



# Releasing Raven (The Holiday Horror Babies)

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** What happens when you kidnap the wrong girl.

Have you ever been humiliated and degraded by someone?

Have you ever thought about the revenge you could get for what they did to you?

Well, I have. It has seeped into every corner of my mind, every fiber of my being.

They haunt my nightmares and my waking moments.

But thats over now.

Its my turn.

**Total Pages (Source):** 23

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

## Chapter 1

### Raven

Life fucking blows. There isn't another way to put it; it's so goddamn boring. Why does it have to be so blah with all the little menial tasks and bullshit? The only thing I look forward to lately is getting off work and curling up with my newest dark romance novel.

Day in and day out, it's the same endless cycle on repeat. I go to work and then go home. There's nothing else. It never has been, and I'm fucking tired of it. I'm tired of sitting back and watching everyone around me have fun. Tired of only reading about the lives other people live. I'm ready to be part of it.

"Hey Beth, are you guys still headed out tonight?" I holler to my kind of friend on the other side of the office.

She spins around and hauls ass toward me.

"Raven! Are you saying that you are finally going to join us at the bar tonight?" She squeals, gripping my arms in her tiny manicured talons.

"Yeah, I think I might give it a chance. But I swear to god if I get bored, I'm going home to my books. They never let me down," I bite out, peeling her fingers out of my flesh.

I rub at the tiny fingernail marks on my arm and give her the best smile I can manage.

We are the absolute opposite of each other, and despite that fact, we get along reasonably well.

“I promise it won’t be boring! You have no idea the fun we have on our girls’ night,” she rushes out, sliding her arm through mine while pulling me along behind her.

“So, where are we going?” I ask, suddenly aware of my office attire that I’m now forced to wear out tonight.

“We’ll be hitting The Zoo first for our pregame – and then we will most likely end up at Midnight Secrets. Every one of us needs to let off some steam, and it’s the perfect place to do it.”

I stop dead in my tracks and spin her to look at me.

“Midnight Secrets? As in the sex club?” I ask, confused.

There is no fucking way these stuck-up, preppy girls go to that place to let loose.

“Damn straight. Why screw some random guy in a filthy bar when you can do it discreetly in a club that has strict rules,” she says, bewildered by my question. “Plus, you can order exactly what you want and who you want.”

The devilish smile that spreads across her lips when she says the last part has me feeling a little apprehensive as to who exactly she is. She sure in the hell isn’t the person I thought she was. I shrug and let her know that I’m going to head home for a bite to eat and shower before going out. If I’m going to Midnight Secrets, I’m going to look my best. These boring office uniforms sure in the hell, aren’t it.

“See you there!” I call to her before tucking into my car and shutting the door.

She waves me off, and suddenly, I feel very uncomfortable about it all. Maybe I'll bail. The last time I went out, I attended a local rave, and while I had fun, I came home with a fresh tattoo and no idea where it came from. I'm a messy drunk. One that has the tendency to keep drinking, just to push away the social anxiety until I black out.

"What do I have to lose?" I ask with a hint of hysterics in my voice.

My eyes land on the little skeleton duck on my dashboard.

"What are you looking at?" I hiss at the little thing. "I'm not crazy for this. I'm bored and could use some dick for once."

It just stares back at me, and I shake my head at myself and shove the key into the ignition. In This Moment instantly blares through the speakers, and I giggle a little when I realize what song it is. Maria Brink screams the lyrics to Whore through the tiny speakers in my doors, and I find it way too ironic. Shit. Maybe it's a sign.

Have I officially entered my hoe phase? Please say I have. I need to open up and have some fun.

Stepping out of my car near The Zoo, where I told Beth I would meet her, I suddenly became nervous. This is the first time I've agreed to go out with anyone since I moved here eight months ago for work, and every part of the introvert in me is screaming for me to get back in the car and drive straight home.

Instead of listening to that little voice, I slam my door shut and click the lock button on my key fob before dropping my keys into my purse. I look around for a moment when my eyes land on a little shop in front of me. It's my reflection. I see me in all my glory, and what I see shocks me. I went all out tonight with my outfit, and the way the night lights of downtown shine around me, make me look like an angel of

death, and I couldn't be more proud.

The leather skirt I chose rests just across the bottom of my ass, where the fishnets I picked out today disappear underneath. Up top is a sheer top that leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination, and I made sure to put on my pasties before leaving home. I don't need to get slammed with indecent exposure because I want to look good while I have fun. The cute little X's cover my nipples perfectly, but they're kind of a pain when I move a certain way, and they pull at my piercings underneath. I also decided to forgo the panties against my better judgment, and I'm starting to regret that, too. It's freezing out here, and the cold draft running straight up my skirt has my pussy freezing shut.

Grabbing the edges of my overcoat, I pull it tight around my body to hide all the exposed skin from the bite in the air. It does little good since there is more skin than clothes tonight.

Why did I subject myself to living somewhere where the air hurts my skin?

Oh shit, that's right. Bugs. There are no big bad poisonous bugs here, and there surely aren't any giant snakes and alligators, either. That is why I torture myself with all this cold and snow here in South Dakota instead of moving to Louisiana as I had initially planned.

Stepping into the bar, I'm assaulted by pounding music so loud I can hardly hear myself think, and a swarm of people vying for a drink at the bar. I'm just about ready to say fuck it and head home when Beth eyes me from across the packed place. Not sure how she recognized me considering the outfit, but sure as shit, that tiny blonde and pink bundle of already buzzed flies at me, and latches onto me for dear life.

"I'm so fucking happy you came, Raven!" She beams at me, hauling me to the front of the line at the bar.

People all around us grumble and complain about us budging, but Beth must have some hookups around here because the moment the cute guy behind the bar sees her, he lights up and comes straight over. I place my order for a whiskey on the rocks and am served quickly. Beth yanks me over to her table, where her friends are swaying to the music pounding overhead.

I sip away at my drink while I stand next to them while they gush over the guys hanging around the table like vultures. It would seem like the more songs that play on, the closer they get, and I'm getting pissed. If I wanted to get felt up by a bunch of college punks, I would go to a frat party.

"Beth, I think I'm going to get out of here," I yell over the drop of the next song.

"No! You can't go yet," she pouts. "We were just about to head over to the club. Don't you want to be there for that?. Trust me when I say it's so much better than this. The only reason we deal with these young horny bastards here is because it's cheap alcohol."

I watch her for a moment, trying to decide if I should go along with it or not, but she makes up my mind for me when she throws back her entire drink and pulls me toward the door.

"Let's go, ladies! It's time to get fucked!" She screams to us all.

Her brazen words make me giggle wildly, and I can feel the unease and tension cause me to giggle wildly and I can feel the unease and tension drain from my body.

Maybe it'll be a good night after all.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 2

Dorian

Sitting in the VIP area of the club I partially own, I watch as women come and go from back rooms, hanging on all sorts of men and other women. They feel each other up and sway to the music as their drinks kick in, and they lose themselves in the atmosphere we have created here at Midnight Secrets.

Multiple people, both women and even a few men, have come up to our table to get our attention, trying to appeal to us, but not a single one has piqued my interest enough to play with.

They're all typical.

Boring.

Ordinary.

They're fucking pathetic in their attempts to catch my or Malachi's attention. In all the years I have run this club with my brother, we have only found two women that appealed to our tastes. Only two were willing to take the things that we need to do to feel any amount of pleasure. And only two that were able to withstand the hunt.

Too bad they didn't stick around, I could use a release.

"Dorian, just fucking pick one. It's been too long, and you're starting to get on my

nerves. Just find one and put your dick in it,” Malachi sneers from next to me.

When I look over at him, he’s got this shit-eating grin on his face that seems never to leave, and before I can retort with something that would probably hurt the man's feelings, I see his eyes round out, and his jaw hit the table. I’ve seen that look once. Only once, and she was our last. The one that sucked us in so much it was hard to come back from. That was seven years ago.

When my head turns to follow his gaze, I see her. She is fucking stunning, and suddenly everyone melts away as I take her in. She looks like the Angel of Death dressed all in black. So much of her skin is showing, hinting at the fun she’s looking to have here tonight.

Her curves are hugged by a leather skirt and mesh shirt. Her perky tits are on full display for anyone to see, yet her nipples are covered by thick black X’s. They call to me, begging me to mark them. To carve my mark into each of them before taking them into my mouth.

Her heels are higher than anyone should be able to walk in, and when she turns around to talk to the pink ball of I don’t give a fuck, I see the bottom of her ass peering out from beneath her skirt. An ass so fucking perfect, it’s just begging to be filled and pumped full of my cum. Her pearly skin pushes against her fishnet stockings, looking for freedom. Freedom that I intend to give just before paddling that ass and watching as it turns a beautiful shade of red.

Just for me.

“I found one,” I mutter, slamming the rest of the bourbon in front of me.

I stand and fix my jacket with a sadistic smile on my face.



“We’re going to have some fun tonight,” Malachi whoops as he pounds his beer and bounces up from the table.

“Don’t scare her off yet. Let her relax before we move in. Just make sure no one else touches a single hair on her head. She’s ours tonight. Only ours,” I growl before stepping into the shadows to watch her.

Malachi walks off in the other direction and slides up to the bar to watch her from there. He’s instantly surrounded by multiple women who are vying for his attention, but he waves them off like the flies they are. It’s rather funny to see, honestly. The way they all pout when they don’t get the cock of one of the elusive Black brothers. It brings joy to my black soul.

But there is one thing that will bring more than joy to this cold, dark heart. And she’s standing mere feet away, playing with that striking blue piece in her hair. Twirling it around her finger as she sips on the drink she ordered. My mind is flooded with visions of what that hair would look like fisted by my grip as I fuck her from behind. Or how it would look splayed out on my satin sheets after she’s strapped into my spreader bar.

I can feel my cock hardening in my jeans, digging into the teeth of my zipper. I palm myself for a moment, re-adjusting to hide the evidence of my arousal before stepping into the light. Not a second passes before a young man who reeks of desperation steps into me, his hand immediately finding my erection and dipping his lips into the crook of my neck. I give him a moment while I watch my woman’s ass sway to the beat of the music before addressing the young man.

“It would be in your best interest to remove your hand from my cock. If you so much as think about touching me again without my permission, you will lose both of your hands. Do you understand me?” I hiss.

The poor kid I just threatened instantly pales and steps away, his hands in the air before scurrying off to where ever the fuck he just came from. I should feel bad for promising such violence, but I don't take to that shit lightly. No one touches me without my consent. Fucking no one.

Well, maybe she can.

Once I'm done with her that is.

Slowly, I make my way to the bar to order another bourbon, where the bartender scolds our usual waitress for not keeping a better eye on us. I let him know not to worry, that we are mingling tonight, and both of them visibly relax, although questioning expressions cross their faces. It's not often we find our prey here in the club, and even the staff knows that.

Sipping away at my drink, I watch my girl with her friends as they settle into a large booth in the back of the club. Slowly, over the next half hour, all her friends pair off with other men and women and disappear into the back rooms, finally leaving her alone.

I look over and see Malachi zeroing in on her, and give him a moment to use his glowing charm before I step in and take control of the situation. We want her to be comfortable to start. Need her willing to step into the back room with us. After all, we don't need to create a scene here. Not with this many witnesses. I don't feel like killing dozens of people tonight. It is almost Christmas, after all.

Seeing the signal from my little brother, a two-fingered tap to the back of the chair three times, I slowly make my way over to the booth. Never taking my eyes off her. She looks up from her drink, and her eyes lock onto mine instantly. I watch her breath speed up as her chest rises and falls with every step I take closer and closer to her. There's a lovely blush creeping across her face that reaches down to those perfect tits

of hers when Malachi rests his hand across her thigh.

“Care if I join the party?” I say reaching the table.

I don’t wait for a response from either of them and slide into the booth opposite my brother, boxing in our little rabbit. Her eyes widen when she looks between the two of us. I’m sure being boxed in between the two of us is a little intimidating. We aren’t small by any means, and while Malachi exudes the whole cinnamon roll personality, I am the exact opposite. When people say I’m an alphahole and a sadist, they aren’t exaggerating. I know what I like, and it’s not for the faint of heart. Let’s just hope our little rabbit can handle it.

“I’m Dorian. I see you’ve met my brother already.”

She looks at Malachi and smiles sweetly before turning back to me.

“I have, and it’s nice to meet you, Dorian. I’m Raven. Now before you say anything else, I just want to be clear. I’m only here for one thing. It isn’t to get drunk and wooed by some low-life frat boy. I came here to be fucked by someone who knows how,” she says brazenly. “Would that be either of you? Or do I need to find someone else to get the job done?”

