick fingers!”

All the sensations overpowered my free will and I started to crumble. They had barely touched me yet, and I was buzzing with need and sensitivity.

Between the mouth that suckled on my breasts and the fingers that hovered over just where I needed them. It threatened to turn me feral. I pushed myself further into his palm, urging him to keep going.

“Well, since you asked so nicely,” King groaned, massaging his fingers teasingly along my slit, using my juices as lubrication each time he paused to run a wet finger over my clit.

I stayed silent with a mischievous look, begging them to continue, but the crease between my eyebrows wavered, giving way to the slightest submissive moan. Thankfully they were too focused on toying with my body to notice.

“Look at how much she likes it,” he chuckled darkly. “You like that? Being groped like a whore for two masked strangers?”

“You don’t have to be ashamed. Tell us to keep going like a good girl.” Lux’s voice

came gentle but firm from behind the mask and I obeyed.

Licking my lips as they both watched me intently, my submissive nature clawed at my insides, trying to escape from it's cage. It was hard to fight it. My body seized for a moment, tensing under their touch. They stopped, waiting for my permission to continue.

“Please don't stop.”

Lux stood up straight, and I glared in his direction. His warm body parted from mine as he strutted over to the duffle bag that was hidden under the old wooden table.

“You're going to have to be more specific,” he piped up, reaching into the bag slowly to fish around for who knows what, and it was agonizing.

“Keep licking and sucking on your tit?”

“Finger fucking your cunt?”

“Or maybe you want us to let you go back to your normal boring life,” he mocked.

“Sitting at home and reading those books. Wishing some normal ass dude could fulfill half of your true desires. The darkness that sits on your shoulder like a devil. Gnawing at the shell of your ear,” King added on.

I gritted my teeth. My life was far from boring. “And I guess because you bought a five-dollar mask it makes you somehow superior?”

I stood straight, now chest to chest, with him. The fight for power in the dynamic slowly crept up my back like fire and I wanted to win.

It would be pretty easy to predict tonight's events. Tie me up, fuck me hard, maybe two or three times while I fake the orgasm. Then they would leave, moving on with their lives as if nothing ever happened.

"Play with me...scary mask man," I giggled mockingly.

If they took any longer, I would start getting bored and use my own fingers to lie on the table and splay myself in front of them, running my fingers up and down my wet slit while they watched, never able to touch. Well, unless they begged for it.

A hand slithered around my throat and squeezed, trapping the laugh within my vocal cords. My eyes locked on him in fear, and a bead of sweat fell from my brow.

He squeezed harder, cutting off my airway, and my hands pounded against his chest. Begging for air.

"Who's laughing now? Cause it sure as hell ain't you. Now obey every fucking command we give you, or you'll be punished."

My jaw clenched and relaxed in defeat, remembering all too well what punishment was. I mumbled, "Use me like the whore I am."

"Say it again."

I choked out against his grip, trying to get more words through, but I couldn't and black dots squiggled in my vision. Why do I want this?

He easily demonstrated the amount of control he had. Giving himself pleasure at the thought that I wouldn't breathe, let alone come without permission.

"Chase me. Catch me. Then make me your whore," I seethed, my tone low and

defying.

Air rushed into my lungs quickly and after a deep breath, a constant hum of pleasure grew in my abdomen. My eyes met the floor in submission as his hand returned to my pussy, entering me in quick strokes. In and out. In and out.

“Good girl.”

Lux returned to us with the set of thick black rope threaded between his fingers, waiting. Once King pulled his fingers away, he lifted them to my mouth, running his wet fingers over my plump lips.

“Taste yourself,” he commanded, slinging his fingers past my lips and swirling them around my mouth, allowing the taste of my juices to linger when he pulled them away.

A deep rumble erupted from his chest as his thumb grazed my jawline sensuously. Grabbing my chin harshly, he looked me over before speaking.

“Now, stay still and obey. It’s time to play.”

4

CHLOE

My eyes followed Lux, heart thrumming against my chest watching his hands work methodically. Binding my breasts with the soft rope. He moved with slow, deliberate precision. Each coil tightened, and I whimpered as the pressure became an erotic mix of pain and pleasure.

My eyes blazed when he flicked my nipple, sending a shockwave of stinging pain throughout my breast. Immediately, the pain lulled, and I sucked in a breath as he continued his work.

The rope ran across my chest and over my shoulder sensuously, wrapping around my outstretched elbows. He cinched the knots, and I yelped as he ran the rope toward my wrists. Already stretched to the max, my situation became clear. They didn't want me to win this. They wanted me to be powerless against their advances.

I hated how fast my body betrayed me with a throbbing need I couldn't deny. My mind and every conscious part of my being screamed for me to run, but my body was wet, desperate, and begging for more. At this moment, I loathed myself, and how I reacted.

“Palms flat against your back,” He ordered.

My palms ran flat on my lower back while the rope snaked and knotted around both wrists, leaving my upper body immobile. My tits were pushed out and begging to be

touched by these crude men.

“Why don’t you place the final touch, King? I want her drool to coat those beautiful, swollen tits.”

There was a slight commotion behind me. The sounds of more rustling caused my insides to twist, wondering what these two had planned, and it was stressful that I couldn’t analyze their next steps.

The men I had met previously were under my control. They would beg me to come, and I would reward them every time. Right now, I was approaching a point of no return faster than I wanted to.

King’s arms approached my peripherals as he switched posts with Lux. Two leather straps in each hand, the silver ring moved closer to my mouth. Lux already had his cock out, using his veiny hand to stroke along his shaft.

Fighting against the bondage, I shot daggers at him, but it was no use fighting against two people in this condition.

“Why are you doing this?” I pleaded, playing their sinful game. A round of snickers left both of the men and the one holding the gag answered.

“Shut up and open wide.”

The “O” ring slid between my teeth and forced my mouth wide open. A frustrated groan gave way as the leather straps cinched tight, biting into my skin tighter than needed.

Just enough to love the pain. Saliva gathered at the edges of my lips, threatening to fall from the side of my mouth, causing Lux to groan.

This was a type of pain I've yet to be shown, and that's saying something considering the kinky adventures I'd already entertained.

The spit collected in my mouth, and I had no choice but to let it fall down my chest in thick ropes. The action coaxed another sinful moan from Lux. Damn, he was really loving this. His dick was rock hard as he gripped it tightly, running his fingers along the length.

His hand moved over the precum that dripped from the tip, spreading it over himself with each stroke he completed. The way he whimpered threatened to turn me on further. Our lust filled gazes connected, and a squeak pushed its way through my open mouth when his hand gripped the edge of the railing.

"Please King," Lux's voice became a low, desperate whine. "I'll be a good boy if you let me feel her hot mouth, just once." His hand stroked faster as he watched the scene unfold. "I'll do whatever you want."

"All in good time," King replied, his tone low and thick with control. "Zip up your pants and focus. We have a game to play."

Watching them interact like this turned me on. For a moment, they had completely forgotten about me. Furrowing my eyebrows in confusion, my eyes moved between them, studying the exchange. They knew each other for sure, maybe even done this a hundred times.

All I know is I'm ready to have the best of both worlds. Bring it on gentlemen.

Lux hesitated before obeying, tucking himself away with shaky fingers. Our eyes locked, and my breath hitched at the raw desire that laid within them.

I took one big breath through my nose and the whimpers became moans as a thick

hand came down hard on my chest, smacking the delicate flesh. Over and over the lashes came to my already swollen tits, and he grunted in satisfaction.

“You mark so beautifully. I can’t wait to make you bleed for me. All for me,” King groaned, rubbing his thick cock through the black pants he wore.

Crossing both arms against their chests, they stared at me, and I felt quite small. Aside from the patter of the rain as it steadily hit the ground, it was completely silent. They pushed me further out and away from the safety of my cabin. Are they going to tell me the rules? Let me go? Leave me like this as a sick joke?

“Do we have the payment clear?” Lux’s voice was airy, calm even. Like we weren’t standing in the freezing cold, and I wasn’t bound five feet away from them.

King tapped his screen a few times and nodded curtly. Confirming his friend was correct. “All clear.”

I blinked. What payment? Now I know something is going on. I would remember paying someone. My heart thudded against my chest as the pieces fell into place. My face darkened on the men, reeling at the fact I was nothing more than a pawn in someone’s sick game.

Maya’s voice echoed in my head.

Stay safe! ...

You never know what’s lurking out here...

Given a warning before she left, I was too stupid to realize. She sold me out? The realization hit me like a freight train going a hundred miles per hour. Why would she do this?

Listening intently to every word they had said, my stomach twisted in sickening knots. Both heads shot toward me.

“Are you ready?”

No, I wasn't ready. Who's ever ready to be chased through the woods naked, and an entire upper body immobile on a freezing wet night?

Although, my nipples begged to differ, hardened and pebbled out against the cold. I wanted to tell them about having second thoughts. That the payment didn't come from my bank account. But there would be no convincing that I was the wrong woman. So, here I stood, ready to become the innocent victim they wanted me to be.

The air billowed into a circle of fog as a deep breath left me, and I nodded. Signing the contract that wasn't created by me, knowing deep down I would love it. My heart pounded hard against my aching chest as I stood at attention and waited for directions.

King stepped forward, running his finger along my cheekbone. The words rolled off his tongue, low and menacing, and I had no choice but to follow the commands.

“We're feeling generous. So, you have a five-minute head start. When that time ends, it's no holds barred.” He took a step closer, snapping a branch under his heavy boot.

His breath was hot against my ear, causing me to shudder as he continued his tirade. “Whoever catches you gets to have a bit of fun... uninterrupted, then the game restarts.”

I swallowed thickly and allowed his words to sink in. “After midnight, it's game over. Easy enough?”

Heavy breaths swirled around us while my pulse hammered in my chest, unable to answer them.

Turning around, my eyes scanned the forest ahead of me, dark and thick with brush and tree roots coiled into the ground, taunting me. I knew the area, and the terrain wasn't new to me, but right now it was dark, raining, and without my glasses I'd be face first in the mud.

I had no idea how this night would unfold, and that terrified me. Yet my body continued to betray me, flush with need.

Cool metal ran along the curves of my spine, over the knotted rope, and I let out a gasp as it nicked me along the way.

"She sure does like wasting time, King," Lux roared in laughter, his eyes glimmering. "Hoping we'll change our minds?"

It's just part of the game. Just remember that as you take off into the woods... I thought. Not one, but two menacing whispers caused goosebumps to line my body.

"Run."

The voices dropped an octave, rippling through me as each menacing whisper cut through my ears. The distorted voices under the masks echoed in the storm, and every hair on my body surged with electricity.

With that, the game had begun. The roar of thunder overhead acting as a personal gunshot to urge me on. An ice cold rush of adrenaline crept through my veins and I sprinted into those woods like my life depended on it.

5

CHLOE

The unmistakable hoot and hollers of their voices mingled with the panic spreading throughout my body, drowning out the noises that undoubtedly swam around. I continued to push myself though as the wind bit into my skin, and a dull ache loomed in my side.

They wouldn't catch me, and if I could, a smile would have crept across my lips at the thought. They wanted a little fox. You bet I'd give them one. The thrill of becoming nothing but prey tonight, the weaker link in the chase, excited me.

Shadows danced as the trees closed in, causing a labyrinth of vines overhead, creating a soft shelter from the torrential downpour. I couldn't tell how long I'd been running or how close they were.

A thought pricked at the back of my mind. I'd been running from everything in my waking life. Relationships, expectations, and responsibilities that were cast on me. Sex was my one way of regaining control. I couldn't lose.

Tonight, those two would force me to face every demon I'd kept locked away in the depths of my mind. I could feel it.

I'm tired of wearing a mask, building up a carefully constructed facade to please those closest to me. Tonight, I needed something raw and primal. They needed to take what they wanted from me without a fight. With every step I took, the thought of

surrendering to them sent waves of arousal coursing through my tense body.

I ached to be touched. For them to throw me down and claim me. For a moment, I lost myself, accepting the dark embrace of the forest around me. It allowed me to escape the prison I've created for myself inside my head.

Pulling me back to reality, the musky scent of leather and spice filled my nostrils, and my eyes strained to see where they were among the thick moss. The rhythmic crunching of leaves to my left sent a fresh surge of adrenaline coursing through my aching, sweaty body.

"You really think you can outrun me?" His distorted laughter echoed off the trees, and my breath hitched.

I underestimated them and growled out my frustrations, waiting for my heart to leap right out of my chest. I hadn't anticipated how fast they were, thinking their size would slow them down.

I shot forward, hearing his laughter everywhere, slowly suffocating me. His sultry tone sent shivers gliding down my spine as I ran.

"I love a challenge, and you baby, are the most intoxicating one I've ever had the pleasure of trying to overcome." His hard body slammed into mine and the sheer velocity sent me straight into the damp earth. Landing painfully on my shoulder, I tried to roll onto my back, forgetting my bondage.

My eyes trailed up the body, shooting daggers as I tried to steady my breath, locking eyes with the first man who would take me tonight.

Lux. My heart skipped a beat, waiting for his next move. He grasped my chin in his hand, and I knew from the animalistic look in his eye that I'd fucked up. He held my

gaze, forcing me to look at him.

“You think you’re a clever Little Fox because you know these woods. Well, let me tell you something.”

He knelt down and leaned in close. His breath danced along the crease in my neck and eyes glinted with a hint of mischief. “I know you, Chloe.” He gripped my face tighter and licked the tears from my jawline to the corner of my eye. “I know what you need, and how you like to fuck. Tonight, we’re going to find out just what you’re made of.”

He stepped back, watching my every move as I hurriedly scrambled to my feet and heaved a few breaths.

Next thing I knew, my cheek pressed into his chest and warmth engulfed me, sending heat sprawling in different directions.

“You’re lucky I found you first,” he growled. “You run pretty fast, but not fast enough.” My heart raced, meeting his predatory gaze.

“Stick your tongue out,” he commanded. His grip was firm, and he gave my hair a slight tug. Sending a shockwave painful enough that I obeyed immediately.

A rush of heat pooled at my core as I stuck my tongue out, leaving a wet trail from his chest to his abdomen, feeling the tiny prickles of curly brown hair that disappeared under his waistband.

Groaning his pleasure, he pushed my cheek into the bulge that laid behind the zipper. The metallic zing of the zipper gave way, and his cock sprang free from his pants.

“I’ve waited a long time to destroy that smart mouth. Now, show me what a good girl

you are.”

I salivated at the sight of the cock before me. He was average, but boy was he thick. The precum leaked from the tip onto my outstretched tongue.

Loosening his grip on my hair, he wrapped a hand around his length and guided it toward my waiting mouth, inching in slowly until he hit the back of my throat. That’s right. Make me yours baby.

Instinctively, I tried to swallow, and it only made him push deeper down my throat.

“Breathe through your nose...fuck...I need to feel my cock as it slides in and out of your hot throat.”

Breathing through your nose is easier said than done. It’s all about angles and this...wasn’t it. It proved hard not to laugh at myself during this intimate moment. What’s sex without a little bit of fun?

His fingers found my throat, brushing against my carotid, and feeling it pulse from lack of air. Pulling out, he allowed me to take a few deep breaths before he thrust back in. Popping back out and aiming for the inside of my cheek, flicking against the hardness that bulged from it.

My eyes glossed over, becoming wet with tears and his heels dug into the mud to keep balance.

“You’re taking me so well. I can’t wait to stretch that pretty pussy of yours.” He moaned out, holding my head in place as he moved my head up and down his shaft.

His filthy words pricked against my skin, and I stuck my tongue out, licking the underside of his cock each time he drove into my mouth, savoring his taste. I gagged

against the abuse in my throat.

Each time he held my head down and slapped at the back of my head, forcing me to take more of him. All the way to the base to see how far he could push me until I screamed around his cock for air. Lux was a vocal man, and I wanted nothing more than to keep pulling the groans and whimpers from his mouth. So. Fucking. Sinful.

By now, mascara and eyeliner trailed down my face in waves, and I relaxed my throat against each thrust. My jaw ached from the gag and long ropes of spit fell to the ground. I wanted to take his cum down my throat like a good cumslut. My back arched as I pulled away, but his fingers pinched my nostrils tight and took my breath away as he pulled me back onto his cock.

