



Ravager (Twisted Bonds)

Author: *S.B. Hazel*

Category: LGBT+

Description: Running through a haunted Halloween maze, I feel the heat rising inside me—chased by a sexy devil in a mask, hotter than I ever imagined.

The thought of being captured, ravaged, ruined... it tempts me beyond reason. I want to stumble, to fall and surrender, to feel his arms close around me.

Desire and fear churn in a terrifying mix, my body burning for what comes next.

I want to be his, to be wrecked by the faceless man at my back.

When he catches me, what will he do? Will I succumb to his darkest desires?

Total Pages (Source): 6

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 12:28 pm

One

Cole

A h.

Fucking hell. The sight of him. Someone had chosen to summon the fucking gods when they put him in a damned angel costume for Halloween.

Up on that stage, his delicate hands circling the pole as his body moved and all that white taffeta shit fluttered around his hips, hinting at the jock strap he wore underneath? Someone needed to pay for that.

Avery.

The man of my obsession since I first laid eyes on him over four years ago. After the shit show that occurred with his best friend Zelda and my asshole father, he'd never liked me. Actively despised me, if anything. And I pushed him. The image of him all irritated and flustered drove me wild, and even when I saw I was taking it too far, stopping was an impossibility.

Him, in all his brightness, threw my gray life into color.

And I didn't understand why. I detested him for it. Then loved him. Craved him. Anger crawled up my painted throat as I watched other men and women ache for him, too. This man, this beautiful being, shaking his round ass to the world, biting his delicious lip as he twisted to the beat of the music and soaked in every whoop and

cheer... he belonged to no one else. That concept was inconceivable to me.

I was going to kill Zelda for allowing this.

She'd told me about the special holiday night the club was running, the place she owned and ran with my father, a Halloween auction, selling off their workers for a no-touching private spooky lap dance and a fucking chase in a maze. I'd laughed, thinking it sounded stupid as shit, but when I heard Avery was going to be one of the auctioned bodies, every bit of humor left me. I would claw off my face before I let anyone else hunt him down through a goddamn maze and have their way with him.

He gave lap dances to paying clients, I knew that, he stripped off almost nightly for perverts and assholes to jerk off over. Yeah, that I was aware of and didn't like. But accepted it was his way of making money, of surviving. But letting someone else win him, when it could be me?

Fuck. That.

So, with a skip in my damn step, I snuck into the back of the club using the key I'd stolen from my dad's house last night during our weekly family dinners. Family. Me and my twin, dad and his girlfriend Zelda, the same age as us, their young son and her best friends, Avery and Seren. What a fucking family. A twisted up mess, but the food was good, and my kid brother was incredible, a mix of all those who'd raised him. Even Avery, who gave him a playfulness that endlessly annoyed his parents. I loved that kid something fierce. So I went to family dinners. Gritted my teeth so I didn't steal Avery from the table and fuck him into whichever wall we reached first. So I didn't lose my temper at my father for doing a better job with his new family, his girlfriend half the age of his ex-wife. Jesse, my twin, didn't care, so why should I?

Zelda and Dad had banned me from this club. I caused too much mischief, apparently. But Halloween lets you get away with a lot.

My kid brother's face paints, a little creativity, and I was a fucking ghost skull, or a skeleton, or whatever. It was enough. I didn't recognize myself in the mirror, so with added shadow and alcohol, I had the freedom to roam. To win.

And my hand flew up to claim Avery, bidding with money that should still be tucked in a safe in Dad's office. I wasn't stealing. I was giving it straight back. It would do a nice circle right into the fucker's pocket where it belonged.

I'd stolen it only an hour ago, striding down the back hall until I reached his office. Not the main one where he dealt with clients and customers, but the one kept hidden away in the farthest corner of the vast building he'd purpose built. Where he stored his valuables and fucked his woman. I'd rifled through his drawers, because of course I had, and found too many things that should scar a regular son. But he'd made sure to scar me deep enough already, so I just laughed and slammed the drawers shut before grabbing the cash.

None of my business why they needed lube and extravagant sex toys at work. Didn't want to discover who those nipple clamps were for.

And their penchant for masked events meant I was free to come in and fuck about as much as I liked, or at least I could have, until Avery got me banned with all that talk of causing mischief. Something about doing it under daddy's nose made it worth the sneaking around though, and I was relishing the anonymity .

Five more minutes of bidding. With Avery egging everyone on, twirling across that wide stage, using every inch of it to his advantage as he strutted and grinned, showing off his body in that lacy white lingerie and fluffy wings protruding from his shoulder blades.

He was mine. Whoops and cheers sounded when he celebrated being won, even if he didn't know by who yet, by climbing the pole and twisting himself back down,

holding me captive with the way his thigh muscles bunched and moved, at how the grin spread his thick lips wide across his face, glossy and pink.

The place was packed, full of costumes, a mix of creepy and sexy, well-crafted and lazy, creating a delicious chaos, the kind that my father reigned over with glee. Zelda lived for the mayhem of it, and she'd nailed it tonight. The crush of bodies built as the MC spoke again about what I'd won, everyone growing rowdier and seemingly drunker. The run through the maze, the dance—it set something off in people.

Anticipation boiling in my gut, I stepped back further into the shadows to deal with the mundane part. I saw Avery looking out over the crowd, trying to spot who'd earned his company for the night. He scrunched up that gorgeous nose of his, his hand over his eyes to squint and gaze through the mass of bodies. But he'd never see me. He didn't want me. He made it abundantly clear that he hated me. But. I. Just. Couldn't. Stop.

I wasn't allowed here anymore because Avery had complained to Zelda, his bestie, that I was harassing him. She has instructed me to quit it one too many times, until eventually the bouncers knew to watch for my face. And when we were at family dinners, because Zelda was my kind of step mother and Avery was her best friend and had helped raise my baby brother for the first few years, he refused to look at me. Or be alone with me. Zelda told me once I freaked him out, that I was too intense with him. I just couldn't tear myself away.

A worker, one I didn't care to recognize, shoved a contract under my nose and watched me sign it, and I handed over the stolen cash with a smirk. Even if I had to pay for Avery's company now, I would take it. Touching him was a necessity at this point. The thought of making him shiver and whimper, feeling those lips on me, watching what they did when he came.

The worker scoffed, not looking at the contract or the fake name, and scribbled a time

for the maze on my hand. I looked down at it as she wondered away, thirty minutes until I would chase him. Catch him.

The need to make him mine overtook everything else.

Thirty minutes.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 12:28 pm

Two

Avery

“Do you really think you need more glitter?” Charlie, one of my fellow dancers, asked, scrunching up her nose and tilting her head when I smeared another layer of shimmer over my stomach.

“Duh,” I replied, turning as I looked in the mirror, looking at how it make my skin shine. We were running through a maze under flashing lights and shadows. I wanted to be easy to spot. Not to capture, but to catch glimpses of darting under the light show. “You could use a little more,” I said, glancing up at her frowning face. She had pulled her fire engine red hair into pigtails, and she had fake blood pouring from her mouth, down to her tits. Didn’t know what the fuck she’d dressed herself up as, but more glitter wouldn’t hurt.