“Well, well, Dorian. Do you think we can give this young lady what she’s looking for?” Malachi asks, a hint of amusement lacing his voice.

Hearing his tone, Raven seems to get pissed off.

“I’m not here to play games, and if you don’t think you can satisfy me, then fuck off so I can find someone who can,” she hisses, her eyes burning with rage and desire.

“We won’t be going anywhere, little rabbit. Not without you,” I growl from my seat.

This seems to only spur her on more.

“You two need to move, now. I should have known better than to think two men like you could handle me. Could satisfy me. No one has been able to yet, so why would it start now? Fuck off.”

She pushes Malachi out of her way and moves to step out of the booth. We let her. For a moment. But only for a few feet, before I step in and take control. I stand quickly and march up behind her while she’s trying to sweet talk to the same young man who had felt me up earlier. His eyes go wide when I reach around Raven and grip her throat in my large hand.

“You will not speak to another man, let alone fuck one. Do you understand me? You are our fuck toy tonight and only ours. Now be a good little slut and follow Malachi to the back before I paddle your ass right here for everyone to see.”

Her body melts into my embrace, but I can see the fire blazing in her eyes when she turns her head to look at me.

“And if I don’t?

Oh, we have a brat on our hands.

“Then let me show you what we do to little girls who don’t listen,” I smirk, steering her to a nearby booth.

I throw her body across the back of the booth and pull her skirt up to her waist. Her perfect ass is now on display beneath those annoying fishnets, and I promptly pull a knife from my boot and slice them away. She screams beneath my hold on her about how I’m ruining her clothes but goes silent when she realizes the crowd building around us and begins to fight me, trying to get away.

“Not so fast, little rabbit. If you want to be a disobedient little slut, then I’ll treat you like one,” I begin, yanking my belt from my jeans with my free hand. “Malachi! Hold her arms down.”

He jumps into the mix immediately, grasping her wrists and pinning them to the table in front of her. I let go of her, and I step back for a moment, admiring her pale skin and soaking wet pussy. I run my hand across the silky smooth skin before raising my belt and bringing it down hard across her ass. The scream she lets out sings to me in ways no one ever has. It’s like my own personal symphony.

Again. I need to hear it again.

Raising the belt, I bring it down again. This time harder, and her screams grow in volume. I groan when the belt marks welt across her perfect ass, marking an X like the ones she has plastered across her tits.

“Fucking perfection,” I grumble out.

I drop my belt to the floor and step into her again. My hard cock pushes against her bare ass as I lean across her body and tangle my fist in her jet-black hair. Gripping it hard, I yank her up until her back is flush with my chest.

“Are you going to be a good girl now? Or do I need to turn that X into a star?”

She trembles in my hold, but she pushes her ass into me more and more the tighter I grip her hair.

“Never,” she whimpers.

I grip her chin in my free hand and turn her face to me.

“Excuse me?” I bark out. “What the fuck did you just say to me?”

“I said never. You’re going to learn real quick, big boy, that I’m not a good girl. And I never will be.”

I release her chin and capture her lips with my own. They are just as soft as they look, and her tongue begs for entrance, warring to gain dominance with mine. Dominance she will never get as long as I’m around.

I roughly grab her top and rip it away from her body. Her tits bounce free and I take one into my hand. She moans into my mouth as I palm her breast, digging her ass into me more.

“You’re going to follow Malachi to the back room,” I say against her lips, locking eyes with her.

Her beautiful blues shine bright with her lust and curiosity. Something sure to get her into trouble. But then she says something I never would have expected.

“Yes, sir,” she purrs.

Fuck me. She did not just say that. That tiny bit of submission was all I needed to hear.

She’s mine now, and I’m not letting go.

Not until the day her cold, dead body lies beneath my own.

Releasing her from my hold, she confidently strides after my little brother with a bounce in her step. She’s excited. Too bad that happy mood won’t last for long. It’ll bleed out of her before the end of the night.

It's my time to shine.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 3

#### Raven

Maybe it's the alcohol, but I feel a surge of courage that's so strong I've found myself at the mercy of these two men whom I've seen before in my life, on our way to do who knows what; fuck if I know.

We continue down a long hallway, passing numerous doors with various amounts of screaming and moaning behind them. Many are still open, and I witness multiple couples in assorted positions and stages of passion. At the last open door we pass, I'm pulled to a sudden halt.

Inside the room is a woman suspended in the air, surrounded by four men. All of them are completely naked, and the woman is currently taking one in the ass, one in her pussy, and another one has his cock down her throat. The fourth one stands nearby, stroking himself to the scene before him before one roars his release and the straggler replaces him.

I sense my breathing speeding up as I stand here watching these five fucking wildly. It's insane the way they use her for their pleasure and how she just takes it.

"You like watching her get filled with all that cock," the man named Malachi whispers into my ear, suddenly standing way too fucking close to my side.

I glance over at him for a moment and see how he's looking at me. His eyes are filled with hunger.



“What would you expect from a dirty slut, little brother.” Dorian spits, closing the distance between us. “Of course, she enjoys watching a woman get railed by multiple men.”

The scene in front of me, plus the proximity of these two men, is setting me on overdrive. I’ve never been so wet in my life, and I need one of them to fuck me already.

“So are we going to do this? Or are we just going to watch others do it?” I ask suddenly, breaking the silence between us. “Because if not, I need to get home and take care of this shit myself,” I whisper, pointing to my weeping pussy.

“Oh, little rabbit. If you want to be fucked, you’re going to have to beg for it,” Dorian growls, wrapping his hand around my throat.

“I don’t beg for dick,” I spit back, reaching up to pull his hand from me.

His brother Malachi grips my hands instantly, pulling my arms behind my back.

“You may not have in the past, little one. But you will for ours,” he whispers, reaching under my skirt with his free hand.

His fingers delve between my legs and slide through my folds effortlessly before he brings them up to my face.

“What a surprise. No panties. And look at how wet she is.”

There’s a fire in Dorian’s eyes as he stares at his brother’s hand, and before I can utter another word, he scoops me up and throws me over his shoulder, marching into the last room at the end of the now-darkened hallway.

“What the fuck, you brute. Put me the hell down!” I screech at him, pounding on his back.

He doesn’t say a word until he storms into the room and throws me on a large bed in the middle of the room.

“Malachi, you know what to do,” he grunts.

His voice is huskier than before, and when I look at Malachi, there’s an apology written across his face.

Why the fuck would he look like that? What have I gotten myself into?

“It’s best if you cooperate, little rabbit. Now, strip those useless scraps from your body. Tape, too.”

Dorian is over at a cabinet in the far corner, and Malachi is coming closer and closer to where I was discarded.

“Yeah, I don’t think so. I’m just going to head out. You two have fun,” I mutter, climbing off the large lush bed.

I would really like to stay and sleep in this beast. It’s fucking soft as hell, and the satin sheets are to die for against my skin, but these two are batshit nuts. I’m all for freaky, but this is just too damn much.

“I don’t think so,” I hear from behind me as I try to make a break for it.

A large hand wraps around my neck again and my body is pulled to Dorian’s chest. He’s angry now, and there’s a large knife in his hand, pointed right at my side.

“Since you don’t want to play nice and listen like a good girl, I will treat you like the disobedient whore you are.”

Fucking Beth .

If I somehow make it out of here tonight, I’m going to fucking kill her for bringing me here. And then I’m never leaving my apartment again. I will work from home. I’ll never fuck another man. I’m fucking done with this shit!

The internal battle I’ve found myself in is interrupted when I’m slammed into a large structure in the corner, and Malachi helps to strap my legs and arms to the contraption. I look around wildly and see that it’s a large wooden X with cuffs to hold down its victim. When I’m strapped into the bindings, both men step back and admire their work.

Dorian steps forward with the knife and rests the tip against my cheek. I glower at him, putting all my hatred and anger into the stare, and watch him break out into the first smile of the night. A legit smile, and then he fucking laughs. Right in my face.

“That fire in your eyes only spurs me on more, little rabbit. Makes me want to cut you deeper. Fuck you harder. Make you hurt before allowing you to come for us,” he breathes, serious all over again.

The tip of the knife pushes into my soft flesh hard enough to draw a bead of blood. I can feel it drip down my face, and both Dorian and Malachi watch it trek down to my chest before Malachi steps forward. He’s mesmerized by the small amount of blood, and he leans in closely, too closely, and then runs the flat of his tongue from my jaw up to my cheekbone, collecting every drop. He growls in response, causing me to cringe.

“You two are fucking crazy!” I scream at them.

“Oh, Raven. You have no idea,” Malachi mutters against my neck.

He steps back, and Dorian fills the space instantly. He eyes me closely and cuts the remaining clothes from my body. I watch in horror as the shreds fall to the floor at our feet, leaving me bare for these freaks to see.

“Would you do the honors, brother?” Dorian finally says after a moment.

When his brother steps forward, he palms my breasts roughly before grabbing the edge of the black tape covering my nipples and ripping it from my body. I scream out in pain when the sticky part of the paste sticks to my nipple piercings, pulling at them roughly and causing them to bleed.

“Well, would you look at that? Our little rabbit has a few surprises, after all. I wonder if there’s any others we don’t know about yet.”

His hands linger there, running his fingers through the blood pouring out before tracking down my stomach and dipping between my legs. His eyes light up when he finds what he is looking for.

“I knew it,” he whispers, rolling his fingertip around the tiny little balls there.

There are two of them, and the moment he begins to toy with them, I can feel my orgasm building. As much as I try not to, a moan slips free, and Dorian shoves him to the side.

“You don’t have permission to come just yet, little rabbit. Consider that all you get for now,” he growls.

He brings his knife up again, and I can feel it pierce my skin. The cold steel drags across my skin, slicing me open. Again and again. But I hold in the screams. The

pleas for him to stop stay inside my head as I talk myself through the pain.

“Come on, little rabbit. Scream for us. I know you want to.”

I glare at him in return, and it only seems to piss him off more.

“Fine. Don’t play nice. Let’s see what you think of this,” he spits in my face.

I watch in horror again when he brings the knife to my pussy. I can feel the dull end of the blade as it slides through my folds. The cold metal is a shock to the head building there, and I gasp when he carefully slices my inner thigh.

“You like the pain, don’t you, Raven? You’re enjoying this,” Malachi says, shocked.

“And if I do?” I grit out, trying to hold in a moan when Dorian repeats his cutting on the opposite thigh.

I’m staring Malachi down when I feel something pressing against my entrance. Slowly, the rough handle of Dorian’s knife pushes into my pussy until I can feel the cold blade pushing against my lips. I’m frozen in shock as he begins fucking me with it.

I can feel the ridges of the handle as it plunges up into me repeatedly, and I can feel myself climbing higher and higher. I’m panting now and let my head fall against the wood holding me up.

“Fuck,” I breathe, and suddenly the knife is pulled from my body.

I whimper at the emptiness, and I open my eyes to find both men wholly naked in front of me.

“Well, shit,” I whisper, taking them both in.

The things I’m seeing are unexpected. Dorian is built like a fucking god, covered in tattoos, and has a lovely little trail of hair marking the way down to his very large cock. Not only is that fucker long, but it is thick. Like, I’m drooling, thick. And then there’s Malachi. He is more lean but still muscular, and he has tattoos covering his chest and arms. And his cock. Damn. They are definitely brothers.

“Like what you see?” Malachi snickers, taking in my reaction.

All I can do is nod and pray that they can’t see how wet I’ve become.

What I wouldn’t do to have one in my pussy and one in my throat.

“Too bad you don’t get to touch. Only good girls get to play with our cocks,” Dorian says with a smirk playing on his lips.

I don’t beg for cock. Right?

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 4

#### Malachi

This is like a dream come true. I never thought we would find a woman like this since the last one met her untimely end. Poor thing should have run faster or farther. But that's neither here nor there. It is what it is. I want to have some fun with this one before she's gone, too.

"She bleeds so good for us, Dorian. The least we can do is give her a taste," I blurt out after too long.

Whether he is listening or not, I don't know, and I don't care. I hate the silence, and Dorian is a quiet guy. Fucker drives me nuts sometimes, but I guess it's nice when I just need to clear my head.

I can see Raven nod her head enthusiastically while her eyes bounce back and forth between our cocks. It's amusing to see, and while I love to continue teasing her, I need to have those plump red lips wrapped around my cock. Now. I'm not waiting anymore. Stepping forward, I reach for her binds and release her ankles first and then her wrists. She falls to her knees on the floor, and before she can get her bearings about her, I slam her back against the St. Andrew's cross and pry her jaw open.

She looks up into my eyes, and whatever it is must be enough for her because she sticks out her tongue and allows me to drive my cock into her throat. I hold her there while she gags around my thickness, and I laugh when tears leak from the corner of her beautiful blue eyes. She grips my thighs, and her pointed nails pierce the skin

until blood runs down my legs. It fucking hurts, but it only makes me harder and spurs me on more.