“Ohhhh...goddamn.”

Reluctantly, he grabbed my head with both hands, pulling me off and I was forced to release him. A trail of saliva dripped from his dick and down my lips, landing on my swollen breasts. I moaned as he gave a few hard strokes, releasing over my face. Please don't stop.

I heaved, fighting for the air that was stolen from my body moments ago. I'm sure from the state of my face, I looked like nothing more than a dirty whore.

He flicked his wrist and looked at the time before helping me balance on unsteady feet, using his thumb to take the cum that landed on my cheek, and pushing it into my mouth.

“Time's up.” His laugh cut through the searing pain on my asscheek as he smacked it hard. Nodding for the game to restart, he sent a wink in my direction before taking off. “Good luck.”

I had to ignore the wetness that pooled in between my thighs and take the head start back into the thick brush.

The minutes seemed to blend together as I ran. A dull pain etched into my side forcing me to stop and take a quick break. But keep an ear out for my predators. I wasn't sure how long I could keep up, and my arms started to ache against the ropes pinching my skin.

Panic seized me as I stumbled over a root that stuck out of the ground and a scream caught in my throat seeing the familiar cracks in the mask of King. He wanted to hurt me in the most deliciously brutal way, but I was still reeling from my encounter with Lux. No matter what, I had to continue playing the game.

The wind howled around me, and a low whistle echoed around, closing in on me. For a moment, I lost my resolve and felt like true prey, scared and alone. If they both caught me, I would be eaten alive...

A deep, unsettled feeling sat in my gut as I thought about the repercussions of agreeing to their little game while I camped behind a tree, waiting for my next chance.

The sound of running water caught my attention. I grew up in these woods, and an idea formed. There should be a small pond. Small enough to cross where I wouldn't hurt myself. It would allow me to circle back to the cabin and try to cut through these woods. Best-case scenario, I'd be given a chance to exact revenge. Putting these men on their knees, stretching them nice and wide.

My muscles burned and the cold air stung my lungs as I hurried, hearing muffled laughter through the trees. The laughs were malicious and an indicator of what was coming straight for me. Not having my glasses was proving difficult and everything blurred into dark nothingness, just endless brush and shadows.

The hair on the back of my neck raised at the sound of my name. He was close.

“Chloe.” The sound billowed around me. “Come out, come out wherever you are,” he taunted.

The whip of the wind carried his voice around in a hushed echo, and it sent shivers down my spine.

I belted out a shocked gasp when my toes grazed the freezing cold water and relief washed over me. My legs brushed against moss, and I jumped seeing the pile of stones that laid under it, deciding to take a chance with the icy abyss.

Jolting forward into the small area between the rocks attempting to stay as quiet as possible, I’d hope the hiding spot was tucked away enough for the murmurs to disappear.

But the footsteps stopped at the bank of the stream, and I held my breath, waiting. Maybe it’s close to midnight, and this can be done and over with.

“You can’t hide from me Chloe. I’ll find you, and when I do,” His tone threatened with the promise that lingered in the air. “You’ll wish you hadn’t agreed to this.”

My heart pounded against my ribcage as I took a deep breath and stuck my head into the water for as long as I could. The water rushed into my open mouth and I sputtered. It was too much, and I knew I wouldn’t be able to hold it for long.

My head turned ever so slightly, and I raised half of my face out of the water. Letting the contents that flooded in my mouth spill out, listening closely to the subtle changes in the environment.

Hearing the snapping of twigs and crunching of leaves, I internally thanked the

heavens he decided to walk away and now I was soaked in more ways than one.

A few minutes later, my shaky body rose from my spot behind the rocks and heaved myself up back onto the muddy ground.

My blood ran cold hearing a soft, barely audible whisper, “You make it too easy slut. Never trust the silence.”

He gripped my arm and led me away from the safety of the bank, further into the woods I tried so hard to escape from. I broke out into a cold sweat, and a gushing sound flowed in my ears.

“Stand against the tree.”

Without resistance, I brace my back against the tree with my legs slightly spread, careful not to crush my numbed hands.

His darkened gaze moved over my breasts, numb from the cold and turning a deep shade of purple. I’ll be good for you King.

Panic swelled within me as he pulled out the knife and ran the blade along my hardened nipple, pushing the tip in and twisting it around, irritating the sensitive flesh. I cried out against the pain, and he slapped a hand over my face, his large hand taking my breath away as it covered my mouth and nose.

“Are you ready to play with a real man, Chloe?” His menacing laugh made every hair on my body stand straight up. Defenseless against his torture.

His hand moved expertly, dragging the sharpened blade down my abdomen and cutting into it. His heavy breaths wrapped around my head, watching as crimson blotched multiple areas around my torso.

6

KING

The fear in her eyes almost drove me over the edge, and I tipped my head back, relishing in the predicament she entered herself into. Bound, drooling, and the cum of my best friend drying over her pathetic face. Ready to be used again like a willing whore.

She had no idea what we had planned for her. The way her pupils dilated and breath quickened showed that fear. The blade of the knife ran along her body. The thought of marking her had my cock straining painfully against my pants.

She would regret asking for this. It may give her everything she needs, but that's not what I want. I want her to crave only us. To scream my name as I drive into her hard.

The first moment I saw her parading that body on the deck of her sister's pool, I could see why he had never shut up about her. The bathing suit she wore left little to the imagination, pushing her breasts together. Supple nipples hardened under the thin material of that god-forsaken polka-dot suit.

Jesus, if I had known her first, I wouldn't have hesitated to steal her away and claim her for myself.

Chloe was ours to share now. Lux and I had been through everything together, and he knew she wouldn't get hurt too bad. He could be the knight in shining armor. I just wanted to fuck her. Plain and simple.

After tonight, she won't have to worry about the endless men that tried so hard to be like those in the books she read. She would have me, us, at her beck and call whenever she needed the deliciously brutal release.

I leaned forward, grabbing her trembling leg and hiked it slowly up to my waist. Her body tensed as she instinctively wrapped it around me.

My hand flew to my zipper, releasing my cock from the confines of my pants, dripping only for her. The drool that fell from her mouth was mouthwatering as it trailed down her body like an erotic slip and slide.

Her wavy hair now sat wet against her face from the stream, and I chuckled to myself over the fact that she practically tried to drown herself rather than be caught. Various sticks and leaves clutched to her body, and I groaned in response.

She deserved to be on her knees getting fucked into the mud like the sloppy whore she is. If that's how she wants to be treated, I'll comply. My tongue ran across my top teeth and I swallowed thickly, changing course and pushing her leg off.

The smooth steel of the blade ran across her cheek and over her mouth. She was going to scream for me, and he would hear her begging to come over the howling of the wind. There's nothing like the hushed moans and pleading for release through a gag though. So helpless, and at my mercy. Fuck decisions, decisions.

Reaching for the back of her head, my hand moved to unlatch the leather straps and free her jaw. She moaned in gratification as her tense jaw relaxed from the bondage, and my dick twitched at the sound.

That wasn't good enough. I turned the blade slightly, letting the tip rest above her plump bottom lip. The tears flowed down her cheeks in a blissful stream and threatened to turn me on further.

“What do you say?” I wanted to hear her say it.

“Th-thank yy-yo-uu,” she stuttered out through each word. The nose of my mask rested against her cheek, and I inhaled her fear.

“Do you know what you’re saying thank you for?”

She winced as the sharpened steel ran down her lip, splitting it open. The blood slowly trickled out, and a moan hummed in my throat, watching the skin tear slowly. The smell of copper filled my nostrils, and her tongue swiped over her lip to catch the red liquid.

Opening her mouth and closing it again, she stayed silent, and it infuriated me.

Fuck it.

Sticking the knife into the soft ground, my hand found itself on her calf, running along the length of it, hovering right over her pussy, and I laughed. “Should we see how much this turns you on?”

“What exactly are you referring to?” Her defiance was loud and clear as she bit her bottom lip, suppressing the smirk that crept along her face. Crimson fell from the cut in her lip, and I just wanted a taste.

My hand rested in between her thighs, giving them each a harsh slap. A low whistle sounded from me as I stared in awe at the wetness coating over her. She’d shaved like she knew we were coming, all but a strip of dark curled hair.

Slowly, I rose, placing each arm on either side of her head, caging her further in between the tree and my body. The sweat glistened on her and I could feel her fear rise through her trembling lips as she took short, quick breaths.

My hungry eyes locked on her fiery ones, and I whispered slowly. “The fear,” I challenged. “You like running like a weak piece of prey. It’s disgusting.”

Her bottom lip trembled as I caught it between my thumb and forefinger, squeezing. Letting the blood ooze onto my fingers.

Examining the crimson, I brought it under my mask and slid my fingers between my lips, humming in satisfaction. Her whimpers of pain didn’t stop me as my hand trailed down her body, until I could pinch her throbbing clit between my fingers.

At this moment, she could have figured out who I was under the mask, so I had to be more careful. I didn’t know her that well, but she’d help the social media manager from time to time, and used to help teach the kids to skate. Abruptly she had stopped, and I never knew why. Lux was different after that, and he never told me a thing.

Her whimpering shot me back to reality, and she acted ignorant to my wandering thoughts. My hand grasped the back of her collar. Her face showed her realization as I released her now bruised and bleeding face and shoved her to the ground.

“Now, you’re going to suck on the handle of that knife while I fuck you. If I see it leave your mouth, I’ll punish you.”

“But what if it cuts me?” she asked.

Her body turned on her. She was scared, but an ever present curiosity glimmered in her eyes. I ignored the question. She’d be fine.

“Guess that’s for you to figure out.” I said, taking my place behind her. I listened closely, and after some hesitation, I saw her lips wrap around the handle and go to work.

Her slurping noises drove me wild, and I peered at her skin, rubbed raw from the ropes. Purple spreading along her hand and arms from lack of circulation. Once I'm done, they'd be coming off, giving her a much needed break.

Admiring the perfect round globes of her ass, my hand came down hard, letting the ripples run across her in waves. Over and over I spanked her, turning the area a dark shade of crimson. Relishing in the sound of her garbled, pained screams as she gagged around the blade handle.

She was wet, and it was cold outside, eliciting a more sharp, painful smack. Time was running out, and I needed to feel her around me.

Taking a hold of Chloe's asscheeks, they spread wide open, giving me the most delicious view of her dripping wet cunt. I wasted no time in lining up with her entrance.

Giving her no time to adjust, I sunk myself into her and rhythmically fucked in and out, the only sound echoing around us being the slap of skin on skin and her gagging.

"That's right, take it all," I grunted. "The way you were built to...fuck..."

Grabbing her tied hands, I gripped the middle of the rope that bound her, using it as leverage to drive my cock into her harder. My other hand curled over the top of her head and four fingers dove into her mouth, forcing her head off the knife. Slamming into my chest, she had no choice but to scream as she fucked me back, waves created by the sheer force we were fucking. She was hungry, and I had no intention of stopping.

The sweat lined my chest in thick pools under my shirt, but all I could think about was her walls pulsing around my cock. She was close, but she would need to wait.

“Don’t. Thrust . You. Thrust . Dare.”

Her cries wrapped around my head, creeping through my ears like a parasite. Each one being replaced by another. My hand left her mouth, sending a bloody trail down to her nipple as she fell back to the ground.

“Lick the Blade, nice and slow.”

I pinched her nipple and pulled it harshly between my fingers, barking the order. Quickly she obeyed, wincing as her tongue swirled along the sharp edges and painting them red.

“Goddamn,” I groaned, moving my fists hard and fast along my length until I came on top of that beautiful reddened ass, creating the most beautiful masterpiece.

“Stay still,” I ordered, loosening the ropes around her hands and untying each knot that was expertly placed. We didn’t need books, I scoffed to myself. Just years of camping, fishing and survival techniques, with a little bit of sadism sprinkled in. That teaches you most of what you need to know, like tying a decent knot.

“Please let me come,” she whimpered. Her voice was barely audible, and she trembled beneath me. The request was filled with desperation.

I rubbed the chafed skin along her wrists and up her arms, helping to get the feeling back. Massaging the stress and fear from her locked joints, and she hummed her approval with a quick thank you.

“Trust me, soon enough you’ll be begging us to stop making you come.” The laugh rumbled in my chest at the honest enjoyment I was getting out of this experience.

The chase was thrilling. I’ve done it plenty of times, but this one...Chloe was like

biting a piece of forbidden fruit, and I'm starting to think from this point on. It was the only way I wanted to play.

Grabbing the knife and slipping it into my pocket, I watched her cautiously as I helped her up. It was our job to make sure she's safe in our care, and I wouldn't hesitate to say the safe word myself if I thought she needed it. I'm sadistic, not an asshole.

"One last round Little Fox?" I awaited her nod of approval and stalked off into the trees, grinning to myself when the fast-paced crunching of leaves and sloshing mud hit my ears.

A fire erupted within me at her false hope, because this night was far from over. When we leave, it won't be long before she comes crawling back for more.

Chloe

At this point, I had no idea where I was running to anymore, the same tree coming into view for the fifth time already. Various branches scratched at me as I fell deeper into the forest. Concern and fear started to pool within me at the prospect of becoming lost and unable to help myself out of danger.

My body ached, my legs were shaking, and my mouth was painfully split open. That last sadistic request caused me to split the tip of my tongue, and it hurt worse than the deepest papercut. The woods seemed to stretch on forever as I ran seemingly faster than I ever have in my life.

It was beyond cold now; the wind whipping fiercely against my numbing tits and the terror suffocated me. The dull ache in my ribs grew with every step I took, but I couldn't stop now. I have to win this sick game of theirs. My arms may have been free, but everything else was screaming at me.

They were both closing in fast, and a sense of relief washed over me. A laugh forced its way out of my throat, seeing the tiny window with the kitchen light on. I'm close.

My lungs burned and the realization sunk in. I was never in control of this. They decided when we were done. Even if I made it to the cabin, they made it pretty clear they would be far from done.

In the final stretch, there was nothing but clear flat land between myself and where I needed to go. So I sprinted, missing the root that coiled and twisted from the old tree in front of the cabin.

Before I knew it, the ground disappeared from beneath me. My hair whipped and stuck to my face in a sticky sweat and I tumbled down, my knees and legs becoming a mess of cuts and lesions from the various stones and pain erupted in my abdomen as I hit the ground.

For a moment it was completely silent, and I rolled over onto my back, coming face to face with two pairs of black combat boots. I tried to move, but everything hurt, and a frustrated cry ripped through me. I was so close and I lost.

Their masks came into view and King leaned in, hooking his arms underneath mine, hoisting me up to my feet, handling me like a doll. It was a stark reminder of how helpless I really was.

"You did well, but it's midnight," he said, almost calm. It was vastly different from the assertive, dominant tone he'd been using all night. "Game over."

Lux stepped forward, cupping my jaw and leaned in close. "Are you done? Part of me feels like the ember inside of you is still flickering with a longing for satisfaction."

His finger skimmed over my breasts and I winced, the blood rushing to the heated

parts of my skin. He was everywhere. King removed the collar slowly, and I cracked my neck as his fingers moved methodically, soothing the area. At least I wouldn't have to worry about aftercare.

Despite the dirty talk and rough play, they were great at finding balance, and I trusted that if I wanted out right now; they would leave without a complaint.

Before I knew it, a flush of heat rose within my abdomen as Lux ran his finger along my slit, dipping a finger into my wetness and rubbed sweet circles around my clit.

“Just as I thought. You're far from done. I can smell your arousal,” he stopped abruptly, and I groaned. The next time I heard him speak, it was his voice. His real voice. “Don't worry. Soon enough you'll be screaming my name as your juices coat my cock.”

I swallowed thickly. The words sent a shiver down my spine. A sharp, almost chemical smell filled my nostrils and immediately my head started spinning. Almost like the rotting flesh smell they try to create in a haunted house, but worse.

All I could focus on were the defined lines in his jawline under the mask as King held the cloth against my face. Punching and kicking out against my captors. But it quickly became a losing battle. Numbness and tingling working its way through my tired body.

