



Hunted for the Holidays

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: The Hunter

Revenge. All my thoughts have been consumed with this single purpose for the last seven years. While locked in my cement cell, all I have thought of, all I have dreamed of, was revenge; of his blood staining my fingers red. But when I finally find my freedom things become...complicated. Now the only thing I want more than my revenge is her.

The Hunted

I've been prepared my entire life to be the perfect bride. I've been groomed to be his docile little doll. But now my fiance is dead and the two masked men responsible have turned their sights on me. They're hunting me, determined to bring about my ruin. But maybe destruction and ruin is exactly what I crave.

Hunted for the Holidays is a Dark Christmas Novella with MM/MF/MFM relationships.

Total Pages (Source): 12

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HOLY BY PVRIS

Pain throbs through my arm from the wraith of a bruise left by a monster; a monster I'm about to marry. A monster who's dragged me out to some remote mountain in the middle of winter under the guise of a romantic couple's retreat.

I once had someone tell me that the worst type of cold is that damp, humid cold of the Pacific Northwest. That it's the kind of cold that soaks your skin and chills you straight down to the bone, slithering its way into your very soul and turning you frigid from the inside out.

Respectfully, though, they were fucking wrong. That's not the worst type of cold—not even close. This dry, frigid air that feels like ice encasing every inch of my body, is a scary type of cold. It feels like a thousand tiny knives are stabbing every inch of exposed skin. This is the worst type of cold.

I'd give anything to be curled up in some stylish Seattle coffee shop right now, snuggled up in a chunky cardigan that pairs perfectly with boots, rather than out on this expedition with the dry wind threatening to give me frostbite. The landscape surrounding me is serenely beautiful, but seriously, why the fuck do I need to be outside in the cold to enjoy it? I could enjoy the lush landscape just as easily—hell even more so— if I were back at the rustic but chic ski lodge, sitting by the fire and sipping a Hot Toddy.

I'm not the type of girl that's into the whole nature thing. If only my fiancé realized

that fact, he'd have a much happier soon-to-be bride. Then again, my happiness doesn't matter in this medieval style business deal that is my engagement to Kit Worthington.

Kit is what others might call 'adventurous.' At least, he likes people to think that he's a well-traveled and audacious adventurer. The walls of his penthouse are covered with pictures of him in exotic locations all over the world, and every article beside them boasts his accolades, labeling him as a 'globe-trotting philanthropist.' As he leads me deeper and deeper into this untamed, freezing, wilderness, I can't help but wonder if his mountain man persona is as much of a fraud as his nice and caring philanthropic bullshit he peddles to people.

Kit isn't a nice man. And I'm starting to suspect that he has no fucking clue how to guide us back to civilization.

"You know where we're going, right?" I shout to him over the howling of the icy breeze pelting me right in the face.

He doesn't answer, just keeps swishing his cross-country skis further through the puffy powder beneath us. The snow here is loose, untouched by any living thing. That doesn't seem like a great sign that we're moving closer to civilization, in my opinion.

"KIT!" I demand louder. "Do you know where the fuck you're leading me? I'm cold and wet and tired. I want to go back to the lodge!"

The sun is starting to set. The oppressive shadows of the snow-custed pines are spreading further across the ground with every minute that passes. Soon, we'll be left alone in the dark in the middle of fucking nowhere, with no cell phone reception, just begging to be eaten by wild animals.

My fiance spins around, a murderous rage that I'm quickly becoming familiar with in

his eyes. At the sight of it, I feel the ghost of his harsh touch on my upper arm, throbbing where he grabbed me roughly last night when I didn't do as he asked. The purple bruises shone brightly against my pale skin this morning. If we were closer now, I have no doubt his anger would be painful for me.

"Are you second-guessing me, Charlotte?" he snarls.

Shit, I shouldn't have raised my voice at him. That's not the type of woman he paid for. I mean, he didn't actually buy me, of course, but, my father cut a fantastic deal right after my virginity was confirmed and the four carat diamond was placed on my finger. It wasn't a coincidence.

I've been prepared my entire life to be this type of woman; the kind who could be traded to a man like him. Homeschooled my entire life, on a strict diet since the age of seven, ballet seven days a week, piano lessons five times a week, etiquette lessons, French lessons... everything, every moment of every day for the last twelve years, devoted to learning how to be the perfect bride for a wealthy socialite. I've been too busy for friends, boys, and fun in general. It's fucking exhausting. I'd prayed that in exchange for sacrificing my life, I'd end up with a good husband; one who wanted to sweep me off my feet. Instead, I got Kit.

This is our only chance to get to know each other one-on-one before our Christmas nuptials. The entire engagement up until this point has been a series of meetings between Kit and my father, and now, this is supposed to be my time to be wooed by my fiancé.

I should be grateful that despite our twenty-some-year age gap and his less than ideal temperament, at least he's not unattractive. And that he still has enough energy for adventures like cross-country skiing, even if this is the most exhaustingly tedious type of adventure one could think of. Things could be worse.

“I know exactly where the fuck I’m going, Charlotte, dear,” Kit snaps, his words laced with a sour disgust that cuts through me worse than the cold. “Just try to keep up. I’m sick of going slowly for your sake.”.

I recoil slightly, fighting my own reaction. He’s never hid his true colors from me, but still, the more I get to know this man, the more terrified I am for our wedding night. Will he at least try to be gentle for my first time, or will he take pleasure in my pain? That thought chills me more than the frigid cold I’m in.

Trying to distract my mind from my horrible fiancé, I focus on the soft swish of my skis across the snow. My thighs burn and the freezing air is heavy in my lungs. The pain is almost comforting, though. I’ve always reveled in the slightly comforting sting of pain.

A twig snaps behind us, drawing my attention. I stop and spin, scanning the rows and rows of darkened pines as I search for movement.

“Kit, did you hear that?” I yell over the sound of the bitter wind.

He doesn’t respond.

I turn briefly and see that he’s moved farther ahead of me, the distance between us continuing to grow. My heart stutters in my chest, lungs constricting tighter. I can’t be left alone out here. I wouldn’t survive even a single night.

Movement in my periphery pulls my focus back to the forest behind me. Shadows are spinning within the dark forest, as if someone’s watching us. I swear I can feel their gaze boring into me.

“Kit!” I scream, even louder this time.

The sharp sound of something cutting through the freezing air sends me flinching backwards in fear. I fall onto my ass, my feet trapped in the skis below me, and I turn my head just in time to see an arrow pierce through Kit's snowsuit. Dark red blood splatters across the pristine snow around him and he falls to his knees, clutching at the arrow still protruding from his leg. His shrieks and screams fill the air, but I'm not paying attention to him anymore. My eyes are focused on the two masked men who have just stepped out of the trees, one of them pointing a hunting bow right at the crumpled figure of my bleeding fiancé.

BOW DOWN BY I PREVAIL

“Fucking prick,” I murmur, cupping my hands and bringing them to my mouth. I blow a warm breath between my freezing palms before turning towards Wyatt, whose eyes are narrowed, tracking every detail of our surroundings. “Entitled asshole rented out this whole side of the mountain so he doesn’t have to share it with anyone.”

Never shifting his gaze from the clearing in front of us, Wyatt unzips his camo backpack and digs around. He’s silent as he pulls out a pair of gloves and tosses them in my direction, ever the fucking boy scout. While I spent my teen years doing normal shit like football and parties, my little stepbrother was earning badges for his ability to thrive in the wilderness.

“Here he comes,” Wyatt murmurs, pointing through the gap in the trees.

I follow his finger to see a set of skinny skis gliding down a shallow embankment a few yards ahead of us. Our cousin- well, really just mine by blood- moves across the powdery snow with ease and arrogance in every stride. The sight of him out here enjoying his freedom and endless money sets my teeth on edge. I was naive then, so I didn’t see what he was setting me up for. Now, I’m here to get my pound of flesh for his treachery.

Grabbing an arrow from the pack, I load my bow and raise it in the air. I start to pull back on the cable when someone yells his name, giving me pause.

A petite blonde in a designer snowsuit comes into view. She's a pretty little thing, clearly half Kit's age and way out of his league. Even with the suit on, I can make out the slope of a perky ass. She looks uptight, like she'd be prim and proper and oh so much fun to break. I don't know who she is to him, but I know he won't be getting to play with that pretty little thing after I'm done here. Maybe I'll keep her for myself.

"Who would be out here with him?" Wyatt asks in a low voice, as if he's reading my mind.

"I don't fucking know," I growl, lowering the bow. My cock stirs to life at the sight of the woman's golden hair and pristine skin. She turns her face slightly, allowing me to see her beautiful blue eyes and rosy lips. She's a delicate little angel and I want her. She can be my prize after all this is done. I'll bet she looks oh so pretty when she begs.

Kit comes to a sudden stop, pivoting on his skis as he shuffles in her direction. Anger etches his features, his lip curling up in disgust, but as his mouth opens, the wind kicks up. The wicked howl of the icy air conceals whatever it is he has to say, but by the way her face drops in response, it was obviously some sort of threat. She flinches when he brings his hand up, like she's scared of him.

They both start to move again. Kit's strides are twice as long as hers, and he quickly starts to pull ahead, leaving her behind. I raise my bow again to take aim, but I've lost my shot.

"I can't get a good shot off from here with all the shadows," I mutter as I ease to my feet.

"I can do it," Wyatt replies gruffly, slapping a hand on my shoulder and shoving me down. I lose my balance, knocking back into some brush as he grabs the bow from my hand and loads it.

My little snow bunny stops in her tracks, swiveling her head around at the sound. I like the way her pouty lips part, a foggy breath escaping them as she trembles in place. Fear creases her features as she looks for the source, calling out for that oblivious douchebag again. Her terror calls to me. I want to watch her cry for me as I pin her down and take her.

Wyatt's arrow pierces Kit's leg, his responding scream reverberating around the mountainside and the blonde stumbling to her ass as the scene unfolds.

Adrenaline courses through my system as I rush out from the treeline, my breath condensing behind my dark ski mask. Running full speed then ramming my boot into my pathetic cousin's back and I force him face-first into the snow. Twisting my foot, the crampons tear through his expensive coat and blood soaks through the light-colored material as the metal spikes penetrate his flesh. The pop of his skin breaking open as I dig into his back is satisfying as fuck. He shrieks in pain, the sound causing the corners of my lips to lift into a smile. I bring up my foot, releasing the sharpened spears of my metal spikes from his flesh, and with a few kicks to the ribs, Wyatt flips him onto his back.

"Hello, cousin," I drawl, lifting up my balaclava.

"Derek?" He coughs, looking up at me wide-eyed. "I thought y-you..."

"Thought I was serving ten years for the embezzlement charges you set me up for?"

His throat bobs roughly as he nods, the snow beneath him turning a deeper shade of crimson with each passing moment.

"Got out a couple of weeks ago for good behavior," I shrug. "I would've called, but someone changed their number."

“I-I can,” he chokes on a swallow, crimson splattering from his lips, “explain.”

My lips spread into an easy grin as I pull my bowie knife from its sheath. “I don’t want your excuses, cousin,” I murmur, holding the nine-inch blade up in front of my face and admiring the way the sun glints off the metal. “You know what I really want, Kit?” I muse, meeting his fear-filled eyes. “Revenge.”

With a sweep of my arm, I plunge the blade straight down into his stomach. Feathers from his fancy coat fly around me as I yank it back out and slam the bloody blade into his soft center, again and again. The feeling of my knife bursting through the surface of his skin and tearing open his insides is enough to make my dick hard. I slow my stabs, savoring each delicious moment of his agonizing pain. His screams and wails lessen as his life drains from him right before my eyes.

“At least you know why I’m doing this. Unlike when you betrayed me. You stabbed me in the back and ran. Leaving me alone and confused. You couldn’t even face me like a man, you fucking coward,” I murmur, the knife making a squelching sound as I stab him one last time. Seven wounds now litter his abdomen; one for each year I was locked up. His mouth hinges open with a gargled gasp and a puddle of blood sullies the snow around him. I knew my revenge would feel good, I just didn’t anticipate how absolutely exhilarating it would be.

“Find his wallet,” I order Wyatt. “Asshole’s got to have some cash on him.”

Wyatt sinks to his knees and starts going through Kit’s pockets, the sound of snow crunching prompting me to whip my head around before I can even put my knife away. The small blonde has managed to ditch the skis and is running full speed towards the trees.

Fuck, I forgot about my little snow bunny.

Taking off after her, I quickly close the distance between us. She's fast, but I'm faster. Guess the only good thing about spending most of my twenties in jail is that I had nothing better to do than work out. In one quick movement, I lunge forward, taking us both to the ground.

"Caught you, little bunny," I say, pinning her beneath me.

She struggles, her ass brushing the front of my jeans with each squirm, further stirring my dick to life. After seven years with nothing better than my imagination, my hand, and a communal bottle of lotion, this is like a fucking lap dance. I wonder how soft her skin would feel between my teeth.

"Please," she begs, tears trailing down the side of her face.

The scent of jasmine, vanilla, sweat, and fear floods my nostrils as I lean closer, licking a salty path up her cheek, causing her to still. She's fucking delicious. I am going to thoroughly enjoy playing with her.

"What's your name?" I ask my pretty little prey.

"Char-lotte," she sniffles.

"Can you be a good girl for me, Charlotte?"

Her teeth sink into her bottom lip as she nods in the snow.

"Good," I say, wrapping my fist in her silky hair and dragging her up to her knees as I stand.

She stares up at me from beneath her long lashes. Tears rim her blue eyes, making them shimmer in the dimming sunlight. Makeup runs down her pale cheeks. She's a

mess—a beautiful fucking mess. The sight of her on her knees with fear and vulnerability painted across her pretty face makes my cock thicken to an uncomfortable stiffness behind my zipper. I really should be focused on what I came here for, but there's something so pure about her that I can't deny myself the chance to ruin.

With my free hand, I curl my fingers under her chin, tipping her head back so she's looking right at me. The pad of my thumb traces back and forth across her soft lips. I can already imagine how fucking good they will feel wrapped around my cock. She doesn't resist as I press the tip of my thumb between them.

“Good girl,” I praise, slowly pushing in further.

Something sparkles in her eyes at my words. I think she likes the praise. I pull my thumb out, trailing my knuckles down the curve of her cheek and leaning down. “Take my cock out, little bunny.”

Her eyebrows raise, lips parting in surprise as I see a little puff of air leave them. I wonder if she'll fight me or if she'll be my good little girl.

Charlotte pulls off her gloves, an obnoxious diamond clattering her left hand as she unbuttons my jeans. She isn't just weekend company, she is— was— his fiancée. A flash of jealous heat rushes up my spine at the thought of him having her and my grip on her hair tightens.

If she feels any pain, she doesn't show it. Instead, she slowly and unsurely pulls down my zipper. Impatient for her touch, I use my free hand to release my cock from the confines of my pants and boxer briefs. She gasps as I stroke it in her face, like she's never seen a dick before.

“Touch me,” I command her.

She looks uncertain, but places her lithe fingers around as much of my hard length as she can and starts to pump, mimicking my own touch while looking to me for reassurance.

Surely this girl has jacked someone off before, right?

My head tips back at the contact. It feels so fucking good. Her delicate and warm palm glides against my skin as she looks up at me with a hooded gaze.

“I need to be inside you,” I growl.

Pausing, her eyes ping nervously from my cock to face as she stutters. “I...uh... but-”

“No buts, bunny, open wide,” I admonish, guiding her head forward.

Her lips part and she looks up at me with fear in her eyes. She’s such a sweet little thing. I can’t wait to ruin her. I shove my cock roughly into her opened mouth and she sucks me greedily, going too deep too fast. She gags and sputters. but I don’t give a shit if she chokes. Her throat is like heaven and goddamnit if I don’t already feel like I’m gonna come. Charlotte hollows her cheeks, her tongue circling my tip. I use my hand in her hair to hold her head still while I fuck her face.

“Fuck,” I moan as she picks up her pace, hands wrapping around my base.

I know I won’t last long and I don’t even fucking care, because I’ve just decided I’m taking her home with me. She may have been Kit’s, but she’s mine now, and I intend to play with my prey before I kill it. Releasing her hair, both of my hands grip her face roughly as I start to piston my hips.

Panic and fresh tears well in her eyes as she gags again when I bump the back of her throat. I’m so lost in how fucking good she feels, I don’t hear anyone coming.

“What in the actual fuck are you doing, Derek?” Wyatt spits. I turn to make eye contact with him, not stopping my relentless attack on my captive and finding Wyatt’s face twisted up in anger.

Charlotte tries to scream, but my dick muffles the sound and the vibrations make my balls start to tighten. Her palms slap repeatedly against my thighs as I slam in harder, using her to chase my release.

“Good fucking girl, Charlotte,” I grunt out, hot ropes of cum shooting down her throat.

I release my grip and she falls back, snot and tears trailing down her face as she coughs and spits into the snow. Tucking away my spent dick, I turn to Wyatt with a shrug. “Getting my first blowjob as a free man.”

“Well,” he starts, folding his arms across his chest. “If you’re done, we need to get back to the cabin before it gets too dark.”

“Yeah,” I nod, dragging up my zipper. “And she’s coming with us.”