I pull from her mouth completely and watch as she chokes on the air rushing into her lungs. I want nothing more than to fuck her face here until she suffocates, but I know Dorian wants a go Plus, we still have the Hunt in a couple of days.

“Up. Now,” I bark at her.

She scrambles to her feet, swaying on her legs, which I’m sure have fallen asleep while she was strung up. I grab her wrist and pull her to the bed. I need to be inside of her again. Now. I’m not playing Dorian’s games tonight. I’m too impatient for that. Raven is perfection, and perfection deserves to be fucked into submission.

“On the bed. Face in the pillow. Ass in the air.”

Dorian hums his approval of my demands, knowing damn well that I don’t act like this often. The Hunt is the only thing that ever brings out this side of me, and even he knows better than to get in the way when it comes to this.

“Hold on, Malachi,” he growls from behind me.

I can feel him grab my arm and spin me around.

“What happened to making her beg?” He whispers to me.

“Well, brother, how about we make her beg us to stop? Because I’m not waiting anymore.”

His eyes light up further, and we both make our way to the bed with our little rabbit. When she sees us both climbing in next to her, her eyes round with excitement.



Dorian climbs beneath her and pulls her to straddle his waist. She tries to immediately sink into him, but he stops her short.

“You don’t run this show, little rabbit. You will only have my cock when I say you can,” Dorian growls.

She wriggles in his hold, trying to push against his hands as I climb up behind her. Her ass is sheer perfection as it perches in the air, begging for me to destroy it. Once I’m within reach, I grip her hip in my hand and line my cock up with her entrance. I slide into her pussy easily and pump her a few times while her moans climb quickly.

Pulling out of her, I push against her tight little ass and hear her squeal when the head of my cock breaches that tight ring of muscle.

“What are you doing?” She screams, trying to pull away from me.

“I’m taking what belongs to me,” I smirk, slowly pushing into her further.

“I didn’t sign up for that!”

“And I don’t care. Now relax before it hurts more than it should.”

She falls against Dorian’s chest and does her best to relax as I sink fully into her. I spread her cheeks apart wide and marvel at how her ass hugs my dick so perfectly.

“God damn. This ass, so full of my cock, looks delectable, little rabbit,” I praise.

Her whimpers fill the room when I begin to move slowly in and out of her. I can feel her relax the more I move, and the faster I go. Before I know it, I’m slamming into her repeatedly until she cries out into the space around us. I stop and pull her ass up just enough for Dorian to sink his dick into her soaking wet pussy. The look on

Raven's face is pure shock, and I laugh when her mouth forms an O, but no sound comes out.

Dorian and I move in tandem, plunging into her and then pulling out to the tip. I can feel his cock rubbing against mine which has me quickly reaching my release. I can feel my legs becoming unsteady until I slam into her one last time, filling her ass with everything I have and roaring into the void. I stay there for a moment, allowing her ass and Dorian's dick to finish milking me before sliding out carefully. I collapse on the bed and watch as Dorian wraps one of his hands around her throat, pulling her face to his.

She is screaming at this point from the onslaught of orgasms repeatedly wracking through her body until Dorian pulls from her quickly and throws her on her back. He's pinching the tip of his cock until he's perched directly above her beautiful face. He releases himself, and his cum shoots out, covering her face with cum. He runs his cock through it and paints it across her lips. She slowly opens her mouth and licks the tip of him clean.

"Well, shit, brother. You got it in her eye. You know what that means," I joke from the bottom of the bed.

Raven looks confused when Dorian and I break out in laughter, climbing from the bed. We have this joke between us that if we come into a woman's eye, then we can't see them anymore. No idea where it came from, but we've always kept to that rule. Well, as far as anyone else is concerned. It's more of a mark for us.

"Where are you two going?" She whines. "I wasn't done yet."

"Oh, Raven. You might not be done. But we are," Dorian says.

She huffs and grabs the sheet from the bed. Sitting up, she uses it to wipe her face

clean of cum and tries to stand as well. Her legs must not be steady enough because she sways before dropping back onto the bed.

“So what the fuck am I supposed to wear out of here? You two fucked my clothes all up,” she hisses, eyeing us both angrily.

I can see the rage in her eyes, but what did she expect? She’s at a sex club. People only ever come here to get fucked and then never see them again. Not to have to cuddle and do all that sickening bullshit that comes with a relationship. She shouldn’t have expected anything else.

“There’s clothes in the next room. Like a large closet for those that need something after getting ravished here. You’ll find something in your size, I’m sure,” I begin, pulling my jeans back on and reaching for my shirt.

“I’d say see you next time, but you won’t. Thanks for the fun, little rabbit,” Dorian says, opening the door and walking out quickly.

I know what’s on his mind right now, and he’s going to want to get started right away. The Hunt is only three days away, and we usually have our mark by now, so we are running behind. The group won’t be happy when we show up and are unprepared.

Fuck em. We needed the perfect prey. And we finally found her.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 5

#### Raven

I can't believe those two literally just gave me the best orgasms I've ever had and then just left me in here without another word. Who the fuck does that? I get that it's a sex club, and trust me when I say I didn't want to cuddle or anything gross like that. But I want more. More of them. I wanted to take control and show them what I'm really capable of. What I can take and what I can dish out. To say I'm disappointed is an understatement from hell.

Fucking men.

Finally feeling like I can walk again, I stride out of the room with as much confidence as I can muster. Which isn't as much as I'd like. I'm covered in cuts and dried blood. Cum is leaking from my ass, and I'm sure I missed some on my face too. But one thing that I don't show is the rage I feel for being fucked and discarded like that.

They will regret this. They don't know who they just fucked, but they are going to find out.

I find the room they mentioned and quickly find a sexy as fuck dress made of straps. How I get it on, I still don't know, but every part of me spills from beneath the small leather straps just beautifully while keeping my nipples and pussy covered. Like it matters anyway. Dorian and Malachi have woken a beast I didn't know I was harboring, and I'm ready to set her free. I'm ready to have some real fun.

Striding towards the front of the club, I pass the door with the gangbang again and realize it's Beth getting stuffed with all that cock. I enter the room and cross it quickly to where they have her suspended from the ceiling and stand directly next to her. The moment I stop, there are four hands rubbing across every inch of me, pulling at the straps wrapped so tightly around me. When Beth opens her eyes and sees me, they round, and she chokes on the cock buried deep in her throat.

"I know you're a bit busy, love. But I think I might head home unless I find another reason to stay out in the lounge. Don't worry about me, though. You have fun," I say with a giggle and a wink.

She relaxes into the men supporting her and nods her head to me. I give her a tap-tap on her exposed tit and turn to leave. The men around her groan in disappointment but let me leave as they surround her once more, closing her off from view.

Fucking prude is a hoe. I love it!

When I make it back out to the lounge, I see that there are tons more people here than before, and I think that maybe, just maybe I won't leave just yet. I could have a bit more fun before heading home for a shower. Regardless of how I look, men and women turn their eyes to me when I enter. Their lustful gazes do things to me I didn't realize was possible.

I can see both Dorian and Malachi against the bar, ordering drinks and searching for their next fuck, no doubt. Whatever. I don't care what they do, and they obviously don't give a shit about me. Or do they? I guess now is the time to figure it out.

Holding my head up high, I look around the room and find a couple surveying the crowd around them. They haven't noticed me yet, but they are about to.

"Hey, you two. Looking for a little fun?" I purr to them, leaning impossibly close to

the woman while eyeing the man.

“Well, my cuck here is looking for my next stud,” she states flatly, clearly uninterested.

“So, what your telling me is that your man likes to watch you get fucked by other men?”

She nods but eyes me from head to toe.

“You like what you see, baby? I could give you a little taste,” I whisper into her ear.

Her eyes widen, and then a flush creeps across her features. A barely perceptible nod is all I get, and without another thought, I grab the man by his shoulders and push him to his knees. I swing my leg over his shoulder and push his face into my beaten cunt. He tries to wrap his hands around my thighs, but I smack them away.

“No touching, you piece of shit. You are only allowed a small taste. Now eat my pussy like it’s your last meal on earth.”

He immediately complies and laps at my cunt, swirling his tongue around my over-sensitive clit. It doesn’t take long for me to reach an orgasm. I soak the man beneath me and whimper slightly when I push him back. Putting my hand beneath his chin, I guide him to his feet and see the look of sheer accomplishment across his features.

“Don’t get too cocky about getting me off. Those two over there got me riled up and ripe for an easy O,” I sneer at the man, instantly wiping that smug look off his face. “Now you, clean me from his beautiful face.”

The woman looks appalled by everything that just happened but looks too frightened to disobey, so she leans over and runs the flat of her tongue up her man’s jaw and

kisses him deeply. They both moan in unison, and she reaches for me.

“Care if I cut in,” I hear from behind me.

I turn to find another young man with the sweetest-looking baby face I’ve ever seen. He’s good looking for sure, but not my usual type. But I’m only here for a good time, not a long time.

“And what do you think you could offer me that these two can’t?” I question him boldly.

He squares his shoulders and palms his cock through his slacks.

“Oh, I see. You want a piece of this hot wet pussy don’t you?”

I see him swallow and watch as his cock grows impossibly harder. Stepping into him and rubbing my hand along his slacks, I feel just how big he is. It’s impressive considering how small of a guy he is. I stand a few inches above him in the heels I’m wearing, but that doesn’t mean shit. I squat down in front of him and slowly unzip him.

“My god, it’s a thing of beauty,” I coo, taking it in my hands. “I bet it tastes just as good too.”

I’m going to get fucked again all because the two I really want don’t actually give a shit.

Fuck!

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 6

Dorian

Watching her ride that man's face has my blood boiling. All I see is red, and it takes everything in me not to march over there and pull her off of him. I want nothing more than to swing her filthy ass over my shoulder and march her straight out of here, but I can't. I can't show her or Malachi that I want more than a hunt out of her. I want to keep her. Not just kill her.

She looks like the death angel she is, in that black leather strap dress, cuts and dried blood showing through. I want to slice it from her body. Tear it from her until she is bare to me again. To bring my knife to her creamy soft skin again, making her bleed for me and only me. Making Malachi hold her down while I fuck her raw, and she begs for relief.

I turn to grab my drink off the counter and try to strike up a conversation with the pretty little thing perched on the bar stool next to me, needing to distract myself from my thoughts. I shouldn't be thinking of the things I am. I need to resist her allure. She isn't mine. I need to try to bury these thoughts away by burying myself in another piece of ass. It used to work, so why wouldn't it now?

Out of the corner of my eye, I watch Raven dominate that couple and find myself even more turned on than when I was cutting her. I'm in awe at how she is quickly coming out of her shell. Taking control of the beast, she's no doubt kept locked away her entire life. I can't wait to see that beast cower before me and Malachi in just a few days.



I slam the rest of my drink, setting the empty glass on the bartop, and signal for another. When I turn back to where Raven is, she's down on her knees in front of some young punk with his dick in her hands. Her eyes light up as she brings it to her perfect pouty pink lips.

Before I know what's happening, I'm storming across the bar and wrapping my hand around the back of her neck, pulling her from the man and his dick. With her securely in my grasp, I turn and look at the young man over my shoulder.

"This one is mine. You ever think about touching her again, and you won't live to see tomorrow. Do you fucking understand me?" I growl at him.

He nods, quickly tucks himself away, and scurries away like the beat dog he would be if he didn't fuck off. I turn my attention back to my little death angel. She's squirming in my hold, but I refuse to let her get away. At least for now.

"You want to come so badly, little death angel. Then let me help you," I growl into her ear.

With everyone in the main room of Midnight Secrets watching the exchange, I drag her to the middle of the room and pull her body across a tabletop. She lay sprawled on her back with my hand still wrapped around her throat.

"Malachi, go get the bar. We're going to need it," I call out to my brother, who watches on with amusement.

He immediately disappears to the back rooms and returns with the spreader bar I requested, helping me strap Raven onto it. Her arms and legs are now in the perfect position for not only public viewing pleasure but for my own as well. I reach down slide a knife from my boot, and flip it open before running my thumb along the sharp end of the blade. There's a glimmer in my eye and a smirk on my face when I see the

horrified look on Raven's, and it only spurs me on more.

"Oh come on now, little one. You were just so brave a moment ago where anyone could see you. No need to be shy now."

"I'm not being shy. I'm fucking pissed that you think you can do whatever you want to me without giving me anything in return. What kind of man can't get a woman to come?"

She goads, an angry fire burning behind her eyes and venom lacing her voice. "Seems like you and your brother over there wouldn't know how to please a woman if you were fucking paid to do so. Fucking pathetic."

