



Lords Of Ruin (Ruthless Kings Of Thorhaven #1)

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Category: Sport

Description: You'd do the same thing.

If your father was drowning in your hospital debt, you'd find yourself standing naked before three powerful men you hate. With a proposition and one hundred thousand dollars.

My pride disappeared when I saw the foreclosure notice on my front door.

My morals disintegrated when I saw my teddy bear of a father cry as he held the only items he has left of my mothers.

I became fearlessly stupid when I heard him contemplate whether or not to sell my mother's engagement ring to cover a couple of nights in a motel.

So For four months, Im theirs to claim and ruin.

My innocence belongs to them and I'm starting to fall for the dark possessive beasts.

But then I find out, they're hungry for revenge, hiding dark secrets that could shatter everything.

One wrong move, and we could all fall apart.

Lords of Ruin is a short novella introducing The Ruthless Kings of Thornhaven. Watch them fall first for the queen they love to hate. Its an angsty, spicy dark Enemies to Lovers, Young Adult Romance.

Total Pages (Source): 5

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PROLOGUE

D on't say you wouldn't do the same thing. If your father was drowning in debt from your hospital bills, I know you would also find yourself standing naked before three gloriously beautiful guys with a proposition and a check for one hundred thousand dollars.

Trust me, no one in my situation would turn that cash away, no matter how proud they are. But in this case, you're me, and your pride left you when you saw the foreclosure notice on your front door.

Your morals disappeared when you saw your giant teddy bear of a father crying as he held the only items you have left of your mother. You became fearlessly stupid when you heard him contemplate in hush whispers to your Aunt Nikki whether or not to sell your mother's engagement ring to cover a couple of nights in a motel.

When you're desperate to protect the only person in this world you love and have no other options, you'll do whatever it takes, even if it means selling your soul to three guys who despise you more than anything, just like I did.

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WILLOW

“ T his is a stupid idea, Will,” Jasmine mutters, fixing her mascara in the rearview mirror.

“Never said this was a smart idea; I just said it was an idea.” I mess around with the faux septum ring in my nose.

Now that I’m eighteen, I want a real septum piercing, but Dad won’t let me in case I get an infection. I have had this new heart in my chest for sixteen months, and most heart transplants are considered a success after four months, but my body can reject this heart at any time. I will never truly be out of the woods. This heart saved me, but it will haunt me for the rest of my life.

“You want to steal from the King, Willow.” Jasmine enunciates every syllable in my name, and I flinch, looking away from her and at my reflection.

My black hair with washed-out pink tips falls in loose curls around my shoulders, and my smokey eye makeup brings out the green in my hazel eyes. My skin has lost most of its vibrant complexion, and I am just getting some of my curves back after barely eating during my two years of hospitalization.

Jasmine’s voice breaks me out of the trance I’m in. She cocks her head at me as if to emphasize how stupid of an idea it is. “We’re going to get killed.”

I roll my eyes. “No, we won’t.”

“Okay, so what’s the plan, superstar? Are we just going to waltz up into the King of Thornhaven's place and enter like it’s nothing when we weren’t invited, and you're here to steal?”

I shrug, “He won’t miss anything I take, and we look good. They aren’t going to turn away two hot girls.”

“Honey, there are like hundreds of hot girls walking up to the party right now.”

I turn to look out the window at all the partygoers strutting up the driveway and into the 800 acres of the Beaumont estate for Vincent Beaumont’s annual and last ABC party -- Anything But Clothes -- Birthday party.

There is a group of guys standing shirtless, displaying their toned and chiseled bodies. Some dressed in duct tape, plastic bags, and strategically placed cardboard pieces, while others have wrapped Saran Wrap around their torsos, leaving little to the imagination, or just some duct tape with a box covering their private areas, exposing the rest.

The girls, on the other hand, take it to the next level. Their outfits are works of art: newspaper dresses and bubble wrap that perfectly hug every curve. One girl confidently walks by in an ensemble made entirely of silk ribbons that barely hold together, leaving little to the imagination. Another boldly rocks a patchwork design of neon post-it notes, held together by body glue, revealing her long legs and smooth shoulders.

I am wearing four boxes of cereal cut up into a tube top stuck so close to my body the tape nips at me, a micro skirt that is so small my ass falls out of it, and my platform white leather boots. I just hope the guard at the front, who is making sure everyone is

following the strict anything but clothes rule, doesn't make me take off my underwear. Jasmine doesn't want to be here and sports a pair of black Converse and a black trash bag with three holes: one for her head and two for her arms. Her blonde mohawk has red highlights today.

"Look, I'll walk confidently, and you'll walk in with that glare you have permanently on your face, and boom! No one will turn us away, okay?" I nod at her before taking a deep breath and pushing the car's passenger side door open. My sparkly silver purse is swinging on my arm.

Jasmine quickly follows me, pulling on my elbow to whisper in my ear. "Did I forget to mention that Damien Sterling hates your fucking guts? Wait, in fact, all of the Chessmen hate you: The King. The Knight, even the fucking Rook. They all hate you."

"I thought best friends were supposed to be supportive?" I roll my eyes, pulling her forward towards the giant golden doors.

Jasmine isn't wrong; they all hate me.