“The fuck she is!” Wyatt shouts, eyes narrowing in her direction. “You got your dick wet, now kill the bitch and let’s go.”

“No! Please!” Charlotte stammers, pushing to her feet and grabbing my arm. “Please, I- I won’t tell anyone. I promise.”

God, she’s even prettier when she begs. I can’t wait to see her beg me to fill her full of my cum. Pulling her hand up to my face, I bring her fingers to my lips in a sweet kiss. She blushes and looks down. Such a sweet little thing. With her hand in mine, I roughly rip the ridiculously large rock off her fucking finger.

“Hey!” she whines as she lunges forward in an attempt to steal her ring back from me.

Rearing my arm back, I chuck it as hard as I can off into the snow before wrapping my hand around her throat and pulling her flush against me. Her eyes round, sounds of stuttered gasps falling from her open mouth as I tilt my head and whisper down to her, “You’re mine now, bunny. We can’t have another man’s claim on you, can we?”

Tears well in her beautiful blue eyes as she feebly nods her head in agreement.

“See? She won’t be a problem,” I say, smirking at Wyatt as I release my hold.

Wyatt’s shoulders relax in the slightest, and for a second, I think I’ve won. Then he reaches out, pulling her flat against his chest as she screams. His arm wraps around her neck, her fingers clawing at his flannel-clad forearm. Before I can even react, she goes quiet, body sagging in his hold.

RUNRUNRUN BY DUTCH MELROSE

You know those moments when you're floating in the soft void between a deep sleep and waking up, when you exist somewhere on the periphery of your own mind? I'm in one of those moments right now. I know I'm not asleep anymore, but I'm not quite awake yet, either. Or maybe it's that I'm not conscious yet, because I don't remember falling asleep...

My eyes shoot open as it all comes flooding back to me. The snow, Kit, the two masked men... all that blood, and the feeling of him inside my mouth. I've never done that before. I've fooled around a little with some boys here and there, but nothing like that. That man, that monster, he used me. But the most fucked up thing of it all is... I think I liked it.

The way he tasted in my mouth wasn't exactly pleasant, but the tingle between my thighs as he used me was something I've never felt before. Even as I recount the memory in my mind, my core starts to tighten again.

God, get it together Charlotte. These men clearly have nefarious intentions. They killed Kit, then the dark-haired one- Derek, I think- forced himself on me before his blonde buddy choked me out. These men are evil. I need to get out of here.

Pushing up from the bed, I blink as I sweep my gaze over the room, assessing my surroundings. Exposed logs make up the walls, which tells me I'm definitely in some sort of cabin. It's small and rustic, but surprisingly cozy. The bedding is certainly not

a suitable thread count, and as I pad across the rough, wooden floor, it's apparent that there's no in-floor heating here. It's... basic . But it's not unpleasant, I suppose. Bright light streams through the gaps of the faded curtains, casting a soft stream of warmth through the space. It'd almost feel peaceful in another context; if I wasn't being held captive here by two psychopaths. Wherever the hell here is.

I swallow roughly, my throat aching from the action. Then I look down, finding my snowsuit and jacket are gone and I'm left in just my tight and stretchy undershirt and pants. As I run my hands over my body, checking for any sign of injury, it occurs to me that my captors might have touched me while I was passed out. Part of me is terrified at that thought, while another, darker part is inexplicably thrilled at the possibility.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

I shake my head, taking another step forward. A floorboard creaks beneath my feet as I move, and I immediately freeze.

Waiting.

Listening.

Did they hear me?

Will they come for me?

My lungs start to hurt as I continue to hold my breath, panic coursing through my veins.

After what feels like forever, I realize no one is coming. I let out the breath I've been holding, my lungs burning with each greedy gasp of air I take. It's eerily silent in

here. I can't hear anything. Not a car, not a person, not a single sound... it's just quiet .

I quickly scurry across the room, reaching out for the knob before swiftly retracting my hand back. What if the men are out there waiting for me? I get the feeling that they're the type of monsters who would get off on my struggle. I bet they like my fear.

A sinister thought slithers across my mind, and I whip my head around, checking the corners of the room for cameras. They seem like the type who'd enjoy watching me, and something about that thought makes my insides churn in a way I haven't felt before. Then again, with the way this place lacks basic accommodations, WiFi is probably a hard reach.

There's no cameras. They're not watching. And instead of that conclusion bringing me relief, I feel strangely... disappointed . But that's crazy, right?

Shit, I've been awake for less than five minutes and I'm already going crazy. I need to get out of here, now .

Yanking the door open, I dart into the hallway, moving quickly along the darkened corridor. I have no idea where I'm even headed, but I sprint past a few more doors before it opens up into what appears to be a living room. It's bright and airy, but I don't slow down long enough to take it in; not with the front door in sight. Heading out into the frozen tundra without a jacket or boots sounds like a terrible idea, but I'm not exactly thinking straight as I rush for the door, each step I take bringing me closer to my freedom.

The doorknob is just within reach when a large pair of arms suddenly circles my center, pulling me back against a hard chest and thwarting my half-cocked escape.

“Where do you think you’re running off to, bunny?” Derek growls, his warm breath skating across the shell of my ear. Chills race down my spine as he anchors me tightly against him, hooking his chin over my shoulder.

I struggle in his grip, uselessly flailing and kicking in an effort to fight him off. He’s too strong. The more I fight, the tighter his muscular arms constrict around me like a snake claiming its prey.

“Please,” I whimper, but all he does is laugh.

“Please, what , bunny?” He pulses his hips, grinding against my backside. and letting me feel his growing excitement at my struggle through his pants. “Does my pet need to be played with?”

“Please,” I beg again, sniffing. “Let me go. I won’t tell anyone.”

He begins to move backwards across the main room, pulling me with him. All I can do is watch helplessly I’m dragged further and further away from the door to my freedom. Tears well up in my eyes, one sliding down the length of my cheek. Its warmth turns to ice against my skin as my monster drags me further into his lair.

“Where would you go, lovely? If I let you run?” he muses, his grip slackening enough for him to glide a palm across my stomach. “It’s just us here. There’s no one around for miles and miles and miles.” His hand snakes further up, fingers finding my neck and wrapping around it possessively. His large, tattooed hand easily encompasses my entire throat. Panic rockets through my veins as he starts to squeeze, a throbbing ache building between my thighs as he murmurs, “No one’s around to hear you scream, bunny...no one but me.”

My nipples tighten in response to his threat, the hardened peaks rubbing against the fabric of my shirt. The friction does nothing to alleviate the need that’s building

inside me. I want him to touch me there so badly. Fuck, what is wrong with me? I want to be touched by my captives . I want them to ruin me completely.

“Did you kill Kit?” I ask, my voice coming out as a pained whisper since his hand is still firmly locked around my windpipe.

“Yes,” he scoffs as he starts slowly walking us backwards, toward the room I woke up in. “And he fucking deserved it. Your fiance was a real piece of work, snow bunny.” His tone is cold and harsh- violent, even- and his grip around my neck tightens until black spots begin dancing across my vision from the restriction of my air.

“I know,” I manage on a shaky exhale.

Derek pauses right outside the open doorway to the bedroom. He doesn't loosen his hold on my throat, but his other hand cruises down my body, his thick fingers sliding underneath the tight band of my lycra bottoms and making their way slowly downward. I squirm and flail, choked gasps sawing from my chest until I'm hyperventilating so much that it finally gives him pause.

“Shh,” he purrs into my ear as his grip around my neck loosens just enough to keep me from passing out. The fingers of his other hand lightly caress the outside of my underwear, right against the lips of my pussy. “Shh, it's okay, bunny, don't fight it.”

Hooking a thick digit around the fabric, he yanks my underwear to the side, exposing me to his exploration. “You knew Kit was a bad man, and yet you were with him anyway?” he questions as his finger runs the length of my pussy lips. “Tell me, pet, do you like bad men?”

He knows I can't respond; not with his hand so tight around my throat. But I don't need to, not when his fingers trace the length of my most sensitive area and find the

truth. As much as I hate to admit it, my body seems to be enjoying this- enjoying him. Heat erupts in my core as he finds my clit, strumming it with just the right amount of pressure to fuel my pleasure. Each slow stroke of his fingers has warmth spreading across my body, driving me closer to complete and utter desperation.

“So wet,” he moans, his breath hot against the shell of my ear. “Do you want me to fuck you, bunny?”

Despite how good this feels, hearing those words is like being doused with a bucket of ice water, snapping me back to reality. I’ve been saving my virginity for too long to give it up to some murdering psychopath who has kidnapped me. Not a fucking chance, asshole. With all the strength I can muster, I jerk my arm back sharply, my elbow meeting the hard surface of his abs. The action takes him by surprise, causing him to stumble, and when his hands jut to the sides of the doorframe to steady himself, I take the opportunity to make a run for it.

Ducking around him, my feet carry me quickly to the front of the house, where I fling open the wooden door and burst out into the cold snow. The frigid temperature hits me like a Mack truck, but I don’t stop- I can’t . My lungs seize in response to the frozen air, but I still run. I run as fast as I fucking can.

Everything around me is open expanses of wild wilderness; there’s nothing but snow and trees as far as the eye can see. In the bright light of day, it’s less creepy, no less imposing. Just like Derek said, there’s no one I can turn to for help; no trace of civilization. Panic rises in my chest as I realize just how alone I am out here. He’s right - no one would hear me scream.

Still, I can’t just accept defeat. Surely there’s a road or a park ranger on this godforsaken mountain. I run as fast as I can, for as long as I can, until my calves burn with exhaustion and the bitter air threatens to freeze my extremities. It’s so very cold out here, and as the adrenaline begins to ebb away, I have no choice but to slow

down. When I finally come to a stop, I realize just how eerily silent it is here. There's no noise besides my own labored breathing and the sinister whistle of the icy wind through the pines.

I'm all alone...

Until I'm not.

From behind a massive evergreen in front of me, both men emerge—both wearing masks.

One is a simple black balaclava. His head cocks to the side as his forest green eyes assess me. He looks wild, like he belongs out here amongst the beasts. He knows I'm trapped.

To the left is the taller man, his face covered by a skeletal ski mask. I can't see anything but his eyes, and yet I can tell he's smirking at me. There's undeniable heat in his gaze that stirs something inside me. My heart beats at such a violent rhythm, I fear it may rip right out of my chest.

I'm trapped. And they know it.

I dodge to the left, but the one in the skeleton mask jumps towards me, anticipating my attempt to flee. Pivoting on a heel, I start to make a quick dash out to the dense cluster of trees on my right, but before I can even make it three steps, large, tattooed arms wrap around my middle and I'm being hauled off my feet.

“Caught you, again, bunny.”

PLEASE BY OMINDO AND EX HABIT

“O h, sweet little Charlotte,” I chuckle as I shift her body over my shoulder. “You should know by now that fighting me only makes my cock hard.”

“Stop, let me go!” she screams, her icy fingers clawing at my back, fists beating into me as I stride through the trees.

My feet come to a grinding halt, my free hand landing a harsh slap against her plump ass. “Someone’s not being a good girl.”

Her body goes rigid in my grip as she stammers, “Di-did you just spank me?”

“That’s what bad girls get,” I say nonchalantly. “They also get tied up.”

“What?” she gasps, legs kicking as she tries to escape.

At this point, I’m starting to get annoyed. She knew Kit wasn’t a good guy, so really, us killing him was doing her a fucking favor. I saved her—not only from that douchebag, but from the instant execution my stepbrother wanted her to meet. She should be on her knees right now, sucking my fucking cock in gratitude. Little brat.

Shit, even just thinking about fucking my little captive gets me hard. Seven years is a long damn time, and as good as her mouth felt, I know that prissy little cunt of hers is going to feel like heaven when it’s finally wrapped around my dick.

“Wyatt!” I snap, his shoulders tensing as he turns around to face me.

The balaclava hides everything but his eyes, but by the way they narrow at me, I can hazard a guess that his face is fully twisted up in a scowl.

“Give me a piece of that rope,” I direct, motioning towards the bundle of firewood he’s carrying.

Wyatt sighs audibly as he mumbles something about chopping the bitch to pieces, begrudgingly loosening one of the knots securing the wood.

Charlotte is still fighting me, but I’ve got a feeling it’s all false bravado. She knows I can overpower her. I can take anything from her—even that sweet little pussy—if I really want to, which I must certainly do. The fight just makes her feel better, so I’ll play along and let her pretend she doesn’t want to be used by me.

The way her body reacted to my touch earlier and the soft flutter of her eyelashes as I rubbed her clit is all the proof I need that this girl was meant to be mine. My perfect little captive.

In one swift motion, I flip her over and take her to the ground. She lets out a pained breath as her back smacks against the snow. Straddling her, I hold her in place as I gather both her wrists in one hand and hold out my other.

Wyatt’s green eyes track my movements, a displeased look still creasing the space between his brows as he tosses me the section of rope. I wind the rough and worn rope around her small wrists. I want this to be tight, a reminder to her to behave, but not so tight that it can’t be undone if I want her to please me with her soft little fingers.

Trying to tie a knot with one hand is hard enough, but Charlotte keeps moving

beneath me, making it damn near impossible. “Stop fucking moving,” I grind out as the rope comes undone again.

“I’ll be good!” she shouts.

“It’s too late for that, my little snow bunny. You tried to run away from me, do you know how that made me feel? After everything I’ve done for you...”

Her blue eyes round, fresh tears glossing across them as her bottom lip quivers. “If you’re going to kill me, just get it over with already.”

“Wouldn’t that be nice,” Wyatt sneers, folding his arms across his chest.

“Please,” she begs, a stray tear cutting a wet path down her flushed cheeks.

I need to get her back to the cabin. It’s far too cold out here for what little clothes she’s wearing. Even if she did manage to escape us, she wouldn’t make it far before she froze to death.

Ignoring my stepbrother, I lean forward, nipping at her ear lobe as I murmur, “If you’re dead, I can’t play with you or punish your sweet little ass. And I’m not done with either of those yet.”

She stills, the promise of getting to live longer seemingly making her pliable again. Rocking back onto my heels, I tip my chin at Wyatt. “Care to fucking help me here?”

“Your pet,” he scoffs. “You take care of her.”

“Whatever,” I spit, fumbling with the rope again. At this point, I’ve resorted to using my teeth to grip one end while my free hand tries to pull it tight.

“Oh, for fucks sake,” Wyatt sighs, stepping forward and dropping to a knee. “Give me that,” he growls as he snatches the rope from my hand.

I rock back onto my heels, still pinning Charlotte in place with my hips as Wyatt puts his skills to use. He loops the rope quickly around her wrists a few times before weaving the ends through the center and around each other.

“There,” he grunts, pushing to his feet. He grabs the bundle of wood, then stomps off towards the cabin.

My bunny lets out a small gasp as I flex my fingers around the slender column of her neck, restricting her air supply. “Now, you be a good girl, or your punishment might just be that I let Wyatt have his way with you.”

I feel her throat bob beneath my palm as she swallows thickly, fear lacing those pretty blue eyes. Her hands are still bound above her head, and goddamnit if the sight of her like this doesn’t make my cock even harder. My lips spread into a smile as an idea flitters through my brain. Scooping her up, I toss her over my shoulder and quickly follow Wyatt’s bootprints through the snow.

Upon reaching the cabin, I twist the doorknob and step into the living room, finding Wyatt crouched in front of the hearth tending to the fire. I kick the door shut behind me, toe off my boots, and hurry past him for the hall, carrying Charlotte back to her room.

Her body bounces in the slightest when I drop her onto the mattress, her perky little tits swaying in the most seductive way. The urge to bite her breasts until she’s covered in my marks strikes me. She’s so pure and I can’t fight the overwhelming desire to mark and ruin her pristine perfection. Excitement courses through my veins as I drag her further up the bed, looping her tied hands over the bedpost to secure her in place.

I know I shouldn't keep her, but letting her go is out of the question. She's seen our faces, heard our names, seen what we've done. The only way she gets away from us is in pieces to be fed to the local wildlife. But in the meantime, I can have my fun with her. Wyatt could, too, if he'd pull that damn stick out of his ass. My little bunny already showed me just how much she likes it when I play with her, so that's what I plan to do. Her ultimate fate is a problem for another day.

Tugging my balaclava off, I pull my bowie knife from its sheath and move to sit beside her. The light from the window glints off the blade as I twist it in front of my face.

Her chest heaves with panicked breaths as she eyes the knife while I bring it closer to her throat. "Let's get you out of these wet clothes, little bunny. No one likes a sick pet."

Hooking the tip of the blade beneath the collar of her shirt, I flick my wrist, slicing through the black fabric. It falls to the side, a thin, see-through bra greeting me. Her breath catches in her throat as I slide the blade down her sternum, the serrations on the blade catching the bit of pink lace between the valley of her breasts. With little effort, the delicate fabric rips, springing away to give me a perfect view of her rack.

Fuck, it's been so long since I've seen a set of tits live and in person. Charlotte's are nice and round, with little dusty pink nipples that pebble up as they meet the cool air of the room. I usually like bigger breasts, but these ones are just the right size to squeeze in my hands as I slam my cock into her tight little pussy. She's going to look beautiful covered in my cum and my marks.

All in good time.