"Okay then. If my little death angel wants to come, then she'll come. More times than your delectable little body will be able to handle. You sure you want to go there with me?"

"Fuck you," she spits, pulling at her cuffs.

I bring up my hands and snap, pointing to the closet behind the bar. Malachi and the bartender know exactly what I want them to grab, and they scramble to get it. While I wait for them to wheel it out here, I bring my knife to Raven once again. Grabbing one of the leather straps, I slide my knife under, and it slices through like butter, falling to the table beneath her. I repeat the process with every single one until she is bare to the eyes of anyone who wants to watch me defile her.

I run the tip of my knife from her throat, down her chest, and stop just above her glistening pussy. A thin red line trails in its wake, and beautiful crimson slowly seeps through. I run my fingers through her fresh blood and bring them to her face. I write the word whore across her forehead and grab her cheeks to bring those angry blue-gray eyes to mine.

“If you want to act like a whore, I’ll treat you like one,” I whisper against her lips before taking them with my own.

I claim her mouth, driving my tongue past her lips and drinking her in. She’s intoxicating and melts beneath me until I pull away quickly, just in time to see exactly what I need being wheeled my way. Walking around the table, I yank her down until just the bottom of her ass is hanging off the edge and watch the guys line up the machine with her pussy and ass. They attached the double dildo attachment to the machine since she likes to be fucked in both holes at once. Malachi pulls a bottle of lube from his back pocket and coats both ten-inch cocks with the liquid, and hands me the remote.

The crowd gasps when Malachi pushes the machine closer to Raven, sinking both toys into her perfect little holes. She screams from the intrusion and tries to wriggle away, but with me at her head now, she won’t be going anywhere.

“What the fuck are you doing?” She screams at me. “You can’t do this in front of all these people!”

“Watch me,” I goad and hit the button on the small remote in my hand.

It whirs to life and starts slowly. In and out of her it goes at a snail’s pace. You can hear just how wet she’s becoming as it fucks her, but she fights the moans that are threatening to release themselves. I grab her hair in my free hand and turn her head to me, leaning down to her level.

“Come for me, little death angel. You know you want to.”

“I’ll never come for a man like you,” she says and spits into my face.

I wipe it off and slap her with it. It shocks her, but a whimper escapes her after the

impact.

“You like the pain, don’t you?” I say, already knowing the answer.

She just glares at me and pulls her face from my hand. Hitting a button on the remote, the machine speeds up, pounding into her pussy and ass at a rate that no one can handle for long. She screams out in pleasure as it fucks her ruthlessly, and she trembles on the table. Within seconds, she explodes, and her screams reach a new height as the table beneath her is soaked in her release, as are the people gathered by the machine.

“Did you see that Malachi, our little death angel is a squirter.”

“I must have missed it,” he jokes from behind me. “Gonna have to get her to do it again. That’s not something I want to miss.”

I turn it up again, and the sounds coming from both her pussy and her mouth are like a symphony. She’s moaning in pleasure louder than ever, and her juicy pussy screams at just how happy she is. I’m tapped on the shoulder suddenly, and when I turn, I see one of our female regulars standing there with a wand in her hand. I nod for her to continue, and she walks around me, positioning herself next to Raven.

She reaches over and spreads Raven’s pussy apart further and exposes that lovely little nub. Clicking on the wand, she holds it against her clit and leans over, taking one of Raven’s nipple piercings into her mouth. Seconds later, she’s soaking everyone again and shaking from the intensity of her orgasms.

I turn down the machine and lean down to her level. Her eyes are hooded from exhaustion but still shoot daggers straight into my soul.

“Has our little death angel had enough yet? Or can I still not make you come

properly?”

“You still haven’t made me come. You use machines and other people to do the dirty work for you. What a man you are,” she seethes between clenched teeth.

“Have it your way then,” I shrug, stepping away again and turning the machine up as far as it will go.

Malachi steps over with the lube again and drizzles it down Raven’s pussy so the machine doesn’t tear her apart and shivers wrack through my body at the sounds her cunt makes every time it takes the toy fully.

God, I love my life.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 7

Malachi

Watching Dorian dominate and humiliate Raven like this for the whole club to see makes me feel a bit off, but I've never been more turned on in my life.

Tears stream down Raven's face as she orgasms again, soaking Dorian, who decided to watch the machine fuck her raw. At the pace this machine is going, she's not going to walk for days. Which isn't a terrible thing because that'll just make her capture that much easier.

When I look around the room at the onlookers for the first time, I see many men stroking themselves wildly. Women have their hands dipped under their dresses or inside their pants, no doubt fingering themselves to the sight laid out before them. Not a single one looks disgusted about the display of degradation and humiliation before them.

Not a single one.

My cock is rock hard in my jeans, and before I can think of a coherent thought, I whip it out and step up to where Raven's face lay on the table. She glares at it and then looks me in the eyes, staring straight into my soul.

"Don't you fucking dare bring that thing near me," she pants out, struggling to catch her breath.

“Open wide, little death angel. I have something for you,” I say, stepping closer.

She slams her jaw shut, and when I look up to Dorian, he sees what I want and leans into a woman standing behind him, stroking him through his jeans. She scampers off and returns quickly with a mouth gag just for occasions like this. She brings it to me, and I quickly get it strapped around Raven’s head and pry her jaw open until it’s settled into place. Now I can fuck her throat how I please and not have to worry about her biting my dick off.

“Breathe through your nose,” I mutter and slam my cock down her throat.

I can feel her gagging around the length and smile when her eyes roll into the back of her head, and she comes again. She tries keeping her eyes closed as more people dare to step forward and touch what is ours. Men pull at her nipple rings, slide their fingers into her full pussy, and even a few of them mark her with their cum before painting her skin with it. She looks a mess, covered in blood and cum, but it’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.

One man with bigger balls than anyone in here pulls the machine from her body and steps between her and the contraption. He sinks his cock into her ass and lets the machine fuck him from behind. Her eyes shoot open when another man steps forward and works his fist into her pussy, thrusting up into her as the stranger takes her ass. She watches multiple people defile her body, taking everything they want and giving nothing back.

More tears stream down her face, and I take the opportunity to speed up, bringing myself closer and closer to my release. Just as I’m about to fill her throat, I pull out, and hot ropes of cum shoot out and cover her face. She tries to turn away, but just as I step back, another man steps in and shoves his cock down her throat.

She’s sobbing now. I can hear the choked noises coming from her as her mind tells

her this is wrong. But her body screams for more. It pushes into the men inside of her, begging for more until she's coming again. Her screams are garbled and weak, and her body sags on the table. Spent and used.

Man after man, take turns. Pounding into her ass. Her cunt. And her throat. Coating her with cum and filling her until it leaks from every hole.

“THAT’S ENOUGH,” Dorian bellows from where he stands, cock in hand.

Everyone surrounding Raven instantly backs away, and he steps up next to her head. Reaching down, he pulls the gag from her mouth, and that’s when I see her lips cracking and bleeding at the corners. Rage fills me. No one else should be making her bleed. Only me.

“Have you had enough yet, little one? Or should we keep going?” he whispers to her.

“Dorian, I think we need to let her go,” I mutter from behind him.

I should have spoken up sooner. This isn’t right. Not unless she asked for it, and she sure in the fuck didn’t ask for this. But I didn’t. I let my own needs get ahead of me.

“Her body, my choice,” he grunts. “I choose what happens to this body now. Not her. Not you. Not anyone.”



## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 8

#### Raven

My body, his choice? Who the fuck does this toxic fuck think he is?

I can't feel anything anymore. Every part of my body has gone numb from the onslaught of orgasms and being used. Used in ways that no woman should be. Do I like to be fucked roughly? Yes, I do. But this. This is overboard and bullshit, nothing that I consented to.

I've had toys, fists, cocks, bottles, and god knows what else shoved inside of me. I've been touched by more hands than I can count and swallowed more cocks than I care to admit.

I'm broken.

Used.

Trash.

I'll never recover from this.

"No," I choke out, startling Dorian and Malachi, who are standing over me.

"No, what, little one. Use your words," Dorian says snidely.

“It’s my. Body. My. Choice. Go. To. Hell.”

I use the last bit of energy I have in my body and gather all the cum, spit, and blood in my mouth and shoot it straight at Dorian. It spatters across his shirt and jeans, and rage fills his whole body as it tenses up. I watch as his fist comes up and then pain.

Pain radiates through my skull as it’s whipped to the side. My vision swims and the darkness begins to seep in. I feel a smile sneak across my lips as everything fades to nothing.

I’m not broken.

I’m enraged.

I will get my revenge.

Fuck the men who think they can do this to me.

They are going to regret ever sticking their cocks into me.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 9

#### Raven

Everything hurts. Every part of my body and mind hurts like hell. It's like I'm on fire or something. Every nerve is firing, and they are screaming for relief.

I roll over and fall to the floor. A small scream escapes me when I hit the hardwood. Flopping over onto my back, I peel my eyes open. It feels like they're glued shut, but reluctantly, they open, and everything comes into focus.

How in the fuck did I get home?

I turn my head and realize that I really am home, and I just fell out of my own bed. The spreader bar is gone, and so is all the evidence from last night. Every bit of cum and blood was scrubbed from my body, and I faintly smell my body wash and shampoo.

So not only did they humiliate and degrade me, they broke into my home, and scrubbed themselves from me. The gall of these motherfuckers. I sit up and clutch my head. I have a splitting migraine from being punched by Dorian, but I still have to get up. I need to see what I look like. To take note of all the injuries. See what they did to me for the first time.

I stumble out of my room and into the bathroom. When I look into the large mirror above the sink, I see bruises and small cuts all over my body. My nipple ring must have been tugged too hard by someone because there's dried blood around it,

indicating it still bled after my bath.

I dip my fingers between my thighs and prod at my pussy and ass. They are tender and feel swollen from all the abuse they received. It's going to take days for me to heal up properly and not see any evidence. But I can't wait for days. I need answers as to who these fuckers are so that I can work on getting them back.

Moving as quickly as my sore and broken body will allow, I head back into my room and straight for my closet. I'm not going to sit around and do nothing. I can't. I wasn't raised to just allow this type of shit to just happen. Fuck that and fuck them.

I throw on the first full-coverage outfit I find and end up with slacks and a turtleneck type of shirt. I honestly don't even know why I have a shirt like this, but I'm glad I do because the handprint around my neck is sure to turn heads if the bruise along my cheek doesn't. I throw on a little makeup to hide said bruise and look for my phone.

I heard the damn thing ding earlier, but I can't seem to find it. It's not anywhere I'd usually leave it, which means the one who brought me home put it somewhere.

"There you are!" I say aloud, finding it plugged into a charger in the kitchen.

I unlock the screen and see it's not Saturday like I originally thought. No wonder the bruises look the way they do. It's fucking Monday, and I'm three and a half hours late for work. I have dozens of missed calls and texts from my boss and coworkers.

Hopefully, I won't get fired.

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Pulling into the office, I double-check myself in the little pull-down mirror to make sure my makeup and high-neck shirt are in place. I don't need anyone asking

questions outside of why the hell I'm so late for work. Jumping out of my car, I hit the lock button on my fob and dash for the door while minding the patches of ice and snow covering the parking lot.

It snowed in the last two days while I was asleep, and there's still evidence of much-needed plowing to be done. I finally make it past the slippery minefield and into the office, where everyone's eyes turn and land on me. Beth is the first to jump to her feet and run to my side. Her worried eyes look me over, and she grabs me by the hand and pulls me into the first empty office, slamming the door behind us.

"What in the fuck happened to you?" She hisses.

"Are you talking about why I'm late? That's because I've been knocked out cold for the last two days. Or are you talking about what happened at Midnight Secrets? Because that was a whole lot of bullshit," I say, voice rising with each sentence against my will.

She shakes her head and wraps me in a tight hug. I wince from the pain of her embrace, and she quickly releases me.

"I didn't see what happened to you. I was still in the back where you last saw me. But I saw one of the Black brothers carrying you out the front door, completely naked and I heard the whispers. I heard a lot of things, but I didn't know what to believe. I tried to call and stop by, but there was no answer. I didn't know what happened!"

She seems to be honestly as confused and irate about what happened as I am, and she wasn't even there to witness it.

"Well whatever you heard, it was worse. I need to get back at them, but first, I need to figure out who they are and find everything I can on them. Can you help me gather whatever is available?"

She nods wildly, pushing her hair behind her ears and grabbing her phone. Mine dings a moment later, and when I fish it out of my purse there are two names. Dorian and Malachi Black.

“Thank you,” I whisper and head out to face the aftermath of being late for work.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 10

#### Dorian

After two days of absolutely nothing, Raven finally emerged from her house and went straight to work. She looked like she was on a mission when she marched her way through the parking lot, and while I have no idea what's going on, I plan to find out.

