



Infinite Darkness (The Artmaker Trilogy #2)

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: She came to the edge of the world to find a husband. She found a man who would never let her go.

Stranded by a blizzard and taken in by the wrong stranger, Genevieve knows something about Atticus isn't right. He's too careful. Too smart. Too comfortable with isolation—and too intense in the way he looks at her, like she's already his. What should terrify her only pulls her deeper.

Atticus doesn't understand love. But he understands possession. And when Genevieve starts to uncover the truth about who he really is, he gives her a choice: stay and become his... or walk away, and face the disastrous consequences.

In a storm of obsession, secrets, and forbidden desire, Genevieve begins to wonder if Fate brought her to this man's door for a reason. Because the scariest part isn't that she's trapped with a killer.

It's that she might not want to leave.

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The kitchen felt too small all of a sudden, the air too thick, like it had been waiting for me to say that word “Master” that had just fallen from my lips, and change everything. My pulse stuttered, shame clawing up my throat like it wanted to choke me from the inside.

Atticus didn’t move right away. He just crouched there, eyes burning into me, his hand still resting over mine like a brand I couldn’t wipe away. The warmth of his skin sank deep, invasive and heavy, like possession made tangible. My breath hitched, too loud in the silence.

I wanted to take it back. To swallow the word whole and pretend it had never escaped. But I could feel it hanging between us, dangerous and alive, like I’d just given him something he’d been waiting his whole life to hear.

He leaned in closer, his lips ghosting over the shell of my ear, his breath a sinful promise against my skin. “You can’t unmake it now, Bluebell,” he murmured, voice low, velvet lined with steel. “Once you name a man Master, you don’t get to pretend you’re free.”

A shiver rippled through me, every nerve betraying me while my mind screamed to pull away. I stayed frozen in place, heart hammering against my ribs as his fingers traced down the inside of my wrist, slow and deliberate, brushing over the faint outline of last night’s bruise.

“You don’t want to take it back,” he said, tone soft enough to sound like truth instead of manipulation. “Not really. Because you like the way it feels, don’t you? That little word on your tongue. That weight off your shoulders, knowing someone else gets to

decide what you are.”

I swallowed hard, my throat dry, the lie poised but unable to leave my lips. My hands clenched tight around the mug, as if that single fragile thing was the only anchor keeping me from drowning in him.

His other hand slid under my chin, tilting my face up until I was trapped in his gaze. Green eyes, sharp and unrelenting, holding me there like he owned me already. “Do I make myself clear, Bluebell?” he asked, each word deliberate, dragging over my skin like a slow cut.

I hesitated, my lips trembling, but my voice betrayed me in the end. “Yes, sir.”

The smile that spread across his face wasn’t kind. It was victory disguised as tenderness, a wolf laying claim to its prize. He brushed his mouth over mine once, slow and possessive, as though sealing a pact neither of us could undo.

“That’s my good girl,” he whispered against my lips, a dangerous edge hiding beneath the sweetness. “And now that you’ve given me the word, Bluebell...” his fingers tightened ever so slightly under my chin, “...you’re never taking it back.”

Atticus pulled back slowly, his thumb brushing over my bottom lip as though he owned the right to touch me like that now.

Maybe he did. My heart hadn’t stopped hammering since the word slipped out, but I couldn’t take it back—not when he’d already claimed it, claimed me, with that quiet, terrifying certainty.

“Eat,” he said simply, standing and taking his plate with him, as if the last two minutes hadn’t cracked something wide open between us. “We’ve got things to do before lunch.”

My fork felt foreign in my hand, my stomach knotted tight, but I forced down another bite. Because that's what good girls do. They listen to what they had been commanded... since when did I go along with stuff like this?

The sky was a muted gray by the time he led me out to the pasture.

The air bit at my skin, sharp and clean, carrying the earthy scent of frozen grass and the musky weight of animals nearby.

Horses moved like shadows beyond the fence, their breath fogging in the cold, hooves crunching on frost-bitten ground.

I hadn't even known they existed until he mentioned them over breakfast, like a man casually offering candy to a child. Be good, and I'll show you my secrets. My secrets. My cage.

The largest stallion lifted his head as we approached, dark eyes glinting, a pale scar slashing his flank like a warning sign. I stopped just short of the fence, hesitant, every muscle in my body coiled tight.

Atticus came up behind me, his presence a solid wall of heat, his hands sliding into the pockets of his jeans like he was relaxed. But I could feel the coiled tension underneath. He always carried it, like a storm waiting for permission to break.

"You like them?" he asked, voice smooth, quiet. Not really a question. More like an order to agree.

"They're..." I swallowed, eyes fixed on the stallion. "They're beautiful."

His hand settled on my lower back, deceptively gentle, the weight of it anchoring me in place.

“See that one?” He nodded toward the scarred horse.

“Mean bastard when I found him. Wouldn’t let anyone close.

Kicked, bit, fought like hell.” His thumb pressed into my spine, a subtle reminder of where I stood.

“Took time, patience... and a firm hand before he learned who he belonged to.”

The horse snorted, pawing at the frozen earth. My breath caught, a chill racing through me that had nothing to do with the cold.

Atticus leaned down, lips grazing the shell of my ear, his tone low enough to curl around my ribs and settle there.

“Funny thing is, Bluebell... once he learned it, once he knew he wasn’t going anywhere, he got tame.

He got happy.” His fingers flexed against my back, just shy of a grip. “You’ll learn that too.”

I stood frozen, staring at the horse and wondering if I was supposed to feel like one of them. Wondering if that was what he saw every time he looked at me—an untamed thing waiting to be broken in.

“Come on,” he said after a moment, pulling me just a fraction closer to the fence, the pressure of his hand making refusal feel impossible. “Touch him. Let him smell you. Learn what trust feels like, Bluebell...”

I reached out slowly, my fingers trembling from more than the cold. The stallion’s ears flicked forward, breath huffing against my skin as I stretched my hand over the

rail. The coarse strands of his mane brushed my palm, warm and alive in a way that made my chest tighten.

For a fleeting second, I felt safe. Separate from Atticus, from the cabin, from the warped thing growing between us. But the illusion shattered the moment his hand slid over mine, pressing it firmer into the horse's neck.

"There you go," he murmured, his voice a low rumble that skated along my spine. "See how easy it is when you stop shaking? When you stop fighting and just... let go."

My breath stuttered. I wanted to snatch my hand back, to put distance between me and both of them, but Atticus's body boxed me in, his heat seeping through the borrowed coat, his scent— pine, smoke, and something darker—wrapping around me like a snare.

The stallion shifted, head dipping as if weighing me, and Atticus chuckled softly. "He likes you," he said, his lips brushing just behind my ear. "Smart animal. Knows a girl who wants to be handled when he sees one."

I turned my head sharply, ready to snap something, anything, but the words lodged in my throat when I met his eyes. Green, intense, utterly unreadable—and yet they saw everything. My fear, my trembling, even the flicker of heat in my stomach I tried to ignore.

"You think I don't see it?" he asked softly, tilting his head, studying me the way a sculptor studies stone.

"That ache you're trying to hide. The one that screams louder every time I get close.

" His thumb brushed the back of my hand, slow, deliberate.

“You can lie to yourself, Gennie girl, but you can’t lie to me. ”

The stallion blew out a hot breath, startling me enough that I jerked slightly, bumping back into Atticus’s chest. His arm closed around my waist instantly, holding me there, caging me between him and the fence.

