



# Obsidian Dreams

**Author:** A. Riebold

**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** Zara Whitaker is a 34-year-old graphic designer who seems to have everything going for her-on paper. But in reality, Zara is bored. She's tired of enduring the same dates with different men, men who leave her feeling unsatisfied both in and out of the bedroom. The endless cycle of self-centered partners and unfulfilled desires has left her in a state of perpetual sexual frustration.

Desperate for change, Zara confides in her best friend, Lena, who recently married and is basking in newlywed bliss. Lena hands her a simple business card with the name Obsidian Dreams on it, promising Zara that it's the answer to all her problems. Zara can't help but be skeptical-it sounds too good to be true.

But when she reaches out to Blade, the enigmatic and mysterious owner of Obsidian Dreams, Zara discovers someone who not only understands her but is eager to help her explore her deepest desires. That is, if she can figure out what those desires truly are.

Blade, on the other hand, is bored with the routine requests from his clients at Obsidian Dreams. He's been longing for someone who can push his boundaries, someone who can reignite the passion he's been missing. When he's contacted by Red-Zara's chosen alias-he's convinced he's finally found the right person. With the help of his best friends, Raven and Shadow, the three of them set out to create an experience for Zara that she will never forget.

**Total Pages (Source):** 56

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

## PROLOGUE

### Halloween - Friday Night

Taking slow, deliberate breaths, I crouch behind a tree, trying to steady the wild beating of my heart. The Halloween night air is thick with the scent of fallen leaves and wood smoke, a reminder that this isn't just any night. I thought fear would consume me. Instead, it's the adrenaline and pure excitement that pulses through my veins. And something else—arousal. I can't even remember the last time I felt this turned on.

Leaning my head back against the rough bark, I inhale deeply, the cool autumn air a welcome contrast to the warmth flooding my body. The last remnants of summer have finally given way, leaving the night refreshingly crisp. Despite wearing nothing but a matching black lace set, I feel warm—warm with anticipation.

I shift slightly, the lace brushing against my skin, heightening my awareness of every sensation. The anticipation is nearly unbearable, a tight coil of need winding inside me. I can't stay hidden forever, and part of me doesn't want to. The thrill is in the chase, but what comes after... that's what I crave.

Another deep breath, and I push myself up from my crouch, peering around the tree. The full moon, brighter and more menacing on this Halloween night, casts long shadows, turning the woods into a labyrinth of dark shapes and hidden corners. I know they're close—I can almost feel their eyes on me, watching, waiting.

A rustle nearby makes my pulse spike. I bite my lip, holding back a gasp as I catch a

glimpse of movement in the shadows. One of them is near, closer than I expected. My heart races, but it's not fear that drives it—it's the intoxicating blend of excitement and desire that courses through me.

Without thinking, I take off running again, the cool air whipping against my skin. I'm not running to escape—I'm running to be caught.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

1

October 1st

The sunlight streaming through the cafe window is too bright, too cheerful for how I feel inside. I stir my coffee absently, watching the cream swirl into the dark liquid, trying to ignore the dull ache of yet another disappointing night. Across from me, my best friend Lena practically glows, her newlywed happiness radiating off her in waves. I envy it—envy her. Not that I'd ever tell her that.

“So, how was last night?” Lena asks, raising an eyebrow as she sips her iced tea. There's a hint of mischief in her voice, like she already knows the answer.

I let out a long, frustrated sigh, dropping the spoon into my cup with a clatter. “It was... I don't even know how to describe it. Boring? Awkward? Pointless?”

Lena's brow furrows in concern. “That bad?”

“Worse,” I groan, leaning back in my chair. “He seemed perfect on paper. Tall, dark, handsome, a lawyer—everything you'd expect, right? The chemistry was off the charts. We couldn't keep our hands off each other the entire cab ride back to his apartment...”

“But?” Lena probes, raising her brows.

“We got to his apartment, clothes falling to the floor as he led us to the bedroom,” I continue, pausing as the server sets plates in front of us. I blush slightly, and Lena

laughs, nudging my shoulder.

“Oh my god, don’t stop, Zara!” She grins, eyes gleaming as I sigh.

“Ten minutes, Lena. I didn’t even get to enjoy it before he was done.”

I take a large sip of my coffee as Lena winces beside me. “Ouch.”

“Yeah. So I just laid there, frustrated and annoyed. Luckily, I didn’t have to wait long for him to pass out so I could sneak out.”

Lena sets down her fork, a thoughtful look on her face. “Maybe you’re just looking in the wrong places.”

I scoff, shaking my head. “And where exactly am I supposed to look, Lena? I’ve tried everything—dating apps, blind dates, random hookups. Nothing works.”

She leans in closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “Maybe it’s not about where you’re looking, but what you’re looking for.”

I frown, confused. “What do you mean?”

Lena bites her lip, hesitating for a moment. “What do you really want, Zara? What’s your ideal fantasy?”

I take a moment to think about it—really think about it—before answering. The truth is, I’m so tightly wound, I’m not even sure what I want, so I say the first thing that comes to mind. “I just want to be used. Forced to orgasm so many times, I black out. I want to wake up sated for once.”

Lena laughs before reaching into her purse. She pulls out a small black business card,

sliding it across the table toward me. The card is sleek and simple, with the name Obsidian Dreams in dark purple ink. I turn it over to find only an email address.

“What’s this?” I ask, picking it up.

“It’s a service,” Lena explains, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “They specialize in creating experiences tailored to your deepest desires. Scott and I used them before we got married.”

My eyes widen. “You mean, like an escort service? I’m not interested in paying for sex, Lena.” I scoff, trying to hand the card back, but she shakes her head.

“Not exactly. That’s an option, but it’s so much more than that. They specialize in experiences.” Lena grins. “We wanted to spice things up, so we decided to have a threesome with another woman. They arranged everything—down to the last detail. It was thrilling, Zara.”

I stare at the card, my heart pounding. Could something like this really be the answer? “I don’t know, Lena. It sounds... weird.”

“It is,” she admits. “But maybe that’s what you need. Something intense, something that pushes you out of your comfort zone. You said it yourself—you’re tired of the same old routine. Maybe it’s time to try something new.”

I swallow hard, my fingers trembling as I slip the card into my purse. “I’ll think about it.”

“Just promise me you’ll contact them,” Lena says, her tone softening. “You deserve to feel alive, Zara. Don’t settle for anything less.”

I nod, though uncertainty still gnaws at the edges of my mind. “I’ll think about it,” I

repeat, more to convince myself than her.

As we leave the cafe, the weight of the little black card in my purse feels heavier than it should. I can't shake the feeling that this might be the start of something... different. Something that could finally wake me up from the dull, unsatisfying routine my life has become.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

2

The tension in the office is palpable, like a thick fog settling over the cubicles and conference rooms. Everyone's on edge, their eyes darting between emails and whispered conversations, as if any minute now, the ground beneath us will shift.

I sit at my desk, staring blankly at the blinking cursor on my screen. The memo that arrived earlier is still open in front of me, the words "acquisition" and "new management" practically jumping off the page. Our marketing firm, our little corner of stability, is being bought out by a larger firm. Soon—in one month, soon—everything we know will change.

I glance around the office. My coworkers are trying to keep up appearances, but the nervous energy is impossible to ignore. Some people pace, others type frantically, and a few huddle together, whispering in hushed tones. No one knows what this means for us—who will be kept, who will be let go, what the new boss will be like. The uncertainty is eating away at everyone.

"Zara, did you see the memo?" a voice says behind me, startling me out of my thoughts .

I turn to see Nick, one of my colleagues, standing by my desk, his expression a mix of anxiety and curiosity. He's always been friendly, with a boyish charm that makes him popular in the office. But today, even he looks rattled.

"Yeah, I saw it," I reply, trying to keep my voice steady. "Everyone's talking about it."



Nick nods, running a hand through his blond hair. “This could be huge. I mean, a buyout? Who knows what that means for us?”

I shrug, though the unease in my stomach tells me I’m just as worried as he is. “I guess we’ll find out soon enough.”

He leans in slightly, lowering his voice. “You think they’ll bring in a whole new team? Maybe even cut some of us loose?”

I glance around, making sure no one else is listening. “I don’t know, Nick. But I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t nervous.”

Nick gives a tight smile, as if trying to convince himself more than me. “Yeah, same here. But, hey, whatever happens, we’ll get through it, right?”

I nod, though my mind is already spinning with what-ifs. What if the new management doesn’t like me? What if they decide to cut costs by letting go of some of the staff? What if — The sudden ding of an incoming email interrupts my thoughts. My heart skips a beat as I open it, expecting the worst. But it’s just a meeting notice—another generic “all-hands” meeting scheduled for later today. Probably to give us more details on the buyout. My chest tightens.

“Hey, don’t stress too much, Zara,” Nick says, offering a reassuring smile. “Whatever happens, you’ve got this. You’re one of the best graphic designers we’ve got.”

I force a smile, grateful for his support, but unable to shake the gnawing anxiety. “Thanks, Nick. I appreciate it.”

He hesitates for a moment, then clears his throat. “Listen, a bunch of us are going to grab drinks after work. You know, to blow off some steam. You should come.”

I consider it for a moment. It would be good to relax, to get out of my own head for a while. “Sure, sounds like a good idea.”

Nick’s smile widens, a hint of relief in his eyes. “Great. And maybe... afterward, you and I could grab a bite to eat? Just the two of us?”

His words catch me off guard. Nick’s always been friendly, but this feels different—more direct, more... interested. I hesitate, unsure of how to respond. On one hand, a date could be a nice distraction from the chaos at work. On the other hand, I’m not sure I’m in the right headspace for it.

But before I can overthink it, I hear myself saying, “Yeah, okay. That sounds nice.”

Nick’s smile broadens, and for the first time today, I feel a small flicker of something other than anxiety. Maybe this won’t be such a bad day after all.

As he walks away, I turn back to my screen, trying to focus on the work in front of me. But the weight of the looming buyout hangs over everything, a dark cloud that refuses to budge. And beneath it all, the tiny black card in my purse feels heavier than ever.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:15 am*

3

The low hum of conversation and the clink of glasses fill the dimly lit lounge, but I'm barely aware of it. The room is inviting, with dark wood paneling and leather seats that absorb sound, creating an intimate space where secrets are shared and plans are made. It's our place—where the masks come off, and the pretense fades away.

I glance at the two men sitting across from me. Raven leans back in his chair, a lazy grin on his face, while Shadow's green eyes flick between us, sharp and perceptive as always. The same restlessness that's been gnawing at me for weeks lingers in the air, a quiet tension that none of us can shake.

"We're getting soft," I say, more to myself than to them. The words have been rattling around in my head for days now, a nagging frustration that refuses to be silenced.

Shadow raises an eyebrow, his expression thoughtful. "Soft? I wouldn't say that."

"Not soft," I correct, leaning back in my chair, "but stagnant. These requests—they're all the same. Safe, predictable. Where's the challenge? The thrill? I feel like we're just going through the motions."

Raven chuckles, taking a sip of his drink. "You're bored."

"Damn right, I'm bored." The admission comes out harsher than I intended, but it's the truth. The work we do—it's supposed to be exhilarating, pushing boundaries, exploring the edge of what's possible. But lately, it's been nothing but routine. Safe

fantasies, low risk, minimal excitement.

“Clients are choosing safety,” Shadow says, his tone measured. “They come to us because they know we’ll fulfill their fantasies without pushing them too far. That’s why they trust us.”

“And that’s why we’re here,” I agree, nodding. “Consent is everything. But I’m tired of these lukewarm requests. They’re not pushing us, and they’re not pushing them. I want something more. Something real.”

The words echo in my mind, stirring a deeper frustration that I can’t quite shake. This was never supposed to be just another business—another way to make money. It was supposed to be a way to escape the monotony of my life, to explore the darker sides of desire in a controlled, meaningful way. But now, even that control feels like a leash, tethering me to a routine I can’t seem to break free from.

Raven leans forward, blue eyes gleaming with interest. “You’re looking for a client who’s ready to go all in.”

“Exactly.” I take a slow sip of my drink, letting the burn of the whiskey ground me. “I’m not talking about breaking the rules. We don’t cross lines, and we don’t push clients beyond their comfort zones. But I want someone who’s ready to push their own boundaries. Someone who’s craving the thrill as much as we are.”

Shadow considers this, his gaze thoughtful. “We can’t force it. It has to be their choice.”

“I know,” I say, a hint of frustration creeping into my voice. “But where are they? All we’re getting are these tame, watered-down fantasies. I need something more. We all do.”

It's more than just the boredom. It's the gnawing sense that I'm losing my edge, that the fire that drove me to create Obsidian Dreams in the first place is slowly flickering out. I used to thrive on the challenge, on the delicate dance between danger and control. Now, I feel like I'm just going through the motions, waiting for something—or someone—to reignite that spark.

Raven smirks, swirling his drink. "You're waiting for the right one."

"Aren't we all?" I mutter, more to myself than to them. The right client, the one who's ready to take that step into the unknown, to trust us with their deepest desires—that's who I'm waiting for.

Shadow nods, a flicker of understanding in his eyes. "The right client will come. Someone who's ready to take that step."

"And when they do," Raven adds, raising his glass, "we'll be ready."

We clink glasses, a silent agreement passing between us. The restlessness doesn't fade, but it's tempered by a sense of purpose. The right challenge is out there, waiting.

But even as we share this moment, a part of me can't help but wonder—how much longer can I wait? How much longer before this frustration turns into something darker, something I can't control? The thought lingers, unsettling and unwelcome, but I push it aside. For now, I'll wait. But the hunger is growing, and I don't know how much longer I can keep it at bay.

The city lights blur as I step out of the bar, the cool night air a welcome relief from the stuffy, alcohol-scented atmosphere inside. Nick is beside me, his laughter easy and carefree as he recounts a story from earlier in the night. I smile, but it doesn't quite reach my eyes. My mind is elsewhere, already drifting away from this half-hearted attempt at a connection.

We end up at a taco truck parked on the corner, the kind of place that stays open late to cater to the night owls and the restless souls who roam the city after dark. The smell of grilled meat and spices fills the air, making my stomach growl despite the knot of unease that's been tightening there all night.

"Two carnitas, extra hot sauce," Nick orders with a grin, glancing at me. "You want the same?"

"Sure," I reply, my voice lacking enthusiasm. I've been going through the motions all night—smiling, laughing, flirting just enough to keep the conversation flowing—but my heart's not in it. It hasn't been for a while now .

Again, I feel like on paper, Nick is everything I should want. He's smart, driven, wildly attractive. But there is zero chemistry.

We find a spot near the curb to eat, the taco truck's neon sign casting a warm glow over the street. Nick is talking, something about a project at work, but I'm barely listening. Instead, I'm focused on the taco in my hand, taking small bites and nodding at the right moments.

“You’re quiet tonight,” Nick says, his tone light but with a hint of something more. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, just tired, I guess,” I lie, forcing a smile. The truth is, I’m tired of this—of the dates that go nowhere, the endless small talk, the hollow flirtations. It’s all starting to feel the same, and I’m realizing more and more that it’s not enough.

Nick finishes his taco and leans closer, his arm brushing against mine. “You know, Zara, I’ve had my eye on you for a while. You’re different from the other girls in the office. More fun, more... interesting.”

I chuckle softly, but there’s no real amusement behind it. “Thanks, I guess.”

He reaches out, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear, his fingers lingering a bit too long. “Come on, don’t be so modest. You know you’ve got that spark. That thing that makes guys want to get closer.”

There’s a shift in his tone, a subtle edge that makes my skin crawl. I pull back slightly, trying to keep things light. “Maybe, but not everyone gets to see it.”

Nick’s smile falters, just for a second, before he recovers. “Come on, Zara. We’ve been having a good time, right? You can’t deny that.”

I take a deep breath, my mind racing as I search for a way to let him down gently. “It’s been fun, Nick, but... I’m not really looking for anything right now. ”

His expression hardens, and the easygoing charm slips away, replaced by something darker. “You’ve been flirting with me all night, and now you’re telling me you’re not interested? That’s kind of messed up, don’t you think?”

Before I can respond, Nick moves in closer, his hand sliding around my waist as he

leans in to kiss me. Instinctively, I push him away, the force of it surprising both of us.

“Nick, no,” I say firmly, stepping back to create some distance between us. My heart is pounding now, more out of frustration than anything else.

Nick’s eyes narrow, and he steps closer again, invading my space. “You’re just playing games, aren’t you? Acting all interested and then pulling back at the last minute. What’s your deal, Zara?”

I feel the anger rising, hot and sharp, but I keep my voice steady. “My deal is that I’m not interested in you like that. And if you can’t respect that, then we’re done here.”

He scoffs, taking a step back, his expression a mix of frustration and disbelief. “Whatever. You’re just a tease, you know that?”

His words sting more than I’d like to admit, but I refuse to let it show. “And you’re just another guy who thinks he’s entitled to something he hasn’t earned. Goodnight, Nick.”

I turn on my heel, walking away before he can say anything else. My heart is pounding, a mix of anger and disappointment churning in my gut. I raise my hand and hail a cab, sliding into the backseat and giving the driver my address.

As the cab pulls away, I lean back against the seat, closing my eyes. This night was supposed to be a distraction, a chance to have some fun, but all it’s done is remind me of what I’m missing—something real, something that actually excites me .

The cab weaves through the city streets, and I let out a long, slow breath. Maybe Lena was right. Maybe it’s time to try something different. Something that actually makes me feel alive.



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I stare at the small black card, the sleek surface glinting under the fluorescent lights of my office. It's just before lunch, but the only hunger I can think about is the one that's gone unsated for far too long. I haven't come with someone else in months. I'm tired of the shitty one-night stands where I have to fake it just to save my date's ego. No. I need something more. Something exciting. Something substantial.

I flip the card over, the single email address staring back at me, simple and unassuming: [email protected] I input it into the blank email I've already pulled up on my screen. What do I put on the subject line? My fingers hover over the keys, hesitation gripping me. I chew on my lip, suddenly losing the nerve to go through with this. After typing and deleting a few times, I finally settle on:

Seeking Services.

I take a deep breath and click into the body of the email. Now what? My fingers tap nervously on the keyboard as I try to form the right words. Finally, I type:

A friend suggested you to me. I'm seeking an experience...

I pause, reading the line over, wondering if it sounds too vague or too desperate. But what else is there to say? I sign off with my name before stopping. Should I be putting my full name? My email address is random, a nickname I had as a kid mixed with my birthday. It's not like they can track me down from it. Still, something in me hesitates. I delete my name and instead sign off the email with a simple: Red.

I sit back, staring at the screen, my heart pounding. The cursor blinks, waiting for me to make a move. All I have to do is hit send. But that one little action feels like stepping off a ledge into the unknown.

With a final, steadying breath, I close my eyes and press Send .

After picking at my lunch, appetite lost in a swirl of nerves and anticipation, I take a seat back at my desk. My eyes catch on the screen, and my heart skips a beat as I notice a reply from Blade sitting in my inbox. Just as I'm about to click it open, Nick saunters up to my desk, his presence like an unwelcome cloud. I sigh, glancing up at him, my irritation barely masked. "Can I help you with something?"

Nick's gaze drops to my screen, and I see his jaw tighten. "Personal email, huh? Guess work's not keeping you too busy."

I resist the urge to roll my eyes. "It's my lunch break, Nick."

He crosses his arms, leaning in slightly. "Funny, you seemed pretty distracted last night, too. Can't imagine why. "

I meet his stare, my patience wearing thin. "What do you want, Nick?"

He smirks, but there's no warmth behind it. "Just checking to see if you're done playing games. You know, some of us don't appreciate getting jerked around."

I feel the anger flare, but I keep my voice even. "I'm not playing games. If that's how you see it, maybe you should move on."

His eyes narrow, and for a moment, it looks like he's going to say something more. But he just shakes his head. "Whatever. Your loss."

“Yeah, sure,” I mutter as he turns and walks away.

The second he’s gone, I exhale slowly, shaking off the irritation. My focus returns to the screen, where the email from Blade waits for me. I click it open, pushing all thoughts of Nick out of my mind, ready for something real.

My heart races as I take in Blade’s email, the words blurring slightly as my mind races to process them.

Red? Cute. “Seeking an experience?”

I’m sorry, but I’m going to need more than that if I am to help you.

I bite down on my lip, tension coiling in my chest as I stare at the message. He’s right—he needs more. But the truth is, I don’t actually know what I want. Not really. That’s the problem, isn’t it? I’m so used to feeling unsatisfied that I’ve forgotten what real satisfaction even looks like.

## Page 7

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I smooth my hand over my tie, the fabric cool beneath my fingertips as the email grabs my attention. Red. Most people aren't so careful. They haphazardly use their real names without a second thought. But this woman—at least I assume it's a woman with that name—knows better. She's cautious, smart. I can already tell, even before she responds, that she doesn't fully know what she wants. That sort of uncertainty, that desperation, could be just the excitement I've been craving.

My heart jumps slightly in my chest as I see a response from Red almost immediately.

I don't actually know what I'm looking for... I just need something. Can you help?

A slow smile spreads across my face as I whisper to myself, "Oh yes, kitten, I can."

Excitement stirs in me, something I haven't felt in a long time. This could be the challenge I've been waiting for. I take a moment to compose myself, fingers hovering over the keys, as I consider my next move. I need to gauge her, to draw out the hidden desires she might not even know she has.

I begin typing, my mind already racing with possibilities.

Okay. Let's start with a few preliminary questions: What's your gender?

Are you a virgin? Do you want something heterosexual? Multiple partners?

I hesitate before typing the last question. It's not something we usually ask outright, but I want to push her, to make her confront what she truly wants.

What is your darkest desire? What do you fantasize about when you touch yourself?

I lean back, rereading the email before hitting send. There's a thrill in the unknown, in the possibility that she might surprise me. I'm already intrigued by her caution, her need for something more. If she's willing to dive into her deepest fantasies, this could be exactly what I've been looking for.

With a final, satisfied click, I send the email and wait, anticipation simmering beneath my calm exterior.

The next day, the sharp morning sunlight streams through the floor-to-ceiling windows of my office, casting long shadows across the polished wood. I glance at my computer screen for what feels like the hundredth time, irritation simmering just beneath the surface. Still no response from Red . My excitement from the previous day has dulled into a restless frustration.

A knock at the door breaks through my thoughts. Raven steps inside, his usual confident swagger evident as he takes a seat across from me. "You look like someone just canceled Christmas. What's got you so wound up?"

I lean back in my chair, steepling my fingers as I stare at the screen. "I had a client reach out yesterday—'Red'—but she hasn't responded to my follow-up. I expected something by now."

Raven raises an eyebrow, his blue eyes glinting with curiosity. " Red ? Sounds promising. What'd you ask her?"

I let out a slow breath, rubbing my temple as I replay the email exchange in my mind.

“Just a few basic questions to gauge her interests, see what she’s looking for. But I pushed a bit further, asked about her darkest desires. Maybe that spooked her.”

Raven chuckles, leaning back in his chair. “Or maybe she’s just thinking it over. You know how it is—sometimes they need a little time to get comfortable, especially if they’re new to this.”

“Maybe,” I admit, though the thought doesn’t ease my irritation. “But I got the sense she was on the edge of something—like she wanted to dive in but wasn’t sure how. I thought she’d be the one to push through.”

Raven studies me for a moment, his expression thoughtful. “You’re disappointed.”

“Yeah,” I confess, surprising myself with the admission. “It’s been a while since I’ve had a client with real potential. I thought she could be different.”

