



Katie 2 (Desires #5)

Author: *Bodie Summers*

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Im back at college, trying to keep up with my three demanding men.

But it seems Brad struggles more than I thought he would and I never realized how he gets when hes jealous.

Can I lure him back or am I too late?

Katie 2 is the sequel to Katie. You can expect similar tropes and triggers. You can find them on the note page in the book.

Total Pages (Source): 14

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter one

Katie

It all went a little differently than I hoped it would. Yes, I was selfish. Yes, Henry was a bit too quick with going along with it. So, now we all have to pay the price.

On some level, I know my mom is right about how twisted this situation is. I know it isn't normal. But what is?

It still nags at me how my mom and I left things. I have my regrets, but I try to focus on the good. I've moved in with my boyfriends, AKA stepbrothers and stepdad—still weird to try and explain, but luckily, almost no one asks, and somehow, we've settled in perfectly.

Brad isn't quite the shadow he was last semester even though he sits beside me right now with his hand lingering on my bare thigh, and Carter, God, if he wasn't hot enough as a lawyer, he had to make himself the hottest teacher at Harvard. His lectures have more girls and female faculty than any others, not that I can blame them since I never miss one.

It's been an easy month since school picked up again—comparatively, anyway. I don't feel like I'm sneaking around, the work load is tolerable, and everything is wonderful.

Especially on days like today when I get to listen to Carter talk about basic civil law and gives some examples of civil law courts, all while Brad's hand climbs higher and

higher on my thigh.

His fingers slowly dip under my skirt to tease me through my panties. He brushes the edges—one, then the other like he's going to push his fingers under—then presses right over my slit, making me gasp. I bite my bottom lip, trying to control my reaction as he leans closer to me.

“Be a good girl, don't draw attention. Only Carter and I get to have you here. That includes your moans,” Brad hisses in my ear.

I bite my bottom lip harder and hear Brad's low chuckle. “That's right. Eyes on Carter. Spread your legs. Remember, you're in class to learn.”

Yeah, I'm going to learn what happens if I disobey or I'm going to learn whether I can come silently. Those are the only two options. My eyes flick to Brad, and I shakily spread my legs just an inch more. It's a good thing no one is sitting next to us.

He grips my thigh and jerks me wide open, as if he's trying to show Carter how wet I already am.

Carter smirks. “Katie, what's an example of civil law that you're aware of, something basic that hasn't already been said?”

My mouth opens and closes for a moment. When I go to speak, Brad's fingers slip under my panties to trail over my pussy. He circles my entrance with light feather touches that make every thought fly out of my head.

“Um... anything involving suing someone,” I finally choke out.

“And why would someone sue?” Carter asks, his eyes still on me.

My face must say everything. I swallow hard as Brad thrusts two fingers roughly into me. No warning, no playing with my clit, just a sudden fullness before his fingers curl right where I need them.

“Um... um... the McDonald’s thing, with the hot coffee?” I guess. “Or um, for some kind of perceived... perceived wrongdoing.”

“Can you get more specific?” Carter asks, crossing his arms as if he doesn’t know that Brad’s knuckles are deep inside me and he’s using me however he wants. I’m half afraid that if I let the silence linger, everyone’s eyes will turn on me and they’ll know what we’re doing.

“Um, so... if you caused emotional damage. It wouldn’t necessarily be criminal, but I could try to sue for those damages and emotional distress—the success rate varies, of course,” I manage to get out and grab Brad’s arm. But it doesn’t stop his fingers from playing with me however he wants, working me up until I can barely breathe without moaning.

Carter nods. “There are other cases that ride the line between civil and criminal. For example, public indecency.”

There are some laughs, but Brad leans closer to me. “Why do you think I left that pitiful strip of wet fabric over your pussy? My little slut is mine to enjoy, and I’m not about to share all the indecent things I do with you.”

I cover my mouth to hide my moan but turn it into a yawn to try to better conceal it. Right when I’m on the edge of coming, Brad jerks his fingers away. I have a feeling he wants to swat me for getting so close without permission, but he rubs his soaked fingers up and down my thigh, coating me with my own wetness.

Once I get back to a calm point, he starts all over, fingering me, teasing me, then

denying me to rub my wetness on my leotard or my thighs. By the end of class, I'm so uncomfortable, I want to cry.

I need release. I need to come. I'm wet, my panties are nearly dripping, and my legs are shaking. Brad gets up, rubbing his wet fingers over my lips, and heads to the front of class. I try to hurry out, but Brad's arm wraps around my waist.

"Lock the door," Carter orders sharply.

"You have two hands," Brad barks back.

Carter tugs me from Brad's arms and pulls me against him. "Undo my pants, Doll. I had to focus on everything but Brad's fingers working your soaking pussy, and now I get to play with you."

I obey, not sure what else to do as I can't think of anything else than this need to have their hands on me.

Brad glowers at Carter. "I worked her up. She's mine to fuck."

"Then I guess you should have made her come, like I'm going to," Carter says and spreads my legs with sharp kicks to my instep. "Boxers too, Doll."

I jerk his boxers down, and he pushes me back on his desk. Within a breath, he yanks my panties to the side and lines his cock against me. His hand presses low on my belly to hold me in place as he slowly slides into me.

My gaze catches Brad's. His jaw tics and his brows drop as he stalks back from locking the door. "I didn't edge her for your pleasure."

"Doesn't matter. I'm the one buried in her right now, aren't I?" Carter snorts.

They're both so possessive, it's ridiculous, but I love it. I love that they both want me badly enough to fight over me. Brad hisses 'fuck you', but when he sees I'm smiling, he unzips his pants and narrows his eyes. "You're taking us both, then."

"That's not the deal," Carter says as he picks up his pace. "So you get to listen to her and watch her come for my cock the way she didn't for your fingers."

"Yeah, I'll watch, but you get to hear nothing," Brad snarls. "Give me your mouth, little slut."

He jerks me closer as Carter grabs my hips to keep me in place. Brad drops his pants and thrusts into my mouth when I open it to moan. His cock hits the back of my throat and he groans.

"Just as wet as your pussy," Brad pants.

Every thrust roughens, like it's my fault they're hard, and I love it. I love that they can't control themselves with me. All they can do is chase their pleasure. I'm the source.

They are still using me in a tug of war, both of them wanting to come before the other. They may be in battle with each other, but I'm in the middle. I get all their pleasure and my own, and having them this determined makes me feel powerful.

I moan around Brad's cock and bounce between them as much as I can. Carter's hold on my hips is as tight as Brad's grasp in my hair as they use me how they need, fucking me with relentless need. My legs start shaking, my pussy squeezing. I'm so close, so desperate to come from all the teasing through class.

"Are you that close, Doll? That close to coming all over my cock?" Carter snarls. "I don't think you have permission."

My gaze snaps to his as I whimper around Brad's cock, and he thrusts even deeper down my throat, choking me on his length. I struggle to keep my eyes open, wanting to watch how shiny and wet Brad's cock is because of my mouth even as Carter picks up his pace, nearly making me fall as he snarls my name.

Carter succumbs first, filling me with cum as he groans. He pants as my eyes roll back and my orgasm comes crashing down. Carter stills me as I hollow my cheeks around Brad's cock until he stiffens and holds himself deep inside. Cum trickles down my throat, and I struggle for my next breath as he grinds into my throat.

I'm exhausted, shaky, and spent, at least for the moment. My body is limp as their cocks leave me. I blink slowly and stand up as I wet my lips and slump into Carter's hold.

He chuckles. "I thought you knew how to handle both of us, Doll."

"So much edging," I sigh. "But so good to be shared."

My boyfriends put themselves back together and snap my panties back into place.

Brad adjusts my skirt and glowers at Carter. "Steal her from me again and I won't work her up in class."

"Sure, because you can resist Katie so much better than I can," Carter quips back.

I smile again. They're possessive and demanding, but they're mine.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter two

My legs are still a little wobbly as I wander to the living room. Carter and Brad grab something quick to drink from the kitchen as my eyes fall on Henry.

I step closer and place a soft kiss on his cheek with a smile. “Hi, Daddy.”

He draws me closer, gently stroking through my hair. “How was school?”

I’m sure my face is neon red from the mention of it. Memories of the end of class flit through my mind along with Brad’s insistent fingers working inside me until I don’t remember a thing I should know.

I dip my chin. “It was good.” And I quickly sit on the couch. “I’m enjoying classes and everything.”

“Is that so?” Henry glances at his sons and arches an eyebrow. “Why do I feel like you’re enjoying classes because of two people in particular? You both know she’s there to study, not for your fun, right?”

Carter shakes his head. “No need to talk to me about that. I have a job as a guest lecturer. I’m supposed to be there. If I just so happen to enjoy my girlfriend after class, so be it. It’s Brad who should be at work.”

“Why aren’t you focusing on your business again? You don’t have any reason to follow Katie around like a puppy. You’re a grown man,” Henry says to Brad.

Brad just shrugs. “Why don’t you tell me about how much you enjoy your job and how much you’d rather be around our perfect little slut?”

Henry leans back into the recliner as the guys go back and forth about work. Carter and Henry are very focused on a new case—one that they avoid sharing details about. Brad just listens in and occasionally puts in his two cents while taking every opportunity to touch me.

I guzzle the water he gives me, still thinking about how lucky I am to have two boyfriends so eager to please me that they can’t control themselves. Henry’s harder to pin down.

Brad and Carter want me constantly, so they have me constantly. But I don’t want Henry to feel left out.

“I’m surprised you’re home this early,” Brad says, ignoring Henry’s advice to go back to work.

“I had a meeting,” Henry says, taking a drink of beer. “About the divorce. We’re working to finalize everything.”

“It should be easy enough. She pushed for it,” Carter murmurs. “Isn’t it straightforward?”

“The only thing I want to keep is the house, and she doesn’t want it after knowing what you two were doing with Katie,” Henry says. “Can’t exactly blame her, I suppose.”

I shrink between my shoulders. I don’t regret being with them, any of them. But it doesn’t mean I enjoy reminders of my mother or how I separated her and Henry. He’s told me time and time again that they were on the rocks before he ever touched me,

that it's not my fault, but that lingering guilt isn't budging.

Brad touches my lower back gently and Carter pats my thigh. "I wouldn't change a thing, Katie."

Brad doesn't say anything, but it's not him I'm worried about. Not really. It's Henry. He's paying for the divorce. He's losing plenty of time and money and gaining stress.

I should want to talk to my mom, but I can't bring myself to do it. I'm afraid something about Henry would slip out. Maybe she'd take me away from them, keep me out of reach. I know the four of us are twisted.

Plenty of people would call us disgusting if they knew everything, and maybe there's something wrong with me because I like what they do to me.

I like them, and even my own mother wanting to disown me and call me crazy or any other insults isn't enough to make me want to leave them. Well... if I'm being honest, that might not be the only reason I want to stay, but that's a reason that doesn't matter as much... at least not right now.

Brad clears his throat, his gaze darting between me and Henry.

"And that's all. Just another meeting, comparatively short and simple," Henry wraps up. "And if you don't have anything better to do right now, Angel, then I think you belong on my lap. My sons have had enough of you today."

Carter snorts. "Bullshit."

Brad keeps his lips in a tight line as the tension rolls off him when I go over to Henry. He tugs me down on his lap and his lips are quick on mine. His kiss starts gentle, but each one is longer and more drawn out than the last until he nudges my head down

and guides my hand to his erection.

“See how much I need your attention, Katie? I love having you when you’re asleep, but I crave your attention right now,” he says with a smug smile lifting his lips.

There’s no mistaking what Henry wants, and my stomach flutters with the way he stares at me.

I kiss down his neck, then slide off his lap to get on my knees between his legs. He helps me get his pants off, then cups my cheek, stroking my bottom lip.

“Are you still my good angel? So sweet and willing?” he asks before working his thumb into my mouth.

I nod as I suck his thumb. He works his pointer finger into my mouth too, gagging me on his fingers and making a pleased sound when I don’t stop sucking and licking his fingers. Henry strokes his cock with his other hand, then guides my head down until he spreads his fingers, forcing my mouth open wider, and thrusts into my throat.

He groans, low and deep, as he removes his fingers and lets me suck every inch of him that I can fit. He sighs. “That’s my angel.”

I bob up and down on him, keeping my hands on his knees, then moving them up to his thighs to brace myself as I choke myself on Henry’s thick cock. I really don’t know how he can fuck me while I’m asleep without waking me up. Not when he’s this big.

Swallowing him again and again, his pleased groans and praise wash over me. It doesn’t mean I can forget that Carter and Brad are right here watching. My face burns with my blush, but I peek up at Henry when he grabs the back of my head and forces me further down on his cock.

I whimper as he grinds into my throat.

“Suck, Katie. Suck my cock and make me come,” Henry orders.

I obey even as my eyes water. Henry keeps thrusting into my throat again and again. I know he likes being in control, and I want to please him, want him to feel good. He deserves it, and I love having reminders of how much they want me—a sore throat, a sore ass, their cum filling me, bite marks, and everything else they give me.

I suck hard and fast until he comes down my throat, emptying so far back, I don’t get a taste until he pulls me off his cock. I lap at the head, making him groan. I give one more long lick, determined to get every drop. I graze my tongue over my lips as I sit on my heels.

“Such a good girl. You want more, don’t you? You’re never satisfied just blowing one of us, are you?” Henry asks.

I slowly shake my head. “I like pleasing all of you.”

“Prove it,” Carter growls.

“Oh, no, you don’t. I get her next,” Brad snarls. “You had her in the classroom.”

“I’d say that sucks, but Katie’s mouth is nearly wrapped around me,” Carter says as he catches my shirt and drags me against him, so I’m nearly hugging his leg. “And you’re going to be good for me, aren’t you, Doll?” Carter asks.

“Fuck you,” Brad hisses.

“You’re the youngest. Wait your turn,” Carter snaps.