Her phone hasn't had any movement other than incoming calls and texts since Friday afternoon, but she's up and moving around now. That's a good sign, at least. I scroll through my phone while I stake out the law firm she's employed at and begin shopping for The Hunt. Everyone will need masks, and Raven needs that special outfit that will mark her apart from the other prey. It will mark her as ours.

As I scroll through different Christmas outfits, I'm interrupted when a phone call comes across my screen.

"What do you need, Malachi? I thought you had everything under control for today."

"Yeah, I fucking got it, you prick. I'm just letting you know everything is done and ready for the night. I'm going to grab some early dinner so I'm good to go for my shift tonight," he spits out quickly before hanging up on me.

Brother is fucking on edge. Not sure why. I know he enjoyed fucking her multiple times the other night. Maybe it just has to do with excitement. I know I'm ready to chase our little death angel through Sica Hollow. I've never been more excited in my

life.

I hit order and put my phone away just in time to watch a very pissed-off Raven storming out of her office with an arm full of files. Not going to lie. I'm curious as to what is in those files, but that part of her life is none of my business. It's not like it'll be her life for much longer. Might as well let her do her thing for now.

I put my car in drive, making my way out of the corner of the parking lot to get in line behind her about two cars back so she doesn't see me at all. She swerves in and out of traffic as she makes her way through, and am only slightly surprised when she stops at the local grocery store. I pull into the parking lot and find the perfect spot with a line of sight so I don't miss her leaving.

Grabbing my phone, I pull up my orders and send a screenshot to Malachi, who immediately responds with a wink emoji and a thumbs up. I'll take that as an approval of the purge masks and how I made sure to upgrade them to get the ones that have the LED lights built in. Or maybe it has to do with the barely there outfit I picked for Raven. A super short cropped top sweater that ends just above the tits, a micro mini skirt, crotchless panties, and her iconic black x pasties will be perfect with the doc martins I picked out. Not jack shit will be covered, but fuck is she going to look amazing in this. The fact that the shirt says "Fuck Me Daddy" makes it so much better.

My phone hits the seat next to me, and I tap the steering wheel and wait. This woman is taking for fucking ever. Part of me wants to text her and tell her that she'll only need dinner for tonight since anything else will mold in her absence, but there's no fun in spoiling the surprise. But just as I'm about to walk inside and check on our little death angel's whereabouts, she struts out with bags full that she drops into the passenger seat of her car and then climbs in to drive away.

Hopefully, she won't be making any other stops. I'm getting bored and have better



things to do.

I continue to follow behind her, keeping Malachi updated the whole time, and just when we are a few blocks away, I make sure to let him know to finish up and lock up.

### Chapter 11

Malachi

Now that the place is rigged for an easy and quiet entry later this evening, I set out for my car right down the block. It's just far enough away to where she won't see me, but still gives me a perfect view of her driveway and her front bay window.

I can see her car turn down her street, and when she pulls into the driveway, Dorian slowly passes the intersection but continues going instead of following behind her. I feel my phone buzz in my pocket, and it's him.

Make sure that she doesn't leave. If she does call me ASAP. Don't need tonight spoiled for nothing.

Well, no shit, Sherlock. I don't want tonight fucked up either. Raven is so fucking perfect, and I cannot wait to get her out to Sica Hollow. She will blend right in with the eerie feeling the forest gives off at night. Especially this time of the year.

You got it.

I shove my phone back into my pocket and settle in for a long one. I start drifting shortly after and dream of what our little death angel will look like in that outfit Dorian sent me pictures of.

The way her ass bounces from under that micro mini skirt as she runs from us and how it just barely hides her pussy in the front. Just barely. When she swings around

wildly to check on where we are, her tits sway in a way that has me transfixed on those little X's. They scream X marks the spot, and my hands are itching to tear them and the little barbells beneath them free from her skin, watching as her blood pours down her body.

A dog barking in the distance snaps me out of my daydream, and when I come to, my cock is hard as a rock, and the sun has fallen beneath the horizon. The stars shine bright in the sky alongside a half-full moon.

“Fuck this sitting and waiting bullshit,” I mutter to myself.

I jump out of the car and slam the door behind me. No point in being too quiet because that would just be suspicious to watch someone carefully close their door and beeline for a house they aren't intending to announce their arrival to. If someone watches me walk over here like that, they'll know I'm up to no good. If I look like I'm looking for something, then maybe I don't have to worry about someone remembering my face or car.

I quickly step between the houses, slipping through the fence gate at the back of her property and sneaking over to her bedroom window. It's dark inside, but considering the time, she's bound to make her way this way soon. It's nearing nine or ten at night by now. I'm getting frustrated with tonight. Time is going by too slowly. I need to move this all along faster, but if I don't follow Dorian's plans, I will be the one to deal with his wrath.

I'm about to walk away from Raven's bedroom window when the light suddenly illuminates, and I see her form entering her room. I duck to the side, peer in stealthily from behind the small bush and just watch her. I watch her strip off her tight leggings and oversized sweatshirt that she must have changed into when she got home. I can see the bruises and cuts littered across her pale skin. They are like shining beacons to me. Begging me to touch them and create more of them.

Maybe I should just go in now. Have a little fun with her before my brother gets back.

My pocket vibrates and snaps me out of my thoughts, and when I fish it out, I see that it's Dorian.

It's almost time. Be ready in 10.

I'll be waiting.

Might as well get a nut out while I wait for big bro. I quickly pull my cock from my jeans and spit into my hand. I run it along my length while I watch Raven turn back and forth in the mirror in her room. I can see every inch of her curvaceous form. The way her tits hang just perfectly when she turns to the side. Giving me a view of her perky nipples with those pesky little barbells protruding through. The way they lift when she takes a deep breath.

I can feel myself getting closer to a release when suddenly she bends at the waist to grab something off the floor. That gorgeous warm cunt peers back at me from between her thighs. It's swollen from the abuse last night, but it calls to me nonetheless. Begging me to fill it up again. With whatever, I please. The thought of putting my hand inside of her again. Watching her cunt swallow my fist has my body lurching forward until my hand slams against the side of the house.

My orgasm tears through me like a force. Hot ropes of cum shoot out of me, coating my hand. As soon as I'm through the release, I look up through my lashes and see Raven stepping out of her room, and take the chance to leave her a little message. Not sure if she'll see it before turning in for the night, but it's worth trying.

Better run.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 12

#### Raven

I step out of my room to grab a glass of water and decide to turn in for the night. I've been dying to read more of Chokehold by Harleigh Beck and Leigh Rivers, anyway. The moment I found out it's a male/male stepbrother romance and it involves masks, I was hooked. There's just something about the taboo anonymity that turns me on so much and intrigues me all at the same time. Plus, it's been days since I last opened up my Kindle, and I'm already upset that my three-year streak is broken with no way to fix it.

I grab my Kindle from the counter and my cup and head to bed. It's time to feel my silk sheets against my bare skin while I get lost in this story. I walk back to the bedroom, immediately flicking off the lights and settling into bed. The moment my sensitive and sore body meets that wonderful mattress covered in pure heaven, I sigh with relief that maybe I can actually heal from all of this and get some sleep. After all, I will get my revenge once I'm feeling top-notch.

Turning on my little friend, it opens right up to where I left off, and I burrow into the thick blankets and pillows surrounding me, flipping through page after page. This fucking book is so goddamn good I don't want to put it down. But when I look at my alarm clock across the room, hours have passed since I started reading, and it's now midnight.

"Fuck me," I say aloud, mentally berating myself for losing track of time so much. It's going to be a long fucking day at work tomorrow unless I get to sleep like an hour

ago. Why do I always do this to myself?

“Did someone ask to be fucked in here?” I hear suddenly come from my doorway.

The sound of that gravelly voice shocks me so much that I’m frozen in my spot. I’m fucking naked in my bed, and I sure in the hell don’t have a weapon in here.

“Who’s there? I have a knife!” I scream out.

Why did I say that last part? I have no fucking clue. It’s pretty obvious I don’t have a damn knife in my bed, but who knows. Maybe they’ll believe me and go away.

“Now, what kind of man would I be if I let that perfect little pussy go without. Especially after that beautiful invitation,” the man says again.

My eyes are finally adjusting to the darkness in the room, and I can see a large man still standing just inside my room. There’s no way I’ll be able to fight off someone of his size when I’m in peak condition, let alone this weak bullshit I’m left with after the other night.

“Just leave me alone,” I beg, pulling the blankets higher up my body.

I don’t know what to do.

“Stop fucking around, Malachi. Just grab her already and let’s get the fuck out of here. We’ve wasted enough time and need to get our asses moving,” another voice says from the hallway.

I wasn’t aware there was another man, and the moment he said the name, Malachi, I knew I was fucked. And not in a good way.

I scramble out of my bed and dart for the window. Maybe I can get it unlocked in time to crawl through and make it to the neighbor's house. He always said if I needed anything, I could just knock, and he would be there for me.

“Not so fast, little death angel. You’re coming with us,” Dorian says, way too close for comfort.

My hands land on the cool window, and that’s when I see something written on the glass. It’s hard to see, but it’s there.

Better run.

It’s written clear as day and has me backpedaling against my will. I don’t even realize that I’ve moved back until I slam into what I can only describe as a fucking brick wall. One with arms that wrap around me like a vice grip. Enclosing me and holding me so tight, there is no getting away. My arms are trapped against my breasts, and I’m being squeezed so tight I can barely breathe.

“Why?” I squeak out.

“Because you’re ours to play with now, little one. I hope you’re ready to run,” he whispers in my ear.

Then I feel a wet cloth press against my face, covering my mouth and nose. It smells sickly sweet, and before I know it, there’s nothing.

Oh fuck.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 13

Raven

H oly fuck.

I don't know where I am or what exactly happened, but I do know that I'm not in my house anymore. It's hard to get my bearings straight with how badly my head is swimming. My whole body is on fire again.

What the fuck happened?

I can feel my body and mind starting to panic. That feeling of not being able to breathe is settling in. My thoughts are running a million miles a minute, and I can't take it.

Fuck.

I can't breathe.

I'm going to die in here.

Just when I feel like I may pass out from lack of oxygen, I remember what my shrink told me years ago. Three-three-three. Identify three objects around you. Name three sounds. Then move three body parts. Once that's all done, I take a deep, grounding breath and get my head on right. It's worked for me in the past.



So let's do this.

I start by trying to identify something around me. It's dark in here, but my eyes are getting better with the lack of light, by the minute. I can see a box shoved off to the side of me. Perfect, that's one. I turn my head and see a bundle of rope. I don't like the sight of that, but that's two. And when I look up, I see an emergency handle sticker illuminating slightly in this dark space with a green handle next to it.

It puzzles me, but I pay it no mind. Yet.

Sounds. That's what I need to focus on now. I close my eyes and focus. At first, all I hear is my heart pounding. Blood rushing through my head, and my heavy breathing in this small space. But that's when I hear it. Faint music and hushed voices. Well, wherever I am, that's two. And then I hear police sirens in the distance. They are nowhere nearby, which is useless for me, but at least I know there's some kind of civilization out there somewhere.

Now I'm down to moving body parts. Something I haven't even tried yet other than turning my head side to side. I try to lift my arms but find they're tied behind my back. I can't feel them much, other than general soreness, which means they are numb and useless. However, I can wiggle my toes and lift my head. But when I tried to lift my head, I smack it into something hard and what I think is metal.

Oh, my fucking god. I'm in a trunk. Those bastards tossed me into the back of their car and kidnapped me!

Realization of everything sets my thoughts straight immediately. Dorian and Malachi Black kidnapped me. They stole me away and are now on the way to god knows where with plans to do something with me. I don't plan on finding out what that is, though.

Using all my strength and a little awkward maneuvering, I weasel my arms around my legs, and they now sit in front of my body. My shoulders are screaming in protest, but I notice the feeling seeping back into them quickly. Thank fuck for that because, without my hands, I'm useless. Staring around the small space, I try to see a way out but come up with nothing.

Nothing except...

I remember suddenly the emergency handle above me and quickly grip it with my fingers and pull hard. The truck flies open, and the cold air from outside rushes into the small space, chilling me to the bone instantly. I lift my head just enough to see outside and realize we aren't in town anymore. It's pitch black outside, snow swirling wildly around the car as it slams to a stop, throwing me back into the trunk and slamming into the back of the seats. My vision swims from my head smacking into the large box, but I don't let that stop me. I give it a minute, and the moment the car comes to a complete stop, I spring into action.

I'm going to freeze to death.