My furious eyes met Lux's guilty ones. I suddenly felt at ease, and my body slumped in defeat.

“This is our game now.” King grunted, wrapping his hand around my neck and squeezing, causing me to feel depleted of energy from the loss of oxygen.

The last thing I remember were the restraints on my breasts lifting as I sat on a cloud,

blissfully floating until the darkness engulfed me.

7

LUX

“ You didn’t have to knock her out,” I spat, pulling at the intricate knots of rope that held her breasts hostage. “She was more than willing to follow us for some fun.”

That was the game he played. While I wasn’t too fond of it at all, if that’s what she wanted, I would comply. Nothing we had done tonight hit a hard limit.

Best friend or not, if he went too far, I would make him pay for it. Sharing was hard enough as it was, and watching her struggle brought up memories that I refused to bring to the forefront of my mind.

Her sister loosely filled me in on what’s been going on the past few years, but I wanted more information. I’d get it tonight. When she was tired and broken...vulnerable.

King was here strictly for pleasure. Starting off as my wingman, I found it fun to play with him sometimes. With or without female company. He taught me everything I knew about the BDSM lifestyle. But I wouldn’t be calling him ‘Sir’ tonight.

Though she wants to be controlled, I’m here for her pleasure, not mine. I just can’t wait to be balls deep inside that woman, making her scream my name. I couldn’t care less if I came from it.

Lightning spread to my groin as I carefully kneaded the circulation back into her tits.

My cool fingers brushed over and over on her heated skin and I bit my bottom lip. I've waited years to touch her, and after tonight she would be the only one I would, for the rest of my life.

"Come on man, it's all part of the game, and she's a willing participant. Loosen up and have fun," he said coolly, taking her from me and throwing her unmoving form over his shoulder. "By the end of the night she'll be begging for it. Fuck did her pussy feel good clenched around my cock earlier. I couldn't stop myself, man."

Our masks sat at the top of our head, and he threw a smirk my way I wanted to smack off.

"You fucked her? We had an agreement!"

We weren't supposed to fuck her yet. Use her mouth, scare her, make her bleed, yes. But not fuck her. Jealousy twisted in my gut. A painful reminder of how long I've wanted her for myself, forced to watch her suffer. I clenched my jaw, pushing away the images that clouded my mind.

"Get off your pedestal. You know how long you've wanted her. Here's your chance. One night Nick, it's all you have."

"It's not about what we want. She deserves to be treated as more than just a toy. She deserves better than what we just did. Look at her!"

All the years I had to endure touching myself, imagining it was her hot, tight body against mine. Watching as my brother paraded her around like a trophy, abusing her, then stuffing her with hush money.

She had no idea I cheered the loudest for her when she left him for good, even if it meant I wouldn't see her anymore.

Still, she showed up at every game and I'll never know if it was because she had to, or that she wanted to. As fun as tonight's events have been so far for King and me, doubt seeded within me. Was it fun for her? Is she really okay with being reduced to a fuckdoll?

"Yes! Look at her. Open your big blue eyes and realize she asked for this. These stupid games you've been forced to watch. Acting as a middleman, following her to make sure no one hurts her." He had a point, and I could see his body tense and shake the more he spoke, but he still needed to be set straight, in a few aspects. "Bet you never thought of that. At least if she's our toy, we control the outcome. We pull the plug if we need to."

Fuck. He was right, and I loathed it. We'd take full advantage tonight and watch her carefully. I wanted this to be her last experience in this state. I couldn't stand by idly and watch her destroy herself anymore. The anger swelled inside my body as he spoke about her in that fashion, and I held my finger toward him in warning. "I'm not here to hurt her for sport. You watch yourself tonight or you can leave."

"She's not a victim. She?—"

"Yes, she was!" My fingers pulled at my locks in frustration, and bile burned the lining of my throat, wanting to tell him about that night. I wasn't ready, and it wasn't my story to tell. "Tonight is more than a game to me. It's about pleasure across the board, man. Her pleasure above all else."

"I promise you Nick. She will enjoy every second of it. We all will." My shoulders deflated at his low tone and my heart pounded in my chest. I hadn't the slightest clue why my body had thrown itself into survival mode. Ready to fight him if it came down to it. "Let's get her inside and warmed up. She's freezing."

Now, we could move on to more important things. Although, a small pang of guilt sat

in the depths of my stomach for the way I reacted.

Age is just a number, Chloe, and after tonight all you'll crave is being bound, gagged, and fucked by two cocks who want nothing more than to worship the ground you walk on. My dick twitched at the thought of them both dominating me one day.

Jogging up the stairs of the cabin, I reached around and flicked on the lights, holding the door open with one foot for King to bring her in. The cabin embraced us with its inviting heat, completely different from the chaos of the night. My breathing slowed, returning to normal as a wave of safety engulfed me.

It wasn't hard to understand why she liked this place so much. I never really got to enjoy things I loved. My brother got everything, and here I was, stuck with the scraps. When my parents passed, everything went to him, which was fine. I didn't want the blood money anyway.

I met King at fourteen and we've been friends since, throwing ourselves into sports and petty trouble. Lord knew an athletic scholarship would be the only way this guy was getting into any sort of collegiate program.

She'd sit in the stands with my family, never realizing every goal was dedicated to her. The stares, subtle hand brushes, and smart-ass remarks. Maybe she did and sat in denial. Who knows?

Her reputation was everything to her, the career woman. She won gold once, and she always flourished when dancing across the ice, and I loved watching every jump she landed smoothly. It destroyed her when she had been forced to quit.

Staying away was the only option for me as well. Coming back would only hinder her healing, but after the taste I've had tonight, I'm not sure how much longer that way of thinking will satisfy me.

Stuffing the mask in the back of my pants, a thump sounded from behind me, bringing me out of my thoughts. King had set her on top of the table in the kitchen, laying her flat along the lacquered wood.

“Watch her, I gotta piss and shower before she wakes up,” he grumbled. Each stair creaked under his weight until he made it to the top and the lock on the bathroom door clicked.

Heading toward her, it wasn’t hard to notice how her skin glistened with sweat and mud. Proof of her struggle, and will to power through.

Blood trickled down her split lip and my face flushed with heat as it sat against her skin, painting her like the most beautiful decoration. Frankly, I was surprised at how fast she ran tonight.

“So beautiful.” My fingers trembled as I brushed a strand of hair from her sticky face. She looked so peaceful, so vulnerable.

Her breasts bounced as her chest relaxed in peaceful slumber and her matted hair splayed out over the table. Shaking the thoughts away, my eyes found the fridge where she no doubt had some form of alcohol to pass the time and keep my dick from doing things it shouldn’t in her state. I saw her drinking earlier and searched around, but my eyes kept forcing their way to her sleeping form.

No. I can’t

God, it would be so wrong, not when she’s out cold.

Not by me though...Fucking stop, still wrong... I said to myself. My eyes bulged seeing the contents of the small appliance.

“What the fuck is that?” I mumbled to myself, pulling the zucchini from the bottom shelf. What in the food grade science experiment is this? This vegetable was twice the size it should’ve been, and the gears immediately started wracking my brain.

I can’t.

I fucking need to...

My cock strained painfully against my pants as I stalked over her and set it down next to her hips. He would be in the shower for a while, I had time. She could wake up and see my face. I don’t give a shit.

All I care about is the look in her eye when she realizes she’s getting fucked with nothing more than a glorified cucumber.

First, I needed a taste. I’ve been good. Grabbing her hips and pulling her ass to the edge of the table, I lowered to my knees, level with her core and licked my lips.

Dragging my fingers along her slit softly, dipping them inside to scoop out her wetness. Stretching and fingering her pussy I spread her legs wider, and dipped my head down to circle her clit. Even asleep, her body responded so beautifully to me.

Chloe knew what she wanted. Who she needed, even in her unconscious state. Adding another finger, I fucked into her greedy body as it pulsed for more.

“That’s it. So wet.” Pulling my shirt over my head, I looked her over in awe and my muscles flexed as I held her trembling thighs down. Watching with hungry eyes as she came.

“Such a Good Girl...”

Removing my fingers, I wrapped my lips around them and sucked the beautiful juices until my fingers were no longer glistening. Reaching up, I grabbed her full breast in my hand and squeezed, running a thumb along her nipple.

An animalistic moan rumbled in my chest as I dove in, dipping my tongue between her lips, and entered her in a sweet rhythm. She tasted better than I imagined, and the saltiness of her sweat mingled with the mud that caked on her still tasted amazing.

Spreading her wide, I watched as her pussy glistened with a new found wetness and need erupted like a fire within me. I wanted to be waterboarded with her juices as she came for me in her sleep.

Flattening my tongue against her, I licked from her entrance to her clit, flicking and sucking with my tongue. She started to stir, and it would stroke my ego in the best way to know I was the one who drove her to wake up this way.

“You taste amazing, and I can’t wait for you to feel my tongue against you.”

I’d have plenty of other times to kiss every part of her tonight and every night after. Right now, I needed to see her take this.

Reaching over her thighs, I grabbed the zucchini and lined it up with her entrance. Slowly, I inched it in and bit my lip hard, watching as her cunt swallowed it like the good slut she is. My mouth tasted like copper from how hard I bit down to suppress my own moans as I moved it in and out of her body rapidly.

My other hand moved over her, retracting her clitoral hood to find exactly what I was looking for. Swollen and pulsing, her clit called for me, so I obliged.

Flicking and rubbing in sync with every pulse, her pussy wide awake and coming for me. Her core tightened around the vegetable as she came, causing me to have to force

it back in, slippery with her juices.

Continuing to drive into her hard, my hand drifted toward the button of my pants and I released my cock. It slapped against my abdomen in desperate need, and I gripped it hard. Running my calloused hand up and down my shaft slowly to the thought of her moaning my name.

Nicholas...

Beyond the silence the only sound was the squelching every time the vegetable fucked her mercilessly. I need more.

I craved her like a fire needs oxygen. She would never snuff out my flame, always reigniting my passion like the first time I saw her dance across the ice. God, it was fucking painful to live like this, but I welcomed the pain.

Inserted to the hilt, it stayed inside while I moved my mouth over her and sucked hard on her clit, creating a suction. Her pussy quivered at the contact pushing it back out. It landed on the floor and with a laugh I decided to leave it. No longer important.

A needy moan rippled through her body and entered mine. Flicking over her clit slowly, the moans encouraged me further, until a thick hand grasped my hair, locking me in place.

“You’re being a bad boy. Do I need to punish you too?” King groaned, pushing my face further into her.

My breath became shallow as I suffocated, but I didn’t want air. It wasn’t long before he noticed her beautiful moans, and I had to remember I wasn’t the only one here. He needed a taste too.

Releasing the hold on me, he walked around the table toward her head, and I knew what he wanted from her.

“Just wait,” I begged. The veins in my forearms were prominent the harder my fist gripped my dick, and I was close. “Let me have this.”

He sighed his displeasure but nodded, and I rose from my place between her legs. I ran my hand over her one last time, admiring her in this state.

Hot spurts of cum shot over her inner thighs and sweat ran down my heaving chest. My abdominal muscles tightened as I continued to empty over her.

Shit. Easily the best orgasm I’ve had in a while.

I nodded toward King before reaching around to grab my mask from where it hung on the back of my pants. She stirred, and her beautiful eyes opened slowly.

8

CHLOE

“What happened?”

Black spots danced in my vision as I slowly rose back to consciousness and pushed myself upright. My mouth was dry, and I tried to speak, swallowing the growing lump in my throat. I could feel their gazes piercing through me as I licked my dry, cracked lips.

Both men stood over me, waiting, and I lifted my head bracing on the table to steady myself. My mouth felt like cotton, but I could finally speak up. “Water please?”

I rubbed my temples tenderly as my headache slowly subsided. It felt like I was still in a dream-like state. “You were knocked out cold, but you’re safe,” King said over the running water.

This is our game now...

What did they mean by that? I didn’t even ask for round one.

King handed me the water and my eyes glazed over his naked torso, nothing but a towel resting dangerously low on his waist.

My eyes raked over Lux’s shirtless figure. The mud smearing over his tattoos and twigs stuck out of his hair. I stifled a giggle and spread my legs just enough to entice

him, remembering how aroused he was from simply seeing me bound and gagged.

“You moan so beautifully in your sleep. Your pussy is greedy Chloe,” Lux whispered against my hair with a playful glint in his eye.

“May I go take a shower?” My words came out as a quiet squeak and I trained my eyes on the ceiling, suddenly feeling clammy and extremely trapped.

“Go ahead. We’ll wait.” My ears perked, picking up on the intensity of his words. Would they?

Shifting uncomfortably, I scurried up the stairs quickly. Trying to escape the tension before they asked questions. Flashbacks came to the forefront of my mind, and my pulse raced. The last thing I needed was a panic attack in front of these men.

I had tried talking to people after that night, but nobody really listened. Only asked me stupid fucking questions like what I was wearing, or if I was leading anyone on. All they cared about is if I was pressing charges or not. I tried and failed and now he’s untouchable.

I thought he loved me, but I was nothing more than a pawn in his game of chess to get close to my father. If he married me, he had everything my father had worked for, at least my share. He left me for dead, trash on the side of the road. It was hard to accept I would never get justice, but I take it one day at a time.

Tears sprung to my eyes and my bottom lip quivered as I walked along the cool porcelain tile. It was a large bathroom with ample room, but the piping was old and made clunking sounds. While the hot water tank tried to heat the water enough to step in.

It reached the desired temperature, and I stepped into the shower, bracing my hands

against the wall, allowing myself to feel the scalding hot water run down my back like a waterfall.

I wanted to feel desired, but each time I thought of another man claiming to own me, it made my skin crawl. Was I seeking freedom from Ezra? My mind?

Maybe I was seeking another prison. To go back to the only thing I knew. Each choice felt like a double-edged sword, and I feared being pierced by either end in a losing battle.

Memories flooded back—his hands on my neck, the menacing voice echoing in my head.

You're mine.

Despite the hot water cascading down my body, I shivered. The weight of his words etched in my mind. It was a different kind of prison. One I feared I'd never be rid of. I read somewhere that when you take extra hot showers it's a form of self-harm.

I scoffed to myself. Well, I'm not a medical professional, but if this gave me the feeling I was looking for, the pain I now craved, then maybe it would quiet the racing thoughts. I'm okay with losing a layer or two of skin to chase that high.

I wanted to feel alive again, instead of a shell of my former self. But at what cost? So far, I've enjoyed tonight's events, but I'd be lying if it didn't bring memories to the surface, threatening to swallow me whole.

The shower curtain flew open, ripping me from the fleeting thoughts, and my eyes caught on Lux and his naked body.

"You okay?"

His anxiousness showed as his fingers drummed a smooth rhythm against his thigh. The thought of him coming to check on me erased some of the tension that coiled in my chest, and I was thankful.

All I could do was shake my head. “I’m okay,” I lied, turning my back to him, embarrassed that I let tears fall over this situation. One I could leave anytime I wanted. So why couldn’t I?

“I need a shower too. May I join you?”

He stepped in and the air thickened around me. My heart pulsed in my throat and the walls closed in on me. My breath hitched, watching as the scalding hot water met his skin and he winced.

“You’re not going to like it in here. It’s really hot.” I sniffed, not caring that these kinky adventures I chased were starting to take a toll on me, but also wanting to add a bit of humor to the situation. “Plus, you would have to take your mask off unless you want me to see you.”

I couldn’t help the anticipation that sat within me at the prospect. I wanted to see his face as it contorted into a mixture of pleasure and pain.

“Nice try,” he chuckled. “Turn around.” His tone was playful yet held a stern warning.

The sound of his mask lifting made my stomach flutter, and I wanted to turn around. At this moment though, he trusted me enough to do the opposite.

He ran his nose along my shoulder and rested his lips at the nape of my neck, his stubble tickling the sensitive area.

I stood frozen as a thin piece of fabric covered my eyes and knotted in the back of my head. “Do you trust me, Chloe?”

My bottom lip quivered. “No.”

He took the delicate skin between his teeth and I arched my back against him. Feeling the scalding hot water fall down his chest in a stream, and I felt bad he had to endure that.