I dip my head down, taking one of her stiffened peaks into my mouth and eliciting a soft moan from her. My tongue flicks against her skin as my hand rolls her other

nipple between my thumb and forefinger. Her back starts to arch off the bed as I continue to tease her. I want to work her up, make her crave my touch, beg for my touch.

With one last twist, I drag my teeth across the sensitive skin and lean back. She really is beautiful, especially like this. Her creamy skin is tinged pink with a blush and her pouty lips part as she pants, “Derek, please.”

My cock punches against my zipper in response, and I start to second-guess myself for a second. This may be more of a punishment for me than for her, after all.

Shaking that thought away, I raise my head back up, only to catch sight of an ugly purple mark on her upper arm. Anger coils around me at the sight. Red rage swirls around my vision.

“Who the fuck did that to you?” I growl, nodding at the bruise staining her pristine skin.

She looks confused for a second until her eyes land on the mark. She looks scared, uncertain, and uncomfortable.

“Was it my piece of shit cousin? If he fucking laid hands on you, I will dig up his remains just to fucking kill him again, little snow bunny.”

“He—he’s dead right? He can’t hurt me anymore?” She stumbles over each word.

I can’t help the smirk that spreads across my face as I nod...maybe my little bunny isn’t so sweet after all.

Her features relax in the slightest and I almost don’t hear it when she whispers, “I’m glad that monster’s gone.”

“So fucking perfect,” I say, my fingers tugging the waistband of her leggings and ripping them down her legs. She is perfect, my vicious little captive. She gasps as I guide the knife under her pale pink panties and twist. She jerks her legs, causing the blade to skim across her pussy as I cut them away from her body.

Her face scrunches with a wince as a tiny rivulet of blood blossoms right above her glistening slit.

I eye the panties in my hand, her desire for me already staining them, and I can’t wait a second longer to see how fucking delicious she tastes. Tossing the knife and the torn fabric onto the nightstand, I crawl over her legs, positioning myself perfectly between her toned thighs.

Wasting no time, I dive right in, licking her from ass to clit. I can’t help the feral growl that escapes me as her wetness coats my tongue. I stiffen it into a sharp point, the tip circling her clit before I suction my mouth over it.

“Oh god,” she shouts, the metal frame of the bed rattling as she tries to move her hands.

I chuckle against her core. “I’m no god, little bunny, but you’re welcome to praise me.”

She moans again at the vibrations, and as I look up at her, the dribble of crimson meets my eye. I swipe my finger through it as I keep flicking her clit with my tongue. It was just a nick, nothing deep, but there’s just enough blood to draw the letter ‘D’ on her bare cunt. I’m proud of my claim on her skin, even if it isn’t permanent. When I go to look at her again, wondering what she thinks, her baby blues are staring off behind me.

I swivel my head around to see Wyatt standing in the doorway with a furrowed brow,

his obvious approval of this activity tenting the front of his jeans.

“Come here, little brother,” I rasp, tipping my chin. “Her mouth is all yours.”

The look on his face morphs into a predatory gaze as he strides across the room, unbuttoning his jeans. He pulls his dick out, the silver hoop looping through the tip shining in the light. By the way Charlotte gasps, I take it she hasn’t seen a Prince Albert piercing before.

“Fuck you both!” she shouts, whipping her head to the side as Wyatt fists his length, giving it a few lazy strokes before stepping closer.

Reaching up, I pinch her nipple, eliciting a sharp whimper. “Now, now, little bunny, be a good girl. Maybe if you suck my brother’s dick he won’t want to kill you anymore.”

Her doe eyes meet mine before they glance up at Wyatt’s heated gaze.

“If I do this, you won’t hurt me?” she asks with a sweet hopefully lilt to her voice that tugs at something deep inside me. Wyatt just shrugs.

“Okay,” she breathes, mouth opening to welcome his pierced cock.

“Stick your tongue out,” Wyatt demands.

The little bunny does as she’s told, and Wyatt’s jaw flexes before he leans over and spits into her waiting mouth. She flinches as his saliva hits her tongue, but before she can snap her mouth closed, Wyatt pushes his cockhead between her lips.

Damn . Watching my little brother use her has my stomach twisting into knots and heat singing my spine, desire shooting through me.

Fisting her hair in his tattooed hands, he starts to piston his hips, fucking her face. Charlotte moans around his length as he uses her. I don't know why watching my stepbrother get his dick sucked by my little bunny makes feel so fucking unhinged, but I have to reach down to adjust myself before going back to punishing her.

My fingers find her clit, strumming it until she starts to squirm. She's getting close—I can tell—and when her thighs just barely start to quake, I withdraw my hand. Her forehead creases in confusion.

A smirk spreads across my face as I drag the digit still covered in her wetness further down, tracing her opening. She bucks her hips as I start to press inside. God, she's so fucking tight. Her greedy cunt swallows my finger, squeezing it tight. There's no way in hell I'd fit my cock in her. As much as I can't wait to fuck her senselessly and stuff her full of cum, I'll have to work her up to it.

Her eyes start to roll back in her head, whimpers and moans humming from her full mouth as I add a second digit and pump into her. I curl them at their deepest point, massaging her insides and she starts to flail her legs like she's never felt anything this good before...

Maybe she hasn't.

"Are you a virgin, little bunny?" I ask, my motions stopping.

Charlotte's watering eyes look at me painfully as I withdraw my hand. The faintest bit of crimson stains my fingertips, giving me the answer.

"Fuck, I'm coming," Wyatt grits out amidst my discovery.

He holds her head steady and slams himself fully inside her. She jerks her hands, the metal frame of the bed beneath her squeaking as she struggles to breathe. Tears slide

down her face, chest stuttering with silent gasps as he fills her with his release. I can't take my eyes off them—my sweet and innocent little virgin being face fucked by my brother is the most alluring thing I've ever seen. I don't dare blink, fearing I'll miss a moment of their combined pleasure and pain. Fuck, the combination is deliciously depraved.

Wyatt's hips still, and he slowly withdraws his spent cock. Strings of cum and saliva trail from her lips, dribbling down her chin as she grimaces like she's about to gag. Wyatt's quick to react, slapping his tattooed hand across her face and sealing her mouth shut.

"Swallow," he orders.

Charlotte nods behind his hold and her throat bobs as she swallows down my stepbrother's cum. Fuck, I suddenly want to shove my tongue down her throat and taste their combined flavor.

He looks at me with a sated smile tugging at his lips as he tucks himself away. "Maybe your little captive is a good girl after all."

Pushing up from the bed, I preen as I look down at her. "Hear that, Charlie? You've been a good girl. Guess your punishment's over."

Wyatt's already leaving the room as I move to cover her naked form with the faded quilt from the bed.

"Derek!" she shouts as I'm heading to the door. "What about me?"

Grabbing the doorknob, I look back at her. "Remember this lesson the next time you want to be a bad girl."

She thrashes and wails, but she's still tied tightly to the bed, secure in Wyatt's knots.

"Sleep tight little bunny," I call out, pulling the door shut behind me.

ABUSE ME BY EXHABIT

The sound of thick snow crunching beneath my boots rips through the serene silence of the woods as I stomp through the trees. Each step pulls me deeper into my thoughts and further away from the mess I just left behind me.

Yesterday was wrong. I shouldn't have enjoyed playing with Derek's little toy as much as I did, but Charlotte's tear-filled eyes and innocent fear as she choked on my cock were intoxicating. It was as if she was fucking made for me—no, for us. Our perfect little pet. But that's ridiculous. She's a toy to be used, nothing more. We should have fucking killed her when we had the chance. Then it could've been just me and Derek, alone and together—the way it was always meant to be.

His dad married my mom when I was thirteen, and I was so excited to finally have an older brother. What really caught me off guard was the feeling I got in my stomach when I met him, though. He was attractive, but his confidence and charm was so magnetic that I became obsessed with him from day one. No other person had ever called to me like that before. Deep down, I knew the way I felt about him was wrong. The fantasies I let play in my head when I jerked off; the wanting him. It was all so wrong. But I couldn't help it. Everything about him is dangerously seductive, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't seem to clear the haze that settled over me when I was around him.

Sure, I've dated, I've fucked around, and gender has never fucking mattered. But no matter what hole I found my dick in, it was always him I thought about. Every.

Fucking. Time. He consumed my mind—like a goddamn snake, he slithered into my subconscious, and before I even realized it, I was utterly consumed by him.

My obsession grew to levels that some might consider unhealthy. I watched him constantly, hoping to find some way to connect with him and help him see me as more than his little stepbrother. Some might call it stalking, but that sounds bad... it's not like Derek was ever in danger. The women he fucked were, though. Every single time I watched him railing another stupid bitch, I saw red. Each time I saw him sink into a tight hole that wasn't mine, the obsessive rage grew stronger. Then he was taken from me.

Fucking Kit set him up. He stole what was mine. He was responsible for all my pain and misery. He was the reason that Derek was behind bars and out of my reach for years. He needed to die.

During the time my brother was away, my possessive obsession shifted. I became consumed with thoughts of revenge. I knew that if I could just prove to Derek how much he needed me, if I could show him the lengths I was willing to go to for him, that he'd finally realize I was worthy of his fucking attention. That our connection and the loyalty I have for him is deeper than anything he's ever had with any random fuck-toy.

Everything was going perfectly to plan—the plan I meticulously constructed over the last seven fucking years—until her. Charlotte sliced through my plan faster than that arrow cut through Kit's leg.

The fucking slut was never supposed to be there. She was not part of the plan. And now, I'm completely at a loss for what to do. On the one hand, I could kill her, and then it would just be me and my brother—the way it's meant to be. But on the other hand, our innocent little captive is becoming addictive. Our sweet little pet, secured in her cage, there to be played with when we want.

Maybe I can use her. Perhaps, if I'm willing to share, it could help convince Derek that we're meant to be something more than just step-brothers. The thought of how he eyed my hard cock as I pulled it out, the tiny bit of surprise that crossed his eyes as he saw the hoop through the tip, has it straining against my zipper. His eyes tracked every thrust as I used Charlotte for my pleasure and put on a show for him. And when I finally came and pumped her mouth full of my hot cum, I saw the way he reached down to adjust himself. There's no denying he was as turned on by me as he was by the cunt he was feasting on...

Fuck, she really could be the key to it all. An image begins to form in my mind; me rutting into her while Derek fucks me from behind, forcing me deeper into her with every single punch of his hips. Blood pounds straight to my cock as I imagine the three of us together. I'm half tempted to pull my cock out right here and rub one out at the thought of it when a voice up ahead stops me dead in my tracks.

"Over here!" someone calls out, ripping me away from my newly-formed fantasy. "I think I see some tracks!"

Distinctly male. Multiple. North to northeast. Roughly 300 yards ahead. No sounds of snowmobiles.

My military training instantly kicks in, alerting me to the invasive presence. With the lightest of steps, I creep to a vantage point between the trees. A search party is down below. They appear to be tracking the path Kit and my little pet were on.

"It looks like something happened here," some blonde-haired fucker in a tactical outfit shouts to the others, bending to the ground and digging into the snow. "There's blood in the snow. Something bad definitely happened."

Shit .

“We should spread out. Teams of two. Recovery is our mission.”

Double shit .

“Remember,” the blonde fuckwad addresses the others who appear to be under his command, “We were paid to find her and bring her back alive. She’s very valuable. We need to make sure she’s brought back alive and... intact.”

Intact? What the fuck?

Are these fuckers seriously here to bring her back as a virgin? What the hell kind of shit is that?

“What about the male?” one of the others asks.

“He’s not the priority. If found together, return together. If found separate, our priority is to bring her back.”

“This must be a golden fucking cunt for the amount they’re paying us to return it,” another of the men laughs, the others quickly joining in.

My jaw tenses, red-hot anger flowing through my veins.

She’s not theirs to talk about that way. Her pain, her tears, her blood, her cunt are ours . She belongs to us now. Fuck these assholes and fuck whoever is paying them. Finders keepers, assholes.

“That’s enough,” the leader quips. “Her value lies solely in the payout we will receive when she’s returned home. If found, she’s not to be touched. Do I make myself clear?”

The other men grumble but I can't make any of it out from here.

"There's a large storm coming in the next three days," he continues. "We need to collect the target and move out before that happens. Understood?"

As the leader creates teams and assigns routes to each, I stealthily sneak away.

This isn't good.

We need to keep Charlotte tied up and hidden away in our cabin. If they find the opportunity to take her, they will. We have plenty of weapons in the cabin—certainly enough to defend ourselves against a pair of unsuspecting men, should one of the groups stumble upon us. It's unlikely, though. If they follow the trail that leads to Kit's frozen remains, it will lead them on a convoluted and complex path, in the complete opposite direction from the cabin. It should take them at least until the storm rolls in to follow the trail to Kit, which will keep them far away from us, and after that, we should be safely snowed in for months. That gives us plenty of time to play with our captive and for me to use her to show Derek just how good I can make him feel.

I make my way back towards our cabin, careful to cover my tracks as I go. These men might be professionals—at least I assume they are from the type of gear they were carrying—but that doesn't mean they can't be easily fooled. By the time they figure out that the trail they're on leads them in a circle, the storm will have rolled in and they'll be forced to leave our mountain.

The sound of a twig snapping gives me pause. I listen carefully, holding my breath to avoid making even the faintest of noise.

Nothing.

Slowly, my eyes scan the trees, looking for the slightest movement or the tiniest shift in the shadows, but all is still. Eerily fucking still.

My hackles raise, goosebumps spreading across my skin as the heavy weight of an unknown gaze settles on me and I know I'm not alone. The sun has moved behind some clouds, darkening the sky. Twisted shadows of the angled pines streak the surface of the snow. As slowly as I can, I move my hand towards the knife sheathed on my belt. My fingers itch to feel the worn leather handle of my blade in my palm, yet I dare not move too fast, unless it's the last thing I do.

Without warning, something is forced across my neck, ripping me backward. The material digs into my skin, crushing my windpipe as my back hits something hard and solid—a man. Instinctually, my hands go to my throat, trying to relieve the pressure and allow air back in.

“And what do you think you're doing out here, all alone, little hunter?” the deep timbre of a male voice growls against the shell of my ear.

I can't answer him—not with the leather held tightly across my neck. It feels like a soft leather belt, one my fingers can't seem to get a good grip on as I fight against his punishing hold. He's bigger, taller, stronger. I try to gain a hold, but it's no use. I'm fucking trapped, at his mercy.

“Are you out here looking for trouble?” His deep baritone rumbles against my core as he speaks again, not letting up on his punishing hold. Black spots dance across my vision from the lack of oxygen, the world shrinking in front of my eyes. My lungs burn and my heart pounds in my ears as I slowly start to lose the strength to fight back.

Just as darkness threatens to pull me under, he loosens his hold and shoves me to my knees. I fall hard, desperately gasping for air as I struggle to keep myself upright. His

fingers move swiftly, threading the end of the belt through the buckle and pulling the loop tightly around my throat. He pulls on the end in his hand, forcing me to lift my head back up towards the sky. I'm like a fucking dog on a leash.

The man circles around in front of me and I finally get a clear view of my captor. He's tall and muscular but lean, outfitted in a black long sleeve shirt, an open winter jacket, dark jeans, and boots. His face is covered in a black balaclava concealing almost all of his face, but his eyes tell me all I need to know. His dark gaze is dangerous, full of a possessive fury that sets my entire being on fire.

"If you don't want to be choked unconscious, you'll do exactly what I say," he commands in that same deep tone. "Are you going to be a good boy?"

I glare back at him defiantly. I'm not sure what his endgame is here, but I'm sure as shit not enjoying whatever the hell he's playing at right now.

My lack of response is apparently unsatisfactory, as he pulls the belt harshly, the leather cutting into my skin and cutting off my air again. I manage to glance at the man in front of me and notice the more than obvious bulge in his jeans. He's clearly getting off on my pain. Asshole.

"Let's try that again," he says as he loosens his hold slightly so that I'm able to suck in a small amount of air. "Are you going to be a good boy for me?"

Grinding my molars, I consider reaching for my knife to stab him, but that might get messy. I'll play his game for a minute and see where this is going. I nod my head as much as I'm able to with the belt still looped tightly around my throat.

"Good boy," he praises. The words shoot straight to my dick and it thickens behind my zipper. "Now open your mouth and stick out your tongue."

What the fuck?

When I hesitate, he pulls again. My air constricts and my hands fly to my belt to grab for my knife, but he's quicker. With the toe of his boot, he kicks my hand away. "Don't make me tie you up. I want you to be able to use your hands for what I have in store for you, my little hunter."

A moment passes, then another, before I reluctantly follow his orders and stick out my tongue. He growls as his other hand twists into the hair on the nape of my neck, forcing my head back until my eyes meet his. The mask hides his mouth, but I can see the satisfied smirk lighting up his dark eyes.

"Take out my dick" he demands, his voice laced with a desperate need that I haven't heard before.

As quickly as I can, I undo the button of his jeans and release the zipper. My hand brushes against his hard abs as my fingers dip beneath the waistband of his boxer briefs. He's warm and hard in my palm as I pull him out. I'm desperate to look, but his fingers tighten their hold on my hair, making sure my eyes stay locked on his the entire time.