Vincent Beaumont, also known as the King of Thornhaven, is the heir to this massive estate and finance genius in his own right. He has black hair that is always styled perfectly, piercing blue eyes that see into my soul, and a tailored school uniform that fits him like a glove.

Juan "Cast" Castillo, the Rook, is said to have ties to the cartel, but you wouldn't know he was crazy unless you saw him like I did. To everyone else, he is the silly class clown with messy, curly brown hair and a lazy smile that soaks panties and makes hearts do backflips. To me, he is a sadist who would love nothing more than to break me and happily lick the tears off my face.

But the one that really hates me and would love to see me fucking dead is the Knight, Damien Sterling. He isn't as rich as the other two; in fact, his mother worked as a maid for the Beaumonts and the Castillos, and he met Juan and Vincent while he tagged along with his mother as she worked for them over the weekends.

He shares a bond with the Chessmen through their mutual affection for Rosemary Sterling. Despite their reputation for not caring about anyone or anything, I know they loved Rosemary dearly. It was evident in their actions when she was diagnosed with cancer; they spared no expense and visited her every day.

When my myocarditis was so bad I couldn't leave the hospital, and everyone said I was a heart attack away from death, I would hang out with Rosemary in the hospital garden. She would give me her cherry jello and hug me tightly when no one else would in fear of breaking me. Her heart overflowed with kindness, making it almost overwhelming to be around her.

Damien's mother was perfect and the center of the Chessmen's worlds. So when he found out she died for me, that was it; he hated me. I was the reason he was now alone in the world.

I am the reason the only mother they ever had is dead, and they have all rights to hate me. I hate me. If I knew it was hers, I would have never taken it, but I didn't know until after the transplant was finished that Rosemary Sterling donated her heart to me. I didn't even know she was being tested to see if we were compatible.

Jasmine doesn't know any of this; she just thinks they're cruel, and I guess it is better to assume they are evil than to know how kind they can genuinely be. It only makes the looks they give me even more painful. It only makes me take my punishments at school like I deserve them because I do.

As we approach the sprawling 800-acre estate, I can't help but feel a mix of awe and

anxiety wash over me. The Greek-inspired mansion looms before us, its towering white columns flashing different colors from the party lights, and intricate carvings decorate the sides. The golden door at the entrance sparkles, invitingly like the gates of heaven—yet intimidating because I know nothing heavenly exists on the other side of that door.

A security guard, his muscular frame like a fortress, looms next to the golden doors, scanning the crowd of partygoers with hawkish intensity. He barely dodges a guy wrapped in a toga-like ensemble as he assesses the crowd. “Can’t let you in, man,” he declares, his voice cold and unyielding.

“What? Come on, man—these are not clothes; these are bed sheets!” the guy protests.

The guard shrugs dismissively. “Rules were changed: no bedsheets, curtains, or clothes-like fabric.”

“Seriously?!” The guy’s voice rises in disbelief, and I can sense the tension crackling in the air.

“Yeah, go change and come back,” the guard retorts, a glint of satisfaction in his eye as he watches the guy’s shoulders slump. With a groan, the rejected partygoer turns, stomping away, frustration radiating off him like heat waves.

I feel the weight of the guard’s gaze shift to us as if he can smell the uncertainty wafting off our skin. Jasmine and I exchange a quick look, and I swallow hard.

A smarmy smile curls his lips, and I can feel my stomach churn with disgust. “Spin,” he commands, and my heart races, a flash of anger igniting within me.

“What?” I snap, my eyebrows furrowing and fists balling up at my sides.

He leans in slightly, the smugness radiating off him like a foul odor. “No underwear allowed. It’s part of the rules because it’s technically clothes.”

A pulse of heat surges through me, and I instinctively bristle, ready to tell him off. “Are you serious?” I demand. This guy must be a creep; there’s no way he can be serious.

But then, he looks off to the side, and I follow his gaze to the clear bin beside him—overflowing with an array of colorful panties from other partygoers. “Sorry, sweetheart. I don’t make the rules.” He smiles, leveling his obsidian eyes with mine.

“Don’t call me sweetheart.” I roll my eyes, my heart thundering in my chest and my gut twisting in annoyance -- only the Chessmen would want every girl at this party commando. With a slight shimmy, I tug my cute white satin underwear with a dainty bow in the front, the sexiest underwear I own, down my thighs and over my boots. I feel ridiculous and angry as I drop the delicate fabric into the bin with an exaggerated sigh, shooting the guard with a sarcastic look of compliance.

“There, happy?” I snarl, trying to mask the wave of vulnerability threatening to wash over me.

The guard’s grin widens as he moves out of our way, “Enjoy, ladies.”

“You didn’t ask for my underwear,” Jasmine narrows her eyes on him and places both hands on her hips.

The guard shoots both eyebrows up in confusion and looks around him as if she isn’t talking to him. “Girl, I can tell by your face if anyone touches you, you will stab them.”

Jasmine’s grin sharpens, transforming her delicate features into something fierce and

predatory. She laces her fingers through mine, squeezing tightly. “And you’d be absolutely correct!” She shoots back, her voice laced with playful menace. “Aren’t you observant?”

Jasmine tugs me forward, and we step into the chaotic whirlwind of the party; the air is heavy with laughter, alcohol, and music. The moment we cross the threshold, I’m hit by a wave of noise and color, overwhelming my senses.

