



# Perfect Mistake (Part 1): A Dark Stalker Mini Series

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** He was perfect. The perfect boy who stole my heart and virginity. So what the hell happened? Obsession. Possession. Murder He once was my everything. Now he's a predator who stalks me in the night. Parents say there are no monsters under the bed, but what happens when the monster is in your bed?

This is A Dark Romance with many triggers! 18+ Preferred. This is a dark spin on the 1996 movie Fear.

**Total Pages (Source):** 19

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I shuffle down the hall, careful not to bump into anyone. I hate being the new girl in school, again. I love my dad, and I'm proud of his accomplishments, but the constant moving and attending new schools is really getting old. I find my assigned locker and sigh. There are a group of people surrounding it, and if I go off the designer clothing and bags, I can assume they are the popular crowd. I contemplate coming back when they're gone, but the load of books in my arms is weighing me down. I take a deep breath and move a bit closer.

"Excuse me," I say softly to the redhead bombshell who's flirting with a handsome boy. She ignores me, but he catches my eye. I watch as he gives my unimpressive clothes a once over before biting his bottom lip. I follow his eyes and take in my cut-off jean shorts and purple tank top. It's not really up to dress code, but it's hot as hell here in the desert. He gives me a smirk and winks.

"Now, who is this little caterpillar?" he asks in a deep voice that brings goosebumps to my arms. I hold back a shiver and give him a small smile before tilting my head his way.

"Hi, I'm Cat, and that is my locker. If you wouldn't mind. My arms are about to fall off," I say with an awkward chuckle. He steps back and pulls the black beanie from his head, letting a floppy mess of hazel hair fall over his green eyes.

"Thank you," I quickly say as I move closer, and the other students step back as well, giving me space.

"I like you thanking me," he mumbles, and I bite my lip to hide my smile. I glance over my shoulder back at him. Is he flirting with me?

The redhead huffs and moves closer to the boy again, but he's not paying her any attention now. I spin the lock a few times until it finally clicks and opens. Placing some books inside, I groan with relief. I don't know why they make books so heavy. A warm breath hits the side of my neck, and I feel a hard body against mine, I jolt back, elbowing them in their hard stomach.

"Jumpy little kitten," he says with a laugh before leaning lower and sniffing my hair. A soft growl rumbles in his chest, and it causes me to rub my thighs together.

"Rex, let's go," the redhead demands, pulling him away from me.

"See you around, Cat," he whispers before following after her. Watching him leave; I catch as he glances back over his shoulder, shoots me a wink and licks his lips. I take in his tall, muscular frame and the way the other students give him ample room. One boy even goes as far as moving into the girl's bathroom to avoid being in his way. He laughs at that and I find myself smiling too. He turns the corner and I take a deep breath, leaning my back against the cool metal of the lockers. I feel flushed, and my panties are damp.

What the hell just happened?

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I take a deep breath in through my nose and fight the nausea churning in my stomach. I can't believe this is happening... again. Blinking my eyes open, I take in the dark, musty room he brought me to. Maybe a basement? Ugh my head hurts.

"There's my little kitty cat," he croons into my ear before kissing my jaw. I clench my jaw and wait for him to take things further. He glides his hands down my bare stomach and grips my center. I bite the gag harder and fight not to whimper. It will only spur him on. He always loved my tears, and at one time, he made me love them too. But things have changed. I no longer enjoy that type of sex.

He ruined it. He ruined me. I'm no longer the girl he used to play with. The one who was just as lust crazy and sadistic as him. The one who wasn't afraid of her own shadow or constantly looking over her shoulder. That girl is long gone, and I've been fighting to get her back.

"I've missed you," he growls before biting my neck hard. My back arches, and no matter how hard I fight it, my body betrays me.

He chuckles when he feels the gush of wetness on his fingers. "You always did love it when I would mark you with my teeth," he mutters as he nips and sucks my collarbone down to my naked breasts. A tear slips from my eyes, and I curse how weak I am. How weak he's always made me.

My body starts to shake, and he groans, placing all his weight on top of me. My shoulders hurt from the way he has my wrists cuffed against my spine. He thrusts into me, and I try to think happy thoughts as he desecrates my body.

“You’re mine, Cat. I own you, and this time, you will never leave me.” I stop fighting, the tears fall from my eyes and I let the numbness take over.

I once loved this boy with all my heart and soul. I loved his hands on me and the way he would make my body light up and tremble beneath his. Now all I want to do is scratch his eyes out and break free. But I know it’s hopeless. The only way I’ll ever be free from him again is if one of us ends up leaving in a body bag.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

She has always played hard to get. It's been a little game between us, one of my favorite games, matter-of-fact. I chuckle as she comes around my dick and I fill her with my seed. She may act like I'm doing something wrong to her right now, but her body has never lied. She likes when I dominate her. When I take all the control away and force her to my will. She likes when I punish her, and right now, she's getting off easy.

She has been a bad, bad kitty, and this is just the beginning of what I plan to do with her. Thought she could get away. That she was hidden this whole time.

I roll onto my side and turn her so she can lie on my chest. She winces, and I massage her shoulder with my palm, then remove her gag. She can scream all she wants, no one will hear her. If she wasn't such a bad girl, she wouldn't need to be kept chained up either. But the fact of the matter is I don't trust her. I haven't in a long time. My dick begins to soften, and my cum starts to drip down her thigh. Oh no, that just won't do. I pull away from her and quickly shove it back inside with two thick fingers.

Her eyes are clenched shut, and she won't look at me. I'm tempted to tape her eyelids open. I miss seeing her blue gaze on me. The way she would always look at me with hunger and admiration. She's the only person who ever made me feel love and complete devotion. No one else has ever compared.

“I will give you today, kitty, to grieve the life you had created. But only today.”

“Why?” she chokes out before letting herself sob. Rolling back on top of her I run my hardening cock along her messy slit, then lean down and kiss her neck, breathing in

her sweet scent. I gently thrust inside as the vibrations from her sobs make her shake.

“Because you’re my kitty. You should have never tried to leave me. So many people would still be here if you had just listened.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

“So, how are you liking Hammada Academy?” Rexley comes up beside me and leans down to speak close to my ear. I bite my lip and fight the way my body wants to lean into his. I’ve been here for a few weeks now, and it’s getting harder not to give in to my urges and touch him. I clear my throat.

“It’s different than I thought it would be,” I sigh, and he pulls back, turning to his locker. I watch him from the corner of my eye as his biceps tighten when he spins the lock to the correct combination. I don’t know how a seventeen-year-old can have the amount of muscles that he does. He must work out all the time.

“Do I have something on my arm, kitty?” I quickly look away and shake my head, pretending there’s something fascinating in my backpack. He laughs for a minute then starts to talk.

“Hey, do you have a partner for the English assignment yet?” I freeze and think back to the last class. Rexley had been doodling on a piece of paper and running his fingers through his hair. Did we have an assignment?

I shut my locker and give him my full attention. We haven’t spoken much, but when we do, I tend to get lost in his eyes and miss the whole conversation.

“I don’t, why do you ask?” I rake my trembling fingers through my hair, trying to hide my nerves, forgetting I threw my locks up into a messy bun after lunch. I get caught in a tangle and have to remove the tie from my hair. His eyes heat, and he reaches out to twirl a strand on his finger. He grips it tighter, and I whimper from the sting. His nostrils flare, and he steps closer to me.

Someone shouts from down the hall, and he shakes his head, stepping back and releasing my hair. He shakes his head again.

“Mine,” he quietly growls, and I raise my eyebrow at the possessiveness in his tone. He clears his throat. “Be my partner, I mean.” It’s not a question, more a statement, but I find myself agreeing wholeheartedly. Alone time with Rexley Scott? Yes, please.

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“Dad, I’m home,” I yell as we enter the side door to the kitchen. I slip my shoes off and toss my bag on the counter. Bizzy comes hurling down the hallway almost knocking me on my ass. Rexley grabs my hips, preventing my fall. Sighing, I relax into him until Bizzy barks, causing me to pull away. My face heats, and I know I’m blushing. Attempting to hide my cheeks, I bend down and give her some pets, then move over to the fridge. I need something to cool me down.

