



Redeeming Logan

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: Logan

I thought I found my perfect little lamb, but she didn't want me as much as I wanted her. Taking the job at Harmony Heights is the best thing that has happened to me lately. Feeding my desire for blood and watching the life leave the eyes of my newest victims as they scream for mercy they'll never get. Hoping to find my little lamb among the lost souls left in this place. When she's finally offered up to me on a silver platter I realize that my perfect little lamb isn't a lamb at all...

Taliah

Getting tossed into Harmony Heights has been a blessing and a curse. A curse because I was ripped away from my life and forced to pay off my parent's debt with my life. A blessing because the doctor in this institution is more than I would have expected. He draws out a darkness that lurks inside of me that I didn't realize was there. My need to be around him is consuming me the more he tries to push me away. Will he ever let me in or will I end up on his butchering block like the others?

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Screams echo throughout the room, causing a delightful shiver to run down my spine. Tears cascading down the girl's cheeks and dripping to the floor. The euphoric feeling that is coursing through my body from her pain is immense. Her pleading for me to stop just makes me crave the pleasure of hurting her more. Brushing my fingers over the new knife set I was gifted when I was hired on here, a chilling smile graces my face.

This job was a dream come true. Almost like the universe was on my side for once in my life. After I watched White Valley burn to the ground, I held myself up in my car in the middle of a damn forest for a few weeks. I only come out to charge my phone or eat. I was a disgusting mess; my skin was so itchy from dirt and grime. Not to mention my hair looked like I had drowned it with a bottle of olive oil. It was not fun by any means, but it gave me enough time to search through the dark web to find this new oasis. I swipe the new filet knife off the tray and bring it to the screaming woman. Or what's left of her anyway. Shhhh, I mutter to her, trying to soothe her fears. "Everything will be okay; don't worry." Her screams intensify with one look at my sweet smile; I'd be lying if I said it didn't make my dick hard. Running the knife up and down her arm before I applied pressure to peel off a slice of skin, it came off nice and clean, like the dusty peel of a potato. I hold it up under my nose, inhaling the sharp copper scent that goes straight to my hardening cock. Dropping it to the floor with a splat, I continue to the next arm.

At this point, the woman is hyperventilating in my chair, and I'm worried she's about to end all of our fun together. My sweaty face twists into a pout as I peer down at the shaking leaf.

"Oh, come on now, sweetheart. It's not so bad, is it? Look at how pretty you bleed for

me. You smell delightful. Ah ah ah, keep those pretty eyes open for me. Just a little bit longer, and then it will all be over.” I smooth my hand over her head, brushing her hair away from her sweaty forehead.

“P-p-please no more. P-please...” She mumbles pathetically with her head nodding off to the side. Damn it, she’s definitely about to pass out now. She was my favorite plaything so far. Full of hateful spirit and determination to stay alive. The one that’s lasted the longest. My search for the perfect Little Lamb will have to continue then. I know she’s out there, just waiting for me to make my mark on her.

“Okay, sweetie, I know you’re tired. You did so well for me, but not well enough, unfortunately.” I let out a deep and disappointed sigh, grabbing the small electric saw from the tray next to her. “Close your eyes now, and you’ll wake up in a better place. Well maybe. Better than this place anyway.”

The buzz of the saw ricochets off the walls along with her desperate screams. I bring it down across her heaving chest, making sure to avoid her heart. I wouldn’t want to damage my trophy now, would I? The melodic gargled noise coming from her throat abruptly stops. Letting out a grunt, I successfully separated her shoulders from her chest. Blood pitter-patters off of the chair onto the concrete floor beneath us. Pooling around my leather loafers and filling the air with a sickly sweet scent. Reaching inside her still chest with my hand, I tug and pull out her heart.

Heavy and warm in my hand, it lets out its last beat as the blood drips from it onto the floor. Admiring its beauty, I walk over to my treasure trove along the wall, removing a lid from an empty jar and shoving it inside of the solution. Screwing the lid back on, I stare at my pretties. Each is different and unique just like its owner but also strangely similar.

Lifting my hand, I become entranced with the red liquid running down my arm. Popping a finger into my mouth, I suck it clean and moan at the coppery taste.

Stalking to the corner of the room, I wash up in the small chrome sink quickly before heading to my beaten-up cherry wood desk by the door. Snagging a pen from the #1 Doctor cup in the corner, I sign off on the woman's completion of treatment. Folding the paper, I walk out the door, sneaking one last look at the bloody mess behind me before slamming the thick steel door. I Slowly stalk down the hall towards the headmaster's office to drop off the paperwork and collect my next patient.

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The bass of the music thumps through the sidewalk, vibrating my bones as I walk away from the party. I never attend these types of things, but I was desperate to get out of my house. Any type of distraction was welcome, so when my best friend Sarah invited me out with her, I jumped at the opportunity.

Sarah and I are like yin and yang. She's the lightness to my darkness, although she doesn't know just how dark I am inside. I don't think anyone cares enough to find out either. Sarah is the queen bee of this town and gets invited to every shindig here. People couldn't care less if I showed up. When I do show up, I'm always hassled for drugs just because of my parents. I don't even touch the nasty shit. Never have and never will. I've seen how it's corrupted my parents' lives.

The fact that I was even befriended by the queen bee still shocks me even after ten years. When we were nine, she saw me sitting under a tree at the park and came over to sit with me. She started blabbing away about her new Barbie dream house like I actually knew what that was. She hasn't left my damn side since. Like a remora fish and a shark swimming through treacherous waters together.

Kicking away at the rocks and fallen leaves on the sidewalk, I reminisce on the night at the party. Everyone left me alone to my own devices, just how I liked it. Sipping away at some disgusting beer to try and numb some of the pain, but it never works. The pain lives inside of me like a permanent fixture. It's freezing outside tonight, and the lingering effects of the alcohol are doing nothing for me at this point.

I trek my way through the darkness back to my shitty reality. Where upbeat music and drunken laughter don't exist. Where the stale scent of cigarettes and piss lingers in the air of my run-down home. Standing in front of my home out on the lawn, I

stare at the dilapidated building. The shutters are falling off at the corners, and the vines are creeping through the foundation. If it were light outside, you'd see the bugs scurrying through the cracks in the windows and doors, but the darkness hides all the disgust from prying eyes.

Letting a deep sigh rattle through my chest, I trudge up the creaking front steps and to the door. I already know it's unlocked because my parents never remember to lock the damn thing. They claim that no one would want to steal anything anyway. But I know better; drugs are a hot commodity on the streets these days. Twisting the squeaky knob and pushing the even squeaker door open, the smell of mildew smacks me in the face. I quickly shut the door behind me and made my way quietly to my room, hoping to not have to face either of my parents tonight.

The creak of the wooden steps as I make my way upstairs is so loud my heart beats against my rib cage. I don't get halfway up the stairs before I hear the stumbling of feet from below and the telltale sign of my father tripping over himself.

"Tally Baby, is that you?" My dad slurs as he rounds the corner of the hall by the stairs. "Where have you been, girl? I sure did miss you this evening. Your momma is not as fun company as you are, Tally Baby. Why don't you come down here and give Daddy some company, would you?"

The sleazy smile that spreads across his face makes my skin crawl. His teeth are bright yellow from the years of smoking and ingesting unidentifiable pills. Bile rises in my stomach as he starts to ascend the stairs towards me. "Dad, I'm really tired after such a long day. I'd really like to just go to bed." I mumble, backing away farther, hoping he takes the hint.

"Oh, don't worry, Tally Baby, let's go up to your room. We can sleep in bed together. Just you and me. Daddy and his sweet baby." My father grabs my wrist, the bones grinding against each other, and starts tugging me up the rest of the stairs towards my

room.

I feel like I can't breathe as I trip over my feet on the last step, crashing into his sweaty back. He falls over and slams against the wall of the hall and groans. If the light was on up here, I bet you'd see the dirt stain he'd leave behind on the dingy wallpaper.

Scurrying backward I brace myself for the anger to come, but before I can even blink, there's a loud crash from downstairs. I stare at my father wondering what he will do, and he just stares back at me. We sit like that for what seems like minutes before another crash sounds and the front door flies open on its hinges, slamming against the wall. I hear my father's nasally gasp behind me before he lazily climbs to his feet and makes his way down the stairs.

"Crystal! Is that you?" He yells down for my mother, but it's silent. He creeps down the stairs, continuing to yell for my mother, and I follow after him on silent feet. A whimper sounds from the living room, and my father stumbles towards it. "Crystal! Let her go right this instant, you piece of shit!" My father yells. My heart feels like it's going to beat out of my chest. I hear a thump and a groan come from my father and decide to chance peeking around the corner.

Before I can even move, I'm grabbed from behind by what seems like a brick wall. I try to kick to get away, but it's no use. I even try to go limp in their arms, and they just drag me into the living room like I'm a small child. They throw me to my knobby knees next to my father, and I finally look up and notice the men standing in front of us. There are three of them, and one of them has my mother on her knees with a gun pointed at her.

They're all in black from head to toe. I can only see their sinister eyes staring back at me like I'm a piece of dirt on the bottom of their shoe. It's so silent you could hear a pin drop in this room as we wait for someone to make the next move.

“Eugene, you've been avoiding me and my men for weeks. Did you really think that we wouldn't find you?” The man in the middle speaks. His voice is deep and intimidating. It makes my insides quiver, and not in a good way. “You owe me a lot of money, Eugene. You've been telling me that you'll get it to me, but yet here I stand still empty-handed.”

“I-I-I can explain Mr. Adams! I s-swear I had the money for you. I really did, but then she needed food, sir.” He points his thumb at me when he says she, and I can't resist rolling my eyes because he hasn't brought food home for weeks. Sarah has been bringing me leftovers from her dinners every day.

Mr. Adams looks at me and then back at my father with disgust. “Well, Eugene, it looks to me like that girl hasn't been fed in days, let alone months, really. She's skin and bones. Why must you continue to lie to me while I have a gun pointed at your wife's head?” He tsks as he walks closer to my father. “You have one last chance, Eugene, to give me what I want before I paint these walls with your wife's brain.” He threatens. The ominous click of the gun echos throughout the room sending shivers down my spine.

I stay silent as I watch Mr. Adams wait for my father to say something. Anything. As much as I resent my parents, I'm not sure I'd like to see their brains sprayed along the living room walls.

“Okay then, Eugene, have it your way.” Mr. Adams says with a menacing smile as he walks back towards my blubbering mother. Before he can get his hand raised to signal to the other man, my father is jumping to his feet and screaming, “Wait!”

Mr. Adams half turns around, listening to what my father has to say. Honestly, I'm pretty interested as well because I know he doesn't have the money to pay this man back.

“Take her. Take Taliah. You can fucking have her! She’s just another mouth to feed and doesn’t do shit around here! She’s worth more than what I owe you! And she’s still pure because I’ve kept her that way! I’ve never broken her hymen, penetrated her maybe, but I know her hymen is still intact. Just fucking take her and let me keep my wife!”

I’m silent as my father speaks, and my heart plummets into my ass. I knew he was a piece of shit, but I had no idea he would ever do this to me. All of the late nights he used me in my bed against my will because his wife was too high to function. Somewhere deep down inside of me, I thought maybe that would mean something to him. But I was wrong. He just ripped out what was left of my heart and stomped on it.

I can feel the tears well in my eyes as I look up at Mr. Adams, waiting for him to say something. He slowly makes his way over to me and circles me like a vulture sizing up his prey. His finger trails over my hair and then my shoulder blades, leaving goosebumps in its wake. When he makes it back to my front, he tilts my chin up with his calloused finger and smirks before saying, “Very well. I’ll take her instead. She really is a pretty little thing.”

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Taliah

A shiver runs down my spine at the look in Mr. Adams' eyes. I've seen that look before from my father or other men, and it never results in anything good. I hear my mother and father blubbering at the front of the room, professing their undying love for each other. It makes my teeth grind together with disgust for their willingness to just throw me away like some piece of trash.

"I'm not sure if I should say that you're lucky or not right now, Taliah. Lucky because you get to leave this shithole, but unlucky because the place I will be taking you, may be even worse." He smirks at me as he grasps my chin tighter in his cold and callused hand, forcing me to look up at him. "Stand up and walk towards the kitchen. Now, doll face."

Struggling to my feet while this hulk of a man still holds onto my chin, I glare at him with all the hatred in my heart. He reaches his hand out and grasps my bicep, tugging me along to the kitchen with him.

"I can fucking walk myself, you asshole. Not like my damn legs are broken. I'm not stupid, ya know? I have nowhere else to go!" I yell at the side of his face, and he just rolls his eyes and tugs me along quickly, making me trip over my feet. This is the worst time to be a fucking klutz right now.

We enter the dark kitchen, and one of his men behind us flips on the overhead light, making the cockroaches skitter across the floor. Our shoes are sticking to the linoleum as we walk along. Mr. Adams tugs me towards the kitchen table that's full of clutter and drug paraphernalia. Motioning to one of his men to come forward, he

swipes his thick arms across the table, sending everything sailing to the floor with a crash.

Grabbing my hair at the nape of my neck, Mr. Adams tugs my face towards his. His warm, minty breath wafting over my face as he whispers, "Before we leave, I want to see if your father was telling the truth about you. Are you really still as pure as he says?" I scoff at the word pure because I'm not sure how pure you can be if your Father visits you in your bed multiple times a night. Running his hands all over your body. Forcing you to do things you beg him not to, but you know it's useless to fight.

Mr. Adams bends me over our nasty kitchen table. The skin of my hands and arms sticking to the top like a fly trap. His goonies come up on either side of me, bending down to hold me still. One hand on each wrist and the other on my back. I push against them testing my theory that I'm fucking stuck here.

Letting out a sigh, I sag against the top of the table, waiting for this to be over already. I'm so tired of people touching me without my consent. When will it ever end? I feel Mr. Adams rough hands tugging my jeans down to my ankles along with my simple white cotton panties.

I tense and slam my teeth together when I feel his fat fingers at my center. I hope to fuck he doesn't plan on shoving that up there dry. I pray to any God out there to give me some type of mercy here, and then I hear Mr. Adams as he spits on his fingers. He probes his thick sausage finger at my entrance before slowly easing his way inside. Feeling around until he hits the thin barrier inside of me.

"Well, I'll be damned; you really are a virgin. Somehow I am surprised that Eugene hasn't taken that yet. I'm sure you won't be a virgin for too much longer, though. Harmony Heights has a way of destroying everything pure that enters their gates."

"What's Harmony Heights?" I question as he pulls up my panties and jeans and tells

his men to let me go. Slowly I push up off of the table and stare at my feet. My cheeks are burning with humiliation, and I can feel the prickle of tears behind my eyes. Crossing my arms over my chest to feel some type of safety, I hug myself tight.

“You’ll find out soon enough, doll face.” He says to me with a grim smile plastered on his face.

“What now then?” I mutter as I stare at my feet, waiting for the inevitable.

“You have two choices. You walk out that door with me on your own two feet to my SUV, or my men will carry you. Which is it going to be, doll face?” I look up at him now, trying to decipher if he’s joking or not. There’s no way he’d let me walk out of here without force. Not after all of that. He must see the question lurking in my eyes because he smiles and says, “I figured you’d enjoy having your parents watch you walk out with me willingly. Show them you don’t give two fucks about them. You may be going to hell, literally, but they don’t need to know that now, do they?”

Realizing he’s one hundred percent serious, I let a soft smile slide over my face and nod. I don’t need to verbally thank him. Honestly, I don’t know if I want to thank him, even if this is a small kindness. I push my shoulders back and hold my head up high.

Marching towards the front door with the stickiness of my shoes on the floor echoing around the room. The men let me walk a few feet ahead of them independently. Once we reach the front door, I look back at my parents with all of the hatred that I can muster and flip them the bird while walking toward my fate.

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Logan

Standing against the wall of Headmaster Pickett's office, I stare at the blubbering couple seated in front of his desk. The woman thinks she's entering her daughter into a facility for treatment of her depression, but the man next to her knows better. He pretends to wipe away tears as he clutches his wife's hand tight in his and whispers sweet things to ease her mind. But I know the truth. I know that the man is selling his daughter away to pay off their enormous debt.

Their daughter is seated on the other side of the room in a straight jacket and drugged out of her mind. She has no idea what kind of hell awaits her. That's the only reason I'm even here. The resident doctor to "treat" these patients with all of their ailments. The woman thinks her daughter will be lying on a couch multiple times a week, professing her sins to me as I take notes. But the man? He knows that she may be lying on a couch... In pieces. Broken and bloody for my own amusement.

"We just want her to be normal again, Mr. Pickett." The man says with fake sorrow in his voice. "Please, sir, we have heard so many amazing things about your facility, and we know you can help our daughter."

"Don't you worry, Mr. Randall, your daughter is in safe hands here with Dr. Logan." Mr. Pickett says with a smile on his face as he hands the man additional papers to fill out. The papers that he will sign to seal his daughter's fate with me.

I wait until Mr. Randall has signed all of the necessary papers and stacks them back on the desk neatly. He pulls his wife into his side and shushes her, telling her that everything will be okay. Everything will be far from okay, but she doesn't need to

know that. Mr. Pickett nods his head at me, and I step forward.

"As Mr. Pickett has stated, you don't need to worry about sweet Abigail. We thrive on bringing our patients to new heights. People from all over the country travel to this facility to seek the care their family members need. Harmony Heights is the number one therapy testing site in the country. Bring in the people who need us the most, and leave them with your favorite host." I finish with a sickly sweet smile as I reach my hand down extended to Mr. Randall. He grasps my hand in his and shakes it firmly.

He tugs his sobbing wife out of the chair towards Abigail, and they both say their goodbyes. Abigail's eyes are vacant, and her head is lolled to one side. A bit of drool has collected in the corner of her mouth. Her mother and father kiss her cheeks, whispering well wishes to her before Mr. Pickett ushers them both out of the office, leaving me with sweet Abigail.

She's a pretty little thing. Barely 5ft with mousy brown hair and brown eyes. Her lips are a pretty rosy pink that I bet matches her nipples. I walk closer to her, stopping directly in front of her. Trailing my fingers through her silky hair, I imagine it caked with blood and sweat. Trailing my hands down her cheek to her cracked lips, I slip a finger between them. Her tongue is warm and wet against my finger. She's so out of it she just lets me do it. I like it when they are more lively. Fighting for their lives.

"Oh, sweet Abigail, I wonder just how far you will get. Will you get farther than the last? Or will you give up quicker than the others? I guess we'll find out soon."

" Ahhh, please, sir! Please stop, please! " The beautiful screams of Abigail ring through the room just like I thought that they would. Bouncing off of the steel walls and echoing back. I throw my shoulders back, relishing in the sounds coming from her pretty mouth. " Please, I'll do anything, sir! I swear it! I'll even suck y-y-your dick for you!"

Now that makes me chuckle. Like I'd ever let her come near my dick. After I lost my last Little Lamb, I vowed that no one would come near my cock unless it's my Little Lamb . Whoever that may be. I know she's out there somewhere.

Picking up the nail gun from the tray, I make my way over to Abigail's feet, running my other hand down her body as I go. Her skin is silky and smooth in spots and rough in others. She's not perfect, which bothers me. My Little Lamb would be perfect, and this girl is not it.

"Sweet Abigail, how can I stop now when you have yet to repent your sins? Your parents left you here for being a sinning whore. You give your pussy out to any man who asks for it. Lending your mouth and ass out as well just for fun, right? But that's not all you do, is it, Abigail? Drowning your sorrows in booze because you can't handle the guilt your sins have made you feel. I think it's time you feel the repercussions of your actions." I smirk at her as I position the nail gun to the top of her foot and pull back on the trigger. Within a second, a nail is sticking out of her foot.

It takes Abigail a few seconds to register what just happened but as soon as she feels it, she lets out a scream louder than the last. Piercing my ear drums with a most euphoric pain. I move around the table to her other foot and press the trigger again, watching as her perfect skin splits and bleeds from the new accessory she now adorns.

Continuing up her right leg and thigh, I get the most brilliant idea, and it makes me chuckle darkly to myself. I move around the other side of the table to her left thigh and position the gun against it. Swiftly and harshly, I brandish her with nail after nail. When her screams become weak little moans, I know that my fun is about over. I look down at my new masterpiece.

Not Her shines back at me from her thigh. The heads of the nails are a perfect

contrast to her skin. Blood pooling around them, connecting the nails, and making the phrase easier to read. I let out a soft sigh as I peek up at a motionless Abigail.

Leaning up with my hand, I check her pulse on her neck, and nothing beats back at me. Pressing my ear down to her chest, it's also silent. I look up at the clock by the girl, and it reads six o'clock PM. She lasted three hours, not nearly as long as the others, but this was the first time I used the nail gun on someone. I knew she wasn't my new Little Lamb, so I didn't even care to try to keep her alive.

Listening to Vanessa's quiet snores echo through the room makes my heart jump. She looks so peaceful, and I almost hate to wake her up for this session. I use the word almost loosely because I've been crawling out of my skin to get my hands on her again. Hurting her is almost like an addiction. Something I need in order to get through the day. Why won't she just give in? After everything I've done to her this far, you'd think she'd break. She's strong, my little lamb, stronger than her mother. Stronger than any other woman who's been in here.

I lean over and tap Vanessa's face, rousing her from her deep sleep. She twitches on the table, pulling at the restraints that cut into her wrists and ankles. Slowly, her eyelids peel open and flutter in the bright overhead lights. Letting out a sigh of annoyance, she looks up at me with hatred.

"Seriously? What is it today, Doctor? Whipping? Cutting? Or are you going to rape me this time?" Drops of spittle land on my face as she spits the words at me. Letting out a chuckle, I just stare at her naked body, making her squirm uncomfortably. "Quit looking at me like that, you creep! Just do what you brought me here for already!" Her voice cracks at the end as she tries desperately to keep her tears at bay.

Walking over to the metal tray beside her, I pick up a scalpel and walk to her side. Peering down at her I frown with disappointment. "Vanessa, you make me sad. I thought that we would both enjoy our time together, but you make it seem like such a

burden to be here with me. All I want is for you to obey and be my perfect little lamb.”

“I will never be your little lamb! I don’t care what you do to me.” She says through gritted teeth. If looks could kill, my heart would stop beating now.

Grasping the scalpel in my hand, I lean over her pelvis and peer back up at her. “I’ll make you my little lamb whether you want to be or not. You are mine, and I intend to make sure that you finally realize that.”

Making the first slice in her skin, the blood bubbles to the surface beading there for a few seconds before dripping down her skin. After the first letter is complete, she starts to struggle in the restraints. Continuing on to the next letter, I apply more pressure than needed because she just won’t stop moving around. “Vanessa, I need you to be very still for me. I want this to look pretty just for you. Struggling around like a willy worm will make it look sloppy and ugly.” She instantly stills beneath my hands, which makes a smile spread across my face. I finish up the last few letters quickly and step back, admiring my artwork.

Lamb stares back at me, bloody and perfect on her pelvis. Vanessa is breathing heavily but is otherwise silent, refusing to look down at her new accessory. Stepping back up to her, I grab her hair in my fist and force her to look down at my masterpiece. We sit there in silence until a whimper, then a sob works their way out of her. Little tears start to drip from her chin and roll down her chest.