### Chapter 14

#### Raven

The cold was too fucking much. This freak blizzard had come out of nowhere, and the cold north winds damn near took me out when I stepped out of the trunk. No clothes and no shoes didn't help either. I wanted to run. Make it somewhere where they could keep me safe. Help me. But when I looked around, there wasn't a single light to be seen. We were in the middle of nowhere, and if I hadn't just let them catch me, I would have died out here. Frozen to death in the middle of some field.

Fucking South Dakota and their barren wastelands.

Now nestled back into this goddamn trunk, I'm just going to wait until we get to wherever they're headed before I'll be able to do anything. At least I'm warming back up some.

Maybe I'll just take a short nap. Re-energize myself for what's coming.

I'm jostled awake when I slam into the side of the trunk and realize it must have been because the driver slammed on the brakes. Maybe we're finally at our final destination. Please god, say we don't have to go any farther. My body hurts from being crammed in here, and I need to figure out how the hell I'm going to get away.

"Get her out of there," I hear Dorian bark to whom I assume is Malachi.

My suspicions are confirmed when the trunk pops open, and Malachi is standing

there with a smug ass look on his face.

“Well, little one, we finally made it to the first stop. Hope you’re ready for some fun,” he taunts, leaning in to pull my sore body from the car.

“Fuck. You,” I spit out just before he puts a rag over my nose and mouth again.

The whole world swims for a second, but Dorian pulls his hand from me, saying something about how it’s not needed this time. My vision is still off. I can’t quite see straight, and the sounds of their voices sound like they’re miles away, but I seem to be walking just fine. Hopefully, whatever is on that rag wears off quickly because I need to have my wits about me. I can’t be this pliable bitch around these two.

We enter a large cabin-style house and are greeted by a slew of people. Men and women sit around the living space, drinks in their hands and smiles across every one of their faces. When the door slammed open, they turned toward us and are now just staring at me. Hungry eyes meet every inch of my exposed body. I’ve never felt the need to cover myself so much in my life, but here I am, tied and bound and ready for their wandering eyes.

“We’re here. And we brought a toy,” Malachi exclaims upon entry.

A few of the people stand and start our way, but Dorian steps in front of me quickly.

“She is not for sharing. This one is ours and only ours. You lot will have to play with your own toys,” he deadpans.

They immediately guide me to a set of stairs that leads into a basement or cellar of sorts, regardless of the bitching coming from the others. They don’t seem to like the fact that the brothers don’t want to share. Thank god for that. Maybe they got enough of the sharing part out of their systems last time. Who fucking knows.

I follow Dorian down the stairs with Malachi at my back until we reach the depth of its darkness. Dorian pulls a string to his left, and light floods the area. There are multiple people also down here. All naked and in varying stages of disbelief of their surroundings. Many look as used and abused as I am. The others' toys I assume.

Malachi pushes me past Dorian, and I fall to my knees next to a group of young women. They're huddled together and shy away from the brother's stares as they look over the lot of them. I stand and put myself between the predators and the poor girls, and I guess they thought it was funny because Dorian grabs a fist full of my hair and shoves me back to my knees.

“You want to be a disobedient bitch? Then I'll treat you like one,” he spits.

With his free hand, he unzips his jeans and pulls his half-hard dick out, and shoves it directly into my face.

“Open wide, little death angel. Let's show these pets how to be good little boys and girls for their masters.”

I slam my jaw shut and refuse to open wide for his ass. I refuse to give him the pleasure of complying now. In my head, I'm plotting their deaths. They just don't know it yet.

“Fine. You don't want to let me fuck that pretty face of yours? I guess I'll just have to take your ass.”

He pushes my face to the floor and flips around me effortlessly. Since I'm bare-ass naked, he has nothing in his way and immediately lines his cock up with my ass. I can feel him pushing in without lube, and it hurts so fucking bad. But I don't make a sound. I don't give him the satisfaction of hearing me scream.

Thankfully, it doesn't take long, and he's done, coming into me and sliding out as if nothing happened. Malachi stands behind him, cock out and ready to go. I try to crawl away from him, but he grabs my legs and pins me down again. Repeating the same brutal fucking Dorian just gave me.

The others in the room try to avert their eyes. Try to ignore what is happening right in front of them. But I can see in their faces that they are glad it's not them, but still sorry for what is happening to me. None of us have the power to stop these crazy fucking people. Not one of them. They're all scared and ready to just give in and give up.

But not me.

I will not allow the Black brothers to get me.

They will not have the satisfaction of claiming me.

In my head, I have killed these two in a million different ways. My favorite is chopping off their bullshit dicks and force-feeding it down their throats. But that doesn't seem creative enough. No. Not for these two. These two deserve something really special. I'll have to come up with it on the fly.

When Malachi is done and adds his deposit to my ass, he tucks himself away, and both he and his brother head for the stairs. But before they do, Dorian turns and locks eyes with me.

"It's going to be a load of fun chasing you tomorrow night. Hope you're ready to run."

He winks, and then blackness swallows the room again. I can hear their footsteps reach the top, and then every hoots and hollers. Throwing a huge party right above

their captives. Celebrating whatever will happen tomorrow night, no doubt.

Rest. I need rest if I'm going to make it out of here alive.

Crawling to the far side of the damp basement, I curl up in the corner and let my mind drift until sleep overtakes me. I won't be getting much tonight, but I'll need whatever I can get. One thought runs through my head until that sweet nothingness takes over.

The Black brothers will fall at my hand.

### Chapter 15

#### Raven

I 'm jostled awake by the hands of two women I've never seen. Both wear simple black attire from head to toe and have their hair pinned up into buns. Eyes vacant of any emotion whatsoever. They pull at my arms, coaxing me to stand, and when I don't immediately cooperate, one gets down on her knees next to me.

"I know you don't want to listen. I also know that you don't want to be here. Neither do we, but we don't have a choice. Please cooperate with us so that we all live past this morning. Please come with us. We aren't the ones that will hurt you," the one with blonde hair and green eyes says.

Her eyes plead with me. Begging me to listen so that she doesn't get killed. What kind of fucking people are we dealing with here that they have to worry about that kind of shit. I carefully get to my feet and let them lead me out of the basement. When I look around, I realize that most of the captives that were in here are already gone.

"Where are you taking me?" I whisper to the blonde.

She looks at me but doesn't say a word. All I get in response is a finger to the lips, telling me to keep quiet. When we enter the main space again, I see many milling about, but none of them pay us any mind while the ladies lead me to a back bedroom. Once inside, they lock the door behind us and visibly relax.



“We’re here to prepare you for The Hunt. We don’t know a lot, but we’ll answer what we can. Now we need you to bathe so that you are clean and ready for what's coming,” the other woman says.

I keep silent right away. I don’t even know what to say. Or ask for that matter. I follow Blondie into the bathroom, where they have a piping hot tub of water waiting for me. It looks like heaven and smells even better. I quickly step into the scalding liquid and sink completely in without being told to. I let the water completely submerge me from head to toe, and I revel in the pain and relief it brings.

When I come up for a breath. Both of the women are kneeling next to the tub with bottles of soap and rags to clean me. They refuse to let me do it myself and insist on washing every inch of my body until I’m scrubbed clean.

“Now please step out, and we’ll start preparing you for tonight. We have pictures to recreate and an outfit provided by your handlers.”

“What’s The Hunt?” I ask, speaking for the first time since getting in this room.

They both look at each other and have a silent conversation with their eyes. When they turn back to me, I see pity shining through bright as day. They take turns explaining what The Hunt is, and I’m appalled by all of it.

The Hunt is a tradition in the Black family. One where they all find a victim and get them all dolled up just to chase them through Sica Hollow on Christmas Eve. It’s a huge family affair, and they all take part. Even the women. Their victims never leave the woods and forever become part of the lore that haunts those woods. One by one, each captive gets fucked, tortured, and murdered for fun.

Absolutely fucking sickening.

I don't know why someone, or even a whole family of someone's, would do this shit to innocent people. What in the fuck is wrong with them? But I have something up my sleeve that apparently they don't know about me.

I'm an avid hiker and have visited this patch of woods countless times since moving to the area. It's only about two and a half hours from my house and the only decent spot to get some hiking in. It's not the best by any means, but there are enough steep embankments and trails that it's easy to get lost, and damn is it fun to find your way out.

There are cabins littered around the forest where a few older people are holed up for the rest of their days. I would know because I've visited them when lost and need a little direction. One of them though, I would rather kill than see again. Handsy old fuck.

If the Black brothers plan to chase me through Sica, then they're going to have a hell of a surprise when I get the better of them. Hope they know the trails better than I do.

I'm snapped out of my haze and racing thoughts when Blondie finishes drying my body and hair, and the other one leads me back to the bedroom. An outfit lays on the bed, waiting for me.

"What the fuck is that?" I ponder aloud, eyeing the barely there scraps of fabric.

"That would be the outfit chosen for you by Mr. Dorian, ma'am. You need to be in this exact outfit, with your hair and makeup done before dinner time. At that point, you will eat with the others before being led out to the tree line. From there, we don't know exactly what happens, and that is why we're still employed here."

I nod my head in understanding. I get it. I really do. These two women are only trying their damndest to stay alive, and who am I to judge? Who am I to try and give them

a hard time about any of this?

“Okay. Let’s fucking do this,” I say with as much confidence as I can muster.

There isn’t much to be had, but I’ll be damned if I go out crying like a little bitch. These men are going to fight with their hands. And if they do happen to win this fight. Then I’ll go down swinging, and they will never forget me.

Fucking never.

Bring it on bitches.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 16

Dorian

Waiting for The Hunt to start tonight is probably one of the hardest things I've ever had to do. I have never, and I mean never, have been more excited than I am right now. Raven is one of a kind. She's strong, smart and gorgeous. She's a fighter and not one to take bullshit lying down.

I want her to fight it.

I need her to.

I can't wait to have her writhing beneath my body, painting the snow crimson while she pleads for her life.

Fuck. Now I'm hard again.

I stride out of my room and head for the living room. There is bound to be someone here to fuck that I'm not related to. Maybe one of the servants will be willing to service me before tonight. I spot one I think would do the job when Malachi steps out of nowhere and claps his hand across my back.

"Trust me when I say it's not worth it, brother. She tends to just starfish it and go limp. It's not fun when they don't struggle, and you know it," he breathes into my ear.

I nod in agreement and turn to face him.

“Then who would you recommend I take out this frustration on?”

He smirks and laughs wholeheartedly, steering me toward the kitchen.

“Well, she goes by the name Raven and has the most perfect tits and ass, if I do say. But you can’t have her yet. She’s in preparation for us later. I think you’d be happier just to wait until then because you’ll need that frustration for the chase.”

I nod again. He’s right, as usual. I do think with my dick at times, and this is one of those times.

“You’re right, little brother. I’ll wait til later. But if I have to wait for a nut, you better pour me a strong one.”

We continue to the main kitchen and banter back and forth for a while. Letting the excitement get to us both and plot out how we are going to do this whole damn thing. Poor Raven will never see us coming, and by the time we are through with her, she’ll be begging for lights out.

We decide to part ways now that we are both buzzing pretty good and head for our beds again. It’s three in the afternoon now, and the hunt will begin at six. We’ll need to sleep off this bourbon if we’re to do this right and remember it.

I have an inkling we won't forget tonight.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 17

#### Raven

The girls have left me in a small office-like room with a long table in the middle and chairs surrounding it. It would seem that the captives aren't to eat with their captors, and when I look around, every single one of us is in some kind of kinky, showing outfit or another, and are told to sit and eat. When we're served, it looks like slop straight out of the pig's pen, but it smells okayish, and I'm going to need whatever energy I can get for this shit.

Running around in the woods with my tits out and a micro miniskirt, I'll need whatever they're willing to give us. I slam every bit they put on the plate in front of me, including the cheap ass vodka shots they have lined up. At least the vodka will help me stay warm until I can make it to that asshat's cabin later.

Let's just hope I don't get caught or freeze before I can get there.

When we are through eating, I see that there are multiple helpers stationed around the room now, all bundled up in large coats and snow boots. They are all silent, keeping their eyes on the floor in front of them. Except one. This one seems to be dressed for a party, and that's when I realize they aren't one of the help.

It's an older woman, with white hair and wrinkles up the ass. But she's dressed to kill, and with that murderous look in her eyes, I'd say she's done plenty of it in her time.

“Hello, my loves. I’m Grandma Black. But that isn’t what matters. What does is that it’s time to head out for a stroll in the woods. Your masters will meet you out there. But they will have to find you. Your goal is to run. Hide. Do whatever you can to stay away from them. Don’t go easy on them. They wouldn’t like that and may take it out on you.”

She says that the last part, like it may happen when we all know it’s going to, regardless of how hard we run or hide. Like, who the fuck is she trying to kid?