A group of our peers swirls around us, their bodies glistening under the vibrant lights, some already stumbling under the weight of drinks in their hands. A couple nearby is locked in a passionate kiss, oblivious to the world, with their trash bags ripped open, exposing both girls’ breasts, while naked acrobats twist through the air above, defying gravity in their silks.

“Welcome to the jungle,” Jasmine whispers in my ear as she scans the room, rocking back on the heels of her feet.

My mind races as I assess the opulence surrounding us. Gold-plated fixtures shine like beacons, and clusters of expensive bottles are lining tables draped in silk. Art pieces worth thousands hang on the walls, and the laughter and chatter of Thornhaven’s elite fill the air.

But I can’t focus on the luxury right now; I need to think strategically. My eyes dart around the room, searching for the perfect item to steal—something that would fetch at least twenty grand, enough to keep our house from foreclosing. Just one thing, and I can figure out the rest later.

“Let’s do a lap and see what I can grab,” I whisper to Jasmine, suddenly distracted by the two girls grinding on each other.

“Just don’t get caught,” she warns, her voice low. “The Chessmen are going to be

around here somewhere, and if they catch you...”

“I’ll cross that bridge when I get there,” I retort, trying to shake off the rising anxiety. I’m so close to saving my father and pulling us out of this mess. I just need to be smart about it.

Jasmine pulls me deeper into the crowd, and I can’t help but marvel at the sheer absurdity of the party. A group of girls flits by in elaborate dresses made of bubble wrap, giggling as they bounce on their heels. The pulsating music seeps into my bones, blending with the energy of the people around me, and for a brief moment, I almost forget why I’m here.

“Look at that,” Jasmine whispers, tilting her head to the right where an ornate silver vase is perched atop a marble pedestal near the entrance. It glimmers tantalizingly in the light, and I can already envision the price tag it must carry.

“That’s a steal-worthy piece. But it’s too exposed. Anyone could see us lift it.” I huff, continuing to survey the room. I need to go upstairs to the jewelry, something small like a watch that I will probably have to hide between my butt cheeks, but it’ll be worth it. Right when I am going to turn to Jasmine and tell her, that’s when I see the first Chessman, Juan “Cast” Castillo.

Cast stands across the room, a figure carved from shadows and light, his emerald-green eyes glinting like polished gemstones. The flickering party lights catch the glitter dusted across his bare chest, making him shimmer like an earth bound god. He moves with an effortless grace, his body coiling and uncoiling like a serpent ready to strike, each motion smooth and deliberate as he dances.

His tousled and wild brown hair frames his chiseled features, drawing attention to his high cheekbones and the mischievous glint in his eyes. A playful smirk dances on his lips; one that looks inviting and sweet. He’s dressed in a daring ensemble that barely

conceals his toned physique—just a few strategically placed foil patches, duct tape, and an ornate belt hanging low on his hips.

The chaos of the party swirls around him--his presence demanding attention as if he's the sun and everyone else are mere planets caught in his orbit. I can feel myself drawn to him like prey to the colorful trance of their predator.

As soon as our gazes connect, everything else blurs out of focus. My heart races in my chest, and I can almost feel the electricity crackling between us. His intense stare bores into me, sparking a tingling sensation that runs through my body. He is no longer smiling, and my stomach drops, knowing that I am the reason he doesn't look so carefree anymore.

I pull my gaze away and whisper into Jasmine's ear. "I'll distract the crowd. You keep an eye out for the guards and the Chessmen. If anything goes sideways, bail."

Jasmine raises an eyebrow. "Don't get in trouble, Will, promise?"

"Trouble is just another word for opportunity," I smirk as I grab a shot off of a passing waiter's tray and down it, flashing her a huge grin. "Make sure Cast doesn't follow me."

Chapter 2- Vincent

She locks eyes with Cast, but I saw her first. Willow Cater, in my house, wearing four cereal boxes that barely cover her breasts and definitely don't cover her ass. I must thank Cast for his no-underwear rule; it'll make what I want to do to her so much easier.

I know we hate her, but there is a thin line between hate and lust, and fuck does she not teeter on the line of making me want to fuck her every day. When we first met

her, she had been sick for three years prior, and she looked hollow and broken, just like Rosemary looked the last time I saw her. She was a shell of a girl that I wanted to fill.

I wanted to make her our little slave for the rest of her life for taking away the only woman who has ever loved me, but Damien wouldn't have it. Just looking at her made him sick, and since he was the one left alone in a broken-down apartment in the shitty part of town, he made the call on what we would do to Willow. He decided we hated her, that we would make her wish she died instead of Rosemary, and while I think that's a waste of a perfect ass and hourglass figure, I wasn't the one who lost their biological mother.

I watch her from the balcony, shrouded in shadows, leaning forward on my throne with a joint hanging out of my mouth. I'm up here away from everyone because I'm not likable like Juan, or in love with the limelight like Damien. I hate parties. I only have this fucking party to reestablish what everyone knows: I am King of Thronhaven, and I keep my subject satiated. At every party I make a grand entrance, pick the girl I want in my bed tonight, fuck her and then go to sleep.