She whacked me on the arm and laughed when I chased her with the glitter bottle. Shit, I was pent up, ready to go. Being won in an auction just sounded so damn sexy . I was glad to be dolled up and squeaky clean already. Just a layer of sweat from dancing under those lights, masked with rubbed on shimmer and a spray of perfume.

“Did you spot who won you?” Charlie asked. She’d been through the maze and completed her private dance already. She had a show on stage later, second to last, before Zelda finished the night, so she was hanging out, harassing her co-workers when they were just trying to get in the right damn headspace.

I shook my head. It’d been too dark, but they’d been persistent, bidding within a

moment each time someone else did. It got my blood pumping. I was ready to start, to run and flee, to put on a good fucking show for them.

Zelda promised me it would be fun, easy, not any touching, just the idea of it. Get chased, she said, then dance. Show off the goods. Make some money. Go home.

But I didn't want to be untouched. The thought of being hunted had me wild . And though I hadn't been able to see the person who'd won me, it was easy to conjure up an image. Dark hair, intense eyes, thick arms and long legs... yes, please. All eager to grab me and fuck me? Even a strip club dressing room was inappropriate for where my mind had started drifting .

Charlie opened her mouth to spout whatever nonsense when the door behind us swung open with a thunk. We both turned to look at our intruder, smiling, when we saw the owner, my best friend, leaning in.

“Almost your go,” Zelda said, sticking her head into the changing room without knocking or preamble. I'd witnessed the woman give birth, though, and she'd seen me naked more times than I could count when we trained together, so I just turned and gave her a smile. “You ready?” she asked, eyeing me up and down, her eyes jumping to Charlie for a second.

“Oh, more than,” I said with a grin, turning and giving her the full look. I'd had to slip off the angel wings to accommodate the narrow maze we'd built, but that didn't matter.

Zelda, me and some other staff had spent the weekend before building the maze. She was brimming with inspiration as we stabbed plastic nails through dildos and spray painted them silver. Yapping away as we utilized fetish furniture and skeletons to create creepy displays. Woman was too excited, if you asked me.

The maze was confusing on purpose, but we'd build in little hints for the staff, reminders of directions so we'd be able to get out safe and fast, run to our destination and leave our client to navigate it while we set up at the end. The excitement stemmed from the chase. They weren't supposed to actually catch us in there.

We only had a small window of time, after all.

We left Charlie to a game on her phone, kicking her feet up and nesting in the chair. Zelda walked with me to the start of the maze, her marionette costume looking a little worse for wear after hours at work. Painted black lines on her face smudged, and rips in her tights showed both reddened knees.

"Any news on what the winner looks like?" I asked my friend as we navigated the halls, more curious than anything to learn more. I didn't even know the gender of the person who'd fought for little angelic me.

Zelda shrugged, the strings dangling from her body flapping. "Male, tall, face painted up in this sexy as fuck skeleton vibe..."

I laughed at her audacity. Her man loomed around here somewhere, and he was a jealous fucker.

"You'll have a great time," she finished, gesturing for me to enter the maze through the staff entrance. I needed to be seen by him, then run for my life so he didn't catch me. It was all timed, planned, practiced, but even so, tension and anticipation heated my blood.

This was going to be fun.

Less than a minute after I got myself situated in the prearranged starting position - perfectly framed so I'd be spotted right away, a beast stepped into the maze. The

white on his painted face caught the lights as he glanced around, taking in his surroundings with slow turns of his head. He looked relaxed, his hands in his pockets, no hint of surprise in his body language as he took in the crazy maze. The shadows were so intense, flashing and blinding, it was impossible to see much of him.

When his piercing eyes landed on me through the strobing, I shivered. He wore contact lenses, he must, because all I saw was black. His mouth turned up with a sly grin, and for a moment, my focus locked solely on him. Lost to him. Forgot to move...

My heart pounded in my throat, in time with the thickening of my cock. Even from here, across an expanse of cheesy decorations and outlandish props, lust bubbled between us. Fuck. My legs stuck like lead and my lips fell open as I fought to calm my pulse.

What was it about him? This almost invisible man in the shadows, save for the white flashes painted on his face and the whites of his teeth as he grinned. Standing still as heavy metal pounded and lights dimmed and flickered.

It was only when he jerked, as if to lunge for me, that I woke from my stupor and turned on my heel. My legs moved away while my brain stayed stuck on him. He oozed something, a fierceness that even the artificial shadows of the maze and the thick face paint over his features failed to hide. Fear warred with curiosity as I took my first turning, gripping the wall as I rocketed around the corner.

I wanted him to capture me. I wanted to get the fuck away from him.

So I ran, letting myself sink into the role of victim, scared and being chased through a haunted maze. He was going to catch me, fuck me, ruin me. I could enjoy that. Fuck yes, I would. It was all fakery, pretend, even in my own head, but it got my heart pumping faster and faster.

Anticipation boiled in my belly, and as I saw glimpses of him at my back, sometimes closer, just turning the same corner, or further away at the end of a long corridor, that excitement twisted to heat, made my cock thicken behind the lace.

It was fun . And as laughter fell from me, I'm sure it did from him, too.

My chest grew lighter, and I found myself looking forward to the dance, seeing this man who haunted me so well. But the next time I turned, he'd gone, no longer at my heel. He wasn't on the periphery, racing to catch up. It made my steps falter, but I kept running. More afraid now than when he stalking close behind.

I shot past the row of nailed dildos hanging from the roof, battling the fuckers out of the way, and jumped when a deep male laugh echoed nearby. Way too close. The ominous chuckle zapped right down my spine, made my balls twinge. Both lust and fear warred under my skin. The first, the lust, morphing and twisting as he played with my emotions. Was he about to catch me? What would he do? He wasn't supposed to...

My bare feet slapped on the concrete floor, and the music grew louder, the beat pounding and pulsing, making my heart race in time with it.

Lights flickered, plunging the space into almost complete pitch black save for some glow in the dark spiders, and I gasped, skidding to a stop. Shit. Where was I? I turned, tried to get my bearing. I'd built this fucking thing, timed the lights myself, but he had me twisted up, a squeezing, heart-pounding mess when I should be in full control.

I sucked in a breath to try to steady myself, calm the fuck down, but then the beat of the music shifted and the lights flashed on .

Gasping, I stumbled backward. He was there.

Right in front of me.

How the fuck—?

With a yell, I turned and ran in the opposite direction, fleeing back the way I came, even though it must be wrong. More of those stupid decorations tangled with me as I raced through the maze. The walls grew narrower, the music louder, everything darker, tighter, twisted... fuck.

My eyes squeezed shut of their own volition as I darted round another corner, so confused, so lost, so—I bounced off something hard and screamed so fucking loud my throat grew hoarse. Fingers grazed my shoulders, and I opened my eyes.

“How—” I started to say, but shook my head. Him, the man, the victor, he had me. I wrestled free of him, though his grip remained loose, and took a few measured steps back.

I wasn’t actually being chased here. We could call this a simple flub. I’d take a few turnings and it would all be okay. If he’d just wait... but he beckoned for me, curling his finger repeatedly to urge me closer again. My foot stepped towards him, my chest pushed to move nearer. His costume, the tilt of his head and the intensity of his black eyes called me to him. I wanted it, despite the raging terror now causing me to crash, I wanted him. But the game hadn’t finished.