"See, I told you, it's beautiful, isn't it? You are my little lamb after all, Vanessa. So perfect, and so mine. "

My favorite memory of my time with Vanessa replays in my mind as I walk over to the table and pick up the electric handsaw. I turn it over in my hands as I reminisce on our time together before making my way back over to Abigail’s chest. Switching

it on, I bring it down across her chest, and blood splatters me and the walls. It's a mess, a beautiful mess. Once her shoulders are separated, I reach in and tug out her heart.

Warm and still in my hands, hoping it will beat just once for me because that's one of my favorite parts of this whole process. Holding their final sign of life in the palm of my hand. Letting out a disgruntled sigh, I make my way to my treasure trove and shove the silent heart into its own jar of liquid. Giving it one last look, I make my way out of the room. Not even bothering to clean up the blood covering my body.

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Taliah

We've been driving through the wooded countryside for hours. When we left my house, it was pitch black outside, and now the sun is peeking up over the horizon. My stomach growls in the quiet space of the SUV, and I let out a low groan of embarrassment.

"You hungry kid?" Mr. Adams grunts from the driver's seat. My cheeks turn red, and I'm thankful that it's too dark in here for them to see. I mutter a soft yes, hoping he can hear me.

I look out the window, watching the trees fly by us in a blur. Mr. Adam's makes a sharp right turn, which makes me slide across the leather back seat. My stomach churns with hunger and anxiousness as we continue to plummet down the road. He zooms through the quiet roads until we end up in a small town. I spy the familiar golden arches up ahead, and he swerves into the parking lot and finds a spot up front.

"I'm sure that you know what can happen if you do something stupid while we're here, right?" Mr. Adams turns around and looks me in the eye making sure I know that he can blow my brains out if I even look at someone wrong. I swallow and nod my head at him. "Good girl. You're far too pretty for me to ruin, but not for him," He mutters as he ambles out of the car.

Who's him? I think to myself as one of the goons opens my door for me to get out. I follow after Mr. Adams as he leads us into the fast food joint with his guys flanking us.

“What do you want? I’m sure you have to pee too, so I’ll order, and one of them will take you to the bathroom. Don’t give me that fucking look; roll your eyes again, and I’ll have them removed. They’ll just wait outside for you.” He rolls his eyes, sensing my dreadful thoughts of having a bodyguard while I’m trying to pee.

I rattle off my usual order of chicken nuggets and fries, making sure he doesn’t forget the BBQ sauce and sweet tea. After he takes my order, he motions towards the bathroom, where my escort is now making his way towards. I hurry after him, not realizing until now how badly I need to pee. I have no idea how long I’ve been holding it, but it had to be before I even left for the party.

Pushing my way through the bathroom door, I quickly find a stall, pulling my pants down, and throwing myself down on the grimy seat. I should really squat, but the endless stream of piss entering the toilet right now happened too fast for me to even think about that. I sigh in relief as my bladder empties. Finishing up in the toilet, I flush and head to the sink.

As I’m washing my hands with the cheap soap that always dries out your skin, I look up into my tired eyes. The dark purplish blue circles under my eyes are highlighting the few blue flecks in my green eyes. My cheekbones look sharper than I remember them being. Why is bathroom lighting so damn harsh? I dry my hands with the scratchy paper towel provided and head out the bathroom door.

My personal bodyguard ambles behind me as I make my way to the front of the restaurant. I spy Mr. Adams seated at a table in the back corner, and I walk to him slowly and take a seat across from him. He slides my nuggets over to me, and I tear into them like a starving animal. Honestly, I kind of am. My parents never fed me much. My only friend taking the time to feed me is the single reason I’m not entirely skin and bones.

We eat in silence; the only sounds surrounding us are the other patrons in the

restaurant. I wonder if they can tell that they've stolen me away? Can they hear me pleading inside my head for them to look my way? No, of course not. They're oblivious just as I would be if I were them. Not wanting to ruffle any unnecessary feathers in fear that they too would end up like me.

I finish up my food and sit back and stare at Mr. Adams. He's typing away on his phone in his own little world. His thumbs fly over the keyboard, and I wonder how many times he messes up with how big his thumbs are compared to the keys of the keyboard.

"Who's him?" I ask him. He slowly sets his phone down on the tabletop and looks up at me with questions in his eyes. "You said that you wouldn't hurt me, but he would. Who is he?" He stares at me for a moment before he opens his mouth to speak.

"Taliah, you're a good girl who grew up in a shitty situation. You didn't deserve any of that, and you don't deserve any of this. I'm sorry for my part in all of this. You'll meet him soon. You won't forgive me, and I'm okay with that." He states ominously before he pushes his chair back, standing and stretching. He ushers for me to get up and follow him out of the restaurant, but I notice he's left all of our trash on the table. I sprint back, gather it all in my arms, and toss it in the trash before making my way to his black SUV. No one likes a litterbug, no matter how big and bad they look.

I don't even wait for one of them to open my door. I tug it open and slam it behind me, rattling the truck. So many questions are flying through my head. Why is he sorry? Yeah, he stole me away, but he honestly hasn't done much to me beside that. He said I'd never forgive him, which makes a chill run down my spine.

Mr. Adams pulls out of the parking lot and drives back the way we came. Weaving through the winding deserted roads of the countryside. As the sun makes its way higher into the sky, we've ended up in the middle of nowhere. The only thing out here are wooded areas. We pull off of the paved road and onto a gravel road.

It winds through the dense trees, and I'm almost sure we're lost at this point, but he keeps driving us into the unknown. We make it out into a clearing, and I look out the window across the grassy field all around us.

Leaning over into the center of the backseat, I peek out the front windshield as we drive under a sign that says Harmony Heights. Beyond the sign, I see a tall and sinister building. Vines wind around it like they're trying to drag it down into the earth. Gargoyle's perch on the roof as if they're trying to keep people out. Shutters are falling off some of the windows, and bricks are missing. I almost think it's abandoned until I spy a man in a suit standing out front on the cracked concrete steps.

Mr. Adams pulls the car up next to the steps, and the man walks over to open my door. It swings open quietly, and the stranger plasters a smile on his face as he waves his arm towards the front door while saying, "Welcome to Harmony Heights, Miss Barlow. It's a pleasure having you here with us."

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Taliah

I 'm escorted up the cracked cement steps towards the large wooden double doors that appear to be splintering from age. The brass knockers have started to tarnish, and cobwebs have gathered in the corners. The stranger grabs ahold of one of the knockers and hauls the heavy door open.

I couldn't conceal my shock even if I tried. The inside of this place is a huge contrast to the outside. I step inside and my ratty Converse squeaks across the black-and-white tile floor. Above me hangs a vintage chandelier with crystal drops that are reflecting rainbows across the walls. The walls are bright white and house black frames full of old photos and news articles.

The too-happy stranger leads me through the hallway by several closed doors with frosted glass. An ominous feeling starts building in the pit of my stomach. I take a look behind me all but forgetting that Mr. Adams and his goons are following us. He gives me a reassuring nod as he urges me to keep walking. I follow the man into a plush office at the end of the hall.

A large cherry wood desk sits in the middle of the room with a black leather chair behind it. The man flings himself down into the leather chair and folds his hands in his lap while giving me a chilling smile. He waves to the set of leather chairs in front of his desk. Mr. Adams and I each lower ourselves onto the stiff seats while his men line up along the back wall by the door.

The still nameless stranger picks up the phone on his desk and dials a number before requesting for someone to meet him in his office. He leans back in his chair, steepling

his fingers and eyeing me like a predator. His smile makes my stomach roll with nausea, but for some reason I feel like he's not the one I need to worry about.

His wandering eyes gleam with sinister intent as goosebumps raise on my skin. I grip the arms of my chair tight, my nails almost piercing the leather. My leg bounces up and down against my will with my anxiety. The door opening behind me makes me tense, and my back goes ramrod straight when I hear the footsteps padding across the carpeted floor.

Another man walks up beside the nameless man's desk. He's dressed in a suit without the tie and shiny leather dress shoes. His brown hair is longer on the top and shorter on the sides. He has it gelled back from his face so tight that his wrinkles seem to be non-existent. His hands are clasped in front of him, and black tattoos peek out from the cuff of his suit jacket. Dead brown eyes peer at the other man as he starts to speak.

"Thank you for joining us, Dr. Logan. You know Mr. Adams already; he's brought with him Miss Taliah Barlow. She will be our new resident here." He sweeps his hand out in front of him, gesturing to me. The other man still doesn't look my way, though. "Taliah I'm Mr. Pickett, the headmaster here at Harmony Heights, and this is our resident doctor, Dr. Logan Mitchell."

The other man, who I now know is Dr. Logan, finally looks over at me. His dead eyes make shivers run down my spine. The ominous feeling that I had when I walked in here I now realize is fear as he stares at me. As he scrutinizes me from across the room, there is a flicker of something in his eyes. I'm not sure what it is, but his eyes seem less dead for a few seconds.

"Mr. Pickett, as I mentioned on the phone, Taliah is here to pay off the large debt from her parents." Mr. Adams speaks to the man behind the desk. "We don't need to sugarcoat any of this, but I do ask that your doctor over there keeps himself in

check.”

The hardness in Dr. Logan’s eyes is back as he stares down the bridge of his nose at Mr. Adams. I’m not sure what Mr. Adams means about the doctor keeping himself in check, but it makes my heart beat faster.

“Well, I can’t promise anything, as you very well know, sir. You did agree to bring her here in exchange for payment, and you know exactly what that entails. The moment you walk back through those doors, her fate is in our hands.” The smile that Mr. Pickett gives Mr. Adams makes me want to vomit up everything I ate earlier.

I shift in my seat, sweeping my eyes around looking for a way out of here. My odds of escaping without being caught are slim, but the fear that I have right now makes those odds seem much larger than they are. Bracing my feet on the floor, I go to stand up, and Mr. Adams grabs my arm, tugging me back down into the chair with a glare.

The deep timber of a male voice resonates through the room, making me freeze. The hairs on my arms raise, and a funny feeling happens in my lower stomach as he talks. The baritone of his voice vibrates through me in a way that makes my brain go blank.

“I can assure you Mr. Adams that Little Taliah will be in very good hands here with me. She will be treated with the utmost care here at Harmony Heights.” His smile promises malicious intent as his eyes flicker with an emotion I can’t quite place. Mr. Adams scoffs next to me like he doesn’t believe a word that just came out of Dr. Logan’s mouth. Somehow I’m not sure that I believe it either. I look over at the headmaster as he leans back in his chair. His eyes are traveling my body with no shame, and when he sees I caught him, he winks and smiles back. Leaning forward, he grabs some papers and a pen and tosses them to the other side of the desk near Mr. Adams. He slides a checkbook out from a desk in his drawer next and places it in front of him while grabbing another pen.

“You know what to do from here, I’m sure. Sign by the X’s, and then you’re free to go.” He states snidely.

The look that Mr. Adams gives me is one of sorrow. I didn’t think a man like him could even feel sorrow, and I have a feeling he actually means it too. He reaches for the papers and signs by the X’s as he flips through them. When he’s done, he tosses them back onto the desk and moves to stand. Mr. Pickett scratches away on the check and tosses it at Mr. Adams, who grabs it out of the air and stuffs it in his pocket.

“I’m sorry that it had to come to this Taliah. I hope that someday you may be able to forgive me, but I understand if you can’t.” He peers down at me, and the sadness he’s feeling emanates from his eyes and his voice. Giving me one last look, he turns and walks out of the office with his goons trailing behind him.

Their shoes clicking through the hallway is the only sound that's heard in the office. I watch as his back fades from sight, then swing my gaze to the front of the office. Dr. Logan and Mr. Pickett are both staring at me in very different ways. One stare is full of creepy sexual intent, and the other is full of harsh curiosity. I shiver from their burning gazes on me. I have no idea what is in store for me now, but I have a feeling that it won’t be a walk in the park. I thought my life was shitty before, but now? Now I think it just got worse.

“Welcome to Harmony Heights Little Lamb; I think I just might be your favorite host during your stay.”

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Logan

I found her. I was starting to lose hope that she actually existed. After losing Vanessa, I didn't think I'd ever find the perfect Little Lamb again. But here she is, sitting wide-eyed in that leather chair. Her fingers clutching the arm of it so tight that her knuckles are white. Her breath is coming out in little puffs as she stares up at me with fearful eyes. Poor thing has no idea what she's in for while being in my care, and it makes me smile.

I wonder just how long she will last. Will she cry as I cut her and make her bleed? Will she spew the contents of her stomach across the floor when I fuck her? I know I said my dick would never enter anyone else but my Little Lamb again. But I think she's it. I'm willing to sacrifice my vow to test the theory. If she can't take it, then I guess I'll still get a decent orgasm out of it.

She's shaking like a leaf as she looks between us, but her eyes aren't on me for more than a second. They're too focused on Mr. Pickett. I look over at him reclined back in his chair with his feet now kicked up on his desk. His hands are folded behind his head, and he's staring at her with lust in his eyes. Fuck, we can't have that now, can we? I glare at Mr. Picket and lean over, knocking his feet off his desk.

He may be the headmaster, but his dick is the size of a baby carrot with an inferiority complex to match. He looks up at me with a glare before he gets the memo and backs down. He huffs out a disgruntled sigh as he pushes his chair back and stands.

"Miss Taliah, it was a pleasure meeting you, but I will leave you now with your host, Dr. Logan. He will see that you have been properly integrated into our way of life

here at Harmony Heights.” He nods at Taliah before he leaves the office in a rush.

Leaving me alone with a frightened Taliah. She looks up at me with round eyes, the green shining like a gem in the sunlight streaming through the window. The specks of blue in them are like a hidden oasis in the forest. Her pale skin is paper thin, leaving her blue veins on full display in her hands and neck. A pink hue rises to her cheeks as I blatantly stare at her.

She squirms in her chair with discomfort and it makes me giddy with excitement. I wonder how uncomfortable she will be when she’s naked and strapped to my table. I walk closer to her watching as her eyes track my movements. Leaning against the front of the desk, only a foot away from her, I peer down at her.

I hold her gaze, letting my dominance roll off of me in waves, waiting for her to have some sort of reaction. Her eyes start to go glassy as she stares back at me, but then a switch flips. Her eyes narrow, and she slowly stands up from her chair, leveling me with a glare as she crosses her arms over her chest.

“What now, Dr. Logan? Is this the part you lock me away in a basement or some shit?” She asks snarkily with a tilt of her head. She can’t be more than five feet with my more than twelve inches towering over her. This girl has guts, that’s for sure.

“Something like that. Follow me, Taliah.” I don’t wait for her to acknowledge me before I leave the room.

The squeak of her converse against the tile floor is a contrast to the click clack of my dress shoes. I lead her down the hall to another door and swipe my badge against the card reader. The door beeps, and I usher her through to the other side. The heavy click echos through the dingy hallway we entered.

Taliah is frozen at my side; I’m sure she’s wondering what dimension she just walked

into. This part of the facility is completely different from the one we let the outside world see in the front. The floor is plain cement with cracks running every which way. Walls made of cement blocks painted white are flaking, and some vines try to break through the cracks between the bricks. Overhead lights flicker in spots from the shotty electricity back here. Screams echo from the rooms behind the metal doors through the hallway. The residents here that I can't touch just slowly dwindle away in their rooms before they lose their minds.

I peer down at Taliah next to me, watching as she takes a step back and turns to the metal door, tugging on the handle with all of her might. Watching this little girl try to escape this place makes me chuckle because no one leaves here the same person they were before.

“Welcome to your new home, Taliah. There's no way out now, Little Lamb.”

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Taliah

I tug on this stupid metal door with all my might, and it doesn't budge. Dr. Logan just stands there watching me struggle and waiting for me to give up. He's leaned against the wall next to the door, peering down at me with boredom. I let out a huff as I slammed my fist against the door, letting out a scream of frustration. Leaning my forehead against the metal, I take in a deep breath, willing myself not to cry. I won't let him see me break.

I push off the door, not even sparing him a look, and start slowly down the hallway. I peer into the little windows on the other doors, and it sends chills down my spine. The first room we passed houses a woman whose hair has fallen out, leaving her with bald spots. I say "fallen out" lightly because the way she looks at me through the glass makes me think she pulled it out herself. She notices me staring at her and gives me an oddly sad but pleasant smile. Like she's sorry that I'm locked up here with her.

The next room we pass houses a man who's sitting against the wall at the back, rocking himself. He seems to be muttering to himself but I can't hear the sounds that he makes. He makes eye contact with me and gives me a smile full of missing teeth. He gets up and walks towards the door, banging his fists on it while screaming at me.

My heart races faster as I look at the man screaming his heart out. He leans back and spits on the glass, making me flinch. I walk further down the hall, and the sight in the next room makes my stomach turn. It's another woman, and she's squatting against the back wall. The brown smears running along the walls make me want to gag. I steel myself, and then she does something I wouldn't have expected. She looks up through the window, not actually seeing anything. Her eyes are cloudy, and there's

nothing in them. Almost like Dr. Logans. She takes a step closer to the door while pulling her hand from behind her. She launches a giant glob of brown shit at the window on the door.

I let out a shriek as I jumped back into Dr. Logan. I push away from him, not wanting this evil man to touch me. I lean over and dry-heave in the hallway while Dr. Logan grabs my arm and steers me the rest of the way down the hall. He's walking so fast I trip over my feet, but his hold on me keeps me from falling on my face.

We make it to the end of the hallway and turn right. The lights don't flicker as much here, but it's still as decrepit as the other one. He swipes his badge against the panel of a room in the middle of the hall and the door swings open. Pushing me inside the door slams behind us, echoing through the room. Catching my breath, I sweep my gaze through the room and am honestly shocked with what I am seeing.

This room is much different from the others. Almost like a hotel room, which makes me curious as to how I managed to get in here. The carpet is gray and plush beneath my feet. The fancy kind that leaves footprints as you walk. To the right is an old-fashioned canopy bed with sheer white curtains attached to the sides that can be pulled closed for more privacy. On the wall across from it is a small desk with a large TV mounted above it. The back wall houses a large bay window with a window seat attached, and is covered with plush pillows and a throw blanket. A tall bookcase stands next to it, full to the brim with books from every genre.

There are two other doors inside the room, and Dr. Logan makes his way to the one next to the bed. He opens the door and flips on the light show-casing a walk-in closet full of different types of clothing and shoes. He makes his way to the opposite side of the room, pushing the other door open and switching that light on. A large bathroom lies behind it, including a tub deep enough to cover your knees and boobs at the same time. What the fuck is this?

“I don’t understand.” I trail off, hoping he can sense my many questions running through my head.

“This will be your new home, Taliah. Feel free to do whatever your little heart desires to keep you occupied. Your food will be delivered through the panel in the door three times a day. You will be visited by me at least once a day to ensure you’re still alive and kicking. That window over there is reinforced, and there are cameras throughout the room, so don’t try anything stupid. You won’t get very far.” He smirks at me, knowing what my train of thought was making its way towards. “Welcome to Harmony Heights, Taliah. We are going to have so much fun together.” He chuckles before striding out of the room and slamming the door behind him.

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Taliah

I t's too quiet in this fucking room, and my thoughts are way too loud. Bouncing around in my brain, and forcing me to think way too much about things I can't change. Locked in this room is the least of my worries, honestly. The images of the other people being held in those cells flash in the forefront of my mind. Queasiness and guilt work their way through my stomach and mind for being able to have this nice room opposed to the barren cells of the others. I wonder how long they've been here. If their families sold them off like cattle too.

Looking down at the carpet beneath my ratty converse, I see the tracks where I've been pacing since the doctor locked me in here. With a sigh I head over to the desk and grab the TV remote, then fling myself onto the bed. I bounce a few times before I settle myself against the pillows, and switch the TV on. At first it's just static, but then the picture starts to focus. On the screen is a room with a concrete floor and steel walls. In the middle of the room is a medical exam chair with a naked woman attached to it.

The woman in the chair piques my interest, and something in my brain screams that I know her somehow. I slowly get off of the bed and walk closer to the TV so I can get a better view of the woman. She's frail with bruises littering her body, and her brown hair is missing in patches. She's thrashing around in the chair, saying something that I can't hear. I point the remote at the TV and turn up the volume. The panicked voice of the woman reaches my ears like nails on a chalkboard.

"Please doctor! I've been good! Please don't do this!" She screeches out into the empty room. Whoever she's talking to must be on the other side of the camera. What

a strange movie, I think as I'm about to switch the TV off. Before my fingers have time to reach the power button, the remote slips from my fingers, bouncing off the plush carpet beneath me.

Within the mix of the woman's pleas are footsteps echoing around the room. A man comes into view of the camera as he walks up next to the flailing woman. His back is facing me, and what a nice back it is. It's broad and strong, as the fabric of his dress shirt stretches across his shoulders. The sleeves are rolled up to his elbows, and his forearms are covered in black ink. Dress pants stretch over his ass and thighs perfectly. I'm so lost in how good this man looks on the TV that I forget about the screaming woman. Until she screams a name that has my heart stopping in my chest.

"Dr. Logan, no! Please, I swear, I'll do anything you want. Dr. Logan, just don't do this!" The woman screams into the room. The hairs on my arms stand on end, and goosebumps prickle my skin. That's when I realize where I've seen the woman. She was in the first room I saw on my way down the hallway. The man in the room walks behind the woman's chair and stares directly at the camera like he knows I'm watching him. He smirks as his eyes sparkle with something like glee.

My heart beats faster as I realize that this isn't a movie. It's live feed and happening somewhere in this building. I slowly back away from the TV as my breaths come out in shorter puffs. I watch as Dr. Logan reaches over to the tray next to the chair and picks something silver up. It's bulky and square and almost looks like a large stapler. He walks down towards her feet, slamming the silver contraption against her leg. She lets out a scream so loud I cringe. A large silver staple now reflects the light from the ceiling off of it. Dr. Logan repeats the process as he moves up her leg.

I can't tear my eyes away from the gruesome scene in front of me. The woman's screams have turned into heart breaking sobs as she pleads for him to stop. Her blood is seeping from the wounds in her body and trickling onto the floor. Dr. Logan never stops his assault on her body, and I can't seem to stop watching the horror show

either. Watching how meticulously he's working does something to me, and I'm not even sure how to explain it.

He places the stapler on the tray next to him and picks up the knife next. Grasping the handle in his hand, he drags it up the woman's thigh, splitting her skin. I watch as the blood flows freely from the gash, hypnotizing me as it spreads out under her body on the table. Watching as it falls over the sides and splashes onto the floor. I look up, and Dr. Logan is looking straight into the camera again. I hold his gaze through the TV as he drags the blade of the knife through her pussy lips, not yet cutting her.

He holds the blade there as he stares at the camera. Something in my stomach starts to flutter, and a weird tingle starts between my legs. Dr. Logan drags the blade up sharply through her pussy lips towards her torso, effectively splitting her open. Blood splashes all over his chest and the floor with a sickening sound. A gasp leaves my lips as the tingle between my legs gets worse, crossing my legs to try to alleviate the weird sensation.

I never realized just how much blood the human body could hold until now. When I think her body is empty, more just seeps out of her wounds splashing onto the floor. The woman has stopped screaming and thrashing around. I'm sure she's dead at this point. I think I should be sad that she's dead? Or maybe happy so she doesn't have to deal with the torture anymore. But all I feel is the tingle between my thighs and my heart beating rapidly in my chest.

Dr. Logan throws the knife onto the tray beside the cold, dead woman. He slowly strides towards the camera, locking eyes with me through the screen. He's covered in blood, and maybe I should be afraid of that. But the way he looks so disheveled and covered in the red liquid makes him look sexy as hell. What the fuck is wrong with me? I mentally scold myself. He cocks his head to the side, smirking at the camera almost like he knows what I'm thinking.