“Easy,” he whispered, his lips grazing the sensitive spot where my neck met my shoulder. “I’ve got you. I’ll always have you.”

Something in his tone—soft, unshakable, terrifyingly certain—made my heart slam against my ribs. It felt like a vow, a trap, a promise I wasn’t sure I’d ever escape. My body leaned despite myself, drawn into his heat, into that dangerous calm that made resistance feel impossible.

The stallion’s head lowered, brushing against my arm, and Atticus smiled, a slow, dark curve I could feel without even seeing it. “See, Bluebell?” he murmured. “Even the wild ones understand when they’ve found their master.”

I stood there frozen, staring at the horse, feeling the weight of his words sink into my bones.

And for one terrifying, traitorous moment, I wondered what it would feel like to stop running inside my own head...

and just let him tame me. I needed to have a psychological evaluation... that was the only thing I could figure.

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Lunch sat between us on the table, untouched. Steam curled from the plate of roasted chicken and potatoes he'd made, filling the cabin with a smell that should've been comforting. But my stomach twisted tighter with every breath, appetite buried under a weight I couldn't name.

Atticus sat across from me, elbows on the table, eyes steady and unreadable. He'd barely spoken since we came in from the pasture, letting the silence do what his words didn't need to. My fingers worried the edge of the napkin on my lap, heart pounding like it was trying to warn me to run.

Finally, his voice cut through the quiet—deep, even, laced with that calm danger that made my pulse trip over itself. “You’re still conflicted,” he said, as though reading my thoughts. “But I’m not. So I’ll be certain enough for both of us.”

My breath caught. I didn't answer, couldn't.

He leaned forward slightly, green eyes pinning me in place, the corner of his mouth twitching like he almost smiled.

“You sit here. You eat what I make for you. And you don't make me repeat myself.

If you don't...” his tone dipped lower, a steel thread winding through velvet, “...I will put you over this table, tie you down, and remind you why you don't test me.

And after that, Bluebell?” His head tilted, voice brushing over my skin like a dark promise.

“You’ll eat every bite I put in front of you. Are we clear?”

Heat curled low in my stomach, traitorous and hot, clashing with the fear crawling icy fingers up my spine. I shifted in my chair, unable to meet his gaze. “I... yes, I understand.” My voice was small, too thin to carry the weight of what he demanded.

“That’s not what I want you to say.” His tone sharpened, making my skin prickle.

My lips trembled. “Yes, sir.”

A slow, satisfied smile pulled at his mouth, victory disguised as tenderness.

He reached across the table, his knuckles brushing my chin, tilting my face toward him like I was something he’d claimed long ago.

“Good girl,” he murmured, low enough that the words curled straight into my chest. “That’s my obedient little Bluebell. ”

The word made me flinch, shame and defiance twisting in my stomach. “I’m not your pet,” I whispered before I could stop myself, my voice a shaky echo.

Atticus’s smile didn’t falter, but something darker slid behind his eyes, something feral and unmovable.

“Ah, but you are,” he said softly, like it was fact, like it had already been carved into me.

“Whether you’re ready to admit it or not, you need me just as much as I need you.

And I...” His hand tightened slightly under my chin, holding me there, forcing me to look at him.

“...I am not a good man. I don’t wait for permission. I take what’s mine.”

My breath stuttered, and the world around us narrowed to the press of his gaze, the quiet hum of danger vibrating in the air. Then his next words slid in cold and sharp, cutting through the haze.

“If you ever left, Bluebell...” His lips curved in a mockery of a smile. “Well, I can’t exactly make you into art. So I’d have to let you go.”

Something in his tone made my blood run cold, horror creeping in with a clarity that stole my breath. “Make me... art?” My voice cracked, barely audible. “If I wasn’t me, if I was someone else, you’d... kill me? Turn me into one of your pieces?”

He didn’t look away. Didn’t deny it. And that silence was worse than anything he could’ve said.

The truth hit like a blade sliding slow between my ribs: I was sitting across from a man who didn’t just take what he wanted. He decided who deserved to live. Who deserved to die. And what pieces of you got left behind when he was done.

For a single, dizzying moment, I wondered if freezing to death on that roadside would’ve been kinder than this.

He must have seen the fear flash across my face, because he leaned back slightly, voice shifting into something quieter, almost tender. “That’s exactly what I’m saying.”

I swallowed hard, my pulse a wild staccato. “Other humans?” The words barely made it past my lips.

“Yes,” he said simply.

“You... kill them?” My voice broke, thin and trembling, as I asked the question I already knew the answer to.

Atticus’s thumb slid under my chin again, tipping my head up until his green eyes locked on mine, sharp and unyielding. “Look at me when we discuss things,” he said softly, a command threaded with threat. My breath hitched as his fingers traced down my cheek, tender and possessive all at once.

Every instinct screamed to pull away, but the ice in his gaze rooted me to the spot. I forced a small nod, my voice barely a whisper. “Yes... sir.”

Atticus’s thumb found my chin, slow, deliberate, a pressure that felt like ownership.

My breath snagged, the memory of waking under his weight slamming into me—the heavy press of his arm, the way my thighs had ached, the shame that had pooled low in my stomach even while my body betrayed me.

That gnawing, hungry part of me I didn’t want to admit existed...

it hadn’t left. It hummed under my skin even now, traitorous and hot.

“Eyes on me, Bluebell,” he said, voice low and calm, but threaded with steel. “When we talk about important things, you look at me.”

My chin trembled under his grip, tears pricking hot at the corners of my eyes.

I wanted to look away, wanted to crawl out of my own skin, but his gaze held me there, sharp and unyielding.

Like he could see every dirty thought I’d had this morning, every question looping in my head that I didn’t dare say out loud: Why didn’t I stop him?

Why did I want it? What does that make me?

He traced a finger down my cheek, feather-light, cruel in its gentleness.

“Ah, my pretty little Bluebell,” he murmured, voice curling over me like smoke.

“I can taste it on you. Sadness, fear... and something else.” His lips almost brushed my ear, his tone a dark caress.

“You’re waiting for me to make sense of myself.

To give you answers that make me less of a monster in your head. ”

A tremor ran through me, every instinct screaming to pull back. But when I flinched, his eyes iced over, warning enough to still me.

“Do not pull away from me.” The words were soft, deadly quiet, and they pinned me harder than his hand did.

My breath hitched as I forced a nod, the sound of my own pulse deafening in my ears.
“Yes... sir.”

A smile ghosted across his mouth, slow and feral, victory disguised as warmth.

His fingers trailed down my collarbone, light as a whisper, but every nerve in my body screamed under his touch, memories from the night before flooding me.

The heat of his breath on my neck. The weight of his body caging mine.

The awful truth that somewhere deep down, I’d wanted what he’d done, even while my lips begged him to stop.

“There’s no neat explanation for me,” he said softly, but his tone was a blade gliding just beneath my skin.

“I’m not a good man. I don’t pretend to be.

I make beauty out of endings no one else is brave enough to witness.

Living, breathing humans...” He leaned closer, his words intimate and vile all at once.

“...transformed into art. Masterpieces to be admired forever. Every one of them unique. Every one of them unforgettable.”