Brad grabs the back of my neck as he steps forward. He turns me to him and hisses. "I don't have to wait."

"You had her mouth already."

"And you had her pussy," Brad argues. "I'm taking Katie."

They're getting more and more worked up, closer and closer to hitting each other, I can tell. I swallow hard and glance between them nervously as Brad's hand tightens on my neck and Carter's hand tenses on my shirt.

I normally love being caught between them, but this... this feels like more. This new demanding element and possessive side of both of them is threatening to tear us apart even though now we can really be together—out and in the open.

"You can fix this, Angel. You know you can, preferably before the punching starts," Henry whispers.

I crawl closer between Brad and Carter so they can't go toe to toe. Neither of them notices me. They're too busy insulting and growling at each other, arguing why they should have me first.

Rather than listen to them, I unzip Brad's pants. I peek up at him, and Brad's grip on my neck loosens as his eyes drop to me. He takes a sharp breath as he watches me slide his pants down his legs. I keep staring up at him through my watery eyes until he groans as I lick over the head of his hard cock.

I swirl my tongue around him, then nod, trying to tell him I want them all, no matter the order, no matter who had me first or last. His hand softens a bit more, and Carter's hand on my shirt strengthens to slip it off me, exposing my breasts.

“Fuck,” Brad hisses.

I suck him as deeply as I can, until I gag. But I take my time working back to the head of his cock. Brad guides me further up on my knees until he can palm my breast with his other hand.

I pop off his cock and work him with my hand now that he’s all nice and wet. “Fight over me by fucking me, not actually fighting, please.”

“We’ll see,” Brad growls.

He takes an unsteady breath as I work his cock, but he’s still pissed. I can tell by the way his jaw keeps twitching. I turn to Carter and undo his pants to give him the same treatment.

Carter makes a low sound as I lap at the head of his cock, then take him deep, sucking every inch until my eyes water from my throat spasming around his length. I draw back, but he catches my hair and forces me down on him two more times quickly before surrendering me.

I moan and turn to Brad, licking and sucking him again as I work Carter with my hand. Instead of letting Brad go entirely, I use my fingers on his balls. His chin lifts, but his gaze is focused on my shiny lips stretched around his cock desperately so I can take as much of him as possible.

“I prefer your method of ending fights,” Carter groans.

Popping off Brad’s cock with what I hope is a loving look, I turn to Carter and lick a straight line over the base of his cock.

“That’s a good slut. Take us both,” Brad orders while pinching my nipple to the point

of pain. Carter cups my other breast, palming and kneading while I take him fully in my mouth.

Back and forth I switch between them, using my mouth and hands accordingly until they're both panting and fighting for my attention but not fighting each other. I wish I could fit them both in my mouth and down my throat, wish I could give them what they want most.

Especially since they keep switching who's playing with my tits. Whoever I'm not blowing keeps trying to steal back my attention by playing with my nipples and breasts, exploiting how sensitive they are.

"You're such a good angel for us, Katie. So fucking sweet and generous," Henry groans. "I know you're going to make them come like the good girl you are. Don't you dare stop until you do."

I roll my body as I move between them, moaning as I take them. Carter shudders and pants while he squeezes my breast until I whimper. Brad keeps stroking through my hair while punishing me with sharp pinches to my nipple. I know they both want me, and I'm determined to make them finish. They feel so good in my throat, and I just want more and more.

If this is the only way I can make them come, I'm going to follow through and give them what they need.

Finally, I get Brad to come in my mouth and right away turn to Carter, swallowing as I do. Carter comes a few thrusts later, and I pant as I swallow. So much cum, so much pleasure.

"You two are terrible. Fighting over a blowjob like overeager teenagers. You should have at least as much control as your stepsister. She can handle all three of us. Man

up,” Henry orders sharply.

Brad gazes at me for a long moment, then strokes through my hair gently. That’s all I get before he heads off, mumbling about cleaning up.

I want to pull him back, to tell him we don’t have to be done, but he’s too far gone, too angry. Carter nods to me and lifts me off my knees. “I know you want more than that. You’re soaking wet, and you’re going to come.”

“Yes, she is,” Henry agrees, pumping his cock in his fist.

Carter lifts me and puts me on Henry’s lap. Henry jerks my soaked panties to the side and thrusts into me, taking me the way he needs. He groans as he thrusts in a steady pace, his cock stretching me with every move. Carter lays me back further, changing the angle. I whimper and squirm on Henry’s lap.

Carter kisses me, licking into my mouth as his finger teases my clit.

He then palms my breasts and groans. “Such a perfect doll.”

“Yes,” I whimper. “So good. Please, please,” I beg as I grind on Henry, happily taking every thrust and eagerly chasing the next one.

“So insatiable. You just can’t get enough of us, can you, Doll?” Carter asks.

“You three make me greedy, so greedy.” I moan, my eyes rolling back as Carter rolls my nipples and kisses my neck.

Henry groans and tells me how good I am over and over, and Carter never lets up. He never looks at his dad, only my face, my breasts, never lower. Henry watches where his cock disappears inside me as if that’s all he wants or needs while I can’t look

away from either of them.

They're such a good combination. Carter holds my head in place just as I reach the edge of my orgasm.

"Please, Daddy! Please let me come," I beg.

"Yeah, you're ready for it right now? Ready to come for Daddy?" Henry's hand trails over my hip, and then his fingers rub my clit hard and fast as Carter suddenly shifts my position, putting me over the edge. Henry watches my face as I whine. "I can't make my angel wait, not when your moans are so sweet."

"Daddy, yes. Don't stop. Please, please," I beg.

It breaks him, and he fills me up, groaning with me and calling me his favorite angel.

I'm so exhausted I can't think or move. Carter kisses my forehead and leaves me with Henry so Henry can clean me up and take care of me. I can't complain about a thing. My whole body is exhausted, spent, used in the best way, and all I want is more.

I'm convinced I'll never get enough of the three of them.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter three

My body is still sore from Carter's and Brad's session, and my knees too from last night, as I walk down the hall to my next class and glance at my phone. Brad's messaged me no less than five times, and I can tell how annoyed he is about not being here.

I should be more upset that he's not 'shadowing' classes today while rubbing the inside of my thigh. It's a distraction, though, and I want to focus.

Then again, I like the challenge of trying to focus on class enough to get what I need without focusing so much that Brad feels the need to up the game. Twice now, he's nearly made me come in class, and I've nearly choked on my own spit when I tried to cover a moan with a cough.

He's never been prouder of himself.

I try to shake the thought of my stepbrother... boyfriend—the title is going to take some getting used to—touching me in pubic.

I slide into the lecture hall that Carter is using today. It's almost full, and every spot in the front is taken.

So, I choose one smack in the middle. His eyes always scan for me, and the one time I missed, he spanked me so thoroughly, I couldn't think about anything else whenever I sat down for the next day and a half.

The thought still tugs my lips into a smile. He even chose what I should wear today.

A tight pencil skirt with a white leotard that snaps right over my pussy. It's sexy, but appropriate, and I know it will drive him insane when he realizes two little metal snaps are all that will keep him from being inside me.

Unlike Brad, he won't hunt me down, chasing me and ignoring everyone between us. He bides his time, finds a perfectly logical reason to keep me in place, and uses social reasons to force me into alone time with him.

The dark fantasy has me so distracted that I don't notice he's entered until giggles spread through his eager audience.

Carter stands there looking perfectly respectable, his hair lightly ruffled, a professional smile on his face. He scans the crowd, sees me, and the corner of his mouth lifts a little higher as his eyes heat.

I play with the white sleeves of my leotard, guiding them down my shoulders where they really belong, and his throat bobs as his eyes sharpen.

"Today will be a quick lecture. I only have forty minutes," he informs us.

Of course, I'm sure he'll end up spending a full hour here trying to fend off overeager girls who don't care about the girlfriend he talks about but they never see. I'm a secret, and I don't mind it one bit when I get all the rewards. We don't technically have to hide it, but it's just so much more fun.

The lecture is powerful. Carter has the power to claim and hold attention like few other people do. He's attractive enough to draw people in, but it's his passion and delivery that make people stay.

He looks so perfect, but no one knows the deep, dark desires he has.

At the end, a collective sigh leaves the audience. The guy next to me rolls his eyes and leans closer. “Half the people here didn’t hear a word of what he said.”

I chuckle. “Their loss.”

He looks at me, seems to realize I’m not who he meant to talk to, but laughs and offers his hand. “Dan.”

“Katie. I don’t know about the lecture, though. The way he makes law concepts digestible is wonderful. It makes the concepts easy to grasp and apply.”

“So, you’re not just sucked into his intense voice and the way he moves around?” He snickers, then points at the first row of girls hurrying to catch Carter’s attention. “Not ready to go and try to sweep him off his feet?”

“Nah,” I say. I know where he’ll be later, after all. “Are you pre-law?”

“Sociology, actually,” he answers.

We chat for a bit about classes until he suggests we get lunch sometime to see if he can sway me to change my major. I start to head out, then the hair on the back of my neck pricks.

“Katie, I wanted to talk to you about something one of your professors said to me,” Carter says, his voice ringing out.

His fan club leaves, and I shut the door behind the last person. I flick the lock shut since I’m not interested in being interrupted and slowly walk to Carter.

“Did one of them say something?” I ask.

Carter grins darkly, grabs the back of my neck, and bends me over the desk so quickly, I can’t catch my bearings. He pushes my skirt up and rubs over my bare ass. The leotard just so happens to be a thong.

“If they said a damn thing about you in this outfit, I’d have decked them,” Carter groans. “Teasing me on purpose today, Doll?”

“Maybe,” I pant.

“And talking to that guy who was blatantly eye fucking you?”

“That’s all he’s allowed to do so it’s—”

Carter spanks me hard, then digs his nails into my ass. “He’s not allowed to eye fuck you, fantasize about you, or talk to you. We don’t want Brad to get jealous.”

“Possessive,” I breathe.

Carter spanks me again, then his fingers slide under my leotard, stroking my pussy with his knuckles, up and down, up and down, until he’s more focused on my clit. “Already wet?”

“M–Maybe,” I whimper.

“Because of the frat boy?”

“No,” I answer immediately. Carter jerks on my leotard, popping the snaps, then thrusts two fingers into my pussy. I whimper and squirm. My next word comes so naturally, I can’t even think. “Please.”

“Please ? You want me to make you come just because you were a good girl today?” he asks. “That’s the bare minimum, and this outfit doesn’t say ‘behave’.”

“It’s basically a dress. You like... like dresses,” I writhe against his fingers as he stuffs them inside me again and again.

He slaps my ass with his wet fingers and then bends over me. I know his pants are already down when his cock rubs against my slit.

“You’re too loud to fuck in a lecture hall, you know that? We’ll have to fix that, Doll,” he snarls.

His wet fingers fill my mouth clumsily. My own wetness is smeared on my cheek. His fingers slide over my tongue, nearly choking me just as he thrusts into me. Next to no foreplay and he’s so damn rough with me. I love it.

My hips hit the sharp edge of the desk every time he slams into me. Anytime a moan leaves my throat, his fingers slip further into my mouth. He fucks my throat with his fingers while ramming into me like an animal.

From a proper, perfect professor to some carnal beast that can’t wait even a second to have me. My eyes roll back as my pussy spasms around him.

“You’re going to come, naughty Doll,” Carter snarls in my ear. “Or I’m not going to stop. There’s another lecture in ten minutes.”

He goes faster, harder, more and more until his hand leaves my mouth and trails down to my throat. His fingers wrap quickly around it and tighten, softening the moans as I come. He grunts as he buries himself deeper inside me. My body shudders as his cock leaves me, his cum dripping down my thigh.

Carter slaps my ass, redoes the snaps of my leotard, and leads me off the desk while I try to put myself back together.

He looks perfect while his cum and mine drips over my thighs, and the wetness on my chin and neck lingers. I must look like a mess.

Carter guides me outside where Brad is waiting while I keep my head down with a teasing smile on my lips.

As I peek up, Brad glances over at us lazily and he opens the door to his truck. I slide into the front seat. His arms are crossed as he takes me in, his eyes darkening, becoming demanding and needy.

He knows , is all I can think as he lets out an exhausted sounding sigh and closes the door and hops in the driver's seat before he puts the car in gear. "Someone had a very busy day."

"It's just getting started," Carter promises from the back seat.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter four

We get Chinese take-out on the way home, and Carter spoils me, as if I've done something good, by getting me cream cheese Rangoons before I can ask. I give him a warm smile, and he strokes through my hair before tugging it back when we get to the window.

"I bet the man taking Brad's card right now is staring at your hard nipples. They're poking right through that little leotard. Does having your hair pulled make you that horny?" he growls in my ear, all low and breathy, the same voice he uses when he's inside me.

Brad's hand slides along the inside of my thigh and stops when he feels the wetness there. "I should've been there today."

I whimper, sure that the person at the window is going to say something, but our food is passed over and put on my lap. It nearly burns my thighs, but Carter holds me in place.

"I think she can handle having her hair pulled harder than that," Brad teases.

Carter obeys, and I whimper.

I know if I truly want them to stop, they'll stop. But I never do. Even though my stomach is rolling. It's just the fear of someone seeing and saying something. That's all.

“I know you had her in class,” Brad growls as he drives right into a parking spot. “Which mean she’s mine right now.”

He adjusts me, lifting me onto his lap, jerking his pants down just far enough to free his cock, and rubbing the head against my entrance.

He thrusts into me and groans. “You look perfect freshly fucked, little slut, but you’re best when I’m inside you and you can’t hide how good you feel.”

“Yes,” I moan.

He jerks his hips up as I try to bounce with him. But as his grip on my hips tightens almost painfully, my movement comes to a stop. He fucks me hard and fast, holding me down so all I can do is take it. Brad is never gentle. He swats my ass hard, ordering me to ride his cock even though his hand on my hip is holding me in place.