Raven nods, a hint of understanding in his gaze. “It’s always a gamble, Blade. You know that. But the ones worth waiting for—they don’t always come easy.”

I grunt in response, not entirely mollified. “I just hate waiting.”

Raven grins, leaning forward with a glint of mischief in his eyes. “Patience, my friend. If she’s worth it, she’ll come around. And when she does, you’ll be ready.”

I smirk despite myself, knowing he’s right. “Yeah, I suppose. But if she doesn’t…”

Raven’s grin widens. “Then we’ll find another. But something tells me Red isn’t done with you just yet.”

As Raven stands to leave, I nod, feeling a bit of the tension ease. But as the door closes behind him, I glance back at the screen, my irritation lingering. Red may need

time, but so do I. And I'm not one to sit idle for long.

I flick on the living room light and sink onto the couch, my phone already in my hand as I stare at the last email from Blade . What is your darkest desire? What do you fantasize about when you touch yourself? The questions have been echoing in my mind all day.

I sigh, shaking my head, trying to calm the racing thoughts. I'm overthinking this—I know it. I lean back against the couch, closing my eyes in an attempt to relax. But the questions linger.

What turns me on? I've always been drawn to darker things. Even in the romance books I read, they're never the sunshiny, happily ever-after kind. They're dark, filled with kidnapping plots and morally gray lovers. Stories with multiple men and few boundaries.

My core clenches, and I squeeze my thighs together at the thought of being used like the women in my books. The realization hits me suddenly—there are so many things I want to try. But how do I narrow it down? And how do I convey my desires without being judged?

As if on cue, my phone chimes, pulling me out of my thoughts. I glance at the screen to find a new message from Blade .

This is a judgment-free zone. I promise.

A shiver runs down my spine, and I can't help but smile. It's like he knows exactly



what I'm thinking—like he's already in my head. My pulse quickens, and I feel a strange mix of anticipation and fear. Maybe, just maybe, this is what I've been waiting for.

I quickly type a response, my fingers trembling slightly, and hit send.

Now, how did you know I was worried about being judged?

No sooner have I set my phone down than it chimes again.

Because that is usually the biggest reason people hesitate to reach out and use our services. But that is exactly who we are, Red. We are a completely judgment-free zone. We only want to help others discover their deepest desires and carry them out in a safe environment.

Why don't we start with you telling me a little about yourself?

Talk about myself? I can do that. Excitement fills me, much like the rush when I first connect with someone on a dating app. Those initial butterflies before the inevitable disappointment. I scroll through my photos, hesitating for a moment before coming across a picture of myself in pink lingerie. I'd taken it during my last serious relationship nearly a year ago. I crop out my face and attach it to the email.

I think it's best to keep my name as Red. I like the anonymity.

I pause, fingers hovering over the keys, before continuing.

I've attached a photo of myself. I'm thirty-four and have lived in the city since college. My dating life has become boring and monotonous. I'm missing that spark with the men I've gone out with. I don't know if it's just me, or if every man in this city simply doesn't know how to pleasure a woman properly. That's why I reached

out to you...

Before I can second-guess myself, I click Send and settle back into the couch, my heart still racing from the boldness of what I've just done. I glance at my phone, half-expecting a response from Blade to pop up right away. But the screen remains dark, and the seconds stretch into minutes.

I try to distract myself, scrolling mindlessly through social media, but it's no use. My thoughts keep drifting back to the email, to the photo I attached, and to the words I chose so carefully. Did I come on too strong? Was I too vague? Doubt starts to creep in, gnawing at the edges of my excitement.

Five minutes pass. Then ten. I check my phone again, but there's still nothing. The initial thrill starts to fade, replaced by a familiar twinge of disappointment. It's ridiculous, really—I barely know this man, and yet here I am, hoping for some kind of immediate validation.

I toss my phone onto the cushion beside me, trying to shake off the feeling. Maybe he's busy. Maybe he's thinking through how to respond. Or maybe he's just not as interested as I thought he'd be. I hate how quickly my mind goes there, how easily I slip into doubting myself.

I push off the couch and head to the kitchen, deciding to make myself a cup of tea to calm my nerves. As the kettle heats, I lean against the counter, trying to focus on anything other than the email. But it's no use. I can't help but replay our brief exchange in my mind, wondering what I could've done differently.

The kettle whistles, and I pour the hot water over the tea bag, the steam curling up in soft, comforting tendrils. I carry the cup back to the living room and sit down again, the warmth of the mug grounding me. I tell myself it's fine, that I don't need to hang my hopes on one email.

But even as I sip the tea, the disappointment lingers, a dull ache in the pit of my stomach. I glance at my phone one more time—still nothing. With a sigh, I set the mug down and close my eyes, trying to calm the flutter of nerves.

Just as I'm starting to resign myself to a long wait, my phone buzzes, the sound jolting me out of my thoughts. I snatch it up, my heart pounding again as I see the notification.

Blade.

I find it hard to tear my eyes from the photo of Red . Her body is in peak physical form, toned and defined, likely from some combination of Pilates or yoga. Her breasts fill out the thin fabric of the pink lace bra, the delicate material clinging to her curves. A hint of red hair is visible at the top of the cropped photo, but what truly captivates me are the tiny red freckles scattered along her chest and stomach. My mind drifts, imagining the feel of those freckles beneath my tongue before tracing the blade of my knife along her soft skin.

My cock is painfully hard beneath the thin fabric of my shorts, the image of her body fueling my desire. I shake my head, forcing myself to focus. I didn't start this company just to perv on women—though it's certainly not a downside. Clearing my throat, I click out of the photo, leaning back on the couch where I sit in nothing but sleep shorts.

Without overthinking it, I snap a quick photo of myself from the chest down, the muscles of my torso and the bulge in my shorts clearly visible. I attach it to my response, the thrill of the game making my blood pulse with excitement.

Well, Red... you certainly have my attention, as you can see.

I, of course, can help you. But something tells me you need more than just to simply have an orgasm. You can do that yourself. No, you need something more... something darker. And I am happy to walk you through your deepest, darkest fantasies to see if we can accommodate them.

I pause, considering my next move. I want to draw her in, make her think deeply about what she truly desires.

Let's start with a simple question. Are you submissive?

I don't bother asking if she's a Domme—I already know the answer. In fact, I have a pretty good idea of how she'll respond, but I want her to really think about it, to begin confronting the layers of her own desires. My cock twitches again, excitement buzzing through my veins. I haven't felt this alive about a potential client, in I can't remember how long.

No. I have no desire to be a slave to someone.

She responds quickly, eliciting a chuckle from me as I sit up to reply. "Oh, my sweet girl," I mutter with a smile.

Being submissive has nothing to do with being a 'slave.' Do you enjoy the man, or your partner, taking charge? Do you want him to be in control of your orgasm? To be in control of the scene?

Submissives enjoy not having to think or take charge. They rely on their Dom to do the heavy lifting, so to speak, and to tell them what to do. That's why it's always necessary to have safe words in place—just in case the sub doesn't like something or feels uncomfortable or threatened.

I pause for a moment, considering how far to push her. The thought of guiding her through this exploration sends another jolt of desire straight to my cock, now straining painfully against my shorts.

Let me ask you some other questions. Let me know if any of the following pique your interest or if you'd like to explore them further. These are all pretty common kinks:

\*Bondage

\*Edge Play

\*Degradation

\*Rape play or CNC (Consensual Non-Consent)

\*Spanking

\*Sadism or Masochism

I think that's a good start. Take your time and think about those. I also encourage you to do your own research on kinks you might be interested in trying. My goal is to give you the best experience possible.

As I hit Send , my cock leaks in my shorts, the idea that Red could be interested in any of these kinks igniting a fire within me that's hard to control. The anticipation of what she might say next, of the possibility that she could share my darker desires, excites me more than I thought it would.

I lean back, the thought of what's to come making it nearly impossible to resist the urge to seek relief. But I hold back, savoring the tension, letting it build—just like I plan to do with her.

The office hums with the usual buzz of activity, keyboards clacking, phones ringing, and muted conversations flowing around me. But all of it fades into the background as I sit at my desk, my eyes locked on the screen of my phone. The photo of Blade fills the display—his chiseled chest, the defined muscles tapering down to the waistband of his shorts, the hint of a bulge that stirs something deep within me. I can't tear my gaze away, my mind drifting to the email exchange that has consumed my thoughts for days now.

I'm thinking too much about this like it's a potential date, I chide myself. But it's not—it's a business transaction. That's all it is.

Still, I can't help the way my pulse quickens when I think about him. There's something about Blade —something dangerous and exciting—that makes me crave more. I've never felt like this before, not with any of the men I've dated. They've all been so... predictable. But Blade is different. He sees me in a way that no one else ever has, and the way he talks about exploring my desires makes my heart race .

Lost in thought, I barely register the sound of footsteps approaching my desk until it's too late. A shadow falls over me, and I glance up to see Nick standing there, his expression a mix of curiosity and something darker.

“What's that you're looking at?” he asks, leaning in too close for comfort.

I quickly fumble to lock my phone, but I'm too slow. Nick's eyes catch a glimpse of the screen, and his lips curl into a smirk.

“Well, well,” he drawls, his voice low and mocking. “Didn’t know you were into that kind of thing, Zara. I guess you’ve got a little more fire in you than I thought. Who knew you were such a slut?”

His words hit me like a slap, anger flaring hot in my chest. I whirl around in my chair, meeting his gaze head-on. “Excuse me?”

Nick doesn’t back down, his smirk widening as he leans against the edge of my desk. “Oh, come on. Don’t play innocent now. You know what they say—good girls are just bad girls who haven’t been caught.”

I grit my teeth, trying to keep my voice steady despite the rage boiling inside me. “Get out of my face, Nick. You have no right to say that to me.”

He shrugs, clearly enjoying the reaction he’s getting. “Hey, I’m just saying—if you’re gonna act like a slut, don’t be surprised when people start treating you like one.”

My hands clench into fists at my sides, but I refuse to give him the satisfaction of seeing me lose my cool. “This conversation is over. Go away, Nick.”

His smirk fades slightly, replaced by a look of irritation. “Whatever. Just remember, Zara—people are watching. You might want to be careful about the kind of attention you attract. ”

With that, he turns and walks away, leaving me fuming at my desk. I take a deep breath, trying to calm the storm of emotions swirling inside me. I glance down at my phone again, the image of Blade still fresh in my mind.

Nick’s words sting, but they won’t deter me. If anything, they make me more determined. I’m done letting people like him dictate how I feel about myself. I know



what I want, and I'm not going to let anyone make me feel ashamed of it.

As I lock my phone and set it aside, a sense of resolve settles over me. I'm going to see this through. With Blade, with my desires, with everything. It's time to take control.

After spending far too much of my work time searching kinks and different fetishes, I finally feel ready to reply. The rest of the day had passed in a blur, my mind preoccupied with images and ideas that were both thrilling and daunting. Now, as I sit at my desk in my home office, the cursor flashes in the empty email open in front of me, taunting me to take the next step.

I type out the first sentence, my fingers moving hesitantly over the keys.

Do you always send half-naked photos of yourself to potential clients? What if I was looking for a woman?

I smirk to myself, imagining his reaction. There's a hint of playfulness in the question, but also a genuine curiosity. I'm still not entirely sure how this is supposed to work, and the blurred lines between business and something more personal leave me feeling unsteady.

I'm not really sure how this works or what I want exactly... How does this usually go?

I pause, chewing on my lip as I consider the next part. The research I did had opened up a world of possibilities, but it also left me feeling overwhelmed, unsure of where to start or what I truly wanted.

I read through the kinks you sent me and did my homework, searching up more. But I find it all a little overwhelming.

My heart races as I type out the next lines, a thrill of excitement mingling with nerves.

What if I want more than one partner? What if I want something less than conventional?

The last lines send a shiver of anticipation through me before I click Send . I'm not even sure why I said it, but the words felt right in the moment. I've never been with more than one man at a time, though the thought has always intrigued me. The idea of pushing boundaries, of exploring something unconventional, is terrifying—but it's also the most alive I've felt in a long time.

As I lean back in my chair, the nervous energy buzzing through me, I wonder how Blade will respond. Whatever happens next, I know I'm stepping into something new, something that could change everything.

“G uys.” The email from Red already has me hard as I sit behind my computer at my desk. I was supposed to be finishing some late-night work—my company is in the final stages of acquiring a smaller firm—but the moment I see her name pop up in my inbox, all thoughts of work vanish. I invited Shadow and Raven over for a drink while I wrapped things up, but this is far more interesting. “Come here.”

Shadow and Raven move to stand on either side of me, curiosity piqued. We read the email together, the words lighting a fire in my veins.

“More than one partner?” Raven repeats, a smirk forming on his lips. “I like this girl.”

“You will,” I agree, unable to keep the satisfaction out of my voice. I pull up the photo she sent—the one I can’t seem to get out of my head—and hand my phone over to them. Raven and Shadow take it as they head back to their seats.

“Fuck,” Shadow mutters, sinking into his chair as he snatches the phone from Raven, his eyes glued to the screen. “She’s something else.”

Raven chuckles, leaning back and sipping his drink. “She’s got potential, that’s for sure. You think she’s serious about the multiple partners?”

“I think she’s curious,” I reply, my fingers already moving over the keyboard as I form a response. “And curiosity is something we can work with.”

I pause for a moment, considering my words carefully. Red is on the verge of something, and it's my job to guide her through it, to push her just enough to see where her boundaries really lie.

You're full of surprises, Red.

I type, my heart pounding with anticipation.

More than one partner? Something less than conventional? I think we can explore that. But first, let's talk specifics.

What do you imagine when you think of multiple partners? Do you want them all at once, or in different scenarios? And as for something less than conventional—why don't you tell me what's been on your mind?

I lean back, rereading the email before hitting Send . My cock throbs in my slacks. The thought of her fantasizing about us—about me—sends a rush of adrenaline through my body. I glance over at Shadow and Raven, who are still staring at the photo, and a slow grin spreads across my face.

“Looks like we might have found someone worth our time, boys.”

Raven raises his glass in a mock toast. “Here's to finding out just how far she's willing to go.”

Shadow nods, his eyes dark with intent. “This could be interesting. ”

I smirk, the thrill of the chase sending a fresh wave of excitement through me. “Oh, it will be.”

Almost as soon as I lean back in my chair, my computer chimes with a response. I

chuckle as both Raven and Shadow shoot up from their seats, coming to stand behind me, eager to read along.

Well... I've never had more than one partner at a time, but it is something I've thought about. You asked me what my deepest desire was. You remember?

Of course, I remember. Fuck . The excitement surges again, nearly overwhelming as I force myself to take a few deep breaths, trying to calm the storm inside. I don't want to scare her off—not when we're so close.

I remember.

I type back; the words coming out steadily despite the adrenaline coursing through me.

Do you have one? Is there a fantasy that you think about more than others?

“What do you think it is?” Raven asks, his voice low and laced with intrigue.

I shake my head with a shrug, my eyes glued to the screen. “I don't know. All I know is that it's going to be good. This is what we've been waiting for, boys.”

Raven nods, leaning in a little closer as if the words on the screen might reveal her secrets. “She's holding back, but not for long.”

Shadow crosses his arms, his gaze focused and intent. “Whatever it is, she's on the edge. It's our job to push her over. ”

I grin, the thrill of the unknown mingling with the satisfaction of finally finding someone who might be willing to go there. “Exactly. And when she does, we'll be ready.”

The three of us stand in silence for a moment, the weight of what's to come settling over us like a tangible force. I can feel it—the potential, the power—and it's intoxicating. My fingers hover over the keyboard, waiting for the next move, the next hint of what lies beneath her carefully chosen words.

This is what I've been craving: the anticipation, the game, the delicate dance of pushing boundaries without breaking them. And with Red, I know it's going to be worth the wait.

11

I 'm barely back in my chair behind my computer with a cup of tea when the computer chimes with a response already. "You're quick," I mumble to myself, clicking on Blade's name in my inbox. He wants to know what my fantasy is. I want to tell him, but what if he judges me? What if it's too crazy? Too weird...

You promise you won't judge me?

I type the message out slowly, my mouse hovering over the Send button for a few long, tension-filled minutes before finally clicking it. He responds right away, just as I take a sip of my tea.

This is a confidential and judgment-free zone.

Always.

"Okay," I breathe, swallowing hard as I try to come up with the right words. My heart pounds in my chest, the weight of the moment pressing down on me. This isn't just some casual flirtation—this is real, and I'm about to reveal a part of myself that I've kept hidden for so long.

I take a deep breath, my fingers trembling slightly as they hover over the keyboard. I've never shared this with anyone, never even said it out loud. But something about Blade, about the way he talks to me, makes me feel safe enough to take the risk.

I've always fantasized about being with more than one man. At the same time.

Being... taken by them. Used. I know it sounds crazy, but it's the one thing that always gets me off, the one fantasy I can't stop thinking about.

I hesitate, the next part lingering on the edge of my thoughts, daring me to put it into words.

Not just used, but... taken. Three men with masks kidnapping me and using me until I'm too weak to stand. I want to wake up the next day sore and sated.

Fuck, is that messed up? Typing it all out now makes me think I'm crazy...

I click Send on the message before I can talk myself out of it, the rush of adrenaline mixed with dread making my heart pound. What will Blade think when he opens it? Will he understand, or will he see me as twisted and broken?

A groan escapes me as I sink back into my chair, the weight of what I've just done pressing down on me. Was I too open? Too gullible? The doubt creeps in, gnawing at my confidence. What if this is all a big prank?

But even as the anxiety builds, there's a flicker of hope, a small part of me that believes Blade will understand. That he'll see me for who I am and accept it. I close my eyes, waiting for the response that could change everything.

I don't get a response as I sit staring at the computer screen for longer than I care to admit. Each minute that passes feels like an eternity, and the anxiety gnaws at me until I finally sigh, shutting down the computer and heading to bed. But even as I go through the motions of getting ready, the thoughts keep swirling.

Once I slip under the covers, settling my head on the pillow, my phone chimes. My heart races as I lean over to pick it up, seeing Blade's name on the screen. I eagerly click the email to open it.



Of course, it isn't messed up. It's helpful to know what you want. I can help you.

For confirmation, do you want it set up as CNC? As a kidnapping? Rape play? You pretend to fight, but you don't actually want to stop...

Or do you just want it more as a free-for-all, being used for sex by multiple men, a complete and willing participant? No fighting back. No gray areas.

(You will be given a safe word beforehand either way, for you to use at any time you begin to feel unsafe or just plain want to stop.)

His email sends a thrill through me, my breath catching in my throat. This is real—he's actually going to help me live out my fantasy. But now, I need to make a choice. I take a moment to really think about what it is I'm looking for. The thought of being taken, of fighting back, but knowing I'm safe, has always excited me. After a few minutes of staring at my phone, I finally type my response.

Rape play... All the above

I click Send without a second thought, my hands trembling as I sit up in bed, anticipation buzzing in my stomach like a swarm of bees. Every nerve is on edge as I wait for his reply.

Finally, the notification lights up my screen. I open the email, my heart pounding in my chest.

Perfect.

Blade responds.

I want to make it a safe space for you to explore your fantasy. I will get back to you

soon with specifics.

A shiver runs through me, the combination of relief and excitement overwhelming. He's going to make this happen. The reality of it starts to sink in, and I can barely contain the mix of emotions swirling inside me. I lie back down, my mind racing, knowing that something huge is on the horizon—something that could change everything.

12

I do my best to focus on work the following day after talking to Red, but it's impossible to shake the lingering thoughts of her. Her request excites me in a way I haven't felt in a long time. This is what I've been waiting for—someone craving the same dark scenarios that stir something deep within me. Someone who doesn't just want the ordinary, but will explore the edges of their desires.

But there's a danger in this, and I know it. It's not just about the fantasy; it's about the pull she already has over me, even though I haven't met her. The thrill of it, the anticipation—it's intoxicating. I've been down this road before, but this feels different. It feels... personal.

Losing myself in the fantasy, in Red, could blur the lines I've worked so hard to keep in place. I know the risks, and yet, the thought of holding back doesn't appeal to me at all. There's a connection here, something I can't quite define, and it's pulling me in deeper with every interaction.

Especially since I don't even know her.

The unknown adds to the excitement, but it also adds to the risk. I can't let myself get too close, too involved. But even as I tell myself this, a part of me doesn't want to stop. A part of me wants to see how far we can go, how deep this connection really runs.

I shake my head, trying to push the thoughts aside as I refocus on the work in front of me. But it's no use. She's in my head now, and I know there's no going back.

“Mr. Hawthorne?” A knock sounds on the door, and my assistant, Keely, enters with a smile, holding her tablet in one hand and a stack of files in the other. Right now, I’m not Blade—I’m Damien Hawthorne, owner and CEO of The Hawthorne Group. I sigh, shaking my head and smoothing my hand down my tie, focusing on my job and putting Blade away for now.

“Yes?” I answer with a smile, motioning for her to approach my desk.

“Your one o’clock is here. You have a meeting with the attorneys about the paperwork concerning Verve Marketing tomorrow at eight.” She sets the stack of files on my desk. “These are the employees the headhunter suggests you should let go of when we take over. They need your approval.”

I sigh, slightly annoyed by the mountain of paperwork that’s landed on my desk, but I know it’s necessary. “Sure. I’ll go over it soon. Thanks, love.”

Keely nods and turns to leave, and as the door closes behind her, I find myself staring at the files. Each one represents a decision, a judgment call that will affect someone’s life. It’s part of the job, part of the responsibility that comes with being Damien Hawthorne.

But a part of me—Blade—itches to push it all aside, to dive back into the world where there are no files, no meetings, no corporate takeovers. Just the thrill of the chase, the allure of a woman who’s already consuming my thoughts.

I shake off the distraction, knowing I can’t afford to lose focus. Not here. Not now. But as I reach for the first file, my mind drifts back to Red. Before I can let Blade take over completely.

“Rape play?” Shadow asks, his eyes widening slightly as he and Raven read over the latest email exchange with Red. “Wow, this is exactly who you’ve been looking for.

And it looks like she wants all of us.”

“This could be fun,” Raven replies, a cocky smirk on his face as I laugh.

“Fun? This is going to be so beyond fun. I just hope she’s as willing as she seems to be. We need a safe word. What do you guys think?”

The three of us sit around for a few minutes, tossing out different words, each more absurd than the last, before Raven finally offers up, “Mercy?”

I shrug, letting the word roll off my tongue, “Mercy... Simple, but effective. Easy to remember.”

Shadow nods, a thoughtful expression on his face. “It’s good. Clear and direct.”

“Mercy it is, then,” I decide, feeling a sense of satisfaction settle over me. “Now, I need to reply to Red.”

As I turn back to my computer, the excitement buzzes through me. The anticipation of what’s to come, the careful planning—it’s all part of the thrill. But most of all, it’s knowing that we’re about to bring someone’s deepest fantasy to life, pushing boundaries in a way that’s safe and consensual. I begin typing, eager to see where this will lead.

13

Three days... It has been three days since I last heard from Blade. The silence is deafening, each hour that passes without a response amplifying the doubts swirling in my mind. I'm starting to wonder if I scared him off, if the whole judgment-free spiel was just that—a spiel. A lie.

Did I push too far? Reveal too much? The questions gnaw at me, relentless and unkind. What if he thinks I'm a freak? What if my desires, the ones I've kept hidden for so long, are too much for even someone like him?