My breath came in broken gasps, horror settling like ice in my veins. Tears welled, spilling hot and fast before I could stop them, salt catching on my lips as my whole body shook.

“You’re insane,” I whispered, my voice cracking, the word a desperate attempt to push him away, to make him unreal.

He didn’t flinch, didn’t blink, his eyes locked on mine with terrifying certainty.

“No, Bluebell,” he said, soft enough to sound like comfort, lethal enough to make my stomach lurch.

“Insane would mean I couldn’t stop myself.

But I can. I just don’t want to. Watching life slip away doesn’t make me sick.

” His hand gripped my chin harder, his lips brushing the shell of my ear, every word a knife.

“It makes me feel alive. Inspired. Like I was put on this earth to create beauty from ashes.”

My chest squeezed tight, bile burning the back of my throat. This wasn't just a man who killed. This was a man who savored it . Who could look me in the eye over a quiet lunch and tell me that death was his muse.

And sitting there, trapped under his touch, my heart hammering in my ears, a sick, shameful truth crawled up my spine: I wasn't just afraid of him. I was afraid of what he made me feel.

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Atticus

I stared at her, my Bluebell, those blue eyes glassy and dripping tears that clung to her lashes before sliding down her cheeks. Watching them break free did something to me I didn't have a name for. It wasn't satisfaction. It wasn't excitement. It was worse. It was foreign. Heavy. Almost... concern.

Sympathy.

The word tasted vile on my tongue. Sympathy was weakness.

A useless, human indulgence that did nothing but rot the edges of control.

I'd never let it fester before, not for anyone, not for anything—but here it was, threading through my veins, wrapping around my ribcage like barbed wire.

And I hated that I couldn't just turn it off.

Fine. If I couldn't shut it down, I'd solve it at the source. Something was bothering her. Something was making her look at me like I was the thing she needed saving from, and for reasons I didn't care to examine too closely, that thought twisted something inside me.

She shouldn't be afraid of me—not like that. Not after everything I'd given her. My truths. My attention. My protection. I'd given her more honesty in one day than I'd ever given another living soul, even the ones who'd begged for it in their final breaths. They hadn't deserved my truth. She did.

I ran my thumb slowly down the damp track of her tears, the salt smearing under my skin.

My voice came out low, softer than I meant, betraying the strange pull she had on me.

“Your skin’s so smooth, Bluebell,” I murmured, watching the way she trembled under my touch.

No answer. Just another tear cutting down her cheek, stinging me with the knowledge that she feared me.

And not the good kind of fear. Not the reverent kind I cultivated in my art. This fear felt wrong. Directed at the part of me that wanted to keep her, not destroy her.

I smiled, or tried to. It came out awkward, not my usual mask of charm and certainty, but something uneven, searching. I didn’t know how to fix this, but I needed to. “I’ve been nothing but honest with you,” I said, my voice firm but not cruel.

She nodded, but panic still swam in her eyes, her throat tight like words were trapped there.

“Listen to me,” I said, leaning closer, my hand tightening around her jaw, not enough to hurt, just enough to remind her she couldn’t look away. “Just... listen. No talking. Just nod. Can you do that for me, Gennie girl?”

A shaky nod. Blonde hair a wild halo around her face, strands catching in the sunlight spilling through the window.

She looked wrecked, vulnerable in a way that made something feral in me want to shield her from the world—and at the same time, ached to mark her all over again so no one else could mistake her for theirs.

“Good girl,” I said, and my cock twitched at the sight of her cheeks flushing at the praise.

I shouldn’t have noticed that right now, but fuck, I noticed everything about her.

The way her pulse fluttered under her skin, the way her lips parted on a shaky breath, the way her soul seemed caught somewhere between fear and craving every time I touched her.

“Alright,” I continued, my voice steady, clinical now, like I was laying out the facts of a masterpiece to a curious onlooker.

“I’ve always been fascinated by death. Even as a kid, I knew what I was, and I never regretted it.

I don’t lose sleep over the bodies buried on my land.

I don’t feel guilt or shame or any of the pretty little things society says I should feel.

Death isn’t ugly to me. It’s art in its rawest form. ”

Her throat bobbed, a tear slipping free, but she didn’t move. Didn’t even blink. I kept going. She needed to hear this. Needed to understand me.

“If I wanted you dead, Bluebell,” I said softly, deadly calm, “it would’ve happened within hours of you stepping foot in this house.

That’s how it’s always been. The unlucky ones who wind up here don’t get tied up for pleasure.

I don’t kiss them. I don’t speak truths to them.

I don't... touch them the way I touch you.

"My voice dipped lower, sharp and intimate, meant for her ears alone.

"They breathe their last breath, and then I make them more beautiful than they ever were alive."

Her eyes widened, the horror in them deepening, but she still didn't look away. And fuck me, I liked that about her. Every other soul I'd ever stared down at that moment looked away. She held my gaze even as fear rippled through her. Brave little Bluebell.

I leaned in closer, close enough to feel her tears dampen my own lips when I whispered, "But you? I can't make you more beautiful, Gennie. There's no version of you that needs to be transformed. Which is why you're still breathing."

I studied her face, every twitch of her mouth, every quiver of her lashes.

She wasn't blinking, caught between terror and something else she didn't want me to see.

Shock, maybe. Or maybe, just maybe, the flicker of understanding that no one else on earth would ever get this version of me.

No one else would ever hear these words.

And even if she hated me for them, she'd never forget that truth: She was the only one I'd chosen to keep.

I let the words hang between us like a blade, sharp and final. I can't make you into something more beautiful.

Her blue eyes locked on mine, bright and broken all at once, glassy with tears that paused for a moment before sliding down her cheeks. She sat frozen, her fork untouched, her chest rising too slowly, like breathing had become optional. Like one wrong move from me would finish shattering her.

Then, rough and quiet, “You... can’t?”

The sound of it scraped raw against my ribs.

I leaned closer, elbows braced on the table, voice dropping into something low and deliberate, every word honed like a scalpel.

“No, Bluebell. I can’t.” My thumb caught a tear as it fell, smearing it across her soft skin, savoring the way she trembled but didn’t pull back.

“You’re already the most exquisite thing I’ve ever seen.

There’s nothing to cut away, nothing to add.

You’re a masterpiece I could stare at every day for the rest of my life and never need to change. ”

Something ugly and unfamiliar clawed its way up my throat. I pushed it out before it could rot there. “You were made for me—for my hands, my black fucking soul, my hunger. I didn’t think I was capable of giving a damn about anyone. But here I am. Giving a damn about you.”

I wasn’t about to say love. Love was fragile, breakable, a glass cage waiting to crack. What I felt was heavier, darker, stitched into my bones.

“This isn’t love,” I rasped, letting the truth drag its teeth over every word. “It’s need.

It's addiction that digs deeper every time you look at me with those blue eyes like you see too much and not enough all at once. You're my masterpiece, Bluebell, and I can't stop wanting you."

Her lips parted, but no sound came out. Her chest stilled.

"Breathe," I ordered softly, the command curling out of me like smoke, "now, Gennie girl."

She gasped, lungs dragging in air like it hurt. Relief hissed through my teeth, my smirk edging slow and dangerous as I leaned in, my nose grazing hers. "Good girl," I murmured, savoring her flinch, her fluttering lashes. "Think you can do that without me reminding you?"

A shaky nod. "Y-yeah... I think so."