“Show me you want me, little slut. Take me the way you need, let’s go,” Brad orders sharply with another hard swat to my ass.

I whimper with a roll of my hips since that’s all I can do, riding him as he pounds into me at a pace that leaves me breathless and totally unable to speak. All I can do is feel him, use him, savor every sharp, intense thrust.

Carter nods. “That’s right, take it.”

Carter reaches forward and jerks my hair back, exposing my throat to Brad who’s more than happy to lay his claim by leaving a hickey and a bite mark on my neck.

“So fucking delicious,” Brad snarls as his fingers dig into my ass.

The whole car shakes from how hard he is with me, over and over while I fight the

pleasure that's curling my toes. I let out sobbing moans, but I know Brad's not there, not yet.

"Talk to me. Tell me how good it feels. Tell me who owns this pussy," Brad orders.

"You!" I yell. "It's yours. I'm yours. Please, please," I beg.

"What do you want? I need to hear it. Use your words," Brad growls.

He swats my ass again, so hard I'm sure it'll bruise, but I can't make myself care. I need him exactly as he is, never gentle, always testing my limits. "I need you. I need you to make me come!" I shudder as I'm getting closer and closer to my orgasm. I whimper. "Please!"

"Not yet, you don't. You're going to earn it," Brad snarls.

Carter looks me over and licks his lips. "If this car were bigger..."

"She's all mine to enjoy," Brad snarls as he jackhammers into me, making my eyes roll back.

"Please, please, Brad. You're so good. I'm so close. Please," I cry, tears pricking my eyes as Carter tugs my hair again.

"Hold it," Brad answers sharply as he increases the pace, losing his rhythm while my pussy tightens around his pumping cock.

"Fuck, you should be naked," Carter groans. "I should be behind you, fucking your tight little ass until you remember exactly who you belong to. Until you can't think about anyone but us. So tight and hot and wet. All ours. Our perfect doll."

The sound of skin on skin echoes as Brad slams into me until he's groaning and panting. "Fuck, come, Katie. Come now or not at all."

His fingers brush my back door, and that's all I need. The little bit of pressure alongside Carter's words pushes me over the edge and I come hard.

I try and fail to bury my face in Brad's neck. I'm sure anyone in the parking lot can hear me as I chant Brad's name, but I don't care. I can't care. All that exists are Brad and Carter.

I feel twice as exposed when Brad comes in me, my head jerked back until my crown touches the steering wheel, my back arched so no one would be able to question whether we're fucking. It's just that obvious.

"Such a good girl," Carter praises.

"Now you're properly filled," Brad says before swatting my ass. "Take your seat so we can get home and eat, sweet slut."

When we get home, I search around for Henry, but he's nowhere to be seen.

With a sigh, I head back to the dining room where Carter has set up the Chinese. He knows more than me as he didn't put a plate down for Henry.

"How were classes today?" Brad asks as we take our seats and dive in.

I take my time with my orange chicken, waiting for my stomach to settle a bit. Once it does, I happily take a bite and nod. "They're good, really good. I wish one of my professors would do more than read from the textbook."

"That just means he doesn't know the material." Carter snorts. "If he knew what he

was talking about, he'd be able to actually teach instead of narrate."

Brad glances from me to Carter. I can't help but wonder if he feels left out now that he can't linger around my classes.

I lick over my bottom lip and glance between my two boyfriends. How has this gotten so... easy?

"Katie?" Brad asks.

"Yes?" I ask.

"Are you happy with school? If you're spending money and it's not doing more than reading textbooks could, maybe we should think about things," Brad says with utter calm.

I smile at him. "I need the diploma to work. It's just like three and a half more months and then I'll have it," I say brightly.

Brad nods and rubs over my inner thigh again before filling his mouth.

"Who was that guy in class? Carter asks, and Brad's gaze cuts over to me with the threat of violence in his gaze. We stare at one another, and I clear my throat after I swallow.

"I don't know. He tried to say that people only listen to you because you're attractive, and I disagreed. We got to talking about our majors, and he invited me to lunch to try and 'convert me' to sociology," I say while rolling my eyes. "As if I'm going to change my mind in my last semester."

The guys exchange a long look that I still haven't learned how to read, but at the

same time, I know there's some plotting going on. I point my fork at both of them. "I'm not interested in him. It doesn't matter if he's interested in me."

"It does if he's asking you out," Carter says.

"You're our little slut, not the world's," Brad snarls. "Maybe I need to make that clear. You know I don't care about being in public. I could get away with plenty."

"Indecency laws exist," Carter reminds him.

"Like I said, I can get away with plenty. I won't break the laws. I'll just make it really clear that Katie doesn't need another man in her life. She's full," Brad argues.

And they make sure I'm full of them plenty. I've lost count of the ways they've used me, with and without Henry. My ass, my pussy, my mouth. None of those holes belong to me anymore. Not when I'm living with Carter and Brad. They remind me that my pussy is theirs, my ass is theirs, my mouth, my tits. They own me in the very best way, and I don't care how twisted it is. They just make me feel so damn good.

Carter shares another look with Brad, this one not as hot, not as demanding. It's cautious. I don't like that look. That one I know.

Brad turns to look at me, opens his mouth, and I stretch to cover his lips with my hand. "We're not talking about her."

They keep checking with me to see if I've heard anything from Mom. The guys are dirty, demanding, and drive me insane, but they're good to me where and when it matters. I've felt guilty about ruining our family plenty, and they never let that guilt sit for long without challenging it.

But now I've accepted that I didn't ruin things, that Henry and Mom's relationship

was already heading in that direction, that they weren't intimate for a long time, that I didn't force my stepbrothers or stepdad to do anything. I just existed... and accepted it, and enjoyed it, and they've started with questions.

Have I talked to my mom?

Have I heard from her at all?

Am I okay?

I love how worried they are, but hearing the same questions and giving the same answers make me feel worse. I should know what's going on with my mother, but after her request to stop calling and texting, I haven't heard anything at all.

I push my food away.

"Don't do that, Katie. You need to eat," Carter insists.

"Or else." Brad glowers at me.

I take another few bites, but my appetite is gone. It disappears every time they remind me of the state our family is in. I glance around. "Where's Henry?"

"Don't you mean 'Daddy', little slut? You know how he feels about your using his name," Brad reminds me, pushing my food toward me again. "If you want a cream cheese Rangoon, eat."

"I'm..." I do want one, but I don't want to keep talking. "I'm exhausted. I need to get a shower and get started on homework."

I walk away and hear Carter sigh. "How did you put up with her constantly being

busy last semester?”

“By distracting her thoroughly. She’s smarter than she gives herself credit for, but she never let me distract her from an essay... unless she was ahead of schedule,” Brad says around his food.

“Oh, I didn’t know she had the power to stop you.” Carter chuckles. “Losing your touch?”

“She’s working hard. I have limits.”

They give each other shit as I get through my shower. I work on homework, then lie in my bed alone. One plus of having Brad stay with me was never being alone in bed. I roll over. My bed isn’t huge, but there’s too much space.

I almost go out to see if one of them will join me in bed, but I have class in the morning and I’m worried about Henry. Then again, they could fuck all those worries away.

Maybe both of them?

I did my homework. I deserve a reward.

Still, my body is so heavy and I’m so exhausted. I change into the pink lingerie I got for Daddy on Christmas since I haven’t gotten a chance to share it with him. Hopefully, he’ll like the view and get to enjoy himself.

I love waking up to his cum leaking out of me and the knowledge that he didn’t want to wait until I was awake to have me.

They’ve definitely made me as kinky and wild as they are, and it hardly took any

time at all for them to make me theirs. It's a pleasant enough thought to fall asleep to, so I close my eyes, get comfortable on my side, and start planning tomorrow until sleep weighs heavily on me.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter five

Henry

Finalizing a divorce has never taken so long. Then again, I didn't have the grounds to argue on much. Whatever she wanted, she got. How could I argue when I've knowingly let my sons fuck Katie?

At least she doesn't know I've been involved. My now ex-wife wouldn't be able to come back from that. She would have taken everything and then some. As it is, I'm getting all the bills for the lawyers.

It's a shame Carter didn't go into civil law. He would have been an asset even if he would have had a conflict of interest. I scrub the back of my neck and notice how quiet the house is.

Checking my watch, I see it's after two a.m. Probably because after the meeting, I went to a bar to destress. I didn't get drunk. I wouldn't add to the boys' problems, but I just needed to exist in a place where no one knew what was going on in my life.

Rather than heading to bed to sit and think about how frustrated and on edge I am, I walk to the kitchen and pour myself a drink. Even the burn of whiskey isn't enough to calm me down.

But there's something in this house that always does the trick. I roll my neck and head upstairs to see Katie.

Her bedroom door is ajar, like always, and she's lying on her back under her thin blanket. I lick over my bottom lip, hoping she's naked for me. I slowly drag the sheet off her body and find her in a gauzy pink top that doesn't hide her tits and ends high up on her belly. Then a pink thong of the same material.

Fuck, it's such a nice little package.

I lean forward and lick her nipple without moving the top, and she makes a soft sound. My eyes flick up to her face, but she's definitely not awake.

"Such a good little angel, dressing up for Daddy," I purr before jerking the fabric down to suck her nipple as my cock hardens. I suck and lick until her nipple hardens against my tongue, and her head rolls on the pillow. I stroke down her belly and to the barely-there panties she has on. I drag them down impatiently, watching her face.

Her eyes move under the lid and her lips part, but she doesn't wake.

My fingers slip over her wet pussy and I shake my head. "Always dripping, aren't you?"

She moans, her head rolling toward me. I want to enjoy her, to take my time, make every minute last. Tossing restraint to the wind, I take her like I need.

I free my cock while still gently stroking her clit, making her wetter and wetter as I keep getting harder. I rub my cock over her lips and savor the feel of her hot breath on my skin.

How the hell was I ever supposed to ignore her?

"My sweet little girl," I groan. "Daddy loves how you prepare for him."

She makes a soft sound, but I just leave my cock over her lips before thrusting my fingers into her. I move one of her thighs, letting it dangle off the bed. She turns her head slightly, her lips dragging over my shaft all the way to the tip.

If she were awake, she'd use her tongue. Perfect. I don't want her to wake up. I want her to lie here helpless, mine, exactly how I like her unless she's whimpering or whining while using the toys I got her for Christmas.

I slowly climb onto the bed and spread her pussy, enjoying the view of her tight little hole dripping with her juices. I slide a finger into her just to see her breathing change, to see the little arch in her back, to watch how well she takes my finger while drenching it.

"Such a good girl for Daddy," I whisper and line my cock against her pussy, then I thrust into her. I drag my wet finger over her bottom lip, then gently hold her in place as I set a slow pace.

I want her to stay asleep, to dream of me inside her, to let herself explore every fantasy she can in her head. She lets out a soft whimper, and I increase the pace.

Her pussy hugs my cock so tightly, pulsing around me. She hasn't really come in her sleep, not the way she normally does. But this isn't about her enjoying it. It's about my pleasure and what she can give me without waking up or participating.

Still, her pussy tightens around me and another moan leaves her throat. Her head pushes back into the pillow and she lets out a soft moan. I put my hand over her mouth gently and slow my thrusts even when I'm desperate to fuck her hard and fast, to finish quickly.

I slide out of her almost all the way, and her pussy tightens like it wants me deeper. I groan. "Your pussy just can't get enough, can it?"

I watch her face, the way it heats, how she almost wakes up, then grip her tit, licking her free nipple, tasting her and enjoying how effortless it is to be with her.

With one more hard thrust, I groan and still as my cum fills her. Katie hums in her throat and stretches her legs as I draw out my cock. The door creaks behind me, and I glance over my shoulder seeing Brad lurking in the doorway, watching me with an unreadable face. I draw back from Katie further and stroke through her hair slowly. Her breathing is steady as she nuzzles into her pillow.

I take off my shirt and clean Katie up a bit, rubbing the inside of her thigh, and she huffs, moving her leg away like she wants the mess I leave her with.

“Should have known you’d come right here.” Brad takes a step forward.

“As if you can resist her.” I snort. “You’re even willing to beat up your own brother if she doesn’t suck your cock first.”

Brad looks at her calmly, but I can tell he’s turned on. That glint in his eyes is saved for Katie alone. They’ve fucked her all over the house, and I couldn’t drag him from her when she was on campus last semester.

I take a slow breath. “Well, you don’t have to lurk over there,” I say seriously. “Come in, give it a try.”

“Fucking her while she sleeps?” Brad asks and crawls closer.

He takes her in, all on display and ready to go. I think he’s going to climb up and take her just like I did, but instead, he runs one finger along the inside of her ankle.

“Brad?” I ask.

“This is your thing, not mine.”

“Really? You can resist that little outfit, how hard her nipples are, her wet, eager pussy? She’s right here, ready for the taking,” I bait.

I’ve never liked watching another man enjoy what’s mine, but at the same time, I love seeing them use her.

Brad’s head cocks to the side and his finger trails further up her calf.

I nod. “You want her, so have her.”

“But it’s so much better when she fights,” he says softly.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter six

Brad

“Well, it’s your choice. Just figured you’d might like something new,” my dad says while running his fingers through Katie’s hair again.

How can anyone sleep through getting used?

“I won’t with you still touching her like that,” I grumble.

He holds his hands up and steps away. I climb onto the bed and glance down at her. She’s so helpless and all mine for the taking. I stroke her breast, squeeze it, then pinch her nipple. She moans softly, back arching to offer me more.

She’s so submissive when asleep.

I definitely prefer her fighting, knowing she’s active, then turning her thrashing and complaints into moans. I want to break her, not take the easy route.

He might like her quiet and limp, but I don’t. I flip her onto her stomach, push her face down into the pillow, and swat her ass. My dad steps forward, but I narrow my eyes.

“My slut, my way,” I growl as she starts squirming and pushing at the pillow. She whines when I spank her again, then swat her pussy. My cock hardens as she struggles to breathe, and I free it.