He chuckled. “Probably a good idea.”

I waited with bated breath for his next move, but he only grabbed the washcloth from my hand and ran the soapy object down my arms and across my abdomen. Gentle but firm, and I shuddered against him. Squeezing my breasts, his soapy fingers ran the cloth over my nipples and my breath hitched.

“Spread your legs for me,” he commanded, but it still came as a quiet order.

“You don’t have to do this.”

“Just shut up and let me take care of you.”

Resting against the wall, I held back a moan as he knelt to the ground and took a hold of my calf, grazing the soapy cloth along every dip and curve. It burned a bit from the cuts I’d gathered, and my body tensed under his touch.

“I’m sorry.” I could feel him studying me. Washing in slow circles like he was washing his car. “We were too rough.”

My hand moved to his shoulder and squeezed. “I can handle it. I’m pretty resilient.”

This was intimacy in a whole different form. Something I wasn't used to. It felt just as satisfying when compared with the rough play, and I wanted to return the favor. To make him feel desired, as I did.

"Can I touch you?" In the heat of the moment I dug down deep and found the courage to try and take some control.

Surprisingly, he obliged. The soapy cloth found its way into my hand and I involuntarily squeezed it out as he stood.

"You can. It's just us now." He leaned down, capturing my lips in his. It took me by surprise, but quickly I melted into him.

It was gentle and his lips were soft, a spark igniting as our mouths moved in sync. My tongue swiped across his bottom lip, and he smiled into the kiss. His hand found the back of my neck, pulling me in closer. Relishing any private intimacy he could get before he had to share again.

My hand moved down his chest and across his hip, resting there, noticing a few raised scars along the way. He hissed as my soapy hand grasped his cock and I ran my hand across it tenderly.

"Don't worry, I won't get soap anywhere it would burn," I smiled.

We laughed together and I remembered what the night consisted of. My face morphed into a pout. How could I feel this fluttering in my chest with someone I couldn't see? The cloth caressed his body, and the water washed it away in a steady waterfall.

The steam billowed around us, and the energy of the room shifted as he held me close. It was almost familiar. The door creaked open, ruining the intimate moment.

“Don’t keep me waiting.” His tone was playful and almost mocking as he sang out.
“My dick is already hard again.”

We pulled away and my hand felt the gruff features of his face. The rough stubble tickled his jawline and over his chin, creeping softly along his cheeks. I needed to see him and hastily reached for the fabric, trying to rip it off when he grabbed my wrist in mid-air.

“I said no. Don’t make me tell you again.”

The water shut off and I swallowed back the hurt. Lightly pushing me out, I shivered as the heat evaporated from my body.

Disappointed when he spoke, I ripped the towel from his hand, feeling the soft cotton against me. He had the mask back on and his voice distorted.

“Third door on the left. Don’t keep us waiting.” He raised the cotton over my eyes, removed the wet fabric, and let it fall to the floor.

I placed my hands against my hips and tapped my foot on the wet floor anxiously. He sounded as frustrated as I felt. Scoffing as he closed the door softly behind him.

“Your stupid voice thing got wet! It glitched out.” I spit into the now empty bathroom.

Wait, third door. That’s my father’s office. My head spun and the confusion was evident on my face as I watched my reflection in the mirror.

“What the hell was that?”

King

The various toys and other instruments splayed across the far wall of her father's office, and I couldn't help but read over the newspaper clippings.

Most were about sports, some larger news stories about some organization that runs the city, and multiple clippings regarding Chloe.

My face darkened at one that had various scribbles in permanent marker. Bracing both hands against the wall I squinted, trying to make out the words on the page through the bleed of the marker, and it was unmistakable.

Skater Chloe Whitlock forfeits coaching position over life altering injury.

What drove her to this point? Reducing herself to a piece of meat. To give up all that potential. Heat rose, slowly encasing me. Now, looking back on it, there was a tiny speck of longing and regret. Fear every time she was around the ice.

The door creaked open, and Lux walked through with a cheshire grin on his face. I couldn't help but push my feelings aside. We'd been through everything together, so when he brought this idea to my attention, I said yes immediately.

Not only was she a piece of hot ass I've wanted to hit for a while. I was hitting that shit with my best friend, and I couldn't imagine doing anything better with my night.

But Christ, what did he drag me into? It was starting to feel like reality TV, and I was waiting for someone to jump out of a random place and scream that I'd been set up.

"She coming, or did she tap out?" My question gave way to an upturned smile, and Lux looked at me with furrowed eyebrows.

I smacked his chest. The sound echoing off the walls of the small room. "We're just getting started."

His eyes glistened, lost in thought, and I raised my brow in disbelief when he locked the door. Multiple times, he opened and closed his mouth and waved his hands around in contemplation.

A tornado was whipping around, threatening to disrupt everything in his head, and I snapped in his face so he could get straight and focused.

“You good man?”

“We shouldn’t be here...I shouldn’t have agreed to this.”

He felt deeper on an emotional level than I did. Ninety percent of the time, waking up the next day surprised me. It was like getting a box of chocolates. Some days you took a bite, and it was one of the better flavors, easy and carefree. Others, you got something like orange... those you loved most, stepped out of your way and whispered when you entered a room.

The helplessness hung plainly on my face, not knowing how to help him. Taking a bullet for this man was a piece of cake. I lived for his flaws and smart-ass remarks, and the unconditional love he poured into everyone. Even when they didn’t deserve it. His next statement threw me.

“I need her...with me.” His heavy breath swirled around me, and his face paled. I didn’t want him to pass out on me. “I need to keep her. She’s not leaving here tonight without me.”

“What the fuck does that mean? Keep her? She’s not a fucking dog.” I said, dumbfounded.

He paced the room, running his fingers along the sky blue wallpaper and cleared his throat.

“I’ve made too many mistakes. There’s too many regrets. She’s broken, and I need her with me. Where I can keep her safe, desired...and loved.” Goosebumps raised on my warm skin as he explained what he wanted. “Behind closed doors, my beautiful pet; our beautiful pet. Nobody touches her ever again.”

Flattered to know he had that much faith in me, and the only person he trusted enough to share these experiences with turned me on. He’d made the decision the moment he agreed to do this.

My fingers ran through my hair and scoffed in his direction. “I mean, it’s not that crazy of an idea, but doesn’t she kind of need to agree or, ya know, love you back?”

“She loves me, and I’ll make her see it.” His eyes darkened on mine, and I couldn’t help the pride that swelled in my chest at his words. He was never this assertive, and I found my erection straining against my briefs. “When I take this mask off, she’s never going to forget what I can do for her...what I can and will give her. Any time she wants it, without hesitation.”

I was so confused. That whiplash of emotions felt like a backhand to the face, and I laughed. This is why I never got mixed up in feelings. Somewhere along the way, things get really messy.

“Put her into a submissive state. I need her to be completely vulnerable with us, but if you fucking hurt her....I won’t hesitate to end you, and I won’t miss.”

“Is that a threat?”

His forefinger and thumb made an outline of a gun, and my breath hitched as his hand forced itself up toward the ceiling, sending the imaginary bullet right between my eyes. “When it comes to her, it’s a promise.”

Making long strides toward him, I wrapped my large hand around his throat and backed him into the wall, my lips hovering just over his. Leaning down to lick at his carotid sensuously, my other hand dipped below the towel gripping his hardening cock.

“You’ll take a skate to the throat faster than you could get to your gun.” I threatened in a menacing whisper, squeezing his neck hotly before a small knock rapped three times on the door. “She may be your woman, but you will always be my good boy. Won’t you?”

Clawing at my hand, trying to get a breath in. I grinned devilishly at the attempt and let up just enough to let him breathe comfortably.

His jaw clenching at what he knew but wouldn’t admit. He had no problem dropping to his knees for me, like she would.

“She doesn’t need to be put in a submissive state dumbass. She’s already there, and we need to use that in a healthy way. That’s where I come in. You still have a lot to learn. Luckily, I can teach her. Just as I’ve taught you.”

He groaned as I took his bottom lip between my teeth, flicking my thumb across his tip in the way he liked. Covering his mouth with mine, I claimed him.

Giving a few hard strokes before ripping my hand away. Leaving him a needy mess, his chest tight as he stood frozen and breathless. Trying to compose himself.

“Why’d you stop?” I raised a brow, and a sly grin sat on my face.

A moment later she stepped over the threshold. Her bare breasts pushed up against her body from the towel and her hair fell around her in long wisps. Some of the wet curls stuck to her face, and I saw what he did at that moment.

I was fully okay being called upon when needed, but they needed to be pushed together. He would never make the first move.

Realization crossed my mind. She would have his children, and he would spoil her. He would show her what genuine love was.

Whether she was ready to accept it or not was another story.

9

CHLOE

Both men looked flushed, like they were in a heated argument just moments ago, but I pushed it off. They had completely uprooted my father's office, creating a sensual room full of toys and other devices that I would no doubt be finding myself in. At least, I hoped that was the plan.

Lux stepped forward, his palm sliding over my breast in silence, and I briefly wondered if his mind was drifting to the moment we had in the shower, just as my body did.

His eyes blazed, and my stomach knotted. Suddenly, a weight brushed my neck, and a chill ran down my spine. He had the collar. I shivered at the cold that radiated from it. Yet I couldn't help but squeeze my thighs together as it fastened around my neck tightly. I whimpered, the mere act of swallowing the growing lump in my throat difficult against the collar.

"Tight enough?"

My hair bounced in gentle waves as I shook my head, secretly hoping he wouldn't touch it.

"Good. Go lay over your father's desk and spread your legs for us." A low growl laced within his tone as he barked orders.

Obeying, I crossed the room swiftly, feeling a thrill throughout my body. My heart raced as I bent over the wood. My tits pressed into the cool surface and legs spread wide, waiting for them to take me.

My breathing quickened and silence enveloped the room, aside from my ragged breaths.

King emerged from the shadows smacking something against his hand, and I gasped at the unmistakable long, smooth surface of a cane.

Until this point, I had never used a cane, nor been on the receiving end. I can't do it . My breath hitched as fear spread loosely through my body.

A fresh, dry piece of cotton covered my eyes and knotted tight around my head. I would rely solely on how they would make me feel, without the ability to see. It excited, yet terrified me. What if I can't handle it?

"Give me your arms Chloe," Lux commanded, but I was shaking, afraid to move.

I'd heard the stories of the bruises and welts, the damage a cane can do. While I liked pain, it was the fear that gripped me as fresh tears glossed over. It was something I never thought about as a hard limit because I had never tried.

"Please," I whispered shakily. "I'm not ready."

King massaged the base of my scalp softly before gripping the back of my neck and I was forced upward to what I imagined was Lux's burning gaze. I could feel his proximity and hear his shallow breath as he spoke to me.

"It's happening. You will submit to us," he murmured. "We will hurt you, but you'll like it. We can help you kill the voices you try to run away from."

A pleased grunt sounded behind me and a husky voice added, “We are about to open up a whole new world for you. A world filled with punishment.” he leaned down, kissing his way down my spine and my moan was cut short as Lux quickly claimed my mouth.

Fingers teased me and I moaned into the kiss as it deepened. I couldn’t resist them. The way they played their movements had reduced me to putty, and I needed more. “And pleasure in so many ways you never thought possible.”

“So fucking beautiful,” Lux whispered against my lips. “Safe with us.”

Safe...

My heart beat erratically, waiting for the first smack when the snap of the leather cuffs hit my ears, and I pulled against them.

“Lux, please, I want to put my hand out if I need him to stop.” I pleaded. Hands wrapped around mine protectively and caressed them softly.

“That’s not how this works. He would never do anything you weren’t truly comfortable with. Tell me your safe word...”

“Peaches.”

“Good girl. We would never hurt you, I promise.”

My anxiety swirled around my stomach, and I squeezed my eyes tight as the first blow came down on my ass. “Time to explore some new boundaries. Sing for us Little Fox.”

It rippled through me, and I quickly fought down the bile that rose. It felt like hitting

your ass on the corner of a dresser, but so much worse.

This was going to be painful and hard to get through, but I could do it. I wanted this experience, and somehow these men made it the most erotic ever. “Just submit. Let go. It’s what you really crave, isn’t it?”

King was heavy-handed and each blow that came down on me felt like a brand new spark igniting within me.

“Ask him for another,” Lux whispered.

“More King...Please.”

I cried out as the cane came down on the back of my thighs and the tears slipped through, pooling onto the top of the desk. I was getting angry at the loss of control.

“Just breathe through the pain, okay?”

“Harder,” I panted. “Please.”

“That’s my girl,” Lux encouraged in a softer tone.

A zing of pain ran up my spine and spread throughout my body as I took the abuse blow by blow.

“Do you feel it Chloe?” Lux grabbed my chin gently, but I shook my head away in shame.

“I’m scared.”

He brushed a thumb along my cheek and reached to wipe the tears that peaked out

from beneath the blindfold. “It’s okay, feel the fear. Zero in on the sensations and focus. That’s what it feels like to be alive.”

The sting of the wooden cane slapping against my thighs was becoming unbearable, and I only imagined the marks I would have at the end of this ordeal. A stern voice grabbed my attention, and I gasped softly.

“Count.”

The cane came down hard, lashing at my sensitive skin and I gasped as pain blossomed throughout my body.

“One”

King’s voice dripped with authority, and Lux whispered sweet nothings in my ear. “Good girl, here comes another.”

“Two” The back of my right thigh almost crippled from the pain, and I bit into my throbbing lip.

Each blow caused me pain, and I was desperately hoping the pleasure would come soon.

“Three!” I cried out, feeling a burning heat across my ass.

Lux’s voice dripped sexily into my ear. “That’s it, embrace it. Ask him for another.”

“Please...I need more!” I flinched at the thwip that echoed off the walls, but it didn’t reach my body. My body tensed as it ran softly across my back and the waiting was agonizing.

My moans filled the room, and my body tensed against the desk. Every strike pushed me further to the edge, and I didn't know how much more I could take.

The edge of the desk threatened to crack against my hands, which were currently gripping it tight from all the sensations. Down it came, another wicked strike against my bruised ass.

“Peaches!”

Immediately, the room fell silent, and the cane dropped to the floor. Hands flew to different parts of my body, rubbing gently and whispering words of encouragement. It took a few moments of patience and kind words, but my heartbeat slowed back to normal pace and the adrenaline wore off.

The tears subsided despite the lingering pain, but it felt...good. The blindfold lifted, and I squinted against the light.

“Was I a good girl?” I whispered.

“You were fucking amazing. You took that like a champion.” His hand rested on my cheek and I nuzzled into it. Just wanting to feel appreciated at this moment, and they made me feel nothing but.

A rough hand rested on my backside, kneading the feeling back into it and asked, “The most important question is can you keep going? This experience is for you. It wouldn't be much fun for us if you weren't listening to your body and forcing yourself to continue,” King reassured with uncharacteristically kind eyes.

The kindness from these men made my heart swell, knowing they wouldn't push me, despite the intensity of the night and scene before us. That's what spurred me to continue. I knew and trusted they would stop.

“I want to keep going please.” My whole body erupted in light nerves. Or maybe it wasn’t. Now it burned in want and need.

“Is there anything you need before we continue?” King asked.

Yes. “Please stop calling me Little Fox. Please use my name. Moan it out.”

They both laughed, creating a playful aura through the room. Vastly different from the intensity that crippled it moments ago.

Nodding, Lux left my side and headed for the far corner before disappearing behind me to grab what looked like a wand-like vibrator.

A few moments later, the room came to life with a familiar buzzing as he knelt down and took his place behind me.

He spread my pussy open wide, and I moaned, feeling an intense pleasure over my clit. He rocked it back and forth, and I could feel myself pulse around an empty space as my body prepared for an orgasm.

“Do you want to come?” Lux whispered. “I think you deserve it.”

I couldn’t concentrate on his words as my whole body buzzed with pleasure from the vibrator he rubbed against me. My pussy was dripping wet and begging to be filled. Tears flowed freely from my eyes, landing on the desk in droplets, and the heat between my legs spread like wildfire. I was close.