I shook my head and darted around the corner, running again until I found the subtle arrows we’d built into the decorations. My mind was clearing.

But he was right behind me this time, not letting me get away like before. His heat, the pounding of his shoes juxtaposing my bare feet, the quick breaths he released. I felt him in the blood rushing through my veins, in the tingle at my neck, in the sweat prickling my spine.

He just didn't stop. He toyed with me, allowing me to slip out of his vicinity, only to catch right back up with that lethal chuckle. My mind turned to flashing images and emotions darting around, confusing me, overwhelming me as the curated playlist of crashing instruments and screaming vocals bounced through my skull. This maze was supposed to be silly, not scary, but my adrenaline peaked again, raging through me as I fought for my bearings.

I lost where I was, couldn't see the trail. Turned the wrong way. Panicked and flailed as sticky cobwebs brushed against my limbs.

Crashed into a wall, whipped around and tried to run away from the dead end. But he found me. My heart pounded as his tall body stepped closer, blocking my only exit. Shit. Shit!

"Stop—" I tried, but could only take rough breaths, only step back and press into the wall. He was... commanding, even with his features painted away and his entire body covered in thick, black clothing. It was his whole aura, scary, looming. Demanding. How?

He gave it a minute, let the reality of the situation sink over me. He'd caught me.

"Hello," his deep voice echoed, seeming louder than the blasting music, louder than the blood rushing around my ears. And my lust for him was louder than my desire to run.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 12:28 pm

Three

Cole

Lost little angelic lamb. That's what he looked like, wide-eyed and disheveled, pressed against a spiderweb of rope, with whips and chains dangling, scraping the ground, brushing against his bare skin.

He was delicious. And so, so scared as I took measured steps closer to him. Chasing him had been fun, too easy though, when I'd had the pleasure of watching over the shoulders of those who'd planned it. A few nights with a bottle of wine and a sketchpad, and it was all mapped out for whomever might come snooping.

Avery didn't often look at me with fear. Not when his friends forced him to be in the same room as me, civilized and polite in company. No, I got disdain, irritation... sometimes curiosity, or a stray spark he tried to hide. I wish I knew why. It was one of my biggest annoyances in life... but I manipulated it, had fun with it despite wishing those daggers would turn to mush.

This was... everything I wanted. His eyes were only for me, his entire being ached for me, to run from me, to step closer. It didn't matter. I saw it in the tension across his body, in the way his breathing hitched and how he swayed, reaching towards me. He wanted this. Me. A surge of victory, after all these years, poured through me.

"This isn't... we..." he tried to say, but he was having trouble catching up to the fact that this was perfect.

“Shh,” I soothed him, enjoying knowing he couldn’t tell who I was. I’d painted every inch of my face, and the shadows and the flashing lights in here, plus the heightened fear, I was safe from him figuring me out. Until I wanted him to, at least. And I didn’t know if I ever would.

I wanted this. Him. Too much to allow a little issue like him maybe recognizing me stop it.

“Turn around,” I demanded, my voice carrying over the music. In this corner of the maze, tucked away from the main fray, everything else disappeared. No music. No countdown. None of the cheesy Halloween decorations. “Let me see all of you.”

“N-No.” He shook his head. “Let me go. I’ll meet you in the victory room.”

“The victory room.”

His bottom lip sunk into his mouth as he nodded again, steeling himself. That fucking bottom lip. Avery had fat lips, that was the only way to describe them. Almost too big for his face, plush and heavy, the kind of lips perfect around a hard, throbbing cock. I’d grown obsessed with his lips over the years, and ached to run my thumb along them. My tongue. Sometimes, it was all I thought about as I fell asleep. I wanted to cause chaos with those lips.

To tug at them, bite them and watch a bead of blood form, only to lick it away. Most of the time when he caught me staring at him, it was because I couldn’t stop imagining all I could do to his mouth.

“You need to chase me there,” he said, that lip falling from between his teeth, shiny with spit. “That’s the prize you won. Chase me, find me, watch me dance for you.”

“Mm,” I grumbled. “But I want you here. I paid enough.” I stepped closer.

He threw a hand up to protect himself, and I stopped just an inch from his palm. “No touching.”

“No touching.”

“Don’t—Don’t touch me.” His voice wavered, his actions telling a different story. Despite his hand being up to stop me, his body language stayed open, his pupils blown and his chest heaving, and well, in those lacy panties ...

A smile broke on my face. He was just so fucking irresistible. “But I think you want me to.” I glanced down. “Your cock is clearly communicating all I need to know.”

He squeaked and shot his hands to cover his hard on. The thin, lacy fabric of the jockstrap did nothing to hide how turned on this delicious chase had made him. And at some point he’d lost the frilly skirt he’d been wearing, leaving the blush of his erection to show through the holes in the lace. My cock strained for his, hidden in the shadows of my dark jeans.

“Stop,” he murmured, voice so soft, but not preventing me from moving further into his space. I could feel his breath now, shallow and warm as it ghosted over my skin, warming the paint on my chin. He was a touch shorter than me, not much, but enough that I looked down on him.

Like a little rabbit, he stared up at me, eyes wide, mouth open, chest heaving.

“Please, stop,” he said again, but his body welcomed me in, and he did nothing to push me away, until we were almost chest to chest. “You... we... shit. ”

“Are there cameras in here, little rabbit?” I asked, not breaking my gaze with him. The contacts I wore made my pupils look larger, my eyes darker, and I didn’t see even a glimmer of recognition. Lust drunk fool .

He shook his head. “Only at the beginning and end.”

“Good,” I replied, allowing myself the small pleasure of ghosting my fingers across his chin, so close to those fucking lips. God, I wanted to kiss them, nibble at them, eat them down with bites and licks and sucks. “I want you to stay very still.”

I sank to my knees, welcoming the sharp sting as my bones hit the hard, cold floor. He squeaked in surprise and shivered above me, took in a sucking gasp of breath when my hands landed on his bare, shimmering ankles. He was perfect. So good. I glanced up at him to find him chewing the corner of his lip, his eyes wide as he watched me with questions glittering across his features. For a second, I focused on the sensation of his skin beneath mine, the boniness of his ankle, the artificial softness, like too much moisturizer. Touching him made me want to lose control.

But, without looking away from his face, I leaned forward, letting my nose graze along the print of his hard dick through his panties. Sucking in a deep breath, I welcomed his musky scent in. Fuck, I’d wanted to learn what he smelled like for so damn long, ached to press my face into the most private corners of his body and drown in his scent. It was delicious. Sweet, almost, his sweat salty and masculine despite his outward appearance, covered with a spray of flowery perfume. I loved it all, buried my nose deeper and groaned with no restraint, nuzzling into the sliver of skin where thigh met crotch and surrounded myself with him.

He gripped the rope behind him for support as his cock twitched against my head, making me laugh.

“Needy boy,” I chastised, laying a wet kiss against the scratchy lace, smiling to myself at how hard he’d grown, how hot his cock was, how desperately it wanted to bust free of the fabric and tunnel into my throat. I kissed it again, then stuck my tongue out flat, running up and down, soaking his panties while he whimpered and shook above me. I’d never touched a cock other than my own before, but it didn’t

matter. It wasn't his genitalia that had me wild, it was him. He could be a ken doll down here, and I'd still want to bury myself against him.