Willow whispers to her friend and then snakes her perfect ass through the crowd, looking cautiously over her shoulder when she reaches the grand staircase leading up to the private rooms upstairs. She slides past the velvet rope with a distinct 'Do Not Enter' sign hanging on it.

A low chuckle rumbles through my chest—naughty girl sneaking into forbidden areas. She will need to be punished, and I know the perfect way to do so.

I stamp the joint out on the railing and move through the dark hallways to the other side of the house, which is too fucking big for me, my stepmother, Angie, and her two children, both under the age of ten, both in boarding school. My father and Angie are on their annual February trip to England on my birthday, and unless you count the

silent servants, I live here alone most of the time. I have twenty-five bedrooms, fifteen bathrooms, six half-bathrooms, three pools, a music room with a professional-grade recording studio, a tennis and basketball court, a mini-museum, Rosemary's untouched art studio, a library, and, of course, a greenhouse all to myself. I would like it if Damien also lived here, but he refuses to leave the apartment he lived in with his mother. Juan and I take turns paying the rent, and sometimes we stay there, too, because it feels more like home than either of our houses.

I keep walking until I see a tiny sliver of light flooding the hallway, and my lips quirk because the little devil found my room out of all the rooms in this house. How lucky am I?

I lightly push the door open, and she doesn't notice. Her body is hunched over the glass case in the corner, filled with watches, cufflinks, diamond earrings, and a platinum, diamond-encrusted, Jesus-piece chain Cast got me as a joke. I may be old money, but Cast's money goes longer than mine, and while he claims he's just a billionaire, I swear he's a trillionaire.

Willow's hands run along the edges of the case; she shakes it once, trying to lift the top. Her cereal skirt rides up with the movement, and I can see her round ass peeking beneath the Foot Loops mascot. Fuck she looks so goddam delectable; her tiny waist is on display, and I can see she has fucking back dimples. My cock swells against my makeshift bubble wrap shorts as I imagine how perfect those divots are for my thumbs to fit into when I rail her from the back.

If it weren't for that thought, she wouldn't have heard the bubble wrap pop.

WILLOW

Vincent Beaumont is staring at me. His eyes are so low like he is struggling to keep them open, but the smile on his lips is sharp and predatory, and I almost want to run out the double doors to the left of me and see what would happen if I jumped off the balcony.

“Well, this is a nice surprise.” He drawls, his voice smooth and low, laced with an undertone that sends heat between my legs, and I am very aware of how little ‘clothes’ I have on right now.

“You would think it was my birthday, little Willow Cater in my room barely dressed, the perfect present.” The words roll off his tongue like honey, sweet yet tinged with something darker, something sexier. He stalks deeper into the room, his tongue runs across his bottom lip, as his eyes flicker down.

“I’m not a present for you.” I rush the words out of my mouth, and my eyes dart around the room, looking for an escape that won’t result in broken limbs.

Vincent pouts, with faux sadness on his face. “Then you came in here to surprise me? How sweet are you?”

“No,” I cough out before I can really think about it, but even if I did I can’t distract Vincent with sex. I’m a virgin and I can’t give my virginity to Vincent Beaumont, especially if his dick is popping bubble wrap. It might kill me.

When he is only a step away from me he leans forward, hovering over me. “Then why are you here?”

His ice-like eyes look like they're melting in the dim lighting, and I almost take a step forward to see them more clearly. “I-I was looking for something.” I stutter. That’s fucking great Will just keep talking.

“Looking for what?” He growls, and his eyes open wider, so I look away from him because something about Vincent’s gaze makes me feel like he could take my soul away, but when my eyes flicker over his shoulder I meet with the stormy gray eyes of Damien.

My mouth is agape, and now my throat feels dry, and my eyes are shifting across the room desperately. Vincent looks over his shoulder at Damien who is still standing in the hallway staring at me, arms crossed with metal chains in layers over his chest and groin. His blonde buzzcut has an intricate, swirling black design on the right side and he looks like a demon ready to drag me to his lair. My thighs shift as I feel tingles running across my skin, and a buzzing around my center.

Vincent clicks his tongue at me, pinching my chin and dragging my gaze back to his. “Look at me little devil, why are you here in my room, touching my jewelry case practically naked?”

I lick my lips, and Vincent’s eyes drift down to them, a growl rising in his chest. “Don’t tease me when I have to punish you.”

My eyes widen. “P-punish me?”

“Mmmhmm.” Cast’s playful tone drifts into the room, as he slides past Damien and makes his way inside. His tan skin glistening in sweat, and eyes blown wide, with excitement brimming around the edges. “Your friend already spilled.”

Cast jumps onto the king size bed, covered in a gray comforter with black sheets peeking out.

I scoff, pulling my head away from Vincent's pinching grip. "No way, Jasmine would never."

"She would if I threatened to rip that pitiful trash bag and make her walk out of here naked." Cast shrugs, leaning back on his arms, and running his tongue along the inside of his mouth.

"She's not afraid of showing off her body." I snap, narrowing my eyes on Cast's smug face. "She's the girl who skinny dipped at Asher's party last month."

"Really?" Vincent smiles, leaning away from my personal space. He taps a finger against his chin, and turns towards the door. "She has a killer body. Maybe I should go get her, make her talk."