My body shook, and I fought against the restraints. I’m not sure who, but a thick finger entered me, fucking into me, then another.

“Just focus and concentrate on the feeling and not the rush of getting there.” King

said.

Four fingers deep now and moan after moan stuck in my throat. I released a breath, feeling my pussy stretch as he eased his thumb inside and moved his fist inside my body. Stretching me to the limit.

“My whole fucking fist is inside your greedy cunt. Tell me how good it feels.”

“So fucking good,” I moaned. The sensation created a tickling feeling deep inside my core.

The pressure building inside me allowed the tension to ease with every breath I took until I found myself fucking against his hand. Feeling as greedy as they told me I was being. “Please let me come.”

“Who makes you feel like this?” He groaned.

His fingers touched every place it could, twisting and curling before dragging it out and aiming a punch toward my cervix, and I loved every minute of it.

“You two...I’m coming!”

My legs shook as my orgasm ricocheted through me in waves. They both let me ride it out, Lux keeping the vibrator steady while King’s fist pounded me.

My heart raced, and I screamed out my pleasure, satisfied with my reward. I’d been a good girl for them, and good girls get the pleasure they deserve. Sinking further against the desk, I felt my wetness drip down my legs as King pulled his hand from my body, but it quickly replaced by a mouth.

“Ah...wait...stop.” I begged.

“Oh no, he’s not going to stop. You just squirted and made a mess all over.”

An approving growl came from behind me and a tongue quickly inserted itself deep inside, sucking out the juices like a vacuum. My pussy quivered around his tongue as he devoured me.

The pleasure was too much, and my mind was foggy. I was helpless to do anything other than arch my back, pushing myself further into his face.

I could feel another orgasm building and I broke, tired of fighting it or losing control. I begged for more like a good slut. “Please make me come!” I panted. “Don’t stop, right there.”

King made himself known, wrapping his hand around my neck and forcing it to stretch and meet his cock. The tip dripped with precum, and I parted my lips, giving him a teasing lick from the base to the head. But that wasn’t enough for him.

With both hands, he drove into my throat as far as he could go, holding me hostage against his pubic bone. Spit ran out of the sides of my mouth and tears swelled in my eyes from lack of air.

Meanwhile Lux removed his mouth and stood, spreading me open. The cool air made me shudder, but it was quickly replaced by the welcoming heat of his own cock as it slammed into my body and jerked me forward violently.

He dug his fingers into the sensitive flesh to hold me steady from the constant jerking of the brutal face-fucking I was getting.

I bounced back and forth between them blissfully, and a shocked gasp left my body when Lux moved his thumb over my asshole, sliding his thumb through with ease. His thumb acted like a hook inside me, and I found myself fucking into him harder.

Panting as all my holes were filled. The sensations were almost too much.

“Shit, just like that. Look at you.”

I moaned around King’s cock as wave after wave of intense pleasure shot through me. Fire erupted within my whole body, consuming everything in its path from my fingertips to the tingling in my toes.

Both were relentless, and I knew they would pull every orgasm out of me. King’s cock pulsed in my throat and I felt the bile rise and quickly fall each time he decided I deserved a breath. His hand wrapped around mine and he placed it at the base of my neck, choking myself.

My eyes rolled back as I found a steady rhythm, squeezing and releasing with his movements.

“Show me how well that wicked throat can take my cock. shit...feel it.” I heard the slightest break in his tough exterior.

We were all threatening to break under the pleasure, and I found myself wanting to hear their needy moans mingle with mine.

My throat sat wedged between the crease of my thumb and forefinger, feeling my throat adapt to his size and bulge each time he withdrew and slammed to the back of my bruised throat.

With a primal groan, King came, the flooding rushing from his pulsing cock down my throat, causing some to sputter out of the sides of my face. I hardly tasted the normal salty taste in my ecstasy. “Swallow it all like a good little whore.”

His thumb traced the edges of my mouth, scooping up the cum that had spilled out

and pushed it through my swollen lips. I laughed to myself, realizing they both did the same acts in different ways.

The shackles loosened from my wrists and Lux hooked his arm under my thigh to get a deeper angle. Pulling me flush against his chest, I stared at him, his eyes closed, and head tipped toward the ceiling. His adam's apple bobbed in his throat and I didn't think there could be a better sight right now.

My hand moved to my sore and swollen clit and I rubbed expert circles over it. They had given me what I needed for the time being, and I wanted him to come. This was becoming a dangerous game. A game that would have no winner.

"Come inside me Lux." I begged. "I want to feel your come slide down my legs."

"You can't say shit like that."

His thrusts became sloppy, and he pounded into me. I could feel the sweat from his body drip onto my back.

"Say my name," I whispered.

He was a moaning, whimpering mess and before I knew it, I was slammed back down, face first into the desk with nowhere to go. He had my arms locked behind my back and his cock swelled as he moaned my name in his release.

Heat encased the room, our bodies glistening with sweat. Cum slid down my legs, and he trailed two fingers up the sensitive skin gathering his release. One hand spread me open, and the other pushed the cum back inside my body as I trembled with each touch. Leaving his fingers inside, they acted as a plug until he was satisfied it wouldn't leak out, and I moaned.

He released me and I slid to the floor with both men following. King handed everyone a bottle of water while Lux held me against his chest until the shaking breaths subsided.

Lux was the first one to speak up after a much needed bout of silence from all of us.

“We have one more surprise, but I think we all need a fair rest. Sadly, we don’t have much time left.”

King looked at the clock that sat on the wall and sighed. I’m sure we all had the same thought. Soon, the night would be over and then we would have to move on like this never happened.

10

CHLOE

A pang of sadness overcame me, realizing we only had a short time left. Normally it was one and onto the next fun and kinky adventure, but I didn't want this to end. Most would think that's crazy because I haven't seen their faces. I hope they reveal themselves to me before the night's over.

Lux had his arm draped lazily around me, and King rested his head on my abdomen. It felt nice, and it's the most wanted...and loved I'd felt in a long time.

King cleared his throat and scratched at his chest, shifting slightly. "Hey, throughout the night, I couldn't help but notice the scar on your thigh. Would you feel comfortable telling us about it?" Stroking his fingers along the reddened scar, my pulse quickened. Did I want to talk about it... no . Would I... yes .

I clenched my jaw tight, silent as I wracked my brain for a way to start. Nobody ever asked me about them, but everyone knew. It ruined a dream I'd worked my whole life for.

I lost a part of my soul that night. A few heavy breaths settled my decision, and I looked towards the ground in shame, away from them before answering.

"Have you ever given your heart to someone? I mean everything in you, including the air you breathe...to have them betray you in the worst ways possible?"

Lux tensed up, his fingers stilling on my shoulder, and his body tensed. King turned to face me and both pairs of eyes met mine. Neither needed to answer. I could see what swam in their eyes, understanding.

“I had someone who was my everything. We had the perfect life...on paper.” My bottom lip jutted out, quivering to restrain myself. “I was in control until I wasn’t. It happened so fast and by the time I realized, the turtlenecks and endless amount of make-up weren’t enough to hide it.”

I clenched my fists together, realizing that this was going to be harder than I thought. My heart clenched at the thought of Nicholas and what he must have thought about me.

Stupid for staying...

Gold digger...

I wiped my teary eyes, letting the intrusive thoughts spread lies. “Especially from his brother. I think he suspected what was going on, but I never asked for help. He probably thought I put up with it to have a lavish life.”

Lux

My heart thundered in my chest wildly as I restrained my anger. My breath caught in my throat as soon as she mentioned me, and I didn’t think hearing her end was something I could handle.

How could she put words in my mouth like that? She was so beautiful, and he broke her down, forcing her into a box she could barely fit in. Over time, her raging fire, the one I rapidly fell for, just...snuffed out. I wouldn’t do that and I sure as hell wouldn’t injure her to the point she would never skate again.

I was just as guilty for not protecting her then, for choosing a career over her safety. I was too fucking young and disgustingly outnumbered that night. That night repeatedly makes an appearance every time I close my eyes.

I popped the trunk and threw my duffle bag in, my gear thudding into the empty space. The most important game of the season was tonight, and an inadequate feeling spread throughout my chest as the nerves kicked in.

Would I be good enough? Fast enough to win? Did I have everything I needed?

With a groan, I grabbed the zipper and slid it across, the sound loud in my ears as the bag opened and I did a mental check, pushing down the anxiety that welled inside.

Skates: check

Jersey: check

Stick and helmet: check

Extra clothes: check

Angel had the rest and I would grab it after dinner, but my thermals and mouthguard were missing. My room was on the first floor, away from everyone. I could run in quickly and get on the road with no problem.

After finding what I needed, I rolled up my sleeve and, according to my watch, I was already running late, as usual. Commotion ensued in the hallway in a fit of screams and was that begging?

My hand shakily reached for the door handle, and I opened the door slightly. Enough so I could peer out.

“What the hell is going on now?” I whispered to myself.

My brother looked furious, whispering harshly and I couldn't quite make out what he was saying. And there she was. Her dark hair fell in long ringlets along her back as she tried to plead with him. I zeroed in, noticing his hand raised. My fists clenched and jaw tightened hearing the harsh slap, and I almost lost it.

Grim eyes met mine as he smirked before slamming the door and the unmistakable click from the outside locked me in this four walled hell. Starting to feel claustrophobic, I banged on the door in heavy, panicked breaths. I wanted out...and I needed her to come with me.

“Let me out! I didn't do anything. Get your filthy goons off of her!”

I never understood why she put up with it, and I even tried to stop it, going to her parents. When brought up, they turned their heads. How could they do that to her? He may have been my brother, but Ezra Palmer was a monster, and he didn't deserve her.

A few of his buddies had been there watching the whole thing in the open like it was some type of show. In a flash, he barked an order and she was hoisted up. Carried off somewhere upstairs, pleading and crying for him to reconsider.

Sweat lined my forehead and dripped down the creases of my forehead as I sprinted for the door, trying and succeeded in breaking it down. Wood splintered around me, and I winced in pain as my shoulder smacked into the wall.

Until recently, I hadn't looked at her with a sinful thought, but I'd always cared for her. Now I was being faced with a choice. Leave it and go play like this never happened, or try to help, knowing tomorrow she would be right back in his arms.

Turning back toward the stairs and running the risk of losing a huge game, I took

them two at a time until I reached the top. My heart thudded against my ribcage and anger latched to every vein, spreading it throughout my body.

Two of his goons stood against the door, and I busted in against their attempts to block my way. “Get the fuck out of my way. What are you doing to her?”

Instantly, hands gripped my arms and pulled me back, attempting to rip me out of the room. One of them was on top of her, holding her down and reaching for his zipper while my brother sat and watched. He had a grin plastered on his face, swirling the ice in his drink.

I lurched against the larger men to get to her, but all I succeeded in doing was getting a shirtless Ezra to move from the chair next to the bed and appear in front of me.

Her cries sliced through me. Two direct hits to my face caused my ears to ring, and I lost my footing. They dragged me into the hallway with ease.

“Chloe!”

“Don’t you have a game tonight? Pretty big I hear.” He chuckled. “This is a domestic matter.” The sinister smile caused my blood to run cold.

I clenched my jaw tight, challenging him. “A domestic dispute is between those in the relationship. Not every Dick and Tom that feels like watching the show.”

“Why does it matter? She’s going to be mine. Correct that, she is mine. What I do with her is none of your business.”

A pained cry echoed from down the hall and a shiver ran down my spine as I heard her begging for help. Needing me, and I couldn’t do shit. Fighting against their grip, I tried so hard to escape, but I was still dazed, and blood poured from my nose.

My gaze darkened on his smirking face, and I spat in his direction. “How many times have you done this to her?”

I swallowed thickly, her pleading voice tearing through my resolve.

“I see what this is,” He chuckled darkly. “Do you really think someone like her would even bat an eye in your direction?”

An angry tear walked a trail down my cheek, and I sniffed. He was right. She didn’t deserve either of us.

With a wicked grin, he nodded to the men, and I jolted forward, tumbling down the stairs. The sheer momentum tossing me down three flights of stairs with no mercy.

I must have blacked out a few times on the way down. When I came to, dull, tingling pain spread in my lower extremities, and I quickly became terrified. Praying that he didn’t just end a career that hadn’t even started yet.

I felt powerless as he stalked toward me, moving swiftly and dangerously down the stairs, and I used my arms to try and pull myself forward, away from him. I struggled on my stomach to slide on the floor and away from danger.

My head swam and threatened to pull me under. An excruciating pressure landed in the middle of my back, holding me hostage and stomped down.

“Such a shame, isn’t it? A rising star they call him,” he belted into the open air of the foyer and crushed his weight into my body once more. “Potentially one of the youngest captains if he can prove himself in the next few years.”

“Fucking stop!” I screamed it out, pleading over and over. The tears flowed in a tight stream down my face and my molars rubbed together painfully as my spine

threatened to split under the pressure.

Ezra loomed over me, his face twisted in cruelty. “You didn’t see anything here tonight. If you say anything, your career Will.Be.Over.”

Right then, I didn’t care about a career. Pain sat deep in my gut and a sob escaped my lips, knowing I couldn’t help her.

“Say it Nicholas!”

“I didn’t see anything!” I seethed, swallowing mouthfuls of air as the pressure on my back increased. “I didn’t see anything!”

“Who does she belong to?”

Immediately regretting my next statement. My eyes met the floor in defeat. I tried to block everything out that cornered me like he did. Licking the blood from my lips, I clenched my jaw and my whole body trembled in pain. “She’s yours.”

“That’s right. Now, be a man and get up. And get out, before I change my mind.”

The pressure left, and I heaved myself up, shakily dragging my injured body back to my car and left, never looking back. I never told anyone what happened that night and I’d always regretted it, my heart heavy for not doing more.

A few days later Angel busted into my room in an uproar about how my brother’s fiancée was dead, and I refused to believe it. Making my way back to the house in the middle of the night, I found the locks had been changed. Not only that, but bars lined the windows except for one. The attic. If she tried to escape, he knew that fall would kill her. There was no other choice at the time. So, I gave up

One day after I had finally pushed my grief down far enough. I noticed her walking past the windows of the gym I frequented. My eyes widened at the sight and I rolled right off the treadmill, laughing it off, confused.

But I continued to stay away, sticking to the cowardly way of social media stalking and leaving the locker room as soon as possible to avoid running into her.

I was thankful for the mask at this moment, shielding what needed to be hidden, but my eyes gave away everything.

Clearly, this was his way of asking permission to take care of the situation, and we would. Those fuckers would never see it coming.

My brother wouldn't be going unscathed, we would be coming for him too. I just needed to hear the list of offenses before I decide what exactly is going to happen to him.

"Sometimes I wondered if his brother had feelings for me. I even questioned if they were mutual a few times, but it would've never worked out."

"Why?" I shot out, slightly offended, and King gave me a warning look through furrowed eyebrows.

Despite sharing her trauma with two strangers, she giggled softly. "Well, for starters, I'm older, seven years to be exact. Which even today would only put him at twenty-three."

"Well, I think that's hot, and younger men sometimes have a lot to offer a woman of your age." King replied in a playful, mischievous tone.

Her laugh rang in my ears like cannon-fire, and I couldn't help the smile that painted

itself across my face. Tracing circles into various parts of her soft skin, I asked her what I already somewhat knew.

“What happened?” I asked through gritted teeth.

“He was playing cards with a few friends. It was my fault really. We had to be up early the next day and somehow it went from him screaming in my face to his friends dragging me upstairs. I remember fighting outside the door and screaming for help, but not much else. I kept passing out.”

11

LUX

I wanted her to stop talking. The more she told, the angrier I got. Her face morphed to match every emotion, and I felt that punch deep in my gut. Anger, sadness, hatred, loneliness, and shame.

King interrupted her with an angry growl, which was directed more toward me, then lifted his hand and gently wiped the tear from her eye. “Is that why you do this? Give your body away so freely?”

I could see the genuine curiosity in his eyes. He was the polar opposite of me. He worked for everything he had and grew up not knowing where his next meal would come from.