“Who is this?” Rexley asks, squatting down and rubbing behind Bizzy’s ears. She sniffs him and lets out a warning growl. He laughs before standing and walking over to me. I watch as she comes between us, preventing him from coming closer to me. Gently, I nudge her with my foot, and she looks up at me with her big brown eyes.

“She’s usually very friendly. I don’t know why she’s acting this way. Do you have any dogs at home?” I glance Rexley’s way, and he has an odd look on his face as he shakes his head.

“I was never allowed to have a pet. My father didn’t want to deal with the messes they made.” Frowning, I open the back door to let her outside.

“I’m sorry,” I say with a gasp as I turn into Rexley’s chest. When did he move?

“Don’t be. I plan to have a bunch when I’m on my own. I want a huge house, kids, and a yard full of animals,” he says with a dreamy sigh. I can picture it, and I hope someday he gets that.

He kisses my forehead, then takes a small step back. I smile up at him, and he has a cocky grin on his face. My cheeks heat again, and he laughs.

“Has anyone ever claimed these perfect pink lips?” he asks me, and my eyes widen. I shake my head and avoid his gaze. Gah, he must think I’m so lame. Seventeen and never been kissed. He lifts my chin up with his finger and presses a sweet kiss to the corner of my mouth. I gasp, and he pulls back, looking for consent. With a small smile, I nod and he presses my back against the door as he claims my mouth as his. I try to follow his lead, and soon he has me moaning as his tongue tangles with mine. Wow.

Pulling back he runs his thumb along my puffy lips. I stare into his green eyes trying to catch my breath. He gives me a beaming grin, “Now, kitty, you’re mine.”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

Yet again I wake up sore and ignore the dried cum along my thighs. I fight to open my eyes, and when I do, I wish I could shut them again and forget. He actually raped me. Shuddering, I remember how he held me down and repeatedly thrust into me. How my body gave in to him at the end. How it's always given in to him.

Some way, somehow, I need to get out of here. I can't let him brainwash me again. I was finally moving on. I was happy. I need to get back home.

It was clear that he was unhinged and hadn't changed, but I never thought he would hurt me in that way. I wiggle my wrists and am relieved to find the handcuffs gone. I'm still restrained, but the silk rope is at least gentler than the cold, metal cuffs.

Bars surround me on all sides, and it's hard for me to move. I'm lying on a hard surface and my knees are bent at an odd angle. I whimper as I try to straighten my legs.

"Ah, I see my little kitty is awake. I'm sorry to have to cage you, my pet, but I have to run some errands, and I don't trust you not to try and leave me again." I open my mouth to give him a piece of my mind, but close it when he holds up a remote. A beep sounds close to my ear, and I wince. The leather collar around my neck feels tight and ominous. Did he seriously put a shock collar on me?

"By the look in your eyes, I can tell that you have figured out what this little remote is for. Just be my good little pet, and you won't need to find out. Understand, kitty?" He crouches down in front of me and taps my cage before climbing back to his feet. "Okay, now I should only be gone for a couple of hours. I love you, Cat."

I watch as he walks out a metal door. No noise hits my ears from behind, so I think we're alone here. Wherever here is. I glance around the sparse room, thankful he didn't leave me in the pitch black. I have always been scared of the dark. Even before I fell in love with a monster.

How could I have been so stupid?

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I'm sitting on the bleachers with Nicole as she shoves a handful of popcorn into her mouth. "Slow down. If you choke, I won't be able to help you. I failed CPR class, remember?" She rolls her eyes at me and eats another handful.

"It's just so good. You know Dad won't let us eat this stuff at home." I snort and look off at the field. The guys are doing some warm-ups as the cheerleaders try to amp up the crowd. I point over towards Ronnie and sigh.

"I wish I could do that, but you know Dad would never let me prance around in a skirt that short, let alone show off my stomach." Nicole starts to cackle, then wheezes. I smack her hard on the back, and she leans forward.

"I'm not choking, god Cat, chill," she says through gasps. I shrug and resume watching Rex as he tackles someone. I jump up and cheer. He looks over at the stands and catches my eye through his helmet. A team member smacks his shoulder, bringing his attention back to the game. Taking my seat again I watch his tight ass in those pants.

"So, how is that going?" Nicole—my little sister, asks, and I bite my lip to hide my smile. "Has he asked you out yet? It's been a few weeks now since Dad caught him kissing you in the kitchen." My cheeks heat at that, and I glance her way.

"No, he hasn't asked me out yet, officially. But I think we're dating," I say with a sigh.

"Wait! What do you mean he never asked you out, but you're dating?" I shrug and frown.

“He says that I’m his and only his. So I think that means we’re dating?” Our team scores again, and I jump up to cheer, but I missed what happened. Shit! Rex won’t like that I took my eyes off him.

“Oooh, someone is in trouble,” Nicole mutters, and I look over Rex’s way. He has his helmet off and a scowl on his face as his teammates congratulate him. I offer him a small smile, but he turns on his heel and goes back to the huddle.

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“Great game, Rexley,” Nicole says before leaving us. Rex reaches out and grips my elbow hard, tugging me into an empty locker room.

“Ow,” I whimper, then moan as he claims my lips in a punishing kiss. Kissing him back, I sigh as he nips down my jaw. I dig my nails into his shoulder pads, until he pulls away and laughs when I whine.

“Only good girls get kisses, kitty. Are you a good girl?” I nod, and he grips my wrists in his hand, slamming them hard against the wall. I yelp with a wince, and he gets closer to my face. “Good girls watch their boyfriends, and you, kitty, didn’t.”

Giving him a huge smile, I arch my back, releasing a little of the pressure. I press my mouth to his, and he groans, opening for me when I run my tongue along his bottom lip.

“You said you’re my boyfriend.” He blinks a few times and releases my wrists, gripping my neck tight, pulling my lips back to his. I whimper into his mouth, and he grins.

“I told you, kitty, you’re mine.”

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Kitty, kitty, kitty,” I coo as I walk over to her cage. She lifts her head a little and gives me a glare, but it’s weak. Taking the key out of my pocket I unlock the padlock I have secured on the side. I grab the leash hanging on the wall and clip it to her collar. She whimpers when I yank and slowly climbs out.

I then lead her to the shower and turn the water on. She’s fucking filthy, and the smell emanating from her is turning my stomach. Hooking her leash through the ring I installed on the side of the tiled wall, I strip my clothes off, fold them neatly and place them on the counter, then turn towards my pet.

I remove her once white tank top and jean skirt. Her panties were shredded days ago. She cries out from the gag between her lips as the water hits her skin. Leaning over her I turn the water warm; I’m not a total asshole. Next, I grab her favorite body wash and lather my hands. Starting at her throat, I give it a squeeze for good measure before I remove the shock collar and toss it to the counter. The leather cuff around her neck is waterproof, so I don’t bother avoiding it. I glide my hands down to her collarbone and breasts, giving them a good squeeze. She squirms, and I don’t miss the flash of want as she squeezes her thighs together.

“You can claim you don’t want me to touch you all you want, kitty, but your body doesn’t lie. The stiff points of your nipples, the gush of wetness along your thighs. You may hate me, Cat, and at times, I hate you too. But I know you still want me, and for now, that’s good enough.”

Quickly, I spin her until her perky ass is level with my hard cock, then slam into her, not giving her time to adjust. I grip her shoulder and bend her down.

It doesn't take me long to feel my balls tighten and jolts of pleasure to run down my spine. She shakes as I cum, groaning loudly against her ear. I slip out, but before a drop escapes, I reach over to the counter and grab the custom plug I had made for just this reason. She whimpers against the cold metal as it slides inside. Standing her upright once more, I scrub the dirt and grime out of her blonde locks.