“I hoped you liked the show, Taliah. Until next time.” He says in a deep voice before the screen goes black and then the static takes over.

Logan

F uck. I grunt out as my hand slides up and down my cock. Blood from the lukewarm body beside me acts as lube as my hand jerks up and down my shaft. With a loud moan that vibrates my body, tingles run up the base of my spine, making my breath catch in my throat. The euphoric feeling as I replay the look on Taliah's face in my mind as she watched me destroy the woman next to me. The horrified look morphed into confused pleasure as she watched me slice through the woman's pussy. I thought she'd run away after that, but she just stood there staring. Crossing her legs to alleviate the pressure that I know was there.

My movements become jerky, and my breaths stutter as cum rushes out, splattering across the floor and body before me. Vision blurring from the intensity of my orgasm, I stand there trying to catch my breath. Cock still out, cum dripping from the tip, I look at the dead woman with irritation. She didn't deserve my cum on her; she wasn't worthy enough for it. Letting out a huff, I put my now flaccid cock away, zipping up my dress slacks, and redoing my belt.

Leaning over to the tray next to me, I grab the electric saw from it and switch it on. The buzzing sound bounces off the walls, giving me a headache. I usually love this sound, but the inconvenience of having to dispose of this body after such a fantastic orgasm makes me angry. Wasting no time, I push the saw into her chest, watching skin tissue and blood fly around me like confetti.

Separating her torso was tiring this time around. I toss the saw on the ground and it bounces along the concrete. Looking over my shoulder to make sure it's still in one piece, I get back to work on dismembering the woman. Reaching into her chest,

hearing it squelch as I look around for my consolation prize. Fingers sliding in the still warm blood as I tug the organ from her chest. Staring at the dark red mass in my hands, hoping that maybe, just maybe, I'll get one more beat out of it. I scrutinize it and notice it's smaller than the other ones I've retrieved. There's a small tear in the side as well, which makes me roll my eyes, because this woman was going to die anyway. Too bad she got the shit end of the death deal with me.

Grasping the warm muscle in my hand, I stalk over to my treasures in the corner of the room. Grabbing an empty jar, I drop the heart inside of the solution, watching as it sinks to the bottom of the jar. Water turns a light pink color as the blood swirls around with it. I admire it for a few minutes, moving the jar back and forth, watching the blood mix slowly with the other liquids.

I set the jar back on the shelf and step back, looking at my treasures. Twenty-two of them now sit there taunting me. Will Taliah be unlucky twenty-three, or will her heart be held captive by mine instead? Backing away from the shelves, I make my way over to the sink to wash up the mess all over me. Turning on the water to hot, I scrub my hands and arms until they are red. Dunking my face in the hot water, gritting my teeth when it burns, I scrub that clean as well. I strip out of my bloody clothes and toss them in the burn barrel next to the sink.

The coldness in the room makes goosebumps erupt on my naked skin, and my balls try to crawl back into my body. Walking over to the cabinet by my desk, I grab out a new dress shirt, slacks, socks, boxers, and dress shoes. I'm quickly dressing my lower half when I hear the static from the TV start up again. Grabbing my dress shirt, pushing my arms through it, I walk over to the TV to see why it's turned on again.

Taliah stands there with the remote in her hand and a confused look on her face. Her bottom lip is being held hostage in her teeth as she chews on it. Tilting her head and shuffling from foot to foot with nerves. She opens her mouth to speak and then shuts it again. I walk closer to the screen, pressing the two-way button so she can see me.

Her eyes go wide, and her mouth drops open when I appear on the screen before her. A smirk tugs at my lips as she scans my naked chest, then her eyes fly back up to my face in embarrassment.

“Hello Taliah. Can I do something for you, sweet girl?”

She takes a step back as a gasp makes its way past her lips. She wrings her hands in front of her; I can see the gears moving inside of her head as she tries to think of a response.

“I- Um. Was that all real?” She finally stutters out as a rose color flushes her cheeks. She’s staring at the floor, probably scared of what she will see in my eyes if she looks up.

“Look at me when you speak to me, Taliah.” I order and she instantly swings her eyes up to mine. I see the spark behind them. There is something inside this girl that I can’t wait to bring out. A darkness lurks in there that is crying for me. Crying to be let out. “Yes, it was all real. Everything is real. You are wide awake. But you knew that, didn’t you? Did you enjoy watching me hack that woman to pieces? Did it turn you on when I slid that knife through her pussy lips?” I watch as she presses her thighs together and her breath comes out in little pants. Her cheeks turn redder by the second, whether from embarrassment or pleasure. “Oh sweet girl, this is only the beginning. I have a feeling that you and I will have so much fun together. I see that darkness lurking below the surface, and I am going to help you let it out.”

Her eyes go wide, and her shoulders and arms drop down to her sides. I see the acknowledgement in her eyes, like I just validated her deepest feelings. I reach my hand up and press it to the screen, while my eyes drill into her. She takes a few tentative steps towards the screen, hesitates only for a moment, and then presses her hand to mine through the screen. Her eyes go glassy, and a single tear slides down her cheek. I wish I could lick it off. Taste her sorrow, anger, happiness; taste her

everything. She gives me a small smile, then she shuts the TV off. Abruptly cutting off my new favorite view.

Taliah

It's like he can see right through me. He knows my deepest, darkest secret that I've tried so hard to keep hidden. He picked up on it so easily with just one look into my eyes. It makes my insides quake and my hands sweat with how easily he was able to dig that up. If he can find that with just one look, I wonder what else he can find? What else can he pull up to the surface? Forcing me to confront it.

Wringing my sweaty hands together, I pace my room. Silence echoes through the room, the plush carpet eating up the sounds of my footsteps. The room grows darker as the sun sets behind the trees surrounding the facility. A sharp knock at the steel door to my room makes me nearly jump out of my skin. A clang and a scrape sound from the door as the little door in it opens. The light shining through the room illuminates me in a small spotlight.

Tentatively, I walk towards the door and peer through the little glass window, making eye contact with Dr. Logan. His face is a blank mask, a contrast to the smirking one he had a while ago on the TV. It makes my insides crawl with how quick he can switch it all off. With a slight clunk, he slides a metal tray of food through the bean hole. Snatching it quickly from his grip, making the cup of water slosh over the sides, spilling onto the tray beneath. Taking one last look at me, he slams the little door flap shut and walks off down the hall, leaving me in the darkness wondering what I did for him to switch his attitude so intensely.

Flipping the light switch on by the door, the room brightens, making me squint from the harsh light. Trudging over to the small desk, I set the tray on top of it, pulling out the wooden chair, and taking a seat. I roll my eyes at the measly food selection sitting

before me. A cold turkey and cheese sandwich, chips, and an apple that looks like it will rot any day now. Heaving a sigh I dig into the food anyway; at least it's better than what I usually get to eat. Well, when I got to eat, period actually. This is way more than what my own parents would have given me.

Picking up the sandwich, I inspect it, peeking under the bread to find a mayo-looking substance. I pick up a few of the salty chips and add it to the sandwich, squishing it down and melding it all together. Taking a bite of the sandwich, my teeth sink into the soft bread. Although the sandwich looks bland, the mayo and chips give it a flavorful taste, making a small moan slip from my lips. Stomach rumbling with appreciation of the meal, I devoured the sandwich in record time. Downing the cup of water next, I snag the apple from the tray, scooting the chair back, and making my way over the book shelf.

My fingers brush the spines of the books. Some are old and bound with leather and fabric; others are shiny and brand new. Stopping on the thickest book on the shelves, I tug it free from the stack. *Little Bird Lost* By Jessie Walker stares back at me. The cover is the most beautiful one I've ever seen. A woman is free falling in the center with features and music sheets scattered around her. Flipping it open, I scan through the pages admiring the exquisite formatting, like nothing I've ever seen before, laid out almost like a music composition.

Carrying the thick book and apple over to the window seat, I settle down in the pillows, tossing the throw blanket over my lap. I immerse myself in the book for hours until the sun starts peeking over the top of the trees. It's then that I realize that I can almost relate to Isobel. Being trapped in this room, not wondering if I will ever be able to leave. Trapped like a bird in a cage. Maybe I am Dr. Logan's long-lost Firebird . Closing the book, I set it gently on the window seat and toss my half-eaten apple in the trash.

Making my way to the closet, I choose some black silky pajama shorts and a tank top.

Quickly changing into it, I relish the feel of the soft fabric against my skin. I've never worn anything this nice before. Always wearing hand me downs from the thrift shop or from Sarah. At least when I got them from Sarah, I knew exactly where they came from. But this pajama set definitely came from an expensive shop. I make my way to my bed and climb under the cozy soft covers. Surrounded by the fluffy down comforter and pillows, I let the sounds of the wind blowing through the trees outside lull me to sleep.

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Logan

“ S on, come and meet your new mother and sister!” My father yells from the living room. Staring up at my bedroom ceiling, I let out a deep sigh before making my way to my feet. When he told me last week that he married a new woman, I flipped my shit. Told him he was betraying my late mother with what he was doing, and he didn’t care at all. Told me to be on my best behavior when they moved into our home. He said that my new sister is only thirteen and I needed to be a good big brother to her. I think our ideas of what a big brother should be are different, though.

I trudge down the pristine hallway, looking at old family photos as I go. We were happy when mom was alive. Father was the opposite of what he is today; fun to be around and always loving towards me. Now I’m lucky if he even talks to me anymore. My mother would be ashamed of him if she were here. When the cancer took over her body, her only dying wish was for my dad to take care of me and make sure we lived a happy life. Happy? Not so much these days. Turning the corner of the hallway and entering the living room, my dad stands off to the side with a tall, slim woman beside him. Peeking out from behind the woman is a smaller girl with brown curly hair and blue eyes. Her blue eyes are sparkling with excitement, and I wonder what they look like when she cries?

“Oh, there he is! Logan, this is your stepmother, Miranda, and her daughter, Shannon. Shannon is only four years younger than you actually, so she will be going to the same school as you. I expect that you will treat her with kindness and help her as a big brother should, son.” He says to me sternly while one of his bushy white brows rises up his forehead.

Turning towards the girl hiding behind her mother, I examined her from afar. She has a few freckles on her perfect skin, and her cheeks are rosy with a blush that's creeping down her neck. She's slim, just like her mother, but not nearly as well endowed as she is. Her eyes hold a curiosity as she stares up at me. I smile at Shannon, and she lets out a small gasp and backs further away, hiding more behind her mother like a child. That makes me smile even more. Peeking over at my father, he smiles at me, almost like he knows exactly what's going through my mind right now. "Of course, father, I will take very good care of Shannon. I will be the perfect big brother to her." And that was where my obsession began.

Memories of the past assault me as I watch Taliah sleep soundly on the monitor. She sleeps in the same position that Shannon did when she was younger. Buried so deep in her blankets and pillows, you could barely see her until her foot would pop out of the edge of the blanket. I remember the first day I met Shannon like it was yesterday. I was so angry at my father for bringing her into my home at first, but after a while I realized that she was the best gift he could have ever given me.

Shannon was resistant to my advances at first. Always tattling to her mother and my father about the compliments I would give her or the way I would look at her. When I finally molded her to what I wanted her to be, it was glorious. Watching her crawl on her knees for me when I asked, or doing any asinine thing I could think of that would make her uncomfortable. The memory of the time that I told her to steal a movie for me from the store floats through my mind. She was terrified as she ran out of the store like it was on fire. She was paranoid for weeks after that, clinging to me like I was the only person who could save her if she got caught.

I thought that Shannon was perfect for me, but now I'm not so sure. As I think back on our memories together, I can tell how toxic it was. She wasn't what I needed or what I wanted her to be. She only did it to please me, and that irritates me. My perfect little lamb should do what I ask because she truly wants to, because it makes her feel better if she does. What I would give to find a little lamb who is just as much of a

freak as I am.

Taliah stirs on the monitor, kicking off the blankets; her body is clad in a black satin pajama set. The cami rides up her toned stomach, her pale skin glowing in the moonlight. Taliah has something dark hidden deep down inside of her. Something that I'm itching to pull to the surface, but I don't want to rush with her. I know after everything that I put Shannon and Vanessa through, that that is such an odd concept to hear. Taliah is different from them.

She watched as I tore that woman apart; she couldn't even look away from the blood dripping down to the floor. I watched as she rubbed her thighs together to try and soothe the ache between them. I could see the confusion in her eyes as she tried to figure out what was going on with her body. I want so badly to show her just how good we could be together, but I think I need a new tactic this time. Obviously, my previous obsessions didn't work out for one reason or another. Maybe I should let her come to me on her own? Maybe if I give her the bare minimum of attention, she will cling to that like a liferaft. She's so used to being left alone; no one gave two shits about her in her previous life. What little attention I've already given her has made her look at me differently.

The doe look she gives me when I smile or speak to her, you would think that I just hung the moon. Her previous life broke her so badly that she doesn't know what it feels like for someone to actually notice her. I think that makes her uncomfortable as much as it makes her feel seen. Watching Taliah sleep soundly has a few ideas floating through my head on how to make her mine. By the time I'm done with her, she will be begging for me to keep her. Pleading on her knees for me willingly.

Taliah

The warm sun streaming through the windows wakes me up early the next morning. I had the craziest dream last night, and I'm not too sure what to make of it just yet. I stretch out on my bed, and I feel an odd sensation between my thighs. I rub them together, feeling the slickness as my cheeks heat with embarrassment. Mind flickering to flashbacks of the dream that I had last night, which must be the culprit to my discomfort this morning.

"How does it feel to be the one strapped to my chair tonight, Taliah?" Logan says to me as he circles my naked body, eyes browsing my body like I'm a model in a playboy magazine. The glint of the knife in his hand catches my attention, shining sinisterly in the dim light of the room. "Look at you, pretty girl. Your body is shaking with the anticipation of what I'm going to do to you." Running the knife up my inner thigh, he knicks me way too close for comfort. I look down and see the blood beading to the surface and spilling over onto my pale skin. Making a trail down my leg to the chair beneath.

"L-Logan, what are you doing?" I whisper as I watch the blood leak from the wound on my thigh. He reaches up and grips my chin in his hand, forcing me to look into his eyes. The usually dead look he has is replaced with a mischievous glitter flickering in his eyes as he smirks at me. Bringing the knife up to my cheek and slowly dragging it down, slicing my skin like butter, making me let out a pained hiss as my blood rushes to the surface.

"I'm giving you what you want, Taliah. I saw the way you looked when I had that other woman in this chair; you wished it was you. Didn't you? You wanted to be the

one under my knife. You wanted to receive the same pain and attention I fawned the other woman with.” I let out a gasp because he’s right. I hate that he’s right, and it makes me whimper. He lets go of my chin as he takes a step back from my body.

Logan stares at me with interest, making me squirm in my restraints. My heart is beating so fast that I fear it may give out; the blush in my cheeks has traveled down to my chest. Body burning up under his intense gaze and the lights in the room.

“Did you know that the color of your blush matches the color of your nipples? It’s the prettiest pink I think I’ve ever seen. I almost wonder if it matches the pink inside your pussy too.” He runs the tip of the knife over my right nipple, making it stand at attention. Goosebumps erupt all over my skin, even though I’m burning up. I’ve never had anyone look at me like this before. The knife nicks my nipple, making me let out a mix of a moan and a surprised gasp. Looking down, I see the blood trailing down my chest and pooling in my belly button. Logan runs the knife down my chest and stomach, leaving a razor thin line in its wake. Beads of blood decorate my skin, and it fascinates me so much that I don’t notice where he’s ended up until it’s too late.

The chill of the knife slips through my pussy lips, the blood coating it, making it slide through with ease. “Did you like it when I did this to that woman, Taliah? Did you enjoy watching her wither in pain as I sliced her open?” His inquiring gaze reaches mine as he grips my left thigh, pushing my legs open as much as the restraints will allow. My thighs are shaking with anticipation for what he plans to do with me. I can feel wetness pooling between my legs, and I look down confused to see that he hasn’t cut me yet. “Look at this pretty wet pussy; this really does turn you on, doesn’t it? Not knowing if I’ll kill you or not. The thrill of the unexpected.” Gripping my thigh tight in his hand, he stares me down before he swipes the knife quickly up through my lips, making me scream with pleasure and agony.

My skin heats up as I feel more liquid pool between my thighs at the memory of

Logan slicing me open without a care in the world. It makes me gasp and my heart beats faster with the anxiety of what is happening to me. I've never felt like this before. My body is on fire, thighs trembling, and there is a tingle between my legs I've never felt before. Scrambling up from the bed, I rush to the bathroom, stripping out of my pajamas and flinging open the glass shower door. I adjust the water to a comfortable temperature and stand under it, trying to focus on the drops pelting my skin, but the tingling between my thighs is becoming way too much. Logan's smirking face flashes through my mind, and all I can feel is his hands on my thighs. Or what I imagine them to feel like.

Taking a deep breath, I reach down between my legs, feeling the slick wetness coating my finger. Pulling my fingers out, tilting my head, I stare at the wetness like it's a new discovery. Reaching back down, I explore this new uncharted territory. A finger brushing up against the little nub between my pussy lips, making me gasp at the sensation it gives. My whole body trembles under the water of the shower. Leaning up against the tiled wall, I circle the little bundle of nerves slowly; if I had known this felt this good, I would've done this sooner. The pulsing sensation in the nub gets more intense as I speed up my fingers, making moans spill from my lips. Thighs shaking so much I fear I may fall down, my other hand slaps the wall next to me, trying to keep me upright.

Breaths coming out choppy as lights explode behind my eyes. A small gush of liquid drips from my pussy as I grip the wall behind me, trying to catch my breath again. Black spots float around my vision as the tingling between my legs finally starts to subside. With shaking hands, I reach over to grab the shampoo and lather it in my hair, trying hard to regulate my breathing again. Finishing up in the shower, I turn off the water, grabbing a white fluffy towel from the rack beside the shower door. Drying off, then wrapping the towel around me, tucking the end under my armpit.

I turn to the large mirror in the bathroom, swiping the condensation away, and letting out a gasp at what I see. I don't know what I expected to see, honestly. My hair is

damp and limp as it lays around my shoulders, and there are purple bags under my eyes that I fear may actually be permanent. Freckles litter my face like a roadmap, and my cheeks are flushed. The flush travels down my neck and over my chest; it makes my thighs clench together as I remember what Logan said about it in my dream. I shake myself and walk out of the bathroom, letting out a scream as I see Logan sitting at the end of my bed waiting for me.

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Logan

This girl is testing my patience. I told her there were cameras everywhere in her room when I brought her here. But yet there she is, naked on my monitors, playing with her little pussy. Her head is thrown back against the shower wall, wet hair plastered to her face, as moans cascade from her lips. Hand gripping onto the slippery tile wall, trying to keep her upright as her other hand is between her legs, playing with that little bundle of nerves that resides there. I can see her thighs quivering and her chest rising up and down rapidly with every breath she takes.

My teeth grind together with my anger, slamming my fist down on my desk, making the pens rattle in the cup in the corner. I watch as she pleasures herself in front of me. Having no idea that I am watching her naughty little self. Maybe she's doing this to taunt me? Her movements speed up and become stuttering as she gets closer to her climax. My cock hardens in my slacks, pressing against the zipper hard enough that it will leave an indent. Blood rushing from my head to my dick makes me woozy as I watch Taliah nearly fall to her knees when she comes.

I shoot up from my desk, the chair falling to the floor with a clatter and the monitors rattling on the desk. I lean down close to the monitors, watching Taliah compose herself again before she goes about her normal shower routine. The way she looked as she came makes me curious to know if she's ever come before in her life. That reaction was a little over the top for someone who's actually masturbated before. She nearly fainted in that shower. Shutting off the monitors, I step back and walk towards the door.

Taking my time as I make my way to Taliah's room down the hall, sneaking in and

shutting the door quietly behind me. I hear the shower shut off and her light movements as she towels off. I settle at the foot of her bed, ready to confront her. My hands are shaking with the anger that is still coursing through my body. Forcing my temper to calm before she walks out of the bathroom, but I can't seem to get it under control, my body vibrating with a need that I've never actually felt before. I've been turned on and horny before, obviously, but this is so much different. My cock is so hard that I'm getting lightheaded, and my vision is starting to blur around the edges. What is this girl doing to me?

The bathroom door opens, and a towel-clad goddess walks out of the room with a cloud of steam behind her. She takes a few steps and then stops dead in her tracks when she notices me sitting there. A scream leaves her mouth, and her hand flies up to her chest. I don't give her time to get her bearings before I stride across the room, grab her by the throat, and slam her up against the wall behind her. Her head ricocheting off the wall with the impact and a gasp leaving her lips. She looks up at me with a dazed expression, like she's trying to figure out how she got here. I wait for the moment she registers what's happening before I tighten my hold on her neck more, cutting off her air.

Pressing my body up against hers, I can feel her hard nipples poking through the towel. She struggles to breathe in my hold, and her hands reach up to claw at the hand around her neck. The panic on her face makes me growl with pleasure. I let her struggle until her hands started to go limp, then I let go of her throat enough for her to get some air in. Still holding her against the wall behind her with my hand and body. I grip her waist tight in my other hand so she doesn't slip from my grip. Leaning down to her neck, I inhale the scent of her freshly washed skin—the smell of a juicy peach wafting into my nostrils, making me groan.

“You've been a naughty girl, Taliah. Did you forget that I have cameras in this entire room? That includes the bathroom.” I growl into her ear, making goosebumps erupt from her skin and her body tremble in my hold. “Looks like your shower was rather...

extraneous, wasn't it?"

"I-I don't know what you're talking about, Logan. I was just showering, I swear!" She stutters her words out as she tries to cover up her shame. A rosy blush was creeping from her cheeks down to her chest.

"I'd like to believe you, Taliah, but I watched as you played with your pretty pussy in there. I watched as you came so hard you almost blacked out. Your thighs trembling, barely holding you up against the shower wall. The pretty little moans you were letting out made me so hard I couldn't handle it anymore. Do you know how it feels to be so turned on that it hurts? I suppose you don't; that was the first time you've ever come, right?" She looks into my eyes and the fear swimming in them makes a shiver run down my spine and my fingers twitch on her neck. Taliah shakes her head, answering my question, but I don't want her movements, "Use your fucking words, Taliah. Look me in the eye and tell me all about your naughty little escapade."

I watch as she gulps hard, pupils dilating and her nipples so hard they could cut glass beneath the towel wrapped around her. She rubs her thighs together and it makes me chuckle darkly with her blatant display of desire. "I-um, I guess I was a naughty girl, Logan, but I-I'm sorry? I don't know what else you want me to say?" Taliah mumbles looking away out the window across the room, fixated on the swaying trees outside. I grab her face with the hand on her waist, forcing her to look at me, my other hand tightening its hold on her neck as a warning, my hips smashing into hers. I know she can feel my cock, hard against her stomach through the cotton towel she wears.

"Fucking tell me, Taliah, I want to hear you tell me exactly how you were playing with that pretty pussy. The pussy that isn't yours to play with anymore. That pussy is mine. The day you walked through those doors is the day that it became mine." Growling into her face as I reach down with the hand holding her face to grab her cunt through the towel. I can feel extra dampness there that isn't from the shower.

“What do we have here, pretty girl?” I grind the heel of my palm into her clit beneath the towel, and she lets out a soft moan from the touch. I continue giving her what she wants as I say, “Why don’t you be a good girl for me and tell me what I want to hear, Little Lamb?”