Lust swirls in the inky darkness of his pupils as I wrap my hand around his length. Shit, he's big. From the feel of him in my palm, he's longer than me. Thick veins run down his shaft and precum leaks from his tip. Dragging the rough pad of my thumb over the velvety skin of his cockhead, I feel my own dick grow painfully hard in the confines of my pants.

"Such a desperate fucking whore, aren't you? So willing to be on your knees sucking a masked stranger's cock."

He growls and I strain my neck to nod.

He tugs on my hair, creating a harsh sting across my scalp, “Words, little hunter.”

My mouth starts to water around my outstretched tongue, evidence of just how right he is. I’m feral, absolutely desperate to taste him. “Yes,” I finally manage before sticking my tongue back out.

“You want to taste me, little hunter?”

Something halfway between a murmur and moan slips out as I lick my lips in anticipation.

“Good fucking boy,” he croons before roughly shoving his length into my awaiting mouth.

I gag at the intrusion as his cock punches the back of my throat, but that doesn’t slow him in the slightest. Holding the belt tightly in one hand, so I can barely breathe and my hair in the other, I’m completely at his mercy.

He pounds into my mouth savagely, choking me with every last inch as his balls slap against my chin. “Fuck,” he moans, throwing his head back. “Your throat feels so damn good,” he exhales with an exasperated sigh.

My hands move to his muscular thighs, bracing myself and trying to remain upright as he roughly fucks my face. I struggle to breathe, trying to stay relaxed, but his movements seem to be fueled by rage and he punishes my throat with each bruising thrust. I start to use the tip of my tongue to massage the base of his shaft with each brutal stroke, and I can feel him pulse against me. He likes that.

“Yes,” he moans. “Use your tongue to make me feel good, little hunter. Now pull out your own cock and stroke it,” he commands.

I can't deny him. I'd never deny him.

Fumbling with my own pants as he continues his assault, I struggle to free myself. I mumble and moan around his cock, but that only seems to drive him to fuck me harder. I'm finally able to undo my pants and boxers, pushing them down enough that my hard cock springs free. The air is frigid, but the relief of being able to touch myself is immediate.

"Fuck your hand. Let me see how much you love being used as my little fuck toy."

He's not wrong. I do love it. Smearing the bead of precum from my pierced tip, I fist my length. My hand moves hard and fast, trying to match the speed of his pistoning hips. The taste of his salty precum leaks onto my tongue, and fuck me if it isn't the sweetest thing I've ever tasted.

"I'm going to come!" he yells out into the emptiness of the forest surrounding us. "Swallow every fucking drop and I'll let you come after."

He growls as warmth fills my throat, his cock throbbing violently against my tenderized flesh as he splatters me with his cum. I greedily suck it down, savoring every last fucking drop of his release. I can barely breathe, but I'll gladly suffocate if it means I die in this intense pleasure.

He pulls his spent cock from the warmth of my mouth and releases my hair, the ghost of his touch leaving tingles radiating across my scalp. He tucks himself away, then crouches down before me. His heated gaze assesses me, his eyes searching my face as I pump my cock, desperate to follow him into bliss.

He finally rips the mask off his face and spits down onto my hard length, his warm saliva hitting my skin and his tattoo-covered digits wrapping around my own. The heat of his palm bleeds into the back of my cold hand as he guides my motions.

“Fuck yourself, little hunter. Let me see just how much you enjoyed sucking my dick and drinking down my cum.”

His filthy words and his touch push me over the edge, and I plunge into ecstasy. My mind and vision go blank, pleasure shooting through my entire being. I scream out into the void as rope after rope of sticky cum covers us both. Euphoric electricity shoots through me.

When I finally come back down, he releases his hold, and I immediately miss the feeling of his touch. He removes his belt and stands above me, a dangerous and imposing figure staring down at the desperate mess beneath him.

“Let’s get cleaned up and return to our captive, little brother,” Derek states before turning on a heel and heading back towards the cabin.

I DID SOMETHING BAD BY TAYLOR SWIFT

My eyes flutter open to the soft glow of morning light spilling in from the window. I attempt to roll over, seeking just a little more sleep, but my muscles scream in protest. Pain radiates through my shoulders, jolting me awake.

Of course, how could I forget about the hellish holiday retreat I stumbled into.

I flex my fingers, testing my circulation. They're slightly numb, little pinpricks of pain stabbing from the inside out with the motion, but seem okay. Well, okay as they can be while tied to a headboard. I shift around on the bed, trying to sit more upright in order to alleviate the stress on my wrists. My core aches as I do so and the memories of what my captors did to me comes flooding back.

Derek may have not let me come, but I can't deny how good it felt to have his broad tongue massaging my clit. When he screwed a thick digit into me, I thought my soul was going to leave my body. I've never been touched like that before. My father made sure that I stayed completely untouched. Tampons were even forbidden. I was definitely too terrified to ever even slip a finger inside myself. The repercussions I would've faced outweighed any desire I felt to explore my own pleasure. The doctor checks were every six months, and before I was traded off to Kit, three different doctors of his choosing had to make an assessment to confirm my purity.

There's nothing quite like laying in a room full of old male doctors who take turns slipping the tip of their pinky inside you while your father and soon-to-be fiance look

on. They all agreed—I'm completely pure and ready to be bred. Well, I was completely pure. Now, I've been touched . The realization is... thrilling .

I know with every fiber of my being that my wedding night with Kit would've been nothing short of brutal. He would've ripped me in half, eager to feast on my pain as he chased his own pleasure. That was going to be my life—him crawling on top of me anytime he wanted, using me to his will, and breaking down every last piece of my soul until I was just a flesh fuck bag. The thought causes a shiver to creep up my arms.

I know that my captors used me for their own pleasure, but they also made me feel good. In the forest and last night, I felt things I've never felt before. And seen. Oh god , when Wyatt pulled out that monster of a cock with a ring through the top and pushed it inside my mouth, I thought for sure I was going to choke to death. Derek may be longer, but Wyatt's a lot thicker. My pussy throbs at the memory, wetness coating my inner thighs as I squeeze them together beneath the scratchy quilt.

What the fuck is wrong with me that I'm getting turned on by the memories of the two men who killed my fiancée and kidnapped me, forcing themselves on me? I clench my thighs tighter in a pathetic attempt to alleviate the throb between my legs. I can't deny the sad truth; that I want more from these men. Much more.

I let out a sigh, throwing my head back against the metal railing of the headboard. It creaks loudly and the gold knob adorning the post clatters to the ground. I cringe at the noise, expecting Derek or Wyatt to storm in here at any moment and dish out a punishment, but no one comes.

“Derek?” I call out nervously. “I have to pee!”

It's not completely a lie, but surely that should get their attention since they left me tied to the bed naked. I wait a little longer, straining to listen for the sounds of boots

thundering against the old wooden floor, but still I'm met with nothing but continued silence.

"Wyatt!" I shout, raising my voice.

Silence.

"Derek! Wyatt!" I yell, thrashing my hands around, the bed creaking and whining with the motion. "I'm going to pee the bed, goddamn it!"

My throat tightens as I start to panic in earnest. They wouldn't leave me alone here, would they? The last time I thought I was alone, I walked straight into a trap. I wasn't tied to the bed then, though. Darting a glance up to where the rope binds my wrists and hooks over the post, a gleam of silver catches my eyes. Without the decorative knob, the exposed point of a thick screw sticks up in the air.

I swallow roughly, my mind spinning. If I get caught trying to escape again, I don't know if my punishment will be something as simple as edging. But I have to try, right? It's absolutely insane to think that any of this is normal or that I could have any semblance of a future with these monsters. I should try to escape.

Pinning my bottom lip between my teeth, I carefully start to drag the rope back and forth across the sharp edges of the screw, the rough fibers biting further into my wrists as I try to saw myself free. I'm starting to lose hope, heat from the friction burning my already raw skin. Just as I'm about to abandon the plan, though, the first little piece gives way, frayed edges springing up.

Hell yes!

With all the energy I can muster, I move faster, pulling the rope tighter against the screw. More pieces snap until finally, the screw cuts through the last layer of the first

loop. Blood rushes to my fingertips, waves of static vibrating under my skin at the first sign of relief. I wiggle around enough that the knots Wyatt so expertly tied loosen, eventually falling to the ground.

Jumping up from the bed, I feel warmth trickle down my wrists, but I don't have time to bother with inspecting the wounds. If the guys are gone, it won't be for long. There's no way in hell they'd leave me here, bound or not, for too long. Derek sliced away most of my clothes, but miraculously, my leggings were saved. I slip them on quickly and rush to the door. Surely one of the guys have a shirt of some sort I can steal.

I twist the doorknob slowly, begging the hinges not to squeak as I ease it open. The hall is quiet as I tip-toe down it towards the other doors. The first one is wide open, and I peer inside to see a camouflage duffle bag resting on the neatly made bed. If I had to guess, it's Wyatt's room. Derek doesn't seem the type to tuck his covers so tightly.

I dart inside and rifle through the bag, pulling out a dark green hoodie. It swallows me whole when I pull it on overhead, the hem hitting just above my knees, but it'll have to do. Tugging on a pair of thick wool socks, I leave the room to hunt down more supplies for my escape.

Finding a small nylon backpack, I fill it with bottled water, a rogue knife and a flashlight, adjusting the straps on my shoulders as I step out the cabin and onto the porch. The cold bite of the wind cuts across my face, burning more than any of Kit's slaps ever did. I pull down the skeletal ski mask that I found in Derek's room, bound down from the porch, and run .

I have no idea where I'm going. I'm directionally challenged, to say the least. Even with the navigation package in my Range Rover, I still manage to get lost multiple times a week.

My ski boots are heavy as I push myself further into the cover of the trees. The thick pines conceal most of the sunlight, causing me to stumble a few times, but I keep going. Adrenaline floods my system the further I get, my lungs burning with each breath until I finally stop to rest.

A chill races down my spine as I shove up the ski mask and the icy air meets the sheen of sweat gathered on my skin. My heart hammers in my chest as I double over with my hands on my knees, gulping in air.

As my breathing slows, I swivel my head around and try to decide which way to go. To the right, the trees start to thin, making me think it could open up and lead to a trail. I slowly start in that direction, looking over my shoulder at every single snap of a twig or rustle of branches, paranoid that the guys have discovered I'm gone.

It's fine, Charlotte. Standing here only gives them an advantage. Just keep walking.

The sun glares off the undisturbed snow in the clearing, the pines flocked with a light dusting of white. The view is breathtaking. If Kit did anything right, it was choosing such a beautiful place to spend Christmas. Murder and kidnapping aside, it really is a lovely holiday location.

Taking a few more minutes to soak up the view, my heart leaps into my throat at what sounds like voices in the distance. I can't make out what they're saying or how many there are, but it definitely sounds like a group.

Excitement surges through me and I take off in the direction they sound like they're coming from. I can get help, I can go home, I can take a bubble bath in the whirlpool tub with a nice glass of champagne... the mere thought of my luxurious life drives my feet to move faster.

I near a rocky edge, the voices getting louder as they reverberate around the valley

below. I've never been so excited to see a group of burly strangers before in my life. I'm about to scream for their attention when I hear my name, and it's like being doused in a bucket of ice water, freezing me on the spot and stealing my voice.

How do they know my name? No one was supposed to know we were out here. Kit didn't want anyone to be near us on this getaway, hence the renting of the whole damn mountain.

I sink to my knees, keeping myself out of sight as I listen in on their conversation.

"Remember, recovering Charlotte is the primary objective. Kit is nothing more than the possibility of an additional payday."

"I can't believe that crazy old bastard put a five-million-dollar bounty on the pair of them. If they've been gone for days past when they were supposed to return, they're either dead or ran off together."

"Yeah, that pussy must be worth a fortune if he's willing to pay that much to have it returned to the next highest bidder."

What the fuck? My dad? He's seriously just going to auction me off to the next wealthy asshole in line? Continue with the wedding like nothing's wrong, even though my fiancée was murdered before my eyes?

"It doesn't matter why. Secure the little bitch, unharmed, and we return her fully intact to her dad. What he does with her after that is his own twisted business."

There are some more murmurs, but I can't hear anything over the sound of blood whooshing through my ears. I can't go back, not to Daddy. Kit wasn't a good man, but the monster that's next could be even worse. The monster you know is safer than the one you don't.

My vision blurs as hot tears well in my eyes. What do I do now? If I go back to the cabin, Derek will kill me, and if he doesn't, surely Wyatt will have no problem snapping my neck and feeding me to the bears.

The men's voices draw closer.

Shit, they're coming this way!

Swiping my gloved hands across my face to clear my eyes, I push to my feet and hurry towards the trees. I'm eager to be cloaked in the shadows they provide before the men make it up the hill. I run and run and run, until I feel as though I might collapse. My lips are chapped, throat parched, and when I no longer hear the grumbles of their voices, I stop to get a drink.

Pulling a bottle of water from the backpack, I crack the lid and bring it to my lips. The water is cool as it slides down my throat. As I replace the lid, I catch the flicker of movement in my periphery.

My head whips around, gaze colliding with two sets of eyes- forest green and espresso brown- each burning bright with feral rage. A blood-curdling scream rips from my throat as the bottle in my hand falls to the ground. There's no point in trying to beg or plead. There's no reasoning with the devil, and there definitely isn't any reasoning with two of them.

"Look brother," Derek tuts, his lips spreading into a feral grin. "We found ourselves a lost little bunny, all alone in the woods."

SEXY DRUG BY FALLING IN REVERSE

S hit , did that really happen?

I shouldn't have just face fucked my little brother. That was wrong in so many ways.

Well, my step brother. It's not like we really grew up together; we were both teenagers when he and his mom moved in with Dad and me. We're more like strangers with a shared past than brothers—not that it makes what I just did any better. I should've turned and walked away, but when I saw Wyatt standing there, looking so on edge, something in me begged to play with him. He acts so tough and cold, so damn calculating. He needed to be put in his place and taught who's really in control.

Seeing his hard length with that ring through the tip being shoved down my little bunny's throat might've been the hottest thing I've ever seen. My cock ached to be buried deep inside one of them- hell, to be buried in both of them. I'm so fucking desperate for both of them that I don't see any way how this could end well.

“What the fuck?” I mutter as we approach the cabin.

The door is standing wide open. That's definitely not how we left it—there's no way in hell I wouldn't shut the door behind me to go out in this damn frozen tundra. Goddamn it. My heart pounds wildly in my chest as I quicken my pace. My little captive is in there all alone, tied up and vulnerable. I break into a full sprint as panic surges through my whole being.

Throwing myself through the doorway, I'm struck by how fucking cold it is inside the cabin. Shit, how long has that door been open? While I was being a selfish prick, playing with my brother, someone was here .

Alone.

With my fucking girl.

I swear to god, If they hurt her, I will gut them like a fucking pig and shove their entrails up their asshole and out their mouth. Charlotte is mine to hurt.

"Charlie!" I shout as I scramble across the small living room.

Nothing.

"Charlie!" I yell again, rushing down the small hallway. The door to her bedroom is standing wide open, just like the front door was. My pulse skyrockets as I edge closer, and for the first time since I can remember, I'm terrified.

My entire world tilts on its axis as I spot her empty bed. My little captive is gone.

"We'll find her," Wyatt quips from behind me. He's just as upset as I am, but his frustration has turned to a focused intensity, whereas I'm just fueled by a murderous rage.

The faint trail of blood through the cabin and out the front door set my teeth on edge. The only one making Charlotte bleed from now until her last fucking breath will be me. Wyatt seems to think he can track her, following the blood and the footprints left in the snow, and whoever took her better relish in their last few breaths on earth, because I don't share.

Well, unless it's with Wyatt.

I'll unpack that later, after I get her back.

Something snaps ahead of us, the sound reverberating across the emptiness among the trees. Wyatt and I both eye each other, silently communicating, before each slipping our hunting knives from the sheaths on our belts. With practiced stealth, we silently move through the snow in formation.

Peeking around the trunk of an ancient evergreen, relief immediately floods my system when I see my girl, safe and alone. She's wearing what must be Wyatt's sweatshirt, the green fabric draping down to her knees. One of my skull balaclavas is covering her face as she greedily gulps down water.

Sneaky little bunny thought she could escape us. Our captive nearly got herself gutted. She'll need to be taught a lesson.

Moving from behind the trees, I let my footfalls crash through the stiff snow. "Look brother, we found ourselves a lost little bunny, all alone in the woods."

Wyatt steps out from the other side of the tree, and we stalk towards our prey in tandem, cornering our scared little bunny. Her eyes are wide and wild with fear. She counters our movements, edging backwards every time we advance. Her gaze darts between us, desperately searching for mercy. She won't find any. Her back collides with the bark of a gnarled pine behind her, giving her no way to escape.

"What a naughty little bird you are, running from us," Wyatt coos as he approaches Charlotte. "Do you remember what happens to bad girls?" He reaches out a gloved hand to stroke her cheek and she visibly shivers at the contact. Such a responsive little captive.

“Wha—what?” she stutters, tears welling in her beautiful blue eyes.

“They get punished, little bird.”

My brother moves with reflexes that surprise me, snatching her by the wrists and spinning her around. He quickly secures her hands behind her back with a piece of nylon rope- one of the million items he keeps on his utility belt. Fucking boyscout.

“Please,” she whimpers, squirming around in an attempt to free herself. I rip the ski mask from her head as Wyatt holds her in place. I want to see her fear.