Once she's all squeaky clean and smelling like vanilla and roses, I quickly rinse myself, then turn the water off. I wrap her in a fluffy blue towel and rub her until she's dry. She won't look at me and continues to shake. I press a kiss to her temple, then reach for her leash.

I walk her to the small kitchen I had installed down here in the cellar. It's nothing like the dream kitchen I had created for her upstairs, but she's not ready to leave this room yet.

I don't trust her. I honestly don't know if I ever will. Placing her on a stool, I attach the leash to another ring I had installed in the middle of the marble countertop. It makes her back arch, and neck twist to the side. I know it can't be pleasant, but this is all her fault. All she had to do was listen and be a good kitty Cat. Instead, she kept running from me, hiding, letting others touch what's mine. What will always be mine.

My knuckles tighten into fists, and I take some deep breaths. Reminding myself that I can't lose control right now.

I cook us up some soup, then place a straw in her bowl. Removing the gag from her mouth, I guide the straw to her lips. I move away just in time to avoid getting sprayed in the face with the hot liquid. I slap her across the face, and she cries out.

"Now look at what you've done!" I roar, then wrap her tight in my arms, kissing her head. I didn't want to hurt her. Why does she have to misbehave?

“I’m sorry. I love my pet. I don’t want to hurt her,” I mumble along her wet hair as she trembles. I sigh and pull her from the stool, dragging her back to her cage where I toss her inside, then slam the door shut. Trying to do something nice, I upgraded her to a bigger size yesterday, and this is how she repays me. I grip her wrists and restrain her with the scratchy rope I didn’t want to use. It was just supposed to be a threat.

“Why, kitty? Why do you want me to hurt you? I just want to love you.”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

“He is totally out of your league,” Nicole mutters before plopping on my bed. I finish my eyeliner and snort.

“I’m still shocked he asked me out,” I mumble before adding a little lip gloss to my pink pout. I look hard into the mirror and sigh before wiping off the makeup I just applied. I glance over at my sister, who is now reading my latest library book. “You can borrow it if you want,” I tell her, with a smile.

She looks up at me with a grimace. “I don’t read. I’m not a nerd like you.”

I smile and pick up my brush, gently running it through my wavy blonde locks. The springs of my mattress creak as she climbs off my bed. “You might enjoy it. It’s full of smut and teenage drama. It would be like your usual Saturday night,” I joke. It’s true though. I am the good one. The one who studies hard and helps around the house. Nicole is the one who pushes boundaries and is always having our dad pick her up from parties.

She snorts, coming up behind me and grabbing the makeup wipe. I guess I missed a spot.

“Why did you remove your makeup? You looked pretty. In a totally innocent ‘I’m a good girl,’ way.” She takes the brush from me and finishes combing it through my blonde waves. I hand her my hair tie, and she pushes my arm away.

“You look better with it down,” she mutters before grabbing the curling iron. I watch as she turns me into a mermaid. My soft blonde hair is now in big bouncy curls. She grabs my brush and gently combs them out, giving me perfect waves.

“I never wear makeup. If I show up wearing it on our date, he’s going to know,” I whisper, and she starts to laugh.

“It’s a date. If there ever was a time to step out of your comfort zone and try something new, it would be today.” I think about what she says for a minute, then nod. She’s right. I really like Rex.

“Will you help me?”

She holds a hand to her chest and gasps dramatically. I roll my eyes just waiting for the Nicole show to start. She would seriously be an amazing actress if only she would attend the classes. At a year younger than me, she’s already experienced more life than I have.

When I was twelve my dad took us to a mall to see a movie, and a talent scout saw Nicole and fell in love. She said Nicole had the look and wanted to bring her in for some modeling shots. My dad laughed it off, but my grandma convinced him to give it a shot. Soon after that, she was traveling the country and leaving me behind. Well, that was until she got in with the bad crowd and had to come home.

“You want me to corrupt the good girl? What would Dad say?” I snort and nod. She wipes an imaginary tear and grabs my makeup bag. “My big sis is finally growing up.” I burst out in giggles, and she gives me a wink.

“Okay, we have thirty minutes to get you date-ready, and you are not wearing that. Just wait sis, Rex is going to cream his pants when I’m done with you.” My eyes bug, and she laughs while shaking her head.

Crap what did I get myself into?

\* \* \*

We pull up to a carnival, and Rexley makes me wait in the car 'til he can open my door. I was a little embarrassed to mention this was my first date, but now, I'm glad I did. He is totally pulling out all the stops.

He showed up at my house with flowers and a pack of steaks for my father, now he's opening the doors. I feel like a princess. I take his hand and let him pull me into a kiss. He runs his hands down my back to my butt, grazing the skin on my upper thighs.

"Did I mention how much I love you in dresses?" he mumbles into my neck, and I shiver. He has about ten times now. Nicole was right to pick this short, black sundress with white flowers on it. My dad about had a fit when I came down to answer the door, but in the end, he smiled at me and hugged me goodbye. Plus, it helped that Nicole followed behind me in a short crop top and booty shorts. I'd say I owe her one, but she wears things like that all the time.

"So much easy access," Rex continues to talk and slowly gets my blood boiling with his soft caresses. I have never had a boy touch me in the way he does. He pulls away when someone calls his name, and I sigh with relief. It's not that I don't like him touching me, but I needed a little air to breathe. This is all so new to me.

Rex grips my hand tight, and I wince a little at the force. Nick, Kelly, Ronnie, and his teammate Adam come closer, and Rex's posture changes as they look me over.

"Wow, Rex I can see now why the little virgin interests you so much," Ronnie snarks, then laughs with Kelly. Is it really common knowledge how innocent I am?

Adam moves beside her, nudging her shoulder.

"Well not everyone likes throwing a pickle down a hallway." Everyone starts to laugh, and I scrunch my brows. I don't get it.

Rex shakes his head and leans down to press a kiss on my cheek. I smile up at him and ignore the fake gagging.

“Come, there is so much I want to do with you, and you have a curfew.” My cheeks redden, and I avoid his gaze.

“You probably think I’m such a child. Almost eighteen and have to be home, tucked in bed before the clock even strikes twelve,” I mutter, and he laughs.

“It’s one of the things I like most about you, kitty. How sweet and pure you are. It makes me want to dig deep and get to the real Cat. The one who’s hiding beneath the sheltered walls around her.” I stop next to a vendor and listen to how passionate Rex is about this.

“I don’t know what you mean, Rex. This is me. I may have been sheltered, but it was my choice. Nicole was the one who got to go off and be wild. I stayed home and cooked, cleaned, did my homework, and volunteered at the veterans hospital whenever we had one on the base where we were stationed.” He shakes his head and lifts my chin, running his thumb under my neck.

“There is so much still to be awoken in you, Cat, and I can’t wait to be here by your side when it is.” He leans down and presses his mouth to mine. I whimper and open for him, letting him take the lead.

Someone coughs next to us, and I pull back, glancing at the man, who is trying not to laugh. Rex glares and grabs a spool of cotton candy, tossing some cash at the man’s face. He takes my hand and pulls me away, muttering about something. I look back over my shoulder and give the friendly man a wave.

“That was rude,” I mumble as we stop next to the shore. I take in the crashing waves and the night sky, lit up with all the lights from the rides. It’s so peaceful. Rex pulls

me into his arms and kisses my head. He's shaking, and I wrap my arms around him tight. Sighing, he pulls me down to sit on his lap on the sand. He holds a small bite of the spun sugar to my lips, and I open for him.

I moan once the sweet treat melts onto my tongue. "Oh, wow, that's incredible." I glance up at the wonder on his expression. I give him a small smile and open my mouth for more. He places some on his lips then presses his mouth to mine, giving me a really sticky kiss. I hum, then lick his lips.

"That is so good. I've always wondered what it would taste like." He pulls away from me and raises a brow.

"Wait, how have you never had cotton candy before? It's like a childhood staple," Rex laughs as I shrug. I climb to my feet and offer him a hand up.