“So let’s get going! The helper will take you out to the starting point, and when you hear a gunshot ring out, run. Happy Huntmas and good luck!”

She backed out of the room just as quietly as she entered, and while my helpers prepared me for what tonight will bring, it would seem none of the others had any idea. They all look confused and scared, and I feel bad for them. None of them will survive tonight. Not a single one.

Except me.

I have to make it out alive.

I have to bring light to what these sick fucks do and get them shut down.

I have to kill the two fucks who humiliated me in a crowd full of people.

Ones that took away everything innocent about me.

They will die tonight.

One way or another, they will not leave Sica Hollow this Christmas.

I stand and follow the help out of the small room and out the back door. The cold instantly chills me to the bones. The blizzard from last night is still going strong, and the winds have to be hitting forty miles per hour, and from the north still, no less. Fucking brutal cold. My nipples are hard as diamonds beneath the black X pasties they gave me, and I swear I can feel my pussy freeze shut.

We are all lined up just inside the clearing of the forest before us. I turn and look at my surroundings. Trying to gauge if I've seen this house before, and sure as shit, I have. A few times, actually, but it's always been vacant the times that I have wandered here. Darkness has swallowed everything up this time, but it's still recognizable in its vastness. It's the only place within miles that is this extravagant.

Looking at the porch near the large bay windows, I see dozens of people lined up and waiting. They are all wearing those dumbass plastic masks with the X's over the eyes that you buy near Halloween.

So not only do they like murdering people for Christmas, they like to be anonymous. How original.

I look at each of them in turn and realize I don't know which ones are the Black brothers. They are all dressed the same, with the same mask on. This will prove harder than I was anticipating, but I can't give up. One last look at all the other Christmas Eve victims just before a gunshot rings through the air.

I bolt.

I don't even think twice. I just run. The snow is soft under my feet, and I sink to mid-calf with every step. It makes it hard to move very fast, but since I know where to go, hopefully, that helps. My legs are slowly going numb, and it's hard to see very far in front of me. Between the blowing snow and my breath billowing out in front of my face, I don't see how I'll make it there. But I have to try.



I come to a break in the trees, and I stop. Twirling in a slow circle, I realize I'm down at a parking area near an outhouse for park guests. This is where I always park, and when I turn around, I see the footbridge leading onto the trails.

Oh, my god. Fuck yes!

I turn and bolt toward the bridge when I hear the first of the many screams I'm sure are coming. It's blood-curdling, and the laughs that follow only prove that these people are sick in the head.

Hauling ass around the bend, I come to a set of stairs built into the hill to lead to a scenic overlook area. One that will take me straight up and out of this hell-hole. I trip on the edge of one stairs and slide down the hill on my ass. I can feel every rock and stick under the snow slice into my skin, cutting me open.

"Fuck," I breathe out, surveying the damage done just now.

There are slices down my right leg and ass cheek, dripping blood steadily. They sting, but the cold is keeping me numb enough to where I'll be able to fight through the pain easily. Just for fun. I decide to leave a little message on the railing of the staircase.

Think you can catch me?

I made sure to put a little arrow pointing up. If the trail of blood isn't enough for those idiots, the arrow will help them out. Once I'm happy they'll see it, I turn and run up the opposite side of the railing so that I don't slip on the stairs again. I've always been better with the rough ground anyway.

The top of the stairs comes into view quickly, and when I go too slow for just a moment to catch my breath, I hear hushed voices from somewhere down below. Two

men are down there talking. I can't make out who they are, or what they're saying, but they're there, and I can almost bet that it's the brothers.

Hauling ass forward, I bypass the scenic overlook platform and head off trail. The asshat's cabin is just ahead. I just have to make it through the last of these trees, and I'll be there.

### Chapter 18

Malachi

She left a fucking note on a piece of wood, signaling her direction to us.

Think you can catch me?

Who the fuck does she think we are? Of course, we can catch her. And we will. The bright, shiny blood trail will only help and spur us on more.

“By the looks of it, she slid down here, cutting herself up real good. Too bad. I wanted to make her bleed first,” Dorian mutters aloud.

“How fresh do you think this is?” I ask him, running my finger through the blood to see if it’s still wet.

It’s frozen in place, which isn’t surprising considering the weather. But who knows? She could be just up this hill, bleeding out in the snow for all we know.

“I don’t think it’s fresh because we haven’t exactly been in a hurry or anything. If she went up, she’d get trapped in that overlook without many choices but back down. Going up will be suicide.”

I don’t think he realizes where we are in this jungle of a forest. There is plenty to find if she keeps going up. Help is one of them. We’ve never allowed anyone to get this far in or up, so let’s hope she doesn’t find the cabin that’s up there.

I trudge forward, careful with my steps on the slippery stairs as we ascend the steep hill. I watch the ground for signs of blood and spot a large trail just on the other side of the railing. The smart girl took the rough road the second time around. Wonder what other tricks she'll have up her sleeve.

"Hey, you got a smoke?" We hear coming from just to our left.

One of the Black family steps out from the trees, strutting toward us with confidence. The front of his sweater is coated in blood, which means he caught his kill already and had plenty of fun with her. He removes his mask, and I see that it's one of our cousins. He's got a smug look on his face, and he tosses the mask behind him into the trees.

"Oh, come on. I know you two smoke, and I need one for the trek back. I always need that hit of nicotine after a good kill," he says.

Dorian laughs, removing his mask and taking out his pack of cigarettes. What a disgusting habit. Dude obviously doesn't know us well enough if he thinks I do that shit, but Dorian is a grown man, and if he wants to be a gross fuck, then so be it.

I lean against the railing behind me and listen as the other two bicker back and forth about how we haven't caught our mark yet, blah blah blah. Whatever. I'm ready to get this shit done and over with, but Dorian wants to let her think she'll get away. Wants her to think that she'll survive before snatching her up and snuffing her out.

Yes, this whole thing is a game. But I think he's taking it a step too far with Raven. She's out here to please us and then bleed for us. Nothing more. So why are we playing this game like this? I'll have to ask him after this whole fucking thing is done.

"Dorian, if you're done chatting with the family, maybe we can get back to it and get

this night over with. I'm fucking freezing and tired of the bullshit already," I spit out, moving to continue up the stairs.

"We'll continue when I say we do. Until then, chill the fuck out and enjoy the fresh air."

I smack his hand away from where it's now resting on my shoulder, ultimately making him drop his cigarette. He huffs when he realizes it and turns and swings. His fist connects with the side of my head, whipping it to the side and almost knocking my mask off and into the snow. I struggle for a moment to get my bearings straight, and when I look back at him, he has a smug look, like he's happy about what he just did.

"Fuck you, Dorian," I spit out, turning on my heel and heading for the top of the hill.

If he wants to continue to be an asshole like that and waste time, then I will trudge ahead and find our little death angel. I'm not waiting for his signal anymore.

Fuck him.

When I get to the top of the staircase, I look around for signs of Raven in the snow. Not sure who exactly was through here, but someone took off in the direction of the next clearing. Which means she will stumble upon Grandpa Black. She won't like being in his presence on a night like tonight. Especially dressed the way she is.

Climbing over the railing to the overlook, I trudge through the snow and follow her footsteps. I can still see drops of blood here and there the further I get into the trees. I wonder where she cut herself. Maybe it's on the back of her juicy thighs. Or that picture-perfect round ass of hers.

Oh, fuck me.

The thought of her tip-toeing through the snow, barefoot, with her ass peering out the bottom of that little skirt. Blood dripping down her ass and legs and onto the cold earth below. The look on her face as she makes her way through the knee-high snow. Her tits bouncing with every step. Or how her nipples have to be peaked to perfection under those pasties Dorian got for her. I bet the metal barbells are causing some real pain in this cold.

Snapping back to reality with a dick hard as a rock, I see that I've made it to the clearing, and the disturbance in the snow leads right up to Grandpa Black's cabin. This old fuck has been holed up here for years since he was disowned by the family for the sick things he's done. Fucker is a cannibal, and while the rest of us have all done some seriously questionable deeds, that is over the line.

I tentatively step onto the sagging porch and look around. There is no noise coming from inside, and the storm swallows up anything from outside. There also isn't any sign of anyone leaving the porch and going in a different direction, so she must be inside. Raising my fist, I knock on the door three times and wait. There's some scurrying around inside, and then the door swings open, showing a darkened space.

"Grandpa?"

### Chapter 19

#### Raven

The old man lay in the corner where I left him. Thankfully, he was too busy ogling my tits to notice that I was carefully grabbing a fire poker. When he turned around to find a blanket for me, I brought up that piece of wrought iron and swung. It hit the side of his head with enough force to knock him down. He started yelling at me. Something about being just as psycho as I look, and I lost it. I brought down the sharper end of the weapon and drove it straight through his throat until it embedded itself into the floor beneath him.

The sound it made was just as satisfying as I was hoping it would be, and blood quickly filled his mouth, pouring over and down his face onto the hardwood.

“You have no idea just how psycho I can be,” I breathed before yanking it free from him and driving it through his eye socket.

He died the moment it severed his brain, or at least I think he did, and I pulled him over to the corner to hide his body from the windows and door. Don’t need anyone to see it just laying on the floor and rushing in all ready to fuck shit up.

After hiding the old asshat, I head to the kitchen and find some water. I’m still fucking freezing, but my throat is burning from the cold and exertion I’ve put out tonight. It feels like a dream sliding down my throat, easing any discomfort there. Once it’s gone, I look around the space. It’s go time once the boys show up, so I need to get ready for them. I’m honestly shocked with how clean and cozy the place is. I

was sure that it would have been disgusting, considering what kind of guy he was.

In the corner near the fireplace, there is a quaint little Christmas tree set up. Lights, ornaments, and candy canes fill the fragrant branches. It's like the perfect little tree, and no one is left around to enjoy it. The mantel above the fireplace is also lit up with lights and garland. Shit, when I look around the whole space, I see that there are lights everywhere. Bringing Christmas to this fucked up forest.

Taking a peek out the front window, I see a shadow of a figure just on this side of the tree line. I duck behind the curtain and watch as it gets closer and closer, following in my trail through the snow. When it's close enough, I see the person wearing one of The Hunt masks and know deep down that it's one of the Black brothers.

It's fucking go time.

I quickly race across the cabin until I'm near the dining area and unravel some of the lights the old man had perched across a bookshelf. I unplug them from the wall and wait next to the door. Thankfully, I'll be able to sneak attack one of them. If they were both here, I would lose for sure but looks like I have a shot after all.

Thank fuck for that.

Three knocks resound through the space, and I work to get closer to the door. I need to reach the handle to swing it open. I trip on a pair of boots lying there and silently curse myself for not being more careful. Reaching across, I grasp the weathered handle and twist. I let it go and pull back my arm just in time for it to slowly creep open.

"Grandpa?" I hear come from the man I now know is, Malachi.

It takes him a moment before he steps into the space. I watch his dark form fill the



doorway, and he looks toward the living space. Once his back is to me, I jump into action. I lasso his neck with the Christmas lights and pull with everything I have, bringing him down to his knees. He tries to turn and see who it is, but I don't allow him that luxury.

I shove my body into his hard, knocking him onto his chest, and kneel on his back. His arms are reaching back to grasp his attacker, but all he does is give me the perfect opportunity to tie his hands up, too. I wrap the light one more time around his neck to secure it in place, and then I wrap his hands, one by one. Once his hands are bound, I grab the end of the lights and begin wrapping them around his ankles, ultimately creating my version of a Christmas-themed stuck pig.

“Nice of you to join me, Malachi. Sorry about the lights, but I need the upper hand here. Now, if you would be so kind, I need you to cooperate so I can get you settled in on the couch,” I purr out, walking around so he can finally see me.

His eyes are as round as saucers when he takes me in. Shock only registers long enough for him to get the full look at me, and then lust clouds his vision. Disgust fills me when he rolls to his side with a smug look across his face.

“Well, now that you have me how you want me, what do you plan to do?” He questions.

I think long and hard about it because part of me wants to fuck him into submission, and the other part of me wants to just kill him and get it over with because two of these assholes will be hard as fuck to control.

“Well, you know I really wanted to wait for your brother, but I think maybe we'll just get the show on the road, and he can join in when he gets here,” I ponder aloud as I make my way to the kitchen.

I'll need a weapon, but I don't have many places to hide one in the outfit. However, blondie from the mansion/cabin made sure to let me know that braids can be used for a multitude of things and decide what better place to stash a filet knife. I lean against the counter and reach for it behind my back before bringing my hands up to my hair. I fuck around with it for a second and then carefully slide the knife between the folds of hair, hoping that it'll stay put.