“Please, what ?” I sneer, pulling her by the hair until her eyes meet mine. Tears stream down her pale cheeks as she sobs.

Anger boils up inside me and I can’t help the possessive need to claim her as mine taking hold. Call me childish, or selfish, or whatever the fuck you want. I don’t give a shit. She’s mine. “You want us to let you go? So you can run off to the rescue crew down below us?” I ask mockingly, grabbing the hem of the sweatshirt.

She chokes on a gasp, snot running down her flushed skin as I use my bowie knife to start cutting through the fabric. I rip and tear until the front is severed, exposing her beautiful breasts to me. A feral growl leaves my lips as I stare at her pale pink nipples, hardened in the frozen air. She’s so delicate, so delicious.

“I have bad news for you, bunny,” I chuckle, trailing the tip of the blade trail lightly over her stiffened peaks. It’s just a whisper of a touch, not enough to make her bleed. Not yet. “You’re mine now. And I’m not letting those fuckers get their hands on what’s mine.”

Her breaths are heavy, fogging in the air. She’s teetering somewhere between pleasure and pain, and it seems like my little captive enjoys that. She closes her eyes,

mouth parting with a low moan as my blade lightly nicks her skin, bringing blood to the surface. “Good,” she sighs between moans.

Her admission gives me pause. “You don’t want to be rescued, little snow bunny?” I question, furrowing my brow.

“No!” she shouts with a shake of her head, her baby blues snapping open to meet mine. Her bottom lip starts to quiver as she scans my face, searching for something. “I can’t go back with them,” she pants, her voice pleading as she sags back against Wyatt’s muscular form.

“Why, little bird?” he murmurs, peppering soft kisses down the slender column of her exposed neck. She moans again, tilting her head to give my brother better access. “Why don’t you want to be saved?” he presses. “You just ran from us, now you want to hide behind your monsters?”

“Please,” she sniffles. “I know you’re not good men, and I fully intend to keep fighting you, but they want to return me to my father and I can’t go back to him. I won’t.”

Closing the remaining distance between us, I cage her between my brother and me. “Why’s that, little bunny?”

“He’ll sell my virginity to the highest bidder. I’m to be used and bred.” She starts to sway her hips against my brother’s cock as he continues his assault on her neck, leaving a string of hickies across her pale skin. “I just want to be free.”

Between her words and the sight of Wyatt’s marks, anger and jealousy wage a war inside of me. My vision turns red as I think about her father selling her tight little virgin cunt to some old asshole to be filled with his dried-up, dusty cum. Over my dead fucking body. If anyone’s going to be stuffing her full of cum, it’ll be me .

Possessive rage courses through my veins, and I can't stop myself. I need to leave my mark on her; to claim her. I slam my lips down onto hers, and they part with a gasp. Sinking my teeth into her lip, the taste of iron hits my tongue as I rake them across the split flesh and break contact.

“You're ours, bunny. No one touches you but us,” I grit out before bringing my blade back to her breast. “You'll never be free of me. You can run, you can hide, you can fight us. But I will always catch you. You. Are. Mine.”

Using the sharp tip, I drag it down her skin, slicing open her flesh. Blood rushes to the surface, crimson rivulets cutting a path down her chest as she screams and flails. My brother bands an arm across her throat, his other hand snaking down her belly to the waistband of her leggings. Sliding his hand down her pants, he works his fingers to where she needs him most. I watch her expression shift from pain to pleasure as he begins to touch her. Her eyes screw shut as she mewls and moans into the winter air while he rubs her needy clit.

“That's it, sweet girl, let us claim you,” he whispers in her ear as I return to my own task. With her mind distracted by my brother's skilled digits, I begin carving into her skin again. Blood runs across the flat expanse of her stomach as I slice her breast.

Once complete, I take a step back to inspect my work. She's a fucking vision. Her head is thrown back against Wyatt's chest, face contorted in delirious ecstasy. Her blonde hair shimmers brightly in the afternoon sun, purple and red bite marks littering her neck. My brother's hand is shoved down her pants as she shamelessly grinds against him, seeking her release. But the most beautiful piece of her is her bleeding breast, now marked with my initials carved into her flesh. My girl. Mine .

“Please, I feel—,” she moans, her hips jerking rapidly. “Please, just don't stop.”

“You want to come, Charlie?” I ask as I press into her, her blood seeping onto my

shirt as the back of Wyatt's hand brushes the front of my jeans. She writhes and grinds against him, desperate to come. Our greedy little slut .

"My name is Charlotte," she seethes between panting breaths.

Wyatt's hand stops moving and he jerks it from her pants. "What the fuck?" she whines at the loss of his touch. He grips her chin roughly, her juices glistening on his fingers as he tilts her face up to look at him.

"You wanna come?" he growls lowly, his voice laced with volatile rage. She nods in the slightest before he continues. "Then you will be our perfect little pet. We will call you what we want, when we want. We will use you as we want, when we want. And you will thank us for it." His hand slides down her stomach, blood coating his fingers on the way down to rub her clit again. "Is that clear, little birdie?"

"Yes!" she gasps loudly, relieved pleasure on her face. I watch the outline of his hand through her thin leggings, stroking her quickly, and I decide to reward my little captive for being such a good girl. Bending down, I swirl my tongue through the blood coating her breast, sucking one of her stiffened nipples into my mouth. The metallic taste coats my tongue as I feverishly nip and lick at her tender tits.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Our little bunny screams as white wisps leave her pretty parted lips. "I think I'm going to come!"

"That's our good girl," Wyatt murmurs. "Come for us. Show us what a desperate little slut you are."

Her entire body goes rigid as she obeys his command and succumbs to the pleasure. She silently screams into the air, humping the fingers still buried in her cunt as she rides each wave of her climax.

Rising to my full height, I take in the sight of her satiated form. Her skin's flushed, bloody breasts heaving with each panted breath. She's half naked, frozen, and freshly finger fucked. She's beautiful. The urge to bend her over and bury my cock deep in her tight little cunt is overwhelming. To see her virgin blood painting my thick length— fuck . The brutish side of me is screaming to take her right now; to rut into her and fill her with my seed until she's ripe with my child. Fuck , just the thought of those perfect tits, swollen with milk for my child makes me hard.

But that's a stupid fantasy. We're not supposed to keep her. Everything that happens out here is just temporary. For now, I'll settle for her sucking me off, but pretty soon, that pussy is mine to ruin.

“On your knees,” I demand gruffly as I unzip my pants and shove them down my hips. Pulling out my cock, I stroke it roughly a few times. It's so hard from her delicious display that I know I won't last long.

“Wha-what?” she stammers in her dazed, post orgasmic state. It'd almost be cute if I wasn't so fucking desperate to be inside her.

Grabbing her shoulder, I force her to the ground, placing my knife in Wyatt's now empty hand. He eyes the bloodied blade. Judging by the bulge in the front of his pants, he needs a release just as badly as I do.

“Open your mouth, little snow bunny,” I direct. “I need to be inside you.” Still pumping my cock, I place the tip against her closed lips. They're so pink and plush. She's perfect. My perfect little captive .

Her half-lidded gaze lifts to mine and she greedily opens her mouth, sticking out her tongue and allowing me access to her warmth. I try to take it slowly, letting her tongue trace the crown of my cock. She explores with hesitance, but interest. It's clear that she's a slut deep down, just waiting for someone to come along and corrupt

her. I'll gladly help her learn.

"That's it baby," I praise as I slip my hand into her golden locks and gently guide her head further down my shaft. "Massage it with your tongue... just like that . Now, hollow out your cheeks." Her mouth feels like heaven—soft and warm. "Such a good slut."

Out of my periphery, I catch Wyatt bend to her side with the knife. Bringing the tip to the breast that I didn't carve, he begins slicing her skin. Blood pools along her pale and pristine flesh, small drops dotting the snow beneath us. The sight has me bucking my hips, shoving to the back of her throat. She chokes and hisses, trying to pull away, but I hold her tightly by the hair and force her to take it.

"Uh-uh, bunny," I tut. "You're going to suck my cock like a good girl while my brother brands you, then we will take you home and get you cleaned up. Now be a good girl and make your captor come."

She immediately obeys, suckling and licking my hardened length. I use my hand to guide her head and she lets me without a fight, completely relinquishing control. I use her mouth to chase my desire, fucking her throat with panted groans while my brother finishes carving his initials into her. It's like she's made for us. Our perfect plaything .

"Get up here brother," I grit out, thrusting deeper down my bunny's throat. "Share her mouth with me."

Both their gazes shoot up to mine. Worry and fear fill Charlotte's beautiful blues, while lustful madness swirls in Wyatt's green eyes. Stepping forward, he lowers his zipper, rucking down his boxers down until his girthy cock springs free. A bead of precum pools around the piercing, glinting in the streaked sunlight. Lining up next to me, our bodies are so close that we can't help but touch. He brings the tip to her lips,

and I ease out just enough to let him shove his tip in next to next to mine.

“Fuck!” He hisses, pushing his cockhead past her strained lips.

My brother’s hard shaft rubs against mine as we both fight to squeeze inside her tight little mouth. Tears and saliva stream down our little captive’s face as she moans and whines at the intrusion. Fuck, she looks absolutely beautiful, half naked and bleeding, bound in the forest, choking on both our cocks. She’s a fucking masterpiece.

“That’s it, little pet. Suck both our cocks. Show us what a good cock whore you are.” I croon as we begin to find our rhythm.

We build up speed, finding a pace as we slide against each other. The ridges of my brother’s cock, slickened with the spit of our girl and grinding against my own, is the most sinfully delicious thing I’ve ever felt. Warmth builds in the base of my spine and my balls begin to tighten with my impending orgasm.

“I’m going to come all over you, snow bunny,” I rasp, thrusting faster. “I’m going to paint you with my cum. Are you ready?”

Behind the tears and spit and snot, I can see just how much she’s enjoying being used, and I know her greedy little pussy is weeping as we both fuck her face in tandem. I pull myself from her mouth and stroke my cock, my orgasm ripping through me and setting my entire being on fire. Sparks and tingles shoot through every nerve ending as ropes of cum cover my captive. Wyatt follows suit, pulling from her face and shooting his cum all over her bloodied tits right alongside mine. We paint her from collarbone to belly button with our sticky release.

I tuck myself away, Wyatt doing the same. Our panted breaths are the only sound as we all come down from our ecstasy. Glancing at Charlie’s slumped form in the snow, I can’t help but smile. I’ve never seen a more beautiful creature than the filthy little

girl in front of me, tied up, on her knees, hickies littering her neck, covered in mine and my brother's cum, and marked with my initials carved on her skin.

There's absolutely no way I'm letting her go now .

NASTY LIL FREAK BY SIR SILLY

Charlotte's dark lashes flutter against her flushed cheeks as I carry her into the cabin. Her punishment took more out of her than she bargained for. Setting her down on the sofa, I toss a blanket over her sleeping form and follow Wyatt into the kitchen.

She'll need to be cleaned up, but that can wait. Fuck it, maybe I'll just keep her constantly covered in blood and cum; that'd tame the fucking brat out of her fast. The little stunt she pulled just proved how much of a fucking problem she's become. If she'd been fucking caught, she could've gotten Wyatt and me sent away. I won't go back to prison.

I amble into the kitchen and fall in step next to my brother as we cook. As we shift around the kitchen to make dinner, I wait for Wyatt to tell me how much I've fucked this up—how keeping her was such a bad idea and that I should've just snapped her pretty little neck in the first place—but he doesn't say a goddamn thing. He just silently bobs and weaves around me.

Fucking ass. Is he giving me the cold shoulder? After we just had both our cocks in the same fucking hole?

I start to chop the potatoes while he heats the cast iron skillet on the stove. The pan sizzles as he drops the thick cuts of meat into it, and I toss down the knife with a sigh. "You were right."

He grunts in response, wiping his hands on a towel and cocking an eyebrow in my direction.

"About her," I clarify, motioning towards the living room. "Today could've turned out a lot fucking worse. If an actual rescue team got their hands on her, we'd be in fucking cuffs right now."

Wyatt doesn't say anything. He just turns back to the stove, seasoning the meat. The muscles of his back pull against the tight t-shirt he's wearing. The urge to bend him over and force him to submit to me until he fucking let's go pounds through my mind. I don't do well with this kind of silence. I spent all those years in prison being cut off from friends and family, my days filled with uncomfortable silence and nights sleeping with one eye open. Wyatt needs to be taught that he can't just ice me out and bottle up his anger.

"Look," I start again, trying to get a response from him. "I think I just need to get this out of my system. Fuck her raw, ruin her in every way I can. Years of anger don't just go away overnight. Killing Kit was justice, but I want more. I want to fucking ruin everything in his perfect little life, the way he ruined mine. Starting with her."

Wyatt pushes past me to grab the potatoes and add them to the skillet. I go to say something else when footsteps catch my attention. Pivoting on a heel, I find Charlie standing in the doorway with the blanket wrapped around her shoulders, hiding those perfect tits from my sight.

Her brows furrow as she looks up at me with wide blue eyes. "Do you have any ibuprofen?"

"Are you sore, little bunny?" I rasp, folding my arms across my chest.

Chewing on the inside of her cheek, she nods.

There's a small part of me that doesn't want to see her in pain, but that flicker is quickly squashed at the reminder of her running from me— us —again. This was a punishment; a lesson every pet needs to be trained on if she's going to be mine.

"Do you know why you're sore?" I ask, unmoving.

"Uhm..." She frowns, flickering her gaze between the two of us, Wyatt still laser-focused on the stove. "Because I was bad?"

"Is that a question?"

"No." She swallows roughly, gaze dropping to the floor. "I-I was bad and I got punished and now I'm sore."

"Do you think you deserve to not feel the pain?" I question, stepping forward. "You hurt me, bunny. Those marks on your chest are a reflection of how it felt when I came home and found your bed empty." Gripping her chin between my thumb and forefinger, I force her to look at me. "Do you want to hurt me?"

Tears well in her eyes as her bottom lip quivers. "No. I want you to save me."

Not the answer I expected, but she's playing her part well. Maybe she's coming around.

"Here's the deal," I grumble, my gaze flickering over her innocent face. "You run again, you're dead. Whatever you think your father or the man he picked out to take your virgin cunt would do with you, I'll do ten times worse. And that punishment won't have an ounce of pleasure attached to it. Next time I catch you, I won't just be fucking your mouth, bunny. I'll fill all your holes so full of cum that it'll leak out of you for days."

She flinches back at my words, but I pinch her skin tighter to keep her in place. Pain creases her features as I go on. "You're ours . Our pretty little pet. Everything you are, everything you feel, is for me to decide. I can make what's left of your life a living hell with nothing to look forward to. But, if you can be a good girl for us, then you'll get pleasure with your pain. So, what'll it be, Charlie? Do you want to be our good fucking girl?"

"Yes. I'll be a good girl," she snuffles.

I know she's lying but hearing her submit is the sweetest surrender I could ever ask for.

"I'll be your good girl."

Your good girl. Fuck me, the ways she says that makes me instantly hard. Seems our little captive is finally learning her place. Maybe if she'll actually fucking behave, I can convince Wyatt that my plan to bring her home with us is a good one. I lean down, capturing her lips in a bruising kiss. She squeals and tries to pull away, but I hold her tight, forcing my tongue past the seam of her lips, demanding access. When she doesn't immediately submit, I bite her lower lip, hard . Hard enough to draw blood. She shrieks in pain, and I take the opportunity to pillage her mouth with my tongue, swirling her blood and our combined saliva together before finally pulling back to stare down at her.

"Go start a bath and get yourself cleaned up. I'll bring you some antibiotic cream and painkillers shortly."

She brings her sweet little fingers tenderly to her lip, wincing in pain at the wound. The sight makes my cock jump in my pants. With one last look towards Wyatt, she turns and retreats from the kitchen. I move towards the storage cabinets against the back wall, rummaging around for the first aid kit. Even though his rigid routines and

overly prepared bullshit can be kind of grating, it's because of him that we've got everything we need out here.

Pulling out the metal box, I check it has everything I need to tend her wounds and ease some of her pain. With her father putting some sort of bounty on her head, we really can't afford for her to get an infection. The nearest hospital is over an hour away, and they're probably looking for a wounded little bunny to wander in.

Wyatt's adding the meat and potatoes to plates as I move to the sink and fill a glass with water. He sets two on the table and one in the oven as I turn back around, hooking a thumb over my shoulder. "I'm going to help her, I'll be right back."

He grabs the ax that's propped by the door to the mudroom, twisting around to face me. "Eat without me."

What the fuck is his deal?

I fucking apologized to him, told him he was fucking right, and got our little captive to submit—and now he's going to act like this? Shaking my head, I stomp down the hall, grabbing Charlotte some clothes from my room on the way. I don't know what's going on with Wyatt. I shared her with him. Hell, I let him suck me off. I'm not fucking stupid, I may be out of the loop when it comes to most things these days, but I've seen the way he looks at me.

Call me a goddamn idiot to think that he enjoyed what happened in the woods just as much as I did and it might ease some of the fucking tension between us.