"My father is a huge health nut. Spun sugar, oh wow, he would go crazy if he knew I was eating this," I say as he offers me another piece. I gladly take it, as he licks his fingers then presses his mouth to mine.

"Um, so sweet. I bet you taste sweet all over," he growls, just for me to hear. I squirm against him and gasp as I feel his hardness pressed against my stomach.

"There you guys are. Come on, the girls want to hit the rides," Nick says, moving down the beach to where we are. Rex takes my hand and pulls me back to the carnival.

"If you think cotton candy is amazing, just wait for fried dough," he says softly as not to bring attention to me. I know he can tell how on edge his friends make me. Especially the girls. They always have mean comments or are trying to tear me down, making me doubt myself. Which isn't hard when they look like Barbie supermodels.

“I have never liked rollercoasters to be honest. They kind of scare me,” I whisper to him. Ronnie has been giving me glares since we arrived, and I don’t want to deal with her backhanded comments right now. This is my first date, and I’m so nervous as is. I mean so far things have been great, but we still have a few more hours before I’m due home. Rex laughs and wraps his arm around me tighter. He kisses my temple and whispers back.

“I won’t let anything hurt you, kitty. Trust me, okay?” I take a deep breath and glance up into his green eyes. I find myself nodding and fighting not to vomit. I can do this. Soon, I’ll be eighteen, and I need to grow the hell up.

We get in line, and I can’t stop my shaking.

“You’re really scared aren’t you, kitty?” Rex asks me, and all I can do is nod. “Hey, look at me, it’s okay. I have a better idea.” He takes my hand and leads me somewhere. His friends call out for him, but he doesn’t look back or answer them. I laugh as he brings me to the Ferris wheel. He hands the carney some cash and says something quietly to him.

“I’m sorry, I’m such a child,” I mutter as we climb into the basket. He sits opposite me, watching me.

“Trust me, Cat, you are no child.” I blush, and he climbs to his knees in front of me as the basket starts to lift into the air.

“Rex, what are you doing?” I whisper. The ride isn’t busy and it is night, but I don’t want to draw attention to us, especially as he moves closer to my closed thighs.

My eyes widen, and I try to push him away as he leans up to kiss me. “Somebody is going to see us,” I insist. But he grabs my wrists and holds them at my sides until I let him kiss me deeply, and I moan when he licks my lips. He pulls away, and I blink.

Without me even realizing it, my legs have opened for him and he's moved in between them. My dress is bunched up to my waist, and Rex is running his nails up and down my thighs. I gasp when he slides his finger up, slipping it into the side of my panties. Nicole tried to get me to wear a thong, but I was nervous since the dress was so short.

Rex growls when he pulls his finger back and holds it up so I can see how wet I am. He places it on his tongue and groans.

"I knew you would be sweet, kitty." I whimper and lean my head back to watch the night sky as he pulls my panties down my legs. My flip flops have been kicked off, and I place my shaky hand on top of his head, running my fingers through his messy hair when he starts to kiss along my thighs.

"I have been imagining what it would be like to have someone do this to me," I gasp when he licks up my dripping center. He growls and spreads me wider. I glance over the side of the basket, nervous someone is watching this. But I realize that the ride has stopped at the top, and the buckets closest to us are empty.

"You will never imagine anyone else doing this but me," Rex growls, slapping my center hard. I yelp, then moan as he eases the sting with his lips and tongue. Lightning flashes when I close my eyes, and it doesn't take me long 'til I'm panting and squirming on his face.

"Rex," I gasp as he runs a finger down my center and swirls it around my opening. The ride starts to move again, and he pulls away from me. I watch as he licks his lips.

Leaning closer, he starts to rub me faster looking me in the eye, he growls, "Come, Cat." My thighs clench, and my back arches against the cool metal as I feel myself clenching and pulsing as he shoves his finger inside me.

“Wow,” I gasp, blissed out from the intense sensations. I give him a small smile, and he grins back at me. We’re almost to the ground, and I reach for my panties when he shakes his head. He grabs them and stuffs them into his pocket before he pulls my dress back down over my thighs.

I raise a brow, and he shoots me a wink. When the ride ends, he helps me onto my shaky legs and gives the carney some more money. I avoid looking his way as he watches me with a smirk. His friends meet us at a food stand, and I try to listen to their conversations, but I can’t take my eyes off of Rex.

I think he’s right about awakening something in me. I have never felt such a rush before and now that I have, I want more.

\* \* \*

We get home late, and I’m so scared that my dad is going to have a fit. Rex opens my car door, and I take his hand. He pulls me up and into his arms then kisses me hard. I can taste myself on his lips, and it’s not as bad as I thought it would be. He grips my bare butt, and I squirm. The outside lights flicker on, and I pull away as Nicole opens the door. She’s crying, and I quickly push Rex aside to get to her.

“What’s wrong?” I immediately ask, and she collapses into my arms, sobbing. She hands something to me, and I gasp. I pull Nicole away and look into her eyes that hold so much sadness.

“Why do you have Bizzy’s collar?”

“She’s gone, Cat. I have looked everywhere, but she’s not there.” I glance up at Rex, and he has an odd look on his face, almost as if he’s happy.

“Shh, we will find her,” I coo to my sister all while not taking my eyes off the boy

who is still a mystery to me.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I wake up in his bed once again. I know he's drugging me, but I honestly don't care at this point. If he were to happen to give me too much and I was to overdose, it would honestly make me happy. Not that I see myself ever being happy again. He's ruined me once more, and if I ever do manage to escape, my therapists will thank him.

I try to move my neck, but he has me chained to the bed. I don't see or hear him anywhere, so he probably left me once more. I arch my back and kick my feet. He left my hands free this time, but I can't get the collar off of my neck. I am so over all this shit. I open my mouth and scream as loud as I can. Not that it does me much good. A red blinking light in the corner shows that I am being watched.

\* \* \*

I must have fallen back asleep because when I wake he's back and removed his clothing. I keep my eyes closed and breathing even. Maybe if he thinks I'm still asleep, he won't try to force me.

"I know you're awake, kitty. You never were good at faking sleeping." I sigh and roll onto my side. He has removed the chain from my neck, and I rotate my head side to side.

"Where do you go?" I ask him as he seems to be in a good mood right now. He rolls onto his side and runs his fingers along my naked hip. His eyebrows furrow, and he frowns.

"I had to get some food for us. You're getting too thin." I can't stop the guffaw from escaping my lips. His frown turns to a scowl, and he grips my throat.

“Why do you fight everything I do for you? Why won’t you just let me take care of you? I love you, Cat. Why can’t you see that? Everything I do is for you. For us.” I wince as he rolls me onto my back and starts to kiss my body. My stomach churns, and I feel like I’m going to be sick.

Every time he touches me, it feels like bugs are crawling on my skin. I try to escape in my mind to any place better than here, but it’s hard as he won’t stop talking to me.

I lie here as he uses my body again for his pleasure. His breath smells like alcohol, and he keeps whispering what he thinks are sweet things into my ears. Things that I once would have killed to hear from him. Now, it just makes me sick and sad. I don’t have many good memories left from the old days, and when he does things like this, it erases everything we did have before he changed.

I shouldn’t even want to remember any good things, but it used to help me when I woke up from the nightmares to think of the times when I really believed he did love me. Before everything got so twisted. He grunts and goes still as I feel him pulsing between my thighs. I close my eyes and take in a shuddering breath.

This is all my fault. I put myself in this situation. I should have ran further away. I should have stopped that lady from putting my picture on her social media. I knew better, and I got sloppy.

I have a lot of regrets, but most of all, I should have never slept with him that night. I should have just stuck to the foreplay. Maybe if I never gave him my everything, he wouldn’t have become as obsessed as he did.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

He throws me down on the bed, ripping my leggings off, before climbing on top of me. I grab his cheeks and bring his mouth to mine, kissing him hard.

“Do we need anything?” he mumbles into my lips. I shake my head no, and he groans, rubbing his hard, warm flesh along my dripping slit. “Do I need to pull out?” he asks, and I kiss him harder.