He gasped when I didn't stop nuzzling and mouthing him. "Please." And I pressed in just a little more, teased for another second, before moving my hands from his ankles, over his knees, his thighs, and to his hips, smearing the glitter shit he'd rubbed all over himself, before curling my fingers over the top of the lace and peeling it down so his cock sprung free. I salivated. Finally. Finally . Fuck, I'd wanted to see this sight for so damn long, to have his gorgeous, thick, and musky shaft inches from my face. Willing and waiting for my touch. Down here, in the dark, it was easy to pretend he craved me as much as I did him.

Unable to wait, I leaned forward and licked a long line from root to tip, groaning as my shaft thickened further in response, desperate for some friction too. I was so gone for this fucker and he didn't even know who I was under this face paint. His cock tasted about how I expected it to, like soap and skin and the faintest hint of sweat.

"Oh, my god..." he muttered to himself, almost just a sigh of surrender, with a full body shiver.

I swirled my tongue on the head of his cock, licking up the droplets of pre-cum gathered there for me. "Hold on tight to the rope, don't let go," I demanded, then not waiting for his response, I dove down, swallowing his shaft up, letting my lips tighten as I reached the base, my nose burying in his trimmed bush. His thighs shook, his knees quivered, and I sucked harder, moving back up until I was only suckling the head again, teasing and playful even when he vibrated with need. I'd had enough blow jobs in my life to understand what makes a good one, and being on the giving end? Fuck, it made me feel powerful. Making Ave melt was a fucking dream.

"You're so good, so good," I praised him, jerking his cock as I looked up at him. Our eyes met, and for a moment, I thought it was all over. He'd see me, know me, hate

me. “Taste fucking delicious. My amazing Av—Angel. Such an angel for me.”

“I don’t—” he started, but faltered and thrust his hips instead, letting his spit slick cock slide through the tunnel of my fingers.

My stomach tightened as I watched him, his cock head appearing and disappearing as he used me. Fuck, I wanted him to use me, take from me. “You’re amazing,” I muttered. “I want to destroy you and put you back together again.”

Avery’s eyes squeezed shut and his toes curled. “What are you doing to me?” he asked on a breathy moan, his breathing picking up like he was about to come.

I yanked his ball sack without warning, and he yelped. “You can’t come yet. I’m not ready for this to be over.”

He gasped, “I wasn’t—”

“Don’t lie,” I chided, holding all the power despite being on my knees. “We’re not wasting a drop. I want your balls heavy with cum before you spurt it down my throat, beautiful angel.”

The noises coming from him didn’t make sense, just a garble of pleading and moaning as I ducked my head and rested my teeth on his ball sack, held tight in my grip. “We going to get these heavy and aching?”

“Please,” he cried .

“I want it all.” I bit down, just a little. “Will you save it for me?”

“Every drop.”

My grin grew wide, but I tucked it away and kissed each of his balls before straightening back up to taste his cock again. He was giving in, truly, and it was all I could ever ask for.

An alarm sounded somewhere in the vast room, making us both jolt from our fever dream, and the lights flickered in a different pattern.

“Shit,” Avery said, gasping and trying to move away. I didn’t let him, though, squeezing his dick and holding him steady. I shook my head when he widened his eyes. “You’ve got to let me go.”

“Never,” I replied without thinking, furious this might be all over.

“Get up,” he urged, reaching down to tug at my arms, shoving his hands under my armpits to try to hoist me up. All that sinking, it was all undone.

I leaned in and bit on his cock head. Not enough to hurt. Just a warning. He yelped.

Avery grew more desperate. “No, you don’t understand. We can’t be caught. I’d... I might lose my job...”

I rolled my eyes. He was Zelda’s favorite person outside of her son, Leo, and my dad. Avery could shit on the stage and do a fucking Irish jig through it, and he’d still keep his job. Probably get a raise and cheer from the owners. But I relented, releasing him and standing, crowding into him so we were nose to nose.

His wet cock pressed against the fabric of my jeans.

“You’ll owe me now,” I growled. “I didn’t get to eat your cum.” I ran my nose along his jaw. “I want to eat your cum.”

He shuddered and released a fluttery sigh. “Uh, oh, okay... s-sure. Just... come on.”

I loved him flustered. He only ever gave me cold, so having him hot and bothered was a dream come true.

And when he took my hand, guiding me through the maze with practiced ease, my heart squeezed just a little. I was fucked.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 12:28 pm

Four

Avery

O kay, so this wasn't stopping. Not now. For a moment there, I thought I'd be able to successfully pull myself back and be responsible, but then he dropped to his knees, praised me like I was doing something wonderful for him while he sucked my cock as if he owned the damned thing. Who out there would put a stop to that?

And it was bullshit that I might lose my job. That lie had fallen from me in a moment of desperation. Zelda would probably cheer me on, then scour the CCTV footage for a glimpse of the mystery man and what he'd done to me. She wouldn't let it go, even if I begged her to drop it.

It made it ten times hotter that I didn't know who was under the face paint. And he'd paid for me, parted with his hard-earned cash just for the chance to see me dance, to catch me. Mmm.

This was far from over .

With his warm hand in mine, I pulled him the rest of the path through the maze, smiling at my handiwork as a row of skeletons with dildos for boners hung by their necks from the ceiling. A few had padded bras across their chest and strap-ons I'd wrestled their gangly plastic legs through, too. A thing of beauty. And with my senses returning to me, it was easy to navigate again. The fear was almost gone, but adrenaline still coursed through me, making me light-headed, think foolish thoughts. A little unnerved in the best possible way.

“Jesus,” the man muttered at the skeleton display, and I laughed, airy and free as I tugged him to the end of the maze and into the private room we’d been designated. There were three winners rooms set up, all with the spooky theme continuing, though with a lot less effort. Here wasn’t about the spooky, it was about the dance.

Shutting the door behind us silenced the pounding music of the maze and threw us into darkness for a moment. I let go of the mystery mans hand, my skull face, and scrambled for the switch on the wall. His grip on my hip stopped me from moving far, and he tried to tug me back to him.

“Stay there,” I muttered, shivering at his warmth, so close but unmoving. “Wait, let me...” I found the switch and flicked it over before leaving him and scrambling into position on the small circular stage we’d erected. I was supposed to be here and waiting when he found me at last, so the effect was a little lost. But I was nothing if not a performer.

It was only a slight step up, with a pole reaching to the ceiling in the middle. Deep red velvet drapes covered the walls, with strings of black skulls and knots of cobwebs pinned to the ceiling. A plush red chaise lounge, draped in black spider webbing and plastic spiders, sat a few feet away from the stage, a perfect viewing position.

I glanced up at the camera in the corner. We were watched in here, not actively, but if I pressed one of the many alarms in the room, it would draw the attention of whoever was on duty. A bouncer, or often Luca or Zelda, would be in within seconds, ready to help.

Fuck, I hoped no one was watching, because the idea of keeping it in my pants with this man here was an impossible thought. Bracing myself, I wrapped my palm around the metal pole and prepared myself for the show he’d paid for.