I grab a handful of her hair and lift her head up so she can breathe.

“What!” she yells.

I thrust two fingers into her pussy and one into her ass. She yelps in surprise and tries to look back at me. She lifts her hand to hit me, but I yank her hair back harder as she moans, her pussy so fucking wet, so fucking eager.

“Ah, so you’ll let ‘Daddy’ fuck you in your sleep, but I’m not welcome?” I demand.

“I didn’t... I... Brad?” she asks, trying to put the pieces together.

“Who else would be rough with you like you need, little slut?” I demand, jerking my fingers away from her. “Who else wouldn’t let you get away with coming when you want to?”

She whimpers and squirms. “But I...”

If only I had a belt to wrap around her pretty throat. Then I could leash her and keep her in place while fucking her like I need. It doesn’t matter. This will have to do.

I swat her pussy again, making her whimper. “Would you want to miss out on me while asleep? Huh?”

“Brad, I—”

“Yes or no?” I demand, giving her an inch of my cock. She moans and moves back, trying to take more of me, but I grip her hip hard. “Answer me or I’ll walk away, leaving you tied to the bed so you can’t touch yourself.”

“Brad,” Dad says.

“No. Please,” she whines.

“Oh, you want my cock in you now? Weren’t you just pushing me away?”

“I want you, please, please,” she begs.

“That’s right. Because you’re an eager little slut for me,” I growl, sliding all the way into her and making her mine while my father just watches.

He has his way and I have mine. Mine might be darker, more threatening, rougher, filled with punishments, but based on how Katie is whining and yelling, trying to bury her face back into the pillow to hide every sound leaving her throat, my way works just fine.

I push a finger in her ass, watching how well she takes me. “I need to use your ass again soon, little slut. I know you love having me back here in this tight little hole.”

“Yes,” she moans.

“Say it all,” I order, holding still. When she doesn’t immediately answer, I push her head back into the pillow, holding her in place while I just grind inside her, making sure she feels me, knows I’m in control, that she’s at my mercy.

My grinds become harder and soon her hands reach out, patting on the bed as she can’t breathe.

“And what are you?” I hiss in her ear and lift her head just enough for her to take a breath.

She pants, and I see the faintest smile on her lips. “Your good little slut.”

“That’s right,” I say before slamming into her again.

She takes my cock so fucking well. It’s never a question of if I’ll come. I know my brother got to have her in a lecture hall and I disrupted my father’s play, so I need to prove I’m better than both.

I bottom out again and again until her pussy squeezes around me as she half yells, half moans for me. She gushes on my cock, and I chuckle. “You got to come. What comes next?”

“Whatever you want,” she pants.

I increase the pace, jerking her back against me as I let go of her hair and grab her throat. She shudders, her pussy clenching around my cock until I slide out, flip her over, and come all over her breasts and face. I love seeing her wearing my cum.

She wheezes, looking at me with hazy, exhausted, freshly-fucked eyes, then slowly looks at my dad. She lies back while licking the cum on her lips. She runs her fingers over her breast and sucks them.

“Did you fuck me too, Daddy?” she asks, her voice all breathy and innocent.

“Always, Angel,” he says, and I pick her up without question to get her cleaned up.

I stay soft with her in the shower, telling her how well she did, how much she pleased me, how well she took me until she’s slumped against me, sparkling clean and so warm.

“I was supposed to just sleep,” she murmurs. “But I almost crawled into your bed before I fell asleep.”

My heart stammers, and I can't fight the smile that tugs on my lips.

I kiss her softly, then harder, deeper, our bodies rubbing together until I'm nearly ready to go again. She knows how I feel about her. There's no one else who compares. I proved that last semester while following her here to make sure that no one else caught her attention, to make sure that she didn't forget who she belongs to.

"My sweet little slut," I hum against her mouth.

"Brad." She shudders. "I'm supposed to be asleep. School tomorrow."

"And you're so responsible, I know," I say, rolling my eyes. "A good girl even when I want you to be naughty."

"I've run from you," she argues as I put her in a towel.

"Only when I told you to." I snort.

"But—"

"Shush. Accept the compliment," I say before kissing her forehead and leading her back to her room.

She puts on panties and a T-shirt, and I notice Carter sitting on her bed.

Katie kisses me, then sits next to Carter, kissing him softly. He lifts her shirt to rub her hip. "Did I fuck you too hard in the classroom?"

"No," she answers gently. "I knew what I was getting when I wore that."

"See, impossibly good," I point out.

“Where were you, Daddy? You weren’t home for dinner.” Katie pouts a little.

“Are you complaining about not having me between your legs the second I got home?” he asks.

Katie blushes and shakes her head, but the question lingers in the air. She watches Dad and a chill rolls off him in waves. He saw Katie’s mom. That’s obvious. He rubs his bottom lip like he’d rather be drinking than leans against Katie’s dresser.

“The divorce is finalized,” he informs us.

Without missing a beat, Katie crawls up and hugs him. Dad doesn’t hesitate. He rubs her back and kisses the top of her head. “How many times do I have to tell you it’s not your fault, Angel?”

“At least double the amount of time we tell her,” I grumble.

“It’ll be fine. I told you, it’s been a long time coming. We were barely holding it together before she found out about you three.” He sighs.

“And you?” Carter asks.

“There was no point in bringing it up,” Dad dismisses, continuing to rub Katie’s back. “It just would have hurt her more. The wheels were already in motion. There was no reason to.”

“It would have caused more problems with the divorce,” Carter agrees. “Would have... raised tempers.”

“And dragged it out.”

Katie's being shockingly quiet. "What do you think about all this, Katie?"

"I don't think it's my choice. It's yours, Henry."

"Daddy," he corrects lightly, kissing her forehead. "I'm not ashamed of you... not really, anyway."

This whole house is twisted. Three demons taking advantage of one sweet 'Angel', as Dad calls her. Then again, she's not running unless she's told to and she's certainly not trying to hide anything. She had an out on Christmas. She could have kept her mouth shut, let her mother throw her at that age-appropriate guy, but she didn't.

We may be monsters, but she's eager to have us and that's what really matters.

"Well, then we're no longer step-siblings," I note.

Carter rubs his jaw. "No, we're not."

"And I'm not your stepdad anymore," Dad says while rubbing Katie's jaw, making her look at him. He strokes over her bottom lip with his thumb. "How do you feel about that?"

"Doesn't it make things easier?"

"Less taboo," Carter says with a shrug. "Not that it stopped anything before. Just slowed things down at the start."

"I still want the three of you, as much as I can have you," she says.

I watch the three of them talk about her mom, what this means for us, how hard things might be and all that while staying quiet. After a bit, Katie looks over at me.

She slips free of my dad's arms and rubs my chest.

"Brad?"

"Yes?" I ask, my voice hollow.

Her eyes drop, and I sigh. I can't be rough with her... after being rough with her. I hug her and hold her against me. I won't rub her like my dad did or kiss the top of her head, but I can be gentle.

"I'll still be in your bed when you wake up," I say simply.

She nods and relaxes against me.

We'll all be fine. We're good at that. Plenty can change, but Katie... Katie is ours, and I'm not letting her go just because the title has changed. From stepbrother to boyfriend. It's simpler and easier on her. That's what matters.

But first, I need to make sure everyone knows to stay away from her.

Starting with that tool who thought he could talk to what's mine.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter seven

Katie

I head to my next class, adjusting my books in my arms. I wish I could fit them all in my backpack, but that's just not possible with my laptop, notebooks, and my purse. Thankfully, today, I only have my psychology textbook and my pre-law textbook.

With one earbud in my ear replaying the lecture I recorded from the last class, I'm ready to dive into class. I'm confident about the mini-essay I'm turning in, as if I'm defending a client, and I feel satisfied after last night.

I've never not felt satisfied after having all three of my boyfriends in a day.

Boyfriends now.

Not stepbrothers. Not stepfather.

Am I a homewrecker? No. I'm not. I mean... technically, there's gray area with Henry, but I didn't go out of my way to seduce him. I just... let it happen. I let myself enjoy him. I try to shake the thought and focus on getting to class on time.

The hair on the back of my neck pricks and I pause, then try to glance behind me as inconspicuously as possible. I'm sure it's Brad. It has to be Brad because no one else would linger in shadows instead of coming right out and speaking to me.

It's not like Henry's ever been the kind of man to follow me around school or

anything like that. It's Brad specific. I shudder slightly at the thought. I'm dressed appropriately today. Leggings and a white knit sweater that slides off my shoulder, but it doesn't reveal anything. It's more cute than hot, and there's no way Brad can be frustrated with that.

Shaking my head, I dismiss it. If he wants to keep creeping in the shadows, I'll let him enjoy the game. I have to focus on class. Pre-law is a mess of half-understood sentences and students interrupting until I don't remember the point.

So I stay a little later after class and talk to Dr. Morrison. She nods. "I know today was a hard one, Katie. But you know this material."

"It makes more sense when you provide examples, and this chapter seems too simple. I understand it and I can recite it all back to you, but I don't think I could put it into practice with the previous chapter," I explain.

She takes a slow breath, then looks up a few things. Her eyes slant to mine. "I won't do this for every student, but since class was a mess, I'll send you some court cases that clearly show this. Also, if I remember right, you've been attending Carter's lectures."

I try to swallow my blush, but I'm sure I don't succeed. I nod anyway.

"He provides his email and goes in depth with these subjects. If you'd like, I can also record the next class and send you what I get—I need to do it anyway for some of the online students," she offers.

"That would be amazing. Thank you. I don't just want to pass the tests or essays. I really want to know this material," I insist.

Dr. Morrison smiles. "I'm glad to hear it. This kind of drive will take you far, but

remember, you're only twenty-one, Katie. You don't have to grow up too fast."

I dismiss that thought, thank her again, and head out. I don't bother to tell her that when the students weren't interrupting her, I kept feeling like I was being watched and couldn't pay attention no matter how much I tried.

Normally, it doesn't bother me. At least, it didn't bother me last semester, but it feels different today. I try to push all that paranoia away. I'm fine. I'm healthy. I'm happy living with my boyfriends. I'm glad that we have the new apartment that's close to campus throughout the week and things are going well.

Henry got the divorce, Carter is kicking ass, and Brad... well, he's happy. I think he's happy, isn't he? He would tell me if he wasn't... I think. He's harder to pin down than most people, though, so who knows? I should know.

That's what it comes down to in my head. I should know if my boyfriend isn't happy. I should know if he wants something that he's not getting. I should be more in tune with him. I suck my bottom lip and glance around, being more obvious about it.

It feels like whoever's watching is getting closer, which means I should be able to see them, but instead, their gaze feels like an itch across my neck, my shoulders, and my chest. I lightly scratch at my chest and turn to go to my psychology class, continuing to look around, searching for Brad's familiar face.

I just need one glimpse of him and I'll know that I'm not losing my mind and that I'm safe. Just as I give up finding Brad's face in the crowd and decide to text him, I run into someone. My books spill out of my arms and I nearly drop my phone. Closing my eyes a second to catch my breath, I huff and put my phone in my back pocket, then bend down to grab my things.

When I stand up, I turn around, trying to catch my bearings, and find Dan there. He

smiles. “What a surprise, Katie.”

I blink at him. I only remember his name because I had to defend him to my men. Why on earth would he remember mine? I tuck my hair behind my ear and force a smile. “Hi.”

“I thought that was you earlier, but I wasn’t sure,” he continues.

“Earlier? What do you mean?” I ask before clearing my throat, even though I feel my hope for Brad dropping. I miss his sliding into my classes and working me up.

I miss our private little games even if they happened in front of everyone else.

“Well, I wasn’t sure it was you and I didn’t want to walk up to a stranger, but then you looked all panicky and I got worried you were being followed or something,” Dan says with an innocent smile.

I was being followed... by him, apparently. But pointing that out will achieve all of nothing , so I don’t see the point in saying anything to encourage him. Instead, I nod once and put a bit of space between us.

“Well, I should probably—”

“I don’t know if you have class or something, but I’d still really like to make a case for sociology, you know? Not because I think it’s a great major, but I think you should sit in on a class or two,” he explains, completely ignoring me.

“Why do you think that?”

“You said you’re doing pre-law stuff, and sociology is the study of how people interact, which I think is pretty important to law. Isn’t the whole thing based on what

a rational person would do in a given situation?”

“Yeah,” I say slowly.

He’s not overstepping at all. He’s not being a dick or being creepy, but there’s something about him that just makes me feel... uncomfortable. Maybe he’s just too happy, has too much of that ‘I’m really nice, I’m not a problem’ vibe that makes me feel like he’s not the kind of person I should give another minute of my time to.

But he’s harmless. He has to be.

“See, I just think that one class could get you to at least sit in on a few more or keep that in mind for next semester,” he says brightly.

“I’m graduating at the end of this semester,” I point out.

“Oh. I thought you were a sophomore or junior,” he says. “I see. Well, maybe it would be good for grad school then.”

“I really appreciate it, Dan, but um...” The sensation of being watched multiplies by ten. Well, it hasn’t been Dan watching me.

That gets obvious the more he talks. I nod or smile in what I think are the right places but want to be done with this conversation. I know if Brad sees this, he’s either going to want to prove I’m his by taking me to some semi-public area and fucking me until he’s satisfied and I’m left achy and wanting, or he’ll start a fight with Dan.

It won’t matter that I don’t want Dan, can’t want Dan because of the three men I’m already involved with. Brad’s already made that clear.

He’s not allowed to eye-fuck you or fantasize about you, Carter had said, and I know

Brad feels the same way.

“We should do lunch. I’d love to talk more about what you’re doing for grad school. Might give me some ideas for next year,” Dan says, stealing my attention back.

“Oh, you’re a junior?”

“Yep,” he says. “And I’m desperate for some direction.”

“Unfortunately, I’m flying by the seat of my pants, and I really need to go. Later,” I say.