I caught her hand where it trembled against the table, my thumb brushing over her knuckles, grounding her, grounding me. She didn't pull away. Didn't reach for me either. That hesitation—that invisible battlefield between trust and fear—set my blood on fire.

"I will never hurt you," I said, my voice steady but laced with steel. "I don't want you to leave. But if you do..." My lips ghosted over her knuckles, my words a low, dark promise meant for her alone. "...you'll never stop wanting to come back."

Her hesitant, barely-there, "I'm trying, Atti," tore through me like a bullet.

Fuck. The sound of my name on her lips, soft and uncertain, stripped me bare in a way nothing else ever had. A real smile cracked across my face before I could stop it, sharp and aching. "Thank you for trying," I said, and it felt like bleeding and breathing all at once.

Her blush bloomed, pink creeping up to her ears, making me want to lean in and taste it, to mark her where no one else could see. Instead, I tilted in close, brushing a kiss over her cheek, inhaling that soft, sinful scent of coconut and vanilla that already haunted my lungs.

Pulling back was a war with every instinct I had, but I forced it, because if I didn't, I'd drag her onto this table and show her what belonging to me really meant—and she wasn't ready for that truth yet.

Instead, I leaned close enough for my words to graze her lips, low and reverent. “Such a good girl, my Bluebell. You screamed so fucking pretty for me last night... one day, you'll understand what it truly means to be mine.”

I didn't stand this time. I just sat there, staring at her, every muscle locked in restraint, because for the first time in my life, I wanted something I couldn't simply take.

And that want was eating me alive.

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Atticus had been gone for a while now, his footsteps fading down the hall long ago, but I hadn't moved an inch since I had laid down to take a nap.

The bed beneath me felt like it had swallowed me whole, holding me down in a heavy, suffocating embrace I couldn't claw my way out of.

My tears had dried sticky on my cheeks, but fresh ones threatened every time I blinked.

My body felt like lead, my blood like ice water running slow and thick through my veins.

Everything inside me screamed that this was bad—so bad there weren't even words big enough to hold it. My mind tried to string sentences together, but all it found were jagged fragments. Serial killer. Art made of flesh. Your name could be on his hands tomorrow.

And yet... I hadn't run. I hadn't fought harder. I hadn't said the keyword: Marvin .

That thought rotted in my stomach worse than the fear. Because it wasn't just survival that kept me in this house anymore, wasn't just the blizzard outside or the locked doors. It was something deeper. Darker. Something that made my thighs clench under the blanket despite myself.

He'd told me I was too beautiful to turn into art, and that scared me more than the thought of him killing me.

Because what if one day he woke up, looked at me, and decided he'd been wrong?

That I'd look prettier stretched and tanned like leather, or mounted on his wall where his twisted hands could admire me forever?

A sob tore out of me, raw and ugly, and I buried my face in the pillow to smother the sound.

The cotton scraped my wet cheeks, my breath hot and uneven as it soaked the fabric.

My whole body trembled, my breasts aching where they pressed against the pillow, my nipples painfully tight from the chill in the room—or maybe from the ghost of his touch still imprinted on my skin.

I hated myself for remembering it. The way his voice had curled around my name like a chain.

The weight of his body pinning me down, the brutal, unrelenting way he'd taken me.

I wanted to call it violation, to make it something that fit neatly in a box labeled not my fault .

But the ache between my legs was proof of the truth I couldn't swallow: part of me had wanted it. Part of me still wanted more.

That thought made me cry harder, my sobs muffled and broken, my head pounding from the force of them.

I was disgusting. Sick. There was a good man waiting for me out there—Marvin, sweet, safe, normal—and here I was in another man's bed, craving hands that killed, a mouth that lied, a soul steeped in darkness.

I didn't move for what felt like forever, time slipping past in a haze of tears and shame, until heavy footsteps creaked down the hall. My body tensed, heart leaping to my throat, every nerve screaming to hide even though it was too late. The door opened without hesitation.

"It's been nearly two hours." His voice filled the room, calm but sharp-edged, like the quiet before a storm. "I said one."

I scrubbed at my face with trembling fingers, avoiding his gaze. "I... I don't feel good." My voice was raw, barely audible, like it had splintered on the way out.

"I know." His tone didn't soften. "But you're still coming to the living room. Now."

The command in his voice dug under my skin like a hook, dragging my pulse faster even as fear tightened my throat. I lifted my eyes just enough to glare, even though it felt useless.

Atticus's lips curved, not kind, not cruel—just certain. Amusement flickered in his expression as his gaze slid over me, confident as a man who never doubted obedience. "Go ahead and glare, Bluebell," he said, voice smooth as sin. "You're still going to do what I said."

He turned and left without checking if I'd follow, because why would he? Men like him didn't need to question if their prey would come when called.

For a heartbeat, I stayed frozen on the bed, staring at the empty doorway, wondering what would happen if I didn't go.

Would he drag me out by the hair? Tie me up again?

Would he hurt me—or would he just look at me the way he had last night, with that

dark hunger that made me hate how much my body responded?

I pushed my legs over the edge of the bed, the floor cold beneath my bare feet. My limbs felt heavy, but survival had a weight all its own. If I was going to get out of here, if I was ever going to see daylight and freedom again, I'd need food, strength, a clear head.

Maybe I could still steal his truck. Maybe I could still find a way to town. Maybe Marvin was still waiting.

But as I stood, the thought of Marvin didn't warm me like it should have. It didn't make me feel safe or loved or hopeful. It just felt... hollow. Like he was a dream from another lifetime, a different version of me that hadn't yet learned what it meant to want something so wrong it burned.

And God help me... part of me didn't know if I'd ever get that part of myself back.

I stared at the torn pajamas crumpled on the floor, fabric frayed and useless now, a ghost of last night I wished I could burn.

My chest tightened as I shoved them deeper into my bag, out of sight but not out of memory.

Everything in this cabin clung to me—his scent on my skin, his words in my head, his hands branding invisible marks I couldn't scrub away.

I changed into clean lounge pants and a T-shirt, moving slow, like my limbs weren't mine.

I needed the comfort of soft cotton, but even dressed, I felt bare.

Exposed. My throat ached from crying, and my eyes burned, but it wasn't just exhaustion making me weak.

It was the war inside me, clawing me apart piece by piece.

Every step toward the living room felt like walking deeper into a trap I couldn't see a way out of. Maybe there wasn't one. Maybe the snow wasn't the only thing keeping me here anymore.

Atticus was already there when I entered, lounging in the same armchair he'd sat in last night, one hand draped over the armrest, the other holding a glass of water.

He looked up the moment I crossed the threshold, green eyes locking on me with that unblinking intensity that made it hard to breathe.

Like he was dissecting me, peeling me open from the inside out.

"Good girl," he murmured, low and smooth, like obedience was the only thing that mattered in the world. He tilted his head toward the couch. "Sit."

I obeyed without thinking, my body moving before my brain caught up.

The cushion dipped beneath me, and I folded my hands tight in my lap, staring down at my knuckles so I didn't have to look at him.

Silence pressed heavy between us, broken only by the faint ticking of a clock somewhere in the house and the howl of the wind outside.

My mind wouldn't stop spinning, looping through every thought I'd tried to bury upstairs. The truth he'd thrown at me like a knife— I kill people, I make them art —and the even uglier truth inside me: I hadn't run. I hadn't screamed. I hadn't fought

like I should have. I hadn't used my safe word.