The thought makes my chest tighten, a sinking feeling settling in the pit of my stomach. Of course, I scared him away. What kind of woman am I to want what I want?

To be used by three men...

The words echo in my head, a mix of shame and defiance clashing within me. Part of me wants to crawl back into my shell, to pretend that I never sent that email, never bared my soul. But another part, the part that's been so desperate for something more, refuses to back down. I can't help what I want, and for once, I dared to reach out for it.

But now... now all I'm left with is silence and the nagging fear that I've crossed a line that can't be uncrossed.

"So? Did you ever do anything with the card I gave you?" Lena asks the following

day as we grab lunch in the city. Her tone is light, but there's a hint of curiosity in her eyes as she watches me.

I sigh, picking at the pasta in front of me, pushing it around the plate rather than eating. "I did. But ever since I sent my fantasy, he hasn't replied..."

"He's probably just trying to figure out the best way to help you," Lena offers nonchalantly, shrugging as if it's the most obvious thing in the world. Then she grins, a smirk playing on her lips. "What is your fantasy?"

My cheeks flush with embarrassment, the heat rising up my neck. I hesitate, unsure if I should tell her. Lena's been my best friend our entire lives, and we've shared everything, but this... this feels different. What if she judges me?

Noticing my hesitation, Lena reaches across the table and rests her hand on my arm. "Babe... what is it? It can't be that bad. Come on, you know you can tell me anything."

I sigh, setting my fork down and looking up at her. There's genuine concern in her eyes, and it makes me feel a little less afraid, a little more willing to open up. But still, the words stick in my throat. How do I explain something like this?

"I don't know if you'll understand," I start, my voice barely above a whisper. "It's... different."

"Try me," Lena says softly, her hand giving mine a reassuring squeeze. "You're my best friend. There's nothing you could say that would change that."

I take a deep breath, trying to steady the nerves rattling inside me. "I told him... I told him I want to be with more than one man. At the same time."

Lena doesn't flinch, doesn't pull back. She just listens, her eyes locked on mine, giving me the space to continue.

“And... I want it to feel real. Like they're taking me, using me... but I want it to be safe. I want to wake up the next day knowing it was all just a fantasy.” The words spill out of me, and once they're out, I feel a strange mix of relief and vulnerability.

For a moment, Lena just looks at me, processing what I've said. Then she nods, a small, understanding smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. “You know what? That doesn't sound crazy at all. It's your fantasy, Zara. There's nothing wrong with wanting to explore it.”

I blink, surprised by her calm acceptance. “You really don't think it's... weird?”

“Nope,” she says firmly. “Everyone has their own thing. You're just brave enough to admit it.”

Her words lift a weight off my shoulders, and I feel a smile start to form. “Thanks, Lena.”

“Anytime, babe,” she says, picking up her fork again. “And hey, if he doesn't reply soon, you let me know. We'll find someone who will.”

As I enter my apartment later that night, the familiar ding of my phone sends my heart racing. I drop my jacket to the floor and kick off my shoes, not caring about the mess. All I can think about is the email waiting for me. Once I'm seated on the couch, I click on Blade's name in my inbox .

His message is direct, methodical—exactly what I should have expected, nevertheless, it sends a thrill through me.



Some housekeeping. This is important:

Do you want to be in control of your fantasy, or do you want me to take charge and for you to be surprised?

I have two other men that will join me. I have included photos of the men. I need to know if you want us to use protection or not. (Either way, I will send you a recent blood test to prove that we are all clean and expect one in return, including proof of birth control.)

Are you wanting us masked the entire time? Or can we use a blindfold? (So we can use our mouths ;))

I will need a list of hard limits. (Things you are not willing to do no matter what)

My breath catches as I read the words, my body reacting to the clinical yet undeniably erotic tone of the message. Blade is thorough, leaving nothing to chance, and that only adds to the sense of safety I feel—he's in control, but I'm still the one calling the shots.

Once I finish reading, I click on the attachment, and two photos fill the screen. My pulse quickens as I take them in. The men are similar to Blade—top physical form, their chests and stomachs lined with muscles. Shadow, as his name suggests, is dark and mysterious, his body covered in a dusting of dark hair. Raven, on the other hand, is pale, his skin a canvas of intricate tattoos. Both are wearing nothing but low-slung pants, their faces out of view, but their bodies leave little to the imagination.

“Fuck,” I mutter to myself, feeling a rush of heat between my legs. Just looking at them has me turned on, even though I can't see their faces. There's something about the anonymity, the mystery, that heightens the anticipation.

I swallow hard, reading over the email again, letting each question sink in. He's giving me control, but also offering to take it away. The idea of being surprised, of letting go completely, is tempting. But so is the idea of knowing every detail, of crafting the perfect fantasy.

14

I take a seat at my desk in my home office a few days after sending my last email to Red, choosing to work from home as I open my laptop. The morning light filters through the curtains, casting a warm glow across the room. I glance up as Raven enters, taking a seat in front of me before setting a cup of coffee on my desk. “Morning. I got a new email. Want to read it with me?”

Raven is on his feet to stand beside me before I can finish the sentence, making me laugh as I open the most recent email from Red.

I want you to take charge. I don’t want to know anything.

And blindfolds are good too. No protection...

I included a recent test along with confirmation of my birth control and my hard limits.

God, I feel so silly, but I’m nervous.

When will you do it?

Her message causes me to smile, a mix of anticipation and satisfaction bubbling up inside me. Raven chuckles beside me, clearly sharing my excitement. “Eager, huh? This is going to be fun. I assume you have a plan?”

“I do,” I confirm, glancing up at him with a smile. “What do you think about a

Halloween party? Masks mandatory.”

His brows raise, excitement evident as his smile widens. “Perfect.”

I turn back to my computer, my fingers clicking along the keys with practiced ease.

Please don’t feel silly. Now nervous... I would think there was something wrong with you if you weren’t at least a little nervous.

Your safe word is Mercy. I’ll be in touch soon.

I hit send and lean back in my chair, the wheels already turning in my mind. The Halloween party idea is perfect—masks, mystery, and the thrill of the unknown. It’s everything Red is craving, wrapped up in a single night.

“This gives us a few weeks to plan,” I say, turning to Raven as he takes a seat once more. “You need to get the keys to your parent’s cabin for us to use. Halloween is on a Friday, so we’ll need the cabin all weekend. And we’ll need a few days before that to make sure it’s set up.”

“Done,” Raven responds, already pulling out his phone. His efficiency is one of the reasons I trust him with this. “I’ll have the keys by tomorrow.”

I nod, satisfied. The plan is coming together nicely. The cabin is remote, isolated—a perfect setting for what we have in mind. No interruptions, no prying eyes. Just us and Red, with nothing but the night and our desires to guide us .

“Let’s make sure everything is perfect,” I add, my mind already running through the logistics. “We want this to be something she never forgets.”

Raven grins, the same excitement I feel reflected in his eyes. “Oh, it will be. We’ll

make sure of that.”

As he leaves the room to start making arrangements, I lean back in my chair, the anticipation building. This is what I’ve been waiting for—someone who’s ready to push boundaries, to explore the edges of desire. And with Halloween just around the corner, the timing couldn’t be better.

There's been radio silence from Blade for two weeks. Each day that passes without a word from him feels like an eternity, the anticipation that once thrilled me now gnawing at my nerves. I can't help but wonder if I said something wrong or if he's changed his mind entirely. The uncertainty is eating away at me, making it hard to focus on anything else.

Adding to the stress is the impending merger at the office. The tension here is at an all-time high, the usual hum of productivity replaced by hushed conversations and worried glances. Everyone is on edge, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

The news that we're being bought out by The Hawthorne Group has only fueled the anxiety. Damien Hawthorne is a name that carries weight in this city—a force to be reckoned with. His firm is the largest and most successful marketing agency around, his services highly sought after by some of the biggest names in the industry. There's no denying that he's built an empire, and now, it seems, we're about to become part of it .

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't nervous about the changes that are coming. Everything will be different—new management, new expectations, and the ever-present fear of layoffs. But deep down, I can't help but think the merger might be a good thing. For those of us who remain employed, anyway.

Still, the uncertainty is exhausting. Every meeting feels like it could be the one where we finally hear who's staying and who's going. I'm doing my best to stay optimistic, but it's hard when everything feels so up in the air.

Between Blade's silence and the looming merger, I'm not sure how much more tension I can take. The waiting is the worst part—waiting for the unknown, for the next email, for the next piece of news that could turn everything upside down.

I pour two glasses of wine and hand one to Lena as I take a seat beside her on my couch. "He hasn't sent me anything since the last email."

"And what did the last email say?" Lena asks, her excitement almost mirroring mine. But there's no way she can be as anxious as I am right now.

"The last message I received from him included a safe word: Mercy. And that's it." I hand over my phone reluctantly, letting her scroll through our messages.

"A safe word?" Lena begins, her eyebrows raising in intrigue. "That is super?—"

"Terrifying?" I interject, the word slipping out before I can stop it. But Lena just laughs, shaking her head.

"Hot, actually." She turns her attention back to my phone, her eyes scanning the screen as I chuckle nervously and take a sip of my wine, trying to steady the butterflies in my stomach.

Just then, my phone chimes while she's holding it, and Lena leans forward on the couch, her eyes widening. "Wait..."

I snatch the phone from her, setting my wine glass on the coffee table as I do. "What is it?" My heart races as I glance at the screen, finding an invitation to a Halloween party from Blade, complete with a message attached.

Don't forget your safe word. Give the woman at the door the name 'Red,' and she'll give you a silver mask I've purchased for you so I'll know who you are. But you

won't know who we are.

See you soon...

"A Halloween party?" Lena repeats, her voice tinged with excitement. "Oooh!" she exclaims, reclaiming my phone to read Blade's message. "This is so exciting! I never knew you were so dark and twisted, Zara!"

I roll my eyes, but I can't help the smile tugging at my lips. "I guess there's a lot you don't know about me."

Lena grins, handing the phone back to me. "Well, I'm learning, and I have to say, I'm impressed. This is going to be one hell of a night."

I stare at the message, my mind spinning with possibilities. The idea of the Halloween party, of being masked and anonymous, sends a thrill down my spine. But it's also terrifying—walking into the unknown, into whatever Blade has planned.

I take another sip of my wine, trying to calm the nerves that are building inside me. "I just hope I'm ready for this."

Lena nudges me with her elbow, her smile reassuring. "You're more than ready. Just remember your safe word, and have fun. This is your chance to live out your fantasy, Zara. Don't hold back."

Her words echo in my mind as I look at the invitation again, the anticipation growing with each passing second. This is it—the beginning of something I've been dreaming about for so long. And now, it's about to become real.



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“Everything set for the party?” I ask, my voice steady but laced with anticipation.

Shadow nods, a smile creeping across his face. “You really renting out an entire warehouse and throwing a giant party for one girl?”

“Of course he is,” Raven answers for me with a laugh, patting my back. “I’ve never seen him so crazy over a girl before.”

“Just wait,” I say, passing the bottle of whiskey in my hand to Shadow. “I have no doubts you guys are gonna love her. Talk to me.”

Shadow laughs, nodding as he takes a drink before handing me a box. “DJ is booked, as well as the bartender for the open bar.”

“I’ve taken care of security, as well as the van and all the toys, including our masks,” Raven adds with a wink. I chuckle, feeling a surge of satisfaction as I turn my attention to the box Shadow handed me.

Carefully, I remove the top layer of tissue paper and pull out the silver mask nestled inside. The metal is cool against my fingers, and the intricate design catches the light just right. It’s elegant, with delicate filigree work that forms a pattern both beautiful and mysterious. “It’s perfect.”

I turn the mask in my hand, already imagining it on Red, the way it will add to the allure of the night. This party is more than just an event—it’s the setting for a fantasy,

one that I've meticulously crafted for her.

Raven leans in, peering at the mask over my shoulder. "She's going to look stunning in that."

"She's going to look like she belongs to us," I correct, the weight of my words hanging in the air. This night isn't just about indulging her fantasy—it's about making her a part of ours.

Shadow smirks, taking the bottle back for another swig. "This is going to be one hell of a Halloween."

I nod, placing the mask back in the box with care. Everything is falling into place. The warehouse, the party, the atmosphere—it's all been designed to push Red to the edge of her desires, and maybe even beyond.

As I close the box, I can't help but feel a thrill of anticipation. Red has no idea what's in store for her, but I know she's ready for it. And so are we.

"Let's make sure it's a night she'll never forget," I say, my voice low and determined.

Raven and Shadow exchange a glance, their smiles widening.

"Oh, we will," Shadow replies, his tone matching mine.

Raven clinks his glass against mine, sealing the unspoken pact between us. "To a night of secrets, masks, and the kind of fun we've been waiting for."

I raise my glass, the silver mask glinting in the dim light as I do. "To Red."

### Halloween - Friday Night

I sit in the back of the car, my heart racing as the city lights flicker by in a blur. The long, red dress I'm wearing hugs my body, the slit up the side revealing just enough to make me feel both bold and a little exposed. Underneath, a black lace set clings to my skin, a secret layer that only adds to the mix of excitement and nerves swirling inside me.

My fingers grip the small black clutch in my lap, but it feels almost too light. I packed only the essentials: my ID, credit card, phone, and lipstick. I didn't know what to bring—don't even know how long I'll be gone. And now, sitting here in the backseat, I can't help but wonder if I'm prepared for whatever's waiting for me tonight.

The thought creeps in—what if this party isn't really a party at all? What if Blade, with all his dark promises and mysterious allure, has something else in mind? A shiver runs down my spine at the idea, a mix of fear and excitement that I can't quite shake. Part of me is thrilled by the possibility, the danger, the unknown, but another part of me wonders if I'm walking straight into a trap, if this night is about to take a turn I'm not ready for.

I try to push the doubts away, but they linger, settling deep in my chest as the car turns onto a quieter street. The noise of the city fades, replaced by the hum of the engine and the soft rustle of my dress as I shift in my seat. The excitement I felt earlier is still there, but now it's mixed with a creeping uncertainty. I asked for this,

didn't I? So why does it feel like I'm walking into something I can't quite control?

I glance out the window, the darkness outside pressing in on all sides, and I feel the weight of the night ahead. I don't have the mask yet, but I know I'll be getting one soon. Will it hide me, or will it only add to the mystery, making it harder to tell what's real and what's just part of the game? The thought is both intoxicating and unnerving.

As the car pulls up to the large, imposing warehouse, I can feel my heart pounding in my chest. The structure looms ahead, its dark silhouette cutting against the night sky, and even from outside, I can hear the heavy thrum of music vibrating through the walls. It's a sound that's both enticing and unnerving, a promise of what's waiting inside.

I step out of the car, the cool night air brushing against my skin, and my eyes are drawn to the massive iron doors at the entrance. They seem almost too large, too intimidating for a simple party. My pulse quickens as I approach, every step echoing louder in my ears than the last.

The doors swing open just as I reach them, and I'm greeted by an attractive blonde woman, her hair slicked back in a way that highlights the sharp angles of her face. She's dressed in a sleek black dress that hugs her figure, a matching black mask concealing most of her features but leaving her red lips visible as she smiles .

"Red?" she asks, her voice smooth and practiced, as if she's been expecting me all night.

"Yes," I reply, my voice sounding steadier than I feel.

She smiles wider and hands me an intricate silver mask, its delicate design glinting in the dim light. I reach out to take it, feeling the cool metal in my hand, as she gently

takes my clutch from me. There's a moment of hesitation as I release my grip on the bag, watching as she sets it aside, out of sight.

"Enjoy the party. Blade has been so looking forward to meeting you," she says, her tone carrying a hint of something more, something that makes my stomach twist with both excitement and nerves.

I nod and step through the second set of doors, the music hitting me like a wave. It's louder now, pulsing and reverberating through my body, almost overwhelming. The air is thick with the smell of smoke, alcohol, and something else—something darker, more primal. The scent of bodies moving together, of desire and abandonment.

My eyes adjust to the dim, strobe-lit room, and I see them—people dancing, writhing against each other, lost in the music and the anonymity of their masks. The energy is electric, charged with an intensity that makes my skin tingle. But as I take it all in, I feel something else, too—eyes on me. Watching. Waiting.

I can't see where it's coming from, but I can feel it, a presence that sends a shiver down my spine. I scan the room, but it's impossible to tell who's behind each mask, who's watching me with such intensity. The thrill, the danger, sends my heart racing, and I know that whatever happens next, I'm not in control anymore.

I slip the silver mask over my face, feeling its coolness settle against my skin, and take a deep breath. I'm here now, and there's no turning back. The night is just beginning, and I'm ready to see where it takes me.

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The moment she steps through the doors, I see her. Even in a room full of people, she stands out. The red dress, the silver mask—it's like she's begging to be noticed, yet completely unaware of just how many eyes are on her. But mine are the ones that matter. I clock her instantly, my heart beating just a bit faster, but I don't move. Not yet.

I hang back, letting her take in the room, letting her feel the weight of the night. She doesn't know where I am, doesn't know who I am, and that's exactly how I want it. There's a thrill in watching her, in knowing that she's here for us, but has no idea who's pulling the strings.

She hesitates for a moment, her eyes scanning the room, before she makes her way toward the bar. I smirk as I see Raven already in position, casually leaning against the counter like he owns the place. He catches her eye as she approaches, and I can see his smile under his raven mask, charming and inviting, even from where I'm standing.

I move a little closer, hovering just within earshot, but staying in the shadows, out of sight. I want to hear their exchange, to see how she reacts when Raven turns on that smooth charm of his.

As she reaches the bar, Raven greets her with a knowing smile. "Red, right?" he asks, his voice low and warm, the kind of voice that puts people at ease. She nods, maybe a little too quickly, and I can tell she's still trying to get her bearings.

“What can I get you?” he asks, already reaching for a glass.

“Something strong,” she replies, her voice steady but with a hint of the nerves she’s trying to hide.

Raven chuckles softly, shaking his head. “Only one drink,” he says, sliding the glass toward her. “Just enough to calm your nerves.”

I watch as she takes the glass, her hand trembling slightly as she lifts it to her lips. Raven’s eyes never leave her, and I can see the subtle way he’s reading her, gauging her reaction, her comfort level. He’s good at this—too good sometimes—but that’s why he’s here.

She takes a sip, and I can see the tension in her shoulders ease just a fraction. But she’s still on edge, still trying to figure out what’s going on, what’s going to happen next. That’s exactly where I want her—off balance, uncertain, but still intrigued.

I stay where I am, watching, waiting. The night is still young, and there’s no rush. For now, I’m content to let Raven play his part, to let her settle into the atmosphere. But I’m always watching, always ready. She doesn’t know it yet, but this night belongs to me. To us.

I take a step back, blending further into the crowd, my eyes never leaving her. There’s no need to rush—she’s here, she’s ours, and the night is just beginning.

I watch as she takes the drink, her hand a little unsteady as she brings the glass to her lips. She finishes it quicker than I expect; the liquid disappearing down her throat as if she's trying to swallow her nerves along with it. Her eyes drift away from me, scanning the crowd, and I can feel the tension radiating off her. She's wound up tight, unsure of what's coming next. Perfect.

I plant myself beside her, letting my arm brush lightly against hers. She tenses at the contact, and I can't help but smile behind my mask. There's something so intoxicating about that mix of fear and curiosity in her—it's a potent combination that makes this whole night even more exciting.

She turns to me, her eyes narrowing slightly as if trying to figure me out. "Are you Blade?" she asks, her voice a little bolder than I expected, though I can hear the uncertainty beneath it.

That makes me laugh, a low, amused sound that I can see catches her off guard. I point to my raven mask, the black feathers catching the dim light of the room. "Not quite," I say, my voice laced with the kind of charm and confidence I know she's drawn to. "The name's Raven."

She looks at me for a moment, her eyes searching mine through the mask, as if trying to decide if I'm telling the truth. But I can see the doubt slip away as she realizes I'm not the one she's been waiting for. Still, she doesn't pull back. If anything, she seems even more intrigued.



“I’m not Blade,” I continue, leaning in just a little closer, my voice dropping lower, more intimate. “But I can promise you this—I’m very much looking forward to getting to know you better.” I let the words hang between us, the implication clear. I can see the way her breath catches, the way her lips part slightly, as if she’s not sure how to respond.

There’s desire in my voice, and I know she hears it. But it’s not just about seduction—it’s about control, about showing her that while she might be searching for Blade, she’s going to find so much more. She’s here, she’s curious, and I can feel the spark of interest growing between us.

I place my hand on the small of her back, feeling the tension slowly drain from her shoulders as she relaxes, just a little. I can tell she’s still unsure, still trying to piece together the night ahead, but that’s part of the fun—watching her navigate the unknown, knowing we’re guiding her every step.

“Relax,” I breathe, my lips close to her ear, so only she can hear. “Tonight’s about letting go. Enjoy it.”

I feel her breath hitch slightly, and I know I’ve got her attention. But before she can fully settle into the moment, I lean in closer, letting my voice drop to a whisper, laced with playful challenge. “Why don’t you see if you can find Shadow... before Blade finds you?”

I pull back just enough to see the flicker of surprise in her eyes, followed by a spark of intrigue. I can tell she’s trying to figure out what that means, trying to decide if it’s a game she wants to play. But I know the answer already—she’s curious, drawn in by the mystery, by the thrill of the chase.

She looks at me, a question forming on her lips, but I just smile, giving her a slight nudge toward the crowd. “Go on,” I say, my voice low and encouraging. “See if you

can find him. I'll be watching. We all will be."

With that, I step back, giving her space to move, to explore, to see if she's up for the challenge. I know she'll take the bait—it's too tempting not to. The idea of finding Shadow before Blade catches up with her, of being hunted while she's still trying to figure out the rules... it's exactly the sort of thrill she came here for.

I watch as she hesitates for only a moment, then starts to move through the crowd, her eyes scanning the room with renewed purpose. A satisfied grin spreads across my face as I watch her go. This night is only just beginning, and I can't wait to see how she handles what's coming next.

From my vantage point in the shadows, I have a clear view of her interaction with Raven. The way she tenses at his initial approach, the subtle shift in her posture as she relaxes under his charm—it's all as expected. Raven has a knack for drawing people in, making them feel safe while keeping them on edge, and Red is no exception. I can't help but feel a slight pang of envy that he's the first to speak to her, but I also know my role in this game. Patience has always been my strength, and tonight, that patience will pay off.

As their conversation continues, I watch her closely, studying the way she responds to his suggestion to find me before Blade finds her. There's a flicker of determination in her eyes, a spark of curiosity that intrigues me. But when she finally moves through the crowd, searching, she passes right by me without even realizing it. She's close—so close—but she has no idea I'm right here, watching her every move.

The thrill of the chase stirs something deep within me, and I follow her, staying just out of sight, my movements careful, deliberate. I can see the slight tension in her shoulders, the way her eyes dart around the room, sensing that someone is watching her, stalking her. She's aware, but not fully. She knows she's being hunted, but she doesn't know by whom.

She weaves her way through the party, her movements hesitant as she tries to keep her composure. I can see the uncertainty in her step, the way she's trying to be brave, to keep up the appearance of control. But I know better. I can see through the facade, and it only makes the game more enticing.

She heads toward a dark corner of the warehouse, near the bathrooms, where the shadows are thicker, the noise of the party muted. It's the perfect spot—secluded, a place where she might think she can catch her breath, reassess her situation. But she doesn't realize she's walked right into my territory.