“Okay, okay, Logan! I touched my, my p-pussy in the shower. I was so wet, and I’ve never felt like that before. I-I’m sorry, Logan, I won’t do it again, I swear, just please don’t stop!” She pushes her hips against my palm, trying to reach her climax. “Please, Logan, make me feel good.” She moans, looking up at me under her lashes as she grinds harder against my palm.

I seriously consider letting her come; I really do. Watching as she grinds against the heel of my hand, shamelessly moaning and pleading for me to let her come. Letting out a chuckle, I pull my hand away and take a few steps back from her. The look on her face is priceless as she sags against the wall. “You don’t get to come unless I tell you to. If I see you touch my pussy again, you will be punished.” I don’t spare her another glance as I turn around and walk out of her room. I slam the door behind me as I leave and lean up against the wall beside it. Slamming my head into the wall behind me making my brain rattle in my skull and my vision blur. The pain grounds me as I take a few deep breaths, straighten my shirt sleeves, and walk back down the hall.

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Logan

“ A h, there he is! Please meet our resident doctor, Logan Mitchell. He will be overseeing Lindsey’s onboarding process here this evening.” Mr. Pickett announces as I enter the plush office, closing the door quietly behind me. I walk to the side of Pickett’s desk and peer over at the couple sitting in the leather chairs in front of us. They are obviously from a wealthy family, wearing Versace and Louis Vuitton. The man’s hair is slicked back so far it looks like a toupe glued to his head. I’m sure they are both holding stock in botox too, with the severe look that is on their faces.

“Doctor Logan is the best there is and I know he can turn Lindsey’s behavior around so fast!” Pickett continues rambling as I just stare at the parents. When he summoned me, he wasn’t sure if they were actually going to give up their daughter or not. The mother was all for it, but the father on the other hand? He was torn; he didn’t want to give up his personal fuck toy, as he claims. I don’t even look over at the girl that I know is sitting on the other side of the office doped up. I won’t look until the parents say the magic words that I yearn to hear. Taliah has been a nice distraction, but I’m itching to cut something. To destroy something. I’ve been missing the melodic, pained screams that echo throughout my work room.

“We uh,” The man starts to say and then clears his throat like there’s something stuck deep down in there. “We just want Lindsey to be normal again.” He whispers as he looks up at Mr. Pickett with a sad smile. His hands are shaking as Pickett hands him the additional paperwork to fill out that serves his daughter to me on a silver platter. I watch as he shakily scrawls his name on the signature line without even reading the fine print. He doesn’t want to know what I’m going to do to his precious Lindsey. They never want to know.

“Don’t you worry, Little Lindsey will be in great hands. Harmony Heights is the number one therapy testing site in the country after all.” I say to the parents as the father bolts up from the chair, grabbing his wife by the hand and hauling her up too. As they rush towards the door, I say to their backs with a smile creeping across my face, “Bring in the people who need us the most, and leave them with your favorite host.”

“I trust that you have this intake under control then?” Mr. Pickett asks as he walks out of the room without waiting for me to answer. I swing my eyes over to the chair sitting up against the opposite wall. A woman is sitting in it in a straight jacket, slumped over, about to topple out of it. I walk over to her, grabbing her greasy, curly brown hair and tugging her head back. Her blue eyes are glazed over, and drool pools at the edge of her lips. You’d think that all of that mixed together would be what shocks me, but it's none of that. I drop the woman's head like it's on fire and take a step back, just staring at her like she’s a ghost. My heartbeat accelerates as I stare at the woman, watching as she slowly slumps down in the chair and falls straight to the plush carpet. Rolling her over on her back with the toe of my shoe, I lean down and brush her brown curls away from her face.

The serene look on her face as she stares up at the ceiling makes a chill run through me. Hands shaking at my sides as Shannon’s face flashes through my mind. This woman looks exactly like Shannon when she was this age; definitely some doppelganger shit going on here. I walk back over to the desk and grab the paper work that the parents filled out just to double check that this isn’t some joke.

Lindsey Marie Parrish

Date of Birth: 9/8/1996

Age: 18

Eye color: Blue

Hair color: Brown

Height: 5'1"

Complaints: Sneaks out of the house to party and do drugs. Returns early in the morning strung out. Doesn't follow the rules.

Desired Actions: We want her to be normal again.

Please sign here to relinquish all rights over to Harmony Heights. By signing here, you agree to gift Lindsey to Doctor Logan for any testing procedure he deems fit.

Signature: James Parrish

Tossing the papers back on the desk, I turn back around to the woman on the floor. Leaning down, I gather her in my arms and make my way towards my workspace. Once there, I toss her unceremoniously onto the medical chair in the room. Grabbing my knife off of the tray next to the chair, I cut away the straight jacket she's wearing and tossed the scraps to the floor. Strapping her arms and legs down because as soon as I get started, I know she's going to wake up. The sight of her naked body restrained to the chair makes me gasp. Images of Shannon float through my mind, and I swear I can hear her screams just like it was yesterday.

"Logan, please! I'm so sorry that I left you. I won't ever leave you again, I swear it! I love you so much that it just, I- it hurts Logan! Your love hurts." Shannon sobs on the cold metal table she's strapped to. Her body was shaking with the force of her cries. Fat crocodile tears pouring from her eyes and dripping off her face onto the table beneath her with a little ping. Her sorrow makes me smile. She shouldn't have come back here after leaving me like that. I'll make sure she never leaves me again.

“Logan, baby, come on, we can talk about it.” She pleads with a sniffle. Looking at me with those puppy dog eyes I used to do anything for.

I tap the tip of my knife against the metal table, making her jump and whimper. “Oh, Shannon. My sweet little lamb, why did you leave me?” I drag the blunt side of the blade up her thigh, watching as it shakes beneath my touch. I look up at her, waiting for her to answer me; when she doesn’t, I knick the side of her thigh with my blade, making her scream.

“Fuck! Logan, please! I-I got scared, okay? I didn’t think you actually loved me; I thought you were just using me as a placeholder or something! I promise I won’t ever leave you again.” She pulls at her restraints, making the table rattle and roll an inch forward.

“Ya know, somehow I just don’t believe a word that you say now.” I run the knife over her thigh, slicing her skin open, and watching the blood pour out of her onto the table. Her screams are beautiful. My head falls back as I bask in the noise and the coppery smell. “I gave you everything you ever wanted Shannon, and that’s how you treat me? Leaving me high and dry?” I glare at her as I poise the knife over her stomach for another cut.

“STOP! Logan, stop, I’m pregnant!” Shannon screams at the top of her lungs. I freeze, the knife just a centimeter from her stomach as I stare at it, trying to process what the fuck she just said to me. “I—I, Logan, I’m pregnant.” She pleads through her tears. “Check my purse; there’s a test in there!” I chuck the knife across the room; it bounces off the wall and lands at the foot of the table, slicing Shannon’s foot open and causing her to cry more. I wrenched her purse off the floor and shuffled through the contents until I found the test. Two pink lines glaring back at me. I look over at Shannon in disbelief. “It’s uh, it’s y-yours, Logan.” She whispers to me.

If only I had known better back then. Shannon was such a fucking liar, saying

anything to save her own skin. The baby's dad didn't want it, so he tossed her out like a piece of trash, and she had nowhere else to go. I should've pieced it together. Fuck, I should've gotten some type of test done, but no, I was infatuated with her. The woman strapped to the chair in front of me finally stirs, mumbling questions as to where she is. I stare at her while she comes too. Grabbing the knife off of the table, I spin it around between my fingers, trying to decide where I want to start with her. Then my most brilliant idea comes to me, bringing a smile to my face.

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Taliah

I 'm still pissed from what Logan did earlier. Leaving me hot and bothered in a towel wasn't exactly on my agenda today. Not that I have one anyway. After he left the room I slid down to the floor and stayed there for a good hour before I finally got up to dress. I dressed in booty shorts and an oversized sweater figuring Logan wouldn't be back for the rest of the day since he did his sign of life check this morning. I've been sitting on the window seat trying to read this new book but my thoughts keep drifting back to Logan.

The look in his eyes when he held me between the wall and his body. He looked as if he wanted to eat me alive, ravish my body and my soul. The grip that he had on my throat should have made me afraid, but it made me feel safe. Safer than I've ever felt. When he grabbed me between my legs I nearly jumped out of my skin. His touch was warm compared to the cold and clinical touches I've had previously .

In the midst of my day dreaming the door swings open, slamming against the wall. Logan saunters in like he owns the place, eating up the space between us with his long strides. It's like he sucks out all of the air in the room when he enters. He stares down at me with his intense eyes, something glittering in their depths that I can't quite decipher.

"Taliah, I have something fun for you today. How would you like to leave this room for a few hours?" He asks while reaching his hand towards me beckoning for me to grab it. I don't even amuse him with an answer, because it's not like I actually have a choice in the matter. It may seem like it, but I know if I said no he'd just drag me along anyway. My hand is dwarfed in his large one as he tugs me from the room. The

calluses on his skin scratching mine as he holds it tight in his.

Tugging me down the cold hallway I get an ominous feeling in the pit of my stomach. The floor is cold under my bare feet and goosebumps rise up on my legs. I'm not regretting my choice in clothing. I suddenly feel exposed as I trail behind Logan down the hall. He pulls me to a stop at a rusty steel door a few doors down from my own. Swiping his key card on the lock and the click sounds like a bomb in the quiet. Logan walks into the room and ushers me inside before the door slams shut, locking me inside. My eyes scan the space and what I see makes me take a few steps back, bumping into the door behind me.

My heart rate speeds up and I can feel my breath coming out irregularly. Hands shaking at my sides, beads of sweat popping up on my hairline as I stare at the wide eyed woman strapped to the medical chair in the center of the room. She's quiet for a moment as we look at each other, and then she starts to scream like a banshee. Thrashing around in her restraints trying so desperately to get out of her predicament. But I know better than she does that she won't be able to escape this place, except maybe in pieces.

Turning around I tug on the door handle, and beat against it with my fists. Yelling for anyone to save me. All the while Logan is chuckling behind me with amusement. I hear the squeak of wheels behind me. Whipping around, Logan is wheeling a desk chair and parks it a few feet away from the medical chair. Then he walks to a cabinet in the corner of the room, opening it, and pulling out a few lengths of rope.

"Come here, Taliah." He motions for me to move towards the chair and I shake my head no. Tsking he picks up a knife from the tray between the chairs and puts it to the girls neck. "Now, now Taliah. You've been such a good girl, do you really want to ruin it now?" He eyes me expectantly.

I take a deep breath to calm myself and walk to the chair on wobbly legs. Plopping

down on the soft leather I make myself comfortable, because I have a feeling he won't be letting me up for a while. Logan circles me as he ties my limbs to the chair making me immobile. I tested my restraints hoping that he made a mistake, but sure enough he didn't. Sinking back into the chair I await the horrors ahead. Logan picks up the knife again from the chair and walks over the girl in front of me. I finally have a chance to actually look her over and it seems that he hasn't even done anything to her yet. She looks younger than I am, and that makes me a bit sad. Knowing that she has a whole life ahead of her and I know she won't make it out of this room alive.

Logan trails the knife up the girl's thigh, slicing her skin wide open, the blood dripping out onto the floor beneath her. The pitter patter as it hits the concrete is hypnotizing along with the ruby red color. Tilting my head I watch as the blood flows from her leg, completely ignoring her cries for help. Crimson blooms on her other thigh directing my attention as Logan drags the knife across her skin. Watching as the blood spills out and mingles with the rest dripping onto the floor.

My thighs shake with the need to rub them together, that weird sensation between them firing up. Logan makes several other cuts along the girl's body, each as deep as the previous. It looks like a massacre here with the amount of blood already littering her body and the floor. Her screams of pain make me feel something I've never felt before and I'm not sure how to take that. My body feels like it's vibrating and the wetness between my legs grows. Logan looks over at me across the begging girl's body and smirks as he peers between my legs. I know there is a wet spot there and that makes a blush creep up to my cheeks.

"Do you like what you see little lamb?" He drags the blade across her breast, effectively slicing her nipple clean off. The blood squirts up like a small geyser towards the ceiling and her screams bounce around the room. I let out a small moan at the intense feeling deep down inside of me. "Your darkness is swimming to the surface, Taliah. I can see it in your eyes. Begging to be let out to play. Why don't you be a good girl and reach out and grab it for me?"

Taliah

I can't help but lean into what Logan is asking of me. My thighs are drenched with my wetness, and my nipples are tingling with need. He runs the knife down the girl's stomach, splitting her open just enough to bleed her like a stuck pig. The moan that lets out of me as she screams for dear life makes Logan nearly drop the knife to the floor. I'm shaking in my restraints, my body buzzing with how turned on I am.

Logan comes towards me with the knife, and it makes my breath hitch. The blade dripping with blood as he runs it down my cheek, tapping my lower lip as he goes. My tongue peeks out and swipes the blood off the blade. The metallic taste makes the saliva pool in my mouth. Eyes rolling back in my head at the taste of the dying girl on my tongue. He reaches down and slices through the rope holding me hostage and tugs me up from the chair. Holding me in front of him, he leans down, and I can feel his warm breath in my ear.

"Oh little lamb, your darkness has come out to play with me, hasn't it?" I nod my head as I sink back into his hold, relishing the feel of his body against mine. Feeling drunk from pleasure with the scent of the girl bleeding out in the air and her weak pleas tumbling from her lips. "I want you to take this knife, walk over to her, and show me that you're ready to play." He tucks the knife inside of my palm and gently pushes me forward. My feet move on their own accord as I make my way to the girl.

Her breathing is shallow, and her eyes are glassy from the blood lost. She rolls her head towards me and whimpers as she sees the knife in my hand. "No, please don't." Tilting my head, I consider her words. "You're not like him. You can't be a monster too." As she begs, the pulse between my legs gets stronger, and it makes me swipe

them together. Leaning over her, I take the knife to her other nipple, swiping it clean off her chest. It bounces from her body and goes rolling across the bloody floor before stopping at Logan's feet. He claps his hands with approval as I admire the blood pouring from her breast. Reaching down, I place the knife between the girl's pussy lips and look up at her.

"Do you really think that I'm a monster?" I ask in a soft voice, peeking up at her through my lashes. She nods her head weakly as it lulls to the side and her breaths come out uneven. I swipe the knife up through her pussy, feeling the warm blood spray over me, soaking my sweater. Her body shakes as she takes her last breath; it rattles up through her lungs before her body goes still in the chair. The only sound in the room is my breathing and the droplets of blood hitting the floor. The click clack of Logan's shoes sounds like a percussion band as he makes his way behind me. Grabbing me around my waist, his other hand going around my throat as he holds me tight against him.

"You're not a little lamb after all, are you Taliah?" I shake my head in his grasp, him leaning down to run his tongue along the side of my face, lapping up the blood that was there. "You're my little monster. The darkness has taken over, and it looks so fucking good on you. You've been so good for me, and good little monsters get rewards." He lets me go and walks over to the medical chair, flinging the dead girl's legs wide open so there's an open space between them. He reaches over the chair and grabs my hands, helping me up into the space. Logan pushes down on my chest so my head is laying right up against her still warm and bloody pussy. Hair getting soaked in the blood that still pours from there. Logan makes his way over to the end of the chair and flings my legs over his shoulders.

Peering down at him, I watch as he takes the knife and cuts away my small shorts, leaving me bare before him. I reach down to cover myself, nervous that he's seeing me like this. He grabs my hands and flings them away. "Don't you ever cover up what's mine or I will cut your hands from your body. Do you understand?" I nod my

head frantically because I believe that he would in fact cut my hands from my body. Logan leans down, and his tongue touches me where no one else's has. The feeling is electrifying as pleasure bolts through my body.

Logan's thumbs spread my pussy lips for better access as he dives in like a starved man. Lapping up every drop of wetness that seeped out of me. His tongue laps at my clit making me moan as my thighs tremble around his head. The sensation of his finger slowly penetrating me makes me whimper. He pokes around before he stops and looks up at me, making me groan in frustration. "Fuck, you really are a virgin? I'll let you keep your innocence today, but the next time I have you spread out for me like a buffet, I will take what is mine ." He growls the last word and then dives back in. His lips suctioning onto my clit, his tongue flicking it furiously. The sounds that are coming out of me are incoherent at this point. I reach down and thread my fingers through Logan's hair, holding him against me as my hips move on their own accord. His tongue swipes my clit one last time, and I shatter underneath him.

Panting like I just ran a marathon, my vision going blurry around the edges. Trying to catch my breath after Logan flung me into a whole other dimension. I look up at him and his face is not reflecting what I thought it would. He's closed off and his eyes are cold. I slowly get to my feet, legs still shaking from the onslaught of his tongue. He just stands there and stares at me almost like he can't believe he just did that. Walking towards the door of the room, he flings it open and gestures for me to follow him. I tug at my sweater, pulling it down to cover me the best that I can. Logan walks me quickly down the hall to my room, unlocking the door and flinging it open for me. I step inside and turn around to look at him. He doesn't even look back before he shuts the door in my face, not even saying a word.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:46 am

Logan

“ F uck!” I scream out as I pound my fists on my closed bedroom door, leaning forward against the cool steel door. The heartbroken, look on Taliah’s face as I threw her in her room without a word about destroyed me. I almost threw my entire plan out the fucking window to hold her. Why does she have this effect on me? My heart hurts knowing that I hurt her. I’ve never felt this sensation before, and I’m not really sure if I like it or not.

Pushing off of the door, I walk to my attached bathroom and strip out of my bloody clothes, tossing them into the corner for later me to deal with. The black tiles in my bathroom reflect my dark mood as I trudge to the shower and turn on the water. Steam starts to billow out of the shower stall. I step in and stand directly under the hot water as it beats down on me, washing all of the blood down the drain. I stare at the pinky-red swirls as they pool around my feet, reminding me of the color of Taliah’s hair as the blood soaked it.

The euphoric look on her face as she watched me butcher that girl was everything I’ve ever wanted. Knowing that her darkness matches mine is what makes my obsession with her grow by the second. The sound of her moans as I licked her delectable pussy still echos in my mind. Her sweet and musty taste is still coating my tongue. I slam my fist against the black shower wall as my cock starts to rise, reacting to the images of Taliah laid out before me. Her hard nipples poking through her sweater, hair clinging to her sweaty forehead as she withered underneath me.

Gripping my cock in my hand, I stroke it roughly as I replay the look on her face as she sliced the girl's nipple right off. Her eyes lit up with delight as she watched the

blood spray from her chest. When she reached that knife down to that girl's pussy, I almost couldn't believe my eyes. My breathing picked up as I stroked my cock, erupting all over the wall with the image of Taliah cutting the girl's pussy wide open. The blood drenching her, making her look like the prettiest little monster.

Finishing up in the shower, I wrap a fluffy black towel around my waist and step back into my room. Walking up to my desk in the corner, I flick on the monitors. A bloody Taliah comes into view as she sits on the floor by her closed door, her head tilted back, eyes staring at the ceiling. The frown that sits on her face makes me angry, but the only person to be angry at is myself. "I'm sorry, little monster." I whisper for no one to hear, but myself.

Taliah

I don't understand that man. One minute he has me laid out for him like a meal, and the next he's like an iceberg. Tossing me into my room half naked, and still covered in blood. It's almost like he doesn't want to give in. Like he's scared to let himself have me. Which again, I don't understand why. I'm almost certain he doesn't have a line of women knocking down the door to be with him.

I slam my head back against the steel door behind me. I haven't moved since he made me see stars then tossed me away like I was an inconvenience. Looking down at my body, a shiver travels up my spine at the amount of blood that is plastered over my body. Now dried down to my skin and flaking off in places. My sweater is heavy and sticks to my skin, making me itchy. The coppery scent of the blood is long gone, leaving me feeling empty. I make my way to my feet, watching as flakes of red drop from my legs and float to the floor. Scattering like macabre confetti.

Dragging myself into the bathroom, I flip on the light next to the vanity, bathing the room in a bright light. A bloody monster stares back at me in the mirror. Her once blonde hair is tinged a reddish pink, dark red splotches mar her face, and clumping her eyelashes. Tugging my sweater up over my head is a challenge as it sticks to my skin, not wanting to let go. I let the blood-soaked garment fall to the floor at my feet. The design left behind on my skin where the blood soaked through, mixing with the thick thread of the sweater, leaving thick lines over my stomach and chest. I run my fingers through the marks on my chest, flicking off dry flakes of blood, watching them fall to the floor around me. A smile tugs at my lips as I reminisce on how I got this bloody in the first place.

The screams from the girl were so beautiful, and I'm not sure if I should feel that way. I think I should be horrified by what I have done, but I'm not. Her tears falling from her eyes as she yelled for me to help her should not have turned me on like it did. My stomach rolls as I fight with my feelings on how I should feel about these events. I have always been a good girl, laying low, following the rules, and not wanting to risk stepping out of line. As much as I hated my parents, I didn't want to risk being taken somewhere else. I guess now it doesn't matter if I'm good or not; I'm stuck in this hell for the foreseeable future. The attention that Logan gives me here and there makes it a little more tolerable at least. I wonder if he'll let himself have me, or if I'll end up like that girl too.

Letting out a sigh I turn toward the shower, stepping in, and turning the water on to hot. The steam almost immediately fills the room, and I'm grateful that at least they didn't skimp on a nice water heater here. Standing under the spray, I watch as the blood runs from my body in rivulets, pooling at my feet, before running down the drain. Admiring it dripping from my body just like it did that girl. I can still picture it in my mind when the blood squirted from her chest when I sliced her nipple off. My heart beat speeds up as the sound of her screams echos through my head, and the sight of the blood streaming from her body coats her skin. The tingle between my legs is back, and it makes me panic. I should not feel this way. I helped kill that girl, and I didn't feel anything. At least not the things that I should be feeling.

Quickly washing my hair twice, before I roughly scrub my body with the exfoliating mitt attached to the wall. Scrubbing my skin, making sure all traces of blood have washed down the drain. My skin turning bright red from the assault. Turning off the shower, I step out and grab a fluffy white towel from the rack. Harshly drying my skin and hair before throwing on the robe behind the back of the door. I yank a brush through my hair, working the knots out, before finally exiting the bathroom. Moving towards the closet, I pull out a black t-shirt nightgown and toss it over my body. It's too big and hangs off one of my shoulders. Sulking as I make my way over to the window seat, wrapping a fluffy blanket around my shoulders, looking out at the night

covered yard surrounding the institute.

As I watch the trees sway in the breeze, I see a flicker of movement on the edge of the yard. A dark figure jogging around the perimeter of the yard, careful to stay outside of the trees. They're wearing all black, and I almost missed them if it wasn't for the reflection strip on their tennis shoes. I continue to watch them as they make their way around, and then they stop under the street light below my window. They stand there staring up at me, their black hoodie hiding their face, making a weird feeling erupt inside of me. The figure reaches up and pulls their hoodie back, revealing their face to me.

Logan stares up at me, a frown imprinted into his perfect face. His eyes, usually hard, are filled with something else, sadness reflected in them. We look at each other, waiting for the other one to do something, to break the trance, but I refuse to be the one who gives in this time. Logan shakes his head and then jogs up the steps to the institute, disappearing from view.