And Marvin. Marvin with his kind words on paper, ink smudged where his hand must have lingered over every line.

Marvin, the man I was supposed to meet, supposed to build a future with.

But his voice didn't live in my head the way Atticus's did.

Marvin's promises of safety and love felt far away now, faded and uncertain, like a dream I'd almost woken from.

But Atticus? He was here, inescapable, every breath I took full of his presence, every heartbeat tangled up in his.

A throat cleared, pulling me out of my thoughts. My head jerked up, and there he was, watching me from that chair like he'd been reading every word written across my face. He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, gaze sharp as a scalpel.

"Alright," he said quietly. "We're going to talk."

My voice scraped out of my throat, raw. "I don't want to talk. I've said everything I needed to."

He studied me, unhurried, like a man choosing the sharpest blade from his collection.

"I know," he said at last. "And I gave you time. But you've been drowning up there, Bluebell."

I could hear it." His tone softened, just a fraction, a dangerous trick of velvet over steel.

“I’m not asking you to forget what I told you.

I’m asking you to let me prove that you’re not just another name, another piece of art in my world. Give me that chance.”

Something inside me snapped, jagged and uncontrollable, and before I could stop myself, the words spilled out, shaking and furious. “A chance at what, Atticus? At surviving you? At waking up one day and realizing you’ve decided I’d look better stretched across your wall?”

The air shifted, heavy, electric, and then his hand was on my throat, fast and unyielding, pinning me to the couch cushion before I could flinch. My breath caught in my lungs, my pulse roaring in my ears as his face came inches from mine, his voice low and lethal.

“You listen to me, Bluebell,” he said, every word deliberate, a razor’s edge of control.

“You don’t raise your voice to me. You don’t spit filth like that in my face.

And you don’t”—his grip tightened just enough to make my lungs scream for air—“ever talk about yourself like you’re nothing. Not to me.”

He released me with a shove that left me gulping air, heart hammering against my ribs like a trapped bird. Fear tangled with something hotter, darker, pooling low in my stomach until I wanted to scream at my body for betraying me yet again.

He sat back, perfectly calm, as if he hadn’t just stolen my breath. “Can you speak to me like a lady now?”

My lips parted, trembling, and I nodded, voice barely a whisper. “Yes.”

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“Good girl.” His praise slid over me like a caress, and I hated how my pulse skipped for it, hated the warmth crawling up my neck.

Every instinct screamed that this man was wrong, dangerous, the kind of hunger you don’t survive.

But part of me wanted to give in, to see what it would feel like to stop fighting and just... let him win.

And that terrified me more than his hands ever could.

The air between us felt razor-thin, heavy with everything unspoken.

My pulse hammered against my ribs as I sat stiff on the couch, refusing to look at him.

Every instinct screamed to stay put, to keep even an inch of distance between us—but that same instinct flickered, traitorous, with a pull I didn’t understand.

“Bluebell,” he said softly, but the steel in his tone threaded through every syllable. “Come here.”

My stomach dropped. My legs felt like they’d turned to stone, but my body moved anyway, like he’d hooked invisible strings into my spine and tugged.

Each step toward him made my heart pound harder, my breath shallow and shaky.

I stopped just in front of his chair, my hands knotted in my shirt like a lifeline.

“Good girl,” he murmured, the praise low and deliberate, sliding over my skin like a brand. He patted his thigh once, eyes never leaving mine. “Sit.”

A tremor ran through me as I lowered myself onto his lap, careful, uncertain, but he didn’t let me perch on the edge for long.

His arms closed around me, dragging me closer until my back was flush to his chest, his warmth wrapping around me like a cage.

My pulse skittered wildly, my body betraying me all over again with the sharp ache between my thighs.

It felt like I was splitting in two. One part of me—the sane part, the part that remembered who I was before this cabin, before him —was terrified. I wanted to claw my way free, to run until my lungs burned, to find a road that led me anywhere but here.

But the other part? The one I hated? She melted into his hold, wanted more of his control, wanted the weight of his dominance pressing down on me until I didn’t have to think, didn’t have to choose.

The part that read those books in the dark, that imagined being taken, owned, forced to surrender because I couldn’t do it on my own—that part was winning.

Atticus leaned down, lips brushing my ear, his voice a dark, intimate whisper. “Now that I’ve got you where I want you...” His arms tightened, possessive, as his gaze locked on mine, unwavering. “Let’s pick up where we left off.”

I swallowed hard, my throat dry, and nodded once, too afraid—or too conflicted—to

Speak.

“You asked me what happens when I get tired of you,” he said, his tone almost gentle, like he was explaining something simple, undeniable. “What happens when I don’t think you’re pretty anymore... when I start looking at you and imagining you as one of my pieces of art.”

My lips barely moved. “Yeah.”

His mouth curved, a smile that wasn’t kind but wasn’t cruel either—just sure.

“That will never happen, Bluebell. I don’t know how to explain it, because I don’t understand it myself.

But you...” He tilted his head, studying me like I was something rare, fragile, impossible to replicate.

“You’re the only thing in this world I could never destroy.

I could never turn you into art, because you already are. My masterpiece. My addiction.”

My breath caught, the words sliding under my skin like they belonged there.

“But you said you’d hurt me,” I whispered, voice trembling. “You said you’d never harm me. What’s the difference?”

His smile darkened, something wicked and knowing flickering in his eyes.

“Hurt is pain, Bluebell,” he said, his voice low, deliberate, each word landing like a touch I couldn’t escape.

“Pain can be given, taken, shared. It burns hot and fades. Sometimes it’s the sweetest thing in the world when you let yourself feel it.

” His fingers brushed my jaw, tracing down my throat, not squeezing, just a reminder of what he could do.

“Harm is different. Harm leaves scars you can’t heal from.

Harm breaks what can’t be put back together. I could never harm you.”

The heat in my cheeks spread, a confusing cocktail of fear and... something far worse. Something I couldn’t name without choking on it.

He shifted slightly beneath me, his voice dipping darker, the weight of his words like a chain settling around my neck.

“You asked what kind of chance I want,” he murmured, his hand closing over mine, firm and possessive.

“I want the chance to own you. To make you mine in every way a man can. I’m a Master, Bluebell.

I live a life most people couldn’t understand.

Bondage. Discipline. Dominance. Submission.

I’ve had playthings. Toys that came and went.

But never a true submissive. Never a slave who was mine. I’ve never wanted one until now.”

My breath stuttered in my chest, my heart aching and terrified all at once. Ownership. The word settled heavy in my bones, terrifying and intoxicating in the same breath.

And even knowing what he was, knowing what his hands had done to others, some dark, broken part of me wanted to ask what it would feel like to be his completely.

“But I’m not submissive,” I blurted, my voice thinner than I wanted it to be. My hands trembled against his chest, and I hated that he could feel it. “So how would you... own me?”

Atticus’s chest shook with low laughter, a sound too rich, too dark, vibrating through his body into mine. God help me, my stomach clenched at the sound, and the ache between my thighs sharpened.

“Oh, Bluebell,” he murmured, his lips brushing the edge of my hair as if he couldn’t help himself.

“You may not be aware of it yet, but I’ve never met a more natural submissive.