I went to the doctor last month and got the pill, so I know we are covered. Plus, this is my first time, and I know he hasn't been with anyone in a few months. He inches slowly in, and I can't take this build-up anymore. He has been teasing me for weeks. Making me explode on his tongue and fingers. I'm ready. Wrapping my legs around his ass I squeeze them hard, slamming his dick deep into me. I whimper and bite his bottom lip, drawing blood, but it's worth it. It feels like I'm being split in two and it stings, but the pleasure that coincides with the pain is indescribable.

He groans and kisses down my jaw to my neck.

“You're mine, Cat Colson. No one else will ever claim this pussy. It's mine,” he growls, thrusting in harder. I nod and moan.

“I'm yours, Rexley Scott.” He moans and starts to pound me harder into the bed. I reach up and press my lips to his once more. I don't ever want him to stop. I feel as close to him as I ever could. Tingles run through my toes and I start to pant against his mouth. He reaches between us and flicks my clit hard. I'm close but still not there. I scratch down his back as he leans up and bites me hard on my collarbone.

“Oh, Rexley,” I shout as I explode on his cock. He grips my hips and leans up,

pulling me onto his cock hard, repeatedly, until he comes all over my pussy. I reach down and scoop up a little of his cream, bringing it to my lips. His nostrils flare and he kisses me hard, our tongues mingling with our combined juices.

I sigh as he rolls onto his back and holds me to his chest.

“So that’s sex?” I comment, and he laughs.

“No, Cat, that wasn’t like any sex I’ve ever had before.” My nose scrunches at that, and I grip his chin tight, bringing his eyes to mine.

“You’re mine, Rex, anything that has happened before is non-existent now.” His eyes widen, and he leans over to press a soft kiss to my lips.

“I’m yours, Cat. I always will be.”

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Get up, kitty,” Rex growls, coming over to my cage. I can smell the whisky from here. Keys rattle as he tries to open the lock, but they keep falling to the floor. I bite my lip to keep myself from laughing. He grunts and falls to the floor. I wait for him to get back up but loud snores hit my ears. I allow a small laugh to pass my lips, then lie back down.

I don't know what possessed him to drink tonight, but I thank any gods above. I might be able to get some solid sleep knowing he won't be watching me.

I close my eyes and picture being anywhere but here. I'm home right now, lying on my plush couch, reading one of my favorite books as David cooks us something to eat while we wait for Kile to come home from work. Piper is purring on my chest and kneading my fuzzy purple blanket. The smoke detectors start to blare as David burns the chicken, again. I wish he would just give up and ask for help. I don't understand how he can love to cook so much when he is horrible at it.

A stinging pain hits my head, and I groan, blinking my eyes open. Rex is standing there fuming.

“Who the fuck is David?” I freeze and swallow hard. Oh no. Was I talking in my sleep again? I shake my head and try to hide the nerves from my voice.

“I'm not sure, maybe a waiter or something. I was dreaming about a man burning the chicken. I'm just so hungry, Rex,” I start to snifle, and his demeanor softens.

He walks around the cage and unlocks the door.

“Okay, kitty, let’s get you some food.” I sigh and nod, letting my shoulders relax and take his offered hand. That was close. He can’t learn about David. I can’t let him hurt someone else I love.

\* \* \*

I chokedown the oatmeal he made me and whimper when he runs his hands through my hair. I hate when he touches me. Sometimes, it’s soft and gentle and other times, it’s rough and painful. I never know which version of him I’m going to get.

“You’re filthy pet. I think it’s time for another shower,” he mutters, gripping my arm and tugging me from the stool. I still wear the collar, but the leash is thankfully gone. It’s not like I can run away from him in this nine-by-twelve box he keeps us in. I know we are in a huge house from the comments he’s made, so I don’t see why he still keeps us here in this mildew-infested dump.

I let him guide me to the shower and quickly remove my clothes. The last time he did it for me, I ended up not being able to sit for a few days, and I don’t want to deal with that again. It’s hard enough as it is to sleep in a tiny cage made for a medium-sized dog, I don’t need it to be worse by not being able to sit on my ass.

He turns the water on and groans as we both spot the dried blood between my thighs. I internally sigh with relief that I even got my period since he seems obsessed with keeping me plugged with his seed.

I begin to slowly wash the grime and sweat from my skin and gently wash my hair. Since he enjoys restraining me, my arms and thighs are sore and covered in bruises, and it’s hard for me to lift my arms all the way. I run the loofah over my breasts and avoid looking him in the eye. I know he’s watching my every little movement.

Rustling sounds and he groans. “That’s it, kitty, get those tits all nice and slippery for

me.” I shudder and do what he says. My knees start to shake from the tension of not knowing what he’s planning to do to me. I turn and give him my back, rinsing off, but he doesn’t like that.

He smacks my ass hard and shoves my face into the tile. I whimper as he starts to thrust his fingers inside me. Tears burn in my eyes because I’m still so sore from the last time he forced me.

“Please, don’t,” I beg, not that it’s done much good for me in the past. He groans and surprises me by moving away.

“You always were sore during your period,” he mutters as he spins me around to face him. I nod, still avoiding his eyes. He grips my right breast and pinches my nipple. It stings, but it’s not as harsh as before, almost a caress.

“Touch yourself, Cat.” I lift a shaky hand and rub it down my stomach to my center. I close my eyes and imagine I’m anywhere but here, and someone I love and care for is the one dipping their fingers into me and rubbing my clit faster and faster.

I come hard and lean my back on the cool tile of the shower wall. I open my eyes and freeze. Rex is in front of me, panting with his hand covered in his cum. He scoops it up and steps closer to me. I don’t even flinch as he shoves his seed into me. He kisses my head and leaves me completely unchained for the first time since I have arrived. I take a deep breath and relax for a minute. That wasn’t so bad. If I can keep doing this, maybe he won’t touch me. Force me. I could handle this.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I hang up the phone again and yell. Why isn't she picking up? What could be more important than me? Nick walks into the room and laughs before turning and walking right back out. He calls over his shoulder, "We have practice man. Leave Cat alone. You know she will be on the bleachers watching."

I take a deep breath and try to relax. He's right. She has never missed a practice, and even though we had that small fight, I know she still cares about me. I finish getting dressed then head out to the field.

I spot her instantly with that science nerd Rogers. She is laughing with him as he tells her something. My blood boils, and I find my feet leading me their way before I can stop them.

"What the fuck is this?" I roar watching as Cat's face goes white. She quickly stands and moves over to me.

"Hi, Rex, shouldn't you be at practice right now?" She looks over my shoulder at the field, and I stare down at the dead boy walking. He gulps and avoids my eyes.

"I—I have to go Cat, but I'll email you about our assignment." He grabs his things and takes off. I scoff at how weak he is.

"That was rude. Rogers was just going over our class project. We have to make a diagram of the human body. Remember?" She gives me a scowl, and I clench my fists a few times.

"I don't like the way he was looking at you. He wants to fuck you." She scoffs and

laughs, thinking I'm kidding, but I know it's true.

“It doesn't matter, Rexley Scott, because he's not the one I'm falling for.” She gives me a kiss then swats me on the ass. “Go to practice, then take me home and show me how much I'm yours.”

I kiss her hard and bite her lip, swallowing her moans, then stomp down the bleachers and take out all my frustration on the field. I'll show her she's mine all right, later, and Rogers better watch his back too.

No one touches what's mine.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I watch her as she sleeps. I have always loved watching her. The way her brow crinkles, and she scrunches her nose. She looks so peaceful. I remember when we would watch movies together, and she would fall asleep on my shoulder before we were even halfway in. She felt safe and comfortable with me then, and I miss those days.

I press play on the video I paused and grab the bag of chips next to the mattress I have on the ground. Cat's smiling face greets me as she presses a kiss onto my cheek. We had just won the homecoming game, and my girl was there on the sidelines, cheering me on.