He was my best friend, and that’s all I cared about. He’s made a name for himself and took his family out of poverty with his abilities. Angel was a good son. Seeing him in a more caring light was nice, and I hope it stays.

“According to my therapist, there’s two sides to the spectrum after an assault. Either you become hyperactive, or you don’t want to be touched at all, but I beg to differ. It’s not really as cut and dry.”

“Can you help us understand?” I asked, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear and listening intently.

“I guess I’m somewhere in the middle. I crave intimacy. I want to be touched, but I also seek out pain more often than I should. It’s easy to focus on the person giving the pain rather than the hurt that pumps through my veins every day, spreading like a fucking disease.”

She paused to catch a shaky breath and continued. “Sometimes I just stand in the scalding hot shower. It’s twisted, but I feel like I-I deserve it.”

Her words sank in, and my anger flared. Damn. I never realized how deep her pain ran. Every time I saw her, every picture, she had a smile plastered on her face, failing to see the storm behind those beautiful eyes. I wasn’t there when it mattered, and I’ll never forgive myself for that.

Her eyes pleaded for one of us to say anything as they moved between us and I sat up straighter, rubbing my chin in thought.

“We want you to feel something real. Something raw. You’re so much more than what happened to you. Can we do that?” I asked, hovering just outside her earlobe before taking it into my mouth, biting down and nibbling slightly.

“Please...take it away,” she moaned.

“It wasn’t your fault,” King soothed, standing up and holding his hand out. It took her a minute, but she grabbed his outstretched arm, allowing him to pull her up and my heart swelled at her acceptance. “We can’t save you.”

Excitement rose within me as I looked over at the device and looked back at her with a wink. I knew exactly how we would do that. Then I would pay my estranged brother a visit.

“But we can help.”

Chloe

I scoffed to myself, trying hard to focus on them and not the embarrassment that burned in my cheeks. I felt exposed and vulnerable. But having these two take time out of their satisfaction to listen to me, and still be willing to place their hands all over my body. To make me feel good stirred a need inside me. Right now, I wanted to burn in the flame we created.

Tonight I would be giving them what no one has gotten since that night. My submission .

King's fingers wrapped around my neck, squeezing, while Lux gripped my shoulders. I could feel his breath at the back of my head. His words created goosebumps along the baby hairs that stood on my neck.

"Give us everything you have Chloe. Fight the endless orgasms we are about to give you." His dark tone ripped through my exterior, chipping away at the walls I'd built.

King pulled me forward into his taut chest and his primal eyes searched mine. I swallowed against his hand, feeling the lump pass against it and he groaned, "Your pleas for us to stop will fall on deaf ears."

I took a deep breath, my palms clammy and heart pounding in my chest. The urge to flee mingled with the need to surrender in a dense fight. He released me and my eyes met the floor as I slowly lowered myself onto my knees, gasping at the contact of the cold, unforgiving floor, but I didn't care.

A rush of cold air billowed around me, trying to attack the heat that pooled in my core. Lux grabbed my chin and tilted my head up, his calloused fingers warm, grounding me despite the anxiety that crawled on my skin. "Never look at the ground with us. Tonight, you're going to remember how beautiful you are."

Both cocks stood at attention, begging to be touched. The veins prominent along the length of them, and I've never loved average more than I do now. Each hand grabbed a hold of them, running softly along the shafts and spreading the precum over the head.

Their moans were music to my needy ears, spitting out a harmony as I continued to pump their rock hard cocks. Taking a step closer, Lux placed his hand on either side of my head and I parted my lips. Allowing him to inch into my mouth while my free hand continued massaging King.

"Fuck," he breathed. "Just like that baby"

King placed his hand at the back of my neck, aiding my head as I hollowed out my cheeks, creating a suction that quickly had Lux panting in pleasure and falling backwards into the wall behind him.

Forcing my head off Lux with a pop and turning my attention to his waiting dick, I took him all the way to the base. Tears pulled at my eyes, threatening to spill over as he fisted my hair, guiding me along his shaft.

My lips closed around him, and my hand reached for Lux, squeezing and tugging at his balls before running my fingers along his shaft. King's cock pulsed with every gag as it slid in and back out, hitting the back of my throat each time.

I was in utter pleasure right now. Able to please these men in the ways they have and will continue to please me. I never wanted this night to end. Tugging at my hair, I reluctantly released him and peered at them in their moaning, sweaty glory.

They nodded, motioning me to look toward the opposite corner of the room. Both chuckled at my confused glance. My gaze met them both as Lux stepped into view, towering over me. Their eyes glimmered with mischief and excitement.

A metal device adorned the corner of the room, four circles held up by a flat but sturdy wooden board. The cold metal shined ominously in the low light, causing anticipation to build within me. How the hell did they get all of this in here?

“Are you ready to have fun the way you truly yearn for?” King teased.

This device was foreign, but I wanted it. I wanted to feel powerless and used.

“Yes,” I breathed, although my trembling body said otherwise as we stepped closer to the device. It looked way too intimidating the closer I moved.

Fuck.

They would use the last few hours we had together to completely destroy me. And I craved every minute of it.

12

CHLOE

Lux held me steady while King expertly moved my legs through the holes one-by-one, placing the metal bars over my thighs and using the power tool to screw it in snug. My heart raced and Lux did the same with my arms, stretching them up and over my head, and screwing them together.

I fought against the restraints, unable to move, my eyes following King as he took some twine string and wrapped it three times over my big toe, stretching it painfully to secure it to the floor beneath me. I cried out at the painful stretching, but the erotic feeling slowly crept over me.

I knew that this would be a rough and draining experience, but there's no greater feeling than men who know what they're doing. Men that can quiet your mind while simultaneously wreaking havoc between pain and pleasure. I almost didn't realize King was gone until fingers pinched my nipples, pulling them toward the ceiling and causing my back to arch painfully as they smarted with pain.

Metal hitting metal bounced off the walls as they clinked together, and a frustrated groan left my lips as the wetness pooled from between my splayed out thighs. My eyes widened, watching as Lux clutched a black pair of nipple clamps.

For a moment I was nervous, they looked advanced with teeth that looked like they would rip my nipples clean off if pulled tautly. Yet, I yearned for them to bite into the tender flesh.

Clamps were always an erotic experience, and I hissed when the first one dug its teeth painfully into me and blood immediately rushed to the area.

“Ah...fuck,” I cried out as the clamps bit into my skin. A quick rush of shame only added to my growing need. Leather licked at my open abdomen and Lux chuckled, feeding the heavy chain through the silver ring of the collar, moving to clamp the other and pulling at the secure masterpiece. I noticed there was still some slack and wondered what it was for. Hopefully not my clit.

Even though they were just getting started, I was already completely stretched and burning, so I forced myself to breathe deeply, in and out. In and out.

Crack.

Tears pricked at the corner of my eyes. The overwhelming sensation of pain and the pleasure that followed pulled me in deeper. Please don't stop.

Someone placed a bar above me, screwed it in, and I started to panic. I would be immobile, dripping for whatever was waiting for me.

Crack.

I clenched my jaw against the pain that spread lightning along my inner thigh, fighting against my restraints once more.

Lux's previously mischievous eyes now turned dark with lust as he watched me struggle.

My wrists burned and my legs were tired, taking blow after blow, but another throbbing pain soon replaced it. The chain connecting the clamps was pulled harshly toward the ceiling and placed over the hook, forcing my tits to endure the teeth of the

clamps biting into my swollen nipples anytime I pulled.

The adrenaline coursed through my veins as my body was stuck in fight or flight, forcing myself to accept and surrender to the abuse.

Our eyes locked from behind his mask and his thumb ran over my bottom lip. The buzzing in my body screamed, and I was aching to be touched. They knew that.

“Open your mouth,” he ordered.

I complied, instantly obeying the command as someone placed the ball gag in my mouth and strapped it tightly at the back of my head. “Now you can scream as loud as you want.”

They stepped back to admire their handiwork, and I rolled my eyes. Their naked bodies glistened with sweat and chests rose and fell as they tried to steady their heaving breaths.

“You look like a beautiful toy,” King said gruffly.

“Our perfect little plaything,” Lux finished as he stalked closer and knelt to my level. Threading his fingers through my hair at the root, he held my head steady so I could see what King was doing. Every heartbeat thudded against my chest as I watched King prepare the fucking machine, lining it up with my ass and pussy.

The lube dripped from them, and I whimpered at the burning stretch of my asshole against the thick silicone cock. Someone sprayed what looked like a tube of lotion across my abdomen and over my core. King ran his hands along my body, rubbing the lube into my skin and through my lips. Teasing my entrance with his fingers.

Silicone replaced his warm touch, and I was distracted by the blindfold coming down

over my eyes.

“You’re such a fucking whore swallowing fake dicks deep inside you. Let’s see what you’re really made of Chloe,” King teased.

I fought against Lux’s grip on my hair as the motor started moving the toys steadily, one after the other, filling both holes. They moved slowly, each fucking in separate strokes. One after another, they pushed in and out of my body.

Tears welled in my eyes as the machine hummed, thrusting into me, ramming itself deeper and deeper inside. It was so blissfully intense, and the pressure caused a coil to grow within me, threatening to snap.

Lux flicked my throbbing nipples, and I cried out at the pain. It was just as intense as the pleasure I was feeling.

My body tried to focus on any of the sensations, creating a surge of knots deep within me.

The flick of a switch brought me back to reality and, painfully, I arched my back against the vibrations on my clit. One of them knelt, using their fingers to spread me open, revealing my clit that begged and throbbed just as much as my tits did.

“Please... “Please... need more,” I whimpered, the gag muffling my desperation as they pounded into me again and again. They were silent and anxiety crept within me. Leaving me to take it, gagged, tied up, and at their mercy.

“Look at you, so beautifully broken and desperate. You better not come, Chloe,” Lux whispered against my hair. “It’s too early.”

Sweat dripped down my forehead and my legs quivered. They had me right where

they wanted me, and I needed to come. Only being given permission a couple times tonight, my mind became hyper focused, and it's all I wanted.

"Am I doing good?" I mumbled through the gag. Are they enjoying this too? Is this what they want from me? They manipulated my body, knowing the waiting would pay off in the end.

"You're doing fucking amazing. I wish you could see yourself right now," Lux praised.

His fist dropped from my hair and tears streamed down my face as I bared down, the clamps ripping into my delicate flesh once more. It seared through me and the fire spread along my breasts painfully.

Another feeling surged through me. Anger. I was losing control, my body in overdrive and trying to fight back against the orgasms forced upon me, and all I could do was whine against the gag.

"Isn't it amazing what the human body can endure, Chloe? Taking pain and pleasure simultaneously to form a different, more desirable emotion." King teased, jerking the vibrator against my clit.

I attempted to pull my arms out of the restraints, my abdomen tightening against the building pressure, another orgasm ripping through me, and I screamed into the gag. They wanted me to feel the discomfort and run with it, and I used that to drive me through the rest of the experience.

My hair stuck to the sides of my sweaty face and I bucked wildly, pushing the moving dildos further into me.

"That's right baby, fight it. Chase the high you want."

The buzzing stopped abruptly, and I screamed into the gag, allowing the sobs to form at the surface as I panted for breath. I loved what they were doing to my body and felt something I hadn't for a long time.

Emotion. Like this suit I called a body; was slowly becoming mine again.

King

Fuck. The helpless look on her face made me want to drop the act and fuck the shit out of her, but I wanted to torture her a bit more.

Lux watched her closely, making sure she didn't tap her sequence. We had put her through a lot tonight and her teary eyes fluttered in exhaustion under the blindfold.

She almost had tapped out a few times, and I was silently thankful she followed the process. We watched in real time as every wall around her crumbled.

"You'll learn to crave our touch Chloe," I said, my voice thick with desire. "Embrace what you feel and let go."

My cock strained at attention painfully and I found my hand reaching lower, forming a fist to slide my dick into. I started the machine again and touched her clit with the vibrator. Through the corner of my eyes, I chuckled as Lux tipped his head back and followed my movements, as if all of us were one person, one soul.

"How does it feel to be at our mercy, unsure of the next time you'll get the release you desire?"

She cried out in frustration and all I did was fuck my fist harder.

Lux ran his knuckles down her wet face. "Feel it Chloe, and once you get the pleasure

you're chasing, let it wash over you like a tidal wave."

Something swelled within me, and before I knew it, a whimper escaped my own lips. From the inside of the mask I could practically hear his smirk. Knowing the situation was affecting me differently than planned.

I pressed the button and her back arched, meeting the movements of the toys as they slowly increased in speed. Sweat dripped down her chest, resting over the dips in her stomach, and I couldn't help it. I came all over my hand. The sticky substance dripped to the floor below, and I froze.

Swallowing thickly, my breath faltered. I've always been able to hold it, always in competition with Lux, and today I lost. I set the fuck machine to the highest level, bringing the attention back to Chloe. Her sinful screams echoed around the room and I moaned. Immediately feeling the jerk of my cock hardening again.

Sensitive and needy, I decided against touching myself. The next time I came, it was going to be balls deep in her tight ass.

Stopping the machine once more, I watched her body slump against the restraints, unmoving, her eyes glossed over, and the screams halted. She sobbed in humiliation like the broken doll she was.

I allowed Lux to praise her with sweet nothings, only for a moment, and she started to respond again. She wouldn't look at him though, and I decided it was time to let her have a well-deserved reward.

"Remember, we'll take care of you. It's always about you." Her eyes were red and glazed over, and spit fell from her mouth, soaking the gag.

Forming a fist, I pressed down on her abdomen and the toys spurred on at max speed.

Flicking on the vibrator, she screamed, and I pushed down harder, watching as liquid wetness fell to the floor.

She'd squirted for the second time tonight and it was glorious. I watched in satisfaction as orgasm upon orgasm ripped through her beautifully abused body.

13

CHLOE

The world around me faded momentarily as I tried to catch my breath, my body tingling with the aftershocks of pleasure. Another orgasm surged through my aching body, and I couldn't imagine giving them many more.

My face was sticky. Full of cum and fresh tears, yet I refused to tap out. I want this. I need this. My cervix felt bruised from the repeated abuse it took tonight, and my voice was hoarse from screaming out.

I drifted, hearing the softest voice before a soft kiss planted itself on my cheek. Pulled out of my fog, my ears no longer carried muffled voices.

Fingers grazed the bottom of the blindfold, pulling it from my eyes. It took a moment to adjust to the dim light of the room. I looked at the men who both watched me swallow the toys, probably wishing it was them.

King appeared at my side with a matchbook and struck it against the box three times to ignite the red candle. Where did those come from?

I writhed around as he toyed with me, holding the burning candle over my already aching breasts, turning it sideways and upright multiple times, laughing as I tried to move out of the way. A harsh slap came down over my left thigh, and I refocused my attention.

“Focus on me Chloe. In a minute, what I’m doing will hurt a hell of a lot worse,” Lux soothed.

Was that supposed to make me feel better? The machine stopped, and I whimpered as he pulled them from my holes. I could feel my juices slide down through the crack of my ass and onto the floor in droplets. Closing my eyes, I relished the freedom. The feeling quickly replaced with the smooth steel of a knife as the tip poked at the soft skin of my thigh.

“Please don’t...please.” I whimpered through the gag, pleading with them.

Lux held the knife steady and used the other hand to pull at the skin, straightening it out before a searing pain erupted from me. I couldn’t make out the letters as they were engraved on me. Too immersed in the zing of arousal that quickly bounced back and forth between my abdomen and clit. The blood ran down my thigh in a stream and my cries were muffled behind the gag.

My body flushed with heat and the smell of candle wax and sweat permeated the air around me as it hardened over my breasts. Unable to focus, the pure feeling of searing heat coursed through my veins, shortly replaced by moans as the candle wax made a pool on top of my abdomen.

“You’re going to remember this night for the rest of your life Chloe. Always carrying it with you in the depths of your mind.”

Moving to the other side, Lux repeated the same torture, presumably engraving the name of his friend in bloody letters. A small sob escaped me as the torture stopped abruptly.

“Just breathe baby, you’re safe,” I furrowed my brow, watching curiously as his mouth moved over the fresh wound, sucking and licking the tender skin.