It’s in the way you flinch but don’t run.

The way your breath stutters every time I tell you what to do.

The way you follow orders even when you hate yourself for it.

” His voice was velvet-wrapped steel, each word deliberate, owning me even as I tried to deny it.

“You were born for this, for me. And there’s nothing wrong with that. ”

My breath hitched, shame and heat tangling so tightly in my chest it felt like I

couldn't breathe. He wasn't wrong. That's what terrified me.

"I've known I was a Master since the first time I understood what sex was," he continued, tone calm, clinical, like he was explaining a fact about the weather.

"I don't just like control. I require it.

I crave the push and pull, the pain and pleasure, the way a sub gives everything and trusts me to decide what's too much.

"His gaze dropped to mine, intense enough to make my heart stumble.

"Every time I thought I might want a bit more... I imagined what would happen if she stayed too long. If I got too close. And in my world, Bluebell..." He leaned in, brushing his mouth against my ear, sending a shiver down my spine.

"Closeness is dangerous. I don't like close."

My pulse pounded loud enough to drown out my thoughts. "Because you'd kill her," I whispered, the words tasting like iron.

He didn't flinch. "Because I'd make her into art."

My lungs locked. His honesty scraped raw against something in me that still wanted to believe he was bluffing, that all of this was a twisted game. But no—this was the truth. And the sickest part? My body leaned closer anyway, like I couldn't decide whether to recoil or beg for more.

"I'm not asking you to decide anything right now," he said softly, fingers tightening around my hips, his control a weight I couldn't escape. "I'm just asking for a chance to know you before you walk out of here."

The words made my heart stumble. I wanted to scoff, to tell him that was insane, that he'd already taken too much from me. But there was a strange, desperate edge to his voice, something vulnerable I hadn't expected.

"I wasn't going to tell you this," he added, a rough chuckle scraping his throat.

"Because I don't like giving people choices.

Choices are messy. But..." He exhaled sharply, and for a flicker of a second, he looked almost human.

"When the snow lets up I will let you go, I'll take you to town if that is what you want"

My head jerked up, blue eyes meeting his. Something twisted in my chest, sharp and wrong. He was offering me the one thing I'd begged for since I got here: a way out. And instead of relief, all I felt was a hollow ache.

He'd let me go. Just like that.

"Will you stay with me for a little while, even if we could get out sooner?" His voice was quiet but laced with an undercurrent of command, a warning that tore through me. "Give me a chance... or do you really want me to take you to fucking Marvin?"

I sucked in a breath, my mind screaming the obvious answer: Leave. Run. Get out while you still can.

But the thought of Marvin—his neat handwriting on paper I'd clutched late at night, promises that felt like hope—suddenly seemed pale compared to the storm I was sitting in now.

Marvin had been a fantasy. A maybe. And Atticus?

Atticus was real. A dangerous, bloodstained, terrifying reality that lit up something deep inside me I didn't want to admit existed.

My lips parted, trembling, but what came out wasn't certainty—it was a lie I hoped would sound like truth. “No... I won't stay. I want to go.”

His breath hissed sharp through his teeth, his grip tightening on my waist, the muscle in his jaw flexing like he was holding something back.

“Please, Bluebell...” The word cracked from him like it had been dragged over glass, raw and desperate in a way that made my heart lurch.

I shook my head again, the motion jerky, unsteady.

This was the right choice. The only choice.

But then why did it feel like the worst decision I'd ever made?

Why did every cell in my body scream at me to lean in, to let him claim me, to stop pretending I didn't want the danger and darkness only he could give me?

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Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:44 pm

The first scream split the air like a knife, sharp enough to make me drop the mug in my hand. Porcelain shattered against tile, coffee spreading in a thin, muddy arc across the floor.

I froze, breath caught somewhere between my lungs and my throat.

It wasn't the first scream I'd heard since coming here. But it was the first that sounded this close. Human. Ragged. Like terror had claws and it was dragging someone through the woods.

My gaze shot to the window above the sink. The glass reflected nothing but my own pale, wide-eyed face—yet out there, in the tree line where the world turned dark, Atticus was somewhere. Moving. Hunting. Creating. I couldn't tell which.

Another scream echoed faintly on the wind before dying out, leaving only silence.

I pressed a shaking hand to my chest, like I could calm the riot my heart had become. But the weight inside me only grew heavier, pressing into my ribs, my throat, my thoughts. I should run. I should find his truck, hot-wire it if I had to, get as far away from this cabin as the snow would let me.

But all I could think about was the look on his face when he'd asked me to stay. Asked—not forced. As if I had a real choice. As if part of him actually cared what my answer would be.

And that made the guilt slice deeper. Because now, if I stayed, it was on me.

I stumbled to the table, needing a distraction, anything to keep my brain from spiraling into every blood-soaked truth about this place. My Kindle lay on top of the table where I'd laid it moments before, screen dark, silent, innocent. I snatched it up like a lifeline and flicked it awake.

The first title glaring back at me made my stomach knot. Love Me to Death. A serial killer romance. I didn't even remember downloading it. The tagline bled into my brain like poison: He kills to feel alive. She loves him anyway.

I swallowed hard, thumb hovering before giving in and opening it.

Each sentence pulled me deeper, weaving fantasy and reality until I couldn't tell which one I was living.

The book's killer sounded like Atticus—cold and calculated, darkness wrapped in a man's skin.

And the heroine? She wanted him anyway. Needed him the way I hated myself for needing Atticus.

Heat flushed through me, unwanted and undeniable. My thighs pressed together under the table as my breath came uneven. Shame burned hot behind my eyes. I should not feel this way. Not about a man who tied me up, took what he wanted, painted beauty from corpses. Not about a monster.

But I did. God help me, I did.

Another scream split the distance outside, louder this time. My stomach turned. I slammed the Kindle shut and clutched it to my chest like a shield.

Atticus Montgomery was a killer. The kind of nightmare I should have run from the

second I saw his face. And yet... every time I thought of leaving, of Marvin's neat little letters waiting in a drawer somewhere, it felt hollow. Wrong.

Because what I wanted now was twisted into the shape of a man with blood on his hands and my name on his tongue like a prayer he'd never let me take back.

The back door creaked open without warning, letting in a gust of cold air that bit at my bare ankles.

I jerked my head up, breath trapped in my chest.

Atticus filled the doorway, snow clinging to his boots, his coat darkened with melting ice. He moved like he owned the space, like every molecule of air in this cabin bent to his will just for the privilege of being near him.

But it wasn't his size or presence that made my stomach clench—it was his eyes.

Green fire locked on me the second he stepped inside, taking in the scene: my white-knuckled grip on the Kindle, the shards of a broken mug still littering the floor, the tremble in my shoulders I hadn't managed to hide.

He didn't say a word. Just closed the door with quiet finality and shed his coat, hanging it on the hook like this was just another evening.

My pulse pounded in my ears, waiting for the sound of boots on tile, waiting for the weight of him crossing the room like a predator drawn to the scent of fear.

And then he was there, close enough that the chill of the outside air still clung to him, making the hairs on my arms stand on end. His presence was overwhelming, a mix of danger and desire that made my breath catch in my throat.

“What’s this, Bluebell?” His voice was low, smooth, but there was an edge to it—razor-sharp curiosity wrapped in velvet menace. His eyes bore into mine, searching for a reaction, a flicker of vulnerability.