My stomach twists sharply, a bitter taste rising in my throat as the word escapes before I can reel it back in. "No!"

"No? Then tell me little devil why are you in here." Vincent levels his eyes with mine, and I notice Damien is leaning against the archway, closer in the room.

I don't open my mouth, and instead look down at the platform leather white boots I am wearing, rubbing the sole into the ground.

"She's trying to steal boys." Cast laughs, and my eyes shoot up to look into his crazed expression like a cat who just caught a mouse between their teeth. "Oh, did I mention I threatened to slice up that body of hers with a knife? She was going to leave here naked and bloody."

I feel sick. Jasmine is probably scared out of her mind and long gone now. I would be too. I can't blame her.

Damien snorts as he steps forward, closing the door behind him with a soft click. He leans back in a chair across from me, his expression cold, detached. "Not surprising she's a thief," he mutters, the first words he's bothered to say tonight, each one laced with disdain.

A surge of rage catches me off guard, burning through the humiliation tightening in my chest. My nostrils flare as I meet his stare head-on. "I need the money," I spit out, my voice raw and trembling with anger.

The room falls silent for a beat, the tension thick enough to suffocate me. Cast's wild eyes dance with a dangerous kind of excitement, and Vincent's gaze sharpens like a blade. He stands a little too still, that predator smile tugging at his lips, so dark and unreadable.

"And what are we supposed to do about that, hmm?" Vincent finally speaks, his voice low, dangerous. He takes a step forward, his smile never wavering. "Stealing from us isn't exactly the smartest way to solve your little problem, is it?"

Cast tilts his head, like a cat toying with an injured bird. "You know what happens to thieves, don't you? I'm dying to see what we should do with you."

I swallow hard, my heart pounding in my chest. "I didn't have a choice," I murmur, my voice cracking under the weight of desperation. "We're going to lose the house. My dad is drowning my medical bills."

Vincent's faux pout returns, and leans in closer than he did before. "And what are we supposed to do about that, little devil?"

“Be decent and help me.” My eyes dart to each of the guys' eyes, but they offer no sympathy. “You and Cast have so much money you can spare a few thousand.”

Damien snorts again, but I ignore it. Cast jumps up on the bed, with a mad look on his face. “A few thousand?!”

“I need at least twenty thousand.” I whisper. “Just to keep our head above water, if not we have to sell the house and I need to move to Minnesota with my Aunt and her four kids.”

Vincent clicks his tongue again, curling one of my pink strands behind my ears. “No, no, no. You can't leave me.”

“How much do you need to keep your house and pay off your medical bills?” Cast asks, leaning forward on his knees.

I keep my eyes on Vincent as I answer. “One hundred-fifty thousand dollars.”

Cast whistles slowly at the amount, but Vincent smiles like a Cheshire cat. “Excuse us for a moment, little devil.”

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CAST

Vincent pulls Damien and me into the dark hallway, which flashes blues and purples from the party lights downstairs. The music is a dull, muffled sound that shakes the floor underneath my sandals. Vincent is smiling like he just caught some new prey, Damien looks annoyed, and I feel a surge of adrenaline running through my body.

Willow Cater is damn near naked in Vincent's room; why the hell am I not already balls-deep in my Chiquita right now? I can make her say sorry with my handprint on her ass and my mouth wrapped around her perfect chocolate nipples that are peeking from beneath her cereal top. Fuck how am I ever going to eat Frosted Flakes without a hard-on now?

My cock is hardening against the foil, and the pricks of the material only make me harder. I love pain: receiving, giving. I can't cum without it, and it's been that way my whole life. The same way I've wanted to ruin Willow since she came back to school Junior year, healthy, sexy as all hell, in her punk outfits, and hair that constantly changes colors. Right now the roots and undercut are pink and I like it.

Vincent closes the door with a click and whirls to Damien with wild eyes, but before he can say anything Damien speaks first. "No."

"No?" I snap, rage rising in my chest.

"You're not fucking the girl who killed my mother, our mother." Damien eyes land

with mine, but I look away and roll my jaw.

Vincent huffs, running his hand across his face and turning his back to us. Vincent has wanted to be with Willow since he first saw her on the first day of freshman year, but then a month later she was sick, and being homeschooled. Two years later she took Rosemary's heart and then Damien put a ban on her.

Vincent shakes his head, poking Damien in the chest. "This is not your call."

"What the fuck do you mean this is not my call? She has my mother's heart in her?" Damien growls in Vincent's face.

Vincent scoffs, looking off to the side. "I thought she was our mother a minute ago."

I step in between Vincent and Damien, placing a hand on both of their chests, and relishing in the fact that I am taller than both of them. "Tranquillos, chicos. She's just a girl, let's talk. D made the call when it came to our mom, but she just tried to steal from Vincent, a totally different situation."

It's funny how I have the most violent upbringing, and the more violent tendencies but when it comes to Vincent and Damien I find the nerve to be the peacekeeper.

"No, I said fucking no." Damien snarls squaring up to me, but I chuckle and pat his chest.

"Okay, but if she doesn't get this money she is moving to Minnesota. I don't know about you but I'm not traveling a thousand miles from Texas to Minnesota to torture her."