My sexy skull face dropped himself onto the chaise, spreading himself out, one arm

braced on the backrest, legs wide to present his goods to me. His pants tented, and he rubbed himself through the fabric with a brazenness that did nothing to make my erection wane, flashing me a wink before gesturing for me to begin. Something about that gesture made my brain stutter, but I pushed it away.

I looked at the camera again. No way they weren't getting more of a spectacle than they'd bargained for.

The chase through the maze was the first part. This was his reward, a performance from his captive. A low, rumbling beat started up, and I swayed my hips, letting the pulse of it wash over me.

I'd never felt so damn watched as I moved, dancing and using the pole to fly around, to show off my body. I could move and bend with ease, drift from one position to the next, throwing my legs up, thrusting out my ass, rubbing my glittery skin with my hands and leaning against the pole, stretching the lacy fabric across my flesh to the extreme as I thrust and writhed.

And with each movement, I struggled to look away from the man who had me rapt. I couldn't get into the dance, into the rhythm of it, because every cell of my being lasered in on him.

When I peeled the bralette from my chest, he unzipped himself and yanked his cock free. It made me falter, lose my place in the dance. And all I could do was stare, frozen for a beat, before he cleared his throat and gestured for me to continue with that cocky assuredness that made my heavy balls squeeze. He'd taken me to the edge of an orgasm already, and a light breeze would have set me shooting off.

He ran his hands up and down his shaft, gathering any pre-cum he found with his thumb and dragging it down, his eyes never leaving mine. I turned away, took a deep breath, and rolled my hips, showing off my back, my ass, the jock strap framing my

cheeks, cutting in at the top of my thigh in that perfect, juicy way.

He groaned again, and I heard him spit on his dick, the sound of his masturbation growing slicker, dirtier. My cock fucking shuddered for it, a full shaft-length throb of need.

My hands flew to my ass cheeks, and I rubbed, overcome with the urge to show him more. More of myself. Every inch. I wanted him to worship me like he'd almost done before. No one had ever—

“Show me that hole, beautiful angel,” he moaned, fabric shuffling like he was moving closer. “Show me where my tongue is going to be buried.”

I did it, tugged my cheeks apart for him to look his fill, exposing myself without a thought in my head.

“Bend forward. Show me how far you can fold yourself in half.” His commands made my belly ache. “I know you can do it. ”

My heart beat fast as I followed his orders, my dance routine forgotten as I bent at the hips, my cheeks spreading further apart for him as I went. I stopped when my nose was near my knees, and squeezed my eyes shut at how exposed I was. Opening myself to this man seemed natural, necessary.

“You’re so good at that,” my skull face said, and I heard a shuffle as he stood, walking over to me. “Look at you up on that stage, showing me how clever you are, how talented.”

A fingernail trailed down my spine, bumping lightly over every knob of bone as he got closer and closer to where I most wanted him.

“Fucking hell, you’re incredible,” he sighed, almost wistful. “Stay like that.”

I did. Of course I did. Even when I realized what he was doing, how he was getting himself into position behind me. How hot breath fanned across my crack when he settled on his knees and stroked my legs.

When his tongue licked over my rim, from my balls to my spine, it took everything in me not to buckle forward.

“Good boy,” he soothed, his hands running up and down my thighs. “You’re doing so good. Let me taste you properly. Don’t move an inch.”

His hot tongue swirled over my clenching hole, and I cried out, growing dizzy, as he groaned and grew desperate, eating and sucking and licking, tasting me with such thoroughness I thought I might pass out from the pleasure of it. The rasp of his tongue against sensitive, thin skin was indecent, delicious.

He fucked me with his tongue, pressing past the ring of muscle and deeper, as deep as he could get, prodding and roaming and licking to devour me, sending shivers of aching sensation racing down my unsteady legs, and up to heat my neck and chest as I tried to steady my breathing, to not pass out from the sheer intensity of the sensations he was forcing upon me.

I whined when he wouldn’t stop, when I fidgeted to adjust my body to a more comfortable position and he yanked me closer still, his entire face pressed to my ass as he ravaged me. I felt his nose squash against my hole, his kisses planting all over my skin, over the globes of my ass and along my hips. He never stopped moaning and muttering about how delicious I was, how perfect, how much he craved me, and I almost let him keep me like that, upside down, prone, because I wanted him to be happy. I longed to give him everything he asked for.

But my head grew fuzzy and I began to babble, and at last, he let me collapse forward, onto my knees, chasing me down and curving his front around my back so his lips were against my ear, so as much of our bodies touched as possible. I was almost naked, but he was fully dressed, the denim and cotton of his clothes scratchy against my flushed skin.

I was sweating, loopy with lust and pleasure, and the sensation of him at my rear kicked up something primal in me. He'd captured me in that maze.

"I was right," he whispered, nipping at my lobe. "You do taste fucking amazing. Such a good boy for me, angel baby."

A laugh fell from me at the name, at my position, and at how messed up he had me. Christ, I'd never been so gone for someone I didn't even know.

"You want to taste me?" he asked, his voice almost wavering, his confidence ebbing just a touch. I'm not sure anyone else would even have noticed, but I found myself straining round to meet his mouth, to reassure him.

I kissed him, a soft one at the side of his lips. They were painted black, and some of the pigment would transfer to me if I wasn't careful. I must have a black-and-white striped dick and ass now, too, though, so who really cared?

The gasp that fell from him as our lips met was like nothing I would have expected. "Angel," he sighed, then cupped my jaw, turning me and making my entire body twist around so I was on my back, thumping to the stage with him looming over me.

"Fucking do that again," he begged, waiting for me to strain up and kiss him as he settled between my open legs. "Kiss me, baby." He squeezed his eyes closed, like he was restraining himself, and I had to have more of him, this shift in demeanor fascinating.

I lunged up and pressed my lips to his again, closed at first, chaste but needy, and kissed him. Tender, all over his lips, while he stayed so still, so steady, eyes remaining slammed shut.

He let me work over his soft mouth, his skin coming up in goosebumps as I flickered my tongue over his bottom lip and followed it with a sucking kiss. Warming his lips, making them wet and pliable, and he remained a statue through it all, but I could tell from his little gasps he was enjoying it. He held himself so stiff above me, like he might explode over any at second too.

When I started trailing my kisses down his jaw, he finally flipped.

“That fucking mouth,” he growled, losing all that decorum and calm, grabbing my face and squeezing my jaw until my lips fell apart. Then his tongue was on mine, shoved deep in my mouth, massaging and roaming, seeking out every corner as he began rutting into me, his hard cock grinding against mine through too many layers of fabric .

My hands moved over his body, and he whimpered each time I touched somewhere new. His back, the top of his arms, the skin on his neck.

“Keep touching me,” he cried against my mouth. “Touch me everywhere. I need you to.”

For someone so commanding, he had such an interesting softness to him. A neediness I craved to heal. To fulfill.

I ghosted my hands through his hair, tugging on the longer strands, twisting locks of it behind his ear. All while he purred and groaned, shoving himself so close to me it felt like we might become a single amorphous blob of pheromones.

“Touch lower,” the stranger begged, his lips moving against mine before he sucked the bottom one between his teeth, nibbling and licking.

My hands moved down his solid, muscled back, down and around his waist, to his tight stomach. His breath hitched when I moved my fingertips over his navel and settled with my grip on his jeans.