"You were amazing, Rexley," she tells me as Nick zooms the camera closer in on us. I wrap her in my arms and spin her around before kissing her hard. Ronnie scoffs and fluffs her hair as Kelly jumps on Adam's back.

"Whoo, let's get this party started," I shout to the awaiting crowd and take Cat's hand. She looks up at me with love, and I pause the video on that frame.

"I remember that day," Cat whispers from her cage. "It was my first high school party, and I was nervous. I had fought with my dad that night before leaving for the game. It was the first time he warned me about you," she laughs, shaking her head. "I told him he was wrong. I should have listened," she mutters under her breath, and I clench my fists.

"Daddy's perfect little girl," I sneer. I am so sick of the hypocrisy. "But I changed that. I showed you who you really were, and I was the one condemned for it. I was punished and locked away. All because I tried to set you free," I roar and watch as

she flinches.

I chuck the remote at the TV and don't even blink when the screen spiders. The cracks run along her porcelain face, and all it does is further prove my point. The perfect little doll.

“Get comfortable pet, because you and I are meant to be. Soon, you will see what I've always seen.”

“What's that?” she croaks through her tears. Ugh, crying again. I glance her way with a grin and shrug.

“That you're mine.”

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

Laying on the couch, he slowly runs his hand up my thigh, teasing the edge of my pajama shorts. I smile into his chest and try to hide that I know what he's doing.

“You better stop. You don't want my dad walking in,” I say quietly. He is in the kitchen making dinner, and he will not be happy to learn his angel is not so innocent anymore. Rex's chest shakes with his quiet chuckles, and I bite my lip to keep from joining.

“You're bad, Rexley Scott,” I mutter into his chest. He squeezes me tighter and kisses the top of my head, running his fingers through my hair. A small moan escapes my lips, and he shifts his hips, letting me feel the hard bulge in his basketball shorts.

“You better stop teasing me with those soft moans, or I will really give you something to cry out about,” he says, gripping my hair tight and yanking. My eyes roll back, and I start to pant. Fuck. That is not fair. My dad coughs in the other room, and I snap out of my lust-filled haze. I slowly sit up and move beside him, ignoring his laugh. He grabs one of the smaller pillows and places it over his lap.

My sister comes stomping down the stairs, combat boots hitting the hardwood with a thump. “Love, stop your fucking stomping,” my dad shouts. She glances over at us before spinning and flipping off the wall. I roll my eyes and watch as she strides out the front door, slamming it in her wake. My dad starts muttering something, then opens the basement door and thumps down the steps. I lean back against Rex and sigh.

“Why can't we go to your house again? This place is like a hostile takeover half the time these days, and the other half is like a hotel.” He pulls me closer, wrapping an

arm over my shoulders.

“My dad is a complete psycho. Becoming mayor gave him all the control he’s always wanted, and my mom is always sleeping, thanks to all the medications she’s on,” he says sadly. I look his way and place a soft kiss on the corner of his mouth.

“I’m sorry, that must be hard.” Music starts to play downstairs, and a football game starts. I slowly move from his grip and stand from the couch, then turn his way and straddle his lap with my knees on either side of his hips. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I get a tight grip on his messy dirty blond hair. I yank his head back until he meets my eyes. He groans and grasps my hips tightly, then raises a brow as if challenging me. Leaning down, I kiss him hard, sucking on his bottom lip.

“We have maybe thirty minutes before my dad comes back upstairs.” I give him a wink, then climb from his lap and offer him my hand. He grabs it, and instead of standing, he throws me over his shoulder, before jumping from the sofa and rushing to my room on the second floor.

The door isn’t even shut, and he has my top pulled over my head, and my shorts down to my ankles. Spinning me toward the bed, he presses down on my upper back, leaning me over the footboard. I arch my back, wiggling my ass to tease him, but I should have known not to bother. He slams in hard, then reaches around to tightly grip my throat. I immediately shudder and clench. He knows just how to make me feel the most pleasure. I scratch at one of the small cuts on my inner thigh from yesterday’s session and groan as it opens again and blood starts to drip down my leg. I know we don’t have time to get the knife out right now. He smacks my ass, and I bite my lip hard.

“Fuck baby, the way you’re squeezing my cock is making me see stars,” he groans before roughly biting my shoulder, right beside the mark from a few days ago. I start to tremble, and he chokes me harder, then reaches around and smacks my pussy. I

open my mouth and try to let out a garbled scream which comes out more like a whisper while I explode on his cock.

Juices run down my thighs as I start to see black spots. Rex slams into me a few more times, following me over the edge. He releases his grip and kisses the bite mark. "I love you, my kitty cat," he says quietly, making me freeze. Wait. What did he just say? He backs away, letting me turn to face him. I'm still working to catch my breath, but the look in his eyes makes me want him all over again. I give him a huge smile and reach for the back of his neck, pulling his lips to mine. I kiss him hard for a few minutes, feeling him harden against my stomach. I giggle into his mouth, then reach down and start to stroke him, kissing him softer.

He grips my hips and lifts me up. I wrap my legs around his waist and wait 'til he enters me once more. This time slower. I rest my forehead against his, softly panting and moaning as he fills me again and again.

"I love you too, Rexley," I whisper and sigh as he carries me over to the bed, laying me down gently. I pull his body to mine as he kisses and licks from my neck to my breasts, groaning, as he takes a stiff nipple between his lips.

I gaze into his green eyes and give in to the love and lust that he showers me with. I may like it when he takes control and dominates my every motion, but this. I love this. Soft and slow, gazing into the eyes of the boy I love as he makes me tremble and softly cry out. I bring his mouth back to mine, and pant against his lips.

"I'm so close, come with me," I whimper, and he picks up his pace, bringing my eyes back to his. My back arches, and my mouth opens in a soundless scream as I gush on his dick. He jerks inside of me, then rests his head on my chest. Wrapping his arms around me tight, he lies there for a few minutes as we come down from the overflowing emotions. I have only known this boy for six months, but he's already the most important thing to me.

“Marry me,” he whispers, and I sigh with a small laugh. I run my fingers through his sweaty locks and nod.

“One day, Rexley Scott, I will marry you.”

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Please, don’t put me back in that cage. I’ll be good.” I bite down the sobs and try to act like the submissive doll he wants. I don’t know how much longer I can take this. I’m weak. I’m sick of being in this cold, damp place. In the tiny cage he likes to keep me in. I need fresh air. I need sunlight, and I know he won’t give in to me unless I start to play his game. I once knew Rexley Scott better than he knew himself. It may have been a few years, and so much has happened, but if I try hard enough, I just might be able to trick him.

“You see kitty, I have heard that before, and as soon as I turn my back, there is a knife shoved into my spine.” I gasp at the memory and bite back bile as he shows me the scar. I let the tears fall and look into his blazing green eyes.

“I’m so sorry. I’m sorry for everything, Rex. I should have never left that night.” I gaze up at him with sadness in my eyes hoping I can fake this remorse I don’t feel. He shakes his head and starts to pace.

“All I ever wanted was to keep you safe. With me. You were the only one in my life that loved me. My father liked to use me for his own selfish gain. My mother was a robot. But you... Sweet, innocent, with a huge heart and a love for my fucked up, twisted ways.” He spins to look at me, and I don’t flinch when he runs his finger down my cheek.

“You are my soulmate, Cat Colson. You were my reason for breathing. For not giving into the darkness and ending my miserable existence. You are my angel of darkness.”

“I never wanted to be,” I whisper. “I just wanted to love a boy the way I thought he

loved me. I was so naive back then. I thought obsession was love. It wasn't, Rex." I glance up at him, and he's frowning at me. I need to quickly fix this before he snaps again.

"I just mean, we're all grown now. We can finally start the life you always talked about right?" He pulls my lips to his and kisses me so hard, I whimper from the pain. He pulls away, and his eyes are watery. Nodding, he takes my hand and leads me to the door. I watch as he opens it and pulls me up the steps.

"I have been waiting weeks for you to finally come back to me, kitty Cat," he says, when we reach another door at the top of the stairs. "You're right. It's time we finally start our happy ever after." I try not to cringe at that.