I slip through the shadows, moving silently, until I'm behind her. She senses me at the last moment, her body tensing as she turns, but it's too late. I'm already there, close enough to touch, to corner her like the prey she is. The thrill of it sends a surge of excitement through me, the power, the control, the tension thick in the air between us.

"Looking for someone?" I ask, my voice low and teasing, as I step into the dim light, allowing her to see me at last. Her eyes widen, and I can see the flicker of fear mixed with something else—something darker, more primal. "You must be Shadow," she whispers, her voice trembling slightly, trying to sound brave.

I let a slow smile spread across my face, taking in the way she reacts to my presence. "That's right," I say, stepping closer, backing her further into the corner. "But you're not ready to meet Blade yet."

She straightens, trying to hold her ground, trying to convince herself as much as me. "I am ready," she insists, but I can see the doubt in her eyes, hear the uncertainty in her voice. Even she doesn't fully believe it, and that only makes this more interesting.

I tilt my head, studying her, enjoying the way she's struggling to maintain control. "Are you turned on yet?" I ask, my voice a soft, dangerous whisper that hangs in the air between us. Her hesitation is telling, the way her breath catches, the slight parting of her lips.

She's conflicted, unsure, but she finally nods, a barely audible "yes" slipping past her lips.

“Good,” I murmur, my hand coming up to brush a loose strand of hair away from her face, my touch light, almost tender, but the intent behind it is anything but. “Because this is only the beginning.” I step back slightly, giving her just enough space to breathe, to think, but not enough to escape. The night is far from over, and she’s only just begun to understand what she’s gotten herself into.

I push open the door to the bathroom, my breath coming in short, uneven bursts as I step inside. The cool air hits me, a stark contrast to the heat that's been building inside me ever since my encounter with Shadow. My hands grip the edge of the sink, trying to steady myself, trying to calm the frantic beating of my heart. But it's no use. The adrenaline, the arousal—it's all too much, swirling together in a way that makes it impossible to think straight.

I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror, my face flushed, my eyes wide behind the silver mask. It's not just the mask that's making me hot—it's everything. The anticipation, the danger, the way Shadow had cornered me, his words still echoing in my mind. Are you turned on yet? God, I am, more than I've been in a long time, and that thought only makes my pulse race faster.

I take a deep breath, then another, trying to cool the fire that's threatening to consume me. But it's no use. I'm too far gone, too caught up in the thrill of what's happening, what's still to come. I splash a bit of water on my wrists, hoping it will help, but as I step back into the party, the heat is still there, lingering just beneath the surface.

The music is louder now, the pulse of it matching the beat of my heart as I move through the crowd. I scan the room, trying to get my bearings, but my eyes are immediately drawn to the bar. Shadow is there, leaning casually against the counter, talking to Raven. But it's the way he's watching me, his eyes tracking my every move, that sends another shiver down my spine.

I swallow hard, trying to ignore the way my body reacts to his gaze, trying to focus

on something else. But then I see him—across the room, standing just beyond the edge of the dance floor. The man in the silver wolf mask. He's tall, commanding, the mask covering most of his face, but I know who he is without a doubt.

Blade.

My breath catches as our eyes lock, even from across the room. There's a sense of inevitability, a magnetic pull that I can't resist. He's been watching me, waiting for this moment, and now it's time. I take a step forward, then another, my movements cautious, almost hesitant, but I can't stop myself.

The crowd seems to part around me as I make my way toward him, the people dancing and writhing in front of me nothing more than a blur. My focus is entirely on him, on the way he stands so still, so confident, as if he already knows how this night will end.

My heart pounds in my chest, a mix of fear and excitement building with every step. I'm walking straight into the lion's den, and I know it. But there's no turning back now. I'm drawn to him, to the promise in his gaze, to the danger and the thrill that comes with it.

As I get closer, the noise of the party fades, replaced by the deafening sound of my own heartbeat. This is it—the moment I've been waiting for, the moment I've been both dreading and craving. I take a final, steadying breath and close the distance between us, ready to face whatever comes next.

I stand perfectly still, watching as Red makes her way across the dance floor toward me. Her movements are cautious, her eyes locked on mine, and I can feel the tension radiating from her even from this distance. She's coming to me, drawn by the pull she can't resist, and it's all going exactly as I planned.

But just as she's about to reach me, the beat drops, and the lights cut out, plunging the room into darkness. The sudden change sends a ripple of chaos through the crowd—screams of amusement, gasps of surprise—but I remain calm, my senses heightened in the pitch-black room. This is my moment.

I move quickly, slipping away from where I was standing, losing myself in the crowd as the confusion takes hold. It's only a few seconds, but it's enough. When the lights come back on, I'm no longer where she expected me to be.

I position myself beside the bar, watching as Red stands in the middle of the dance floor, disoriented and alone. The party continues around her, oblivious to her moment of panic, the music and the lights resuming as if nothing had happened. But I can see the way her chest rises and falls a little too quickly, the way her eyes dart around, searching for me, for the man who just slipped through her fingers.

I can't help but laugh softly to myself, the sound almost drowned out by the music. She's lost now, unsure of where to go, who to trust, and that's exactly where I want her. The thrill of it sends a rush of excitement through me as I move deeper into the shadows, slipping through the crowd toward the back of the warehouse.



Before I can say a word, Vixen joins us, her presence almost as stealthy as mine. She slips off her black mask, revealing the familiar, stunning features that haven't changed since the day I met her. There's history between us, but tonight, she's here as our partner and friend, a crucial part of the plan. A smile plays on her lips as she surveys the room.

"You boys about ready to go?" she asks, her tone light but laced with anticipation.

Raven nods, accepting Red's clutch from Vixen's outstretched hand. "I'll go get the van," he says, his voice steady, as if this is just another routine night for us. He glances at me, raising an eyebrow in question. "See you out back in five minutes?"

I give him a brief nod of confirmation, watching as he turns on his heel to leave. My attention shifts back to Vixen, who's already a step ahead of us, as usual. "Help us?" I ask, knowing full well what her answer will be.

She laughs, the sound soft and familiar, nodding in agreement. "Of course. I'll lead her to the back for you. Have fun." She winks, a playful glint in her eye, and I can't help but smirk in return.

Turning to Shadow, I see the same resolve reflected in his eyes. This is what we've been waiting for, what we've been planning for. "Let's do this. Phase two," I say, my voice low and filled with anticipation.

Shadow nods, his agreement simple but loaded with meaning. "Phase two."

As Vixen slips away to find Red, I feel the tension in the room build, the excitement humming in the air like electricity. We're on the brink now. The night is about to take a sharp turn, and every part of me is ready for it. This is the moment we've been waiting for, when the real game begins.

I turn back to the bar, but Shadow and Raven have vanished, and Blade is nowhere to be seen. Panic bubbles up inside me, a tight knot forming in my chest. My heart races, and I can't help but wonder if this is all part of the game. Though fear flutters in the pit of my stomach, there's another part of me—stronger, more insistent—that's eager to find out what comes next. The thrill of the unknown is almost intoxicating.

Before I can dwell too long on my anxiety, a sultry voice reaches my ear. "You look like you need some air."

I turn to find the woman from the front door standing beside me, a knowing smile playing on her lips beneath her mask. Her presence is both comforting and unnerving, and I can't help but ask, "Are you part of the game?"

The blonde woman laughs softly, the sound rich with amusement, as she hooks her arm through mine, gently leading me away from the dance floor. "I am part of Obsidian, but no, this is not my game. This is Blade's game. And though Raven and Shadow will participate, make no mistake who is in charge. "

I swallow hard, her words sinking in as she guides me past the bathrooms. My mind races, trying to process everything. "Who are you?" I ask, needing to know more about this woman who seems so at ease in this world that's suddenly become so foreign to me.

"I'm Vixen," she replies with a playful lilt in her voice, her tone light but carrying a weight of experience and authority. She opens a door for me, leading the way.

I follow her into the cool night air, the sudden change in temperature a welcome reprieve from the heat and tension inside. The breeze brushes against my skin, calming my nerves, if only for a moment. “Thanks,” I mumble, closing my eyes as I lift my face to the sky, trying to center myself amid all this chaos.

Vixen releases my arm, her voice dropping to an almost inaudible whisper, sending a chill down my spine. “Don’t thank me yet.”

Her words hang in the air, ominous and heavy, but before I can even ask her what she means, everything happens at once. The back door slams shut as she reenters the party, leaving me alone in the night. A van skids to a sudden stop in front of me, its tires screeching against the pavement. The sliding door opens with a violent jerk, and before I can react, a bag is shoved over my head, plunging me into darkness.

Strong arms grab me, yanking me inside the van with a force that knocks the breath from my lungs. I struggle, panic flaring as I try to fight against the iron grip holding me, but it’s no use. The arms wrap around me like a vice, pressing me against a solid body as the van lurches forward, throwing me back into the man’s chest.

I feel his breath hot against my neck as he leans down to whisper, his voice smooth and taunting. “Do you remember your safe word?”

I can only nod, fear and adrenaline coursing through me, making it impossible to form words. He chuckles, the sound sending a shiver through me, and then I feel another set of hands—rough and deliberate—gripping my legs.

“I need words, Red!” His voice is more menacing this time, a sharp edge cutting through the darkness. I swallow hard, forcing myself to speak, even as my voice trembles.

“Mercy,” I mutter meekly, the word barely escaping my lips.

A laugh rings out from the front of the van, the driver's voice dripping with amusement. "Good girl. It won't be asked again. It's up to you if you need to use it. You understand?"

"Yes," I whisper, my voice barely audible beneath the pounding of my heart. His arms release me just as I hear the unmistakable sound of fabric tearing, the cool night air hitting my skin as I realize my dress is being cut away.

The van hits a bump, and I'm thrown back into the man's lap, his hands gripping my hips tightly, grinding me against the hard length of his cock through his slacks. He purrs in my ear, his voice low and smooth, laced with dark promises. "You feel good here." His grip tightens, his breath hot against the side of my neck. "We're so excited to have a new plaything..."

The words send a shudder through me, a mix of fear and desire twisting in my gut. I'm caught between the terror of what's happening and the thrill of the unknown, every nerve in my body on high alert as I try to process what's unfolding around me. The van speeds through the night, the hum of the engine drowning out the chaos in my mind, but there's no escaping the reality of what's coming next.

As I bring the knife to the fabric of Red's dress, the reality of the situation settles over me like a dark thrill. She's seated in Shadow's lap, his arms wrapped around her, gripping her in place. The bag over her head leaves her blind, heightening every other sensation, her breathing rapid and shallow. She can't see what's happening, but she can feel everything—the cool metal of the blade, the tension in the air, the pressure of Shadow's body against hers.

With each deliberate slice, the dress falls away, exposing more of her to the cool air. The sound of the fabric tearing is sharp, each cut precise, as I reveal the smooth skin beneath. Shadow keeps her steady, his grip unyielding, his breath hot against her neck. She's trembling slightly, her body caught between fear and arousal, every sense on high alert as she tries to make sense of what's happening around her.

The bag over her head is a perfect touch, intensifying her vulnerability. She can't see us, can't predict what's coming next—she's completely at our mercy. The power of that realization sends a jolt of excitement through me as I continue to cut away her dress, piece by piece .

I can feel the tension in her body, the way she's struggling to maintain control even as the last pieces of fabric fall away, leaving her exposed. Shadow's hands grip her hips, holding her in place as I work. His eyes meet mine briefly, a silent understanding passing between us—we're in complete control, and she knows it.

I press the knife lightly against her skin, just grazing the surface, and I hear her gasp, muffled by the bag over her head. "You feel good here," I murmur, my voice low and

deliberate, knowing she's fully aware of the power we hold over her.

Shadow shifts beneath her, grinding her against the hard length of his cock through his slacks. I watch as her body reacts, her breath catching in her throat. Even with the bag over her head, I can sense the conflict raging inside her—fear battling with desire, uncertainty tangled with need.

The last of the fabric falls away, and I sit back, admiring her vulnerability. She's nearly naked in Shadow's arms, her breath shaky, her skin flushed with a mixture of arousal and anxiety. The bag obscures her face, but I can imagine the wide-eyed expression she must be wearing beneath it.

I let my hand graze her exposed thigh, a reminder of my presence, of the control I wield in this moment. "You're ours now," I whisper, my voice carrying the weight of what's to come.

This is just the beginning. The night stretches ahead, filled with endless possibilities, and as I see the way her body reacts, the way she's caught between resistance and surrender, I know that by the end, she'll be craving every dark twist we have in store for her.

The van comes to a sudden stop, jerking me forward against the strong arms that have held me in place for what feels like an eternity. My heart is pounding, my mind racing with a mix of fear and anticipation. The bag over my head is suffocating, the darkness pressing in on me from all sides. I can't see anything, can't predict what's going to happen next, and that uncertainty is both terrifying and exhilarating.

The door slides open, and cold air rushes in, sending a shiver down my spine. Hands grip me roughly, dragging me out of the van. I stumble, trying to find my footing as they haul me out onto uneven ground. I can hear the crunch of leaves beneath my feet, the rustling of trees in the wind, and I know, even before they pull the bag off my head, that we're in the middle of nowhere.

Suddenly, the bag is yanked off, and I blink against the dim light of the moon filtering through the canopy of trees above. The mask I was wearing is gone too, leaving me bare and exposed to the cold night air. I look around, trying to take in my surroundings, but all I can see are endless trees, the darkness of the forest closing in around us.

I turn to face them, my breath catching in my throat as I take in the three men standing before me. Blade, Raven, and Shadow—all of them masked, their eyes gleaming with a dangerous excitement that sends a fresh wave of adrenaline coursing through me. There's no comfort in the familiarity of their presence, only the chilling realization that I'm truly at their mercy.

They stand in a loose semicircle around me, their silence heavy with intent. My heart

races as I try to process what's happening, but before I can even form a thought, Blade's voice cuts through the quiet night.

"Run," he says, his tone low and commanding, a single word that holds so much weight.

I stare at him, unsure if I've heard him correctly. Run? From them? There's a moment of hesitation, a flicker of disbelief, but then I hear the low growls and see the intensity in their eyes, the anticipation of the chase. This is part of the game—part of the fantasy I signed up for.

"Run, Red," Raven adds, his voice laced with dark amusement. "Or do you want to see what happens if we catch you standing still?"

A shiver runs down my spine, and I know they're not bluffing. This is real. They want me to run—to be the prey they hunt through the woods. My breath catches in my throat, and I take a step back, the instinct to flee kicking in even as my mind struggles to catch up.

"I'd start running if I were you," Shadow taunts, his voice smooth and predatory. "We're giving you a head start. Use it."

Blade leans down to hover his face mere inches from mine, his voice low. "Run little Red, the big bad wolf is coming for you."

For a split second, I'm frozen, caught between the fear of what might happen if I stay and the thrill of what might happen if I run. But then, something inside me snaps, and I turn on my heel, bolting into the dark forest without a second thought.

The cold air whips against my skin as I push through the underbrush, my heart pounding in my chest. The adrenaline surges through me, a mix of terror and



exhilaration driving me forward. I can hear them behind me, their footsteps pounding against the ground, closing in fast. But I can't stop, can't let them catch me—not yet.

Every breath burns in my lungs, every muscle in my body screaming at me to keep going, to outrun them, to escape. But deep down, I know this is what I wanted—the chase, the thrill of being hunted. This is the moment I've been waiting for, and it's even more intense, more real than I ever imagined.

I can't stay hidden forever, and part of me doesn't want to. The thrill is in the chase, but what comes after... that's what I crave.

The forest is alive with the sound of her footsteps, the frantic rustling of leaves as she bolts through the trees. It's exhilarating, hearing her desperation, feeling the tension in the air as she runs from us. We've given her a head start, and I can sense the thrill she's experiencing, knowing she's being hunted. It's what she wanted—what she begged for—but it's also what we've been waiting for.

I glance over at Raven, who has that usual mischievous grin plastered across his face. "What?" I ask, already knowing he's up to something.

He shrugs, his grin widening. "How about a little game to decide who gets the first crack at her? Rock, paper, scissors?"

I roll my eyes, exchanging a look with Blade. This is exactly the kind of thing Raven would suggest—always trying to make a game out of everything. It's ridiculous, childish even, but I can see the excitement in his eyes, the way he's practically bouncing on his toes with anticipation. Blade looks just as unimpressed, but there's a slight nod of agreement from him.

"Fine," I mutter, more to get it over with than anything else. I hold out my hand, Raven and Blade doing the same, and we quickly play the round. It's over in seconds, and to my surprise, I win.

A grin spreads across my face as the realization sets in. A two-minute head start. The thrill of the hunt, and I'm the first to find her, to corner her, to feel the rush of power as she realizes she can't escape me. My stance shifts immediately, my earlier

annoyance replaced with the exhilaration of what's to come.

Without wasting a second, the three of us remove our jackets, followed by our shirts. We toss them aside, the cool night air hitting our bare chests as we prepare for the chase. The formal attire was for the party; now, it's time to get serious. Each of us pulls on a pair of black tennis shoes, discarding the dress shoes that would only slow us down in the underbrush. The transition from the elegance of the party to the raw, primal chase in the woods is stark, but it's exactly what we've been waiting for.

"Two minutes," Blade says, his voice carrying a hint of grudging respect. He knows how much this means, how much control the first one to find her holds. "Use it wisely."

Raven smirks, crossing his arms as he leans against a tree. "Don't waste it, Shadow. She's already got a good lead."

I don't need any more encouragement. With a nod, I pull my mask back over my face and turn to slip into the darkness; the forest swallowing me up as I begin the hunt. My senses are on high alert, every rustle of leaves, every snap of a twig drawing my attention. I know she's out there, not far, her fear and excitement mingling in the air like a heady perfume.

The two minutes feel like a lifetime, but I know they'll be over in the blink of an eye. I move quickly, silently, my eyes scanning the shadows for any sign of her. The thrill of it—the knowledge that I'm the one who'll find her first—is intoxicating. The chase is on, and she's about to realize that hiding in the dark won't save her from the shadows.

Once Shadow's two minutes are up, Blade and I pull our masks on and slip into the shadows of the forest. We turn in opposite directions, each of us taking a different path, the thrill of the hunt coursing through my veins. The night air is cool against my skin, my footsteps silent as I move through the underbrush. I listen carefully, straining to catch any sound—any hint—that Red has been found. But there's nothing. No moans of pleasure, no screams of fear. The thought excites me. She's still out there, still running or hiding, still playing the game.

I had already made peace with the idea that I wouldn't be the first to find her. Shadow had his head start, and Blade—well, Blade is Blade. But now, with every passing second, the possibility grows that I might just be the one to catch her first. And the thought of that, of her being mine, even if only for a few moments, sends a surge of adrenaline through me.

I move quickly but carefully, my eyes scanning the darkness, my ears tuned to every rustle, every snap of a twig. And then, suddenly, I see her—a flash of red hair in the moonlight, just ahead, moving through the trees. My heart skips a beat, excitement bubbling up as I realize I've found her.

She hasn't seen me yet, and I take a moment to savor the sight of her—barefoot, exposed, still trying to escape, still thinking she has a chance. But she doesn't. Not anymore. I slip through the shadows, closing the distance between us until I'm right behind her.

She must sense me at the last second because she whips around, her eyes wide with a

mix of fear and defiance. I grin beneath my mask, loving the way she looks at me, the way she fights even when she knows it's hopeless.

Before she can scream, I'm on her, my hand clamping over her mouth as I press her back against a tree. "Shhh," I whisper, my voice low and commanding. "You don't want to make this harder than it has to be."

She struggles against me, her body writhing as she tries to break free, but it only makes me hold her tighter, my other hand grabbing her wrists and pinning them above her head. I can feel her heart pounding against my chest, the heat of her skin through the thin fabric of her lingerie. She's terrified, but there's something else there too—something darker, something that mirrors my own desires.

"Be quiet," I hiss, my lips brushing against her ear. "Or I'll make sure you regret it."

She stills, her breath coming in short, shallow gasps, and I know she's not going to scream. Not yet, at least. I ease my hand away from her mouth, watching her carefully, ready to silence her again if I have to. But she doesn't scream. She just stares at me, her eyes wide, her lips parted, and I can see the uncertainty in her gaze. She's wondering what's going to happen next, if she should fight or submit. And that's when I know I've won .

"On your knees," I command, my voice rough with desire.

She hesitates for a moment, a flicker of defiance in her eyes, but then she drops to her knees, her movements slow, deliberate. The black lace clings to her in all the right places, and the sight of her like this—kneeling before me, vulnerable and exposed—sends a surge of heat through me. I step back slightly, unzipping my pants as I watch her, the thrill of the power I hold over her sending a rush of blood straight to my cock.

“Good girl,” I murmur, grabbing a fistful of her hair and guiding her mouth to my hard cock. “Now, show me how much you want to please me.”

She hesitates for just a moment, but then she opens her mouth, taking me in. The warmth of her mouth surrounds me, and I can’t help but groan softly, my grip tightening in her hair as I push her down further. She fights at first, a small, desperate struggle, but I hold her steady, making her take me deeper, forcing her to accept her place.

“That’s it,” I breathe, my voice thick with pleasure. “Keep going. We’ll wait here for the others to find us.”

I can feel her trembling beneath me, the mix of fear and arousal that’s coursing through her. It’s intoxicating, the way she submits, the way she gives in even as she tries to hold on to some semblance of control. But she’s mine now, at least for the moment, and I’m going to enjoy every second.

I move quickly through the forest, the thrill of the chase still coursing through my veins. The sound of her footsteps has faded, but I know I'm close. Too close to let her slip away now. As I push through the underbrush, the indistinct murmur of voices reaches my ears, and I know I've found them—Raven and Red.

A mixture of anticipation and jealousy flares up inside me as I approach. My pace quickens, and when I break through the trees, the scene before me stops me cold. Red is on her knees, her lips wrapped around Raven's cock, her body trembling as she struggles between submission and resistance. The sight twists something deep in my chest—an unexpected pang of disappointment and jealousy.

I wasn't supposed to feel this way. I wanted the thrill of the hunt, the satisfaction of finding her first. Instead, I'm met with this—Raven's cocky grin, his eyes gleaming with amusement as he meets my gaze. He's always been the playful one, the one who loves to push buttons, and right now, he's enjoying himself too much.

"Guess I got lucky," Raven chuckles, his voice dripping with arrogance as he keeps his hand firmly on Red's head. "Found her first, boys."

Red's eyes dart to mine, wide with apprehension, her movements hesitant as she tries to pull away from him. But Raven holds her in place, forcing her to keep her mouth on his cock, even as she becomes more frantic, realizing that Shadow and I are watching.

Shadow emerges from the darkness, his eyes narrowing at the sight. His patience,

always thin, snaps. With a sharp movement, he steps forward and yanks her away from Raven, causing her to gasp in shock.

“Enough,” Shadow growls, his voice low and dangerous. He pulls a blindfold from his pocket and swiftly wraps it around her eyes, tightening it just enough to block her sight.

Red’s breath comes in quick, shallow gasps as the blindfold plunges her into darkness, her body tense with uncertainty. She’s trembling, her fear and arousal palpable in the cool night air.

As soon as the blindfold is secure, the three of us exchange a knowing glance. This is the signal—the point where we transition from the game into something more intimate, more real. I reach up and remove my mask, feeling the cool air against my face. Beside me, Shadow and Raven do the same.

Without the masks, the tension shifts, becoming more personal, more intense. Red, of course, can’t see us now, but we can see each other—see the raw anticipation in each other’s eyes. This is who we are, stripped of the roles we play for the outside world. Here, in the dark, we’re just men, driven by desire and the thrill of what’s to come.