He starts to say something, but I move through the crowd until I see Brad standing there, glowering. His hands are shoved in his pockets, and even though there are plenty of older students, grad students, T.A.s and others walking around, Brad stands apart from all of them. Mostly because he looks pissed—really pissed. I swallow with some difficulty and try to get to him.

I take a breath and walk toward him, willing to put a stop to this right here and now, but when I should be standing toe-to-toe with him... he’s gone. I look around, send him a text asking where he went, but have to give up the search and retreat to class.

“I’ll just deal with it when I get home,” I tell myself. “It’ll be fine.”

And I’m sure it will be, especially if I can tame this annoying, frustrating headache that’s been pulsing in my temple since the end of last class.

Stress is going to kill me yet.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter eight

Brad

I told her to stay away from him. I told her that she's ours, but Katie loves riling me. She loves not listening. And seeing her talk to him, seeing her mentally check out while he was looking her over like she was his for the taking... that's not allowed.

Each time she opened her mouth, I read her pretty pink lips, waiting for her to say she has a man. I'd take that since explaining 'boyfriends that started as step-relatives' might be a little difficult. But she didn't.

She said 'later', and I know how a college-age kid will take that. He'll think she wants to run into him again and he'll work hard to make it happen. I have no doubt that he's eager to strip her down, to taste her comments instead of listen, and to sweep her up into a relationship she's not available for.

Logically, I know that it's not Katie's fault. She's beautiful and men want her. She could wear sweats and oversized hoodies and it wouldn't keep dicks away, and Dan is a dick. I saw it while Katie was watching me. He couldn't pry his eyes from her ass.

All that warmth and excitement, that sweet energy that would normally make a woman like Katie drop her guard, had been gone and he became just another frat boy wanting to fuck a woman. He'd eyed her like I've seen dogs eye meat.

I should be pissed with him, should be ready to beat him to a pulp, rip out his eyes for

how he looked at her, to choke him with his own tongue. But that isn't as easy.

Right now, I want to grab Katie from class, pull her into an office, an alcove, somewhere that we just might be seen and fuck her like the naughty slut she is. I'll take her ass, finger her pussy, choke her with whatever I can find and make sure she comes all over my cock while thinking of this Dan watching.

She's mine, and if he'll only respect that through violence or my arm wrapped around my slut, then the options are clear. So, I follow him instead of letting Katie find me. He lives in a frat house, and that night, I hear him talking.

Lucky me, they're pot heads who leave the windows open to ventilate.

"Dude, I'm telling you, this innocent little senior is begging for my cock. She was so tuned out when I was talking to her that I know she was fantasizing," Dan the Dick says.

Another guy scoffs. "You're full of it. You said that about another girl and never got laid."

"This one's different," Dan argues. "She looks innocent, but there's this glint in her eyes, this edge to her that says she's naughty. I bet I get a few drinks in her and she spreads her legs like a good whore. Hell, I bet we could all have a taste of it and she'd thank us then ask for more."

I grit my teeth and curl my hand around my keys. The pain of the metal biting into my palm grounds me. Going in there and stabbing him in the cheek with my keys, then decking each of his friends who are laughing, would get me tossed in jail. Carter wouldn't tolerate that. He'd let me sit there at least overnight and brag about getting more time with our girl.

Not an option.

Not an option.

My phone buzzes, distracting me for a minute and inspiring the next idea. It's currently not a possibility to walk in there and ruin them, but I can record what they're saying.

I hit record while still telling myself that walking in there and ending this problem before it can get worse is not an option.

I repeat it even as Dan's comments get more and more disgusting, more and more humiliating.

I want to ruin them. I want to break them in a way I'd never break Katie. A few broken noses, some well-placed punches to bruise bones, to break fingers...

Not an option.

Not an option.

My phone buzzes, and I stop the recording. It's already after dark, and I need to get home... but I don't trust myself. I'll lash out at Katie. I won't be able to be logical or rational. I'll either fuck her so hard she cries, then walk away, or yell until Carter gets involved.

If I hadn't overheard this shit, if I hadn't trusted my gut and listened, then she would have dismissed me as being jealous and possessive—two things I am, without question—but obviously, Dan has worse plans for her than Carter, Dad, or I could ever put into place.

And all she had to do was say, “I have a boyfriend, stop talking to me.”

Eight words. Eight and he’d move on, get caught, get kicked out, and suffer all by himself. Now, even if she does say it, he’ll assume she’s playing hard to get. She’s let too many opportunities slip by.

I grit my teeth. “It’s best for Katie if I don’t go home. Dad will give me shit for stalking her on campus. Carter will want to know what’s going on, and I won’t edit the situation, and he’ll be pissed too. Best to stay away. Cool down. Just cool down,” I say as I stare at my phone.

Katie will be worried, but Carter will tell her that it’s fine. I’m a big boy. I don’t have a bedtime, and it’s not an issue if I don’t come home. It’s not a problem that I’ve ignored every text from Katie and now Carter.

I’m trying to get my shit together. I’m not feeling anything close to nice, and with all the shit going on, all these family issues and Katie losing her appetite with even a little stress, it’s best that I’m not there.

“Don’t worry, little slut,” I say as I ignore Katie’s ringtone. “I’ll come back to you and take care of all your needs soon enough. You can survive a night or two without me.”

And she will. I won’t give her the choice. I’ve proven I can take care of her. So has Carter. She doesn’t need all three of us all the time. She needs to be less greedy.

“The lesser of two evils. I’ll choose the lesser of two evils... for now,” I decide. “Just for now.”

But no matter what reason I come up with, the anger doesn’t subside, and I can’t help calling myself a hypocrite. I’ve been greedy for her since the start, unable to stay

away even when I should. I'm the one who's pissy and doing things that he knows will cause problems. I'm adding stress whether I go home or don't.

I'm trying to change, to be better for her. But only time will tell if I truly can.

Katie

As I stare at my phone, I know I'm getting into 'ridiculous' territory. I've texted Brad four times since I saw him and called him twice. Nothing. I don't get why he's staying away. He knows that's a worse punishment than a spanking.

When he shuts down on me, there's nothing I can do to fix things, and that makes me feel... gutted. I can't focus on my reading, on the lecture Dr. Morrison sent, nothing. I just keep checking my phone. It's already seven. We had dinner without him.

Even though Carter and Henry both said it's fine, reminded me over and over again that Brad's an adult and likes to do things his way without answering to anyone, I saw that concerned shine to Henry's eyes. They're hiding something from me. I just don't know what it is and neither of them seems ready to share.

Groaning, I go to get a shower. When I hear the door open, I pause. I haven't really drawn boundaries with any of my men. I've always been ready for whatever they have planned... to some extent. At the bare minimum, I've always enjoyed what they decide to do.

It's like they know what I want before I do when it comes to sex, but right now, I don't want to have sex. My headache has been off and on, I'm exhausted, and I'm having some weird cramps that appear, then disappear just as quickly.

"Carter?" I guess when the shower curtain isn't immediately pulled to the side.

“You know us well,” he answers.

“Are you... are you coming in?” The warm water drips down my body, and the sound of ruffling behind the shower curtain draws a smile to my lips.

“I think I can fix your headache and your stress,” he says, and his fingers grip the shower curtain. “But I also know you’re leaving something out. So, the question is... does a naughty doll deserve my attention?”

He opens the shower curtain, a soft smile on his lips, and my heart stammers. Yes, I’ve been keeping something from him. From all of them. But that’s only because I don’t believe it— don’t want to believe it.

“I didn’t do anything wrong,” I say softly. He chuckles and steps in beside me. It feels too small for both of us, but he grabs my throat and leans me against him, sandwiching me between him and the cold tile wall.

He’s so hot and the tile’s so cold that I can’t seem to make thoughts work. All I know is his chest moving against my breasts sends pinpricks of pleasure dancing across my skin.

“Carter, I didn’t do anything wrong,” I insist.

“I didn’t say it was your fault,” he says, his fingers lingering over my lips before they drop and he slowly edges back to turn me around. “I’m not sure Brad would agree with that, though.”

“He followed me at school. I kind of talked to Dan in the hallway because it would be rude not to, but I told him no again when he asked me to lunch. I tried to get to Brad, and he was gone. That’s it,” I say.

Carter pauses. His fingers linger on my shoulders. “He told you not to talk to him.”

“Yeah, well, I can’t exist in a world where I can’t talk to men. It’s ridiculous. I’m not going to fuck Dan.” His finger digs into my skin, and slowly, the tension fades as he massages my shoulders and neck.

“You know Brad can’t handle these things.” He sighs.

“Asking me not to talk to any man because they might want me would be like me telling you both that you’re not allowed to talk to women at all because they might fantasize about—”

His touch roughens and so does his voice. “You never saw Brad at his worst. Trust me when I say that you need to back off and make it clear to him that nothing is going on.”

“How can I make it clear to him when he’s ghosting me?”

I glance back at him and he shakes his head, his touch softening, and continues to rub my tense muscles.

“So you’re satisfied with three cocks? With being shared? You like being my doll, Brad’s slut, and Dad’s angel?”

“I like being whatever you make me. I only see you three like that. I only want you three,” I answer as he his fingers lower to my back. “All three of you are so good, even when you’re rough, especially when you’re kinky. I can take all three of you and I like it.”

“Good. But that means you say it. You own it. Tell that guy you’re taken. Tell him your boyfriend is possessive and you like it that way.”

“I know, I will,” I say and take a steady breath. “But I meant what I said. I can’t not talk to every man who exists. I’ll tell Dan I’m taken if he tries to talk to me again.”

Carter nods and his touch leaves me. “Give Brad time. He always comes home,” he says.

I chuckle. “In one piece?”

“He’s always in one piece,” he says.

Which doesn’t do a thing for my peace of mind.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter nine

Carter

Once Katie says she needs to at least take notes on the lecture that was recorded, I head to the living room and open a beer. My dad walks over and puts his hand out. Rolling my eyes, I give him a beer of his own.

Dad doesn't like to talk about things that he doesn't think need to be talked about. He's distracted with the fallout of the divorce, keeping up with work, and is sidetracked constantly by Katie. He glances toward her room as he swallows his beer.

"Leave her tonight," I order.

"Not your place to say," he growls.

"I know. She's not exactly in the mood right now," I say.

I saw it. She didn't invite me in. She didn't offer to get on her knees. She didn't give me her infamous 'fuck-me' eyes. She just watched me with a mix of discomfort and nervousness.

I didn't do anything wrong.

"Well?" Dad asks.

"You know your son. You know if we should be worried about his being out all night

and refusing to answer any of us.” I snort.

“Carter,” Dad warns.

“Katie is a college student. She’s attractive. Boys are going to talk to her, and she will allow them to until it gets to a point. She doesn’t want anyone else. I believe her. And I know that she’s not the best liar. She turned the same guy down twice for lunch, Dad.” I huff.

Dad takes another swig. “And your brother was at school, saw her talking to someone, and flew off the handle because she didn’t slap a boy who wanted to talk to her.” He snorts. “Typical. That boy needs to take care of his temper.”

“His temper is what I’m worried about. He doesn’t have the best self-control. For all I know, he’s currently turning that unlucky kid into a punching bag and we’ll have to bail him out in the morning,” I insist.

We’re silent for a long moment. I want to see the best in my brother. I want to believe that he trusts Katie and isn’t just fucking her and getting possessive for fun. If he’s fucking shit up by beating some innocent student to a pulp or fucking someone else so he can get rougher than he’d want to be with Katie, I’m going to kick his ass.

Our lack of control already helped ruin our dad’s marriage. It put Katie in an impossible position. There’s no going back now.

How the hell did he survive being on campus with her the first time if he never ran into this problem? “I don’t get this. This isn’t his first time on campus with her. It’s mine, and I have more control than he does when it comes to people staring at, flirting with, and talking to Katie. It’s ridiculous.”

“He’s been doing better with his control issues. He vents them with Katie, gets his

temper out in a healthy way. That's what she's here for," Dad says before taking a long drink.

That's certainly not how I look at it. I love fucking her, always feel better after, especially when I know she's coming for me, when she lets me do things that used to make her squirm, things that used to scare her. But that's not the whole deal. I care about her. I want her to feel good. I want her to know that she's safe with us. She needs to know that we're in this for more than sex.

Granted, my dad loves fucking her while she's asleep and likes to watch us fuck her, but he has his own life. He's not around except at night. When I'm not teaching or at the office, I'm with her. I text her throughout the day, especially when I know she's stressed.

I can't deal with my worries for Katie and worry about my brother too.

"I'm going to try him again," I say.

"You're just going to piss him off."

I shoot a glare at my dad.

He shrugs. "Look, I know you boys. You're rebellious, but you're strong. You can take on the world without fear, without a problem. You create the life you want for yourselves in different ways."

"Which isn't always good, especially if Brad's already pissed. One guy looks at him the wrong way and—"

"And he'll meet the consequences of his actions and face the fact that he's not a minor anymore. A few nights in jail might get him to actually take care of his anger

issues if Katie's not able to do that for him," Dad finishes.

"You'd let that happen?"

"Being a parent isn't all about protection and raising you guys. Sometimes, I have to remove the net and see what happens when it's not there. If Brad can't recognize that he has people who care, people who will listen and help him, then maybe he needs to see what happens if he loses control on his own."

Shaking my head, I take out my phone and walk to the kitchen to get some space between us. My dad is a good man—usually, where it matters, at least—but I don't want to think of my brother ending up in jail for assault. I don't want to think of him doing something he'll regret. I know it will affect me. I know it will only upset him further. And I know it will completely derail Katie's peace.

So it's simply not allowed. Period.

When Brad doesn't pick up again, I take a breath and decide to leave a message.

"Katie's not going to cheat on us, you asshole. She didn't do anything wrong. Be possessive, be a dick, whatever, but punishing her like this—where she's worrying about you to the point that she can't focus on schoolwork—is crueler than it would be if you just fucked her hard while edging her. Just text her. Text me. Do something to prove you're not spending the night in jail or knocked out in an alley after getting in a fight you couldn't win. Dick," I hiss, then hang up.