“Lux please,” I moaned into the gag, but it came out as only murmurs.

King’s hand grazed against the chain and unlatched it, letting it fall back to my chest, the weight pulling on my swollen and aching nipples.

“Ready?” He asked.

Hell no, I’m not ready. Who’s ready to feel the blood rush back to the place where circulation was non-existent for god knows how long?

He took my breast in his hand, massaging the area tenderly before releasing the clamp, and I hissed as a surprisingly familiar zing pinged against my chest and core like a pinball. Lux was rubbing my sore clit in small circles, and I hung my head back, letting them continue the task at hand.

King pinched my free nipple, while taking off the other clamp, quickly replacing it with his hot mouth. Every scream seemed to pull me further away from my sanity, raw and primal urges breaking through. My body shook in pleasure, signaling an oncoming orgasm as he scratched the wax from my tits. King ran a hand along my cheek and removed the gag from my mouth.

“P-P-Please c-ca-can I come-e?” I forced out.

“Look at her asking permission, Lux. A true whore,” he laughed, wrapping a hand around my throat and ripping another piece of wax off, leaving the sensitive flesh red and irritated.

“She learns fast,” He replied back before his mouth latched onto the other thigh. Licking at the crimson mess sensuously.

Everywhere throbbed, and I wanted it to end. I was so tired. Using his palm, he

moved back and forth rapidly and I surrendered, letting another orgasm consume me.

It's hard for people to understand why someone like me would love this lifestyle so much. They go in blind and then somehow the line between pleasure and punishment gets lost. Punishment should never become pleasure during an intense experience like this. Period.

“Come for us, Chloe. Scream it out.”

Using his palm, Lux rubbed over my clit rhythmically, his hand soaked while King took my bottom lip in between his teeth and bit down, making me bleed from the same place he'd cut into me. I unraveled from the pleasure, screaming into his mouth.

Lux

I froze, captivated by the rawness of her surrender. Fuck . Watching as her body arched involuntarily as the overwhelming sensations flooded through her. She was so beautiful, dripping and shaking against the restraints. All for us. She doesn't even know that my cock will be the only one she'll have for the rest of her life.

“You're so beautiful when you look like this.” I didn't care how tired she was. I needed to be inside her. I've been so patient tonight, and I'm more than happy to do the work.

King and I lifted her from the restraints. Her wrists rubbed raw from her struggle, but it was so goddamn sexy. I couldn't help but moan at the way we marked her.

She was beyond dazed. Wild, untamed, and free, sitting limply against King and I placed my fingers under her chin.

“Can you take more?” This was about her and she needed to enjoy the process too,

but we broke her in just the way she needed, safely. Which meant she was waiting patiently for direction.

We would finish in the place where you can let your darkest desires roam free like the demons who roam hell. Her eyes fluttered in pure exhaustion, but she nodded.

The bedroom.

Over my shoulder, she went as I lifted her up and headed upstairs. Her claws scratched at my back, and I shivered, wanting them to mark my body as we've done to her tonight.

King followed closely behind as I laid down and placed her next to me. My back pressed against the silky black sheets and almost took me into their embrace. They were cool and inviting against the heat that radiated from my sweating body. I gotta get out of this mask soon . Can't breathe and can see just enough of what I needed tonight.

"Straddle her on top of me, man."

Eyes closed, she hesitated as King picked up her shaking form with ease, spreading her open and straddling over me. Taking my dick in my hand, I gave it a couple of hard strokes before resting my tip against her pussy and sunk into her slowly.

Tears poked at her soft features, and she clenched around me. She looked and hopefully felt as she intended, and I flushed with heat, knowing we did that for her. Her pussy swallowed every inch, fitting around me like a glove.

It didn't take long for me to reduce into a whimpering mess, jerking every time she weakly bounced up and down on my cock.

My abdomen tightened at the pressure, fighting the release I wanted. Sweat and wax mingled between our bodies as I wrapped my hand around her neck, bringing her closer to me.

Resting the forehead of the mask against hers, I groaned. "Ride me good baby, don't stop."

She bounced on top of me and I felt each movement. Each time she moved over my hardness and slammed down again, driving me closer to the edge.

I'm going to come so deep inside her and make her mine for good. It's all I've wanted for so long. So fucking long.

"You better not come," King's voice engulfed my senses, and I moved my gaze over to him while my hips continued to meet her sweet and greedy thrusts.

"Don't worry," I moaned out. "She won't."

Taking his place behind her, he looked me straight in the eye. "Not her. You."

My breath hitched, feeling his thumb brush against my dick, and she leaned forward a bit. Her eyes glazed over in pleasure, completely lost in each movement. She looked so sexy in this position.

"Holy shit."

My jaw clenched, and I inhaled sharply. Her pussy stretched as his cock slid inside her and we started moving in sync. I moaned, losing myself in the rhythm of our cocks as they brushed together inside of her.

Each thrust sent shockwaves through my sensitive body. Her eyes bore into the

ceiling, and I admired the droplets of sweat that sat between the valley of her breasts. I was hungry, licking my lips before my head moved, lifting to capture her nipple in my mouth, nibbling on the delicate flesh.

I swallowed thickly and whimpered in pleasure as my cock pulsed against his. My hand moved between us and pressed against her clit.

“Grind against my thumb. Come with two cocks inside of you naughty girl.” We both took her cunt, and she screamed out as each of us pulled out and slammed back in rhythmically. One after the other, just like the dildos had before.

“Fuck...she’s so tight, and you... you’re so fucking hard. I can’t take it.” He was a whimpering mess, and I couldn’t help but lock my eyes on his flexing muscles. This position turned me on further.

We’ve shared in the past, but this, this was different. After tonight, our relationship would change drastically. How, I’m not exactly sure yet. But we’ll roll with it.

Angel would be the only man allowed to touch her after tonight, and that’s only when I approved of it.

She’s not ours, Chloe Whitlock is mine.

14

CHLOE

They had stretched me in more ways than one tonight and all I could do was get lost in this brutal bliss of pleasure. Lux and King were right. Everything I had endured tonight led to this moment—all of us as one—and I didn't want it to end.

King grabbed my hair and licked along my jawline, whispering lowly in my ear, "I love how your pussy stretches for us. Never be ashamed of that. Your body wants what it wants."

I smiled, glancing down at Lux. His chest was painted red from my sweaty hands and the way our bodies mashed together. Pieces of wax shifted evenly with each breath he took. His eyes were closed, head tilted toward the ceiling.

King's hand trailed down my back and rested lightly between my shoulder blades before he pushed me down slightly. My cheek rested against Lux's racing chest and I smiled. My pussy clenching and pulsing at the intense pleasure the position gave me. Allowing me to grind harder into Lux's thumb. I placed light, sensual kisses over his freckled chest and begged for more.

"You're a goddess, you know that? Taking everything so well tonight," he grunted.

These guys weren't afraid to whimper and moan, and I loved it. It turned me on when a man owned his shit, not afraid to spur me on with their encouraging moans.

Rocking against their dicks slowly, I savored the feeling of being so full and filled to the brim. “I’m so full. Oh...my.”

We remained like this, hearing nothing but skin slapping against skin and moans that bounced off the walls of the large bedroom.

“Stop clenching around me, you’re milking my cock, and I don’t want to come too soon.”

The stretching and movements burned, and I was relieved when he pulled out. Lux threaded his fingers through my hair, holding my head hostage against his chest and I heaved, leaning into his soft touch. I felt a pressure at the entrance of my ass and took a deep breath.

“Please, not there. It’ll be too much.” I was already sore from the mechanical pounding I’d received earlier and gritted my teeth as he pushed in further.

“You know what to do if you want us to stop Chloe. Take it like you want to. Now, spread your asscheeks for me. I want to watch that tight hole quiver as you struggle to fit around my cock.”

With shaking fingers, I took a handful of my asscheeks and spread them open for the intrusion. He spat into my hole and wasted no time. Pushing into my ass with brute force, I jolted forward, and the hardened cock inside me throbbed in response.

My mind was silent, completely enamored with how deep these men were inside me. I felt safe, protected even. My mouth moved to Lux’s chest, taking the soft skin into my mouth to prevent me from becoming a moaning mess. Biting down and admiring the teeth marks that were left on his skin. Craving for them to continue claiming my body as theirs in every way.

Lux's glacier eyes blazed behind his mask, and he bit back a moan, but I could tell he was struggling. His soft, needy moan fell from his lips as my manicured nails dug into his chest, drawing blood that ran in soft trails down his chest.

"Just remember this when you are begging for more like the needy slut you are, days after this experience. You wanted this. You belong to us now, Chloe."

Both men gripped my hips as they fucked into me hard. My mouth hung open, no longer able to form sentences as both cocks rubbed together through my perineum.

"I think Lux has been a bad boy tonight, don't you?"

I nodded breathlessly, wondering what he had up his sleeve. King slid his fingers between my lips, parting them slightly before inserting the candle from earlier.

My hands remained in place, trying to keep the candle steady as he lit it. The cool end pressed against my lips, and I smiled at the pained whimper that dripped from Lux each time the hot wax painted a new redness over his chest. It was such a beautiful sight.

Each time I jerked forward, wax spilled over, coating him, but I couldn't moan. Letting it go would hurt him, or cause a fire, and I wasn't keen on either.

Lux widened his eyes and looked past me in alarm, and I slowed down, thinking maybe he'd had enough. A grunt escaped him, and my asshole quivered against King's cock as he spilled deep into my ass.

"What are you doing?" I heard a mask drop to the floor.

"Take off his mask, Chloe. He needs to know what a bad boy he is."

I bit down on my lip, scared to fulfill the request. Peering down at the eyes that pleaded with me not to remove it, I hesitated. I looked over to the unmasked one first, giving the one under me time to reflect. What I saw caused so many mixed emotions, and I swallowed them down.

Angel Kingston, Center for the Crestview Cardinals. My biological father coached the team and my grandfather owned them.

Lux swallowed, begging with his eyes to leave it alone. With my body still straddled on top, he had nowhere to go. My fingers rested at the base of the mask, and he pleaded softly.

“Chloe don’t.” I slowly peeled the mask off his face with a gasp.

Nicholas Palmer. Right wing for the same team and my ex- fiancé’s younger brother. Sobs wracked my chest in realization, and all I wanted to do was stop and go home.

He’d been fucking and toying with me all night. Hiding beneath a mask like a coward. Anger swelled within me and before I realized it, my hand met his face. His jaw clenched and redness spread across his face from the force of the slap.

“I want off this ride.”

“That’s not going to happen.”

I hate him for betraying me like this. But he didn’t care; he continued to roll his hips against me in long, slow strokes. Digging his nails into my waist.

“You weren’t there.”

“I know. I should have fought harder for you. I ran scared.”

I reeled back, striking him again as he slammed into me. Tears streamed down my face, and my back arched. A mix of hurt and overwhelming pleasure.

“You weren’t there,” I whispered. “You left me alone with them.”

“Hit me again.”

He braced himself for another hit, but I couldn’t do it. It wasn’t his fault, or mine. I couldn’t hate him for escaping. He was only nineteen. Asking him to take me would’ve not only put him in danger but ruined his life.

“I called for you.”

My wet tears dripped onto his face, and my lips hovered just over his, wanting to feel them again. Like in the shower.

“I’m here now. I’m not going anywhere this time.”

A thick hand clamped around my throat, pressing in at the sides as Nick gripped my hips and fucked into me. Dark spots clouded my vision before a rush of air filled my lungs.

“Choke him.” He let go for just a moment so I could take one sharp breath before smothering me again. “Choke him and you get air.”

I clawed at Nick’s chest, leaving deep, bloody lines as I struggled for air. Playing my shaky fingers up his torso I found the base of his neck, and wrapped my hands around it as tight as I could muster in my exhausted state.

My hips began moving, meeting his thrusts as pressure built within me. King’s large hand covered my mouth and nose. My lungs burned, and I couldn’t breathe.

My hands barely fit and I placed gentle pressure, choking him, and his eyes rolled back in pleasure. Pressing in at the sides in order for my own breath to return. His back arched and he gasped. Taking in short, labored breaths, and tried swallowing around my hand.

“Say it again,” I pleaded, fighting against the hand around my neck. I could feel his hot breath gasping and moaning over my mouth.

“I’ll never let you go again, Chloe.”

His fingers dug into the skin on my hips, and he whispered, “You’re going to be a good girl and come all over my cock.” Thrust. “I’m giving you my children.” Thrust. “Not him.” Thrust. “Not anyone.”

His mouth devoured mine, swallowing my screams as my orgasm crashed over me; forced to let go in ecstasy. This one felt heavy and overwhelming.

Once it was over, I lazily rolled off and crashed next to him while Angel went straight for the bathroom. Probably thinking better than to be a part of this conversation.

“You’re so mean,” I breathed.

“You’re the one that ripped my heart out. You made me fall in love with every fucking part of you.”

I rolled onto my side and watched the artery throb against his temple. He finally faced me, his gaze piercing mine and now, I kind of wished he would put the mask back on.

“Morality made you fall in love with me. You treated me like a problem that needed to be fixed.” I replied emotionless. Seeing him again brought back feelings I fought

so hard to repress.

For so long, I blamed him for not fighting harder, but the truth is; he's right. He gave me an out. At the time, I was too scared to start over safely and away from that house. Instead, I chose to become a slave to it.

"What do we do now?"

"Kill him...all of them." His tone was blunt and emotionless while his jaw ticked. I wouldn't let him ruin his life. He would never be able to live with the fact that he killed his own brother.

"Please don't," I pleaded softly, running my fingers along his cheekbone. "The cops will think I had something to do with it."

Nobody knew who was there that night and I wanted to keep it that way. He wrapped his hand around the back of my neck, pulling me closer, and rested his forehead against mine. "He's still your family."

Stress re-entered my mind, causing me mild panic, but he held me in place, allowing me time to get my mind back on track. To focus on the task at hand.

"Look at me." Lost in the intensity of his eyes I trained them on his now bloodied chest. He softly placed his fingers under my chin, lifting my gaze back to his.

"I do not give a flying fuck," he spoke with a fierce stare. "I know what I'm doing. The less you know, the better. Now, you drop it because you don't know a thing. Okay?"

His face never wavered; he was serious. His smirk contagious. Maybe, in time, we could go back to the way things used to be. If he was willing to go after those who

hurt me, I owed him that.

“Okay.”

His thumb played at my bottom lip as he leaned in close for a gentle kiss. “I want to make things right.”

Running my hand along his cheek and over his stubble, I breathed deep, a worried expression painted over my calming features. “One condition...you come back to me this time. Deal?”

The smile slowly spread across the face and a “finally” sounded from the bathroom.

“Every goal I’ve had with that team has been yours, and yours only.” That was his silent promise to me, and it was enough to pick up where we left off.

“He was jealous, you know. I think he saw something before we did.” He pulled the blanket over us with a laugh and a short time later Angel slid in behind me, resting after the eventful night.

Nicholas

Over time, she had fallen asleep in my arms, and I thought it best if we brought her home ourselves. She’s been through a lot tonight and I wanted her to focus on herself.

Jogging down the steps of the cabin with her in my arms, I set her in the backseat of the truck. She was exhausted and my heart clenched as I watched her sleep peacefully. Making sure her chest rose and fell in an even rhythm.

Moving around to the driver’s side, I started the ignition, hell bent on getting her home safe in her own bed.

“She didn’t need to find out that way,” I snapped at him. He stayed silent, looking straight ahead, and I returned my eyes to the road, every so often checking on her through the rearview mirror.

“You would have never told her,” he replied, running his hands along his tired face in anticipation of what I would say next. “What’s this mean for us?”

He shot me a solemn look, and I breathed deeply, sighing out my response. “Nothing changes between us, Angel. I think she’d be receptive to the lifestyle, and even if she wasn’t, you’re still my wingman. I need you. That will never change.”

15

ANGEL

EIGHT MONTHS LATER...

The card game at the Palmer mansion was full tonight. Most were Ezra's associates and friends, but little did they know we called in backup of our own. When you're part of a team, you fuck with one of us; you fuck with all of us. After hearing what Nick had to say, the team was more than happy to carry out the request. The plan really being coach's idea.