I move forward, scooping her up and tossing her over my shoulder with ease. She lets out a small yelp of surprise, her hands instinctively reaching out to grasp onto me for balance. The weight of her body against mine sends a fresh wave of possessiveness surging through me. She’s ours now—fully, completely—and I’m not going to let anyone else forget that.

As I turn to lead us back to the cabin, Shadow and Raven fall in step behind me. I can hear Raven’s smirk in his voice as he ribs on Shadow. “Jealous, aren’t you? Thought you’d be the one to find her first.”



Shadow grunts, his tone dismissive. “You’re lucky I didn’t break your nose for that stunt. Don’t push it.”

I roll my eyes, listening to them bicker as we make our way through the woods. There’s a strange sense of camaraderie between us, even in moments like this. We’re a team, even when we’re competing, even when jealousy and rivalry flare up. And Red, whether she realizes it, has brought us all together in a way that no one else ever has.

As we reach the cabin, the anticipation builds again. This is where the real fun begins, where all the planning and all the tension culminate into something raw and unforgettable. Red’s in for a night she’ll never forget—and neither will we.

I struggle under Blade's hold, but that only makes him grip me tighter. My fight-or-flight instinct kicks in, and I want to fight against him as he carries me, but my body betrays me. There's a part of me that wants to succumb, to submit to him. The experience is exhilarating, a rush of conflicting emotions that leaves me breathless. The interaction I've already had with Raven only adds to the intensity of it all.

Having them fight over me was something I never thought I would experience, but I liked it. I enjoyed hearing them argue over who would get to me first, who would claim me. I can already tell that Raven is the fun one. He's going to differ from the other two, and that excites me in ways I hadn't expected.

The anticipation builds as I hear a door opening, followed by the shuffling of feet as the men move around me. The door closes behind us with a finality that sends a shiver down my spine. Blade tosses me onto what I can only assume is a couch, the sudden change in position making me swallow hard as I try to sit up. Before I can get my bearings, strong hands grab my arms, pulling me back down.

"You need to learn our voices, Red," a deep voice speaks, wrapping ropes tightly around my wrists.

"Okay," I breathe, my voice shaky as I dart my tongue out to wet my lips. "Talk to me."

A laugh sounds from behind me, low and teasing, as he grabs my shoulders, pulling me back against the couch. His breath is hot on my neck, sending a shiver down my

spine. “Tell you what, I’m not Blade,” he states, amusement clear in his tone.

I nod, a smile playing on my lips despite the tension in the air. “You’re Raven.”

“Smart girl,” Raven purrs, his voice dripping with approval. “But don’t think that’ll get you off easy.”

“Are you going to get me off?” I tease, my voice trembling with anticipation. Deep, resonant laughs echo around me, filling the room with their amusement. My heart races as I try to steady my breathing, but it’s nearly impossible to focus with them so close, their powerful presences overwhelming me. The sensation of their collective gaze is intoxicating, sending heat spiraling through my body.

I can hear movement around me—the sound of footsteps, the scrape of furniture being shifted into place. They’re preparing for something, and the unknown heightens the tension, making my pulse quicken. Every nerve in my body is on edge, wondering what they have planned, yet craving it all the same.

“Stand up,” Blade’s voice slices through the thick air, commanding and firm, leaving no room for hesitation.

I hesitate for a moment, but the tug on the ropes around my wrists leaves me no choice. I stand, my legs shaky as they guide me to another part of the room. I can feel their hands on me, steadying me, directing me, until I’m standing in front of what feels like a piece of furniture—something solid and curved.

“Bend over,” Blade orders, his tone leaving no room for argument.

I obey, bending over the curved surface, my stomach pressing against the cool material. The position forces my ass into the air, my legs spread slightly as I try to balance myself. My heart is pounding in my chest, the vulnerability of the position

making me feel both exposed and exhilarated.

I feel their hands on me again, this time working to secure my legs to the chair. Straps are fastened around my thighs, pulling my legs apart until I'm completely immobilized. The sensation is overwhelming, the combination of restraint and exposure sending a rush of heat through my body.

“Good girl,” Blade murmurs, his voice a low rumble that vibrates through me. “Now, let's see how well you can follow instructions.”

The final strap is tightened, securing me in place, and I'm left with nothing but the sound of my breathing and the anticipation of what's to come. I can feel their eyes on me, the weight of their gazes as they take in my vulnerable position. The air is thick with tension, and I know that whatever happens next, it's going to push me to my limits.

I step back, taking in the sight of Red strapped to the chair, her body completely restrained and vulnerable. Her arms are chained over the sides of the chair, her chin hanging just off the edge. The position forces her chest down against the curved surface, leaving her back and ass exposed, completely at our mercy.

Shadow is beside her, his fingers deftly working as he braids her hair. Once he's finished, he places the braid delicately over her shoulder, ensuring it's out of the way. The gesture is almost tender, a sharp contrast to the intensity of the situation. It only adds to the anticipation, the tension thick in the air.

My gaze travels over the exposed curve of her back, her spine arching slightly as she tries to maintain her composure. I can feel her nervous energy, the way her body tenses and relaxes with each breath, waiting for what comes next.

Reaching into my pocket, I pull out my knife, the familiar weight comforting in my hand. The blade catches the low light as I step closer, positioning myself behind her. I bring the flat of the blade to her skin, letting it rest just between her shoulder blades. The contact is cool, almost soothing, but I can see the way she stiffens, a shiver running down her spine as she feels the cold metal against her flesh.

I start with her bra, sliding the knife beneath the straps. With a quick, deliberate motion, I slice through the fabric, watching as the straps fall away, leaving her upper body fully exposed. Her chest remains pressed against the chair, but I can imagine the way her breasts must be pressed against the hard surface, her nipples likely hardening from the cool air and the tension in the room.

Next, I move to her panties, my hand steady as I slide the blade along the side of the delicate lace. The fabric offers no resistance as I cut through it, letting the ruined panties slip down her legs, leaving her completely bare. Her skin flushes under the exposure, a deep pink spreading across her back and down to the swell of her ass.

I take my time, dragging the knife gently along her side, tracing the curve of her waist, the dip of her hip. I'm careful, making sure the blade never breaks the skin, but presses just hard enough for her to feel every inch of the cold steel.

She whimpers softly under my touch, a sound that's a mixture of fear and arousal. I can see her legs straining slightly against the straps, trying to close herself off instinctively, but she's held too securely, too tightly. She's completely at our mercy, and she knows it.

"Good girl," I murmur, letting the tip of the knife glide along her inner thigh, close enough to her pussy to make her squirm, but not quite touching. Her body reacts, trembling slightly, the tension in her palpable. Her breathing quickens, and I can tell she's trying to process the sensations—fear, arousal, anticipation—all mingling together.

I continue to drag the blade along her skin, each movement slow and deliberate, keeping her teetering on the edge. Her whimpers grow louder, her body writhing against the restraints as she struggles to cope with the overwhelming sensations. She's caught between the desire to surrender and the instinct to fight, but I know it's only a matter of time before she fully gives in.

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Almost as soon as I feel the blade pull away, the sharp sting of a hand striking my bare ass hits me. I gasp, my breath faltering for a moment, caught off guard by the sudden act. Just as the sensation settles in, another smack lands, harder this time, and a low moan escapes my lips. The sounds around me blur together—shuffling feet, the rustle of clothes—until the third strike hits, sending a shudder through my entire body.

“Oh God,” I whimper, my voice breathy and desperate. The heat between my legs becomes unbearable, and I feel the slickness of my arousal begin to drip down my thigh. Just then, I feel a tongue trace a slow, deliberate line along my pussy, teasing me from behind.

“Not God, kitten.” Blade’s deep, commanding voice cuts through the haze in front of me. His hand tangles in my hair, yanking my head back, forcing my head up. Before I can respond, his cock is thrust into my mouth while the mouth working on me from behind seals itself over my pussy, sucking and licking with ruthless precision.

Blade is swift, firm, and the taste of him overwhelms my senses, his flavor filling my mouth, earthy and intoxicating. There’s a hint of something musky, like a blend of dark vanilla and forest air after rain. “Fuck, your mouth feels so good, Red.”

I whimper as I take him in deeper, my teeth lightly grazing along his length. He growls in response, tightening his grip on my hair, pulling my head down farther as he pushes his cock deeper into my mouth.

Panic rises in my chest as I struggle to breathe around him, but he doesn't let up. He holds me firmly in place, my throat constricting around him as I fight for air. Just when I think I can't take it anymore, he suddenly pulls back, releasing his grip on my hair. Gasping for air, I hear him laughing above me.

"Don't forget to breathe, Red," he mockingly reminds me in a calm tone. Though I am blindfolded, I can feel the amusement radiating off of him. His words are like ice, cool and composed, and yet they only stoke the fire within me even more.

Behind me, the skilled tongue and fingers play me like an instrument. They work in tandem, teasing me just to the edge before pulling back, leaving me panting, desperate for release. The torture of it only makes the pleasure sweeter, more intense. Every nerve in my body is on fire, the stinging pain of the spanking mingling with the pleasure surging from both ends of me.

I lose myself to the sensation—the hard surface of the chair beneath me, the way Blade's cock fills my mouth, the relentless mouth and fingers driving me mad with need. My moans are muffled, but they grow louder, vibrating against Blade's cock as I teeter closer to the edge.

Then, without warning, Blade pulls away, leaving me gasping and disoriented. He replaces his cock with his fingers, brushing them across my lips, waiting for me to obediently take them in. I do, mouthing them eagerly, whimpering around them as my body quakes with unsatisfied desire.

Behind me, the man pleasuring me growls low in his throat, his grip tightening on my hips as he works me harder, faster. His tongue flicks mercilessly over my clit, pushing me closer and closer to the release I've been craving. My body convulses, caught between the mounting pleasure and the tension of being restrained, my back arching as I cling to the sensation.



He's silent as he works, save for the occasional groan of satisfaction that vibrates through me, the rhythm of his tongue and fingers perfectly in tune with my rising need. My thighs tremble uncontrollably, begging for release that feels just within reach, yet still maddeningly distant.

"Please," I gasp, barely managing the words between desperate breaths. Blade's fingers slip from my mouth, dragging along my lips before returning for another taste. I welcome them eagerly, my mouth and body betraying how much I need them. The taste of him lingers—heavy, addictive, consuming me from the inside out.

Blade lets out a satisfied growl as he pulls his fingers away, leaving me squirming in frustration and anticipation. I hear an irritated groan from my right—Raven, no doubt—growing impatient from having been left out of the fun for too long.

My cock throbs painfully in my hand as I watch Shadow and Blade with Red. The sight of her writhing between them sends heat coursing through my veins, my body begging for release. I step closer, my patience worn thin, growling in frustration. "Come on, it's my turn!"

Red giggles softly, her body still trembling as Blade nudges me with a smirk. But instead of stepping aside, he grabs my arm before I can get any closer. "This is what you get for starting without us," he says, his voice low and teasing. "Now you're going to watch Shadow make her come first."

I grin, biting back my impatience as our eyes fall on Red's writhing form. She's bound to the chair, her hips pushing desperately back into Shadow's face as he devours her with a groan. Her breathless cries fill the room, her need palpable.

"I can't wait to taste her," I mutter under my breath, gripping my cock in frustration. Blade chuckles beside me, amusement dancing in his eyes as he watches the scene unfold.

"Please!" Red's voice breaks through the tension, her head thrown back as she gasps for air. Her body shakes as she teeters on the edge, her entire being focused on the pleasure Shadow is drawing out of her. And then, with one last groan, Shadow pushes her over the edge. Her scream echoes through the room as she comes, her body trembling uncontrollably.

Without wasting a moment, I take my place in front of her, shoving my cock into her

mouth as she's still gasping from her orgasm. Her lips wrap around me with a muffled groan, her tongue eager and warm as it moves over me, sending jolts of pleasure through my body.

"Fuck, babe," I groan, my hips rocking forward as I push deeper into her. Her mouth is soft, wet, and perfect. Each flick of her tongue only heightens the need pulsing through me.

Shadow pulls back, his face glistening as he steps away from her trembling form. "Your turn," he says with a smirk, patting Blade on the back.

"Damn right. I'm going to make this pussy mine," Blade growls, taking his place behind her. His hands splay possessively over her flushed ass, the red marks from earlier spankings standing out against her pale skin. He takes his time, teasing her with light touches, his fingers grazing over her soaked pussy, making her gasp and squirm beneath him.

My cock throbs harder at the sight of her—helpless, bound, and desperate for more. Her soft moans vibrate against me as Blade works her from behind, her body responding to his every touch.

"Jesus," I breathe out, barely holding on as the pleasure builds. Blade finally takes her, fully enveloping his cock, his hips moving slowly, deliberately. Each thrust is calculated, pushing her to the brink, her cries muffled by my cock. The sound of wet skin slapping against skin fills the room .

My heart races, the sight of Blade pounding into her sending me closer to the edge. Her lips tighten around me, her tongue working faster as her body trembles between us. She's so close, I can feel it in the way she moves, the way her breathing hitches and her muscles tense.

"I'm close," I gasp, my voice thick with need. Blade glances at me, a wicked grin spreading across his face as he drives into her harder, one last thrust pushing her over the edge.

She screams around me, her body convulsing as she comes again, the sensation sending me over the edge right with her. I groan, my body shuddering as I release into her mouth, the pleasure so intense I can barely breathe.

Shadow, ever the voyeur, strokes himself beside us, watching with a hungry gaze. As we both finish, he spills himself over her back, his groans mixing with ours.

Blade pulls out, laying a soft smack on Red's ass, her body slumping against the chair, utterly spent. I pull out of her mouth slowly, savoring the last moment of pleasure as I step back, catching my breath.

"That was worth the wait," I say with a triumphant grin, my eyes darting between Blade and Shadow.

Shadow chuckles, running a hand through Red's hair in a surprisingly tender gesture, making her purr in contentment. Blade wipes the sweat from his brow, his eyes still fixed on her.

"Definitely," Blade agrees, a dark glint in his eyes as he stares at her spent form. "But we're nowhere near done with her yet."

I lay with my head resting on the edge of the chair, still trying to catch my breath when I feel a warm, wet cloth press gently against my back. The soothing sensation makes me sigh softly, my body aching in the best way possible.

“I’m taking her to bed.” Blade’s assertive voice breaks the quiet, commanding as ever. I feel the tug of the bindings on my wrists and legs loosening, and soon, I’m being lifted effortlessly into Blade’s arms. His familiar scent—earthy and musky—surrounds me, grounding me. He pauses for a moment, his voice steady as he addresses the others. “Shadow, help me. Raven, you clean up and bring refreshments.”

I close my eyes beneath the blindfold, even though there’s nothing to see. Something about being cradled in Blade’s arms makes me feel safe, a surprising comfort given everything that just happened. His strong, steady presence relaxes me in ways I hadn’t expected. He carries me upstairs, and the sound of a door closing softly behind us fills the air. Then, I hear water running.

My body tenses, my mind racing as I wonder what he has planned next. I try to swallow my anxiety, but it only seems to grow as I open my mouth to speak. Before I can say a word, Blade’s low chuckle fills the room.

“Don’t worry, kitten,” he murmurs softly, his voice soothing. “I’m just going to get you cleaned up for bed.”

The reassurance sends a wave of relief through me, and I relax slightly in his arms. A

moment later, I feel him lower me gently into a large tub of warm water. The heat of the water wraps around me, melting away my tension. I can't help the soft moan that escapes my lips as I settle into the soothing embrace of the bath.

Blade's hands move slowly and deliberately, washing away the remnants of our earlier activities with gentle strokes. His touch is firm but careful, as though he's taking his time to care for me in this moment. The soft sponge glides over my skin, up my arms and across my shoulders. My eyes flutter, groggy, beneath the blindfold.

The water feels like silk against my skin, and as Blade's hands move lower, brushing over my breasts and stomach in slow, careful circles, I can feel myself drift into a state of calm. My heart, which had been racing just minutes ago, begins to slow with each tender stroke.

"Shhh," he soothes when I let out another soft moan, his voice low and steady. "Just relax."

I do, letting the last of my tension melt away under his touch. Each pass of his hands calms me, the remnants of the night slowly washing away. By the time Blade finishes, I feel a strange sense of serenity.

"There you go," he murmurs, his voice filled with satisfaction. "All cleaned up."

He pulls me from the water with ease, wrapping a soft towel around my body. I rest my head against his chest, the warmth of him making me feel drowsy, content. As he carries me out of the bathroom, I hear a quiet conversation between Blade and Shadow, but I can't make out the words. The steady thrum of my heartbeat drowns out everything else.

Blade sets me down on a soft bed, cradling me against him as he runs his fingers through my hair in slow, soothing motions. "Are you doing okay?" he asks, his voice

softer now, tinged with an unexpected tenderness.

I hesitate for a moment, unsure of how to respond. “Why are you being so nice?” I finally ask, the question slipping from my lips before I can stop it.

Blade laughs quietly, moving away from me to pull a blanket over my body. “Because aftercare is important,” he replies. “I need to make sure you’re still doing okay. I’m keeping you until Sunday, so we’ve got more games planned for tomorrow. Are you ready?”

“Probably not,” I admit with a small smile, biting my lip. His laughter is low and easy, filling the room with warmth.

The bed dips as Blade leans over, pressing a soft kiss to my forehead. “Goodnight, Red,” he whispers, his voice low and intimate. “There’s a water bottle on the nightstand, along with some snacks. You can take the blindfold off once you hear the door shut. Sweet dreams.”

His last words linger in the air, more like a promise—or perhaps a warning—than an endearment. The door clicks shut, and the room falls into silence. I sit up slowly, pulling the blindfold from my eyes, blinking as I adjust to the dim light.

The room is large and comfortable, a small lamp casting a soft glow over the nightstand. A tray of fruit and water sits neatly beside me. To my left, a door leads to an ensuite bathroom, and the door to the bedroom stands directly across from me.

I consider getting up to explore, but find myself too exhausted to move. Instead, I grab the water, taking a long gulp before settling back into the bed. My head sinks into the silk pillow, my body heavy with the events of the night. As sleep claims me, images of Blade, Raven, and Shadow flicker through my mind. I wonder, not for the first time, what they look like behind their masks...

As Shadow hands me a glass of whiskey and passes one to Blade, I can feel the excitement building in the room. The warm liquid burns as it goes down my throat, adding to the anticipation of what's to come tomorrow.

"So, what's the plan for tomorrow?" Shadow asks, his eyes glittering with mischief.

"We ramp it up," Blade responds after taking a long sip. "We took it too easy on her. I want to really scare her."

A thrill runs through me at his words, raising my hackles in excitement. "You want to frighten her?" I challenge, savoring the sharp burn of the whiskey in my throat.

Shadow nods with a devilish grin. "Scare, thrill, whatever you want to call it," he muses, swirling his drink around in his glass. "Fear can be a powerful aphrodisiac, after all."

I make a noncommittal noise, taking another sip of my whiskey as I consider Shadow's words. The memory of Red's flushed face and trembling body under our touch flashes through my mind, making my cock twitch in response.

Blade joins in with a wicked grin of his own. "Exactly. I want to see how far we can push her," he asserts confidently, setting down his empty tumbler on the table.

Sleep refuses to come, my body restless and my mind alive with anticipation. Frustrated, I sit up and glance at the clock—just after 2 a.m. With a groan, I discard



my underwear and reach for my mask, slipping it on as I head down the hallway toward Red's room. The house is quiet, the stillness amplifying my arousal with each step. My cock throbs between my legs, begging for release.

At her door, I pause, listening for any sign of movement before silently slipping inside. The room is dark, moonlight casting a faint glow across the floor. I close the door with a soft click and approach her bed, my eyes falling on Red's sleeping form. She's lying on her stomach, her slow, steady breathing inviting me closer.

Kneeling at the edge of the mattress, I nudge her legs apart gently, unable to resist the temptation between them. My gaze lingers on her, my desire mounting as I grab a pillow and place it over her head—muffling her sounds and hiding my identity.

I lower myself onto my stomach, pressing my aching cock against the mattress, inhaling her intoxicating scent. My self-control slips as I wrap my arms around her thighs and pull her hips toward my mouth, my lips finding her wet heat.

“Fuck,” I mutter as I lose myself in her taste, my tongue lapping eagerly. She stirs beneath me, her body responding to the pleasure even in her sleep. Her soft whimpers drive me wild, pushing me to explore deeper, to take more.

I slip a finger inside her, then another, my thumb circling her clit in a rhythm that matches her growing gasps. She's soaking wet, dripping onto my fingers as I devour every drop. Her unconscious moans, her body's eager response, fuels me, pushing me to the edge.

Just as she's about to come, trembling under my touch, I pull back. Panting, I watch her quiver, savoring her frustration even in sleep. Her sleepy whine only makes me harder.

With a groan, I rise to my knees, positioning myself between her legs. My hands trace

her curves, savoring the heat radiating from her skin. Gripping my cock, I drag the tip along her slick wetness, groaning as I coat myself in her arousal, ready to take her.

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### Saturday Morning

A sharp gasp tears from my parted lips as I'm jolted awake by a hard thrust from behind. My body floods with sensation, stretched to its limit as I feel a thick cock filling me. "Oh, God!" I moan, the surprise and pleasure making my voice tremble.

A low chuckle comes from behind me, followed by strong hands gripping my hips, pulling me back onto him in a steady rhythm. The slick sounds of skin meeting skin, the low grunts—it all creates a symphony of ecstasy. "Not God, little Red," he tuts, his voice sending shivers down my spine.

I can barely think as he pounds into me, his deep groans and praises only fueling the fire inside me. "You're so tight, Red," he growls, his voice rough with lust. "Did you miss me?"

A needy whine escapes my throat, lost in the pleasure and urgency. But then, fingers slide around my waist, dipping between my legs to circle my swollen clit. The unexpected touch jolts through me, pulling a cry from my lips. "Raven!" I gasp.

"Good girl," Raven whispers in my ear, his hot breath against my skin. "Let go for me."

His command sends a thrill through me, and I surrender completely. Every stroke of his fingers brings me closer to the edge, building until?—

The sudden crash of the door being thrown open startles me. Heavy footsteps charge into the room. Before I can react, Raven is yanked away from me, landing with a loud thump behind me. Disappointment rushes through me, the pleasure abruptly stolen.

"Damn it, Raven!" Blade's voice cuts through the air, thick with irritation. I turn to see Blade and Shadow, both already wearing their masks. Raven, pulling his down over his face, hiding the smirk I know is there.

My nerves are shot, my body still humming from the tension in the room. Despite everything that happened the night before, I suddenly feel utterly exposed, naked in front of them. "What's going on?" I ask, my voice betraying my nerves.

Blade leans forward, bracing himself on the bed, his face just inches from mine. "We want to play, Red," he says, his voice low and demanding. He flicks his knife in front of my face, making my breath hitch. "Run," he growls, his eyes dark with intent.

"Wha—"

"I said fucking run and hide. We're playing hide and seek."

Adrenaline shoots through my veins as I scramble off the bed, his words sinking in. "Just don't leave the house!" Blade calls after me as I bolt for the door, my heart racing. The thrill of fear and excitement propels me down the hallway, away from them.

My feet pound against the stairs, each step echoing loudly in the large cabin. Blade's taunting countdown rings in my ears, spurring me on faster. As I reach the bottom, I am met with a massive living room, towering above me like a palace.