Taliah

I t's been three days since I saw Logan last. He hasn't even been delivering my meals, making Mr. Pickett deliver them to me through the small slot in my door. Three times a day he pounds on my door and shoves the food through, not even caring if I'm there to catch it or not. I learned that the first day he did it, the sandwich tumbling to the floor and the glass of water spilling all over the carpet. From then on, I make sure to run and catch the food as he tosses it in.

It's been too quiet. I usually like the quiet, but not here. I've been spending way too much time with my thoughts and it's been taking a toll on me. I turn the TV on several times a day, hoping I can catch a glimpse of Logan, but it's been static for days. I've never been depressed before, but lately I've been feeling so empty. Numb. Needing something, or someone. My skin itches to be touched by his rough hands; whether it's painful or loving, I don't care. I'm tired of being ignored. Tired of being cooped up in this room like a scolded child. I huff getting up from my bed and walking into the bathroom. I need to make him notice me again. I ruffle through the cabinets under the sink, only finding miscellaneous makeup items and hair ties. Slamming the last drawer closed, I fall back onto my butt on the floor, kicking the vanity with my heel in frustration. Then I hear it. A little tinkle of a sound as something falls inside of the vanity. I rip the drawers out of their spots, stacking them on top of each other on the floor. Peering down into the dark depths of the opening, I see a small silver rectangle reflecting the little light that has been let in from the bathroom.

Reaching my hand down and grabbing it out of the dusty depths of the cabinet, I pull it out and let in a sharp breath as it knicks my finger. Holding up the small razor

blade under the light, watching it reflect the light back at me, with a drop of blood dripping from the tip where it knicked my finger. Putting my cut finger into my mouth, I suck the blood off, relishing the metallic taste as it covers my tongue. A smile spreads over my face as the best idea I've ever had comes to me. If Logan won't willingly come to me, then I'll just have to give him a reason to do it.

Exiting the bathroom I head over to my bed. Laying the razor blade on the bedside table as I tug my shirt over my head, tossing it to the floor. My leggings and underwear are next; all of my clothes lay in a pile at the side of my bed. Climbing into the bed, I position myself upon the pillows directly in the middle. In perfect view of the TV on the wall in front of the bed. Grabbing the razor blade and remote from the bedside table, I turn the TV on being met with static again. Tossing the remote onto the comforter next to me, I grip the blade in my hand and take a deep breath, praying to anyone who will listen that this works. I drag the blade down my arm, hissing as it slices through my skin like butter, leaving a trail of blood bubbling up from the surface. I do the same to my other arm, watching as it slowly flows from the cut I made. I didn't go deep enough to bleed out; killing myself is not the goal here.

Peeking up at the TV, it still shows the static. I turn up the volume, drowning out the silence in the room with the sound of the static. Dragging the blade over my stomach, letting out a gasp when the blood seeps out from the cut, and smiling as I watch it flow over the side and drip onto the white comforter below me. I make a few more cuts onto my stomach, getting nervous that my plan isn't going to work, before I call it quits, the static emanating in the room ends.

Jerking my head up, I see Logan's face staring at my naked body from the screen. Looking him in the eyes, I slide the sharp blade down my right thigh, letting out a low moan as I go. His eyes are now focused on the blood falling from the cut on my leg, I run my fingers through the blood, gliding against my skin effortlessly as I grab my breast, kneading it in my palm. Making another cut on my hip, I hear him growl through the TV.

“What are you doing, Taliah?” He says in that deep voice, silky and smooth. I don’t answer him. Just smile and keep my eyes on his as I drag the blade over the top of my left breast, deeper than the rest, moaning at the stinging feeling. “Does it feel good? The feeling of the blade slicing through your skin like silk?” The sound of his voice makes wetness pool between my legs, as I slide them together to try to relieve the tingling sensation there. Dragging the blade across my pelvis, the sensation making my back arch off the bed as the warm blood flows down to my pussy. “That’s a good girl, Taliah.” Logan growls before the TV goes blank, leaving static to echo through the room again.

A frown spreads across my face as my heart drops, leaving my hands trembling with the rejection of him leaving. My body is shaking in the cool air as tears start to pool in my eyes. Before a tear can fall, the door to my room opens, slamming against the wall to my room. Logan enters, kicking the door closed behind him. His long legs are eating up the space between us as he stands beside the bed, looking down at me with a fire in his eyes. He leans over my body, grabbing the remote and turning off the TV before he grabs the razor from my trembling hand. Holding it up in front of him, he brings it to his mouth, his tongue slipping out and licking the blade, my blood covering his bottom lip. He lets out a low groan at the taste of me, before climbing onto the bed next to me.

Looking at me, he takes the blade and positions it above my left thigh, waiting for me to say something. I nod my head, giving him permission to continue, but he shakes his head like that’s not what he wants. “Do it, please, Logan.” I whisper. Before the last word leaves my lips, he brings the sharp edge down across my thigh. Eliciting a moan from my lips as he drags it deeper, warm blood flowing from the cut. His fingers slide through it, painting my untouched skin with the deep red color. Logan reaches up and sucks my blood from his fingers. The act is so vile and depraved it makes more wetness pool between my thighs.

Logan drags the blade under my left breast, making me arch my back up towards the

ceiling, his hand gripping my breast, and tweaking the nipple roughly. “I tried to stay away from you.” He mutters as he tugs on my nipple, making a gasp float from my lips. He brings the blade to my left hip and runs it across it, making me shiver with need. “But you don’t want me to stay away, do you, Taliah?” I shake my head roughly as he makes another cut on my stomach. He reaches up with his bloody hand, gripping my chin, forcing me to look at him. “Tell me, Little Monster, tell me what’s floating through that pretty head of yours.”

“I want you, Logan. I need you. I’m so numb without you. Make me bleed. Hurt me. Destroy me. Whatever you want, just keep me. Let me be your perfect little monster.” I let out in a rush as tears pool in my eyes. My stomach rolls again with fear as I wait for him to say something. But he doesn’t say anything. He grips my chin so tight I think it may crack, and then it’s like what I said to him finally clicks in his brain. He leans down and slams his mouth against mine. Capturing my lips under his in a harsh kiss full of tongue and teeth. He climbs over top of me, his hard body smashing mine into the bed as he steals my breath away. The feel of his rough clothes irritating the cuts littering my body. His knee comes up between my thighs, spreading them apart. I roll my hips over his thigh, seeking friction, and he chuckles.

“Is my little monster needy?” He looks down, seeing the wet spot bloom over his thigh. Looking at my pussy lips shining under the lights of the room, mixed with blood and arousal. “Look at that pretty pussy, all wet and ready for me.” He kisses me roughly before crawling down my body, spreading my thighs apart, and positioning his body between them. “Do you remember what I told you the last time I had you spread out for me?” A breathy gasp leaves my lips as he stares me down with fire in his eyes. “I’m going to fuck this pretty little pussy tonight, Taliah.” He says with a possessive growl.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:46 am

Taliah

I feel like I can't breathe. My heart feels like it's going to beat right through my ribcage. There's no way I heard him right, but the way his tongue is lapping at my pussy right now makes me think I did hear him right. A moan escapes through my lips as he sucks my clit into his mouth. The pressure makes me arch my back and squeeze his head between my thighs. Reaching down, I wrap my fingers in his silky hair and tug him closer to me. The growl that rumbles through him vibrates my pussy in the most delicious way. His fingers holding my thighs tight in his grip, leaving bruises in his wake.

Once I feel the intense tingling sensation between my legs, and rushing up the base of my spine, he pushes away from me, sitting back on his heels before me. Letting out a groan from the loss as I watch him rip his dress shirt open. Buttons flying across my room at the force. He tosses it on the floor, before pushing up off the bed to stand on the plush carpet. Keeping his eyes on me, he undoes his belt, the clink of the metal sending a shiver through me. He kicks his dress slacks and boxers off, standing in front of me naked like some greek god. His abs are chiseled to perfection, and the black ink traveling along his sides and torso makes me want to follow it with my tongue. But what makes me catch my breath, and my eyes bug out of my head is his cock. His hand is wrapped around the hard length of it, jutting out from his pelvis with a slight curve at the end. A metal piercing shines from the very tip of it in the lights of the room. Logan smirks as he watches me ogle him like a blushing virgin. He crawls back onto the bed and slowly prowls toward me, and in a panic I pull my legs closed, because I know this man is about to break me.

His eyes harden as he rushes towards me, gripping my neck in one hand as he holds

his naked body above me with the other. His hard cock digging into my belly, making my insides squirm. He leans down to my ear to speak, "Are you going to be a good girl for me, Taliah? Or are you going to make me fight for it? Either way, this is going to end with my cock buried deep inside of you." His warm tongue runs the length of my neck as he waits for me to respond, but all I can muster is a small nod. "Relax, Little Monster, let me show you just how good it feels to live in the darkness with me." The demand instantly makes my body relax, my thighs falling open to lay beside his hips, allowing him to settle them between mine. "Good girl." Logan growls before wrenching my head up with the hand around my neck so he can claim my lips in a brutal kiss.

Logan settles his body fully on mine, the weight making me feel safe. He runs his other hand down my side, goosebumps erupting in its wake, reaching between my legs, he rubs my clit in small circles. The wetness makes his movements smooth and tantalizing. He leans down and takes my erect nipple into his mouth, flicking it with his tongue, then biting down. A scream of ecstasy leaves my lips from the pain he inflicted. Leaning back up, he captures my bottom lip between his teeth, biting down hard, and I can taste the metallic tang of blood as he pulls away. His cock nudges my entrance, making me gasp and dig my nails into his shoulders, eliciting a hiss from his mouth.

His hold on my neck tightens, cutting off my breathing as he simultaneously bites down on my neck so hard I know I will have a mark, and his cock plunges into me all the way to the hilt. A garbled scream rushes out of me as the pain engulfs me. My pussy trying to stretch to accommodate him as I struggle to breathe with Logan's grasp on my neck. Tears spring to my eyes, slowly trailing down my cheeks. Logan releases his grip on my neck as he leans down and laps up the salty tears from my skin. He still hasn't moved, allowing me this grace to adjust to his size, but the lack of movement is slowly driving me crazy. "P-please Logan." I whimper, causing him to growl and move his hips. The pain between my legs ebbs and flows as he moves. His pace picks up speed as the pain turns into pleasure, which has me panting and

moaning his name. “That’s my girl; look at you taking my cock so well, Taliah. That greedy little pussy just can’t get enough of me, can it?”

Logan’s thrusts become brutal, and I’ve completely lost control of my voice at this point. The sounds coming out of me are unintelligible. My legs involuntarily wrap around his hips as he fucks me mercilessly into the bed. His hand snakes down between us to flick my clit which makes sparks fly behind my eyelids. He’s saying something to me, but I’m so lost in the feeling of him that I can’t understand him. He grips my neck in one of his hands, and slaps my cheek with the other, shocking me enough that my eyes fly open and find his. “Look at me when you come, Little Monster! I want to watch you break apart underneath me.”

His grip on my neck tightens and my vision goes fuzzy around the edges, but I keep my eyes on Logan all the same. His thrusts become harder, and as he pinches my clit between his fingers, I fall apart. Stars burst behind my eyes, and all I see is Logan’s lust-filled eyes staring back at me. Logan’s movements start to stutter, and the next second I feel a warmth coating the inside of my pussy. My head starts to feel heavy as my vision continues to blur, Logan’s grip around my neck never letting up. The last thing I see is something different flicker across Logan’s gaze that I just can’t place, and his ragged breathing in my ears before my vision goes black.

Logan

I watch as the light leaves Taliah's eyes and her breathing slows to a crawl. Letting go of her neck, I sit back on my haunches and admire her naked body. Bruises from my hand blooming on her neck, and the cuts littering her body. She really is the perfect masterpiece. The purples, blues, and reds sticking out on her pale skin like a neon sign. It's hard for me to tear my eyes away from her, but I notice that several of the cuts are still bleeding. Chalking that up to why she passed out, and not just because I lost control while I was lost in her. Hopping down from the bed, I trek into her bathroom and root through the cabinets, looking for the first aid kit under the sink. Snagging it, I toss it onto the white marble countertop, and take a look at myself in the mirror.

Streaks of blood mar my skin, mingling with the black wisps of my tattoos. My cock and pelvis are smeared with her innocence and both of our release, glistening in the light of the bathroom, and that brings a smile to my face. Running my fingers over my still hard cock, swiping up the juices that coat it, I pop my fingers in my mouth. A deep moan rattles my chest at the taste. A delicious combination of metallic and sweetness assaults my taste buds, and lust filled haze coats my vision. Forgetting all about the first aid kit, I head back into the bedroom quickly. Crawling onto the bed and wrenching Taliah's thighs open.

Her pussy swollen from the rough abuse, folds glistening from blood and come. Leaning down, I dive in like a starved man. Lapping up the remaining piece of her innocence and swallowing it down. Taliah starts to stir beneath me, and I grip her thighs, holding her in place. Looking up at her face, while I suction my lips to her sensitive clit I suck and hum, and that extra stimulation makes her eyes fly wide

open. She grips the sheets beneath her, not yet realizing what's happening. Nipping at her clit as I stuff her pussy full of my tongue, she finally peers down at me with heavy lids, and a whimper trembles from her lips.

"L-logan, w-what are you d-doing?" She stutters, her eyes rolling back into her head with pleasure. I don't answer, because I know it's not necessary. Letting go of one of her thighs, I slide two fingers into her warm, wet pussy. Her breath increasing in tempo as she rides through the pleasure I'm forcing upon her. My other hand presses against her lower abdomen as I suck her clit into my mouth, and brutally thrust my fingers into her, hitting that sweet spot deep inside of her. Her thighs quake around my head, as she lets out a piercing scream, and warm liquid sprays from her pussy landing on my waiting tongue. I lap up everything she's giving me, like I'm a greedy little whore myself. Gently bringing her down from her intense orgasm until she's breathing somewhat regularly.

Moving up her beautiful sated body, I claim her mouth in a possessive kiss, thrusting my tongue inside her mouth so she can taste herself. She kisses me back with just as much passion, and a once cold part of me starts to thaw. Giving her one last peck, I lean away and make my way back to the bathroom. Grabbing a wet washcloth along with the first aid kit. Taking up the spot next to her on the bed, I get to work with cleaning her abused pussy first, before wiping down the cuts littering her body. As I'm placing the gauze and tape on some of the deeper cuts, I notice the light snores that Taliah lets out. A smile spreads across my face at how exhausted she is. Once I'm satisfied with my work, I cover her with a blanket from her window seat and head back into the bathroom to clean myself up.

It's well past midnight and Taliah is still fast asleep in bed. I left her for a few hours to get some work done, and she was still sound asleep when I returned. Sitting on her window sill and watching her sleep has given me some time to reflect on my past. The feelings and memories floating through my mind are a real mood killer. When I first saw Taliah sitting in that office I thought she was going to be exactly like one of

the women who end up in my chair. She definitely was, but not in the sense that I had expected. She's thrown me a curveball, and I have no idea how to act. Shannon and Vanessa were so different from Taliah. Where they were reluctant and hateful at first, she was unsure and timid. I had to force myself on them for them to give me the time of day, but Taliah? It's like she wants to be around me. Almost like she craves my touch as much as I crave hers.

The darkness festering inside of Taliah calls to my own like a moth to a flame. I feel so out of control when I'm around her, but she welcomes my depravity with open arms. The images of her laying naked on her bed, clutching that razor in her hand, flash through my mind. When she wears her darkness, it's absolutely stunning. When I watched her make that first cut, unsure yet determined, my breath caught in my throat. I tried to ignore her on the big screen, but the more blood she spilled with every slice was hypnotizing. As soon as I entered her room, the fresh coppery smell assaulted my senses, and I knew there was no going back from there. Now the big question is, will she let me keep her when she finds out how much of a monster I really am?

Taliah

S lowly stirring awake, I stretch my muscles out, but the soft, silky sheets beneath me do nothing for the pain my body is in. A groan slips from my lips as my mind flits back to the memories of last night. Logan wasn't kidding when he said he was going to break me. I feel like I've been hit by a semitruck. Every muscle is throbbing, and the slightest movements make sharp pains emit from my limbs. A soft russel from the corner has me swishing my head to the side, and meeting Logan's dark eyes.

He's seated on the window seat, his slacks hanging loose on his hips, and his dress shirt unbuttoned and hanging around his shoulders. If one could die from looking at someone this sexy, then I'd definitely drop dead. Logan's hair is sticking up in different directions, like he's spent the evening pulling at it in frustration; the dark bags under his eyes reflect my suspicions. He slowly gets up from the bench seat and stalks towards me, and I feel like a hopeless rabbit that is about to get pounced on. Leaning over the side of the bed, he swipes my hair away from my forehead before leaning down and kissing my lips with an out of character gentleness.

"How do you feel, Taliah?" He says with a smirk spreading across his face, his eyes sparking with mischief.

"I feel okay, kinda like I've been used as a punching bag, but otherwise fine." I whisper back just barely loud enough for him to hear. A blush rises to my cheeks when he rips the sheet covering me off the bed. Before my hands instinctively go to cover my breasts, he grips them and slams them down, holding me hostage with his terrifying gaze.

“How many times do I need to tell you to not cover up what’s mine?” Logan growls in my face. “Your body is beautiful, and there’s nothing to be ashamed of. Besides, I’ve ravished almost every part of this body one way or another at this point.” Leaning up, he takes a step back away from the bed, blatantly admiring my naked, and battered body before him. I can’t help but notice the hard on he’s sporting, causing me to rub my thighs together in need. “One dick in you, and now you’re a little slut for it, aren’t you Little Monster?” He puts a knee on the bed and clasps his strong hand around my neck, directing my attention. “But you’re my little slut, aren’t you?” He asks as he parts my lips, and sticks his thumb inside, sliding it against my tongue. The taste of him makes me whimper and his eyes flair with desire. “You really are different, aren’t you?” He whispers, almost to himself, but I catch it regardless.

Logan drops his hands and steps back to the window seat, plopping down, and slinging his right leg over his left knee. His head leans back against the window, and the silence in the room is deafening. Sighing, I amble my way out of bed and painfully make my way to the bathroom without a word. Shutting the door behind me, taking a deep breath, switching the light on, and turning towards the mirror. My skin is littered with cuts and bruises of all shapes and sizes. At first the sight makes me cringe, as I resemble a tigers play toy. But the longer I look at the marks, the more comfortable I feel.

The thick purple hand print circling my neck throbs as I reach up and gently run my fingers over it. Similar purple and blue bruises mottle my wrists and waist, the outlines of Logan’s fingerprints making me giddy. Each cut makes me smile, because he’s the reason why they are there. The deepest ones are covered with gauze and tape, which I gently pry off my skin before turning towards the shower and switching the water on warm. Once steam is billowing out of the stall, I gingerly step into the shower and let out a pained hiss when the water hits the cuts. Quickly showering off the residual blood and sweat from my body, I finally hop out and wrap myself in a fluffy white towel. When I enter the room again, Logan hasn’t moved an inch from

where I left him and that irritates me.

“Look, if you’re going to sit in here and sulk all day, then you can leave. I know I’m not the most experienced partner you’ve had, but you don’t have to act like fucking me was like killing your dog or some shit.” The sass in my voice is apparent, and if it wasn’t, then the eye roll at the end definitely was. He doesn’t say a word as I disappear into the closet. I drop my towel in a huff, looking for something to wear that won’t irritate my skin today. As I pull out a soft t-shirt dress from the rack, I’m suddenly spun around and slammed up against the wall beside the closet door. Logan’s hands are pressed against the wall on either side of my head, and his ragged, minty breath wafts in my face as his nostrils flair.

“You think me fucking you was just a chore to me?” His voice holds a tone that reminds me why I should be scared of this man. He could snap my neck like a toothpick in an instant. Trembles wrack my body as my mouth flops open like a fish, flailing to find the words to say. “Do you really think I would fuck you if I didn’t want to? I have plenty of pussy in this institute to fancy me if I wanted it,” Tears start to well in my eyes at his admission as he leans down towards my ear to whisper, “But I chose you, Taliah. You and that pretty pussy of yours are mine now. Do you understand?” The gasp of relief that leaves me has me straining on my tiptoes to press my lips to Logan’s waiting ones.

This kiss is all teeth and tongue as we battle for dominance. He lifts me up by my thighs and wraps them around his waist as he smashes my body up against the closet wall, his molded to me almost perfectly. My cunt is already weeping for this man, and all he did was claim me officially with his words. Logan reaches down and frees his hard cock from his slacks and wastes no time impaling me to the hilt. His thrusts are brutal, my back scraping against the wall, the cuts on my front sparking with pain as his body rubs against my own. He reaches between our bodies and starts to rub fast, tight circles around my swollen clit. My orgasm slams into me fast, knocking the breath out of me, as my pussy clenches his dick so tight that it sends him over the

edge too.

We stand there clutching each other for a few moments before he carries me back to the bathroom, and sits me on the counter top. Grabbing a washcloth, he runs it under warm water before cleaning up the come leaking out from between my legs, and then tosses the rag into the dirty clothes hamper. Logan stands between my spread legs, and grips my face between his hands, tilting it up towards his. “You’re mine, Little Monster. You can’t get rid of me that easily.”

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:46 am

Logan

Taliah is playing with fire, and begging to get burned. She doesn't realize how bad of a person I truly am. I've shown her time and time again how fucked up I am, but she keeps crawling back like a lost puppy. She deserves so much more. Her darkness begs to play with mine, but she's only a light shade of gray compared to my obsidian black. I thought leaving her alone would make her resent me or she'd just get bored, but that was not the case. She taunted me, lured me out to play, and that irritates the fuck out of me. Taliah beat me at my own game, but I think it's time to show her who the master of this game really is. If she wants me, then she gets every fucked up, deranged part that comes along with it.

The rage and arousal I felt when I watched her take that razor to her skin was immense. I fear she has forgotten the part about how her body is mine. No one can hurt her but me, not even herself. If she wanted pain, then she should have said so to begin with. I didn't realize my Little Monster was such a masochist, but honestly, I don't even think she knows what that word means. When I stormed into her room, the look of sadness in her eyes morphed into lust almost instantly. Her eyes were pleading for me before her voice even had to say anything. I indulged her that evening, took the blade to her skin, and sliced through her in more ways than one. But now that I've had time to process everything, the anger I feel towards her for hurting herself is about to burst at the seams. I think it's time to show my Little Monster who truly owns her.

A few hours ago, I left Taliah to her own devices in her room so I could scrounge her up some food. Returning with a simple turkey sandwich, chips, and orange juice. Poor girl scarfed that food down so quickly that the anger inside me rose to the

surface even more with her disobedience to not eat the last few days. By the time she finished the last drop of orange juice, her eyelids were already growing heavy, and her speech was slurring from the sedative I slipped into it. I watched as she stumbled to the bed, doing her best to give me her worst glare, because she knew what I had done to her. Mumbling unintelligible words, cursing me, as I scooped her up and tossed her over my shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Humming to myself, I made my way to my workshop down the hall from her room.

Gently setting her limp body down on the medical chair, I step back and admire her perfection. Her silky blonde hair covering her face, strands lifting as her soft breaths slip from her pink pillowy lips. Snatching the medical scissors from the tray next to her, I get to work snipping her nightdress off of her, revealing her milky skin beneath it. Milky skin that is decorated in cuts and bruises from the last few days activities. Memories of her body writhing beneath me make my heart beat faster with anticipation. Once the last scrap of fabric hits the concrete floor, I strap her wrists and ankles to the table. Walking towards my desk, I grab the chair and wheel it towards Taliah so that I'm the first thing she sees when she opens those pretty eyes. When I'm done with her, she will know exactly what type of darkness lurks below my skin, and I can only hope that she welcomes it with open arms.