Ezra's new wife was a sweet submissive thing, but the black eye she sported under the terrible makeup placement showed, and I clenched my jaw, anger rising within me. Nodding my head toward the door, I signaled Nick, who rose and slowly followed them out.

Knocking at the table, I wet my lip and a low whistle sounded. "Well, well, well, gentlemen. Looks like a full house. Anyone?"

They remained silent, throwing down their cards and my face flushed with heat, locking eyes with the one he pointed out. The one he saw on top of her that night.

"Well, now we can really play. What do you think, boys?"

A few of our guys rose and stalked closer, ripping him out of the chair and holding him down on the poker table, each extremity pulled taut and bound down. He wasn't

going anywhere. One locked the door, and our captain had the pleasure of bringing the bucket over.

My eyes scanned the room of men, and sadly some were innocent, but they were all guilty in my eyes.

We need to make it look like an accident...

But did we really? They didn't have any remorse when they raped women and made them face their abusers as a sick joke. Why should they be shown any form of mercy?

"As you all know, this piece of garbage is a rapist, as are some others in the room. Rapists that you continue to cover for."

I paced around the table slowly, grabbing the dirty bucket and opened the top with a smile. This would be amazing and perfect for my...unique capabilities. The room smelled of gasoline and I reached inside the bucket to pull out the rats, placing them intricately over his abdomen.

"The system failed Chloe Whitlock, failed all of them. Ezra almost took out his own brother over it. Sad, isn't it?"

In a flash, the bucket was on top of his abdomen. A rope circled around the mouth and secured at two areas on the table. He screamed, and you could see the shadows. The small creatures already squirmed, looking for a way out.

"I asked a question!" I boomed out against the room and a few nodded, but nobody dared answer. Calling for the blowtorch, I stood quiet and at attention as it ignited and moved around the bucket. By now it had to have been a hundred degrees in there and if his screams were any indication, it would only be a matter of time.

Reaching into my pocket with a sigh, I grabbed a pack of smokes and tapped it a few times against my hand before taking one out to give it a light. I know, totally unhealthy, but I only smoke when I'm taking out the trash now. Among his screams were tiny squeaks and chewing sounds as the rats burrowed through all seven layers of skin. Gnawing at the organs, trying to find a way out through his back.

His screams quieted, blood pooling from the bottom of the bucket in a twisted justice. "Lift it. Show everyone what happens when you touch what isn't yours."

It didn't phase me. I'd seen way too much in my short life already. Pretty much immune at this point. Hopefully, this would cut out the echo in Nick's head. All the times he was powerless to help Chloe.

Returning the pack of smokes into my suit pocket, I headed for the secret entry that Nick and I always used to sneak into the house after a wild ass party. The rest of the team left as if nothing happened, ready to become an alibi at any moment.

Striking the match against the box in the telltale way I did, a smirk graced my features, knowing that even by some miracle, I was caught. I'd happily sit in prison knowing not only Chloe was okay, but everyone else that never received justice due to the disgusting number of cover-ups for the rich in this city would be alright as well.

"You all get to die today. You should have spoken up, done something...then you would be walking out of here today."

The unmistakable sound of doors locking and windows closing in from the outside sent a rush straight to my dick. I dropped the match and was quick to light another and another until flames licked the room and I stepped out, locking the door behind me.

Nicholas

My ears perked up at the yelling coming from the kitchen. I hated this fucking house and every single memory in it. He wouldn't get away with what he did to her. All the horrible abuses she had gone through. No matter what revenge was taken tonight, it would never be enough.

She'd be a Palmer all right, and she wouldn't be ashamed of the person she shared that name with.

I kicked the door in, splinters of wood flew across the threshold of the kitchen. I stepped through calmly, looking for my brother. Letting the guys take care of the rest was a piece of cake, as long as Ezra was mine. After this, I could go back to my quaint drama free-ish life.

The screams rounded the corner, swirling and thrumming at my skull, reminding me of all the times I had to pull my parents apart as he watched, smirking. I'd be doing the world a favor tonight. Nobody would miss Ezra Palmer.

A pained scream sounded, and I moved fast. Flashbacks knocked at the door in my head, and I pushed them down swiftly. History wouldn't be repeating itself ever again.

Holding my stick against my chest, slow steps brought me right where I needed to be. There he was, across the kitchen near the stove, holding his wife's hand over it with an intention to harm her. The coils were alive and red with heat, and I fumed.

Charging toward him, I grabbed his wife and screamed before jumping out of the way. The acrid smell of the fire burned my nostrils and smoke started to billow in from under the door. He started to laugh, reaching for his drink and taking a sip.

“Get out of here!”

“After all this time, you come back. Excuse me for my less than flattering appearance,” he chided, taunting me. “Again, you stick your nose where it’s not supposed to be. Why is that?”

“I just thought you should see something,” I teased, fishing my phone out of my pocket and opening the gallery to a video of Chloe tied down and begging to be filled. She looked beautiful like this, but that wasn’t supposed to be on my mind right now.

Her moans for me threatened to turn me feral, even in this serious situation, and I had to swallow it down with a smirk.

“You were right about her. She will fuck anyone who gives her a mild amount of attention.” I pushed down the anger and guilt that rose within me for even speaking something like that out-loud.

“I told you about her. Too bad you ran that night. I would have let you have a piece once things cooled down between us. She needed to be punished. Learned quickly after that.”

He shrugged his shoulders, and I clenched my jaw tight. “Well, are you going to invite me to eat? It smells delicious and I’m starving.”

Handing me a plate, he gestured for me to follow him and stirred the thick red sauce in the steel pot. He was onto me. His frame tensed as it towered over me. At least, it’s how it felt.

Suddenly, his presence was intimidating, and fear gripped me. Flashes of each and every time he beat me rose to the surface. Every person he hurt, simply because he

thought he was above the law. I couldn't stop here. Chloe needed me, and I knew she wouldn't be safe around him if I kept him alive.

Without thinking, I grabbed a fistful of this hair and shoved him into the pot of boiling hot sauce and watched in satisfaction and the bubbles emerged, signifying his loss of oxygen and melting face.

His hands braced against the counter and he kicked off, causing me to lose my balance and fall to the floor. He grabbed a fistful of my hoodie and laid into my face, getting a few good hits in. Crimson lined his bruised knuckles, and I closed my eyes, imagining everything I worked for and who I had waiting on me. Different memories flashed with each hit I received.

Before I could pry him off my body, my stick came down hard, hitting him repeatedly as Chloe beat the piss out of him. Why is she here?

Her blazing eyes followed his every movement as his body shook under her. I should help him, but what kind of man would I be to stop female rage?

I smiled, rising slowly to my feet in awe, watching her exact her revenge. Although I winced inwardly when the stick snapped in half.

Bile rose in my throat as she pulled his pants down and readied the splintered wood. Lurching forward, I grabbed her wrist and gently placed enough pressure to make her drop it.

“Why'd you do that!” Her proximity forced the yell to hit me like a ton of bricks. I knew she was angry, but I had to stop her.

In no way, shape or form was I letting her live with the burden of having blood on her hands. Rageful tears pricked at her eyes and I moved toward her.

I caressed her face gently before wiping the tears away with a sigh. “This is on me, baby. If you stick that up his ass, then you are no better than him. Do you want to live with that?”

Her bloodied hand rested atop of mine, and she sighed. Her beautiful doe eyes pleaded with mine to let her stay. “Go find Angel and get out of here before the place burns to the ground.”

She nodded and backed away as I bent down and grabbed his wrinkly suit collar. A soft whisper sounded from the doorway.

“I Love you.”

“Huh?” My eyes shot toward her as she disappeared from my sight. She said it. A triumphant smile spread across my lips, and I leaned down to his ear.

“Did you hear that...she loves me.” I chuckled menacingly.

Heaving him up quickly, I dragged him toward the sink with the little fight he had left, ignoring his pleas. This needed to be finished. My lungs burned as the smoke billowed into the kitchen.

“She loves me.” I repeated almost giddy. Stuffing his head into the dirty sink water and holding it there while he fought desperately for air.

Jokes on him. The pain drove me to keep going, my cock straining against my pants as I imagined they were the manicured hand of my girl.

The ones I pay for with the money made entirely by my skills, and the way I saved for the future, whether she would’ve been in it or not. He had nothing on me other than a fortune that was handed to him carelessly.

He could have it. He could have it all, and when I was finished, there would be nothing left. Just crisp, shriveled up bodies. She would get her justice and so would I.

Although I hated him, family is family, and I opted to make it quick. Grabbing the meat tenderizer off the counter, it met the back of his head, his skull giving away at the blunt force.

“This is for Chloe.”

Blood sprayed over my face and on my sweater as I beat his head in repeatedly, refusing to stop until the repeated screams of Angel brought me back to reality. I felt numb. It was over and we could all move on.

“Ooh chicken cutlets,” Angel piped up, and I snorted. He helped himself as he spread the gasoline, making sure to touch every surface as he stuffed his face.

“You had to let her through? Did she get out okay?” I wanted to make sure she was safe before he burned the rest of the place down.

“No idea what you’re talking about. Ready to light this place up?”

“It’s overdue, isn’t it?”

Nodding, he pulled the matchbook out of his pocket and ignited one, throwing it down in haste, then another, and we took off.

I stood on the edge of the grass with Chloe in my arms, watching my childhood home burn to the ground. There was no making it look like an accident.

It was arson through and through. Satisfaction warmed my body as a few burning arms tried to wave for help over the bars that he placed. Now their souls can stay

trapped in that prison. My eyes glazed over, emotionless as the flames licked at the house.

“And this is for me.”

No home.

No family.

No inherited fortune.

But I did have everything I needed.

A career.

Money.

My best girl.

A home I'd been building from scratch, including our own rink. In my off season, I planned to coax Chloe back onto the ice where she belonged. Hoping it would reignite her passion.

“Are you coming with me this time?” I asked her in a serious tone.

She tapped her chin a few times and smiled. The snow landed on her glowing face. Melting over her glasses and highlighting her dark hair. Sitting in various spots as it covered her in a fluffy blanket of white.

“I have nowhere better to be, so I guess you're stuck with me.”

“Ouch.” Kissing her forehead with a huge smile, I pulled the seat of Angel's car forward and held my hand out.

It was time to start over and play out life the way it should have been the first time. He would never abuse me, her, or anyone ever again.

None of them would.

Locking eyes with her in the rearview mirror, she smiled, and I melted, gaining the courage to say what I should have had a long time ago.

“I love you too.”

EPILOGUE

CHLOE

FOUR YEARS LATER...

We cheered on as the players skated circles on the ice, ready to use our home game to its advantage. Little legs, spurred on bouncing up and down. Her curly brown locks bounced along with her until she caught sight of what she wanted. Our jersey's matching the number of a familiar right-winger. One we loved.

"Look at them go, Serenity!"

"Daddy's gonna score mommy! He's the best!"

"He always does, just for you."

I smiled wider, watching as he passed us by, skidding to a stop and placing his large hand against the glass. It made my heart swell with gratitude that he could maintain his career and become a husband and father all in a few short years.

He never broke another promise, and we lived a rather safe life. Even though the times he was gone, and we couldn't follow were hard. I never imagined us being here and his smile as he looked upon his daughter warmed my heart.

"Hey Beautiful! Are you cheering for me?" His voice barreled through the blockage loud and clear.

Serenity May Palmer. I grew her for nine months to come out looking and acting exactly like her father. Watching them thrive together never got old.

On the ice before she could practically walk, she grew every day learning more and more. Nick always made sure he was present in her life. The away games were fun and allowed us to travel, letting our girl see the world. When we couldn't, it was just as much fun to curl up in a blanket with some snacks and hot chocolate to watch the games.

After much hesitation, I got back on the ice myself, but I rarely had time to volunteer, but always helped out when I could. I opted to use our in-home rink to become a coach myself, my father helping me every step of the way, including leaving my adoptive family behind. My sister and I, although I held a grudge for setting me up the way she did, was my best friend and now, we are closer than ever.

He glanced my way, his mouthguard hanging cockily from the side of his face, and he threw a wink before skating off, which his daughter didn't love so much.

"Daddy, come back!" Her lip quivered, signaling an oncoming episode, and I had to think quickly. But he beat me to it. Balancing the puck on his stick before passing it to Angel.

"See, he loves seeing you. He always knows you're there. Don't be sad. The game's almost over."

Her chubby hands pounded repeatedly on the glass, wanting him to come back, and it was heart-wrenching. Yet, it sounded miniscule compared to the screaming fans within the arena. She quickly quieted to watch her father in action, as he moved flawlessly over the ice.

Distracted, he kissed the board as someone barreled into him and I shook my head, watching on as he went after his opponent. Skirting past him to steal the puck,

passing it back and forth with Angel. Getting the assist when Angel sent the puck flying past the goalie.

“See,” Maya said, leaning closer. “If I never would’ve created that ad, you both wouldn’t be here with her. Instead of holding the slightest grudge, you should be thanking me,” she laughed, chugging her beer.

I only half listened, turning my attention back to the game. “Yes, yes, I owe you my happiness. You win this one.”

“I should also mention that Angel made a comment the other night.”

Well, that caught my attention, and I turned to her with raised eyebrows. “What did he say?”

“Oh, nothing much. Just asked me if I fucked as good as my sister,” she laughed, trying to be serious, but failing miserably. “And if I was ‘or better’, then he’d be keeping me.

Angel still came by to blow off some steam from time to time, but lately we’ve talked about expanding our family and thought it would be best to stop for now. It still worked out for him, though. He found a certain bubbly younger sister to feast his eyes upon. Although I didn’t think the comparison was a good idea.

She said they’d been doing some twelve days crap. More power to them. Nick and I were lucky to get wild these days, but god that man kept me satisfied whenever, or wherever I needed it.

We had lost the game tonight, but the thrill is what I enjoyed most, and I’ll never tire of watching Nick play flawlessly, one skate over the other as he moved around the ice. Even if he finds himself in timeout for getting carried away.

I waited outside the locker room as Serenity ran around in circles, finding better ways to wait while I tapped my foot impatiently. “Careful! You’re going to make yourself dizzy. Silly girl.”

He would be bummed out, always too hard on himself when the team took a loss. My mind drifted for just a moment, thinking back to everything I’ve overcome with and without the help and support of my loved ones.

I told my family the truth, hoping I wouldn’t face too much judgment. I was happy to learn I wasn’t alone. My biological grandparents had been through a lot as well. It took some adjusting to my wildcard, but he was quickly accepted into the family.

Her cry brought me back to reality, and I giggled, noticing she fell. Dizzy from spinning in endless circles, like I warned her not to. She shifted her gaze and pointed behind me, wide-eyed.

“Mommy! Daddy’s hurt!” she said sharply, and I turned to be met with Nicholas sporting a brand new black eye and a missing fucking tooth.

“It’s just a scratch! Maybe mommy should kiss it and make it better.”

“I’m not the tooth fairy Nicholas.” My voice lowered teasingly as I erupted in a laugh.

“Well, if the other team didn’t steal Daddy’s puck so much, I wouldn’t have to take it back,” He countered, capturing my lips before lifting her in his arms.

“Maybe you should protect the puck better when you have it ‘Daddy,’ or you know, score. Or maybe not spend half the game in the box.”

His eyes raked over me hungrily, chomping down on his lip, but refraining from what he really wanted to say in front of small ears. “Hey Serenity, how would you like a

sibling?”

She clapped happily at the idea, cheering and chanting. I furrowed my eyebrows.

He leaned in close and whispered just low enough for me to hear. “Watch me tie you down and fill you up. Then I’ll leave you for a few days, legs up. Wondering whether it worked or not. Test me.”

My face flushed a deep shade of red, and I tried to hide my embarrassment. He knew he had me by the way my thighs pressed together. I played with the edge of the jersey I sported at every game, rolling it between my fingers, and his hot breath hovered over my ear. “Just so you know, I came to every game for you.”

His eyes sparkled and lip twitched into a soft smile that spread across his face as we left the arena.

Yeah, life was good.

“You’re just buttering me up so you don’t get punished tonight.”