If he thinks kidnapping, raping, and abusing me is a fairytale then he's a lot crazier than I ever thought.

I follow him up a wide staircase, my eyes going wider and wider. This place is huge. I haven't seen much yet, but just the kitchen alone had my heart racing with excitement. Maybe I'll be able to use it. I just have to keep being good. I need to earn his trust again, then when he's not looking, I can make my escape. He leads me to the third floor and opens the French doors at the top. There seems to only be one room up here, and my curiosity is peaking. I watch as he takes a ring of keys out of his pocket and unlocks the door.

My heart drops, and I feel sick. Out of every sick, twisted thing, why would he do this to me?

"How?" I gasp, and his bright smile is more like a warning. I quickly fix my expression and try to act like this is a welcome surprise. He grabs my hand and tugs me over to my childhood bed. He jumps in the middle and pulls me down next to him.

“Ah, this is just like the good ole days,” he sighs, and I try not to cry, looking at all the things from my childhood I thought I had lost on that horrifying day. I gently lie on his chest and let him hold me.

Just a few more days, Cat, then you can make your escape.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Why do they hate me so much?” I ask my friend Lorna as we walk to the cafeteria. Rex meets me at the door and swoops me up into a big hug. He kisses me hard, and I don’t want him to stop. Someone clears their throat, and it pulls me back. He places a kiss on the tip of my nose, then sets me back on my feet.

“I missed you, kitty,” he whispers in my ear, and I smile. Lorna scoffs before moving over to the table. She plops onto Nick’s lap and kisses him hard, shocking everyone. Rex laughs, and I look up into his green eyes. “She knows he’s gay, right?” I raise my brow and shake my head.

“No, I don’t think so. I didn’t even know that,” I mutter as we walk over to the table. Nick looks sick, and his face is beet red.

I take a seat as Rex goes to grab my lunch. He has been concerned with how I have been eating lately. At first, I was insulted, thinking he thought I was fat, but then he brought me a huge bacon burger, saying, ‘You need to eat more.’

He plops down beside me and starts to cut up my pasta the way I like. I give him a smile and dig in. Lorna starts to have a hissy fit about something, and I laugh with the rest of the table. I still can’t stand Kelly, and I don’t know where Ronnie is. She hasn’t been to school in a few days now, but no one seems worried.

“Hey, Cat,” Rogers, my science partner, says as he comes up to the table. Rexley places a hand on my thigh and squeezes it as a warning. I offer Rogers a small smile and wave my hand for him to sit.

“Hi, thanks for eating here today. I was hoping we could make a schedule for the rest

of the week. Our project is due soon,” I tell him with what I hope is a reassuring smile. He seems on edge, and I can’t blame him if the angry tension I feel from beside me is the cause.

He nods and pulls out his laptop. I lean into Rex and press a kiss to his cheek, then move closer to his ear.

“I need a good grade on this, Rex, please don’t make this into a thing.” He releases my thigh, and I wince as he grabs my pussy hard under the table. I bite my lip to hide my whimper as he growls into my ear.

“I don’t like the way he looks at what is mine, kitty, and you are mine.” I nod in agreement and quickly make a plan with Rogers. We decide to get most of the work done at school and one session at the library after Rex’s football practice.

I’m relieved when we are done talking, and he scurries away as if his ass is on fire. Rex leans over and kisses me on the neck.

“Good girl.”

I should be appalled at his recent behavior, but instead I find my panties wet and my center throbbing.

What the hell is wrong with me?

\* \* \*

“You have to go. My dad will be home soon.” I give Rex one more kiss, then move to the edge of my bed. He growls and grabs my hips, pulling me back on top of him. I giggle and love the way his eyes light up.

“One day, kitty, you and I will have a huge house of our own. Where we can walk around naked and fuck anytime we want. No parents, no responsibilities. Just you, me, maybe some kids,” he sighs dreamily, and I frown.

“Many, many years down the road, Rex. I am not ready for kids. I may like sex, but kids scare me.” He laughs, kisses my temple once more before rolling me off and climbing off the mattress. Reaching for his boxers, I watch his toned ass clench. I can’t help but trace my claw marks along his smooth flesh. He shoots me a wink, then pulls them up over his thighs. I toss him his shirt and shorts, then move to get dressed myself. Grabbing a maxi dress, I slip it over my head, then head towards the sink. He follows me into my bathroom and takes care of the small cuts on my shoulder and thigh.

Running the cloth down my inner leg, he gets to his knees and kisses the soft skin, moving my dress up and out of the way. I moan, and he raises his head to give me a smirk.

“We do not have time for this,” I whimper as he licks up my thigh to my center. His tongue is coated in my blood, and when he flicks my clit, I know we are about to be caught.

Lights flash behind my window, and I bite my lip to stop from crying out. I kick the bathroom door closed and reach behind me to turn the shower on.

Rex climbs to his feet and spins me until my chest is on the marble counter and places his hand on the back of my head, smushing my cheek into the mirror. He grips my hip and slams home. Moving his other hand from my face, he covers my mouth and plugs my nose.

My eyes widen, and my pussy clenches. My lungs strain, and I worry Rex may take this too far. I catch his eyes in the mirror, but they are filled with rage.

“You are mine, Cat. No one will ever touch what is mine, again.” I try to gasp, but he grinds into me harder. I nod excessively and pray he will let me breathe.

“If I ever catch that Rogers kid near you again, not only will I kill him. I will chain you up and make you watch.” He thrusts into me one more time before coming deep, then kisses the back of my head and pulls away. I watch in the mirror with horror as he finally lets me go and opens the door. Rex doesn’t bother to climb out the window, but walks straight out my bedroom door, ignoring my father’s shouts.

Spinning around, I fall to the tile, gasping for air. I bring my knees up to my chest and let the tears fall. How did things go so south so fast?

What is happening to the boy I love?

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

Things are getting better. Cat is starting to act like the girl I knew before. I knew it would take some time. I just had to separate her from all the brainwashers she associated with. I thought after I had taken care of her father and grandma, I wouldn't have any more trouble. But that doesn't matter anymore. She's here with me now. Where she is safe.

I walk into the room I had designed just for her. I thought she would like a taste of home. That memories of a happier time would help her remember how much she loved me, but the moment she saw it, I knew I fucked up once again.

“Have you eaten yet?” I ask her, glancing at the food still left on the tray. I take a deep breath in and try to remain cool. “Is there something wrong with the omelet?” She sits up on the bed and places the Kindle I brought her down beside her.

“No, I haven't had much of an appetite is all,” she mumbles, still avoiding my eyes. I shuffle closer and try to ignore the way she shrinks into herself.

“What sounds good? You need to eat, Cat.” She mutters something under her breath, but I choose to ignore it. I sigh and head back towards the door. A whimper hits my ear, and I glance back at her from over my shoulder. I raise a brow, and she climbs off of the bed.

“Do you think maybe I could go outside? Or you could unlock the balcony? I need air, Rex.”

Her eyes fill with tears, and I groan, running my hand down my face. I am so sick of her crying. I once loved it, but now it just pisses me off. She was never the type of

girl to whine or fuss, and now, that's all she seems to do.

“Please, Rexley, let's just go for a walk. You can leash me again if you wish to. I promise to be good.” I pause at her using my name. It has been years since her soft voice has called me Rexley. Her small hand reaches to touch my shoulder, and I shiver. She's willingly reaching out to me. This is progress. Maybe she does deserve a reward.

I spin around, catching her off guard, and place a soft kiss onto her lips. I don't linger.

“Yes, kitty, I think a walk would be nice.”

Cat

I can't believe that actually worked! I could jump for joy, but I need to stay cool. Once we reach outside, I can take note of where we are and work on a plan to escape. I just need to stay patient and not blow this chance.

Acting demure and being the perfect little pet he wants me to be has started to finally pay off. I slip on some sandals and take his offered hand. I really don't want to touch him, but I know it's all a part of the game. He leads me out the door and down a long hall to a wide staircase.