“Your hands on me,” he whispered. “Fuck, your hands on me...”

When I went to slip beneath his jeans, he reacted with a jolt, rearing up and off, yanking me to my stumbling feet as he did.

“Need you naked,” he said. “On the couch. ”

I huffed out a laugh, horniness rolling through me as I walked backwards until the back of my shins hit the plush fabric.

“Strip it away, beautiful,” he cooed, tipping his head. “I’m going to eat you up.”

“What if I want to eat you up first?” I teased, biting my lip.

His strange colored eyes heated. Fuck, something familiar struck me with that look again. It was dark in here, though, my vision playing tricks on me.

“Get that lip out from between your teeth or we won’t make it any further.” His voice was almost cold as he spoke, and it sent shivers through me. I chewed my lip more. To tease, or to soothe myself, I couldn’t be sure. He’s switched up again, demanding of me, that whimpering neediness hidden once more. Interesting.

“A—Angel. Now.” He stepped closer to me, one slow step that made me gasp, made my lip pop free. Spit slicked and sensitive. I’d always had such big lips, had to work

to love them, but as an adult, I did. They looked amazing painted red or shining with lip gloss under the stage lights.

I rolled my lips together, holding my breath. The urge to be bad for him grew, to go against his wishes and be naughty. What would he do? Would he punish me? I squeezed my cock through the wet lace, cupping it, and dragged my teeth across my bottom lip again.

“Please be good for me, baby,” he whispered, stepping into my space and running his nose along mine. I kept my lip between my teeth as he sighed and rested his thumb on my chin, just below my mouth. “Be good for me, my angel. Let that lip go.”

He tugged my chin down and my lip popped free. Before I could react, he was kissing me again. Groaning into my mouth as he forced his tongue in.

“Fuck, you taste so good. I want to drown you in syrup and cream and lick it all back up,” he said into my mouth between licks and bites and kisses. “I want to fuck my cum into you and eat it back out, share it with you. I bet your cum is delicious, musky and salty and all you.”

“Please,” I cried, desperate in that moment to know his name. “I want you inside me now.”

“Turn around.”

When I didn't do as he asked, still kissing him, smearing his face paint into a gray mess, he forced me to turn, twisting my body and pushing my back so I fell onto the chaise, bent at the hips with my ass presented to him. Still framed in the lace jock strap, I was so wonderfully exposed.

I heard him work up a glob of spit, and a second later it landed wet on my hole .

“I don’t have lube,” he said. “But I want to take you raw, anyway. Make it hurt a little. I bet you’ve had plenty in here before, huh?” he asked, his finger scooping the trail of his spit from my taint and swirling it around my still slick ass hole.

I twitched, his question throwing me for a moment. He sounded possessive, irritated, even.

“You had many boyfriends? Girls with a penchant for pegging?”

“What?” I tried to turn, my buzz dulling a little, but then he drove that finger inside me, and everything rushed back in a haze of heat.

“Shh,” he soothed, fucking his finger in and out of me. “Let me get you ready.”

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 12:28 pm

Five

Cole

Kissing him was insanity, it was soul-destroying in the most ass-handing way. How had I not done this all these years?

I'd never kissed another man before tonight, never touched one in a sexual manner at all. I'd had threesomes with my twin brother, but they were strictly with a woman and hard boundaries between us. About dominance rather than anything else. I enjoyed it, but it was nothing compared to having Avery beneath me, begging for more.

This, this was fucking incredible. I'd been waiting so long. And now I had him spread out, writhing and whining as I touched him just right. If he knew the identity of who he was throwing it back for...

My face paint smeared with every lick and kiss. He might find out. And never look at me again. I pushed that painful thought away and focused, driving my finger in and out of his gorgeous hole while he moaned and thrust, meeting my movements with his own, unashamed.

"More," he begged. "Give me more."

I obliged, spitting on his skin again before working another finger into him. I wanted it to hurt a little, to punish for resisting me for so long. He wasn't a virgin here, that was obvious from all the conversations I'd overheard, the laughter about his conquests, the teasing between friends when he came home the next morning. He

could take it.

I laughed in my head, it was me with no experience in this room. Cocks and balls in my face, my mouth, all new to me. But his, I wanted his. All of him. Every inch. I wanted to suck his toes, lick his armpits, nibble at those damned plush lips until he gasped and begged for relief.

Tonight would have to be enough. He didn't want me. Not the Cole he knew. The one he despised on sight, and refused to shift his opinion of.

When he took two fingers and pleaded for more, I stroked down his spine, leaning over his body to lay kisses on his shoulder blades, and pushed in a third. He shivered and groaned, shoving back on me.

"Oh my god," he cried out. "I can't believe I'm doing this. Zelda's going to get a good fucking show..."

I snorted a laugh, thinking of her expression if I didn't reach the footage first. I doubted anyone was watching live though. They'd be in by now to stop this. But I was mindful of needing to delete it all before Zelda, or my dad, saw anything. This side of Avery belonged to me only.

I'd been following my bastard father into sex clubs from as soon as I'd grown old enough to, and he fast stopped trying to prevent it, and now he had his own. We existed as father and son in a way most wouldn't approve of, and I knew he didn't like that side of himself anymore. He was changing for his youngest son, but it was too late for his adult twins. He'd fucked us up good and proper already.

"Three enough? Want to go for four or shall I fuck you now?" I asked, returning my attention to the beautiful man writhing for me.

“Cock, please,” Avery gasped, slamming his hips back so my entire body jolted with each thrust. Jesus christ, I couldn’t wait to feel him around my cock, hot and squeezing.

But first, I grabbed him by his hair, turning his face to the side and moving so my dick rested against his lips. “Get me wet.”

His eyes were ablaze, looking up at me as he slid his plush lips over the head of my cock. I had to take a deep breath to prevent coming on the spot at the sight I’d always craved. Fat blow job lips, wet and warm, sucking me deeper than I expected .

“Woah,” I soothed, holding him off me, not wanting him to choke on it yet. “Easy, beautiful. Take your time.”

“We don’t have much time,” he said, words muffled as he kept me on his tongue.

That’s right, an hour in this room was what I’d paid for. The chase, and an hour. We must be at least halfway through now, if not more.

“Get me wet,” I repeated, anxious to push inside him before the clock ran down. This time, I let him work that thick spit from the back of his throat over me, let him drool and slobber until my cock dripped with saliva.

When I got close to coming, my balls and stomach squeezing, I yanked myself away and grinned when he chased with his needy mouth. He looked fucked already, wanton and overused. Perfect, so perfect. Everything about him. Fuck. This man. How had this man burrowed so deep under my skin? With his messy curls and big eyes, those lips, the way he helped raise my baby brother... before then even, from the first moment I saw him, glaring at me at Zelda’s drunken side when I sidled up to antagonize her.

Avery. Angel.

“On your back, I want to look at you,” I told him, while tugging my hoodie up to throw my face into further shadow. The skull paint had no doubt smeared, it was all over his chin and his cheeks. If he recognized me, he would hate me for good.

No redemption.

He moved without protest, landing on his back and holding his knees up by his shoulders right away, spreading himself wide for me. His wet, pink asshole glimmered for me, and I allowed myself a leisurely lick of his rim before looming over him again.