Damien rolls his jaw. If there is anything I know about Damien when it comes to Willow it's that she can't leave him, not when she has the only living part of his

biological mother beating within her chest, so there's our bargaining chip. I want to corrupt her, Vincent wants to consume her and Damien just wants her near to torture her and himself. He feels like he should have known his mother was sick. Colon cancer takes years to develop, as bad as hers had become, and he feels like he should have known that she was ill, despite him being a child at the time.

"She needs one hundred-fifty thousand dollars." Damien mumbles.

"Okay, and?" I question, shrugging my shoulders and stepping back from the two, now that the tension has eased. "I wipe my ass with that amount every morning."

"That's nothing to you, but valuable to her. She's going to need to pay us back." Vincent muses, a cold smile spreading across his lips, and when heat flashes across his gaze I smile too.

"I know a couple of ways..." I drawl, nodding my head as Vincent and I come to the same conclusion. Vincent and I might as well be twins because we're always thinking the same thing.

"She can be our servant, completely devoted to us, until the end of senior year." Vincent nods, looking over at Damien who stares into the darkness with a vacant look in his eyes.

"I just want her here." Damien mutters. "I don't care what you do with her."

Vincent clasps one hand on my shoulder, and the other on the back of my neck bringing me forward to rest his forehead against mine with a devilish gleam in his eye. "Cast, buddy, flip a coin. Pussy or throat?"

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“Wait, you're giving me one hundred-fifty thousand dollars?” I gasp, the check dangles in front of my eyes, pinched between Cast's thumb and pointer.

Vincent's chin rests on my right shoulder, his cheek pressed against mine, and I can feel the smile on his face. “Just for you little devil.”

My fingers twitch with the urge to rip it out of Cast's hands and flee, throwing caution to the wind. I can already feel my heart pounding in my chest at the mere thought of running to save my father from foreclosure. But I know these guys too well.

I glance at Damien, who has made it his life's mission to make my existence a living hell. His piercing gaze sends shivers down my spine, a constant reminder of his power over me. No one ever talks to me without fear or disdain in their eyes. I am constantly bullied and ostracized by everyone around me. My short hair is a result of his girlfriend putting gum in it, and I've been banned from all parties because of him. The saddest part? No boy has ever asked me out because I am deemed untouchable by the entire town.

The Chessmen have always hated me, but right now they offer me my salvation. I know it can't be out of kindness or pity because they would need a heart for that and I know none of the Chessmen have a heart.

“What's the catch?” I whisper.

Vincent's lips graze against my neck as he speaks. “You have to pay it back.”

“With interest!” Cast adds.

My breath catches in my throat, how the hell, when the hell would I ever have the money to pay them back. It may take my entire life, but can I pass up this opportunity? No, when will I ever have this much access to this much money again? How else will I save my father from financial ruin?

My eyes flicker to Cast. “How long will I have to pay you back?”

Vincent’s laughter rumbles along my skin and I feel like I can’t fucking breathe. Cast’s eyes twinkle with need and he shakes his head ‘no’ at me.

“We don’t want your money Chiquita. We want you.” Cast smiles.

“Me?” I gasp, and I can’t help it. My eyes lock with Damien’s across the room. His face is blank besides the fire glistening in his eyes.

Vincent’s lips graze against my shoulder, and Cast pinches my chin drawing my eyes back to his. “You’ll be our little pawn. To use, abuse...fuck.”

Fuck? Fuck. My body shakes, and I feel myself paling under Cast gaze. I can’t give them this part of me. They’ve taken everything good about living away from me. I can’t also give the Chessmen my virginity. Vincent’s laughter rolls across my skin again, as his lips suck on my pulse.

“Her heart is beating so fast.” Vincent mumbles.

Cast’s thumb slides across my bottom lip, a faux pout on his face. “You want to fuck us Chiquita?”

“N-no.” My voice is more breathy than I intend, and Cast painfully grips my chin, pulling me closer to him.

“No?” Cast growls.

“I’m a virgin.” I whisper, my eyes drifting down as my cheeks heat.

“Virgin?” Vincent clicks his tongue. “I don’t believe you.”

“I am.” I choke out, my voice trembling as tears are welling up in my eyes.

My heart races with fear and anger, their leering grins reminding me of all the torment they've put me through. They want to take away my virginity, my first kiss, and they want me to be their pawn. But they can't take away the things I'm saving for someone who truly loves me. Is it worth risking homelessness for someone who genuinely wants me? My father and I may end up on the streets if I do not comply with their demands. I dry swallow, trying to slow down my heart and catch my breath.

“You hear that Damien? She’s a virgin.” Cast sings.

“Do you believe her?” Damien grumbles.

Cast catches my eyes again, looking for something, before he nods slightly. “I believe her.”

“P-please,” I stammer, my hands pinching the circle boxes around my hips. “I beg of you, please... I want to keep... I want to keep my virginity.”

“Aww,” Cast pouts, as Vincent’s hands snake around my waist, resting on my stomach. “Beg louder baby, I like it.”

I inhale sharply, my brows furrowing and spine bone straight. My gaze drifts to Damien, because he hates me so much that he would never want me, especially in a sexual way. Maybe my naked body would disgust him and he would not want me to suffer, but Damien's expression darkens as he steps forward, his gaze cold and unwavering.