“I'm quite happy you suggested a walk. I have been excited to show you more of the house and the land. I had purchased this piece of property for us soon after graduation. It was supposed to be a wedding gift, but...” I stop him from continuing.

One, it's too painful to think about and two, he seems to be in a semi-good mood. I gently squeeze his hand and lie my head against his arm. He gasps, and I fight not to cry. Moments like these make it hard to remember why I hate him so much. He still

smells the same. Cinnamon and vanilla. For months, I couldn't enter a bakery because that aroma would set me off. I worked hard to be able to bake again myself.

I pull away and start down the stairs. I stop at the door and wait for him. I bow my head, and he goes as far as to pat me.

“See, I knew you could be a good kitty,” he coos. I bite back a snarky remark and growl. But fuck, it's hard. He doesn't know how much this 'kitty' wants to scratch. He unlocks the four locks and places the shock collar back around my neck.

“No, please,” I start to beg, and he scoffs.

“It has an electric fence attachment. This way I know you won't be able to leave the perimeter I set for you.” I nod and discreetly wipe a tear from my eye. He's letting me outside. This small thing I can deal with.

Rex opens the door, and I take in my first breath of fresh air in what has to be months. The brightness of the sun hurts my eyes, and I wince, shutting them. I listen hard for some clue as to where we are, but it's quiet. There is the sound of waves crashing and birds chirping, but no people talking, or cars driving by.

I blink a few times and take a small step down the front stairs, leading to the water. He always did say he wanted to live on the water. There is a huge boat docked and a giant cart parked beside it. I step closer, but Rex grips my forearm, pulling me back to him.

I let him guide me along a small path he made between the trees in the lush forest surrounding us. We walk for a while, and I still don't see or hear anyone. I'm starting to think that I am lost for good. That I am going to be stuck here until he loses control and finally kills me.

“What is this place?” I finally ask, and he stops moving. I turn to face him, and he has a huge grin on his face.

“This is Cat Island, our new permanent home.” He continues to walk, and my heart races. I know my face is pale, and I feel lightheaded. He honest to God has me trapped. There is no escape. One word keeps repeating in my mind, taking me deeper and deeper into despair, as he continues to give me a tour of my prison.

Island.

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

“I don’t trust him, Cat. There is something off about the way he looks at you. As if you’re a possession. He attacked your cousin, for fuck’s sake. That is not normal. I think you need to take a step back. Going away to your grandma’s for a few weeks is what’s best.” I wipe the tears from my eyes and bite my lip. I am tired of this argument. Rex was just protecting me. He didn’t know David was my cousin.

“Please Dad, don’t send me away. We are always moving. You promised me I could finish high school here. I am happy here. Rex said he was sorry over and over again. What more does he need to do?”

“He needs psychiatric help, Cat!” my father roars, and my heart breaks. Not only for the boy who owns it but for the man who has always been on my side.

I nod and let him pull me into his arms.

“I know Daddy, but I love him, and I just want to help him. Something is going on. He was never like this.” He sighs and lets me go.

“Just go for spring break, maybe the time away will be good for you both. Just try, okay, Cat? You girls are my life, and if something ever happened to you... I can’t lose you too.” I take a deep breath and nod. One week won’t be too bad, Rex will forgive me.

Right?

\* \* \*

“Rex, what the hell are you doing?” I rush out as I watch him drop my birth control pills into my toilet. He turns toward me, his face red with rage.

“How could you agree to go?” he growls. I step back and flinch as his hand reaches out for my throat. He roughly pulls my forehead against his and looks into my eyes. “I love you so much, Cat. Why would you do this to me? To us?” Hesitantly, I lift my hand and wrap it along the back of his neck, then run my nails through his messy waves and shush him. I lean up and press my lips against his.

“I’m sorry, Rex,” I kiss him again, harder this time, until his body uncoils from the rage I somehow caused.

He rests his mouth on the pulse point on my neck and repeatedly whispers, “I love you, kitty. You’re mine. Never leave me.” I glance over his shoulder at the mirror. The reflection showing a panicked girl cradling a boy who has changed and is scaring her.

There is something wrong with him. He’s not the same sweet boy I once knew.

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*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:30 am*

I watch as the waves crest the shore below me. My stomach has been nauseous all day, and the salt from the sea air helps. I wish I could leave the house and go for a walk, but I know it's pointless. Rex has to work, and I'm only allowed out for a thirty-minute stroll once a day, if he can accompany me. I guess I should be grateful he's letting me sit outside on the terrace. That I can have fresh air now, and I'm no longer in that small cage. The basement and cage are somewhere I don't ever want to return to.

I glance around at all the green around me. It's beautiful here. I could be happy here. If only I wasn't here against my will.

Lying back on the lounge, I read my book. It's one I had read many times in high school. I glance at the room behind me and sigh. It's almost as if he took my childhood bedroom, placed it in a time capsule, and brought it here. I even have the same frilly purple and white curtains along the window. The bedroom door slams open, and I take a deep breath, trying to get back into the role I've been playing lately. I slowly stand to my feet and shuffle into the bedroom. He gives me a big smile, and I fight to return it.

"I have a surprise for you, kitty," he says with a small laugh. He seems happy today. In a really good mood. I just pray it stays. When I give him another shaky smile, he sighs, moving closer to me. He pulls me into his arms for a tight hug, and I shakily wrap my arms around him.

"I love you, kitty," he says before releasing me and moving back to the hall. I grip the wall for support and curse my shaking knees.

He returns with a small cupcake, red velvet, my favorite, and a candle, handing it to me, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small silver lighter. Lighting the candle, he waits for me to make a wish.

Please, someone, anyone, save me.

I take a small breath then blow out the flame. He removes the candle and takes the cupcake back, then holds it to my lips, and I take a small bite. I fake a small moan of appreciation, and his eyes flash with heat. I chew, forcing myself to choke down the treat that was once my favorite thing.

He hands it back to me and then leaves the room again. I set it down on the small desk and stare at it. Why is he bringing me a cake?

“How long have I been here, Rex?” I whisper as he brings in some shopping bags full of new clothes for me. I have gained a bit of weight, and my shorts won’t button anymore. He sets them on our bed, and I feel sick when he comes over and kisses my temple. I try not to freeze and keep my body relaxed. It only angers him when I resist. He sighs into my hair and helps me to my feet. I choke down the bile as he strips me of my clothes.

“We have been here for about three months, kitty. Happy birthday,” he finally answers. I close my eyes and try not to cry. I have been here, trapped with this monster, for three months! I have been missing this long, and no one has been able to find me. I take a shaky breath in and move towards the bathroom. I’m going to be sick.

I almost don’t make it to the toilet, and I cringe when he comes up behind me, holding my hair back. When my stomach has stopped revolting, I push back and take Rex’s hand as he helps me to my feet. I move over to the sink and splash my pale face with cool water.

Again, I have to fight the urge to shudder as he steps up behind me. I avoid looking at his gaze in the mirror because I know my eyes will show all the lies I'm keeping. He presses a kiss to my head, and I slowly relax and lean back against him.

Reaching for my toothbrush, I quickly clean my teeth. He spins me around to face him and presses a soft kiss to my lips. I swallow down the bile once more, praying I don't throw up on him. His temper is so precarious, and I really don't want to aggravate him again.

"I need to change," I mumble, and he nods before dropping to his knees in front of me. I freeze, my heart races, and I feel like I'm going to puke again. Please. Please don't propose to me. Don't take away one of the only good memories I have from the old days.

He lifts the tank top from my stomach and presses a kiss on my belly button. He glances up at me with tears in his eyes. My pulse races and my legs become weak.

No, no. I shake my head, and he gives me a huge smile. I need air. I need space. I'm about to pass out.

"No, Rex," I whimper, and he stands, pulling me into his arms. I go limp, and he holds me up. My vision starts to fade, and I give in to the darkness as he whispers into my ear, "Now, I'll always be with you. I'm inside of you."

End of part one