He was breathing shallow, staring at me so hard. But he didn't touch me again. He gripped the back of his knees, his mouth open, tongue peeking out, cock throbbing and leaking all over his abs and chest. He curled up, ass in the air, a present for me.

All I wanted was for him to be mine.

Willing and open.

I dribbled more spit on his hole and rested my cock there, marveling at the view for a few short seconds, taking a mental snap shot to jerk off over for life.

“Please, skull man, get inside me. I can't take it anymore,” Avery breathed. “I want you to make it hurt.”

So I breached him, the spit working fine as lube. It wasn't a slick slide to balls deep, but we got there, inch by moaning inch, as his body yielded to mine with each steady thrust .

When my hips touched his ass, we both released a long breath. I was inside Avery, his warm body wrapped around my cock. Holy shit.

“You’re so amazing, beautiful angel,” I told him, stroking the soft hair on his thighs, running my fingers along the shaft of his aching cock. It flushed a deep red, visible even in this low light. I decided then I needed him to come in my mouth, that I had to feel his cock throb and explode for me.

When I didn’t move, lost in the vision of it, he did.

“No,” I said, stiffening my grip so he couldn’t adjust. But he cried out and fought me, trying to writhe, to fuck himself on my cock.

“Please ,” he gasped, a blush of red crawling up his chest, his pulse pounding at his throat. He was so needy, so special.

“Hold it,” I told him. “Please, be good for me. Be so good for me, don’t disappoint me, my angel. I know you can do it. Stay still.”

With a whimper, he did as I asked, scrunching his eyes up and bracing himself, not moving at all. A sight to behold. Avery, laid out before me, impaled on my cock. His ass stretched tight around my shaft, his cock so hard it pointed to the ceiling.

“Good job,” I told him, unable to resist leaning closer to kiss inside his knees, one, then the next, while he sighed.

When I moved, thrusting my hips back, then forward, it set off a loud moan from him, almost a shout.

Things grew blurry then. We became a mess of sweaty limbs, grunting and huffing as I fucked him hard, slamming my hips into him over and over, marveling at the

expression on his face. Zaps of fire shot through my body, racing up my spine and down to my fucking fingertips.

He was smaller than me, something I enjoyed very much when I was annoying him in politer company. So I grasped for him, hoisting him up, before plopping down to sit on the couch with him straddling me.

He gasped again as his ass sunk lower onto me, and his full weight settled on my thighs. “Ride me, beautiful.”

“God, this is wild,” he said as he wrapped his arms around my neck and ground his dancer’s hips on top of me. He leaned down so our chests pressed together, and his warm breath fanned my neck.

I let my fingers roam again, needing to touch all of him before we both came and he was ripped away from me. This was all I would ever have.

So I ran my hands through his hair, down his neck and his back, around to his hips where I helped lift him up and down, forcing him to slam down hard on my lap. I wanted him here forever, not just fucking me, but curled up to sleep, fucking snuggling and waking up to the birds tweeting on our non-existent window sill. I wanted this fucker to burrow into me. Wanted him to want to.

I returned to his hair and forced his head back, licking a long line up his neck, his jaw, nibbled his ear lobe.

“I’m not going to last much longer,” he moaned when I pinched his nipple.

“Can you come hands free?” I asked, marveling once again at the wonder that was this man.

He shook his head. “I need to—”

“Then you can hold it,” I interrupted. “I’m not done.”

“Time,” he replied, his word no more than a breath as he groaned deeply and changed his rhythm, slowing down, rocking on me rather than slamming. His head lolled forward when I let his hair go.

Shit, we didn’t have long. I wanted to taste his cum, wanted him to paint my tongue and my throat, so I knew. So I was acquainted with every part of him.

“I’ve got you,” I told him, twisting us again so he lay beneath me, his ass hanging off the couch. I plunged back into him, rearing above him to bite and kiss and suck each inch of him reachable. My mouth found his armpit, his arms thrown above his head, and I tasted him there, the flavor of his sweat making me damn near feral. When he cried out and shook, I moved, biting a line down to his nipples, pressing my teeth in until his skin began to strain under the pressure, almost pop.

“Ah-ungh,” was all he managed to say, but he didn’t stop me. He let me fuck him and eat him, graze my sharp teeth across his sensitive flesh. I gnawed at his shoulders, tugged on his earlobes and ravaged his neck, biting and sucking bruises wherever my mouth fell. He was mine. Mine mine mine. He had to be. This couldn’t be all.

I fell down, my knees on the cold floor, and wrapped my fist around his cock, squeezing the base so he wouldn’t shoot everywhere while I found my end inside of him, yanking him down further so he was fully impaled on me.

“Oh, my god...” he whined, so desperate and aching. I gazed down at his abused body. His balls were so tight against the root of his cock, so eager to explode, as I no doubt hit somewhere deep inside him to make him almost black out. He looked done for. I squeezed his cock to stave off his orgasm for a second longer.

“Look at me,” I demanded, and when he did without hesitation, I crested, shooting my load inside him, over and over again, rope after rope flooded his ass as my entire body clenched and relaxed at once, flinching and heating and blacking out and whitening the edges of my vision as all my fucking dreams came true .

Amazing.

Avery’s eyes on me, with reverence, not hatred. Why did he hate me?

With the last ebbs of my orgasm still squeezing the pit of my stomach, I withdrew from him, plugging his ass with two of my fingers before any of my cum leaked out. I leaned down and took his desperate cock in my mouth, jerking him with my other hand up to meet my lips. The urge to bite, to cause him shivers of pain, was strong, but I didn’t.

I was clumsy at this, I knew that. His was the first cock I’d had in my mouth, but he didn’t care. Didn’t know.

Watching Avery through my eyelashes as he came apart was the most wonderful thing I’d ever seen. He twitched and heaved and yelled out as his cum splashed on my tongue. I swallowed each bitter load with greed, a mini-orgasm making my eyes flutter just at the sight, the taste.

I didn’t want to let him go, and kept sucking, licking, even when his cock began to soften against my tongue. No. It couldn’t be over now. Not now. He was mine, for fuck’s sake.

My head fell to his thigh, his warm, pliable cock resting on my tongue. His hand stroked the fabric of my hoodie and he squeezed his ass around my fingers. Saying nothing about my behavior .

This was my official happy place. Fuck anything else.

But with a sigh, it was obvious my time was up. I had to get out of here before he realized who'd just rocked his world. Who'd just ruined his own. One taste of Avery would never be enough. Could never be.

Still suckling his cock, I withdrew my fingers and reached up, running my cum-covered fingertips along his lips. He sucked them in, moaning and licking up my fluid.

Like a slap to the face, the outside world came rushing back. Our music had stopped, and I heard the spooky maze soundtrack again. Everything seemed small, stupid. Halloween decorations hung from every corner, haphazard and half-hearted. I had a fucking plastic spider stuck to my arm. Avery was tangled with fake webbing.

I withdrew. Kissed his knee and stood. Without looking back at him, I left the room where I'd made the biggest mistake of my life.

He said something just before the door slammed shut, but I didn't let the words enter my mind. This had to be locked the fuck away.

How the fuck could I look at him again now that I'd learned what he tasted like?