I see the moment the drugs start to wear off and Taliah's body comes alive. First it starts with the twitch of her fingers, and her breathing escalating. Her eyes moving rapidly below her lids like she's searching for something, someone. The flutter of her lashes entrances me as her eyes slowly peek open, connecting with mine. Her green orbs flashed with anger and desire. We stare at each other, waiting for the other one to break the silence. She really is a stubborn little thing. Pushing up from the rolling chair, striding to her side and leaning down towards her face so she won't miss hearing what I have to say. Our noses are millimeters apart, just one small tilt of my head and our lips could collide.

"Hello, Taliah, welcome to the land of the living. It's so nice of you to join me after

your little nap.” Letting out a chuckle as she lunges forward, moving at the last second before her teeth collide with the flesh of my bottom lip. “Now now, there’s no need to be so hostile. You brought this all on yourself, pretty girl, touching what was mine. What did I tell you? I believe I said it would end in a punishment, did I not?” I finish off by leaning towards her and running my tongue up her neck, tasting her salty, sweet skin, drawing a gasp from her mouth. “You’re so innocent, but you want so badly to play in the darkness. It’s rather cute to watch, and today I think that I will satisfy that little craving that you seem to have. Let’s see if you will break just like everyone else.” The last sentence sends Taliah into a rage. Spewing hateful words from her pretty lips in an attempt to wound me.

“Fuck you, Logan! I gave you what you wanted, and this is how you repay me? I won’t break for you, ever. You can beat me, cut me, and fuck me, and I’ll still be here waiting for you.” Her venom laced words hit me in the chest, rocking my heart back and forth, threatening to rip it out of its cage of bones. Of all the people I’ve tortured in this chair, they have never stood up to me like that. Always screaming helpless pleas for mercy. But not Taliah; she eggs me on and taunts me like a zookeeper with a piece of meat for a lion.

“I guess we’ll see about that then, huh?” Whispering as I step away from the chair, and heading for my cabinet of horrors. Throwing the doors open, I eye several instruments, mulling over my choices. I don’t plan on killing her—far from it. I set my eyes on a device I haven’t used before, snatching it out of the cabinet along with a knife. Returning to Taliah’s side, I set the new device on the tray next to her, watching her eyes with confusion. Grasping the knife in my hand, I start to trail it up and down her leg, eyeing the goose bumps that erupt all over her skin.

She watches my hand as I continue down her leg with the knife, mesmerized by the shiny steel. Trailing back up her leg, I stop on the inside of her thigh, nicking her soft skin, forcing a breathy moan from her mouth. We both watch the blood seep out of the wound, running down her thigh to the leather of the chair beneath. Swinging my

eyes up, they collide with hers, the fire in them threatening to explode outward.
“Let’s begin, shall we?”

Taliah

This man will be the death of me, but one thing is for certain, I will thank him while he's tearing me to pieces. Logan trails the knife to my other thigh, nicking my skin in various places. The warm blood mixing with the wetness started to pool between my thighs. The pleasure intensifies as my skin grows hot. He doesn't say a word as he cuts me open, spilling my blood for his own pleasure. Logan catches my gaze before he reaches for my calf, grips it with his rough hand, and plunges the knife deep into the muscle. A pained scream rushes up my throat, and tears prick my eyes. He drags the knife out slowly, placing it between my legs, entranced by the blood oozing out of me. The pain slowly ebbs into a lust filled throb that travels slowly towards my pussy. I try to wiggle my legs together to alleviate the need, but the straps attached to my ankles give no leeway. Logan's gaze travels from the wound until it locks on my pussy .

"Look at that needy little pussy." He whispers as he trails his finger down my lips, gathering the wetness there. Holding his glistening finger up towards the light to admire my arousal before he thrusts it into his mouth, sucking it off with an obnoxious pop. Picking up the knife, he runs the sharp blade through my lips, mixing my blood with my juices. "This pussy is mine. " He pricks my left lip with the tip of the knife, and the pain shoots through my core, making me and my pussy weep. A tear trailing down my cheek as more liquid seeped out of my cunt. "God damnit Taliah, watching you and your pussy weep for me is enough to send me to an early grave." Logan growls as he tosses the bloody knife onto the tray next to me and picks up the small pen attached to the device on it. He fiddles with the controls until a high pitched whine sounds through the room.

Logan doesn't say a word as he brings the pen to my pelvis, right above the top of my pussy. The malicious glint in his eyes makes my breath come faster. My heart feels like it's going to burst through my chest as he brings the pen to my skin. At first I don't feel anything and I start to relax, and then the searing heat begins. Logan trails the pen down and to the left, creating an L. The skin is red, burned, and inflamed, causing a whimper to leave my lips. He goes over the L again, making me grunt in pain. I close my eyes and lean my head back against the headrest, settling in for the rest of this torture until he's done. After the third pass, it goes silent in the room again, then his hand is around my neck, cutting off my air supply. Eyes shooting open, colliding with his, "Open your fucking eyes, and take your punishment like a good girl." He growls, releasing my neck from his hold. I nod my head and take a few deep breaths, steeling myself for the onslaught.

I watch as he agonizingly and painstakingly makes his artwork perfect. As soon as he's done, he sets the pen back onto the tray and switches off the machine. Angry red burns stare up at me in the form of Logan's name. The edges cracked and blistered from going over it so many times. My pelvis throbs with a low, dull pain, making my clit throb for a release. Logan admires his work, making me squirm with need. He's staring at me like I'm his new prized possession.

As soon as our eyes collide, it's game over. His hands are gripping my face as his lips slam against mine. The kiss is violent and filled with possession. I meet his desire with my own, pulling at the restraints, trying to get closer to him. He fumbles with the leather wrapped around my wrists until they are finally free, and I waste no time tangling my fingers in his hair. Holding him closer as his tongue ravishes my mouth. He breaks away long enough to undo the restraints on my ankles. "Fuck, you are exquisite. My perfect Little Monster, I've been looking for you for what feels like forever. Now that I have you, I will never let you go." He says as he pulls me up from the chair, turning me around, and pushing me face down into the seat. The blood and my arousal mixing with the tears on my face.

Logan grabs the back of my head, wrapping his fingers in my hair, and smears my face into the mess on the leather. "Taste yourself, Taliah. Taste how decadent you are." My tongue peeks out from between my swollen lips, lapping up the blood and juices from the leather. The coppery, sweet taste coats my tongue, causing a moan to creep out of me. Logan kicks my legs apart, and the jingle of his belt and zipper rings through the air. Before my next breath can escape my lungs, he has me impaled with his hard cock, setting a ruthless pace. His grip on the back of my neck tightens as he brutally takes me from behind. His cock hitting my cervix has a pleasurable pain coursing through me. Leaning up on my tiptoes, the change in angle has his cock rubbing up against a spot inside of me that has stars coasting along my vision. Logan's movements start to stutter, "Come with me, Taliah. I want to feel your pussy pulse around me, milking me for everything that I have.", Those words set me off like a rocket. My vision blurs as my orgasm takes over, liquid dripping out of me and splashing to the floor below us. Our moans a beautiful symphony in this room of horrors.

"Does this mean you're keeping me then?" I manage to say after I've caught my breath. The chuckle that leaves him makes my stomach drop and my muscles tighten. I lean up from the chair, intending to push him away, but he hugs me to him, cementing us in place with his cock still twitching inside of me. He leans down to my ear, "How many times do I need to tell you that you're mine, Little Monster? The only way you're getting away from me now is through death."

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:46 am

Logan

I carry Taliah's sated and bloody body down the cold, dark hall, bypassing her door, which causes her eyebrows to lift. She clutches my shirt in her tiny fists as shivers race through her body. At the end of the hall, we finally reach our destination, placing my thumb against the fingerprint scanner that I made sure to get when I picked my own room. I wanted better security for my own sanctuary than what's in this place. The lock beeps as it disengages, the door popping open as I shuffle us through the opening, kicking it closed behind us.

The darkness in the room swallows us whole, leaving us in a comforting cocoon. Walking towards where the bathroom lies in the back of the room, shouldering through the open door, the dim light flicks on as we enter. Taliah is quiet as I set her down on the black countertop. Turning away from her, I set to work on getting the bathtub going, pouring lavender scented bubbles into the water. As the tub slowly fills, I remove my clothes and toss them into the hamper. Scooping Taliah up off the counter, I carry her over the tub, step inside the hot water, and sink down into the bubbles. A hiss escapes her lips as the water hits her battered skin. I recline against the back of the tub, pulling her back against my chest, resting her head against me, my hands resting on her stomach. Fingers trailing over my name branded into her soft skin.

"Thank you." Tahlia whispers so low that I almost miss it. My head quirks to the side as I try to figure out what in the world she could be thanking me for. Sensing my utter confusion, she continues, "You broke me open, scooped out my darkness, and forced it to play along with yours. I've never felt so alive before you came into the picture like a wrecking ball begging for destruction. You have all of me, Logan, and I want

all of you too.” Tilting her head, she looks up at me with glassy eyes, tears threatening to spill over her lashes. She’s so beautiful when she cries, but my heart clenches seeing the sadness in her eyes.

“You do have all of me, Taliah, always.” She shakes her head and looks away from me, struggling to get up and exit the tub, but I hold her in an iron grip. Taliah lets out a huff before relaxing back into my arms. “No, I don’t, Logan; I don’t have all of you. You don’t let me in. You let me see your darkness, but what about the other parts? I don’t even know your favorite color for fucks sake!”

“Green.”

“What?” She says with exasperation.

“My favorite color is green, specifically the shade of green that shines in your eyes when you’re coming. My favorite food is barbeque chicken, and I love homemade french fries, something fierce. I don’t care too much for music, but your heartbeat is my favorite song to listen to. My favorite smell is your skin right after a shower; juicy peaches, almost so sweet I have a need to bite into you to taste it.” Looking down at her, the tears have finally fallen from her eyes, cascading down her cheeks, leaving streaks through the drops of blood still lingering. Reaching up and gripping her face in my hand, I swipe her tears away with my thumb, “I’ve done a lot of shitty things in my life, Taliah. I’ve taken things that didn’t belong to me, broken things just because I fucking can. Sat by and watched someone take their last breath just for amusement. But you? The thought of breaking you apart and not being able to put you back together—the thought of your last breath rattling through your chest—terrifies me. If you asked me the first day we met to save you, I would laugh in your face and stab right through your heart with no remorse. But now? Now I would destroy the fucking world to save you, to keep you right by my side.”

Taliah turns her body around so fast that water rushes over the edge of the tub and

splashes down on the floor. She throws her arms around my neck and her soft lips crash into mine, her thighs straddling my thighs, my cock twitching at her entrance. Taliah leans up and grips my cock in her small hand without breaking from my lips, lines my dick up with her opening and slides down with ease. The moment I'm fully sheathed inside her, she leans back and looks into my eyes with an emotion I've never seen before, something I can't quite decipher. She starts to move her hips slowly, her nails digging into my chest as she holds herself up. Gripping her hips with one hand, I thrust up into her while my other reaches up to wrap around her slender throat.

Her pulse beats against my fingers as I grip her, holding her in place, her eyes never leaving my own. Her lips part as a moan escapes, and my name drifts along behind it. My other hand leaves her hip, rubbing circles around her clit as she keeps up her pace riding my cock. Her eyes plead for something that I've never known before. My heart beats erratically, and in this moment I know that I was never meant to have a Little Lamb after all. My perfect match was a Little Monster, and she's bouncing on my cock at this very moment. Her pussy pulses around my cock as her orgasm rushes over her, forcing the come out of my cock along with it. I let go of her throat, and she lays her head on my chest, drifting off to sleep against me.

Taliah

I awake cocooned in soft, downy warmth; my body aches in a few places, but aside from that, I'm the most comfortable I've been during my time at Harmony Heights. Not wanting to ruin my new found comfort, I relish in it for a few minutes longer until my bladder starts to protest. Groaning, I open my eyes and sit up in the soft bed I've been laid in. The surrounding black sheets, pillows, and walls are unrecognizable to me until last night's events trickle back into my mind. The realization that I'm in Logan's bedroom has a sense of triumph coursing through my body, but then its deflated when I notice I'm alone. Stretching my limbs out, I climb out of bed and find the bathroom in the back corner of the room. I do my business and come back out to snoop around. Logan's room is all black everything, with accents of dark mahogany wood throughout. The window seat in the corner over looks the same forest that I stare into every single night.

A shiver courses through my body, taking notice that I'm still naked. Seeing a door in the opposite corner of the room, I try the doorknob and it twists open with ease. A dark room greets me, feeling around the wall beside the door, I find the light switch and switch it on. The room is bathed in a warm light, revealing racks full of clothing within. Mostly dress clothes, the same button down shirts and slacks on rack after rack. As I travel further into the closet, I find a shelf in the back full of shirts and other loungewear. Selecting a black shirt, I toss it over my head and throw my arms through the holes. The shirt swamps me, hitting below my knees. Logan's musky smell assaults my senses as I bury my nose in the collar of his shirt. Turning around to head out of the closet, an ornate wooden box catches my eye on the shelf above the clothes.

Running my fingers along the gold filigree over the box, my curiosity peaks. I know I shouldn't, but I grab the box down from the shelf anyway, holding it in my palms before carrying it out of the closet. Taking a seat on the plush gray carpet beside the bed, I set the box down in front of me. It's made of mahogany wood with the initials LCM in cursive on the top. Assuming those are Logan's initials, I crack the lid open, determine it's not boobie trapped, then flip the lid open all the way. Folded papers and photos lie in a stack inside, some colored yellow from age while others have deep creases from being folded and unfolded so many times. Sorting through the many old photographs of Logan as a child, I find one in particular that pulls at my heartstrings. Logan is young, maybe five, and a young woman holds his hand as they walk through a meadow. Her honey blond hair sways in the wind, a smile plastered on her face and his. I set the photo on the floor beside me and pick up the crumpled paper shoved into one corner of the box. Carefully I spread it out on the floor in front of me, reading the aged handwriting, a gasp leaving me.

Dear Logan,

I'm sorry it had to come to this. I loved you with everything in me, but you don't know what love is. Your twisted version of love is what drove me away. I told you that she was yours, but I lied. I was a fool for thinking that you would change if you thought I was pregnant with your child. But, your love hurts, and I don't want any part of it anymore. I'm not your little lamb, and neither is she.

—Shannon

By the time I finish the letter, my anger has peaked, rolling off of me in waves. This has to be the reason Logan wouldn't let me in; he wouldn't let himself feel anything for me. Whoever Shannon is, I hope she's dead in a ditch somewhere. The thought makes me frown and my stomach roll with how much of a jealous girlfriend I sound like. Intent on reburying the past, I go to shove the letter back into the box when the sound of someone clearing their throat startles me, "Well, don't stop on my account."

Logan looks down at me with amusement as I stare up at him with wide eyes, being caught red handed. My emotions were so high that I didn't even hear him enter the room. Logan leans down to sit on the floor in front of me, the wooden box between us on the floor, reaching over and grabbing the photo that I placed next to me. He holds it in front of him, a faint smile spreading across his face. "This was my mother; she was beautiful. So happy and carefree, the day we lost her was the day I stopped caring about anything, about anyone." I stay silent as he continues to speak of her with fondness. "Her name was Lucille. This box used to be hers—the only thing I have left of her, actually. Shortly after this photo was taken, we found out that she had cancer. It started as just a spot on the skin of her shoulder and spread, destroying her body in it's wake. Watching her die was the worst thing I ever experienced, and from then on I vowed to not care for someone like that again." He sets the photo gently back in the box and reaches for the crumpled letter still sitting in front of me.

The look of love in his eyes transforms to hate almost instantly as he scans the letter. "Shannon was my step sister." He looks up at me at my shocked gasp. Before I can say anything at all, he continues on, "My father married her mother when I was eighteen. She was thirteen, a tiny, shy little thing. My father ordered me to be the 'best big brother' to her, and to say I took that just a bit too literally is an understatement. I became obsessed with her, and not in a good way. I thought she loved me, but now I know it was all a lie. She was just biding her time until the day she could be rid of me. My genius plan to get back at her was to hurt the one thing she actually cared about, her daughter, but in truth, I don't think she ever really cared about her either." When he finishes, he tosses the paper aside, and we sit in comfortable silence while I digest what he told me. So many questions and emotions whirl around inside of me, and I'm not sure where to start.

"Fuck Shannon, she didn't deserve you." Spewing the hateful words out of my lips as I get to my feet and walk over to the window seat. Pulling my knees to my chest and leaning my head against them, staring out the window at the swaying trees. "You just wanted what everyone in the world wants—to be loved, to be cherished."

“You say that like you know this from experience.”

“Well, isn’t that what everyone wants, Logan? To be the center of someone else’s world? Your mother loved you, and you just wanted to replace that love after you lost her. There’s no crime in wanting something like that.” I finish off softly with wishes of having a mother like Logan had.

“Tell me about your mother, Taliah. What is she like?” I hear the shuffle of Logan’s feet as he crosses the carpet to sit on the other side of the window seat. He grabs my feet and places them in his lap, smoothing his hands up my legs, rubbing at my sore muscles, careful not to touch the deep wound on my right calf.

“There’s not much to tell. She loved her pills more than me; they both did. Sold me to a stranger to pay off their drug debt. I can’t even tell you the last time my mother looked at me with anything but hate and disgust. She used to call me a cockroach, an unwanted pest in her home she just couldn’t get rid of. My father wanted me though, but not in a way that’s acceptable by society, let alone a way that I reciprocated.” His grip on my leg tightens painfully as I tell him about my parents. Tilting my head to look up at him the anger in his eyes is palpable, and if I were anyone else, I would be scared of him. “It’s okay, Logan; I won’t ever see them again, so it doesn’t matter anymore.” Reaching down, I grip his hand in mine, holding on for dear life in a comfortable bubble of silence.

Logan

Taliah's parents are dead. At least they will be soon. After her admission, I carried her to bed and held her in my arms as she fell asleep. Neither of us know much about love, but I hope she felt at least a hint of it while I held her. As soon as her soft snores fell from her lips, I was up and moving. Exiting my room and heading towards Mr. Pickett's office. Bypassing every room housing one screaming patient after another as I rush through the doorway, separating the horrors from the beautiful stage rooms.

My dress shoes click against the tile flooring before transferring to a soft padding sound on the carpet of Mr. Pickett's office. Heading straight to the filing cabinet in the corner, I wrench open the first door and rifle through it until I find Taliah's file. Tossing it onto the desk behind me, I take a seat in the plush leather chair, the squeak of the leather creaking beneath my weight. Flipping through Taliah's sparse file until I find the phone number I'm looking for. Picking up the phone next to me, it rings three times before the burly man answers.

"Hello, who is this?"

"You know who it is." I state with a tense voice.

"Fuck. I'm not taking her back, Logan. She's your problem now."

"Mr. Adams, I'm keeping Taliah. She's safe with me. That's not why I'm calling."

"Then what the fuck do you want? I don't have anyone else for you right now."

“Actually, you do have something that I want. Or at least the means to get me what I want anyway. Bring me Taliah’s parents, alive, and I’ll make sure you’re compensated handsomely for it.” Mr. Adams chuckles on the other line before agreeing to my absurd request.

Setting the phone back down on the desk, I lean back in the leather chair, contemplating how to approach the next issue at hand. Killing people comes easy to me, but when it comes to my girl's family, not so easy. She doesn’t seem to have any love for them, but at the end of the day, they are still her parents. Still her blood. A part of me hopes Taliah will join in on the fun, but if she ends up in the corner crying, it won’t matter either. They won’t live to see the end of the week.

By the time Wednesday rolled around, I had received a call back from a rather chipper Mr. Adam's about him acquiring my rather odd request. Now I’m standing in front of the institute, awaiting his arrival with my new projects. A blacked out SUV rolls up to the steps a few minutes later, screeching to a halt. Before the doors even open, I can hear the screaming coming from inside. Mr. Adams steps out of the passenger seat with an irritated expression, making his way towards me with clenched fists. His jaw tightens further as a slam comes from the inside of the SUV.

“Please fucking tell me you have a sedative with you.” He grounds out through a seething expression. Reaching into my pocket I grab the two syringes and hand them over. He marches back to the SUV, wrenching open the back door, syringes poised and ready. Jabbing one into the closest leg to him and reaching over, dodging a flailing body to jab the other in the calf. Before he leans back out of the vehicle, the bodies are already starting to quiet again. Once all movements have ceased, he hauls the first one out, dumping him at my feet at the bottom of the steps. Then he hikes one foot into the vehicle as he tugs out the limp body of a woman next, depositing her onto the ground next to the man in the same fashion.

“They’re all yours now, man. Have all the fun you want with them. They deserve

everything you have in your arsenal.” He sticks out his hand, waiting as I reach into the pocket of my dress slacks and grab out the check. Mr. Pickett was not happy with the amount of money he had to fork out for this, but I assured him that it would never happen again. He knows my word is good, so he wrote the check after that with no fussing.

With a mumbled thanks and a handshake, I grip the dirty man at my feet under the arms. Hauling him up the steps and down the various halls to my workshop. By the time I get to my door, I'm sweating like a pig. This man is basically skin and bones, but the trek here was not quick. Swiping my card on the reader, the door pops up with a click, and I drag the man into the room, tossing him up on the new medical table I acquired for this project. This table is big enough for two people, modified with double restraints to keep my victims completely helpless.

Once the man is restrained, I head back outside to repeat the process with the women. By the time they are both strapped down to the table, I'm exhausted. My muscles are burning with all of the exertion, sweat dripping down my back, and I know I smell like I haven't showered in days. Or that smell could be the couple on the table; they look disgusting. Dirt and grime smeared onto their skin, pock marks up and down their arms. They almost resemble a walking corpse. Lifting my arm, I sniff under it and confirm it's not me the smell is coming from.

The next step is the one I dread the most. Stripping them of their decaying clothes. Next I pick up the medical scissors off the new tray that is big, shiny, and house my new torture decides I'm itching to use. Starting with the man, I cut away his clothes, gagging as I go because the stench of him is so bad. His ribs are protruding from his skin; you could almost play them like a xylophone. His pants go next, and the image I see will forever be burned into my mind. I don't think he has shaved or washed his dick in years. Hair matted around the base of his cock and crusty bits around the crown. Grabbing a rag below the tray, I toss it over his junk, squeezing my eyes shut to try to rid myself of the image.

Heading over to the woman, I pray she's in better shape than he is, but that is just wishful thinking. Once her shirt is off, I notice all of the sores that are under her breasts, oozing puss, and a rotten egg smell. Steeling myself, I set to work snipping off the woman's pants; they stick to her skin in places, forcing me to rip them off like velcro, leaving red irritated patches behind. She too looks like she hasn't heard of personal hygiene, with the stench coming from her hairy pussy. The longer I stand there, the more nauseous I become, which is new to me. Typically, I can handle the grossest things. Shit thrown at me? Sure, let's have it. You haven't showered in a week? Okay then. But this? This is too much; they're like zombies. I wouldn't be surprised if they are harvesting maggots somewhere in their body. Heading to the sink, I rinse my hands and any part of my skin that would have touched these excuses for a human. Shutting the lights off, I exit my work room, heading towards my own to get Taliah ready for our playdate with her parents.