“She said she wants to keep her innocence intact,” he states firmly. “You will respect her wishes.”

Vincent and Cast exchange a glance before breaking into mocking laughter. “Oh, how noble of you, Damien,” Vincent sneers, taking a step back. “You’ll stay intact for now little devil, but you still need to be punished.”

I feel a chill run down my spine as their words hang heavy in the air. Damien leans back in his chair, a locked jaw and intense stare on me.

I breathe a sigh of relief, but my heart is still racing from the encounter. Vincent rests his head against my back. His warm breath against my neck makes my skin tingle, but I refuse to give him the satisfaction of knowing I'm still affected by his closeness.

Vincent’s voice is deep and commanding. He smells like rain and smoke as he skims his nose up the column of my neck. “I want you to undress for us. Slowly. Let me see every inch of you.”

I swallow hard, my mouth dry as I obey, knowing this is my only shot of saving myself and my father. My hands shake slightly as I reach for the edges of the cereal boxes, pulling at the tape holding it against my breast.

“Look at me Chiquita.” Cast growls and my eyes lock on his as I rip the tape off my skin, my nerves too high to feel the sting of the tape ripping off of my chest and let the boxes fall to the floor.

Cast’s eyes darken, and my skin feels like a thousand sparks of electricity run across my skin.

“Good girl,” Vincent murmurs, stepping closer. His fingers brushing against the side of my breast, my nipples harden painfully at his touch, but I don’t dare make a noise and I keep my eyes locked on Cast.

“Bottoms next.” Cast challenges and I suck my dry lip back into my mouth.

His words send a thrill down my spine and I betray myself whimpering softly. The heat between my legs builds, and I press them closer together. Vincent’s fingertips brush along the edge of the cereal box on my right hip, his voice rolls into my ear like thick molasses.

“You heard him, little devil. Bottoms off.” Vincent encourages me.

I refuse to let my mind wander, knowing that if I do, I will run away and never return. But then I see Damien, his dark eyes fixed on me as he leans forward with his elbows planted firmly on his knees. Without hesitation, I grab the cardboard between my fingers and tear it apart, dropping the box to the ground without a second thought.

“¿Dios mío!” Cast mutters under his breath, and my eyes shoot back to Cast’s face as his eyes trace the curve of my silhouette. His intense gaze roams over my exposed skin, and I can feel all three sets of their eyes lingering on every curve, every freckle, every scar on my body.

“It’s even better than I’ve imagined.” Vincent praises, his hands leaving a cold gust around my waist. “Spin for us.”

I can feel the heat rising to my cheeks as I try to maintain my composure, masking the discomfort that bubbles beneath the surface. With a forced smile, I oblige, twirling slowly in front of them, feeling their stares like a physical touch upon my skin.

Vincent watches with a hunger in his eyes, a smirk playing on his lips and arms crossed casually over his chest.

The room feels suffocating, the air thick with tension and unspoken desires. As I turn back to face Cast, he steps forward, his hand reaching out to brush a lock of hair

behind my ear. His touch ignites a fire within me that I try desperately to suppress. “On your knees, Pawn.”

My chest tightens and I almost ask where the nickname Chaquita went and why he is now calling me Pawn, but instead I sink to my knees, eyes locked on his. Vincent follows me down, spreading his knees so my ass is pressed against the tented bubble wrap.

He cups my breasts in his hands, his thumbs teasing the sensitive skin around my nipples. I gasp, arching into his touch. “Feel how much I want you, Willow,” he whispers, his breath hot against my ear. “Every part of you is mine. I won’t ever let you go now.”

My lips part, a small gasp leaving my lips, and Cast gives me a knowing smile. “She’s so eager,” he says, low and approving as his thumb slides across my bottom lip.

Vincent smiles against my jaw, his finger lightly pinching my nipples into little tents. “Now, I want you to touch yourself. Show me how wet you are for me.”

My cheeks flush with embarrassment, as I bite my lip and look away. There is no way he knows how tight the coil of desire is in my belly. How would he know how his touch makes my brain foggy and all I want is to release whatever tension that’s building in me. I have never touched myself, never had a reason to, but having their eyes on me makes my thighs slick with want.

I lift my hand to my chest, squeezing my breast gently the same way Vincent did when I first dropped my top. I pinch my nipple between my fingers, rolling it until I gasp. Cast’s thumb slides deeper into my mouth, he tastes crisps like grapes and I have to force myself to keep my mouth open to suck on his thumb.

Vincent’s hand wraps around mine guiding it lower. “No, not like that,” he instructs.

“Use your other hand. Touch your pussy. Make yourself moan for me.”

My breath hitches as I move my hand from my breast to my pussy, feeling the slick heat already pooling there. Vincent chuckles again as my hand stays hovering over my pussy, not knowing where to touch, or what to do, but thanking the heavens that Jasmine insists on getting waxes together even if she is the only one sexually active until now.

“Slide your fingers into your wetness.” He moans. “I know your fucking soaked for us.”

He’s not wrong; the minute I slide my fingers between my pussy lips I feel practically an ocean between them, and I close my eyes, involuntarily moaning as I explore.

“From the way she looks, I don’t think she really wants to be a pure little virgin. She wants to be our little slut.” Cast taunts me, and despite me knowing I should bite his thumb for calling me a slut, desire rolls through my stomach and I want him to say it again.