Whatever. He'll get on board when he sees what a good girl she can be; how sweet sharing her will be. Because I just lied to my brother. Keeping her is most definitely not something I regret. Something about her sweet innocence has snaked it's way inside my cold black heart. She's mine . And I have no fucking intention of letting

her go.

Stepping through the open door, I find Charlotte in the bath, moving a washcloth over her skin, wincing as she drags it across our initials. I don't think the cuts are that deep, but I'd be surprised if they didn't leave a scar. I fucking preen at that thought. No matter what happens with her, my fucking claim is carved into her skin forever.

I reach down to adjust the growing hard-on in my jeans. I'll give her a break before I play with her again.

She catches my movement from her periphery as I set everything onto the counter.

"Can you hand me the towel?" she asks, her voice small, almost innocent.

But she's not. She's more of whore than she lets on.

I rip the white towel from the rack, holding it out for her as she stands, water dripping off her stiffened nipples. The tub starts to drain as she dries herself off, and it takes every last bit of control I have to keep from fucking her right now. I busy myself with getting out the antiseptic wipes and antibiotic cream.

"Derek?" she asks hesitantly as I lay out my supplies on the counter.

When I don't respond, she continues anyway. "Are you two going to kill me?"

Spinning around, I take in the sight of her. She's bloodied and bruised and has spent her entire life being beaten down. She might be our captive, but there's something about her that makes me feel protective and possessive.

"No, bunny," I sigh before holding out my hand to help her from the clawfoot tub.

She carefully steps out, towel wrapped around her tiny figure.

“You have to understand, we’re not good men—I’m not a good man. I will lie, cheat, hurt and even kill to get what I want.” Stepping into her, I get close enough that her heaving chest brushes against my shirt. Wrapping my fingers around her chin, I lift her eyes to meet mine. “But what I want, Charlie, is you.”

She sucks a short breath in as she digests my words. I know she’s a liability, a weakness, a problem. But she’s also an obsession. And I’m not going to let her go.

"Sit." I tip my chin towards the closed toilet lid. "And let me see your chest."

Without an ounce of resistance, she does as she's told.

"Good girl," I praise, and I swear her eyes light up.

I get to work cleaning her wounds. Nothing requires any bandaging, so I just smear the ointment over her tits, pinching her nipples while I'm at it.

"You like that, don't you Charlie?" I murmur when her breath hitches.

"Yes," she moans as I twist them between my fingers.

"Good," I reply, withdrawing my touch. "Keep being a good girl and you'll get rewarded tonight."

I set two of the little white tablets on the counter beside the glass of water, gathering up the first aid kit. "Take those, I need to check something. I'll meet you in the kitchen."

As I'm walking down the hall, I hear a few beeps coming from Wyatt's room.

Stepping inside, curious as to what's making that noise, I hear it again, this time accompanied by static and a distorted voice.

"Is anyone on this channel? My ski-mobile broke down. Will continue on foot. Over."

"Roger. Rendezvous at base in forty-six hours. Radio if prize is located before. Over."

Prize . She's not their fucking prize. She's mine. And they're not getting their fucking hands on her.

CANDY SHOP BY CRYJAXX

The sharp crack of the ax head against the dry wood cuts through the silence of the forest. My arms burn and sweat trails down my spine as I swing again and again. I relish the burn, letting my fury release with each pound of my angry ax. What we did with Charlotte was wrong. I shouldn't want to share some uptight little virgin with my brother, for fucks sake.

But why'd it feel so good?

We can't get attached to this girl. She's a fucking liability. She knows too much now—she needs to go.

Derek's getting attached. I can see it in the way he looks at her. He's not just keeping her around for a quick fuck; he wants to keep her. It was supposed to be just the two of us. Now, it seems like he's ready to play house with his little plaything. Fuck that.

It was always supposed to be just the two of us .

My breathing is ragged and pained as I snap the final log in two. More snow is already starting to fall in big, fat flakes, and at this rate, we'll be snowed-in here for months. Maybe we can keep her until the weather clears up; have something to occupy the time while we're trapped here. If it means I get to keep feeling this intense pleasure they seem to be able to pull from me, it'd be worth it. We can dispose of her after that and move back into our penthouse and regain control of our family

company.

Yeah, that seems like a good plan.

Rolling my sleeves up to expose my forearms to the cold air, I stack the wood neatly against the side of our cabin. We should have enough to keep our home heated until we're able to get out of here once all the snow clears. If we're going to be stuck here, I might as well enjoy the little captive. She may be a liability, but at least having her here allowed me to feel Derek's cock against mine for the first time. I've craved him for as long as I can remember, and what we did in the woods was even better than I imagined it would be. Getting rid of her will be a problem for another day. For now, I grab a few logs and head inside.

The warm air hits me immediately as I step over the threshold, biting at my frozen face. At least my beard keeps the bottom half warm. Leaning back against the door to close it, I notice the lights are off. The sun has all but set, cloaking the house in oppressive darkness that comes with winter evenings.

"Hey!" I shout into the empty darkness beyond the entryway. "Derek, I'm back!"

I'm met with silence.

Shucking off my boots, I venture further inside. Part of me worries our little bird has flown away again, but if she ran, I would've seen her flee.

A flicker of light beyond the kitchen catches my eye. The living room.

I wander through the house. It looks like they've cleaned up dinner, the kitchen is spotless. A sting of jealousy curls around my core as I think about them laughing, splashing each other with water, enjoying themselves. While I was outside... alone .

Heading towards the living room, the flicker of the television draws me in like a moth to a flame. A movie I don't recognize plays on the large TV mounted above the fireplace. I bought the DVD player just for Derek. He's been playing catch-up on pop culture since he got out. I would rather be outside, in the fresh air. I'm not watching the movie anyways, though. No, my eyes are trained on the forms sprawled out on the couch. The blue light from the screen illuminates my brother leaning back on the leather, with my little bird curled up like a sweet little pet next to him.

Charlotte's in oversized gray joggers that I recognize as Derek's, and the same skin-tight cami we removed from her the first night we brought her here. I can see the stiff peaks of her nipples through her thin material, and it makes my dick harden.

As I enter the room, Derek's eyes meet mine. His gaze is filled with mischief— I know that look . I've come to crave it at this point. His fingers find our girl's chin, tilting her face towards him and away from me. He pulls her in, their lips meeting in a tender kiss.

He deepens the kiss, leaning her back on the couch as he hovers above her. She moans, the sound traveling straight to my cock. Our little virgin is such an eager girl. My brother's hand moves to cup her breast, his fingers flicking her peaked nipple. Fuck me. Her palm splays against his hard stomach and heat licks up my spine as I watch them. My eyes rake slowly over their entangled forms up to their faces. Charlie's eyes are screwed shut, but when I meet the heat of Derek's gaze pointed at me, he winks.

Motherfucker .

Dropping the wood beside the fireplace, I see my little bird jump in my periphery.

"Sorry to interrupt," I grumble before stomping across the room and sinking down on the couch next to Charlie. She shifts, creating space between Derek and herself. The

move brings her closer to me, her thigh brushing my hand as she turns to face me.

“You’re never interrupting,” she purrs, her lithe fingers interlacing with mine.

She’s everything I’ve never wanted before—soft, sweet, sensitive. Usually, I like more fire in my partners. There’s something about the fight and hard edges; I think that’s what drew me into being with men in the first place. But even so, every time this girl’s in my proximity, I can’t help the possessive urge to feel her that takes hold of me. I don’t just want to fuck her, I want to own her.

“This movie is boring,” Derek mutters as he pushes to stand, stalking towards the entertainment center. He grumbles to himself as he rifles through the DVDs. I can’t wait to return to civilization and explain to him that no one watches DVDs anymore. He’s gonna hate it.

Glancing down, Charlie’s delicate little fingers have slipped from mine, slowly walking their way up my thigh. Naughty little birdie.

Hooking a finger under her chin, I tilt her face towards mine and stare at my sweet little captive. Lust swirls in her blue eyes. It looks as if she’s as eager for me as I am for her. Threading my fingers into her hair, I pull her into me, pressing a kiss against her soft lips. She tastes like vanilla. “Such a desperate little slut for us, aren’t you?” I murmur against her mouth.

Her fingers find the outline of my hardening cock and start to trace it absentmindedly.

“Were you this much of a slut for Kit, little bird?” I hiss as her fingers curl around my waistband.

“No,” she replies, her voice a soft and needy whisper as she attempts to work my pants open with one hand. “Just you guys. I’ve never...”

“Never what, Charlie?” I rasp, helping her unbutton my fly.

Her warm fingers dip behind my boxers and curl around my length. Her hands start to slide up and down as she looks up at me with a hooded gaze. “You two are the first....” Finding the hoop of my piercing, she gives it a little flick, the motion causing me to fully harden beneath her touch. “The first boys I’ve ever really done anything with.”

Her words snap something in me. She's mine—ours . Ours to possess, ours to corrupt, ours to share. Just as I’m about to lay her down and fuck her on the couch, Derek flops back down on the cushions beside us. His strong fingers surround her wrist as he pulls her from me and helps her to stand. I growl at his interruption.

He ignores me and spins her towards us. “Strip, bunny,” he commands in a tone that I know means he’s up to something.

“What?” Her eyes widen as if he’s asked her to do something outlandish.

“You heard me, bunny. Stand and strip for your men.”

She reluctantly obeys, knowing full well that she’s going to end up naked either way. She chooses to remove her clothes the easy way, hooking her thumbs in her tied-up sweats and sliding them down her creamy thighs. As she straightens, she tugs her cami off over her head, exposing her beautiful breasts. They’re pale and perky with little pink nipples raised and ready. Our initials carved into her flesh are healing nicely, the red marks sending a thrilling pulse of possessiveness straight to my balls. I give my aching cock a squeeze as she stands naked and needy before us.

Derek’s face splits in a smirk as he aims the remote at the television and hits play. The screen flickers to life behind my little bird’s profile. On screen, a busty blonde opens the door to two masked men who shove their way in and chase her through the

house.

“Come sit, little bunny,” Derek coos as he pats the empty seat between us. I shift my gaze to watch as he pulls out his thickening cock. The sight of his hard, veiny length has me salivating, and when he starts to stroke it, I almost lose my shit. I’m just as desperate to taste him as I am to fuck Charlie. I drag my gaze up his hard abs to his chiseled jaw, and when I meet his hazel orbs, I know he knows I was checking him out. He winks, embarrassment heating my cheeks as I look away quickly.

Charlie flops down between us, her naked body glowing in the firelight. Derek lifts Charlie’s legs, hooking one of her knees over his thigh and the other over mine. Our girl is now spread wide open between us, her pussy waiting to be played with.

“Are you horny, bunny,” he whispers, leaning into her ear and softly stroking up and down her thigh. “Do you want us to play with you?”

I can see her nipples tighten, her thigh muscles tensing slightly, her pupils dilating as she slowly bobs her head up and down in a nod. She sinks her teeth into her bottom lip, stifling a moan as Derek’s fingers lightly run up and down her inner thigh.

“My brother and I need someone we can share,” Derek muses, his fingers trailing over Charlie’s pussy, a single knuckle raking lightly across the outside of her folds. “Do you think you could be a good girl for both of us?”

Her eyes dart between the two of us, uncertain of his question. Derek parts her wet cunt with his thick digits and starts to strum her clit. Our little captive arches her back, mouth rounding in an ‘O’ shape as the sweetest sound escapes them.

Fucking christ.

My dick is painfully hard at this point, desperate for relief. Fisting my cock, I start to

stroke myself, a bead of precum glistening on the tip.

“Here’s what you’re going to do, bunny,” Derek states, his fingers continuing to strum her needy clit. “You’re going to be a good girl, get both our dicks wet with your naughty little mouth, and then you’re going to jack both me and my little brother off while we play with this virgin cunt.”

Punctuating his words, he slaps her soaked center, and she yelps and tries to pull away. But I’m quick to reach out, my hand digging bruisingly into her pale skin. I reach my fingers up to her pussy, finding her clit and pinching it roughly. She shrieks and squirms, but she can’t deny how wet her pussy is right now.

Derek wraps a hand in Charlie’s hair, jerking her roughly by her blonde tresses and shoving her face toward his throbbing cock. He doesn’t seem to give a shit that she’s bent at an awkward angle—he just shoves his dick down her throat roughly.

I watch as her hands fly around as she chokes on his length. He ratchets her back, drool and spit stringing down her chin as tears slide down her cheeks. A devious smile spreads across his lips as he forces her back down, using her face to chase his release.

“That’s it baby girl, just like that,” he rasps, his head lolling back as she lets him use her.

My hand tightens around my shaft, working over my length as I watch her take every inch he feeds her.

As roughly as he pulled her onto him, he rips her off. Hand still gripping her hair, he spins her around so she’s looking at me. She looks fucking gorgeous like this, tears making her beautiful blue eyes glisten before they trail down her flushed cheeks.

“Now take care of my baby brother,” Derek instructs as he grins at me.

Lowering her head to my lap, her soft lips surround my cockhead and caress it lightly. Her sweet tongue flicks my piercing, pulling a feral growl from me. Derek uses his hold to push her down my length, his heated gaze searing into me. He uses her, pushing and pulling her warm wetness against my hard shaft as he stares straight into my eyes, lust lacing his irises.

“Fuck!” I grit out as her tongue massages my shaft.

Stealing her warmth away from me, Derek rips her back to her position between us. Charlie is flushed and her chest heaves. Taking one of her delicate little hands in his giant palm, Derek guides her to his cock. I follow suit, bringing her other hand back to curl around me.

“That’s it, birdie,” my brother praises, “Jack off both your men while you ride our fingers like the desperate slut we know you are.”

Charlie’s hands begin to move, stroking us both in tandem. Heat swirls in my core as her sweet little fingers slide up and down my slickened length, knowing she’s doing the same to my brother. I close my eyes and revel in the pleasure she’s pulling from me as the salacious sounds of our panting breaths mix together into a symphony of needy desperation.

“Good girl, little bird,” I pant between moans of pleasure.

“Touch her, brother,” Derek commands, his low tone snapping my attention to him. He shifts his eyes down, directing my focus to Charlie’s dripping cunt. He’s got two fingers shoved deep inside her, pumping them in and out of our sweet little captive. “Rub her clit,” he instructs. “She needs your fingers.”

I can't deny either of them. Moving my hand to her core, my fingers trail through her wetness. She's fucking drenched. Finding the bundle of nerves at her apex, I strum softly at first. She responds with a soft moan that travels straight to my tightening balls. Fuck, this girl does things to me.

"You like that, little bird?" I rub faster, and Derek matches my pace, fucking her tight hole harder. "Are you going to be our good girl and come all over our hands?"

"Yes!" she screams, throwing her head back.

"She's so close, brother. Don't stop," Derek commands unnecessarily. I wouldn't dare stop right now. I'm desperate to watch her fall over the edge.

"Fuck!" Charlie yells, her hips bucking off the couch as she chases her release.

"Come for us, bunny. Be our good girl and show your captives how much you like being used."

Charlie immediately obeys, her entire body going rigid as she screams out in ecstasy. Her wild pleasure is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Suddenly, wetness squirts from her as she moans and screams. Her release sprays my hand and arm.

"Fuck baby, yes," Derek moans while watching her with fiery intensity. "Cover your men in your release, our slutty little virgin."

I've never had a girl squirt before, and fuck me, it's fucking incredible. Watching her release cover us is a whole new level of pleasure. Derek removes his hands from inside her and brings his cum-coated fingers to my mouth. I pause, eyeing him dubiously, before sticking out my tongue and licking them clean. Fuck. She tastes like fucking heaven.

With a feral growl, Derek pulls his fingers from my mouth and hauls me up to my feet as we loom over our girl. Ragged breaths saw from her lungs, body slumping against the couch as she starts to come down from her orgasm. Derek pumps himself once, twice, and then erupts. White strings of cum shoot across Charlie's flushed face and tits.

Goddamnit, what a fucking sight. The way she's covered in our markings and Derek's cum is my undoing.

My balls start to tighten, my motions quickening as I'm desperate to paint her in my cum, too. My thigh spasms, my release rocketing through me and my cum coating her skin.

"Look at you," Derek pants, a sated look etching his face. "Such a dirty girl, bunny. First you cover us in your cum, then you take all of ours. Such a dirty little slut."

Our dirty little slut . And I'm definitely not letting her go.

SLOW DOWN BY CHASE ATLANTIC

Cupping my hands around the warm enamel mug, I bring the freshly brewed coffee to my lips and lean back against Derek's hard form. This isn't exactly what I had in mind when I pictured snuggling up with a warm drink and a pretty winter view this Christmas. We're cuddled up on a comfy bench on the front porch, watching the tranquil forest surrounding us. It's surprisingly peaceful here, with my captor.

I shift around in his lap, my muscles aching with each movement. My body is so deliciously sore. Last night was the first time they touched me that it wasn't a punishment. There was still pain and force, but it wasn't used as a weapon; it was used to drive the pleasure we all felt. And I liked it. I really liked it.

I should hit him over the head with the mug and run. I know that—and yet, my urge to run from them is starting to fade. With each orgasm they pull from me, each tender moment we share, each possessive and fucked up exchange that happens between the three of us, my urge to flee fades. I'm starting to fall for my monsters. And that might be the most terrifying part of all of this.