He'll either be home in the morning or he won't, but I'm not going out to look for him. Next time I get the chance, I'll put an app or something on his phone to track him. I'm not letting him fuck up the happiness we could have.

I refuse.

My hands itch, my mind is restless, and I know what can fix that. If Brad isn't going to be here to take care of his slut, I can.

I head upstairs and fling off my shirt in my room before finding Katie wrapping up her notes. She looks up at me as I drag my belt from my pants and her eyes widen. She drops her things and takes a step back. She doesn't have anywhere to run.

"Carter, we agreed that I need to study. I need to focus on that as much as I can," she whimpers.

"But you're not. You're thinking about Brad," I argue.

"Well yeah, but I can't control that. I can control studying, and that means I need to study," she defends, but her eyes dart to the door.

"Tell me again you don't want me. That you don't want me to take your mind off everything."

Her eyes flick from me to the door again and she takes a step away. "You know I always want you, but right now, we need to wait."

"Then I'm going to make sure you do nothing other than beg to have me. That you can't focus on anything except my cock buried in you," I growl.

I round her bed to catch her, but she hops on her bed, darting toward the door. She runs for the stairs, but I'm faster. I catch her as she squeals my name. She thrashes and fights just like she knows I love.

"Carter, just wait. You know I want you, but I have to—"

I tighten my grip around her waist and thrust my other hand between her legs. She's

soaked. She always is when she runs. And her wiggling and thrashing make me crazy. There's something about chasing her down that makes me feel... more.

“Go ahead and fight. I know why you do it. I know you love it as much as I do. Make me a monster,” I snarl.

She moans as I rub her clit mercilessly. She yelps and squirms in my arms, no longer kicking or trying to push me away but still squirming desperately. “Carter. Carter, I—”

I step closer to my room, then push her against a wall, my hand forced between her thighs to remind her that her pussy is mine and I can have it whenever I want it.

She stares up at me as I wrap my hand around her throat. “Say that again and mean it. Tell me you want me to wait while you're soaking wet.”

She whines and shakes her head, but her hand wraps around my hand around her throat, trying to force my grip to loosen. She's still being obstinate, and she knows it. She knows I'm going to get what I want because she wants it. If she told me no, I'd back down... Well... I'd probably still take what I want from her. But she never says no.

“That's what I thought. You always want me,” I snarl. “You just love fighting as much as I do.”

I toss her over my shoulder, carry her to my room, and throw her down on my bed. She twists and tries to crawl away as her shirt edges up to her shoulders, exposing that she doesn't have on a bra.

I lower my pants and boxers as Katie keeps trying to get away until I grab her ankle and drag her back to me. She meets my eyes and pants as I rip her little cotton pajama

shorts and thrust my fingers into her.

“Carter,” she moans and presses her face against my bed to try and hide every moan leaving her throat.

“But you offer yourself up so perfectly. One day, I’ll fuck you hard enough that you’ll understand there’s no resisting you, not when you’re looking like this, Doll.” I jerk my fingers out of her pussy and take some of her wetness to her ass. I do it again and again until her ass relaxes and I can thrust inside, spreading them, reminding her that I own this hole too.

Katie moans and squirms as I fuck her ass with my fingers. She rolls back against my hand as she spreads her legs wider for me. “Carter!”

“Say it again, then. Tell me you don’t want me buried in your pussy or your ass,” I command.

She whimpers as I rub her clit with my other fingers, making her writhe on the bed. “Say it, Katie!”

“I can’t,” she whimpers. “Please. Please.”

“You have to wait,” I snarl. I get down on my knees and keep working my fingers in her ass as I tilt my head to her pussy. She’s so fucking soaked and tastes so good as I lap my tongue over her clit.

“Please, Carter, stop teasing me,” she begs.

I bite on her clit lightly. “Behave, Doll. You’ve been naughty. Fighting me, denying me. You’re not getting my cock until you’re sobbing for it.”

I plunge my tongue inside her, thrusting with the same pace as my fingers do in her ass. Then, I'm on her clit again, sucking until her thighs tremble, flicking my tongue until her body spasms.

"Please! Carter!" Katie shrieks.

"What about Brad?" I demand before licking her from clit to ass.

"I don't care, I want you! Just you. Please fuck me. Please fuck me!" she yells, and I lean up and position myself behind her.

I change my fingers, keeping my right thumb in her ass as I use my other hand to soak the head of my cock with her juices.

With one sharp thrust I'm inside her, forcing her forward on the bed until she's flat on her belly. I push one of her thighs wide, and she does the same with the other, her legs splayed out so I can fuck her as hard and ruthlessly as I need.

She cries, "Yes!"

"This is always what you need, Katie. You know it and I know it. Whenever you're stressed, you need my cock distracting you, fucking all those worries out of your head until you can't think at all," I snarl.

"Yes! Yes! I'll be your good doll. Always so good, so—fuck, Carter!" She whimpers. "I'm gonna..."

"You're going to keep coming until I tell you to stop," I promise.

Her pussy pulsates around my cock, tighter and tighter, until her hips jerk and she comes hard.

“Fuck,” she moans as I won’t slow my pace, fucking her through her tight pussy.

“Carter...” She shakes her head. “It’s too much,” she whimpers, clawing at the sheets. “I can’t take anymore...”

Her whimpers and sobs are a balm to my soul.

“You love it, Katie.”

“I... You’ll break me,” she whimpers.

“You can take more than you think. I haven’t fucked your ass yet, and you want to give that to me, don’t you?” I ask as I gently stroke over her back and spread her ass open.

She shudders and arches back for me. “Oh, God.”

“Good girl,” I praise and replace my thumb with my cock.

She cries out but rocks back against me, moaning against my bed. I’m sure my sheets are wet from her pussy. I wouldn’t have it any other way. I plow into her ass as my hand snakes around her body, and I rub her clit until her body spasms beneath me.

“Carter!” she yells as she comes again. Her ass tightens so much that she drags me with her.

I fill her ass and slump to the bed with her, utterly exhausted. Katie trembles, and I kiss across her neck gently and gently pull out.

“You’re such a good girl, Katie. You can always take more pleasure because you know I’ll take care of you after.”

She nods weakly. “So much better than worrying.”

I chuckle and turn her chin to kiss her gently. “That’s right. It’s better for both of us.”

“Yes,” she says while fighting her eyelids.

“I’m going to get you cleaned up and get you back in bed. I’m sure you’ll remember the lecture now,” I promise.

“If you didn’t fuck it out of me,” she teases with a gentle smile.

That’s my girl. Smart, quick-witted, and too sexy for her own good.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter ten

Brad

A round three a.m., I slip into the house. I keep my keys from jingling. I keep the door from banging, then shut it with a soft click that wouldn't even alert a dog. I soften every footstep as I head in. My hands are coated in dried blood, but the anger hasn't faded.

But I saw every text Katie sent, could feel her desperation.

Katie: Where did you go?

Katie: Seriously, nothing happened. I told him no.

Katie: Are you coming home?

Katie: I hope you're safe. I'd like to see you tomorrow so I know we're okay.

Add that to my brother's texts and his voice mail... and a call from my dad too. I knew I needed to come home, but I didn't want to bring my problems home with me. That's not fair to any of them. Lesser of two evils. That's how it works.

I slip into Katie's room, half expecting my dad to be there, but it's so late that I'm not surprised he isn't. I am surprised that she's wearing full pajamas. She's half kicked the blanket off so I see she has on pajama pants and a T-shirt. A soft 'no'.

Sitting on the edge of her bed, I watch her sleep. She squirms and gropes the bed until I cover her up with her sheet. A part of me wants to crawl into bed with her, to hold her, remind us both that she's mine and she belongs right here, bundled up in my arms for me to enjoy.

She's my slut which means that I'm the one who gets to have her. Carter and my dad get her because it works, but no strangers. No one outside our circle, and as much as I logically know it's not her fault that the dickwad wants her, I hate his thinking for even a second that he can have her.

"You're not available, Katie," I growl in a low voice. "We own you and that means you tell others you're taken. You're not available for lunch. You're not available for flirting."

But her face is so soft, so innocent. As innocent as she isn't .

There's no illusion that she was upset tonight. There's no way for me to avoid the reality that she will keep talking to other men because she has to, but there's a way to do it and she apparently needs to learn that.

So as much as I want to climb into bed, hold her, let her wake up to me and know that I didn't hurt anyone, that I'm not just going to disappear on her, I'm not ready for the conversation we need to have.

It'll become a fight because she just won't understand. I wish she didn't have to, but this isn't a problem that's going to disappear.

Which is why I'm not going to let her know I'm here. I'll leave a note for Carter and that will be good enough. At least for now, while I set up my next step for Dan the Dick and my disobeying slut.

Chapter eleven

Katie

My back rests against a tree in front of the main building. I try to focus on the essay in front of me, the words blurring together as my mind drifts. It's late afternoon, and I should be concentrating—this paper won't write itself—but something's off, a low hum beneath everything.

I look up, squinting against the golden light of the setting sun, and see him. Dan. He's across the quad, waving frantically as if he's been waiting for me.

I groan inwardly.

Not now.

I just want to get through this day without any more complications. I can't seem to shake him. My bag is tightly nudged against my side and I start packing up my books. If I move fast enough, maybe I can avoid him. But as usual, he's quicker than I am.

“Hey, Katie!” His voice is too loud.

A wave of dread washes over me. I don't stop to look at him, but I know he's getting closer. I don't have time for this.

I force a tight smile as I glance up, trying to be polite, but it's a struggle. “Hi, Dan.”

I sling my bag over my shoulder, making a show of gathering up my things faster than necessary. Sweat builds on the back of my neck. I need to leave before this conversation goes any further. Carter made it clear. I need to stop leaving any doubt. I either need to tell him I'm seeing someone or cut him off without wiggle room.

But Dan isn't having it. He steps right in front of me, blocking my path. He's grinning like this is all some game. I notice a bruise on his cheek, another on his jaw. It looks like his lip was split too. That makes his grin even more menacing. Fresh from a fight and he's acting like nothing has happened at all.

"You headed out?" he asks casually, like we're friends.

"I—yeah, I have to get going." I force my voice to sound normal, but my pulse is already starting to race. I don't want to anger Brad further.

He doesn't move. "I was thinking... maybe we could grab coffee later? I've been meaning to talk to you. We could hang out, you know?"

I take a small step back, trying to create some space. "I'm really busy," I say. "I have a lot of stuff to do."

He doesn't take the hint. Instead, he closes the distance I just created, blocking my way. "Come on. Just one coffee. You deserve a break, don't you think?"

I shake my head. "Dan, I'm not interested."

Still, he doesn't back off. Instead, he looks at me with this strange, almost pitying expression, like he thinks I'm playing hard to get. His words don't match that 'too happy', sweet air I'd pegged him with either. "You sure about that?"

A flash of irritation rises up in me. What the hell does this guy think? Am I sure

about what I'm saying? The fact that he thinks that he knows what's going on in my head pisses me off so much that I almost get why Brad's been pissed.

I wanted Dan to prove me right. To prove that not all guys approach girls just to date them or fuck them. I wanted to believe that one clear 'no' would be enough. I'm twice as mad that Dan isn't doing me that meager favor.

"I'm seeing someone," I say.

The second I say it, a strange sense of relief settles my mind, like I've finally established a boundary. But Dan doesn't seem to care.

"You have a boyfriend?" He raises an eyebrow, clearly amused.

"Yes, I do. So whatever this is, just leave me alone. Okay?" I try to move past him, but his hand catches my arm.

His voice drops an octave, becoming more serious, almost predatory. "You don't have to act like you don't like me. I can tell you do."

The words make my skin crawl, but I'm stuck, rooted to the spot with his grip. My pulse pounds in my ears as the urge to run claws at me.

"Get your hands off me," I order with a forced grin.

His touch slowly peels away, but that dark threat in his eyes lingers. I hate that I missed it. I hate that I assumed the best of him. I didn't want Brad to be right. I wanted to prove that people are good at heart, that not everyone is a threat. I'm just about to say that when that sense of being watched pricks the back of my neck again.

And then, in the distance, I see him. Brad. He's standing by the fountain, arms

crossed over his chest, eyes locked on us. His expression is unreadable, but I can sense the anger radiating off him from here. I don't know how long he's been standing there, but he's watching us—watching me.

My breath catches, and I take a step back from Dan, the words spilling out before I can stop them. "I really have to go."

Dan doesn't seem to hear me. His gaze follows mine and flicks between me and Brad. He's putting the pieces together but clearly doesn't believe whatever he's thinking.

"Is that him?" he asks, and I nod.

"Bye, Dan," I say and take off. But the closer I get to Brad, the more nerves crawl up. Will he disappear again or will he finally talk to me?

He's either going to fight with me or... or something else, something naughty and overwhelming and punishing in a way I don't entirely feel ready for. Not with anger still nipping at my heels and the threat of another headache teasing my temples.

No matter what he chooses, the public eye isn't going to do me any favors.

As I'm coming closer, Brad only shakes his head before I hear his voice.

"Go home, wait for me." His voice is low and dark, but he won't say more as he walks past me toward Dan.

I should stop him, right? Tell him to come with me?

But it is really the best way to disobey him again.

I follow him with my gaze, his strides heavy with purpose, but I don't dare to look and turn to head home.

Obeying him like he wants me to.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am

Chapter twelve

Brad

The air's thick with the smell of fresh-cut grass and exhaust as I stand outside the house, staring down at my hands. I flex my fingers, but the blood that coats them doesn't come off. It's sticky, dry now, and the reality of it hits me harder than I thought it would. I lost control. I let the darkest parts of myself come to the surface again.

I can still hear Dan's groaning voice in my head, the whimper of a man who thought he could take what wasn't his.