I tried to hide the Kindle behind me, stupidly, like a child caught doing something forbidden. But his hand was faster, closing around my wrist with iron gentleness, pulling it free. He glanced at the screen, and when he saw the title, one dark brow arched slowly.

A smirk ghosted over his lips—not amusement, not really.

More like satisfaction. Like I’d just handed him proof of something he already knew.

“A little bedtime reading?” he asked, tilting his head, gaze flicking from the Kindle to my flushed face.

“Serial killer romance.” He drawled the words out, savoring them.

“Do you think about me when you read this shit, Bluebell? Does it make you wet to pretend you’re her? ”

My breath hitched, heat crawling up my neck like a brand I couldn’t scrub off. “It’s just a book,” I managed, voice rough, but my body betrayed me, my nipples hardening beneath my shirt, my thighs clenching.

His fingers tightened around my wrist, not enough to hurt, just enough to remind me who owned the space between us.

“No,” he said softly, dangerously. “It’s not just a book.

It’s a mirror. You’re reading yourself onto these pages because you don’t know how

to admit you want me to ruin you all over again. ”

I swallowed hard, the denial stuck like glass in my throat. My heart raced, a mix of fear and anticipation pounding in my chest.

He stepped closer, the scent of snow and something darker wrapping around me until the kitchen walls felt too small. His free hand rose, brushing a damp strand of hair behind my ear in a gesture far too tender for the predator in his eyes.

“You can lie to me if you want,” he murmured, voice low enough to sink straight into my bones. “But don’t ever lie to yourself, Gennie. That’s the one thing I can’t stand.”

Another scream echoed faintly in the distance, a chilling reminder of exactly what kind of man stood inches from me. But even as fear clawed at my ribs, something far more dangerous pulsed low in my stomach, a need I couldn’t kill no matter how hard I tried.

And from the way Atticus was looking at me—like I’d already given him the truth he wanted without saying a word—I knew he felt it too. His eyes darkened, his pupils dilating as he took in my flushed cheeks, my rapid breathing, the way my body leaned into his despite my mind’s protests.

His hand dropped from my wrist, but only to slide up my arm, the touch electric, leaving goosebumps in its wake. “You know what I want, don’t you?” he asked, his voice a low growl that sent shivers down my spine. “I want to hear you beg for it.”

I shook my head, trying to deny the words even as my body betrayed me. “I won’t,” I whispered, but my voice was weak, my resolve crumbling.

He leaned in, his breath hot on my ear. “Say it, Bluebell. Say ‘ Marvin’ if you really mean it. But I think we both know you won’t.” His lips brushed my earlobe, and I felt

a jolt of pleasure mixed with fear.

I closed my eyes, trying to block out the sensations, but his hands were on me now, roaming over my body with a possessive hunger. He gripped my hips, pulling me against him, and I could feel his hardness, the proof of his desire. His fingers dug into my flesh, marking me, claiming me.

“Please stop Atticus” I whispered, but it was a plea, not a denial. His name on my lips was like a prayer, a plea for mercy, but I knew he wouldn’t grant it.

“Not until you say it, Gennie,” he murmured, his hands moving to cup my breasts, thumbs brushing over my nipples through the thin fabric of my shirt.

I gasped, arching into his touch, hating myself for the reaction but unable to stop it.

My nipples hardened, aching for more, and he pinched them, rolling them between his fingers, sending bolts of pleasure straight to my core.

He chuckled, a low, dark sound. “You want this as much as I do. You just don’t know how to admit it.”

His mouth found mine, his kiss bruising and demanding, his tongue invading, tasting, claiming.

I whimpered into his mouth, my hands clutching at his shoulders, trying to push him away even as I pulled him closer.

His tongue explored my mouth, dueling with mine, and I could taste the hint of whiskey on his breath, the promise of something darker, more dangerous.

He broke the kiss, his breath ragged. “Say it, Gennie. Beg me to make you my dirty

little princess.”

I bit my lip, trying to hold back the words, but they were on the tip of my tongue, begging to be released. His hands were on my ass now, lifting me, pressing me against the counter, his hardness grinding against my core. I moaned, my head falling back, exposing my throat to him.

He nipped at my skin, his teeth grazing over the sensitive flesh, and I cried out, my nails digging into his shoulders. “Atticus, please st—,” I begged, but it was a plea for more, not less.

He lifted me higher, settling me on the counter, his hands rough as they yanked my pants down, his fingers digging into my thighs as he spread them wide.

I could feel the cool air on my exposed flesh, and I shivered, a mix of anticipation and fear coursing through me.

My pussy was already slick, my juices coating my thighs, and he could see it, could smell it.

His eyes darkened, his breath coming faster as he took in the sight of me, naked and vulnerable before him.

He knelt before me, his hands gripping my hips, his thumbs brushing over my clit, teasing, tormenting.

I moaned, my head falling back, my eyes squeezing shut.

“Stop,” I begged, but the words were lost in a gasp as his tongue replaced his thumbs, licking, tasting, devouring.

He sucked on my clit, his tongue flicking over the sensitive nub, and I cried out, my hips bucking against his mouth, my hands fisting in his hair.

He groaned, the vibration sending shocks of pleasure through me, and I could feel myself spiraling, my body on the edge of release.

He slid two fingers inside me, curling them, hitting that spot that made me see stars.

I screamed, my body convulsing, my orgasm crashing over me in waves of pleasure so intense it bordered on pain.

He pulled back, his breath ragged, his eyes dark with desire. "If you really want it to stop just say it, my fucking hot Bluebell." he demanded, his voice hoarse. "Say 'Marvin' and I'll stop."

I opened my mouth, the word on the tip of my tongue, but it wouldn't come out. I shook my head, a tear slipping down my cheek. "I can't," I whispered.

A slow, wicked smile spread across his face, and he stood, his hands on my thighs, spreading me wider.

"That's what I thought," he murmured, and then he was inside me, filling me, stretching me, his hips moving with a ruthless rhythm.

His cock was thick and hard, hitting all the right spots, and I cried out, my head falling back, my body arching into his.

He gripped my hips, his fingers digging into my flesh, his pace relentless, his eyes locked on mine.

"Your fucking pussy is so hot I can't help but jerk my cock at night thinking about

those screams of terror falling from your pretty little lips while your ass spasms around my thick cock,” he growled, his voice low and dirty, sending shivers down my spine.

His words were filthy, degrading, and they only served to heighten my arousal, my body clenching around him in response.

I gasped, my body tightening, my orgasm building, coiling, ready to explode. He leaned down, his lips brushing my ear. “Come for me, Bluebell,” he growled. “Let me feel you come undone.”

And with those words, I shattered, my body convulsing, my scream echoing through the room, his name on my lips like a curse, a plea, a prayer.

He followed me over the edge, his body trembling, his grip on my hips bruising, his release hot and deep inside me.

I could feel his cock pulsing, his seed filling me, marking me as his.

He pulled out, his cock still hard, glistening with our combined juices.

He brought his fingers to my mouth, his eyes never leaving mine as he coated my lips with my own arousal.

“Suck,” he commanded, and I opened my mouth, taking his fingers in, tasting myself on him.

He groaned, his cock jerking as I swirled my tongue around his fingers, sucking them clean.