Derek's large hand clamps down on my thigh, giving it a squeeze as his warm breath tickles the shell of my ear. "Keep moving like that and I'll fuck your right here, little bunny."

His words make my core tighten, memories of last night flooding into my mind. God, when Derek had multiple fingers inside me, stretching me wide while Wyatt rubbed

my clit, I swear the world fucking tilted on its axis. I've never felt anything like that before—I didn't even know it was possible to feel such bliss. When it came to sex, I expected it would consist of me spread wide on some rich asshole's bed while his sweaty and hairy form pumped his tiny dick into me for sixty seconds. Never did I imagine it could involve a set of hot, muscular brothers using me in any way they wanted while calling me their whore.

That word shouldn't excite me the way it does.

I can't wait for more.

The wind kicks up, the cold breeze brushing over my flushed skin as fresh white flakes start to fall.

"Storm's moving in," Wyatt says, bringing the ax down on another log.

"Will we be okay out here?" I ask, my eyes flicking back and forth between my two men as I set my mug down.

"We'll be fine." Derek's hand glides up my thigh, cupping my pussy through my leggings. "My little brother here is quite the fucking boy scout, aren't you?"

"Could get more done if you'd fucking help," Wyatt grits out, back muscles rippling under his tight long-sleeved shirt as he hauls another chunk of wood up to cut. The thought of those muscles holding me, caging me in, moving on top of me, makes my pussy tingle in anticipation.

"Hop up," Derek murmurs, tapping my ass. Reluctantly, I slide off his lap as he pushes to his feet and saunters over to Wyatt. "Chill out," he smirks, grabbing his crotch. "I've got plenty of wood to keep you warm." His hazel eyes flicker over to me as he adds, "both of you."

Wyatt grumbles something under his breath as he bends down, gathering an armful of wood and stalking off around back. I don't miss the growing bulge at the front of his jeans, Derek's words affecting him in more ways than just annoyance. And fuck if that doesn't make me even more desperate for them. I want to watch them together. The thought is filthy in the best possible way.

Chuckling to himself, Derek tips his chin at me. "C'mon, little bunny, let's go see if we can help him along."

I step down from the porch, following Derek around the side of the cabin to where Wyatt is stacking all the split wood in a small shed. The snow starts to come down heavier, flakes getting bigger and building up on the ground around us. A gust of wind rushes past us in a whistle, rustling the giant pines that surround the cabin. I shiver beneath the warmth of Wyatt's sweatshirt that I've stolen and claimed as my own. The thought of staying here snowed in with my captors warms me in a way it definitely shouldn't.

Wyatt's head swivels around and he glances up at the sky. "Storm will be here in no time. Need to gather some more firewood. If we lose power, we'll need it for the stove, too."

"Charlie and I can grab some more," Derek volunteers.

"Yeah," I shiver. "Anything to get us back inside sooner."

With a nod, Wyatt hands him a piece of canvas with handles. Derek takes it and slings the other arm over my shoulders, tucking me into his side. Our boots crunch with each step as we walk deeper into the thicket of trees, stopping to pick up large sticks as we go.

"Look, Derek!" I shout, pointing to a small evergreen and rushing towards it.

"Wouldn't that make the perfect little Christmas tree?"

"You want a tree, little bunny?"

"It's Christmas Eve, and if we're gonna be stuck inside for god knows how long, shouldn't we at least have a tree?" I plead my case.

"I don't think Christmas decorations were at the top of Wyatt's supply list when he was stocking the cabin," he muses.

I feel my smile falter in the slightest. I didn't even think about that . My shoulders sag as the little bubble of excitement that was starting to form bursts. This isn't the lodge or even my holiday getaway anymore. I'm in a cabin with the men who murdered my fiance and took me captive. But, they also saved me...

I'm sure they could've easily gotten in on the reward from my father. He'd pay anything to get me back in his possession. He would have been raging the moment he found out I'd been defiled, though. I shudder at the thought of what he'd do to me then.

"Okay," I sigh, walking back towards him.

He doesn't say anything further as I pause to pick up a fallen branch. His gloved hand strokes his chin, face impassive as he studies me.

"Would a tree really make you that happy, Charlie?"

I shrug a shoulder. "I just thought it could be nice. Christmas was supposed to be my wedding day. I thought it would be fun to have our own celebration, something of my choosing, just for once in my life."

"Well, fuck. I guess we can take it." Hooking a thumb over his shoulder, he says, "You stay right there, and I'll go drop the wood off to Wyatt and grab an ax."

"Thank you!" I sing-song, eyeing the tree again. It really is the perfect little Christmas tree.

"You can make it up to me later by giving me my present underneath it," he smirks, turning to head toward the cabin.

My cheeks heat with a blush. I want Derek to fuck me—like for real fuck me. The tempting and teasing play has been enlightening, and now I'm eager to delve deeper. Before, my virginity was never mine to give, but now it is, and as far as I'm concerned, it's Derek and Wyatt's for the taking. I want them both. I want everything they're willing to give and am prepared to hand over everything they want to take.

We may not have any ornaments, but I still think the tree will look pretty in the corner by the fireplace. If I'm going to be stuck in the middle of nowhere for the holidays, I can at least have a touch of the holiday spirit, right?

I'm sure if I was with Kit, today would have been a lot more extravagant and the lodge would be decked all the way out. Right about now, I'd probably be in the midst of being shuffled between groups of wealthy socialites, shown off like a prize mare ready to be bred. After crossing paths with that search group, I've been wondering just how long my dad has had this bounty on me. Was he hoping to save his deposits and go through with my Christmas wedding, trading out one asshole groom for another? The thought of being shipped back home only to suffer at the hands of some rich fucker makes staying with Wyatt and Derek all the easier. At least with them, I get to feel special. To them, I'm not just worth the price someone's willing to pay for me.

A branch snaps behind me and I whip my head around excitedly, expecting to see

Derek. But instead of his hazel eyes, I lock onto a pair of icy blue ones.

"Charlotte? Charlotte Carrington?" the man calls out, stepping closer.

"Wh-who are you?" I stutter, edging back.

"I'm a friend of your Dad's. He's been trying to reach you and Kit. You're supposed to be married tomorrow. Everyone is waiting for you."

I don't remember his face from the group I saw yesterday, but what are the chances he isn't part of it? His words chill me more than the icy air. My dad isn't worried about me, he's worried about saving face. He's worried about the event, the guests, the deal. Without me, he can't get his precious payday.

"I'll bring you to my vehicle," the man starts, darting his eyes around. "There's a storm coming in and we need to get going."

Rolling my lip between my teeth, I consider my options. This is it—this very well could be my only chance to escape from Derek and Wyatt. But do I really want that anymore?

"I can't. I should get back to Kit," I lie, hoping they haven't discovered his body. "Kit!" I shout as I sidestep.

"Oh, he's already down at the rendezvous location," the man says, coming closer to me. "We found him first and he said you'd wandered away."

They don't know Kit is dead.

"Why didn't he come for me, then?" I question.

His jaw tightens, lips pressing together in a thin line. He's clearly getting frustrated at my unwillingness to go with him.

"Listen Charlotte," he grits out, closing the distance between us. "We need to get going, if you will just-"

"No!" I interrupt as he reaches out to grab me.

I scramble backward, but my heel catches on something, sending me straight to the ground.

Reaching down, he roughly grabs my wrist and yanks me to my feet. "I don't have time for your fucking attitude, you little brat."

"No!" I scream, "I'm not going anywhere with you!"

"Let's go," he spits, jerking my arm harder to pull me along with him. My shoulder burns as he drags me behind him.

I go slack his grip, throwing my body to the ground and catching him off-balance in the process. He lands on top of me, the weight of his body punching the wind from my lungs. I gasp for air as he rolls off, and the moment fresh oxygen hits my system, I hurry to stand, the forest spinning around me as I find my feet. I stumble, bracing my palms against the nearest tree trunk.

"Stop being a stubborn bitch," he growls, fingers digging into my bicep.

"Hands off our fucking girl," the deep timbre of Derek's voice rumbles, rattling all the way down to my bones.

THE SUMMONING BY SLEEP TOKEN

"N o!" Charlotte screams.

The sound of her panicked voice elicits something animalistic within me. There is no reason she should be screaming, especially when I'm not there. Her screams belong to me and my brother. Only us. She's ours. Anyone else who makes her scream will suffer. My fingers curl tighter around the ax handle and the heavy footfalls of my boots crunching in the snow are echoed by the sound of Wyatt's as he runs behind me.

We reach the spot I left Charlotte, and anger boils in my veins as I see a man with his hands on my bunny. For the last seven years, all I've wanted—all I've thought of—is revenge on Kit for stealing my life from me. But as I watch this asshole roll his body on top of Charlie, I see fucking red. I realize in that moment that I've never wanted anything as much as I want her .

"What the fuck," Wyatt grumbles as he stops beside me.

"Hands off our fucking girl," I spit, stepping closer.

The man whips his head around as he pulls Charlotte against his chest, narrowing his eyes on me and my brother. "Stop right there, boys."

"Or what?" Wyatt asks, his voice even, his eyes feral.

"Listen," the man starts to reason. "She's important to her father. He's worried about her, and I need to get her back home."

"She is home," I state, advancing on them.

His eyes flicker between me and Wyatt. Staggering backward, he tries to drag Charlie with him and run, but Wyatt lunges after them, tackling the man. They all fall to the ground, a mess of limbs and screams. Wyatt manages to stand, ripping Charlie away and pushing her behind him protectively.

"Hey!" the man on the ground shouts. "You can't do that! You don't know who she is! What she's worth!"

"She's ours , that's who the fuck she is," I snarl. "And she's worth more than you'll ever fucking know."

He darts out a hand in one last sad attempt to touch our girl. Wrong move . Blood-curdling screams fill the air as I swing the ax down, severing his hand from his body. Crimson sprays out as the bloodied stump that was once his arm falls to the ground. The chunk of flesh twitches as it hits the snow, and Charlotte's eyes go wide, her face draining of color. Her pale lashes flutter as she passes out from the gruesome sight. My brother catches her, cradling her body against his muscular chest. The sight of them together warms something inside me.

"Take her back to the cabin," I instruct Wyatt.

Instead of his normal snarky comments, he doesn't object—he just nods as he cradles her protectively against his chest. Our sweet little captive is too pure to see any more of this. Part of me wishes she was awake to see this though, so she could see what we're capable of, how far we're willing to go for her.

She's ours to protect and ours to ruin.

Wyatt stalks off toward the cabin with Charlie in his arms and I turn my attention back to the fucker in front of me. Blood pours from his stump as a belligerent stream of curses leave his lips.

"You're a fucking idiot! She's worth so much money if you just turn her over!"

"She's mine," I scoff. "I'll be dead before I let anyone besides my brother and I lay a goddamn finger on her."

"They'll keep looking. Her father won't stop," he continues on, as if anything he could say will change my mind. "Her virgin cunt is a goldmine. Men are lined up with pockets of cash they're willing to pay her father for that untouched pussy."

"Let them come. Plenty of wild animals out here to eat the bodies," I shrug. "But that cunt is mine ."

"You're fucking delusional!"

"And you're fucking dead," I reply nonchalantly, rearing back my arm and bringing the ax straight down on his skull.

The bones crunch as I connect, his face shattering as he dies instantly. Pressing my boot to his chest, I kick him back and pry the blade from his head, blood and brain matter coating the sharpened edge.

"Now, if you don't mind, my girl wants a Christmas tree. And my girl gets what she wants."

The snow is falling so heavily at this point that it's difficult to even see the cabin as I

make my way back. If any of the search party remains, this storm should either kill them or push them away. Once it clears up we're out of here, anyways. I have an empire to reclaim.

Kit's penthouse was supposed to be two separate units. When our fathers opened the business together, they left everything to both of us to take over, jointly. They'd split the top floor and lived out their bachelor years there. It was meant to be ours to split, but my cousin was a greedy motherfucker. I should've been heading up Worthington Industries, not stuck in a concrete cell. Kit took the life I was supposed to have, but I'm going to take it back, with my little bunny and my little brother by my side. She'll be with a wealthy man alright, but her father won't get a fucking dime for it. She's already mine.

I toss the ax down by the back door and pull it open, the smell of apples and spices hitting my nose instantly. Wyatt is standing at the stove, stirring a pot as I tug off my stocking hat.

"Cider?" I ask.

"With whiskey," he replies, replacing the lid and turning to face me.

"Sounds fucking great. Help me get this tree in here and then we can have a glass?"

He nods, pacing across the room and following me out back.

"What the fuck is this, Derek?"

"A Christmas tree," I answer, untying the first set of knots.

"No shit. I meant that ." He motions to the tarp.

I straighten with a shrug. "I couldn't just leave him out there. The snow would've buried him before the animals got to him. Don't need another nosy prick stumbling onto him before we get off this mountain."

"Good thinking," he says, stroking his chin. "We'll get rid of him after the storm clears out."

Wyatt complimenting me like that makes my face split in a stupid grin. He's the survivalist, I'm just a felon with a degree in business from Berkeley. I like his praise. I watch as he moves the body back out of sight, his shirt rising up, revealing a sliver of hard-cut abs. As much as I can't wait to be inside Charlie's pussy tonight, I'm just as excited to share it with him.

We get the tree set up in the corner. It's nothing special, but it does feel a little more festive in here. I pour myself another glass of spiked cider and relax back on the couch. Taking a sip, the liquor burns a path down my throat as Wyatt stokes the fire. The only way this night could get better would be-

"You went back for the tree," Charlie gasps as she appears in the doorway, baby blues fixated on the evergreen.

"I told you, you could have it," I say, setting the glass down on the side table and patting my thigh in invitation. "Come here, little bunny."

Her bare feet slap against the hardwood, one of Wyatt's t-shirts swallowing her tiny figure as she pads towards me. When she's within arms reach, I tug her down onto my lap, a little gasp leaving her lips.

I nip at her earlobe. "Are you well rested, pet?"

Rolling her bottom lip between her teeth, she gives a little nod.

"Good, because tonight, my little brother and I are going to unwrap our present," I murmur, splaying my palm on her thigh.

She stiffens in the slightest at first, but as my hand trails towards the apex of her thighs, they part, welcoming my touch.

My fingers find her wet slit waiting for me, and the fact that she isn't wearing panties has my dick hardening in my sweatpants instantly. I slowly start to draw circles against her clit, her head falling back against my chest with a sigh.

"You're a greedy little whore for my touch, aren't you?"

She hums in response and I add more pressure, then another finger.

Wyatt takes a seat on the couch across from us, swallowing down some cider before pulling his erection from his pants.

"Spread your legs wider, little bird," he instructs, stroking himself. "I want to see you come undone for my brother."

Charlie does as she's told, giving him an even better view. I slip a finger into her tight hole and she moans in response. Adding another, I pump in and out of her tight cunt. She's so fucking wet, I can't wait to get my dick inside her.

I keep working her up, preparing her to take me, Wyatt working his length as he watches. Charlie slaps a hand down on the sofa, fingers scrabbling to grip the fabric as her orgasm builds. Her release soaks my hand as I withdraw it, and I can't contain the pleased growl that vibrates my chest as I bring my fingers to my mouth, licking her sweet release from my digits.

"Go suck Wyatt's dick, little bunny," I command, helping her to her feet.

She's unsteady as she ambles toward him, sinking to her knees obediently. Her lithe fingers circle his shaft as she licks around his cockhead. She flicks his piercing and he moans in delight, throwing his head back and exposing his muscular throat. Shoving down my sweats, my hard cock springs free, and I fist myself as Wyatt's dick disappears down Charlie's throat.

He groans as he holds her head in place, bucking his hips a few times, and a flare of jealousy flickers to life inside me. I want to share in their pleasure, their pain, their everything .

Pushing to my feet, I kick my pants the rest of the way off and cross the room. I can hear Charlie's strangled gargles and soft moans as I grip her hips. Her head pauses at my touch. I pull her up and adjust her so her ass is in the air on the couch. Kneeling behind her, I drag my cock through her wetness and line myself up.

"Are you sure you want this?" I ask, teasing her slit with the tip.

Her mouth pops open as she releases my brother's cock to speak to me. "I never thought my virginity would be mine to give away. I never thought I'd have any choice. But now I have a choice, and I choose you. Both of you."

A feral growl vibrates my chest at her confession. She may be my captive, but she wants me. She's choosing me. Choosing this .

"Fuck me already!" she whines before returning her lips to my brother's cock.

Who am I to deny my pet what she wants?

"So goddamn tight, little bunny," I rasp as press forward, inching inside her tight canal.

Her head whips around, blue eyes welling with tears as a small cry leaves her pouty lips. She's so fucking beautiful like this, writhing in a toxic mix of pain and pleasure, sandwiched between my brother's cock and my own. Any semblance of restraint I had disintegrates at the sight of her pretty face. I snap my hips forward, bottoming out inside her sweet pussy. The resistance within her snaps as I claim my girl, and the knowledge that I'm the first cock to enter her tight cunt has my balls tingling with impending orgasm already. But I won't come—not until my bunny drenches my cock with her sweet release.

She screams at the intrusion, Wyatt taking the opportunity to shove her open mouth back down on his dick.

Fisting her hair, he holds her in place as I pull back and slam in again, her cunt gripping me for dear life. God, I've never felt anything as good as being balls deep inside her. The way her pussy strangles my shaft with every thrust is fucking out of this world.