Taliah

Logan burst through the door to his room with a smile on his face and a pep in his step. His actions make me curious as to what has him in such a good mood. I don't think I've ever seen him act this way before in the few months I've been here. He makes a beeline to me at my spot on the window seat, and kneels next to me on the carpet. Grasping the book in my hands he gently sets it aside before taking my hands between his own. I can almost feel his excitement emanating through him, his eyes shining with glee, and the little wrinkles in his eyes scrunch together as he gives me a megawatt smile.

"Taliah, I have the best surprise for you." He exclaims, gripping my hands tight, but then his expression shifts to something uncertain. "I had a gift, or two, brought here for you. They are waiting for you in my workshop. Can you please keep an open mind?" His soft voice pleads with me, making my heart clench.

"I'm sure I'll love whatever it is, but yes I suppose I can keep an open mind." He pecks my lips with a quick kiss before getting to his feet, and tugging me along with him.

"I sure fucking hope so." He mumbles under his breath so low I almost miss it. Those words have my stomach twisting in knots, unsure what could possibly be waiting for me in his workshop. Logan is not a man who brings his girls flowers and chocolates which peaks my curiosity more.

Logan drags me out of the room, clad in only a mauve t-shirt dress, my bare feet slapping against the concrete hallway floor as we go. He stops outside of the

workshop door, giving me a look over, waiting for me to run back to the room I assume. Giving him a reassuring smile and nod, he proceeds to swipe his keycard against the pad on the door. The steel door popping open with a soft click. An odd foreboding feeling awaits on the other side of the door. The room is dark except for the large medical lights in the center of the room illuminating the metal exam tables.

“Remember, keep an open mind, please.” Logan softly begs as he pulls me closer to the center of the room. His dress shoes clack against the flooring. Once he stops a few feet from the tables I maneuver around him so I can see what surprises await me.

All of the air whooshes from my lungs when I see what lies on the cold steel tables in front of me. My skin going cold, goosebumps erupting along my arms and legs. Muscles going stiff like they’re in rigor mortis. I stand there in uncomfortable silence soaking up the image before me. My parents naked in all their disgusting glory strapped to each one of the tables. Their eyes swinging around the room wildly, breathing erratic, and all hell breaks loose when my father’s eyes finally find my own. His pleading for mercy as my mother tries with all of her might to fight her way out of the restraints.

Logan grips me by the shoulders, leaning down to my ear whispering in that deep voice I’ve grown to relish. “Little Monster, I thought that we could have a playdate together. Your darkness and my own, thriving in the same room together. Would you enjoy that?” His lips ghost over my neck making a shiver race up my spine. “I think it’s about time that you show your parents who you really are, don’t you think? Show them exactly who’s been hiding behind that pretty facade you put up.” Logan kisses my neck with tenderness and shoves me gently towards the tray sitting next to my father.

The tray houses more torture instruments than I’ve seen before. Gliding my fingers across the various metal objects, Logan slides up to me, telling me what is what as my fingers drift over them. The first thing he identifies is a new filet knife, perfect for

skinning. Next is an odd pear shaped instrument that I've never seen before. Picking it up I hold it closer to my face, fiddling with the little metal knob on the top, watching as it springs open. The metal sides of it look similar to a cheese grater, making me quirk a brow in confusion.

"That is called a pear of anguish. I modified it for my own needs. When it's closed you place it in an open orifice. Then you twist the knob on top making the leaves separate which automatically causes pain, but the star of the show is the grater effect that I added myself. As you pull it out of the person it grates their skin along with it. Rather marvelous if you ask me." He smirks at me as my imagination whirls with the possibilities of this tool. The rest of the tray holds various types of knives, needles, pliers, rubber mallet, and a small nail gun. As Logan tells me about the devices my parents incessantly blubbering grates on my nerves.

"Hello daddy." I whisper to my father which cuts off his begging long enough for me to continue. "Long time no see. You didn't think you'd ever see me again, did you? Handing me off to Mr. Adams like I was some prized pig that you can just sell on a whim." The anger in my voice is evident with every word spewing from my lips.

"B-b-baby girl, I'm so sorry. I was scared. Your mother and I were just trying to do what was best for you! We had no idea what Mr. Adams had in store for you." My father's words tumble from his mouth as his tears roll down his cheeks.

"And what exactly did you think Mr. Adams was going to do with me? Did you think he was just going to take me and drop me off in the middle of nowhere a few states over?" The absurdity of that thought has my eyes rolling. "Like come on, you can't seriously be that fucking stupid."

"Taliah, baby please. We love you! Just let us go, nothing good is going to come from this."

“You love me? ” I feign a gasp, slapping my hand over my chest in mock surprise.

“Eugene, shut the fuck up! Don’t placate her like that.” My mother finally speaks up amidst the chaos, her squeaky voice sounding like nails on a chalkboard. “Taliah, sweetie, you need to let us go okay? Grab that knife and start cutting these restraints for us.” The smile on her face is as fake as their love for me.

“Sure mommy, I would love to.” Reaching over, I grab the serrated knife from the tray and start to walk towards my mother. Logan grasps my other arm, hauling me against his chest, his eyebrows hitting his hairline. “Don’t worry, just trust me.” I whisper low enough for him to hear. Walking towards my mother, her smile still plastered onto her face. Grabbing her hand in my own, its cold and greasy, making me fight down a dry heave. “Mommy, do you love me?” I whisper, pleading her with my eyes.

“Of course I love you honey! Now cut these restraints, now!” Her voice is hard and full of fake niceties.

“Do you pinky promise?”

“What?” My mother screeches, causing me to wince.

“Do you pinky promise that you love me, mommy?” I whisper down at her, giving her my best puppy dog eyes, swiping her hair away from her forehead, and holding my pinky out to her.

“Yes! Oh my god, yes, I pinky promise I love you! Now get me the fuck out of here!” Giving my mother my sweetest smile I twist her pinky around in mine in a tight grip before bringing the knife down through the flesh and bone. Her screams echoing through the room as the coppery scent invades my nostrils. Sawing through the bone until the only thing left in my hand is her severed and bloody finger. Blood spurts

from the stump left on her hand as tears rain down from her eyes.

“It’s not very nice to tell lies, mommy.”

“You fucking bitch! We never wanted you! We tried to get rid of you once before, but it failed. You were never supposed to survive that abortion, but that fucking doctor gave me the wrong medication. Tell her Eugene! Tell her how much we tried to kill her when she was in my womb!” Her screams are so loud they pound inside of my head, scrambling my thoughts. The shock at her admission has me staying silent as I listen to what my father has to say, but he’s smart for once and doesn’t say a word. His lips smashed together in a thin line, hiding away his secrets. “You coward! You always liked her more than you liked me you nasty fuck! I should’ve left you years ago.” She takes a deep breath, steadying herself before continuing on with her rant. “Okay, Taliah, the fun is over. Let us go right this instant and we won’t press charges.”

I mull her words over in my mind, everyone in the room miraculously silent as I think through everything. Logan hasn’t said a word this entire time, just standing in the shadows, looming over us like an angel of death. My eyes flick to his in the darkness and he gives me a small nod, giving me the courage to continue on. “Sorry Mommy, but what did you used to tell me when I was younger? Bad decisions come with bad consequences? I think that was it.”

Taliah

My mother throws profanities around like confetti, hoping they will break through to me. Praying that I will let her go, but I'm not done yet. Far from it. Tossing the bloody knife onto the metal tray, I head over towards Logan's cabinet of horrors. He trails after me, unlocking it and swinging the doors open.

"What are you thinking, Little Monster?" His smooth whisper teases the hair against my neck.

"I hate her, but not enough to rip her to pieces. Have you ever hated someone so much you want them dead, but you don't care how it happens? I just want her gone, Logan. My dad is the worst evil of the two of them." Logan's hand drifts across my cheek, rubbing against my bottom lip as I speak. His slow nod is enough for me to know that he understands where I'm coming from. He snags a syringe from the top shelf and a bottle of amber liquid.

"This should do the trick. Fill the syringe and inject it into a vein and she'll be foaming at the mouth in seconds." His sinister smile brings a smile of my own to my face. He grabs my face in a tight grip, tilting it up, and smashing his lips against mine. I kiss him back with the same ferocity until I'm breathless and the familiar tingle starts between my thighs.

Striding towards my mother, the syringe and bottle tightly in my grip, I stop just next to her head so she can watch me every step of the way. Uncapping the bottle, I stick the syringe inside, filling it to the very top before withdrawing it. The amber liquid inside is thick, and the scent that wafts from the bottle smells like piss. I look down at

my mother, and her eyes are as big as saucers, watching me as I lean down towards the bright blue vein in her arm.

“If you love drugs so much, then I know you will absolutely adore this mommy.” Sticking the needle into her vein, she lets out a small gasp as I depress the plunger. Watching as the amber slowly injects into her bloodstream. The twitching starts at her fingers before the vial is even empty. Once I pull away, the shivers start at her legs, crawling like insects up towards her neck. Her pupils are blown, her eyes almost black, as her body starts to seize. A laugh escapes my throat as she starts to foam from her mouth, her back arching off of the table, until she’s suddenly completely still. The death rattle floating through her chest until she’s just a pile of skin and bones.

My father’s screams and tears ring through the room as he mourns the sudden death of his wife. Before I can back away from my mother's side, Logan’s fingers are twisted into the crown of my skull, wrenching my head back, as he claims my mouth with his own. His lips are rough against mine, his tongue fighting my own for space inside of my mouth. His other hand grips my head in a tight grip, stealing every molecule of air from my lungs.

“That was hot as fuck, Taliah.” He growls into my ear after he pulls away from my mouth, finally allowing a gasp of air through my lips. He runs his lips down my throat, his tongue warm as it slides against my damp, sweaty skin. “What do you have in store for dear old dad, baby?”

“It’s a surprise.” I say in a whisper of a breath. Steeling my resolve, I peck Logan on the cheek as I gently push him away. “You can kiss me all you want once we are the only two breathing people in this room.” He watches my hips sway as I walk towards my father, fingering his greasy gray hair as I go.

His dirty gnat face is streaked with tears, hiccups jumping up his throat with his

hysterics. Leaning over towards the tray next to his shaking body, I finger the tools there, landing on the weird pear shaped device, grasping it in my fingers. Logan smirks at me from across the room. He makes his way to the right side of my father's legs as I stand opposite him. Staring deep into my eyes, he grabs ahold of both of my father's knees and pushes them out, away from his body. The sharp crack and scream that rushes through the room brings shivers down through my body, starting at my toes and leading towards my head. My nipples strain against my shirt, inspecting my father's legs at odd angles, his ankles and knees now dislocated enough for me to see his dirty hole. Logan gives me a reassuring nod, directing me to reach between my father's hairy cheeks and position the pear of anguish at his anus. As soon as the pointed metal tip touches his grimy skin, my father's shrieks become louder and more unhinged, desperately trying to wiggle away from the intrusion.

His wild eyes find mine, and I hold his gaze as I thrust the object all the way inside his ass. The blood curdling scream that leaves his body has me worried he's going to ruin all of my fun by passing out. But I'm delighted when he stays awake, his head swaying as he tries to stay coherent.

"Taliah, baby, please. You don't have to do this. Remember all those nights we cuddled in bed together? You loved those nights as much as I did, baby." His watery eyes find my gaze as he speaks through hiccups, his nasally voice grating on my nerves. He continues on with garbled pleas of how much I loved him touching me in the middle of the night. While he wastes his last breath, I stride to the open cabinet and grab the one thing I was eyeballing earlier. It's heavy in my hands as I carry it over to the table; my father's wails grow louder when he sees what's in my hands. "N-no no no, please, baby!" I look up at Logan, nodding at my father's chubby flaccid dick laying across his hip. Logan's breath stutters, and he hesitates before reaching out to grip the squishy appendage, holding it pointing to the ceiling.

"You fucking owe me for this, Taliah, and you better not miss." Logan's voice is edged with darkness, but he stands there holding my father's dick all the same.

Hoisting the heavy nail gun up, finding the exit point and placing it right over the tip of my fathers dick. My skinny arms shake from the heavyweight, Logan notices and his other hand comes up to the handle to help stabilize the machine for me. My finger finds the trigger and pulls it, once, twice, three times. Logan's hand fell away as soon as I pulled the trigger, metal nails shooting out from the machine and piercing my fathers dick. The blood that spurts from his pulverized organ is so mesmerizing that I drop the nail gun to the floor with a clatter. My father's screams are no longer ringing through the room, which makes me frown until I remember the device that's lodged in his ass. I lean over and grasp the knob between his cheeks, twist it until my father's eyes fly open with a screech. I try to yank the device from his ass, like Logan told me, but it doesn't budge. My noodle arms failed me on this, but my disappointment isn't felt for too long, because Logan's hand is snaking past mine and gripping the base and ripping it free. The muscles in his arms bulge as he tears it free from my father's ass, skin and blood trailing after it. The gruesome scene has wetness pooling between my thighs. Peeking up at my father his eyes are open and he is staring at the ceiling blankly, his chest no longer moving.

“Bye daddy, I'll see you in hell.”

Logan

The way my cock is straining against my zipper makes me feel like a pubescent teen ready to explode. Watching Taliah kill her parents was like a bloody wet dream. Her head held high, the sinister gleam in her eyes, while she delivered the final blows. The way she wielded that nail gun against her father without even being prompted makes my cock jerk in the confines of my slacks. Taliah is standing across from me, on the other side of the medical table housing her dead father. The faint smile on her face and blood staining her clothes, skin, and hair make her look even more beautiful than she did before. My hand reaches out on its own accord, wrapping around her throat and dragging her face towards my own, across her father's body.

Our lips collide, the metallic taste of blood invading my mouth as I lick across her soft skin. Her own hand reaches out to tangle in my hair, trying to drag me closer, but I have better ideas. Snatching up her other wrist, I tug her towards me, her knees colliding with the table, furrowing her brow at me in confusion.

“Why don't we show your father's ghost what he's been missing out on?” The malicious intent in my words is heavy as I tug her up onto the table, placing her right between her father's legs, into the pool of blood that rests there. “Show me what's mine, Little Monster. Let me see that pretty pussy.” Her eyes light up with hazy lust as she wiggles out of her panties, spreading her legs wide, hooking them over her father's dislocated knees. “ Fuck. ” Is the only word I get out before I'm diving down and burying my face in her wet pussy.

She tastes like darkness and sin, her essence coating my tongue as it mixes with the blood beneath her. The moan that escapes her is almost enough to make me come

undone. Lapping at her clit until her hips start to move against me, her fingers tangled in my hair, trying to hold me right where she wants me. I rip away from her grip to tear at my belt and zipper, freeing my throbbing cock, precum leaking from the tip. Her eyes zero in on it, reaching for it, tongue licking her lips in wicked intent. Striking out, I wrap my hands around her calves, pulling her to the end of the table towards me. Pushing down on her chest, her hair fans out beneath her as she lays down in the blood of her enemy. Blonde hair soaking up the crimson that lies there. Roughly spreading her thighs for me, her pussy on full display as I tilt her hips up, impaling her on my cock in one harsh thrust. Her scream of pleasure and pain bounces off the walls, ricocheting through my ears, illiciting a moan of my own.

I pound into her like It's my mission to tear her apart. To break her open and see what's inside. She reaches towards my hand, grasping it in her slick palm and bringing it to her throat, showing me what she wants. What she needs . My hand tightens around her slender neck, a gasp leaving her lips as I steal her breath. "You look so pretty with my hand around your neck, baby." My other hand grasps her tit, twisting the nipple between my finger and thumb. "You like this, don't you? Knowing that I hold your life in the palm of my hand?" Her eyes roll back into her head while I speak, back arching up off the table. "One wrong move and I could kill you, you know that, Little Monster?" Hand tightening more around her neck, she will wear my bruises like a collar. Other hand, slipping down to rub tight circles around her clit, her eyes fluttering closed at the sensation, her pussy fluttering around my cock in the tell tale sign that she's about to come. "Open your fucking eyes, Taliah! I want you to watch as I claim what's mine. Watch while I show your dead daddy who you fucking belong to! Come for me." The last words are said in a growl as her pussy holds my cock in a vice, rippling around me as she comes apart, pushing me out of her as she squirts all over the table. My hand swipes at her clit as she soaks us both with her juices. She goes limp on the table as I thrust back in, the tingling starting at my spine until it's bursting out of me like an explosion, stars shining behind my eyes as I empty everything in me into her pussy. Pulling out slowly to watch my come drip from her swollen pussy, mixing with the blood and her come, mesmerizing me at the

glorious sight. Her slender fingers come down, obstructing my view, as she pushes my come back into her pussy.

“Just putting it back where it belongs.” The smirk in her words makes me practically swoon. I lean down, gripping her face in my hands, bringing our lips together in possibly the sweetest kiss I’ve ever had in my life.

I carried my sex sated girl back to my room, where we showered in silence, fucking against the tiled shower wall, before falling into my bed naked and exhausted. Her soft snores are the only sound in the room as I watch her sleep in the light of the moon peeking through the window. Her naked body covered in my blanket does nothing to distract me from the curve of her ass or the swell of her breasts. She was everything I could have dreamed of in my workshop today. Watching her kill her parents is something I’ll never forget. The look on her face as they took their last breaths was breathtaking in itself.

She’s turned towards me on her side, her hair falling over her face, puffing out as she breathes. Reaching out, I tuck her hair behind her ear, admiring her soft, flawless skin. The pink of her lips most definitely matches the shade of her nipples. Finger rubbing against her bottom lip, her tongue peeking out to swipe against my finger subconsciously, making me groan deep in my throat. She deserves this peaceful sleep, but my cock thinks otherwise. Rolling onto my back, I stare up at the dark ceiling, drifting to sleep with the images of a bloody Taliah in my mind.

Taliah

I awake the next morning sore and with the need to pee. My limbs are tangled in Logan's, and disentangling them without waking him up was a whole ass task in itself. My little victory dance of managing to do that was postponed with my screaming bladder. Rushing to the bathroom, I sigh as I relieve myself in the toilet. Finishing up, I head over to the sink to wash my hands. Stopping mid wash to stare at the bruises mottling my skin. A smile came to my lips at the large one circling my neck. After drying my hands, I gently prod at the purple and blue fleshy collar. Looking down my body, Logan's name stares back at me in angry red letters, still healing, and irritated from our sex marathon. My fingers drift over it, snagging along the scabby flesh, I remember how it felt when Logan placed his ownership on me. Knowing I'm his takes a burden off my shoulders that I didn't know was there .

Padding back into the bedroom, Logan snores, laying on his back, his chest bare, causing a blush to rise to my cheeks at the memories of last night. My pussy is still sore from the assault his cock had on it. He definitely knows how to make a woman feel owned, that's for sure. I stand there inside the bathroom door, watching him sleep until the bright idea comes to me. An idea that could go completely haywire if I fuck it up, but I'm determined to do this.

Rushing quietly to my closet, I toss on a pair of leggings and a t-shirt. Grabbing a duffle bag off the top shelf and filling it with extra clothes and shoes before heading out and towards Logan's desk. I scribble a note for him and grab his key ring and key card off the end table next to his head. With one last lingering glance, I exit the room, the steel shutting behind me with a soft click.

I head down to Logan's workshop as fast as I can, hoping to get in and out before he wakes up. Scanning his card against the reader, the door pops open. The smell in the room is horrendous thanks to the dead bodies still strapped to the table. I hold in a dry heave as I rush towards Logan's cabinet in the corner, wrenching open the door, and pulling out various items and stuffing them into the duffle along with my clothes. Different lengths of rope, duct tape, several knives in different shapes and sizes, a small vial labeled Ketamine, and a few syringes. Bag packed up tightly, I heave it over my shoulder and hurry from the room.

Slowly making my way through the maze of steel doors until I find the exit door looming ahead. The same door Logan brought me through months ago. It looks less intimidating now than it did the first time I saw it. Swiping Logan's key card against the security lock, it turns green, beeping, before the lock disengages. I push open the door, walking over the threshold into the stage rooms ahead. The squeak of the tile beneath my converse is the only noise in the hall. Finally finding Mr. Pickett's office, I wrench the door open, relieved the room is empty, then closed the door quietly behind me. Spying a tall file cabinet in the corner of the room, I hurry over to it, pulling each drawer open until I find the file I'm searching for. Shannon Richards. I stuff it inside of the duffle bag and sprint out of the room like it's on fire.

Rushing for the front door, I push it open, nearly getting blinded by the bright morning sun. Shielding my eyes, I trudge towards the car that's parked off to the side of the building. Fiddling with Logan's key ring, I see the car fob attached; clicking the unlock button, the tail lights of the car light up, making me sprint towards it. Tossing the heavy duffle back into the passenger seat before rounding the car and climbing into the drivers side. The car smells like Logan inside, making my heart beat faster in panic at this being an awful idea. I steel my resolve and push the key into the ignition, the car roaring to life beneath me. I've driven before, in drivers ed, but never for pleasure. I guess this is as good of a time as any to do that.

The drive to Shannon's last known address was exhausting—six hours of exhaustion

to be exact. I park across the street, leaning back in my seat with a huff. The sun set a few hours ago, and the cabin of the car shrouded in darkness. The two story house across the street is dark except for the living room light, illuminating the room within. From my spot, I can only see a couch and a coffee table in the room, a large blanket covered lump lying on the couch. After an hour of no movement anywhere in the house, I determine it's time to get this shit over with. I reverse the car into the small driveway, making sure the trunk is close to the front steps.

Rooting through the duffle bag I grab the Ketamine, filling a syringe with what I hope is the correct dose, then swing the bag over my shoulder, and make my way to the quiet house. The wooden stairs creek ominously under my feet as I ascend them. I look into the window next to the door and Shannon still hasn't moved from her spot on the couch. My hand reaches out to test the door knob, resisting the urge for a victory screech as it easily turns in my palm. Pushing the door open and squeezing through the small opening before closing it softly behind me. I hold my breath as I approach the back of the couch, the syringe held tightly in my fist, poised and ready. Scooting around the end, my eyes trained on Shannon's sleeping form, her arm dangling off the edge like she hasn't a care in the world.

I kneel down next to her, head already tilted towards me with her hair falling over her face, making my job this much easier. Reaching up with the needle, I slide it into the skin of her neck and depress the plunger quickly. Shannon doesn't stir, only a soft snore slipping past her lips, I wait on the floor for a few minutes, waiting for the drug to take effect. After what seems like an hour, I lift Shannon's limp hand and drop it next to her side a few times to make certain she's out like a light.

Ripping the blanket off her body, I thank whoever is watching over me that she's wearing clothes under there, even if it's just an oversized t shirt. Unzipping the duffle back, I grab the rope out, making quick work to tie her wrists and ankles together, taking care to put her wrists behind her back so she can't slip out of them. Ripping a piece of duct tape off, I slap it over her mouth because I don't feel like hearing her

screeching when she wakes up in the trunk of the car. I sling the duffle bag back over my shoulder and hoist Shannon's comatose body up under the armpits and drag her from the house, huffing and puffing as I go. She's essentially just skin and bones, but damn, who knew dragging a body would take this much muscle power.

By the time I get her down the stairs and to the trunk of the car, I'm sweating bullets. I managed to knock Shannon's head against every single wooden step on the way down as well as the bumper of the car when I was pushing her inside. The knowledge that she could wake up with a concussion makes me smile as I slam the trunk door shut. I don't bother checking to make sure no one was watching me before I slide into the driver's seat, turn the key, and peel out of the driveway back to Harmony Heights. Practically bouncing in my seat with giddiness as I imagine the smile Logan will grace me with at his surprise.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:46 am

Logan

L ogan,

Don't be mad, but I'm stealing your car to run an errand. I promise I'll be back in a few days!