Deleting the footage was easy. As I suspected, Zelda and dad were nowhere to be found, probably fucking somewhere in the maze themselves.

The CCTV on these back rooms was on a 24-hour loop, so it would be gone soon anyway, but I wanted to save Avery the trouble. He'd figure something had happened if he came up here, that it was mysteriously gone, but he wouldn't guess why.

I deleted the footage from their system, but not before uploading it to my phone. It

was dark, hard to make out grainy fucking, but if it was all I'd ever have of him. I'd take it.

This would have to be my little secret.

Once I had it, I headed to my dad's office to use his bathroom. I was a mess, sloppy and disheveled, my movements too loose, like I was punch drunk and sleep deprived all at once. I didn't like it. The memories, the cause of it all, would haunt me now.

I scrunched my nose up at the pack of baby wipes I found on his desk, but swiped them, heading into the small ensuite through a tucked away door. I used them, wiping off as much of the skull make up as I could. The black and white muddled together on the wipes, turning a messy gray with streaks of Avery's body glitter shining through, and it took dozens to get everything off my skin, from my eyebrows and around my ears. Taking the contacts out hurt, my eyes dry and sore from the cheap things I'd picked up from a party store on the way here.

Watching my features come back into focus in the dark mirror above the sink was strange, confronting. And leaving the piles of blackened face wipes on dad's desk felt like leaving the secret behind.

I wasn't him anymore, the skull-faced man who'd fucked Avery. I was myself, Cole, his most hated.

With a black hole where my heart should be, I left the office to sneak out the back. There was nothing for me here now I was myself again.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 12:28 pm

Six

Avery

“What’s your name...?” I asked as the door slammed shut, my mystery skull faced man darting away before I’d even awoken from what he’d done to me, still reeling from the crazy orgasm and the way he treated my body.

Of course he’d leave. For a minute, while he’d been warming my spent cock and stroking my insides with such tenderness, I thought he might stay. He might wipe that make up off his face, show me his features and giggle with me about how intense it had all been.

But he got what he paid for. More than.

I was just a whore. And... I didn’t hate it.

A deep laugh fell from me, and I flopped back on the chaise for a moment, staring up at the ceiling that now looked so cheesy with its Halloween decorations. What the hell had we done? And why did I like it so much? My skin was covered in darkening bruises and tender bite marks, and I ran my fingers over each of them, cataloguing them, reminiscing already.

The idea of being paid for, of someone being so unable to resist me we broke the rules, it twisted up my sore insides. Easy money, if every client would be like my mystery skull man. This one had rocked my world, then shattered what was threatening to build in less than an hour. No strings.

Charlie had been encouraging me to try escorting, said she'd been able to pay off college in full in just over a year meeting with kinky men for dating and 'companionship'. Maybe it was time. If this served as any indication.

I stood on sore, shaking legs, scooped up my tattered lingerie and pulled it on, adjusting it so my sticky cock and balls were tucked away, then I stumbled from the room, ignoring the stench of sex we'd left behind for the next winner. They'd be in the maze now, running and enjoying themselves.

Unsteady, my body at odds with my mind, I moved through the corridors towards Zelda's office. Fuck going to the staff room like this. I wasn't in any mood to talk to anyone, and she had a little shower and clothes to steal. Smears of black and white paint covered my skin, no doubt all over my face, too, and I didn't want the questions .

He'd left, so fucking fast, and with each step I took, I couldn't work out if it annoyed me or if I was glad of it. We couldn't match that again, that intensity and chemistry. It would be impossible. No, it was a moment in time, a crazy lapse in judgement I would be thinking about whenever I next jerked off.

Smiling to myself, I reached the top of the stairs and started down the hall to Zelda's office.

I stopped with a sharp halt when a shadowy figure came out of Luca's office as I turned the corner. It was right by to Zelda's because the two disgusting love birds couldn't be apart for long.

"You're banned," I said, recognizing Cole, my hackles rising. He stood as the last person I wanted to see looking like this. We had to co-exist, and it was just about manageable when we were in company, but alone... my body told me to run. He let loose a gut feeling in me I didn't enjoy, a clawing ache that ate away at my insides. Ever since I'd met him, however many years ago, he'd triggered a fight-or-flight

instinct in me, something that made me back off. I knew it pissed him off, but he also enjoyed it, teasing me, toying with me at every opportunity. Man was an asshole.

Cole stiffened and turned, his dark eyes roaming up and down my body. I wanted to curl inward, but instead I stuck my hip out, crossed my arms. Brazen it out with this man in my fucked out, barely hidden skin.

“You look a mess,” he replied, his tone flatter than normal. “Dirty.”

“You’re not supposed to be here,” I reiterated, ignoring how his words made my stomach muscles clench. Zelda had stopped his access here after I’d found him in the staff room waiting for me one time, she told him he’d gone far enough.

He stared at me, his expression so fucking stony and dark. Even in the darkness of the corridor, he seemed to suck in more, like a black aura around him. His eyes glittered, though, shiny, maybe sore, like he’d been rubbing at them. We all tolerated it because he was family, but he had a bleakness in him that sucked the air out of every room. “Yeah, well, there are a lot of things I’m not supposed to do.”

I wasn’t in the right mindset for him. Fucking hell, he annoyed me. Unnerved me. But tonight, he didn’t come into my space like normal. He kept his distance. Not teasing, pushing, grinding my gears until I snapped and fought with him.

“What are you hiding?” I asked. “What were you doing in there?”

He shrugged, and tension rolled between us .

“Fuck this,” I muttered, and reached for the handle to Zelda’s office.

I hated him. My body lit afire when he came close, when he touched me and I wrestled away.

I went to push the door open to escape, when his hand wrapped over mine and squeezed. As I gasped, he yanked the door back shut and pushed me against it. He was sure fucking light-footed for someone so huge.

“Cole,” I hissed. “Get off.”

He laughed, his warm breath tickling my ear. “Oh, I will,” he growled. “I have some delicious-looking footage to watch, you see. An angel and a skeleton. You looked good spread out for him.”

My gut bottomed out. Oh, shit. He knew? He’d seen it? I didn’t have the mental capacity to deal with this, I was only just staying upright at this point. I clawed at the back of his hand until he released mine, and slipped into Zelda’s office before he could react, slamming the door shut with a shaky gasp.

Spinning, I rested my forehead on the cool wood, taking deep breaths. Did it really matter if he’d seen it? It was just another thing for him to use against me, and the owners wouldn’t care what I’d done on the clock. But still, it bothered me more than it should. That man I’d been with had opened me up, made me so vulnerable, shown his own vulnerabilities, too. It was fucking private.

Cole had seen me with someone else.

I didn’t like it.

It was minutes of calming my racing heart before I heard a shuffling of feet right at the door.

“Are you right there?” I whispered, rolling my face so my cheek rested on the cool door instead. I didn’t feel ready to move yet. Thought I might collapse to the floor if I took a step.

He didn't speak, but I felt him. For long, drifting minutes, I felt him. Something was up with him tonight.

When he moved on, taking loud, measured steps down the corridor, I decided things needed to change. I was going to get that footage from him, study it, find out who my mystery world-rocker was and move away from the fucker who only ever frustrated me beyond all reason.

Screw Cole. Screw his teasing and the distaste he left in my mouth. I had a man to find.