Floor-to-ceiling windows offer a view of the moonlight shining over a lake and surrounding trees, but my attention is drawn to the panic that sets in. My eyes frantically search the enormous kitchen, taking in its size that could easily accommodate my entire apartment. The sight of a pantry that could be mistaken for a spare bedroom causes me to curse under my breath.

But before I can catch my breath, Raven's sing-song voice calls out my name from seemingly just around the corner. In a desperate attempt to find a hiding spot, I stumble upon an old chest hidden behind the couch. With no other options, I dive inside and slam the lid shut just as Blade's voice rings out once more.

"Here we come, kitten!" My heart races with a mixture of fear and anticipation as I hear the men plodding down the stairs.

I hold my breath, trying to calm my racing heart as the sound of their footsteps grow louder and closer. The chest is dark and cramped, every breath I take fills the space with warmth. My naked body feels confined in all the wrong ways, my legs folded up awkwardly against my chest and my hands clenched tightly in front of me.

Suddenly, I hear Blade's voice echo through the room. "Where, oh where, has our little Red gone?" The taunting lilt sends a shiver down my spine. I press a hand

tightly over my mouth to stop any noise that may betray my hideaway.

There's a stretch of silence - pregnant with anticipation - until I suddenly hear a scraping sound that seems to come from the kitchen. Someone is searching there, I realize. A small bubble of relief washes over me until Shadow's low chuckle rumbles through the living room.

"Kitten, kitten," he drawls out, his deep voice vibrates through me. He's closer than the others, probably just around the couch.

Heat courses through me, a mix of fear and exhilaration. I sit as still as possible fighting back the urge to squirm or move.

Suddenly, the lid of the chest is ripped open, allowing light to flood into my hiding place. My eyes snap shut due to the sudden brightness before slowly fluttering open to see Blade staring down at me. There's a wicked gleam in his eyes, the wolf mask he wears only adding to the ominous feeling.

"Found you, Red," Blade singsongs, reaching out to haul me from my cramped hiding spot. As he pulls me out, he pushes me down onto my knees in front of him, pulling his cock from his underwear .

A surge of defiance rolls through me as I shake my head. "No." I snap my mouth shut, glaring up at him as he laughs, holding his cock in his hand to smack it against my face.

"Oh... she wants to play today, boys!" Blade's laughter booms through the large room, the sound bouncing off the high ceilings. The echoing cackles only add to the eerie atmosphere. His hand comes down to grip my hair tightly, pulling my head back to look up at him. "You're in such a feisty mood today, aren't you, Red?" he taunts.

I grip his wrist tightly and pull it away from my hair with a grunt. Blade looks surprised, but then a slow grin spreads across his face. "Oh, this is going to be fun," he murmurs.

Without warning, Raven strides into the room with Shadow following closely behind. Their piercing eyes lock onto me, kneeling before Blade, and they both let out a sly chuckle.

"Seems like the kitten has claws," Shadow taunts, his arms folded across his broad chest.

Raven pays him no mind and makes his way over to me, crouching down to meet my gaze. His masked face hovers just inches from mine as he gently strokes my cheek with his hand. "Are you ready for another round, little Red?"

My heart races in anticipation. I sneak a quick glance at the three men standing before me, clad only in their masks and boxers. With a swift push against Raven's chest, I send him tumbling backwards. I scramble to my feet and take off past them before they can catch hold of me. My legs carry me up the stairs as I make a mad dash for escape once again.

With a rush of energy coursing through me, I declare, "Whoever's room she finds herself in gets her first." My body tingles with excitement and desire, something I haven't felt in so long. Gripping my knife tightly, I follow the other two up the stairs, each of us searching our rooms first.

I burst into my room, flipping on the light as I take a step inside. Closing my eyes to focus, I inhale deeply, taking in the potent scent of Red that fills the air. Underneath it all, I can detect a hint of lavender bath salts from earlier in the evening.

"I know you're here, Red," I growl, feeling a surge of arousal. "And I'm going to fucking devour you."

My eyes snap open at the sound of a small whimper coming from under my bed. A wicked smile spreads across my face as I strip off my underwear, my cock already painfully hard with anticipation. As I approach the bed, I hear her breathing become more uneven.

With a chuckle, I kneel and reach under the bed to grab her leg. Pulling her out from under the bed as she squeals in surprise, I straddle her body and hold my knife up to her throat. Her whole body freezes under the blade.

"Hello..." I purr, savoring the sight of her trembling form beneath me. Her pupils are blown wide with fear and arousal as she stares back at me with defiance in her eyes.

I lean closer to her ear and whisper softly, letting the cool metal of the blade skim



over her skin. "Make one move, Red."

Dragging the knife down her throat to her chest, I tease a nipple with the sharp tip, relishing in the soft whimper that escapes her lips. "You wouldn't," she declares, lifting her chin in defiance.

"Oh, Kitten, you don't know me," I laugh, enjoying the power I have over her. I lean back on my knees, straddling her arms and forcing her complete compliance under me.

As Shadow and Raven enter the room behind me, Red's eyes dart between them like a trapped animal. With the blade pressed against her stomach, I drag it down slowly, just barely piercing her skin. She stares at me with wide eyes as a line of red blood appears on her otherwise perfect flesh.

"I told you, didn't I?" I taunt her before leaning down to drag my tongue along the cut, savoring the metallic taste.

"Close your eyes," I demand, and she obeys without question. Quickly pulling up my mask, I crush my mouth against hers in a possessive kiss. At the same time, I position myself between her legs, forcing them open with ease.

She struggles against me at first, but soon opens her mouth to allow me access as I grind my cock along her soaking pussy. As our tongues clash and explore each other's mouths hungrily, she can taste the iron of her own blood on my tongue.

Meanwhile, Shadow and Raven stand guard on either side of us. Red is completely at our mercy and she knows it. But even in this vulnerable state, she refuses to give in easily.

With one last nip at her bottom lip, I pull away from the kiss and gaze down at her

flushed face. "Open your eyes," I command softly.

As she complies and meets my masked face once again, I can see a mix of emotions swirling in those beautiful depths - fear, arousal, and a hint of defiance. But I won't let her win this game.

With a commanding tone, I gesture to the floor at the foot of the bed. "Shadow, sit," I demand. Red struggles against me as I pull her up from the floor, but she is no match for my strength.

I guide her toward Shadow, who eagerly wraps his arms around her waist and pulls her onto his lap. Her soft whimpers fill the room, echoing off the walls as Shadow forcefully penetrates her.

Chuckling, I turn to Raven and give him a playful nudge. "You get her mouth," I declare, walking over to the nightstand to retrieve some lube. Raven moves to Red's side, firmly grasping her chin to force his cock into her mouth. Kneeling behind Red between Shadow's legs, I prepare myself to join...

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My entire body tenses in anticipation of the intrusion. I can feel my heart pounding in my chest as Blade pours cold lube over me, sending a shudder through my body. With slow, methodical movements, he works to stretch and prepare me with almost ritualistic precision, igniting both fear and desire within me.

Blade's touch is confident and steady as his hands probe and prepare me. His actions are not unkind, but executed with a detached professionalism that contrasts the charged atmosphere of the room.

Beside me, Raven doesn't let Blade's intrusion interrupt his own actions. He thrusts roughly into my mouth, rendering coherent thought impossible and pushing me further into a state of submissive delirium. My only stability in this whirlwind of sensation is Shadow's firm grip around my waist and the soothing rhythm of his thrusts.

Every one of my senses is heightened to an almost unbearable level - I can feel every pulse of Shadow's cock inside me, hear Raven's low groans as he fucks my mouth, and smell the heady mix of sweat and arousal permeating the room.

Meanwhile, Blade continues his ministrations without pause. The slow burn of the lube turns into a searing heat as he finally pushes into me. The force of his entry wrenches from my lips a gasp, adding to the already overwhelming sensations coursing through my body.

As Raven's cock thrusts into my throat, I feel a stretch and fullness that fills me to the

brim. My gag reflex fights against it, but Shadow's firm grip on my hips keeps me in place.

Shadow's fingers dig into my flesh, urging me back harder onto his and Blade's cocks with each forceful thrust. Blade's own hips move with a steady, methodical rhythm behind me, claiming every inch of me with each deep thrust. The room is filled with heavy breathing and moans as their powerful bodies collide with mine.

Blade moves closer behind me, his hands gripping the edge of the bed for leverage as he increases his pace. Raven's hands tangle in my hair, pulling me onto his cock and releasing primal roars into the night air. Blade matches him stroke for stroke from behind, their movements synchronized and intense like an ancient ritual.

Every movement sends waves of pleasure coursing through my body, causing my muscles to tense and tremble uncontrollably. I struggle to catch my breath as I inhale sharply and exhale softly, the scents of blood, sweat, and desire mingling in the air around us.

Blade grazes his teeth along my shoulder blades, adding another layer of sensation as he picks up speed inside me. The feeling of both Shadow's and Blade's thick cocks moving together inside me becomes all-consuming, blocking out any other thoughts.

"We're going to fill all your holes, Red," Blade taunts behind me as I groan around Raven's cock. "You enjoy being our little slut, don't you?"

I whimper my response as Raven chuckles, his grip on my hair tightening as he pulls me off his cock. "I think he asked you a question," Raven says, his voice low and dangerous. I gaze up at him through half-lidded eyes, my lips swollen and slick with saliva.

Shadow leans forward to whisper in my ear, "Answer him, Kitten." His hand moves

up my waist, over my chest to wrap around my throat.

I can't formulate words, the pleasure is so intense. So instead, I nod frantically, hoping that's enough. Raven chuckles darkly at my response and shoves himself back into my mouth without warning.

Blade maintains his steady pace inside me, sending shocks of pleasure radiating from my core with every stroke. He keeps the pressure constant, pushing deeper with each thrust.

"That's it... You're doing so well," Shadow praises, sending a thrill through me and I collapse fully onto him, responding willingly to their relentless onslaught.

I teeter precariously on the edge, my body trembling as Raven growls above me. His cock tightens in anticipation. Before I can fully comprehend what is about to happen, he thrusts his length deep into my throat, his hand gripping my head firmly in place...

I keep my eyes locked on her, watching as her pupils dilate and her body trembles between Shadow and Blade. My cock remains lodged in her throat, not letting up as it pulses and releases cum, flooding her throat and forcing her to convulse under me. She fights for air, but the pleasure of her orgasm battles with her instinct to breathe. I can hear Shadow and Blade grunting, their own releases filling her other holes as Red's hand slaps against my thigh in a futile attempt to resist us.

As I pull back, finally allowing her to breathe, I step away from the trio. Red coughs and gasps, trying to catch her breath as Shadow and Blade also remove themselves from her. Saliva and cum drips down her chin and legs as she lays on the floor, shaking and coughing.

"Such a good little whore," I praise, leaning down to grab her chin and lift it to me, assessing her condition. She smirks ever so slightly, still hungry for more despite being thoroughly used by us. I chuckle at her defiance. "Good girl."

Blade laughs beside Shadow, both now standing next to me as we surround our play thing. "I don't think she's finished yet," Blade remarks with a smirk.

As if on cue, Red kneels before us, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand before glancing up at us with desire burning in her eyes. "Fuck," I mutter under my breath, already feeling my cock jerk at the sight of her submission.

Blade nudges me, bringing me back into focus. "Grab some toys and head downstairs."

Grinning mischievously, I make my way to my bedroom and retrieve a large black box filled with our favorite toys, most of which have yet to be used. When I return to the ground floor, I find Red blindfolded and tied to a chair in the kitchen. Her naked body is bound tightly, restricting her movement.

Shadow takes the box from me and sets it on the table next to her, causing her head to turn toward the sound. I remove my mask and set it down with theirs. Shadow then retrieves a vibrator from the box and kneels before her, pressing a gentle kiss against her inner thigh as she whimpers.

"What's happening?" She asks, before she hears the buzzing of the toy. Her breath catches in her throat, and Blade laughs as he leans in close to her ear.

"Well, we aren't getting any sleep now," he says with a smirk. "So you're going to sit there while I make breakfast."

Before she can respond, Shadow places the vibrator on her clit and hands the small remote to Blade. She squirms under their touch, moaning as Blade nips at her shoulder before walking toward the fridge. Her breathing becomes heavy, her head falling back on the chair as she whimpers.

I approach her, reaching out to drag my fingers gently along her chest as she lifts her head. She swallows hard, her breath catching in her throat as I run my thumb along her right nipple. I roll the small nub between my thumb and forefinger before pulling on it hard as she moans and shudders.

I lean down and pull her nipple into my mouth next, sucking hard and listening to her gasp, her hands straining against the restraints. The vibrations from the toy against her clit cause her body to jump and twitch, her chest rising with each sharp intake of breath.

"Raven..." she moans my name, pulling me out of my own haze. I look up at her face, obscured by the blindfold but flushed from pleasure, her lips parted in a silent plea for more.

Before I can ask her how she knows it me, I feel a firm hand grip my shoulder. I glance back to find Blade smirking at me with that cocky smile of his, the small remote in his hand as he cranks up the vibrations on the toy. Red's body jumps and she lets out a mewling cry, thrashing in response to the increased stimulation.

Shadow stands back, a smug grin on his face as he watches the scene unfold. Blade suddenly turns off the toy, causing Red to let out a disappointed groan as her body relaxes.

I laugh and take hold of her chin in my hand. "You don't get to come without us, Red," I tease. "Did you really think we would let you have all the fun without putting in any effort?"



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As I make breakfast, Shadow and Raven leave to take showers and I watch Red squirming in her chair. Her chest rises and falls in uneven intervals and I know she is on edge, her head moving at every slight sound. With my knife in hand, I walk to her, turning the toy back on the lowest setting as she whimpers.

“You’re so pretty tied up. You enjoy being our toy?” I ask, dragging my blade along her cheek and down her throat as she whines and nods. “Words, Red. I want words...”

"I... I..." She struggles to form a coherent sentence as the toy hums lightly against her, her chest heaving with anticipation. With a gentle bite of her bottom lip, she finally manages to stammer out, "Yes... I... enjoy it."

I chuckle at her admission, my knife tracing lower down her body to her quivering breasts. The tip of the blade glides over the swollen nipples, causing her to gasp as a sudden jolt of pleasure courses through her.

"That's good," I murmur, pressing the flat side of the blade against her skin between her breasts. The cold metal causes Red to shiver lightly as she leans into it, seeking some kind of respite from the torturous stimulation. "Because we're just getting started."

I move the blade to her upper thigh, dragging it into her inner thigh. "I want to carve my initials into your perfect skin."

"No," she moans, the plea sounding more like a whispered whimper than an outright refusal. "Please...Blade."

I press the blade slightly harder against her soft skin, feeling her shiver under its cool kiss. "You don't want that?" I ask, my voice dropping to a teasing purr as I watch her reactions.

"No," she repeats more forcefully this time, her voice quavering. "It's too much."

I contemplate her words, considering them even though she hasn't said her safe word. Deciding to save it until she's begging for it, I run the knife threateningly along her inner thigh, watching as goosebumps break out against her flesh in response to the cold steel.

She gasps softly as I abruptly remove the blade and replace it with my fingertips, trailing them lightly over her thigh. She trembles at my touch, arousal seeping from her core despite her fear.

"Let's start by seeing how many times we can make you beg before we let you come," I suggest, leaning forward to capture a hardened nipple between my teeth as I pluck at it mercilessly.

She cries out in a mixture of pleasure and pain as my mouth puts pressure on her sensitive flesh, while the toy hums relentlessly against her. In the doorway, Shadow and Raven stand with towels wrapped around their waists, smirks playing on their lips, their hair still damp.

"Still torturing her?" Raven chuckles, amusement clear in his voice as I return to the stove to plate breakfast for everyone. "Is she our entertainment?"

Shadow laughs along with him, pulling up a chair beside her and reaching for a piece

of bacon. We all take seats around her, watching as she tries to squirm away from the toy's vibrations and the intense gazes of her captors. "She's so beautiful when she's on display for us," Shadow remarks, his hand teasing her mouth with a strip of bacon before pulling it back, just out of reach.

I turn up the intensity of the device, causing her to forget any hunger pangs as she writhes against the restraints. "Please! I need..." she screams, unable to finish her sentence before I quickly turn it off.

"Need what?" I taunt, my own laughter mixing with the guys as Red groans in frustration.

Throughout our meal, I continue to play with her using the toy, denying her release each time she comes close. The three of us chat and joke amongst ourselves while she is forced to sit there and suffer through multiple almost-orgasms.

As we finish eating, I stand up and notice a lone tear fall down her cheek. With a chuckle, I lean in front of her and grip her chin. "Aww, kitten... are you ready to tap out?" I ask, my tone laced with both teasing and tenderness.

Her chin quivers as she shakes her head, determined as ever despite the tears. I drag my tongue along her cheek, savoring the saltiness of her tears.

"Good girl." I reach down between her legs with my other hand, feeling her wetness as I pull the toy away. "Soaking for us, boys," I declare, standing up straight and addressing Shadow and Raven. "I'm going to go shower. Make sure she eats. She's going to need her energy."

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The toy is gone, but the phantom vibrations still echo in my body, each muscle tense and begging for release. Blade disappears into the shower, but I can still feel the eyes of Shadow and Raven, telling me they're enjoying every second of my predicament.

I'm on fire, my flesh tingling under their relentless gazes. My body aches with need, but I'm not ready to give in just yet. The anticipation is delicious and terrifying all at once.

Shadow leans closer, his fingers grazing my thigh. "You've been very patient, Red," he murmurs. His voice sends shivers down my spine, his touch lighting up every nerve ending. "And patience should be rewarded."

He feeds me bites of breakfast, the food melting in my mouth, though it does nothing to satiate my hunger for them. I can feel Raven watching us from the other side of the table, impatience radiating off him.

Shadow takes his time to feed me breakfast; eggs, followed by some bacon and fruit, before offering me a straw with coffee at the end. His fingers graze my thighs every so often to tease me, eliciting small moans and keeping me on edge. I am completely lost in his attention, only coming back to reality when Blade re-enters the room and speaks.

"Is our toy ready for another round before a break?" His voice is deep and commanding, causing my heart to race with anticipation. I sit up straight, eager to please under his gaze as I feel him gently cup my chin in his hand, his breath hot

against my skin.

"Yes," I respond confidently as he chuckles, the sound surrounding me like a warm embrace. I hear the scuffing of shoes around me as Raven and Blade move closer, the excitement building within me at the thought of what's to come next.

The shuffling of feet echoes around me, and I can hear the men moving closer. I feel someone's rough hands undoing the ropes that bind my arms and legs, my skin aching from being bound for so long. With a sudden jolt, my blindfold is pulled off, and I blink rapidly as my eyes adjust to the light.

The men stand around me, their naked bodies adorned only with masks and erections as Blade offers me his hand and helps me to my feet. We follow the other two into the living room, the energy in the room shifting from tense to almost playful. No longer do they seem like predators, but like my playmates.

Blade guides me to Raven's lap, his strong hands resting on my hips as I straddle him. My body hovers just above his cock, and I can't help but smirk at the mischievous glint in his blue eyes peering through his mask. His grip tightens on my thighs as he lowers me onto him.

I moan as I grip the back of the couch. I watch Shadow move to stand behind the couch, his hand gripping the base of his cock, stroking slowly as he watched me. I let Raven take over, moving me on his cock achingly slowly as I lean forward to drag my tongue along the underside of Shadow's cock.

I'm completely distracted by them. I almost forget about Blade until I feel a heavy thud land on my ass, eliciting a strained gasp to escape my lips. Everything in me contracts as Raven groans under me and Shadow laughs, pulling my mouth back to his cock as I feel another heavy thud land. This time, I stifle a moan around Shadow's cock, sucking harder as Raven moves faster beneath me.

“Her pussy contracts around my cock with every hit,” Raven says, his voice breathless and laced with desire. Blade continues his assault, the sharp sting of each swat blending into a dull, sweet ache that sends sparks through my body. My thighs quiver as I try to keep myself steady through the whirlwind of sensations. “She’s going to come all over my cock,” Raven declares as Shadow tightens his grip on my hair, guiding my movements on him. His cock throbs in my mouth, pre-cum leaking out and onto my tongue, making me moan a little louder and causing Raven to groan beneath me.

I hate that Raven is right; my orgasm quickly approaching with every hit of the paddle behind me after being teased all morning. I ride Raven, taking him deeper inside me with every thrust while keeping rhythm with Shadow in my mouth. Meanwhile, Blade remains behind me, landing alternating thwacks on my ass, each sharper than the last. It's all too much; the room spins as pleasure builds up inside me again—stronger than before, threatening to consume me whole.

My orgasm crashes over me like a tidal wave as I scream around Shadow's cock, my body trembling uncontrollably. Raven lets out a loud groan beneath me, his hands gripping my hips tightly as he thrusts deep inside me, riding out my orgasm with his own release. I feel his cum filling me as Blade lands one last hard thwack on my ass before Shadow goes rigid in front of me, his grip in my hair tightening as he releases cum in my mouth.

I swallow around him as best I can through my aftershocks, feeling his cock pulse and twitch before he pulls out with a smirk, patting my cheek gently. "Such a good girl," he murmurs down at me. I barely have enough energy to nod at him, completely spent but also filled with satisfaction.

My body trembles in exhaustion as I lean against Raven's solid chest, seeking comfort and support. But before I can fully surrender to his embrace, Blade swoops in and pulls me back, lifting me up. He hands me off to Shadow, who cradles me gently

in his arms and carries me upstairs, away from the others. I rest my head on his broad shoulder, grateful for his sturdy presence as my weary limbs dangle limply. The scent of his cologne fills my nose and I feel safe in his arms.

Carrying her up the stairs, I feel the slight weight of her body in my arms as she starts to relax and drift off to sleep. Her breathing steadies and I know she is close to slumber. With careful steps, I push open the door to her room, glancing at the clock; just after six in the morning. The soft rays of sunlight filter through the window, casting a warm glow over the room.

I carry her into the bathroom, setting her gently on the seat in the shower. She groans contentedly as I step inside with her, a quiet chuckle escaping my lips. "Keep your eyes closed," I murmur to her, and she complies happily, trusting me. I toss my mask onto the bathroom counter and turn on the water, adjusting it until it runs warm against the wall.

Turning back to her, I help her stand as I take my time washing her body. The scent of soap fills the air, mingling with the lingering smell of our earlier games.

With gentle strokes, I clean her body, starting at her shoulders and working my way down to her feet. She leans against me for support as I lather up a sponge and carefully wash away any traces of our playtime. Her eyes flutter in pleasure as she feels the warm water cascading over her skin.

Moving slowly and deliberately, I cleanse every inch of her skin, paying extra attention to sensitive spots like her bottom where Blade had left his marks. Despite any discomfort or tenderness, she remains still and allows me to tend to her.

Once her body has been thoroughly washed and rinsed off, I turn my attention to



washing her hair. She hums softly as my fingers massage through her scalp, removing any sweat or dirt from her hair and replacing it with the sweet-smelling suds of shampoo. I take my time in rinsing it out, enjoying the feeling of her soft locks between my fingers.

With her body now clean and relaxed, I turn off the water and wrap a towel around her before grabbing another to dry her hair. Once it's mostly dry, I carefully braid it down her back, a gesture that brings a smile to my face.

Leading her back to the bedroom, I grab a soft facemask and place it over her eyes before helping her into bed. I take her wet towels and replace them with fresh ones for myself. Finally dried off, I join her in bed, wrapping my arm around her as she instinctively moves closer to me, seeking my warmth and comfort. As we lay intertwined, I gaze up at the ceiling above us, savoring every sensation of her warm skin pressed against mine.