-Your Little Monster

Taliah's scrawled handwriting stares back at me for the fiftieth time since I found the letter laying on my desk two days ago. I've been wracked with all kinds of emotions since I found it. First was anger, pissed that she would leave me, having flashbacks of Shannon when she left me all those years ago. Next came sadness, for not having her around, for missing her bright smile and her need to be near me. Now I'm currently full of anxiety, an odd feeling for me, but anxiety nonetheless. Worried that she won't make it back in one piece from whatever errand she deemed was worthy enough to leave me for.

Trying to think of any possible thing that she could leave me for keeps me coming up blank. She has no more family, and no desire to see her one friend anymore, well, that I know of. There's nothing left out there for her, I'm all she has left. Pacing my bedroom as time ticks by at a crawl is driving me insane. By the time the sun starts to set behind the trees, I'm about ready to chase after her on foot until the lock to my door pops open, and a haggard Taliah steps through the threshold.

"Where the fuck have you been!?" I scream, rushing towards her, grabbing her by the biceps and hauling her up against the wall, kicking the door shut with my heel. She

leans her head back against the wall with a ghost of a smile on her lips. “Taliah, you better have a good fucking reason for leaving.” The unhinged giggle that slips from her lips is enough to make me drop her arms like they burned me, taking a few steps back, my gaze sweeping over her as she doubles over in laughter. “What the fuck is so funny?”

“Did you really think I’d just up and leave you? I left you a note!” She says through her laughter, tears leaking from the corner of her eye. “You’re acting like an overprotective boyfriend, and honestly, it looks kind of hot on you.” Giggles still escaping her as she walks towards me, wrapping her arms around my neck and coming up on her tiptoes to plant her lips against mine. All the anger drains from my body as she kisses me so sweetly, but all too soon she’s pulling away. “I wouldn’t leave you Logan, not now, not ever.” She whispers, her lips sliding against mine as she speaks. Giving my lips one last peck, she drops her arms from my neck and takes a step back. “I have a surprise for you. Well, for us really.” Fidgeting with her fingers nervously as she looks up at me through her lashes, biting her lip, “Something for us to play with together; would you like to see it?”

“What did you bring me, Little Monster?” I say with a tilt of my head, she reaches up and grabs my hand, it dwarfing her tiny fingers. “Show me.” With a smile on her face, she tugs me out of the bedroom. Leading me down the hall, past my work shop, past her room, winding through the halls towards the exit. I allow her to swipe my key card against the pad, the door popping open with a click. Taliah guides me down the halls and through the front door, down the concrete steps to my car at the bottom. She stops in front of the closed trunk, her fingers wringing around each other, her eyes staring at the ground, the nerves coming off of her in waves. “What’s in there, Taliah?” She bites her lip, scuffing her shoe against the gravel; she looks like a little kid who got caught stealing cookies right now. I grab her face between my hands, tilting her eyes up to mine, “What did you bring me, baby?” She takes a deep breath and then hits the key fob, the trunk door opening.

Letting go of Taliah's face, reaching down, I grab the edge of the trunk in my hands and push it up, the sound of someone struggling inside, and muffled screams reach my ears as the trunk door opens. Looking down into the trunk, a familiar set of wide, tear stained, brown eyes stare back at me. When she sees my face, her screaming and wiggling intensify. I look up at Taliah's face, and she's giving me a million dollar smile, like she just won the Olympics. "How did you..." I trail off, realizing that I don't give a shit how she pulled this off by herself. I grab her face between my hands and slam my lips against hers, ravaging her mouth like I've never kissed a woman before. This kiss is vile; wet, sloppy, and full of teeth. Her fingers clutching me closer to her, trying to rip my shirt from my shoulders. Ripping my lips from hers, I hold her at arms length, trying to catch my breath. "I don't know how the fuck you managed to do this, and honestly,, I don't even care. But before I fuck you into a coma, we need to get this bitch inside. Can you grab her feet for me, baby?" I say in a rush as I grab Shannon under the arms. Taliah's rushed yes follows in the wind as her feet scuff against the gravel, her hands wrapping around Shannon's tied ankles.

We hoist Shannon's wriggling body out of the trunk, Taliah yelling, "Wait!", before she drops her ankles to the ground and rushes to the passenger side of the car. I drop Shannon's head to the gravel; it hits with a thud, as I watch Taliah rifle through something in the front seat of the car. She shuts the door after finding what she needs and comes around to the back of the car. Kneeling on the ground next to Shannons wiggling body, a syringe in her hand. Taliah holds Shannon's face down against the ground, the uneven rocks digging into her skin, before she stabs the side of her neck with the needle and pushes the plunger all the way down. Shannon's body slowly losing all fight before going still on the ground. Taliah pops back up to her feet, making her way to Shannon's ankles, "Now we can take her inside!" She yells before wrapping her hands around Shannon's thin legs.

A chuckle slips from my lips as I grab Shannon under her armpits. Lifting her up, trying to take most of the weight for Taliah, we make our way back up the steps of the institute and through the front door. Setting Shannon on the tiles as I close and

lock the front door, giving Taliah a moment to breathe, before hoisting her back in the air and making our way to my work shop.

The trek to the workshop was long, sweaty, and all around a whole ass challenge. By the time we get to the door, we both are dripping sweat, and our breathing is echoing off the concrete walls. Taliah swipes my key card against the lock, and before she can turn around, I drag Shannon's limp body through the open doorway. Yanking her across the floor before gripping her around her tiny waist and tossing her carelessly onto one of the now empty metal tables in the room. I work quickly to secure Shannon's wrists to the table, making my way to her ankles and being surprised that Taliah has them both already strapped down to the table.

I look up at Taliah, her face bright with another smile, her eyes shining with mischief. Striding across the small space, I lean down and wrap my arms around her thighs, tossing her over my shoulder. "God damnit, you're perfect, and I can't wait to show that pussy just how perfect it is." I growl as I make my way out of the workshop and towards my bedroom, Taliah's laughter trailing after us.

Taliah

Logan spent the whole night making good on his words, and the pleasant soreness between my legs this morning is proof of that. He ravaged my body so thoroughly that I am sure I am wearing his marks on my skin. I still feel the prick of his teeth as they dug into my neck when he came, holding me close to him like he was afraid I would float away. My fingers drift over my neck, rubbing at the aching delicate skin that lies there, a smile spreading across my sleepy face at the memory of Logan clutching my throat so tight I saw stars. Tilting my head to the side, my eyes flit over to the bay window next to Logan's bed, the early morning sun rays peeking through his black curtains.

Rough fingertips glide across my outer thigh, gripping me and tugging at it to get my attention. My head falls to the other side, eyes connecting with Logan's drowsy, amber ones. A mischievous smile graces my lips as I turn towards him fully, swinging my other leg over his waist, hoisting myself up to straddle him, cock already hard between my legs. The look of surprise on his face makes a giggle escape my lips. Planting my hands on his bare chest, feeling his muscles ripple under my fingertips. His hands grip my waist tight, his eyes flaring with desire as my hips start to move slowly against him. Wetness starts to pool between my legs from the pressure of his cock against my clit. Throwing my head back, I let out a low moan as I grind against Logan, a groan escaping his own lips as he watches me in wonder.

Lifting up on my knees, I lean forward before gripping Logan's cock in my hands, lining him up to my dripping pussy. He slides into me easily, my muscles adjusting to the fullness like we've done this dance a million times. Once my ass meets Logan's thighs, I don't give either of us enough time to revel in the delicious feeling. My hips

are moving in a steady rhythm, sending us both into a frenzy. Logan's fingers dig into my hips, his eyes locked on mine burning with an intensity I've never seen before. I've never known what love actually felt like, but I think this right here is just about the closest you can get.

A growl leaves Logan's lips as he leans up, wrapping his arms around my waist and rolls us over onto the other side of the bed. He pulls out quickly, spinning me to my stomach, and pulling my hips up and back towards his. Fingers tangling in the crown of my hair, his hand squashing the side of my face into the mattress. In one brutal thrust, he's back inside me, and setting a harsh pace that makes my pussy grip him tighter. The euphoric feeling coursing through my body from his savage touch has my orgasm barreling through me. A silent scream parts my lips, vision blurring at the edges from the intensity. Logan's thrusts start to become erratic as he finds his own release, hips pushing against my own as he buries his seed inside of me. The feeling in my legs starts to wane as he leans down and kisses along my back, before pulling out of me slowly. I readjust my legs, ready to make my way off the bed, but he holds my hips in place.

Logan's rough finger tips stroke my pussy lips, gathering the come that has leaked from there and pushing it back inside. "I love seeing my come drip from your swollen pussy, but I love it even more knowing you will be walking around with it there all day." He swats my ass with his hand before continuing on, "Time to get up, pretty girl; we have a play date today. Go get ready, but don't wash me away, do you understand?" He finishes with a stern voice, making my pussy pulse for aftershocks.

"Of course, Logan, I wouldn't dream of it." Smiling as I exit the bed and head towards the bathroom to fix the rat nest, I am sure my hair has become.

Thirty minutes later we are both dressed and heading out of Logan's room. He insisted that I wear only a white t-shirt dress with nothing underneath or on my feet. I trail behind Logan, my bare feet pad against the cold concrete flooring in the hallway,

making me shiver. The muscles in his back and ass rippling beneath his clothes as he goes. I can't help but admire how sexy he is in just black joggers and a white t-shirt. It makes drool pool in my mouth, wishing I could spend all day wrapped in his arms in bed. Mind drifting back to this morning's sexcapade getting me so hot and bothered again that I don't even notice that we've made it to Logan's workshop until I run smack dab into his back. I ricochet off of him, almost falling on my ass, but his iron grip holds me upright. Once I'm steady on my feet again, he turns back towards the door and unlocks it with his keycard.

We don't even get the door fully open before we hear the screeching coming from inside. The high pitched decibels that Shannon is reaching right now would be admirable if it wasn't so damn annoying. Logan ushers me through the open door before shutting us both inside with the banshee strapped to the steel table within. Ignoring her to the best of my ability, I make my way over to Logan's desk against the wall, pulling out his leather chair and plopping down in it. Leaning back, I cross my legs underneath me, getting comfortable for the show that is about to unfold.

Logan is making his way towards Shannon, her pleas for mercy flooding from her lips, "Logan, thank god, it's you! Help me! That bitch is a psycho; you have to help me!" My eyes roll with her delusions of Logan actually helping her; does she not remember how he helped me get her out of the trunk and down here? Logan just stands there watching her with his arms crossed, assessing her naked body, and it makes my skin crawl. I'm not usually the jealous type, and right about now I think I should be with how he's looking at her. But the look of disgust marring his face as he peruses her body tampers my feelings back down, making me relax back into the chair.

"Earth to Logan! What the fuck are you waiting for? Get me out of here!" Shannon yells, trying to get his attention, but all it does is make him chuckle darkly.

"Shannon, do you know what this place is? Surely you can't really be this dense."

She stutters, trying to form words, but nothing is coming out of her pale, cracked lips. Logan stalks around her body towards her head. His fingers swiping her hair from her eyes, before he leans down towards her ear to say, “Welcome to Harmony Heights, Shannon, where the only way you get to leave here is in pieces.” The scream that leaves her mouth makes me giggle in delight for what is to come.

Logan

Shannon's panicked expression is the most comedic thing I've seen in a while. The laugh that leaves me sounds deranged and demented, like a demon has entered my body and taken up space there. I slap my hands against the table next to Shannon's hands, the sound reverberating through the room making her scream again, which causes the most beautiful laugh I've ever heard leave Taliah's lips. Peeking over at Taliah on the other side of the room, she's made herself comfortable in my desk chair, leaning back looking like the villainous goddess that she is.

"Logannn! Come on, we're family!" Shannon's pleas continue on and the urge to rip her tongue from her mouth is so intense that I can't hold it back. Striding quickly to the cabinet next to my desk, ripping open the metal doors, I grab the few tools that I need before making my way back to Shannon. She tries to whip her head around to see what I'm carrying, but she's strapped down so tight that she can't manage more than to meet my cruel gaze. Once I make my way back to her head, I plop the items down onto the tray next to me with a clink, grabbing the first item and bringing it towards her face. One hand holds her forehead down while the other grips the metal mouth gag tightly. As soon as she sees what I'm doing, she does exactly what I had expected her to do; opens her mouth wide and lets out an ear piercing scream. I swoop in and place the gag before she even realizes what I've done until she can no longer close her mouth. Her jaw opened wide for me as her sobs started to escape, tears trailing down her face in rivulets. Grabbing the pliers and filet knife next, I reach in and grab hold of her tongue, stretching it out and slicing it right off.

Holding it up to the light, I admire the fleshy muscle in all its bloody glory. Getting lost in its beauty for so long, I don't even notice that Taliah has made her way to the

other side of me. She looks up at it with curiosity, reaching for it with her delicate fingers, and plucking it out of the pliers grip. Squishing it in her fingers, humming in contentment at the feeling of it. Taliah gives me a breathtaking smile before she walks back to her seat with it clutched in her fingers. She sits down and starts to knead it like a malicious fidget toy, nodding for me to continue on.

Looking down at Shannon, her sobs still trailing from her open mouth. Saliva and blood sliding down her chin and chest from the angle the table is tilted at. I reach back to her face and remove the dental gag, tossing it back on the tray. "Now that we've taken care of that incessant noise, I can finally think clearly here." Shannon lets out a pitiful wail as her body shakes from the pain. "You know I loved you once, right? You were my whole world." As I speak to her, I make my way back towards my cabinet, grabbing more tools out and bringing them back and laying them on the tray. "I cherished you, and what did you do? You fucking LIED to me! You left me like I was trash on the side of the road!" The anger coursing through my body has me grabbing the nearest knife and slicing at her thighs, leaving deep wounds there. "Did you know I tried to take all my anger out on your pretty daughter?" Her eyes fly towards mine with that admission, making me laugh. I grip her breast in my hand, position the knife at her nipple, and cut it clean off. It rolls off her chest, bouncing off the table and landing on the floor. "God, Shannon, she was so pretty when she bled and cried for me. I wanted to keep her too, my new Little Lamb, but she didn't want me either. Just like her bitch of a mother." I slice deep into the side of her breast, flaying it open, cutting deeper until I slide the whole mound from her chest.

The gargled scream she releases makes me shiver in delight, my cock getting hard at the sound. I look over at Taliah as I toss the flesh mound in my hand over my shoulder and onto the ground. Taliah has her legs spread open and hanging over the arms of the leather chair. Her small fingers splayed over her pussy, her middle finger rubbing slow circles around her clit as she watches me. When she catches me staring, she lets out the prettiest little moan. All I can think about now is burying my cock in her dripping pussy, and riding her into the ground. That's when I realize exactly who

Taliah is to me, and it almost makes the knife slip from my grip.

“You know what, Shannon? Fuck you. You don’t deserve anymore of my energy. Enjoy your time in hell, Little Lamb.” With that, I raise the knife high above my head and plunge it deep into her chest. Her body spasms as the knife pierces her heart, her last breath rattling through her chest before she’s completely still.

Rushing around Shannon's dead body, I make a beeline to Taliah. She has her head thrown back against the headrest and three fingers plunged deep into her pussy. Wrapping my fingers in her hair, I rip her up from the chair, kicking it to the side, and bending her body over my desk behind her. I kick her feet apart and tug my joggers down with my other hand, my hard cock springing free from its restraints. Lining up to her wet pussy, I plunge in to the hilt, her chest arching up off the desk with the intrusion. Thrusting into her brutally, I wrap my other hand around her left thigh, bringing it up to rest on the top of the desk so I can get a better angle. The change has her panting and moaning.

“Fuck Logan!” She screeches out as I pound into her. “Hurt me, please! I need it, I need you.” My rhythm doesn’t falter as I swipe the letter opener off of my desk and bring it up to her ass cheek, slicing her open and watching the blood rush to the surface. The crimson was a breathtaking contrast to her pale skin, making my movements stutter. “Mark me again, Logan, please?” She moans out breathlessly, and she doesn’t need to ask me twice. I make another slice connecting the two lines, leaving a deep and bloody L in her skin. The sight of it has me growling as I grip her hair tighter and toss the letter open to the side to grip her hip.

Her breathing starts to stutter, her pussy gripping my cock like it wants it to stay there forever. I lean over her back, sinking my teeth deep into her shoulder until the familiar metallic taste meets my tongue. Leaning back up towards her ear, I growl out, “Come with me, Little Monster, now!” She screams as her release barrels out of her, pussy pulsing around me, forcing me over the edge with her. My thrusts stutter

until they finally come to a stop, my cock still twitching inside of her. Taliah turns her face towards mine and claims my lips in a kiss full of emotions that neither of us truly know the meaning of, but to us they mean everything.

She pulls away, her eyes shining with unshed tears, my hand comes up and brushes the hair from her face as I peck her lips again before leaning back up and pulling out of her slowly. I help her to stand and then scoop her up bridal style and carry her out of the workshop towards our room. Leaving Shannon's lukewarm body behind to rot.

Taliah

Two years later

“Everything is going to be okay; I swear we will make it out of here, Stacy. I promise you.” I whisper to the crying woman sitting next to me. She’s frail, almost skin and bones, but not quite. Her face is dirty and marred with tear streaks, her clothes covered in splotches of blood and dirt from being worn for so long. I grip her bony hand in mine as I kneel up from the floor, using the wall for balance as I tug her up with me. “I stole his keycard when he took me last, see?” I hold the card up with my other hand, waving it in front of her face to see. Her eyes widen, and more tears fall from her eyes as she starts to weep in relief.

I tug her towards the door and swipe the key card along the pad; the beep is quiet as the door opens with a click. Tugging Stacy out of the door behind me, we make our way down the dingy hallway. My bare feet padding against the cold concrete floor, my own dirty white hospital gown hanging from my shoulders and swishing around my knees as we rush down the hallway. I pull her around the corner and another until I see the blinking red exit sign at the end. “See Stacy, look! We’re almost there; come on!” I say earnestly as I pull her sluggish body along with me. We finally make it to the exit door, where I swipe the key card again, pushing the heavy door open and thrusting us out into the warm summer night air. The dense forest lies in front of us.

“Taliah, it’s nothing but trees! What do we do now?” She weeps next to me, sounding like she’s going to have a full blown mental breakdown now. Rolling my eyes, making sure to not let her see, I then turn towards her and grip her biceps in my hands.

“We have to run! The only way out is through that forest. Get a grip on yourself! I know you’re tired, but we’re almost out, Stacy!” I plead with her before grabbing her hand, not giving her a choice in following after me. Taking a deep breath, I head towards the dark trees with Stacy in tow. Her sniffles are all that’s heard in the eerie forest, but I know we’re not the only ones out here.

Broken twigs and pine needles dig into my bare feet as I practically drag us both over fallen dead trees and low hanging branches. Bramble bushes snagging onto her clothes and ripping them in spots, leaving pricks of blood behind, making me hiss. Once we get to the familiar clearing, I let out an exhausted breath, tilting my head back to stare up at the cloudless sky. Stacy’s breath puffing out of her lips like she’s just run a marathon when it’s only been less than a mile. A twig snaps to my right, and a smile spreads across my face, but I lose it quickly as Stacy lets out a blood curdling scream.

“Did you hear that?” She screeches as she clutches me closer to her.

“I’m sure it’s just a rabbit or something; we are in a forest.” I say with a roll of my eyes.

Another twig snaps closer, making Stacy jump behind me, using me as a shield, but I’m not scared of what’s coming for us. A hooded figure breaches the trees and prowls towards us. Stacy’s body is trembling like a leaf from fear, making my own body tremble, but not from fear. The figure gets closer, and Stacy pulls at my hand, urging me to run, but my feet stay planted to the soft ground.

“Taliah, we need to go, now!” Her high pitched voice makes me sigh in annoyance, and at this point I’m so over the facade I’ve been putting up for the last few weeks.

“Actually Stacy, we are right where we are supposed to be.” I say gently, gripping her hand in mine, holding her tight so she can’t scamper away like the scared little deer she is right now. “How did you end up here, Stacy?” I ask her quietly, making her go

motionless in my hold. “You never did tell me that in all the time we’ve spent together in that room.” Her eyes go wide with disbelief as to why I’d be asking her now at a time like this. She’s so focused on me that she doesn’t see the bat coming towards her head. Her body drops to the ground like it’s a lead balloon. “Damn Logan, you didn’t have to hit her so hard!” I scold as I watch the blood leaking from her head.

“Does it really matter? She’ll be dead by sunrise anyways, baby.” He chuckles before grabbing her by the waist and flinging her thin body over his shoulder. “Are you okay? How are your feet this time? I tried to pick up as many twigs and rocks as I could this week.” He grips my chin in his free hand and tilts my face up to his, planting a soft kiss against my lips.

“I’m fine, quit being a motherhen,” I chuckle, before grabbing his hand, tugging him along as we make our way back to the institute.

I toss the bucket of cold water across Stacy’s naked body, making her jolt awake with a gasp. Her eyes look around the room wildly until they collide with him, confusion reflecting in her eyes. “Wakey wakey, Stacy, it’s time to play!” I say with a smile as her breathing starts to increase. She tugs at the leather restraints on her wrists and ankles, trying to get free from their hold. She’s strapped down so tight to the metal table that watching her struggle is comical. Her veins bulge in her neck as she tugs uselessly until she lays back on the table with a huff. She stares up at me with pity as I watch her slowly piece together everything in her mind, her look morphing to horror.

“Taliah, what’s going on?” She asks, her voice wobbling with fear.

“Poor little Stacy, I really had you going, didn’t I?” A chuckle escapes my lips as I walk around the table. “Do you really think Dr. Logan allows his patient’s roommates here? You have to be kidding yourself if you actually thought that I was your friend. Use that little brain of yours; how else do you think I got his key card so easily?”

Tilting my head, I watch as her lips flop open and close like a fish as she tries to find her words. “Now, I’m going to ask you again, Stacy, why are you here? Maybe if you’re a good girl and answer me correctly, then I’ll make sure this is less painful for you.” I give her a friendly smile as I stop at her head and pet her stringy, greasy hair.

“I-I um.” She stutters, and I mock her back, making sure she knows just how stupid she sounds right now. “I killed someone.” She says with a sob, tears trailing down her face.

“Who did you kill, Stacy?” I pet her hair away from her face in a soothing manner, waiting for her to dish out all of her secrets.

“The neighbor girl!” She says with a wailing cry, her body shaking with tremors. “The little bitch was fucking my husband!” Stacy spits the words out with venom.

“And you think that gives you an excuse to just kill people?” I ask, confusion making my brows come together as I stare into her eyes.

“Yes, it does! The little bitch deserved it!” She screams in my face, making me chuckle as I walk away from her.

“I’m sure that you really believe that, but no one deserves to be killed for something so innocent. You, on the other hand? You committed a real crime, and I think that my husband will enjoy tearing you apart.” I say with a smile on my face, blowing her a kiss, before opening the door to face an amused Logan on the other side. He’s leaned up against the wall across the hall, his foot kicked back against the wall with his arms crossed across his chest. I walk towards him, my hand drifting across his body as I stretch up on my tiptoes, and peck him on his cheek. “She’s all yours, baby.” I pat his chest, before making my way back to our bedroom so I can watch the impending show in the comfort of my bed.