He never saw it coming.

I glance at the door, knowing Katie's inside. My feet move almost on their own, like they know exactly where I'm going before my mind catches up. She's magnetic that way, impossible to resist.

By the time I step inside, she's standing there, her back to me, not yet aware that I'm home.

I pause for a moment, breathing deep, letting the weight of everything settle into my chest. The bruises on my face sting. But it doesn't matter. Nothing matters but her.

She's mine.

I slide the belt from around my waist and hold it loosely in my hand as I step forward. She turns at the sound of my footsteps, her eyes locking with mine. Her breath hitches, and I don't miss the flicker of fear that crosses her face, even if she tries to hide it.

Her lips part, but she doesn't speak.

"You know what I want," I say, my voice low. It's a command, something we both know too well.

She doesn't say anything, but her eyes drop to my hands, and she tenses when she sees the blood there. Her hand covers her mouth in surprise. "Brad..."

I don't answer. I don't need to. She already knows.

I edge closer, and her back hits the side of the counter. I can almost taste her fear now. It bites at me in the air between us. The tension is sharp, but familiar. Safe.

"You know why I'm here," I mutter again. She doesn't answer, but I don't expect her to.

I reach out, one hand curling around her neck. Not to hurt, not yet, but just enough to feel the soft pulse beneath my fingers. She gasps as she takes in the bruises and marks on my face. She should see it for what it is—my determination to keep her safe and my willingness to fight for what we have. It won't take her long to figure out every mark is from the fight with Dan. Just like she'll soon realize the fury still burns inside me.

She trembles beneath my hand, and part of me wants to hold her there, to feel her shake, to remind her who she belongs to.

But then I see it in her eyes. She's scared. She's scared of what's coming. Or perhaps of what I've done.

"Tell me you're mine," I whisper, my voice catching in my throat. "Tell me you need me."

She blinks rapidly. "I need you," she answers. The words fall from her lips, fragile and unsure, but they're enough. They have to be enough.

All I can cling to is the need to claim her, to remind her that she's mine in every way that matters.

All I can think about is how I'm going to make this right. How I'm going to make her see that no one else can have her. Not Dan. Not anyone.

"I won't let you go," I growl, tightening my grip on the belt, "not now, not ever."

Her eyes widen and her lips tremble. There's a moment—just a second—where she seems to remember who I really am. Every rough, intense thing I've done to her builds in her eyes, overwhelms her. But she doesn't move away. She doesn't fight me.

Not yet.

My fingers loosen on the leather belt as I tie it around her neck. Her blush burns my skin, but I don't give her the chance to speak.

"You know you belong to me, don't you?" I whisper, my voice dark and low, close to her ear.

Katie swallows thickly. Her eyes flicker briefly toward the blood on my hands. I tug

the belt just a little harder, tugging it tighter against her skin, not enough to hurt, not yet.

“Say it, Katie,” I demand, my voice more forceful now. “Say that you’re mine.”

She’s scared. I can see that. But she’s also still here, still letting me hold her like this. That tells me everything I need to know.

“I’m yours,” she whispers, the words soft but real.

I let out a breath, feeling a slight sense of relief. I was right—she’s not going anywhere. She could have said no. She could have ended our fun and opened an incendiary fury in me, but she didn’t.

She’s not leaving me. Not running from me. Not unless I let her.

Her eyes glance at the blood again, and I see something else. A strange kind of understanding, like she’s finally accepting the truth of what this is.

“You want me to stop?” I ask quietly, my grip relaxing just enough for her to breathe easily. I make it sound like a question, but I already know the answer.

“No, Brad,” she says, her voice small but determined.

I smile coldly. “Good.”

I edge back, only to grab her wrist, dragging her toward the front door. There’s no struggle, not really. Katie so rarely fights me anymore unless I surprise her like I did when she was sleeping.

She doesn’t fight because she needs me like I need her. She understands the things I

can't put into words.

I don't look at her as I open the passenger door of my truck, just gesture for her to get in.

The engine roars to life as I slam the door behind me, speeding down the road. The town slips away behind us, swallowed by the dark, and I head toward the woods. Katie's eyes flick to me every so often, her lips parted like she wants to speak, but she knows better than to break the quiet.

Not yet.

When I finally pull the truck to a stop, the only sound is the faint hum of the engine, the rustling of leaves in the wind. We're deep enough in the woods now that no one will hear her if she screams—when she screams. But I know this dirt road like the back of my hand, just like I know that no one will come out here at this time of night, this time of year. Every sound that will leave Katie's throat will be mine, just like her body, just like her heart.

"Get out," I command, my voice sharp.

She doesn't protest. Slowly, she opens the door and steps out, her boots crunching against the gravel.

I stop by the truck and watch her for a moment. She knows what will happen out here. She knows the rules of this game.

"You should've stayed away from him," I mutter, the words slipping out before I can stop them.

"I didn't ask for this," she whispers. "You're the one who—"

I cut her off by snatching her closer, her breath catching again, but I don't kiss her.

Not yet.

"You're still here," I say softly, almost as if to myself. "And you'll stay."

Her breath comes faster now, and for a split second, I wonder what she's thinking. I know what I'm thinking, what I'm feeling. This tension. The raw, unsaid things that hang between us like a storm ready to break. She's trembling, but I don't think it's fear anymore. She's been through worse with me.

I let go of her wrist for a moment, stepping back to watch her as she steadies herself, like I'm waiting for her to make the next move.

"I never wanted him. I never wanted to leave!" she says, her voice small, almost lost in the space between us. "But you left me first."

Her words hang there in the dark air, a sharp bite. And it stings more than I want to admit.

I reach for her again, grabbing her chin with two fingers and tilting her face back up toward me. I can see the rawness in her eyes now, the vulnerability that she hides so well. The fact that she lets me see it, that's my power.

"Do you hear that?" I smile as the wind carries Dan's voice.

Katie's eyes search mine as she listens to the voices in the wind. "What is that, Brad?"

I tug the leather belt, watching it tighten around her skin until she gasps. "If you find him first, I won't kill him."

She gulps and finally realizes this isn't a game anymore. This is real—this is me.

“He means nothing, Brad,” she says, but my need for pain doesn't ebb. It's too late for that.

“Run, Katie,” I sneer down at her.

“I don't want to run away from you,” she whispers, her voice breaking, but she can't try to lure me back from the dark. Not when its claws have already sliced into my soul.

I push her back against the truck, my knee between her legs. My fingers trail over her jaw, down her neck, curving over her breasts.

“Show me you're mine... only mine.” My hand lingers on her pants, my cock already hard for her.

Not yet.

The temptation to break her down, to ruin her the same way she's ruined me, it's almost too much. I want to hurt her in a way that leaves a scar deeper than any I could leave on her skin. I want her to feel this, to understand that she made a choice, just like I did.

She looks up at me, her eyes wide, lips parted. I can see the conflict in her, the way her emotions shift from fear to something else, something darker. “I've shown you every day,” she whispers, and the words draw a snort from me. “It's never enough. Now I'm saying I don't want to run and—”

“Do you want to find him?” I ask as the wind carries Dan's recording again.

“What did you do?” She steps away from me, toward the sound of Dan’s voice, and the action hurts me, cuts deep inside me as she turns from me.

I shove her forward. “Run.”

With a staggering step, she does. Slowly, her pace quickens, and she runs from me into the dark forest until the shadows swallow up her body.

My body shakes, my hands curl into fists as I try to give her a head start. I want her to find Dan. I want her to see what I did to him. I want her to hear what kind of monster he is.

She already has me in her life. She doesn’t need another monster. Hell, she has me, my brother, and my dad. She’s full. If she wants to be used and fucked in every way imaginable, we’ll happily take care of it, and when it comes to punishing her, pushing every limit she has and reminding her why she lets us do exactly that...

I take a sharp breath and sprint after her. Nothing has been enough to satisfy the need to hurt and tame, to humiliate and control. I should have known the key is and always will be Katie.

The darkness feels like home as the night sky doesn’t bring much light to show me my path. But the crunching of her shoes, her whimpers, and Dan’s pitiful sounds are enough to lead me in the right direction. She’s never learned how to be quiet in the woods and I hope she never does.

Dan’s voice is taut and weak as I round another big tree. Twigs and branches slap at my face, but nothing slows my stride. Katie is mine, even if I have to hunt her down and remind her of it. Nothing in this world could stop me when she belongs in my arms, under me, filled by me and moaning my name.

Light in the distance lures me in and I pick up my pace. Katie's frame comes into view as she stares up at my piece of art.

"You should've left me alone," she whispers to Dan who only groans in pain.

My jaw tenses as she speaks to him and my hand wraps around the tail of the belt. I jerk her back against me as the leather tightens around her throat, threatening every panting breath she drags in.

"You should let him go," she murmurs as her eyes take in what I've done. Dan is tied up in a tree, blindfolded as blood drips from his face and body. He put up a fight, though. He's stronger than he looks, but not strong enough.

I toss Katie to the cold ground and fall to my knees, keeping her in place. She finally lashes out. She shoves me, yells at me, senseless commands as she pushes me, lightly punches me, and yells my name until I catch her hands in mine and put her on her back, my hands holding hers against the fallen leaves on the ground.

"Is this what you needed from me?" I sneer as the recording of Dan's foul words echoes around us.

My grip is harsh, and she whimpers while she struggles beneath me. "You're hurting me," she whispers. "Brad, you're—"

"Good," I snap and push her wrists together, holding them with one hand as I open her coat.

Her body curves toward me and my cock twitches in response. No matter how much she pushes back, she wants me. She can't hide it, has never been able to hide it.

"Keep your hands right there," I order as my stare catches on the belt around her

neck. The buckle glints in the moonlight.

My patience thins as I tear her clothes from her body, desperate to feel her soft, warm skin beneath my palms and ruin her. I want—no need—to mark her with my touch, to paint her with my cum until every part of her body and soul is mine.

“Brad, it’s freezing and he’s right—”

“I don’t care,” I snarl.

Katie shivers, the cold night air brushing over her. I press the cool metal of the belt buckle against her heated skin, tracing a line from her collarbone down between her breasts, around her navel and then further south.

“You’re mine,” I growl low, my voice rough with lust and possession. “Say it.”

“I’m yours,” she whispers, but this time there’s a different inflection in her voice, a hint of submission and need.

My cock throbs almost painfully and I tug her up by the leather belt around her neck, turn her so she stares directly at Dan, and push her on her knees.

The leather belt twists around her neck, keeping her head up as I wrap my hand around the leather band. I lower my zipper and free my cock. My body curls in front of her as I tighten my hold on the belt.

“Open wide, slut,” I sneer.

“You should let him go,” she whispers, and my jaw snaps shut.

My fingers dig into her cheeks, prying her mouth open, and then I thrust inside her,

listening to her gagging around my cock, clawing at my pants.

“You belong to me,” I grit and grind against her face, sensing how the tip of my cock moves down her throat.

My body buzzes, my hold on her rough, and I start to move my hips.

She tries to gasp for air, but I won’t stop. I won’t release her. She’s mine.

Every thrust is harder than the one before. My fingers let go of the belt and both hands curl around her face, holding it as I fuck her mouth.

I take what is mine, and mine alone.

My hands dampen, and I notice the tears that stream down her face.

My thrusts slow, but every time my cock slides down her throat, the tension in my body simmers.

“Look how good you take me,” I whisper, and her stare snaps up to mine.

“Suck harder,” I order. “Be good for me.”

Her hands grip my hip and she starts to move with me, her lips tightening around my cock, her tongue swirling around my shaft, and then a moan vibrating around it all.

Fuck, that felt good.

With a few more thrusts, I still deep inside her, her throat working around my cock, and my head falls back.

But I can't come.

Not yet.

I pull out and toss her back to the ground. She wines and gasps. But I'm not here to take care of her. I'm here to remind her what she is to me.

I'm sloppy and rushed as I push my pants down and crawl behind her, hauling her up by the belt wrapped around her pretty throat.

"Brad," she cries out, but I line up behind her. The head of my cock slips between her wet pussy lips.

I chuckle darkly and tug on the belt, then slam inside her. I thrust into her tight pussy, ignoring her whimpers and moans as I take what I need from her.

"No one comes to save you tonight," I sneer out as my pace hardens.

Her pussy pulses around my cock and I smile. "Look at that, you're even more fucked up than I am. You love this, don't you? Love to feel pain and pleasure, love that I almost killed the one who thought he could have you."

My little wicked slut.

Chapter thirteen

Katie

The ground digs into my knees, cutting my skin as Brad fucks me hard and fast. He's furious. His periods of silence prove it. When my own whimpers edge, he grinds into me, panting in my ear. "My perfect, fucked up little slut. I'm going to make you as dirty on the outside as you are on the inside."

I whimper. "Brad, please, just—"

He slams into me again and again, making pain and pleasure pulse through me as he swats my ass and fucks me the way he needs to feel in control again. Every thrust pushes thoughts of the rest of the world away until it feels like he's the only man in my life. Even though there are two more waiting at home.

The leather belt constricts around my throat, my breaths shallowing as I struggle. My stare is focused on Dan hanging from the tree in front of us. I'm sure he hears me. I'm sure he's listening since his whimpers have silenced.

I want to tell him not to listen. I want to order Brad to get rid of him, but Brad bites my ear hard and pants against my lobe. "Be loud for him. He can't see you, so he'd better hear you. Scream my name until he has it memorized."

It's so fucked up, so wrong. Thinking about how determined Brad is to own me, to make it clear to a man I said no to makes me angry, but I can't deny how hot it is either. If he weren't buried inside me, fucking me like I'm his, marking his territory

without worrying about whether I come, if he weren't so... him, I'd be furious, hit him, scream at him, but all I can do is obey. I moan his name weakly, then louder as he picks up his pace while palming my breast and pinching my nipple to the point of pain.

Pain I want—because that's who Brad is, pleasure and pain. The pain always makes the pleasure more intense. The pain lets me know it's real, and I want it all, want everything.