I reach around and find her clit, rubbing furious circles against it. Her inner walls flutter as I bring her closer toward ecstasy, and my balls start to tighten, the familiar tingle building at the base of my spine as I continue my assault. I slow my hips, savoring each thrust.

"Pull her off, little brother," I grit out.

Wyatt's green eyes blaze wild at the instruction, thinking I'm going to keep him from coming.

"Trust me."

Reluctantly, he obeys, Charlotte rising up to her hands. My fingers dig into the soft flesh of her thighs, my hand cracking down on the pale skin of her ass as she screams

out. A red handprint blooms across her cheek as I piston my hips, chasing my release. I bring my hand back to her clit, strumming the hardened nub until I feel her reach the peak of pleasure. And then we crash. I splay my hand against her lower back, forcing her down as I feel my balls start to empty. Wave after wave of pleasure shoots through me as I defile her with my cum.

I ease back out of her, blood and cum coating my shaft. Her cunt is a weeping mess, red and swollen with our combined releases dripping out of her, and if it isn't the prettiest thing I've ever fucking seen, I don't know what is. I've never felt this damn possessive before, but fuck me , seeing her blood on my cock is the best present I could have gotten today.

"Your turn, little brother," I growl, tipping my head at Wyatt.

A smile splits his face as he eagerly trades me places. Snatching her by the ankles, Wyatt flips Charlie onto her back, her face puffy and red, tears trailing down her cheeks as her chest heaves.

"I wanna watch my little bird, take all of my cum," he says, crawling between her thighs. "Are you going to be my good girl and come on my cock?"

She nods in between choked sobs. He doesn't waste any time sheathing himself inside her swollen cunt, and even though I was just there stretching her open, her eyes still screw shut as he rams in.

Dropping down, his elbows bracket her head, his ass flexing with each movement. I can't help but think about how fucking tight he will be, too.

I suck a finger into my mouth and go around behind him. He doesn't still or slow as I slap his ass. I grab his muscular cheeks in each hand and spit on his puckered hole. My finger traces the tight ring of muscle before I ease the tip inside.

He lets out a moan as I push in past the knuckle, and he ruts into Charlie even harder. I add a second and his head drops to Charlie's chest, biting down on her pert nipple. She cries out, her back arching even under the weight of both of us.

"More," Wyatt growls.

"Look at that, I've got two greedy little sluts," I preen, spitting and working another digit inside. His greedy ass happily takes my fingers while he fucks our girl at a punishing pace. It pushes Wyatt to the edge, his moans wild, his body jerking as he chases his release.

"Come for me, little bird. I need to feel you come with me," Wyatt pants out before bringing his lips to Charlie's in a bruising kiss.

They come together, my girl crying into my brother's mouth as she squirts her release all over herself and my little brother's dick. He roars an animalistic cry as he empties himself into her. I can feel each spasm of his release as I continue to pump my digits into him through his orgasm.

I pull my fingers out, relaxing on the couch as Wyatt twists around, shifting Charlie's spent body to lay atop his heaving chest. And as I look at them, I can't think of a better way to celebrate Christmas.

EPILOGUE

MATCH MADE IN HELL BY DUTCH MELROSE

One Year Later

Mud splatters off my dirtied boots onto the shiny white marble floor, the doorman looking down his nose at the mess I'm making. His judgmental scowl would normally make me irate, but I don't have time for his bullshit today. My girl is waiting for me. I brush off his condescending attitude and move to the gleaming glass elevator doors.

My reflection peers back at me. I look rough. Leading a two week long expedition in the remote mountains will do that to you, I suppose. My hair is a tangled mess of dirty blonde locks, speckled with flecks of blood and mud. My eyes are sunken and rimmed with darkness from lack of sleep, but there's no denying the spark in them. A smile spreads across my face as I think about my girl, just an elevator ride away, waiting for me.

Being back in the mountains—in the same environment where I met my little bird—brought back so many memories. Despite the fatigue and need for extreme focus as I led my hunting expedition, she was constantly on my mind. And now, being back here, so close to her, I'm feeling feral. Like a caged animal, I'm barely able to contain my aggressive hunger for her. My cock stirs to life in my pants at just the thought of sinking inside her pretty pussy.

The elevator dings and I hurry inside. Pushing the penthouse button, I pace back and

forth in the small space. With each floor I climb, my anticipation climbs with it. I want to claim every inch of her flesh with my tongue the moment I get near her. She's mine , and I've gone too long without her begging and writhing beneath me.

The elevator jerks to a stop at the top floor. With a short ding, the doors slide open. I shove my broad shoulders through the tight opening, barreling into our home.

"Little bird!" I call into the dim apartment. "Come out, come out, wherever you are," I growl, voice raw with hunger as the beast within me claws to sink its fangs into my pretty little prey. My brother is working late tonight. Our girl is all mine .

Kicking off my muddied boots so I don't upset my posh princess, I sneak through the darkened foyer in bare feet. All the lights in our home are off, but I know she's here. I can sense her hiding among the shadows.

"I know you're here, little bird," I singsong as I stalk through the expansive space of our open-concept penthouse. "If you come out now, I'll let you off easy."

Silence.

My sneaky little girl. She's become our absolute obsession over the past year. Once the winter storms cleared, we returned to New York. Charlie told everyone Kit had been in a terrible skiing accident and died, and that she would have frozen to death in the woods if two handsome brothers on an excursion to bond hadn't come along and saved her. We were regaled as fucking heroes. Derek took full control of the entire family company, making us very wealthy.

Charlie's dad was happy she made it home, until he realized he wasn't getting her back. We immediately moved her into the penthouse with us. I opened a very successful hunting expedition business, and Charlie, despite the way our relationship came to be, started her own organization, Brave Bunny. When she isn't busy sucking our dicks and being stuffed full of our cum, she's helping women get the resources

they need to escape abusive relationships. To the outside world, she and Derek are an engaged power couple and I'm the young playboy brother with rugged good looks.

But inside these walls, it's us; all of us, together. One day, we'll tell the world about us, cause fuck society and their judgments. But for now, we're happy. And hopefully, pretty soon it won't just be the three of us living here happily anymore.

As I turn the corner into our living room, the twinkling of lights brightens the darkness. A giant Christmas tree sits in the corner of the room, shimmering lights wrapped around the branches and illuminating the space. The light refracts off the floor-to-ceiling windows that overlook the city skyline, bathing the space in a warm glow.

"Oh naughty little bird, come out! I have a present for you." My cock thickens behind my zipper as I think about the package I brought home for my girl.

A string of lights is askew, lying fallen across the floor in front of the tree. It looks as though someone was adding them, but stopped when they heard me... she must be close. I move slowly through the space, snapping into hunting mode as my eyes scan the shadows for any movement.

Rounding the couch, the slightest movement catches my eye. The tree twitches. It was the most minuscule of motions, but I know what I saw. I can't help the smile that spreads across my unshaven face.

"I know you're hiding, love. If you come out now and get on your knees like a good little slut, I'll take it easy on you." I casually stalk around the side of the tree, cutting off her escape route. "If you make me pull you out of there, though, I will punish you."

A sudden blur shocks me. My girl shoots out from behind the tree, eagerly trying to escape. Her lithe form slips between my shoulders and the window.

She's quick.

I'm quicker.

Grabbing her by the shirt, I pull harshly and her body flies backwards, crashing to the ground. Before she can react, I'm on her. I use my weight to pin her beneath me. Ripping and tearing at her clothes, I begin to expose her pristine flesh.

"Wyatt! Stop! My shirt!" She howls as I tear the straps of her little cami. She bucks her hips, desperately trying to knock me off of her. But I'm too big, too strong, and too hungry for her. Placing my hand in the hemline of her ruined shirt, I rip and pull until her beautiful breasts spring free. I can't contain the growl that leaves my lips. I've missed her. Bringing my head down, I find my initials scarred in her flesh and run my tongue along the lines. My girl moans as I lick and suck at the marks I've left on her. My marks. My claim. My girl.

I rise back up, resting on my knees. "I missed you, little bird," I coo as I move some hair from her face. Pushing a golden lock behind her ear, she leans into my touch. Then she knocks me backwards with a harsh shove.

I stumble back, catching myself with my outstretched arms. My naughty girl takes the opportunity to flip onto her stomach and begin to crawl away. Silly girl still hasn't learned I will always catch her.

Or maybe she just likes the hunt as much as I do.

Shifting my weight forward again, I catch her by the waistband of her sleep shorts. She shrieks and kicks as she attempts to shake me off. I pull as hard as I can, ripping her shorts down her thighs and exposing her beautiful ass to me. It's fucking perfect—plump and round and so fucking sweet. I can't help myself, I'm a man possessed when it comes to her. I lean down and sink my teeth into the soft flesh of her cheek until I feel the skin snap. The warm metallic taste of her blood rushes onto

my tongue as she cries out in agony. I lick along the bite mark I just made on her ass. Rising back up, I hold her with one hand and adjust my throbbing cock with the other. I can't wait to stuff her cunt full of all the cum I've saved up for her over the last two weeks. She'll be pregnant before New Years.

A devious idea strikes me, a smirk pulling at the corners of my lips as I stare down at my naked little bird, completely vulnerable and at my mercy. My hardened cock strains against my pants as I watch her struggle against my hold, her bloodied ass rubbing teasingly against the bulge behind my zipper. Grabbing the string of lights laying on the ground next to us with my free hand, I start wrapping the cord around her arms.

"Wyatt, what the fuck are you doing?" Charlie shrieks as I tightly wrap the string around her arms, binding them together down the length of her back.

"That's it, baby. Fight me. I fucking love your fight," I growl as I weave the laminated string around her core, front, and back.

"This isn't funny, Wyatt. Let me go!" she thrashes and flails as I loop the string of lights over her head, creating a festive binding around her beautiful tits and abdomen.

"Never, little bird." I pull on the string lights, ripping her off the floor so that her back is flush with my front. "I will never let you go, love. You're mine."

Snaking my hand down her body, I caress her heaving tits. They're so perky and pink and begging to be played with. She's gained a little weight since moving in with us, causing her curves to fill out in the most delicious way. I pull on her needy buds, causing my girl to cry out. My makeshift bondage keeps her secured and completely at my mercy as I flick and pull on her nipples until they're both stiffened to hard points. She pants and moans as I assault her beautiful breasts.

Pulling her onto her knees, I shove her shoulders down. She's bent over with her ass

up in the air and shimmering Christmas lights binding her tightly. My perfect present. I run a finger through her folds.

“So fucking wet.” I lower my zipper and my hard dick immediately springs free. “Did you miss your boyfriend's cock, little pet?”

“Yes,” she moans loudly as I sink two fingers inside her and begin pumping in and out of her slickened hole.

“Do you want my cock?” I tease as I shove my pants and boxers down. I rub the pierced tip of my cock against her needy clit and she vibrates with need.

“Yes, please. Wyatt, I need you.”

“And are you off the fucking birth control, pet?”

“Yes, sir,” she whines as she rubs her soaking slit against me.

Her words snap something inside me. She needs me. My girl needs me to give her my cum. She needs me to fill her womb. Holding her tightly by her hips, I bury myself inside her in one thrust. Fuck ! She's so tight and warm. She cries out, her body seizing up at the sudden intrusion. I give her a moment, allowing her walls to meld to my girth, before I begin to harshly snap my hips.

“I'm going to fill you so full of my cum that it drips out of you. Do you want that, little bird? Do you want all of my cum? You want me to fill your womb until you're swollen with my child?”

I fuck her mercilessly, holding nothing back. She moans and cries out with each harsh thrust of my hips.

“What the fuck is going on here?” an angry growl comes from behind us. Good , I

hope he's angry. I've thought of little else over the past two weeks except the two of them together without me. It's his turn to be jealous.

"Hello, big brother," I snip between grunts as I continue to fuck my girl.

"Wyatt," she moans as I bring a hand around her front to strum her hardened clit.

I hear Derek's belt and zipper coming undone. I don't turn. I don't want to give him the satisfaction. He's had her to himself for weeks. Now, it's my turn.

Without warning, his fingers snake into my hair. With a stinging snap, he pulls my head back. His darkened eyes bore into mine, lust and fury swirling in his irises. His other hand is wrapped around his cock, pumping hard. His lips crash against mine in a bruising kiss. He doesn't just kiss me—he claims me. His tongue is full of desperate possessiveness as it sweeps through my open mouth. Beneath me, our little captive whines at the loss of my punishing thrusts.

"Get her up," Derek growls in a tone so deep it sets my soul on fire as he pulls his lips from mine. "Bend her over the arm of the couch." His deep and desperate demand makes my balls tighten in anticipation.

He releases my hair and straightens. I immediately follow his demands, pulling my girl up to her legs using the string lights to guide her. I push her to the side of the couch and shove her down.

"Fuck her, little brother. Let's remind our captive exactly who she belongs to," Derek instructs, staring down at our bound and helpless girl as precum weeps from the tip of his hardened cock.

I'm unable to deny him. I sink back into Charlie's warmth from behind. She moans and her walls flutter around me. The colorful lights cast a festive glow across her pristine flesh. My perfect gift.

“Does his cock feel good, little bunny?” Derek asks from behind me as I pound into her pussy with wild abandon.

“Yes! Yes!” she cries as my hips hit the bloodied bite on her ass cheek.

“Your turn, little brother,” Derek says, shoving me down so my elbows bracket Charlie. I hear the crack of a plastic cap before warmth seeps down my back and between my ass cheeks. “Fuck her while I fuck you.”

I immediately tense at his words. We’ve fucked around a lot over the last year, but this would be... new .

“I’ve already stuffed her cunt full of my cum, now let me fill your ass,” my brother murmurs into my ear as he rubs the lube around my hole before sinking a single digit into my tightened ring, demanding entry.

My little bird's walls pulse around my cock. Clearly, she likes this idea. Her moans and movements become wild and desperate as she chases her pleasure. I relax, focusing on the way her pussy grips me tightly as my brother’s finger fucks my ass. It’s all so much, almost too much, and yet not enough. Derek adds a second finger, pumping them in and out of my tight hole. Heat spreads through my core like wildfire, and without warning, Derek pulls his fingers from me.

I go to protest, but sense him lining up behind me, pulling my cheeks apart. The tip of his massive cock pushes at my hole. I clench up, suddenly overwhelmed by the thought of taking him inside me.

“Relax brother,” he urges, dripping more lube on my ass. “Focus on her cunt.” His tone is laced with desperation. “Isn’t she tight? I’ve spent the last two weeks stuffing her so full of my cum that she’s probably already pregnant. You’re going to have to fuck her deep and hard if you want to have any chance of knocking her up first.”

I growl loudly and pick up the pace of my hips, plowing into her pussy. Anger and lust drive me to fuck her with primal need. Derek takes the opportunity to shove the head of his cock past my tight ring, and I cry out at the fullness.

“It’s too much,” I pant into Charlie’s back.

“Focus on our girl. Make her come, little brother. I’m going to fuck you into her and make both of you come. Now, be my good boy and let me in.”

His praise causes tingles to shoot down my spine. My body vibrates with a moan of pleasure as I sink my cock as far as I can into Charlie. I slam my hips forward, scraping my pierced tip against the deepest part of her that I know makes her toes curl. She lets out a wanton moan and I’m desperately lost in her pleasure. I can’t even protest as Derek bottoms out inside me.

“Fuck!” he shouts. “You’re so goddamn tight.” He groans as he starts to thrusts in and out of me. “My two little sluts, taking cock so fucking well.”

I’m caught between them, fucking and being fucked simultaneously. The sensation is sinfully intense. My balls start to tighten, my release nearing with each stroke of his hips and seize of Charlie's walls.

“I’m gonna come!” Charlie yells as her pussy chokes my length.

“Come for us, little bunny. Cover your men in your release,” Derek demands as he thrusts roughly into me.

Charlie careens over the edge, shattering beneath me as her body fights the binds. With the next pulsing wave, she explodes, spraying her release all over my cock. Her pleasure pushes me over the edge and I come deep inside her. My entire body spasms as I fall into ecstasy with her, screwing my eyes shut, white spots dancing across my eyelids as every nerve in my body lights on fire and I unload into my girl’s pussy.

Rope after rope of sticky cum covers her walls. Hopefully, it makes its way into her womb. I can't wait to see her swollen and ripe with our child.

"Fuck!" Derek shouts behind me as he pulls his cock from my ass. Warm and sticky cum coats the small of my back as he finds his own release.

Collapsing onto the cool leather of the couch, I tug Charlie's bound and twinkling form to my chest. I push a sweaty strand of hair from her face, her blue eyes looking up at me with so much satisfaction it makes my heart damn near skip a beat. Derek slings an arm around my shoulder, his other hand splaying across Charlie's stomach, thumb rubbing back and forth. Our heavy pants fill the air as we come down from our combined releases until we're left in utter silence, all of us sated and satisfied.

"I love you both," I finally manage to whisper. "I missed you both."

"We missed you too, little brother," Derek says as he plants a chaste kiss on my temple. "Love you both."

"Merry fucking Christmas to me," Charlie sighs, a smirk spreading across her beautiful face.

"Merry Christmas, little captive."