As I begin to drift into sleep, a gentle knock breaks the silence and Raven enters the room. His presence is calming, and I watch as he sheds his boxers and slips into bed on the other side of Red. A soft sigh escapes me as he yawns, knowing we were all exhausted from our sleepless night and early morning activities.

"Where's Blade?" I ask, breaking the stillness between us. He shrugs nonchalantly, his eyes closing as he wraps an arm around Red's waist, drawing her closer to us.

"Cleaning up the kitchen," he says with a tired grin, and I can't help but chuckle before settling back against the pillow.

Raven's breathing soon becomes steady as he drifts off to sleep. I prop myself up on one elbow to gaze upon Red's peaceful face. The hot shower has left her skin with a rosy tint, which glows softly in the dim light of the room. A slight smile plays on her lips as she snuggles deeper into the sheets between us.

"You're making me uncomfortable," Raven mumbles, his voice heavy with drowsiness.

I ignore his comment, my focus solely on Red. Her long lashes cast delicate shadows over her flushed cheeks as she sleeps soundly.

"Brooding over her?" Raven's voice is barely audible now.

I hesitate for a moment before admitting softly, "Afraid of getting too attached." But I doubt if he hears me. I lay back down and wrap an arm around Red's slender waist, inhaling her sweet scent that brings a sense of peace to my restless mind. Slowly, I succumb to the pull of sleep, my thoughts consumed by the enigmatic woman sleeping peacefully beside me...

Downstairs, the kitchen is in a state of disarray. That's the thing about pleasure – it's mindless and spontaneous, leaving no room for the banalities of life like tidying up. I set to work, methodically picking up discarded clothes and ropes, cleaning surfaces, and washing dishes.

Catching my reflection in the polished steel of the refrigerator door, I pause. Stubborn streaks of dark hair fall over my eyes, damp with sweat from earlier. I look like an absolute mess, but could not feel more elated. The memory of Red's soft moans echoes in my head, stirring up a hunger that I thought was temporarily sated.

Shaking off these musings, I turn back to the task at hand with renewed vigor but can't help but wonder what's happening upstairs. The image of Shadow and Raven cuddling Red between them is vivid in my mind, and a surprising pang of jealousy tugs at my heart.

A low growl rumbles from my chest as I toss a dirty plate into the sink with more force than necessary. I am not one to get caught up in sentiments, yet here I was grappling with unwanted feelings .

Finally done with the dishes, I wipe down the countertops before turning off the kitchen lights and making my way upstairs. The hallway is eerily silent, a stark contrast to the raucous laughter and moans that filled it earlier. As I approach the room, the soft light seeping from under the door paints a narrow strip on the floor. I crack open the door, peering inside.

Seeing them tangled together, their breathing synchronized in sleep, I feel an unfamiliar warmth spread within me. I'm no longer jealous as I take in the sight before me. Red is nestled in the crook of Raven's arm while Shadow drapes his arm protectively around her waist. For a second, I envy them their closeness and intimacy; then, with a shrug, I dismiss the thought.

Slowly and silently, I make my way to the oversized chair in the corner of the room. Not wanting to disturb their slumber, I drag it slowly to the side of the bed, taking care not to jostle anyone. Once settled in the chair, I stretch out my legs until it brushes against Red's feet. The soft contact sends a jolt through me and I feel ridiculously satisfied.

As the minutes wear on, my eyelids grow heavy with sleep. Just before sleep overtakes me, I glance one last time at Red - her face peaceful, innocent almost. A smile creeps onto my lips as darkness descends upon me, pulling me into sleep.

Slowly stirring from sleep, I become aware of the room's brightness, now lit by the mid-afternoon sun high in the sky. As I sit up and place my feet on the cool ground, I notice the three of them still peacefully sleeping in the bed, with Red nestled in the middle. She lets out soft whimpers as she dreams, and the sound sends a jolt through my body, causing my cock to stand at attention. My eyes are drawn down to where her breasts lay exposed, the blanket having slipped down during her slumber.

A primal need rips through me, a raw and visceral desire that demands to be satiated. In this moment, she is my possession, and I must remind her of that fact. With a fierce determination, I stand at the foot of the bed and grab her ankles with a tight grip. She protests with a scream as I drag her down toward me, the other men in the room sitting up on either side of her. Before they have time to fully comprehend what is happening, I forcefully push her down onto the floor at the end of the bed, her face buried in the soft mattress. Straddling her legs, keeping them tightly pressed together, I plunge myself deep inside her, relishing in the gasp that escapes her lips.

As Raven and Shadow watch with a mix of sleepy surprise and arousal, I plunge my cock into her, staking my claim. Her cries of protest transform into moans of pleasure as they both grip their hard cocks in anticipation. With each thrust, they brace themselves against the headboard and pump their hands over their cocks.

Moving slowly, I grind my hips against her, leaving sharp taps on her ass that make her whimper into the sheets. The air is thick with the scent of sweat and sex, accompanied by a symphony of moans.

Her body arches beneath me, eagerly taking in every inch as her nails dig into the sheets. My hand grips the back of her throat as I lean down toward her. "I'm going to claim your pussy. You want that, don't you, Red? To feel me cum deep inside you? To be bred by me?"

She whimpers in response and I feel her pussy contract around my cock, her hips pushing back against me with equal force .

"That's right, slut. You're our little breeding mare, aren't you, Red?" Shadow asks as he moves to kneel in front of her, forcing her head up. Without hesitation or waiting for an answer, he plunges his cock into her mouth with a grunt as I smirk.

"Do you enjoy feeling us filling you up?" I ask, my own pleasure building with each passing second. My cock twitches inside her pussy, aching for release. I grip her hips tightly, holding her still as I thrust deeper, harder. "Do you like how it feels when we take you like this?" I growl, driving myself even deeper inside her.

"Yes," she gasps out as Shadow momentarily removes her mouth from his cock.

"You're such a fucking slut for us, aren't you?" Raven says, his voice rough with satisfaction and need as he stands up from the bed to get a better view.

Red mewls in response as she bucks wildly, as desperate for release as we are. I lean down, murmuring, “so fucking pretty,” before I sink my teeth into her shoulder, just hard enough for it to sting. She shudders under me, her body convulsing in pleasure. With a roar, I cum deep into her pussy, stilling as Red continues to grind her needy pussy against me.

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### Saturday Afternoon

As I watch Blade assert his dominance over Red, a mixture of shock and admiration fills me. I've never seen him so possessive, so relentless. It's a sight to behold - the raw intensity of his movements, the commanding tone in his voice. My cock throbs in my hand, begging for release as I witness Blade pulling away from Red.

Before his cum even has a chance to drip from her pussy, I take his place, thrusting into her with a deep grunt. Red gasps at the sudden intrusion and moans as I push her onto Shadow's cock.

My hand rests on the small of her back, holding her still as I plunge in and out of her. The sensation is overwhelming - her warmth envelops me, the sight of Shadow using her mouth on the bed, and the sound of her desperate whimpers pushing me closer to losing control. I'm not gentle, but I'm not brutal either. I simply need to stake my claim like Blade did before me. As my cock slides in and out of Red, she writhes underneath me. "You enjoy being used by us, don't you, little Red?" I taunt as Blade chuckles while entering the room from the ensuite bathroom.

Overhead, the ceiling fan turns lazily and the sunlight peeking through the curtains casts an otherworldly glow over the room. Red's body shakes between Shadow and me, and it's clear she's close to another climax. In this moment, she is no longer just herself; she is a goddess of lust and desire, offering herself to be used by us however we please.

Shadow groans in front of Red, his head falling back as he forces her mouth onto his cock. I watch his body tense up before he spills his cum into her mouth. As he does, she writhes between us, lost in her own orgasm from the onslaught of sensations. Her cries of pleasure only heighten my own as I dig my fingertips into her hips and release into her with a loud groan. Her body twitches and convulses beneath me as I slide out of her, leaving her panting heavily and my mind reeling from the intense rush of pleasure.

Red's soft whimpers break the silence as she tries to recover from our intense encounter, her hair matted and skin glistening with sweat. Shadow leaves the room while Blade approaches Red lying on the floor.

He grips her chin, lifting it, a small smile still lingering on her face. "Our good little whore," he teases, leaning in to kiss her lips. "Clean yourself up. I'll send some food up."

He signals for me to follow, but not before I take one last look at Red, sprawled out on the floor, spent and satisfied. At least for now.

After a shower, I make my way down to the kitchen and find Blade preparing a tray for Red. The aroma of fresh coffee and fruits fills my senses as he carefully arranges a water bottle, a large sandwich, and some sliced fruit on the tray. "Take this to her, for me," he requests without even looking at me. Knowing it's not a suggestion, I chuckle and glance over at Shadow, who wiggles his brows at me.

"Yes sir," I playfully respond before slipping on my mask and heading up to Red's bedroom. As I knock on her door, there is no response. Slowly pushing open the door, I hear running water coming from the bathroom and catch a whiff of lavender scent filling the room.

Setting the tray on her nightstand, I cautiously enter the bathroom and find Red



submerged in the tub. Her body is visibly relaxed as she smiles up at me with her blindfold off. Her blue eyes are heavy with pleasure and she greets me sweetly. "Hi, Raven." It's hard to believe that just moments ago she was our willing plaything.

With a grin, I sit down on the edge of the tub and reach out to cup her cheek, gently tracing my thumb along her lower lip. "Close your eyes for me?" I request softly.

Without hesitation, she complies, and I lift my mask to lean forward and capture her lips with mine. She eagerly returns the kiss, her hand tangling in my hair as we deepen the passion between us. Our tongues dance together in perfect harmony before I reluctantly pull away. Replacing my mask on my face, I stand up from the tub and she opens her eyes.

"I brought you some food. It's waiting for you in your room. Just relax," I tell her before turning to leave. But before closing the door behind me, I can't resist adding, "But don't get too comfortable. You never know what might happen."

"I've noticed," she responds with a chuckle.

I pause in the doorway, my gaze lingering on her. "Are you doing okay? Do you need anything? "

She nods, a content smile on her face. "I'm okay. I promise."

"Good girl." She visibly glows at my praise as I chuckle and gently shut the door behind me.

After Raven leaves, I sink deeper into the tub, the scent of lavender enveloping my body like a warm embrace. The water is still warm and soothing against my skin, causing me to let out a contented sigh as I lean back and close my eyes. My entire being is buzzing with the lingering sensations from my encounters with the men. My skin tingles with excitement and anticipation, the memories of their touches and whispers sending shivers down my spine.

As I bask in the warmth of the water, I can't help but feel an unconventional sense of satisfaction and empowerment. Instead of feeling guilty or disgusted with myself for succumbing to my desires, I feel liberated and powerful. It was exhilarating to be wanted and used by these men in their most primal states. In that moment, I felt like the most desirable woman in the world, shamelessly embracing my wants without hesitation.

The growling of my stomach snaps me out of my thoughts, reminding me I haven't eaten in hours. Wrapping a towel around myself, I make my way to the bedroom where Raven has left me a tray of food and a bottle of water on the bedside table. The sandwich is overflowing with fresh greens and thick slices of savory ham; next to it are sliced fruits and a large cup of steaming coffee.

Sitting cross-legged on the bed, I dig into my food. It's a nice break from constantly being connected to my phone and responsibilities. Here, I don't have to think or make any decisions - the men take care of everything for me. They use me as they please but also tend to my needs afterwards. Being pampered in this way is both new and alluring to me. For once, I am not in control or responsible for anything - just simply

enjoying being taken care of by these men who desire me so deeply. And I can't help but wonder if this should make me feel good or guilty.

After eating, I drift back into sleep; the darkness enveloping me until I am suddenly awakened. Sitting up in the bed, I reach for the lamp on the nightstand beside me and light up the room. The house is eerily quiet, with only the sound of wind battering against the window. My eyes scan the room and they land upon a striking red dress hanging from the back of my bedroom door.

A smile tugs at my lips as I stand and move toward the dress, delicately running my fingers over the smooth satin fabric. The material is long and sleek, but with just enough stretch to hug my curves in all the right places. A daring slit runs up the left side, sending a cool sensation against my skin as I move.

"Guys?" I call out, hoping for an answer before stepping out of my bedroom. But there is only silence, and even the hallway is plunged into darkness. A sense of unease creeps over me as I cautiously make my way down the dimly lit stairs. Each step feels heavy and uncertain until finally I reach the main level and find it mostly shrouded in blackness.

As I descend to the ground level, a flickering glow catches my eye. My heart begins to race as I see that the back door is wide open, spilling warm light onto the porch from many candles scattered about. With trepidation and curiosity swirling inside me, I step outside.

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### Saturday Night

“G uys?” My voice echoes through the eerie silence, but there is no response. Panic rises in my chest as fear creeps in, causing me to frantically glance around at the dark woods looming ominously to my left. The flickering candlelight casts twisted shadows that seem to dance and reach for me with every gust of wind, sending shivers down my spine. The moonlight shines brightly on the still surface of the lake, its calmness only adding to the unsettling atmosphere.

This is our last game together - a bittersweet thought that sends a surge of adrenaline through my veins, despite the lurking dread in my gut. With trembling steps, I leave the safety of the porch and venture into the ominous night, startled by the sudden blast of Run by AWOLNATION blaring from a nearby stereo. The pounding beat fills the air, amplifying the already foreboding feeling that hangs heavy in the air.

Every fiber of my being tenses with each cautious step along the dirt path, my heart racing faster and faster as I carefully navigate between towering trees. The deafening music drowns out any natural sounds, adding to the suffocating atmosphere. My eyes dart frantically, searching for any signs of the men. And then I see it - flickering lights in the distance, taunting me like a cruel game of cat and mouse.

"Oh, Red!" Their taunts echo through the darkness, each one more menacing than the last. "We're coming for you, Red!" they call out with malicious glee. In a moment of distraction, one of them sneaks up behind me and tears at my dress until it falls away from my body. As I spin around to confront them, they vanish into the shadows once

again, leaving me exposed and alone. My heart pounds loudly in my chest as I try to steady myself, steeling myself for the true terror of this twisted game.

But before I can collect myself, a hand shoots out from the shadows and grabs me roughly by the arm, yanking me deeper into the darkness. The booming music swallows my screams as I am dragged further into the woods. More hands reach out, clawing at my bare skin and sending icy chills down my spine. Desperately, I fight back, trying to break free from their grasp.

"Gotcha!" they chorus, their laughter ringing through the night. "Where do you think you're going, Red?"

Struggling against them, I wriggle free and sprint blindly through the forest, still exposed under the watchful glow of the moon. Branches whip at my skin with every step, leaving stinging marks in their wake. But the surge of adrenaline mixed with primal fear drives me forward. This game has taken on a whole new level - one that is both thrilling and terrifying.

Raven's voice pierces through the music as he counts down. "Ten! Nine! Eight..."

My heart races faster and faster as I push myself to run even harder, the trees around me becoming a blur with the speed of my movements. The deafening music and taunting voices of the men follow close behind, their ominous countdown echoing in my ears.

"Seven! Six! Five..."

The thrill of the chase pulses through me, mingled with an overpowering sense of dread forming an intoxicating cocktail of emotions. My bare feet pound against the forest floor, twigs and leaves crunching beneath them as I dart toward an uncertain fate.

"Four! Three! Two..."

Suddenly, a clearing appears before me, lit only by a few flameless candles scattered about haphazardly. I skid to a stop, breathless and wide-eyed at the eerie sight before me.

"One!"

As Raven's final word hangs in the air, the music cuts off abruptly, leaving only the soft rustling of wind through trees and my heavy breathing to fill the silence. And then I feel it - a hand grabbing me from behind, pulling me down to the ground in one swift motion.

My heart is pounding in my chest as I pull her down to the damp forest floor. I've chased her through the woods, keeping her just within arm's reach. Now that I have her here, my body thrums with anticipation.

"Got you," I growl in her ear, flipping her onto her back so I can see the fear and excitement glittering in her wide eyes. The moonlight bathes her exposed skin in an ethereal glow, turning her into some sort of pagan deity in this forest clearing. She's panting heavily, chest heaving with each breath as she stares up at me.

The game is over now; the hunt has ended. But a whole new level of excitement takes its place. A thrill that comes from the power I hold over her right now, pinning her to the ground beneath me. But also from the stark vulnerability in her eyes that tells me she's willingly given herself to me.

"Now, Red," I whisper into her ear, my hand slowly trailing down the curves of her body, "it's time for your reward."

Her breath hitches as my fingers brush against sensitive skin and she bites down on her lower lip. This sight sends a jolt of desire coursing through me, and I can hardly hold back anymore. Yet, a part of me is to draw out this moment, to prolong the delicious tension between us. I know that Shadow and Blade are lingering nearby, watching us. I lean down, my breath ghosting over her skin as I speak. "Are you scared?"

She pauses, her eyes darting from mine and then back. There's a liveliness in them, a

spark of excitement that tells me she's far from frightened. "Should I be?" she breathes.

There's defiance in her voice, a trait I've come to love and admire in our time together. "Maybe," I muse, my lips curving into a teasing grin. "But don't worry too much, Red."

She splays her hands on my chest; her gaze now softening with curiosity. "Why?"

I glance down at where her hands rest on me; the heat from her touch setting my skin ablaze. I look back into her eyes – those captivating pools of blue seeming to hold an entire universe within them – and know that what I'm about to say is nothing but the absolute truth.

"Because," I whisper, inching closer until our lips are mere centimeters apart, "it's Blade you should be afraid of."

A wicked grin spreads across my face as I forcefully part her legs, driving my cock deep inside her. Her eyes widen with a mix of surprise and pleasure as she gasps at the sudden intrusion. I hold her gaze, letting her see the raw, unfiltered lust in my eyes through my mask as I thrust into her.

Her body tenses beneath me, a sharp cry escaping her lips as she struggles to adjust to the intense sensation of being filled by me. But I don't give her time to catch her breath, setting a relentless pace that drives us both wild.

"Is this what you want?" I growl into her ear, my voice dripping with primal desire. She can only nod and moan in response, her hands clenching into fists on my chest as I push us both to the brink of ecstasy .

With every forceful thrust, our bodies collide in a chaotic symphony of passion and



need. The once peaceful forest around us is now consumed by our animalistic cries and the rhythmic slapping of skin against skin.

The moonlight illuminates our entwined bodies, casting shadows that seem to dance along with us. Our moans and gasps become the only sounds in the universe as we lose ourselves in each other.

I feel every inch of her slick walls clenching around me, begging for more as we chase our joint pleasure. Suddenly, she's convulsing beneath me, a scream of ecstasy tearing from her throat as she reaches her peak. Her nails dig into my back as she rides out the waves of bliss, trembling and shaking beneath me. The sight of her completely undone by my touch is enough to push me over the edge as well.

"So soon," I taunt, giving one final forceful thrust before spilling myself inside her, both of us succumbing to a mind-blowing orgasm. I bury my head in her neck, panting and gasping as we ride out the intense waves of pleasure together. Her hands run through my hair, sending electrifying shivers down my spine and causing me to moan into her shoulder.

Quickly, I pull out of her and leap to my feet, a wicked grin spreading across my face. "Run," I command with a dark chuckle as she looks up at me, confusion and fear flashing in her eyes. "You thought it would be that easy?" I laugh, extending my hand to help her up. She stumbles slightly, her body still trembling from the intensity of our encounter, as she disappears from view.

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My gaze never leaves her as she disappears into the dark forest, her figure swallowed by a sea of shadows. I emerge from my own hiding spot and clap Raven on the back, a predatory smile spreading across my face. He joins me with a smirk, removing his mask to reveal his sharp features, both of us watching her intently.

The night is eerily quiet as I step into the forest, every sense heightened by the thrill of the chase. The rustling of leaves and the distant hoot of an owl are like a symphony guiding me toward her. The alluring scent of her lingers in the air, driving me forward.

A flash of fiery red hair catches my eye and I move toward it with stealth, closing the distance between us. She stops to catch her breath, unaware of my presence just a few feet away, hidden behind a tree. Her chest rises and falls rapidly, her skin flushed with arousal and the cold wind biting at her exposed flesh. Dirt and leaves cling to her disheveled hair.

"You gonna make this easy for me, Red?" I tease in a low voice, causing her to jump in surprise and spin around frantically, searching for me in vain.

"Shadow," she whispers fearfully, yet desire burns in her eyes as I chuckle darkly.

"Run," I growl roughly, my tone betraying my own inner struggle as she takes off toward the lake in a desperate attempt to escape me.

As I stalk her like a predator, I can't help but savor the adrenaline pumping through

my veins. I hear each crunch of leaves under her frantic footfalls against the silence of the night. And as I move closer, I can smell her fear and arousal mixed with the cold forest air – a heady combination that stirs something primal within me.

A slight crackle from behind alerts me to Blade's presence. He stays back, watching our little game with intense interest, his gaze unwavering. But this is my hunt now; his turn will come.

Her breathless pants become louder as she trips over a tree root and stumbles. In an instant, I'm on her. Before she can recover, I pin her against a tree, my body flush against hers.

"No more running, Red," I growl into her ear. Her eyes flash with defiance, coupled with an unmistakable hint of desire. Her chest heaves as she fights for control and composure beneath my touch.

Shadowed by the tree's thick foliage, we're hidden from the curious glances of Blade further off in the distance. With my left hand wrapped around her neck, keeping her still, my right hand travels over the curve of her breasts, her nipples hard with arousal and from the cool night air.

"I don't know what I'm going to do when I have to give you up tomorrow," I whisper as she whimpers softly while I dip down to take a nipple into my mouth. Her breath hitches as I suck hungrily, my teeth gently grazing the sensitive nub.

"D-don't..." she stutters out, her body trembling under my touch. But her words are empty, her resistance half-hearted at best. A soft moan escapes her lips as I continue to tease her, nipping lightly at her sensitive skin.

Finally, I pull away, confusing her before I grab her roughly, turning to force her chest against the tree. Wasting no more time, I plunge my cock into her from behind,

eliciting a loud, gasped moan from her as I do. "That's right. Don't forget to whom you belong, Red..." My words are a low growl in her ear, my thrusts coming without mercy as I push her closer to the edge. The rough bark of the tree scrapes against her bare chest, the slight pain mixing with the pleasure coursing through her body. Her gasps and moans fill the air and the rhythm of our bodies becomes a primitive song that seems to echo through the silent forest.

The ecstasy builds up within her, engulfing her in a storm of pleasure as she clings onto the tree for support. With every thrust, I claim her deeper, harder, until she's crying out my name, the only name she knows, teetering on the brink of oblivion.

"Shadow!" she screams as I press into her one final time. The coil within her snaps and waves of bliss ripple through her body. The forest is alive with our shared ecstasy and in that moment, we are no longer hunter and prey but two bodies caught in a dance as old as time itself.

As her body convulses under mine, I give myself over to the pleasure as well. For a moment, I wish it were really my name she was screaming; Alec, not Shadow as my release rips through me and I bury my face into the crook of her neck, tasting the sweat on her skin as we ride out our climax together .

Eventually, our heavy breathing subsides and I find myself pressed against her back, still panting slightly as I hold her close, my fingers tracing lazy circles on her hip. She's quiet, almost dazed, as her body gradually recovers from the intensity of our shared pleasure. I lean in closer to brush a gentle kiss on her exposed shoulder; the conflicting roles I play with her both confusing and tantalizing me.