Damien growls at his words and my eyes open to see him white-knuckle gripping his knees across the room. Cast chuckles. “Eyes on me, Pawn. He can join at any time he wants, and don’t worry—Vinny and I will keep our word—no deflowering.”

“No deflowering tonight,” Vincent moans. “But don’t worry, I am going to be the one to pop that little cherry of yours. Now run your finger up to where you are pulsing with need.”

I run my two fingers up to the bundle of nerves, and my body jolts, forcing Cast’s thumb deeper into my mouth.

“She found her clit boys.” Vincent mocks me and I flick my tongue out along Cast’s thumb, needing to do something with my mouth.

He moans lightly, cursing under his breath. “Mierda!”

I know that word. It means shit, and from the way his green eyes look almost like the dark green of a forest after a rainstorm, I know I am doing something right. I flick it again and his lips curl into a dangerous smile as he pushes his thumb deeper down my throat. I cough, and then moan as the nerves around my center flutter like butterfly wings.

“You like that, Pawn?” Vincent groans in my ear, pushing his growing cock into the curve of my ass. “You like when Cast forces you to take it?”

I moan, nodding my head yes as my body is on fire. The pleasure too intense. I rub slow circles around the nerves that Vincent called my clit, whatever that is. and push harder on it making me jerk my body against my fingers as I chase the high, the sparks across my flesh, the building need growing in my belly.

Casts grabs a fistful of my hair, massaging the scalp with bruising force as he exchanges his thumb for two fingers and plunges them down my throat. “Suck it,” Cast commands, and like a good Pawn I obey.

The force of his fingers and the prickle of pain from his grip in my hair makes me groan, the pain mingling with pleasure, making me even wetter. I rock against my hands, as Vincent cups my left breast with one hand and draws lines up my inner right thigh with the other.

“That’s it,” Vincent groans, his hand leaving my breast and gripping my hip, pushing me to grind on my fingers harder and take Casts fingers deeper. “Take it, and make yourself cum.”

I shudder, my legs shaking with need as the pressure grows. I suck Casts fingers like a popsicle on a hot day. “Fuck, you’re good at that,” he mutters. His eyes shining so bright I feel almost honored to be on my knees for him. “You’re missing out Damien.

Our girl is a perfect little slut.”

Fuck, there goes that word again. My body shutters slightly a little and my clit is throbbing to the point where I don’t think I should touch it anymore. I go to move my hand away and Vincent grips my wrist.

“Don’t you dare stop touching my clit. Keep fucking going.” He growls and every hair on my body stands at attention as I pout, moving my fingers back to the nerves and torturing myself with slow circles. “Faster, little devil.”

I speed up, my fingers still working my clit furiously. One of Vincent’s hands leaves me and I hear a cacophony of bubble wrap popping before feeling something warm and fleshy is pressing against my entrance. My eyes shoot open and I lock my eyes with Cast.

Damien’s voice growls from across the room. “Vincent.”

Vincent positions himself so that the hard member sits right below my clit and my finger brushes against it with every circle I make around my clit. “Don’t worry, I’m just showing Pawn something.”

He grinds against me, and my body feels like it is seconds from burning to ash. I suck on Cast’s finger harder. The combination of my sensitivity, the taste of Cast’s fingers, Vincent’s cock rubbing against me and Damien’s eyes makes me feel out of breath, like I am at the top of a roller coaster about to tip over.

Vincent continues to grind against me. His fingers are pinching my nipples hard enough to make me cry. “Feel how much I want to claim you,” he whispers. “How badly I want to fuck those tight walls.”

Jeez. Vincent talks so freaking dirty. My vision blurs with tears and the pressure is building in my core; the tension reaches a fever pitch. I open my eyes, Cast’s head is

thrown back, his grip so tight on my head I know there will be strands of pink and black in his fists. Vincent's groans in my ear make me grind on him faster, but when my eyes lock with Damien a crescendo happens.

His dark, hungry eyes are locked on my body and in that moment, everything clicks into place. I fall over the cliff, the energy rushing through me feels like euphoria, like something clicked and now every ounce of tension has disappeared. My heart beats harder than it ever has in my chest and I feel like it's going to pop. Vincent groans in my ear, followed by stickiness coating my inner thighs. I think he reached that pitch too.

"Shit." Cast groans, pulling his fingers out of my mouth. "You made me cum in my fucking pants."

My eyes widen and I think Cast is going to punish me for causing him to cum in his tin foil pants, but instead he leans down in my face, pinching my chin with his wet fingers. "Next time I will make you clean it up."

I dry swallow, and Vincent laughs like this is the best day of his life. I look up, and relax into his warm embrace, then I hear Vincent's door slam shut, and then both Vincent and Cast break into laughter.

"W-what's funny?" I whisper, looking between the two, my body feeling like there is a continuous crackling across my skin.

Vincent's lips press against my shoulder, as Cast walks away towards a side door, where I assume the bathroom is.

"Don't worry little devil. Just know, you're ours now."

Thank you for reading the introduction to The Lords of Ruin, I hope you enjoyed it. Please leave me a review to help me grow, and share it with your fellow readers. As a

new independent author, your support means everything to me.