He started to stroke himself, his hand moving up and down his shaft, his eyes locked

on my naked, panting body. “Look at you,” he murmured, his voice hoarse with desire. “So fucking beautiful, so fucking mine.”

I watched as he stroked himself, his hand moving faster, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

I could see the remnants of our releases beading dripping on the tip of his cock, and I licked my lips, wanting to taste him, to feel him come undone in my mouth.

But he had other plans. With a final stroke, he came, his seed spraying onto my stomach, marking me, claiming me.

We stayed like that for a moment, our bodies locked together, our breaths mingling, our hearts pounding in sync. And then he pulled back, his eyes dark, his expression unreadable.

“Remember, Gennie,” he murmured, his voice low, dangerous. “You wanted this. You begged for it. And now you’re mine, all over again.”

And with those words, he turned and walked away, leaving me shattered and breathless, my body aching, my heart pounding, my mind reeling, and the word ‘Marvin’ still unsaid.

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Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:44 pm

I stumbled to my room, my Kindle clutched tightly to my chest, my body still throbbing with the aftershocks of our encounter.

My nipples were hard and pebbled, aching for more of his touch, and I could feel his cum leaking from my pussy, coating my thighs.

His seed was also smeared on my stomach, a warm, sticky reminder of what had just transpired.

I threw myself onto the bed, my breath coming in ragged gasps, my mind a whirlwind of emotions.

The memory of his touch, his words, his scent—it all consumed me, leaving me aching and desperate for more.

I could still feel the ghost of his fingers on my skin, his mouth on mine, his cock filling me, stretching me, claiming me.

I squeezed my thighs together, trying to ease the ache, but it only served to heighten my need.

I was torn, my body burning with desire, my mind reeling with a mix of fear, excitement, and something deeper, something darker.

The thought of him getting hard again, of him wanting me, needing me—it made my core clench, my breath hitch, my body yearn for his touch once more.

Without thinking, my hand snaked down, my fingers brushing over my stomach, coating themselves in his cum.

I brought my fingers to my nose, inhaling his scent, a heady mix of musk and salt that made my head spin.

I could taste him on my lips, and I licked them, savoring the flavor, the memory of him.

I slid my fingers lower, brushing over my clit, and I gasped at the contact, my body jolting with pleasure. I was so sensitive, so ready, and the combination of his cum and my own arousal made me slick, my fingers gliding easily over my swollen flesh.

I started to rub, my fingers circling my clit, my hips bucking into my touch.

I imagined it was his hand, his fingers, his mouth on me, and I moaned, my body arching off the bed.

I slipped two fingers inside, curling them, hitting that spot that made me see stars, all while my thumb continued to rub circles around my clit.

I lost myself as a fantasy consumed me:

I'm on my back, legs kicking, trying to fight him off, but he's too strong.

Atticus looms over me, his dark eyes gleaming with a dangerous intensity.

I scream, a raw, primal sound, as he forces my legs apart, pinning me down with his weight.

His hands are rough, calloused from years of.

.. what? I don't know, and I don't care.

All I know is that they're strong, and they're holding me in place, forcing me to take what he wants to give.

"No, stop!" I cry out, my voice trembling with fear and something else, something I can't quite name. "Please, Atticus, don't do this! I don't want this!"

But he doesn't listen. He never does. His grip tightens, and I can feel the hard length of him pressing against my entrance.

I arch my back, trying to get away, but there's nowhere to go.

He's got me trapped, completely at his mercy.

I can feel his breath, hot and heavy, on my face, and I turn my head away, trying to escape the intimacy of it all.

"Fuck, you're tight," he grunts, his voice low and husky as he starts to push inside. I cry out, a sharp pain mixing with an unwanted pleasure. "Relax, or it'll hurt more."

I shake my head, tears stinging my eyes. "Please, Atticus, I don't want this," I sob, but my body betrays me, my hips lifting slightly to meet his thrust. He's in deep now, filling me completely, and I can feel every inch of him, stretching me, owning me. It's too much, and not enough, all at once.

"Shh, it's okay," he murmurs, his voice surprisingly gentle despite the brutality of his actions. "You're doing great. Just let go."

I clench my teeth, trying to hold back the moan building in my throat. I can't give him the satisfaction of knowing how good this feels, even if it's against my will. I reach down, my fingers finding my clit, pinching it harshly, trying to distract myself from

the pleasure.

"No, don't touch yourself," Atticus growls, his hand covering mine, forcing my fingers to move in tight circles. "I want to feel you cum on my cock. I want to feel you squeeze me tight."

My hand moves faster, pants filling my own ears as I feel liquid running down between my legs.

My arousal coating me. I ache to feel the obsession, the control I feel in his grasp.

I use my other hand to pinch my nipple as hard as I can, pure pleasure running through my body at the touch. Before losing myself in my head again.

I shake my head, tears streaming down my face.

"No, I won't. I can't," I sob, but my body has other ideas.

My hips start to move in time with his thrusts, and I can feel an orgasm building, hot and intense, despite my protests.

It's like my body is betraying me, wanting this even if my mind doesn't.

"Atticus, please, I can't," I cry out, my voice breaking. "I've never... I can't..."

But it's too late. He's pushing me over the edge, his fingers working my clit with a skilled precision, his cock hitting that perfect spot inside.

I scream, a loud, shocked sound as I cum, my body convulsing around him.

I can feel myself squirting, the warm liquid spilling out, soaking us both.

It's a sensation I've never felt before, and it's overwhelming, almost too much to handle.

"No, what's happening?" I gasp, my body still shuddering with aftershocks. "Atticus, what did you do to me?"

He leans down, his lips capturing mine in a fierce, hungry kiss.

I can taste myself on him, and it's intimate, too intimate.

I try to pull away, but he won't let me, his hand cupping my jaw, holding me in place as he devours my mouth.

I can feel him harden inside me, and I know he's not done.

I close my eyes, a mix of fear and anticipation coursing through me as I prepare for the next wave of pleasure-pain.

His pace quickens, his thrusts becoming more urgent, more desperate. I can hear his breathing, ragged and heavy, and I know he's close. I reach up, my nails digging into his back, trying to push him away, but he just grinds against me, hitting that perfect spot inside, making me see stars.

"Atticus, please," I beg, my voice a broken whisper. "Please, I can't take anymore."

But he doesn't listen. He never does. He just keeps going, his body slamming into mine, his hand moving between us, his fingers working my clit in a relentless rhythm. I can feel another orgasm building, hot and intense, and I know I can't stop it. I'm at his mercy, completely and utterly.

"I'm cumming," I scream, my body convulsing as I squirt again, the sensation even more intense than the first time. "Atticus, I'm cumming!"

He groans, a low, guttural sound, and I can feel him pulse inside me, his hot seed filling me up. It's too much, and not enough, all at once.

The swirling need inside of me becomes too much, my clit swollen and nipples bursting with pleasurable pain. I can't quite get over the edge, I need it so bad, the fantasy to come true, for him to hold me down, brutally fuck me.

A gasp fills my ears as I pinch my clit and just like that the crescendo falls down over my entire body.

I feel like I'm levitating, as I shut my eyes.

Moisture coating my thighs as wave after wave go through me like a tsunami.

I can hear my own voice crying out as I experience one of the strongest orgasms in my life.

As I come down from the high, guilt eats at me. I curl around a pillow, holding it tight against my body. Soaked in my own cum, and close my eyes.