A rustle behind us causes me to stiffen. Blade emerges from the shadows, his gaze predatory and his smirk dark. His eyes roam over both of us, unabashedly taking in our disheveled appearances.

"Your turn, Blade," I grunt out reluctantly, my fingers digging slightly into Red's hip. She turns to look at me, her eyes wide dart between us.

Blade steps forward, his gaze burning with anticipation. "Run," he simply states; a wicked grin playing on his lips and his eyes gleaming under the moonlight eerily reflecting off his mask.

Red hesitates for a moment before breaking free from my grip, taking off once last time.

As Red's figure melts into the forest, a wicked grin spreads across my face as I watch her unknowingly turn toward the house and the lake, my heart pounding with adrenaline and excitement. My hand grips the hilt of my blade so tightly it hurts, aching to be used. As I pursue her, my breath comes in ragged gasps behind the mask. And between my legs, my cock throbs painfully with desire, fueling me forward in this dangerous game of cat and mouse.

My very being thrums with a dangerous hunger as I close the distance between us, moving with feral grace through the trees. The sound of her heavy breathing grows louder as I near her position by the lake.

Finally, we stand face to face in the moonlit clearing between the lake and the house, our eyes locking in a deadly game of predator and prey. Panic flickers in Red's gaze, but it is tinged with an undeniable thrill that only spurs on my lust for her.

"Ah, there you are, my little kitten," I taunt, watching as the pale light illuminates her body .

"Blade," she spits back, her voice trembling yet determined, knowing there is no escape from me.

But still she stands her ground as I approach, her eyes darting from my piercing gaze to the blade glinting in my hand. Her fingers instinctively trace over the mark I left on her stomach earlier, and a smirk spreads across my lips. "Hoping for more?"

She tenses, dropping her hand back to her side as she shakes her head. "No."

Her denial wavers, causing me to chuckle darkly. "I don't believe you," I say lowly, closing in on her until we are mere inches apart. I grab hold of her roughly, relishing in the gasp that escapes her lips as I bring her down to the ground with me. My blade presses against her throat before she can even think to resist. "You're so beautiful when you're afraid."

I revel in the way her body trembles beneath me, her legs instinctively wrapping around my waist as I tease her with my cock, slick with a mixture of her arousal and the cum of Shadow and Raven. Her eyes lock with mine, and she whimpers. "Please," she pleads, but I only laugh.

Sliding the blade down between her breasts, I sit back on my knees. "You're scared, yet you haven't used your safe word."

She shakes her head, her hands reaching up to intertwine with mine around the blade. "I trust you," she confesses softly before pressing the sharp edge against her own skin.

As she willingly surrenders to me, a powerful rush of desire and control fills me. My cock hardens even more at the sight of her submission, but my mind is filled with conflicting thoughts. I trace the sharp edge of my knife along her skin, leaving precise marks just below her ribs. She winces with each cut, but remains still, transfixed by me. A sense of satisfaction washes over me as I run my thumb over the initials I carved into her flesh; DH.

But as I bask in my dominance, she suddenly surprises me by snatching the blade from my hand and flipping me onto my back. A sly smirk appears on her face as she straddles me, locking eyes with me in a way that ignites a primal hunger within me. "Now it's my turn," she declares, and I can't help but feel conflicted by the mix of

pleasure and uncertainty coursing through my body.

She impales herself on my cock, her head thrown back, her body writhing with ecstasy. My grip on her thighs tightens as I watch her, mesmerized by the sight of her riding me while locking eyes through my mask. I am lost in her, forgetting everything except the burning desire between us.

But then I feel a sharp pain and look down to see her dragging a blade across my stomach. A mix of fear and arousal floods my senses as she moves the knife to the same spot where I carved my initials into her skin. "What are you doing?" I gasp out as she giggles, tracing the tip along my chest.

"It's only fair," she says, before plunging the blade into my flesh. The pain shoots through me like an electric shock, but it only intensifies the pleasure coursing through my body. I struggle to stay still as she continues, each movement of the knife sending waves of torment and ecstasy through me, my cock throbbing inside her with every motion.



The control Blade relinquishes sends a thrill down my spine, the power exchange deliciously intoxicating. It's hard to keep a coherent thought as his cock throbs inside me, but I manage to focus on the blade in my hand and the wild look in his eyes, hidden behind his mask.

"Red," he moans, his fingers digging into my thighs so hard, I know I'll have bruise marks. As I finish the last line on the W for my last name, he growls, grabbing my waist. He flips me onto my back, thrusting into me with a renewed sense of urgency and dominance.

"Blade," I whimper, watching as trickles of blood from his chest drip onto my chest. The sight is oddly erotic, and my arousal skyrockets at the sight. My nails dig into his back, a mix of lust and pleasure painted on my face. His teeth sink into the crook of my neck as he continues to pound into me, each thrust sending waves of pleasure rippling down my body.

He lifts his head, staring into my eyes with a deep intensity. His fingers intertwine with mine, pressing our hands to the ground on either side of my head. I gasp as he thrusts deeper, hitting a spot that sends bolts of pleasure straight to my core.

He grunts, his voice strained as the pressure builds within him. I feel him throb inside me, his strokes growing shorter and erratic as he nears his peak. He moves a hand down between us, fingers finding my clit, and it's all I can do to hold off my orgasm.

"Blade," I plead, growing desperate for release. His fingers move faster, applying just

the right amount of pressure that has me teetering on the edge. "Kiss me... please."

He hesitates, his heavy gaze still locked with mine. He leans in slowly, deliberately. His masked face hovers inches above mine and for a moment, I think he'll deny me. But then he's pressing his lips to mine in a heated, desperate kiss. I moan into his mouth, the pressure building exponentially within me.

He breaks away from the kiss as his thrusts grow irregular, his breath catching in ragged gasps against my ear. "Come for me, Red," he orders roughly, his voice dark and commanding. I grip his biceps tightly, my nails digging into the muscle as an intense orgasm sweeps over me.

I scream out his name, my body arching off the ground as wave after wave of pleasure crashes over me. He lets out a guttural groan, his body tensing as he hammers into me one last time before collapsing onto me. His breathing is shallow and ragged against my neck, his body shuddering with the aftershocks.

For a few long moments, we lie there together under the stars, bodies intertwined and slick with sweat. Our heavy breathing and the quiet lapping of the lake water against its shore are the only thing to break the silence of the night.

Startling me, he pulls away abruptly, standing up to enter the house. I can't bring myself to stand up yet, my legs feeling like jelly after my running through the woods and being used by the men.

I don't know how long I lay there when I see Raven standing over me, a wide smile on his face. He is fresh from a shower wearing gray sweatpants and no shirt. He leans over and scoops me into his arms. "Hello there, beautiful. Let's get you cleaned up."

I lean into his chest, resting my head on his shoulder as he carries me into the house and up the stairs to my room. He enters the bathroom, which is dimly lit with candles,

the bathtub already full, as he lowers me in slowly.

The warm water envelops me, a stark contrast to the cool night air from outside. Raven's eyes linger on me, his gaze heavy but not invasive. It was almost as if he was studying the array of marks that marred my skin, a silent observer.

"You like it rough, Red?" He breaks the silence, his voice husky.

How could I explain to him it wasn't about being rough, but about surrendering control and power? That there was something inexplicably arousing about letting someone else take the reins and trusting them not to hurt you? "Yes," I decide to say instead, keeping it simple.

He grins at me knowingly before kneeling on the ground beside the tub. His hands work through my hair, massaging my scalp gently as he washes it. The feeling is both comforting and sensual, making me close my eyes in pleasure.

His fingers move down to my shoulders next, kneading the tense muscles there until they are puddles of relaxed flesh. His touch is both gentle and firm, each movement of his hands sending soothing waves down my body. His fingers trace over the marks on my skin, a silent confirmation of what had transpired earlier .

His touch gradually moves lower, tracing the curve of my breasts, his fingers circling around the sensitive buds. I shiver under his touch, my nipples hardening as a soft moan escapes my lips.

"Raven," I whisper, looking at him through half-lidded eyes. He looks into my eyes and nods in understanding, his fingers moving toward my lower belly.

His touch is electrifying as he explores my body. He washes away the blood and sweat, replacing it with an unexpected tenderness. His hands are warm and skilled,

making me squirm under their ministrations.

As he focuses on cleaning me up, I revel in the sensation of being taken care of. After moments that felt like blissful eternities, Raven finally stands up and extends a hand for me. As I step out of the tub, he helps me dry off before leading me to the mirror. My eyes widen as I take in the sight of the DH Blade had carved into my skin. I trace my fingers over it gently as Raven watches.

He retrieves a first aid kit from the cabinet, his hands moving with gentle precision as he covers the wound with a bandage. I whisper a "thank you" once he finishes wrapping a towel around me.

He pauses before leaving, lifting my chin to press a tender kiss to my lips. Alone once again, I enter the bedroom to find a man's shirt waiting for me on the bed. The familiar scent of Blade fills my senses as I pull it over my head, dropping my towel to the ground.

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As I enter Red's room, I can't help but smile at the sight of her wearing my shirt. I bring a tray of food to the bed where she sits, leaning back against the headboard. "I thought you might be hungry," I offer, trying to keep my voice steady as I set the tray between us and take a seat in front of her.

"You thought right," she replies with a playful smile, her eyes glancing at the plate of pasta before falling on the blindfold. She chuckles, handing it to me and leaning closer.

I hesitate for a moment before placing it over her eyes, torn between wanting to see her beautiful face and keeping my anonymity. Giving her a glass of wine, I feel both contentment and turmoil as I watch her drink. This simple act stirs up emotions I thought I had under control. Clearing my throat, I quickly put the glass back on the tray, trying to push away these confusing feelings.

"Would you like me to feed you?" I ask, as if she has a choice.

She tilts her head slightly, as if considering it, then finally nods. "Please. "

My heart beats faster at her concession. Picking up a forkful of pasta, I bring it to her lips, watching as she parts them and takes the food into her mouth. The sight is both incredibly intimate and sensual, causing me to fall further under her spell. She hums appreciatively between bites, praising the flavor and my cooking skills.

We continue this way until the plate is empty - me feeding her; her reveling in every

bite. Finishing the last of the pasta, I set down the fork and pick up a napkin to dab at the corners of her mouth. Her lips part slightly as I do and my self-control nearly shatters. The desire to lean in and capture those lips with mine is overwhelming, but I pull back just in time.

I hesitantly ask, "Is it alright if I sleep here with you?" The words catch me off guard just as much as they do her.

"I would love that," she responds with a smile, and I quickly stand up to retrieve the tray. As I place it on the nightstand, I watch her climb into bed.

Walking around to the other side, I turn off the light and join her under the covers. "ZW?" I inquire, and she lets out a soft chuckle before resting her head on my chest.

"DH?" she playfully retorts, causing me to smile as I pull her closer. "Do you always brand women you sleep with?"

I laugh, gazing up at the dark ceiling illuminated by slivers of moonlight. "No, actually. You're the first person to give me the urge to. It's going to be difficult to say goodbye tomorrow."

She nods against my chest, making a soft humming sound in agreement. Despite our shared affection, we both know there is a looming deadline for us to part ways.

"This was supposed to be a shared experience in a safe space, with no strings attached," she says, her voice wavering in the darkness. But I can feel the tension between us, and I know she's not convinced of what she's saying .

I can only reply with a simple "I know" before closing my eyes and trying to push away the conflicting feelings inside me.

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### Sunday Morning

The soft glow of morning light filters through my window, casting a warm blanket over the room. As I slowly come to consciousness, I feel strong arms wrapped around me, Blade's body pressed against mine. His hot breath caresses my face as I reach up to touch his features. My blindfold prevents me from seeing, so I let my hands explore for me. Tracing the line of his jaw with my fingertips, I move up to feel the roughness of his stubble. Continuing my journey, I press lightly against his lips, savoring the gentle parting as he emits a soft sigh.

My hand continues its exploration, moving down his neck and shoulder and arm. I drag my fingers gently along his chest and stomach until they reach the band of his boxers. Hesitating for a moment, I brush lightly over the fabric before he stops me with a soft groan, capturing my hand in his own. "Red," he murmurs against my hair in a husky voice filled with sleepiness that reverberates through me .

Lifting my chin to meet his lips, I let him claim them in a slow, sleepy kiss. As he releases my hand, mine moves beneath the fabric of his boxers to wrap around the base of his hard cock, stroking at a leisurely pace.

He inhales sharply at the touch of my fingers on him, rousing from sleep. Though I can't see his face behind the blindfold, I can sense his reactions - the way he stiffens slightly under my touch, how his breath hitches as my thumb glides over the tip of him. His grip on my hair tightens just enough to remind me of his growing need.

Gently shifting myself on top of him and straddling his hips, I feel the friction between us draw a low growl from his lips as he instinctually grips my waist. Guided by touch alone, I align myself with him and slowly lower onto his cock, relishing in the sensation that makes me gasp and take in a sharp breath as I adjust to his size.

His hands on my hips guide our movements, setting a pace that's slow yet relentless. Despite the blindfold blocking my vision, the connection between us feels stronger than ever. This is a different Blade with me this morning - his touches are gentle as they travel up to cup my breasts through my shirt. Every thrust sends waves of pleasure radiating through me, pulling soft moans from my lips that are quickly swallowed up by Blade's own as he captures them in a searing kiss.

As he sits up, his body pressing against mine, he lifts my shirt over my head and tosses it aside. Wrapping my legs around him, I shudder at the feeling of his stubble brushing against my neck as he trails kisses down to my shoulder. His fingers trace a path down my spine, causing me to arch against him. He cups my ass, holding me up as he continues to thrust into me. As our pace quickens, the sound of our bodies slamming together fills the room .

"I can't hold back much longer," Blade warns me in a low growl against my ear. "You feel too good."

Barely able to gather enough breath, I gasp, "Then let go."

With one final grunt, he does. His body tenses as he climaxes, his arms tightening around me as he slams upward one last time. The intense pleasure triggers my orgasm and I cry out, clinging to Blade as waves of ecstasy run through every inch of my body.

My skin is slick with sweat, and my breath comes in heavy pants as Blade holds me close. His lips trail lazy kisses along my shoulder, eliciting soft moans from me. "I



should go make breakfast," he finally says, breaking the peaceful silence. "I have to take you home."

The energy in the room shifts as Blade presses a gentle kiss to my lips before setting me back on the bed. I hear him moving around the room, his footsteps faltering for a moment. "Red," he begins cautiously, uncertainty lacing his voice.

"Yeah?" I respond, sitting up and turning toward his voice.

"Do you want me to remove the blindfold?" he asks softly, his words almost hesitant.

I pause, considering his offer. If he removes the blindfold, then I will see his face - something that has been carefully kept hidden between the four of us.

"No," I whisper after a lingering silence, surprising even myself with my answer. "If you remove the blindfold, then everything becomes real. And I'm not sure if I can handle that yet."

"I understand," Blade responds with a sigh, his own hesitance evident. Without another word, he turns and leaves the room, closing the door behind him with a soft click. The room falls silent once again as I lay there, contemplating the weight of my decision.

I gently wrap my knuckles against Red's door, taking a deep breath before letting myself in. She stands before me, fresh from a shower, a towel wrapped snugly around her body. Her hair is still damp and the scent of lavender wafts toward me. A warm smile spreads across her face when she sees me enter. I hold up a pile of clothes in my hand and a fresh blindfold on top.

"Last time, I promise," I say softly as I hold the blindfold out to her.

She chuckles and moves to perch on the edge of the bed, tilting her head to give me easy access. "Good morning, Shadow," she purrs playfully.

I set the clothes down on the bed beside her and gently wrap the blindfold around her head. "Blade said you didn't want to see our faces." Once it's securely tied in place, I remove my mask and set it on the nightstand.

She simply nods in response as I kneel before her, helping her into a pair of leggings. She drops the towel to the ground and I can't help but admire her half-naked form as I stand back up to pull the leggings up for her. My fingers graze over her waist and breasts, savoring every inch of her soft skin. She lets out a soft whimper as my thumb brushes over one of her nipples and she bites down on her lower lip, dragging it between her teeth.

"Shadow," she warns softly as I laugh, grabbing Blade's t-shirt from the pile of clothes to pull over her head.

"I know. Are you hungry?" I ask, my eyes roaming over every curve of her body.

She nods eagerly, reaching out to take my hand as I turn away. "Kiss me?" she asks sweetly.

Without hesitation, I lean down to press my lips against hers. My hand cups the back of her neck as our mouths move together in a familiar dance. She moans softly, her body leaning into mine as she kisses me back with equal passion. My desire for her grows stronger with every passing second, and I struggle to control myself.

With a reluctant sigh, I finally pull away from her, feeling her soft lips lingering on mine. I clear my throat and take her hand in mine, linking our fingers as I lift my mask with my other hand. "Come on. Time for breakfast, Red," I mumble, trying to distract myself from the physical longing I feel for this woman.

As we enter the kitchen, I guide Red to her seat at the table where Raven and Blade are already seated. The aroma of sizzling bacon fills the air as I gently place Red's hands on the table in front of her, showing her the fork and plate. "You're on your own today," I say with a smile.

Red chuckles as she nods, taking in her surroundings. She slowly moves her hands around the table, finding her cup of coffee without hesitation. As she brings it to her lips, all of us at the table are captivated by her every movement. Her lips curve into a satisfied smile after she takes a sip, and she sets it back on the table. "I can feel your eyes on me," she says playfully.

"And how does that make you feel, Red?" Raven teases, taking a bite of his bacon.

Red shrugs nonchalantly before responding with a cocky grin. "I enjoy being the center of your attention. I enjoy you guys taking care of me."

"We like taking care of you," Blade admits, while Raven and I nod in agreement. A comfortable silence falls over the table as we all take bites of our food, watching Red eat slowly and carefully. In just a few days, she had become the center of our little world. And now, as much as we hate to admit it, we have to let her go back to her own life.

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After breakfast, the time has come for me to return Red to her reality. I lead her to the front door, Raven and Shadow following closely behind. Raven wraps his sweatshirt around her. "I'm going to miss you, Red." He speaks with a hint of playfulness in his voice, trying to mask the heaviness of the moment. But I can tell from his expression that he feels it just as deeply as I do, and I know Shadow does too.

Raven cups Red's face tenderly between his hands and presses his lips fervently against hers before she can respond. She stumbles back slightly as he releases her, her fingers flying up to her lips in surprise. I chuckle at her reaction as she regains her composure. "Me too," she finally says, still caught up in the kiss.

"There are flip-flops in front of you on the ground," I offer as she nods, gratefully slips them onto her feet.

"Thank you," she replies, her head searching. Shadow takes her hand and gives it a gentle squeeze before planting a kiss on her cheek. "Goodbye, Shadow."

"Goodbye, sweetheart," he replies, causing Red to blush from his endearment.

I take her hand again and place her clutch and phone into it, guiding her out the door. We leave Shadow and Raven behind to clean up the house after our weekend together.

Once we are settled in the van, I drive toward the city. "Where are you taking me?"

Red asks, holding up her clutch. "Did you look at my driver's license?"

"No," I respond as I focus on the road ahead. "I will take you into the city and then you'll have to find your own way home. Okay?"

She nods thoughtfully, turning her head to peer out the window as if trying to see through the blindfold. "So you don't even know my name?"

I chuckle again as we continue our journey. "No, just your initials. And thank you for that, by the way. You know I've never let anyone cut me before."

"Why did you let me?" she asks, turning her head back to face me.

A small smile tugs at the corners of my lips as I struggle to articulate the whirlwind of emotions swirling inside me. "It's more than just an act of claiming... it's a connection on a deeper level. In that moment, I trusted you and wanted nothing more than to be joined with you."

"Are we connected on a deeper level?" She asks, her voice filled with hope and vulnerability. I reach over to take her hand in mine as I navigate the road ahead.

"Yes," I reply, my voice steady and sure. "And this weekend with you will stay etched in my mind for a long time."

She nods, resting her head back against the seat. The soft rays of sunlight filter through the window, casting a warm glow on her delicate features. "Me too," she whispers softly. "If I ever need to see you again, can I email you?"

A surge of warmth floods through me at her words and without hesitation, I bring her hand to my lips and press a gentle kiss to the back. "Please do," I say, my heart fluttering at the thought of seeing her again.

The rest of our ride is filled with a heavy, palpable silence as I drive into the city, eventually coming to a stop next to the park. I break the silence. "This is where I leave you." As she nods in understanding, she turns toward me and reaches out to touch my face tenderly. I lean into her touch with a deep sigh, savoring this small moment of connection.

"Goodbye, Blade," she whispers softly before quickly hopping out of the van without another word.

### EPILOGUE

I wake up sore the following morning. A good sore between my legs, a bad sore literally everywhere else. I groan as I sit up, glancing around my bedroom. Though sated, a part of me feels empty somehow, without the men. I stand and make my way across the room to my bathroom, checking out the long marks along my back and chest. From my run in the woods, and sex with Shadow against a tree, no doubt. The adrenaline had helped me to not feel it before now.

I pull on a pair of jeans and a casual blouse. I run my fingers loosely through my hair, forgoing any attempt at elaborate styling. The thought of spending the day in the office seems almost unbearable now that I've tasted a life filled with intoxicating action and raw emotion.

As I stand in front of my full-length mirror, I can't help but see a different woman staring back at me. My eyes bear an uncharacteristic sparkle, my skin glowing despite my momentary fatigue. A confident smile tugs at my lips as I take in the transformation. This weekend was not just an adventure, it was a revelation.

The morning sun illuminates my apartment as I grab a quick cup of coffee before heading out the door. The streets are busy with people rushing to work or school, lost in their own hectic lives. As I weave through the crowd with practiced ease, memories from the weekend invade my mind. Raven's playful laughter, Shadow's tender kisses, Blade's protective gaze... they all come rushing back, fueling that sweet ache deep within.

The atmosphere in the office is tense and electric, with everyone murmuring and on



edge. I let out an internal groan as I remember that today marks the day of the new owners taking over. Setting my belongings down on my desk, I silence my phone, ignoring yet another call from Lena – the hundredth since I returned home late yesterday afternoon.

As soon as I take my seat, Nick approaches me with a wide smile. I roll my eyes, not in the mood to deal with him first thing in the morning. "What do you want?" I ask curtly.

He frowns, holding his hands up playfully. "Whoa there, someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning. I was just coming to let you know that the new boss wants to see you. He's been going around talking to everyone individually."

"Fine," I reply resignedly. My heart races with nerves at the thought of meeting the new boss. Will they like me? Will my job be secure? Only time will tell.

I enter the conference room, my heart beating a little faster as I see a man sitting at the head of the table. He is hunched over a stack of files, his focus completely absorbed in the papers before him. "You asked to see me?" I say, my voice slightly shaky.

He doesn't even look up as he responds, his voice smooth and velvety. "That's right. Zara Whitaker?" His voice sends a familiar buzz through me, causing my stomach to flutter.

When he finally glances up, our eyes meet and we both pause, staring at each other for a moment. As I take another step toward him, he stands up and extends his hand toward me.

I swallow slowly, feeling a mix of nerves and excitement as our hands touch. I recognize those chocolate brown eyes and sharp jawline instantly. "Blade..." I mumble, my heart racing as memories flood back.

“Actually, it's Damien Hawthorne,” he says, interjecting with a smirk before I can finish my thought. He rests his free hand on top of mine, cradling my hand between his. “Nice to officially meet you, Red,” he adds with a twinkle in his dark eyes.

We haven't seen the last of Zara and Blade...