Brad yanks on my makeshift collar again and my back curves further, almost uncomfortably as his other hand pushes on my lower back. Every thrust is harder than the one before and I'm waiting for my limit. For the moment I can't take it. But as my body trembles and moves with his, I almost cry out as my pussy tightens around his cock.

Brad shifts, leans forward, and his breath is hot against my neck. I bite my lip to stifle a moan.

“You like this, don't you?” Brad growls in my ear. “Letting him hear what he can't have, knowing that he's listening and paying more attention to you than his pain since he knows this is all he will ever get.”

I whimper in response, a confusing mix of shame and arousal coursing through me as each thrust sends shockwaves of pleasure through my body. I hate myself for responding this way, for finding ecstasy in this twisted scenario.

“Tell him,” Brad demands. “Tell him how good it feels.”

I shake my head, and Brad's arm wraps around me, his fingers pinching my nipples until I cry out.

“Tell him!” he orders, and I break.

“I love how it feels! I love the pain, how you use me and hurt me.” The confession tears out a sob, and as my stomach tenses, his position changes and a sharp pain shoots through me.

“More,” he orders, swatting my clit so it throbs.

“Brad, please! Please! I’m yours, I’m yours. I’m yours!” I yelp, desperate to come. He makes it so easy to fall into ecstasy, no matter what’s going around.

“You’re my good little slut,” he grits and plows into me harder and faster.

He’s punishing me for dragging things out with Dan, but I’m accepting his retribution for another reason entirely. With all my mood swings, the headaches, the cramping, the fact that my period wasn’t anywhere near normal... I saw the results of my test last night and haven’t told anyone, haven’t processed it.

It’s been my secret and I’m ashamed I’ve kept it, ashamed that I hid it from all of them, and I hate even twenty-four hours of secret keeping when it comes to my men.

“And you’re going to come for me even though I haven’t been touching your clit, aren’t you? You’re desperate to come.”

I claw at the ground, shaking my head as the pain intensifies. I don’t want to say anything else, don’t trust my mouth. As much as I deserve this pain with all I’ve done, I can’t do anything but moan.

“What are you, Katie? Yell it. Make sure that the dick in the tree hears it. Tell him exactly what you are,” Brad orders as wet sounds echo from my pussy under his grunts and my ragged moans.

When he increases the pace, punishing me with his cock and the orgasm denial, tears burn my eyes. I know what he wants, but I can't find the words. Only the secret I've been hiding, the one that I've tried to hide. I lied to myself, made up so many excuses, but it's so obvious, I can't deny it, and—

“Say it!” Brad snarls, swatting my clit.

“I'm pregnant!” I spit out, and he freezes within my next sharp breath.

My heartbeat pounds in my ears as Brad pulses in my pussy. The sudden silence is too much. I can't be quiet. “I know I should've told you sooner.” Tears fall down my cheeks as the pain low in my stomach simmers. “I didn't want to believe it. I couldn't believe it. I made excuses, ignored it, but then... but now I can't.”

He pants against my ear, then turns my chin so I have to look at him. “Why didn't you tell me?”

“You weren't home,” I snap. “You left me.”

The tightness of the belt loosens. “Do Carter and Henry know?” he asks.

I shake my head and hide my face from him. “No, they don't. I wanted you to know first.”

His pulls out and turns me around. His lips come down on mine, taking me by surprise. His kiss is soft and gentle. It's such a whiplash compared to what we were just doing that I melt against him. I think I could come from this alone. His hands cup my cheeks, his thumbs gliding over my tear-stained skin.

He draws back and studies my watery eyes as I sniffle. There's just too much going on, too much that doesn't work in my head. Dan's still tied up in a tree, I'm naked in

the woods, I just confessed the secret I've been holding onto, and now Brad is looking at me with no fury, no sharpness, just utter and complete warmth.

"Are you sure?" he asks as his lips hover over mine.

I nod. "I took a test, but I thought it was a false positive. I haven't had morning sickness or... I took another one recently and got the same answer."

"Damn," he whispers softly. Then he glances at Dan as if realizing exactly what kind of situation we're in. "I'll be better," he says. "I promise, Katie. I will."

I chuckle. "I love you for the twisted man you are. Just keep talking to me, even if you're angry."

He nods once, but his gaze drops. He stares at my belly with a mix of confusion and awe. I hook my fingers under his chin, needing him to look at me. "Promise me, Brad. Don't shut me out."

His darks gaze focuses on mine, and my chest tightens, waiting for his response. For the first time, it feels real. Now that I've told him... it's all slamming into me, and I'm mildly terrified he's going to push me away.

"Say something," I beg. "Fuck me again, something."

"I promise I won't run again," he says, and a half-smile tilts on his lips. "Do you know... whose it is?"

I shrug. "Does it matter?"

He smiles. "I bet it's mine."

Brad

Katie pants and shivers as she presses herself against me. I'm still hard and I was so close to finished. I glance from her belly, to her eyes, then to my cock. It feels wrong to ask, but she wraps her arms around me and grinds on me.

"No more punishing, please. No more edging," she pants against my neck. "I love you for exactly how you are, so finish with me."

How the hell am I supposed to deny her that? I groan and lift her, adjust our angle, then thrust into her. She holds onto me tighter, and I sit back on my heels so she's riding me. She moans and pants into my shoulder as I bounce her on me. I palm her ass as I lavish her neck with kisses and promises of being better, of pleasing her, taking care of her but never denying her kinky fun.

"I can be good to you while keeping you as my good slut," I promise in her ear.

"Yes. I'm yours. All yours," she sighs. "Fuck me to prove it."

I lay her down on the ground and slide my fingers through hers, holding her hand above her head as I fuck her the way I need. It's hard, fast, wild. Her moans are music that shrink my awareness to us and only us. I'm finishing her here. I don't care what it takes.

I pound into her harder and faster, trying to meet the frantic pace of my heart pounding in my chest. Katie arches for me and turns to bite the inside of my bicep to silence her moan. I push her back and lightly collar her throat.

"I didn't say you were allowed to be quiet. Be loud. I want you echoing through the woods," I snarl.

She obeys, panting my name, getting louder and louder until she finally comes. I don't pull out. I won't. Instead, I thrust deeper into her.

I don't know if the baby is mine. I want to believe it is, but for some reason, not knowing flips some primal urge in me. I slam into her, harder, faster, deeper, until I come buried inside her, my cock pulsing as I fill her with every drop of my cum. I pant with her and grind myself deeper into her as if I can force her baby to be mine.

She shudders as her legs tremble and twitch. "Brad, you..."

"You're mine, and as far as I'm concerned, the baby is mine too," I pant and lean down to kiss her.

She trembles and wraps herself around me, clinging to me as I process, or try to process, what she's just told me. She's known for weeks, thought it was fake, but knew. She's been keeping this all to herself for so long, keeping it from us as if she were ashamed. She's not losing me that easily.

"You still want me," she says.

"I just chased you through the woods to fuck you in front of a man who wanted to share you with his entire frat. You really think your being pregnant will change that you're mine? Will change that I want you?" I snort. "Ridiculous."

She smiles and kisses me again. Every drawn-out kiss, no matter how soft, makes me desperate to claim her again. I'll never have enough of her. And if tonight doesn't prove what I'm willing to do for her, then I'll just have to keep trying.

Chapter fourteen

Katie

The front door clicks shut behind us as I lean on Brad's arm, my legs wobbly. The familiar scents of home, coffee and Carter's cologne, wash over me.

"What the hell were you two thinking?" Henry's voice booms from the living room.

I flinch as Brad guides me toward the couch. Carter paces by the fireplace, jaw clenched. The anger radiating off both of them makes my skin prickle with discomfort.

"Shut it, Dad," Brad says firmly. His hand on the small of my back feels possessive, protective.

I sink onto the plush cushions, wincing as my scraped knees bend. Brad kneels before me with a warm, damp washcloth. As he gently cleans the cuts, I study his face—the furrow of concentration between his brows, the tightness around his mouth. Does he regret what we did in the woods?

"This is insanity," Carter mutters, running a hand through his hair. "Absolute madness."

Brad's touch is tender as he dabs at a particularly nasty scrape. "You'll be alright, sweetheart," he murmurs. He kisses just above it. "We'll get you Band-Aids and ice."

I want to lose myself in his care, but guilt churns in my stomach. What have we done? What mess have we created?

Henry's footsteps thud across the hardwood as he paces. "Do you have any idea the position you've put us all in?" he demands.

I open my mouth to respond, but no words come. What could I possibly say to make this right? My head is twisting, every thought curling in on the next one. Are they talking about Dan (suddenly old news) or the baby? Did I leave my test out? Did they find it before I had the chance to tell them?

Brad's hand cups my cheek, drawing my gaze to his. "Don't worry about them," he says softly. "I've got you."

For a moment, the world narrows to just us two. But Carter's agitated muttering and Henry's angry pacing intrude, reminding me of the tangled web we're caught in.

Carter's voice cuts through the tension, sharp and controlled. "Brad, we need to deal with Dan. Now."

I flinch at the name, memories of our encounter in the woods flooding back after the calming, warm ride back in the truck. The peace that filled us both after Brad got everything out of his system. All the panic I felt on the ride out there starts to tease my nerves again. Brad's jaw clenches, but his eyes never leave mine.

We took our time coming back. I know that Brad texted something, then he took me to a drive-through. We talked the whole way home, finally got out everything about what I'd been feeling and how he'd been thinking. I don't know how long it's been since we left the house or left Dan.

"It's handled," Brad says dismissively, his fingers tracing soothing circles on my arm.

Carter steps closer, his polished shoes gleaming in the soft lamplight. “Handled? You left a man tied to a tree, Brad. That’s not ‘handled’. That’s a disaster waiting to happen.”

I can feel the weight of Carter’s piercing gaze, but Brad seems unfazed. He continues tending to my scrapes with careful attention, as if Carter’s words are merely background noise.

“Brad.” Carter’s voice drops lower, a hint of menace creeping in. “This isn’t a game. We need to clean up your mess and get your temper under control before it becomes irreparable.”

“Let me worry about Dan,” Brad finally says, his tone eerily calm. “Katie needs me right now.”

I search Brad’s face, trying to understand how he can be so nonchalant about what we’ve done. And I’m definitely complicit now. Is that why he doesn’t care? Or is it the other news? There’s a glint in his eye that both thrills and terrifies me. What is he planning? And why does a part of me trust him implicitly despite everything?

As Brad’s fingers ghost over a bruise on my collarbone, I shiver. His eyes darken with desire, and for a moment, I forget about Dan, about Carter’s anger, about everything beyond this electric connection between us.

“Brad,” Carter warns, but his voice sounds distant, unimportant.

I’m falling into Brad’s gaze, drowning in the intensity of his focus.

Henry’s voice shatters our moment. “Can you stop doting on Katie for two seconds and answer!” he snaps.

Brad’s hands freeze on my skin, but his eyes never leave mine. There’s a defiance in

his gaze that makes my heart race.

“Henry,” I start to say, but the words die in my throat. What could I possibly say to make this okay?

Brad’s jaw tightens. “She needs care,” he says, his voice low and controlled. “She’s more important than the ‘mess’, if that’s what you want to call it.”

Henry’s face flushes deep red as he takes a step forward, fists clenched at his sides. “Because of injuries you caused! You’ve done enough,” he growls.

Carter moves then, placing a firm hand on Henry’s shoulder, stopping his aggressive approach. “Easy,” he murmurs, but his eyes are fixed on Brad’s hands, which have drifted to rest on my stomach. “Let’s all take a breath.”

Brad’s fingers splay protectively across my abdomen, and something in Carter’s gaze shifts.

My heart pounds so loudly I’m sure they can all hear it. Brad’s touch burns through my shirt, a secret branded on my skin. He’s already protective of me, but his keeping this new... addition in mind simply because of Henry’s temper is confusing, touching, overwhelming.

“Katie.” Carter’s voice is soft. “Is there something you need to tell us?”

Brad’s hand tightens perceptibly on my stomach, and I fight the urge to lean into his touch. Instead, I force myself to meet Carter’s concerned gaze.

“I... I’m pregnant,” I whisper, my voice barely audible.

At first, I want to cross my fingers to hope that no one heard me, that my voice is just carried away as the heat kicks on. Carter’s eyes don’t move from my face. There’s no

change there even though his jaw tightens.

Henry inhales sharply. “What the hell does that mean?”

Brad shifts closer. “What else could it mean?” he snaps. “Pretty hard to misunderstand that.”

“Don’t you talk back to me. Speak up, Katie. What do you—” Henry starts and edges closer.

A flicker of violence sparks in Brad’s gaze and he speaks in a low growl through his teeth. “Back off, Henry.”

But Carter’s eyes haven’t left mine. He takes a step forward, his expression a mix of worry and something else I can’t quite place. Everything plays out in his eyes. I can see his thoughts churning, piecing things together.

He processes the news in record time. “How far along are you? How long have you known?”

My mind races, calculating days and weeks, remembering missed pills and reckless moments. “A few weeks along, at least, if not... more,” I admit, shame coloring my cheeks. “I didn’t want to believe it with the first test two weeks or so ago, but I’ve been feeling off, figured it was stress, but I took another one and... and I can’t argue with two positive tests.”

The room falls silent and I wrap my arms around myself. Brad’s already made it clear a baby changes nothing between him and me, but there’s more than him and me in this relationship.

And suddenly, this relationship, this mess, everything feels wrong. Even with Brad’s hand on my belly, our half conversation about my being pregnant... it’s all terribly

wrong.

My throat closes up, bile rises in my stomach, and I push Brad's touch away. Their voices ring in my ears as I hurry from the couch and run up the stairs. Tears cloud my sight and a sob breaks free once I'm in my room. My legs give out and I fall to my knees.

What have I done? This wasn't supposed to happen. Not like this. Not now.