Malachi watches my every move. Well, mostly, his eyes are glued to either my tits or how well he is sure to see my pussy from his angle.

“Why don't we work on getting you to the couch, as I said, and we can go from there.”

He awkwardly works into a sitting position and worms his way over the three feet to the couch and hoists himself onto the worn cushions. He settles in quickly, giving me a knowing smirk, and waits for me to make another move. Without another word, I stroll over to him and get down on my knees between his semi-sprawled-out legs. I take the end of the lights that are still free and pull an extension cord from next to the couch close enough to plug them in.

Malachi jumps when the lights come to life around him, and I smile in response. Slowly, I reach up and behind me to the knife in my braid and slide it free, bringing it forward and showing it off to him. He stills instantly, blubbering something about how I don't need to do this.

“What do you mean I don't need to do this? How else am I going to fuck you with all these clothes on?” I feign innocence.

I don't need him knowing my true intentions right now, but I do need to hurry. I make quick work of his jacket, shirt, and pants. They are officially in shreds around him, and his dick juts out from his body, ready to go at any point. I take my chance

and hop on. No point and letting a good dick go to waste. Even with everything he's done to me, at least I know it can get me off.

Malachi's head lolls back onto the top of the couch cushions, and he groans as I take him to the hilt. The feeling of him and his piercings pushing into my pussy, pull a moan from deep within me.

"Fuck, baby girl. That feels so fucking good," he sputters when I rock my hips against him.

"Will you shut the fuck up? Your voice is killing the mood," I hiss as I bounce along his length.

Normally, dirty talk would heighten everything, but not this time. No. This time it just eats away at me and reminds me of the night in his club. The night along the highway and how they defiled me in that dirty basement.

My rage builds as the images of my humiliation fly through my mind. The way they put their fists inside of me. Beer bottles. Toys. Their cocks. God knows what else while I was strapped down to that table. Forced to orgasm again and again.

I slam myself onto Malachi's cock so forcefully we are both bouncing on the cushions beneath us, ultimately fucking up my rhythm completely. Frustration fills me, alongside my rage, and I find myself further from an orgasm than I've ever been.

"Fuck this," I scream at him. "Your dick is fucking useless to me right now."

I stand from his lap and see anger filling Malachi's face.

"What do you mean my dick is useless? You sure seemed to be enjoying yourself just a minute ago. Shit, I was almost there!" He growls.

“I don’t give a shit about your release, you sadistic fucking pig.”

Malachi tries to stand from the couch, but I shove him back down. I quickly rush to grab the fire poker that killed his grandpa, and before he can attempt to stand again, I shove it through his chest and into the cushions behind him, embedding it in the wood beyond.

“Oh my fucking god,” he mutters, blood spilling from his mouth.

I can feel my pussy weeping with joy as I watch the blood pour from his wound.

Who knew this would be such a fucking turn-on.

“That’s more like it,” I purr, climbing back onto his lap.

I sink onto his still-hard cock again and ride him like my life depends on it. The blood pools in his lap, and I can hear it squelch every time I slam down on him. The sound is like music to my ears, along with his groans of pleasure mixed with pain.

“Doesn’t that feel so much better?” I coo, encroaching on my release finally.

“Fuck. You,” he spits around shallow breaths. “You’re fucking. Crazy.”

He spits blood onto my chest, spattering me with everything in his mouth. I run my hands through it just as I hit my O. My vision blurs as my whole body lights up from the inside out.

“I knew you had it in you, Malachi. Thank you for the best orgasm of my life. Too bad there’s no time for another,” I breathe, carefully pulling myself from his dick.

At this point, he’s lost most of his blood volume and can’t speak, which is such a

fucking shame. I liked it when he was sassy. Hopefully, his brother can handle a little more. I need it to be more interesting with him if I'm going to squeeze in another release tonight.

“Wakey wakey, baby. I want to make sure that not only do you feel this next part but that you see it, too. You see, you humiliated me. Degraded me in ways that no woman ever should be. And you did it for fun. For your satisfaction and pleasure. For that of your brother. You two are fucking sick,” I begin, pacing back and forth in front of him.

His eyes barely trail me, which means I better say what I need to say quickly.

“Then you two have the bright idea to kidnap me. Me! And bring me out here to chase me. To fuck me into the snow against my will before killing me. Leaving me to rot somewhere without a trace. Fuck both of you. Your brother will get his. But as for you, you won't need this any longer,” I finish.

Grabbing the knife, I tossed aside earlier, I bring it to his now soft, useless dick. Malachi's eyes widen when he realizes what I have planned and tries to wriggle away to no avail. He tries to talk, but only a minuscule amount of blood trickles out.

“Ope. Looks like it's time, baby,” I squeal excitedly.

I grab ahold of his dick the best that I can and stretch it out and away from his body. I've heard this is much easier when it's hard, but with the lack of blood in his system, I don't think that's going to be possible anymore. I bring down the filet knife and slowly cut away the appendage from his body. Screams leave his throat until he passes out from the pain.

Oh shit. Maybe he's finally dead.

Finishing up my hack job, I set the knife to the side and check for a pulse. First, I check his neck and can't find even the faintest of heartbeats. I hold my hand in front of his face next, checking for a breath of any kind. Nothing.

Damn. That was it?

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*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 20

Dorian

“ L ook, cuz. I need to get going. It was nice chatting with you and all, but I have a mark to catch up, and if I don’t hurry, Malachi will have all the fun. See ya round,” I spit out after standing here and chatting for the last fucking hour at least.

The one thing about this family I hate the most is the Midwest goodbyes. They take for fucking ever.

Goodbye.

Side conversation that lasts about twenty minutes.

Another goodbye, including awkward hugs.

An “Oh shit, did I ever tell you story?”

Another goodbye.

A “No, seriously, I really am going this time.”

A goodbye.

Making a plan to meet up another time.

The final goodbye.

Fucking exhausting is what it is.

“God damn,” I mutter to myself, pulling another cigarette out of my pocket and lighting it up.

I inhale the smoke deeply, letting it fill my lungs thoroughly as the slight rush of nicotine invades my senses. It’s like a hit of caffeine on steroids that helps stave away the exhaustion that’s encroaching quickly. It’s getting late, and the late December cold has seeped into my very bones. Everything hurts, and it’s getting harder and harder to lift my snow-laden boots through the snow.

In the time I stood around talking, most of Malachi’s tracks were swallowed up by blowing snow. Thankfully, there’s still some left because I wasn’t even paying attention when he stormed off earlier.

As I trudge through the snow-covered tracks, pausing every few seconds to remove my mask and take a drag, I find myself lost in my thoughts.

Why do I continue with this barbaric tradition? I mean, I do enjoy it in the end, but why? Why do I allow this to continue? So many young lives are lost every year. And for what? A good fuck and a little blood. I can get that nightly down at the club.

I continue pondering my whys. Going back and forth between the pros and cons. Why do there have to be so many pros in this situation? Fucking Christ, my family is one fucked up bunch.

Looking up, I see that I’ve wandered onto the property of Grandpa Black’s cabin. I haven’t been out here in many years since he went all cannibal lecturer on us. The trail I’ve been following goes straight up the porch, no turns, nothing. They must be



inside.

Hopefully, Raven is still alive.

By the smell of food cooking in the air, I have a feeling good ol' gramps might have gotten to her first. I just hope that Malachi isn't being subjected to his level of debauchery.

\*Knock Knock

My knuckles rap off the old, weathered wood, resounding through the space beyond. I don't hear any voices from beyond, but I do hear some scampering around.

"Let me in, you fucks!" I holler at whoever is inside.

Moments later, the door swings open, and I'm slapped in the face by whatever concoction is brewing from within. It smells phenomenal, and my stomach growls loudly.

"I don't know how I feel about eating with you, gramps," I call out, stepping into the room.

My head swings from one side to the other and lands quickly on the couch.

Malachi.

And then everything goes black.

### Chapter 21

#### Raven

G otcha, fucker.

Dorian lies on the floor at my feet, blood slowly seeping from the wound I inflicted on the back of his head. I knew I should have draped a blanket or something over Malachi, but I was too excited to cook dinner for Dorian to give it a second thought.

Bending over, I make sure that D is still breathing. I swear if he's not, I'm going to lose my shit. When I feel his hot breath fan across my fingertips, I do a little dance in my head. Grabbing a blanket from the couch, I fan it out on the ground next to the asshole's unconscious and roll him onto the fabric. Grabbing the edge, I pull his body across the floor to the kitchen area and drop it next to the table. Slowly, doing a little skip, I shut the door and flip the lock.

When I turn back, I fully take in dickwad's sleeping form. He really is a god of a man. It's just too bad that he has to be such a vile human being. I would have loved to keep him around, but today is all we'll get together.

Too bad.

Digging around the cabin earlier, I found a length of chain, padlocks, and some handcuffs, which are perfect for holding him still for everything. I took the painstakingly long twenty minutes to get this man into one of the larger chairs and locked up. Fuckers are heavy when he's straight deadweight. Looking at my handy

work, I realize he's stirring slightly. Look who's going to be waking up soon!

I saunter to the cupboard to pull down a bowl to serve my man his dinner. He's got to be hungry after trudging around in all that snow for so long. I know I am. But I won't be joining him for this meal. This is all for him. I hear rattling behind me, and a disgruntled groan comes from my Christmas Eve companion.

It's showtime.

"Hey, baby. I'm so glad you could make it for dinner. I've been slaving away for far too long to provide this for you," I coo as sweetly as possible, turning with a bowl of steaming stew in my hands.

"What the fuck did you do to my brother?" He yells.

"Oh, you mean Malachi? Well, you see, we were having some fun, but his cock just wasn't doing it for me this time. A little stabby action and some blood sure did the trick, though. That was the best orgasm I've ever had," I gush, setting the bowl on the table in front of him.

Dorian looks at the food with unsaid questions flashing across his face before locking eyes with me, once again.

"You think I'm in the mood to eat?" He spits, scoffing at the mere suggestion of it.

"Oh, I don't care what you're in the mood for. Right now, in this cabin, I am the one in charge. You will do as I say when I say to do it, or there will be consequences."

Sitting in a chair beside him, I grab a spoon and load it up with meat and veggies, blowing on it softly to help cool it down slightly. I bring it to Dorian's mouth, waiting for him to open up, but he locks his jaw tight.

“Look, Dorian. You are going to eat this meal I cooked for you. Shit, Malachi even helped! Now open wide.”

He still refuses to open his mouth, so I set the spoon back into the bowl and jumped to my feet. Walking over to the counter again, I snatch up the filet knife from earlier this evening and walk back, holding the blade up so the light from the room glints off the blade just right.

“So are you going to eat?” I ask one more time.

“No, I’m not eating whatever the fuck is that bowl. Why don’t you just let me go and we’ll talk about this like civilized people,” he says with a hint of malice lacing his words.

“You’re right. I could do that, but when I really think about it, I don’t think I will. You see, if you were civilized and sane, you wouldn’t have done what you did to me. Wouldn’t have allowed others to do it. So for that, you will open now. Or you will get your first punishment.”

He continues to refuse, so I walk closer to him and straddle his lap. I slip my legs beneath the arms of the chair so that my pussy rests just atop his cock. I grind down slightly, feeling him hardening beneath me.

“So are you going to eat before it gets cold? I would like to get the fun started,” I plead, pulling out my best puppy dog eyes for the fuck.

He reels back and spits directly into my face, chuckling when I gasp in shock. Before I’m able to fully realize what I’m doing, I’ve brought the knife up and plunged it straight through the top of his hand. The knife easily slices through every muscle and tendon until the handle rests against the back of his hand. He yells in pain, struggling to try and get free.

Reaching behind me, I grab a spoonful of the “stew” and bring it to his lips. The thick gravy drips onto his lower lip, no doubt burning him, but he keeps his lips firmly together.

“Fine. We’ll do this the hard way,” I shrug, grasping the knife and slowly pulling it from his skewered hand.

The pain from the extraction is enough to cause him to yell out again, giving me the perfect opportunity to slam the spoon into his mouth. I dump the food into his mouth and toss the spoon to the side. Grabbing his chin, I slam his mouth shut and plug his nose with my other hand.

“Either swallow or suffocate. The choice is yours,” I whisper against his cheek.

He’s seething and doing his best to hold his breath, trying to wait me out. But what he doesn’t realize is that it’s not going to happen. He will swallow every single bit of this. When I pull back slightly, I lock eyes with him, letting him see just how serious I am. And he must see it because his jaw begins to move as he chews the food before swallowing it. I release his nose and chin and give him a pat on the cheek while he struggles to fill his lungs with air again.

“Good boy. How did you like it?”

“It was good. Now let me go,” he grunts, clearly disgusted.

“Well, even though I know you didn’t like it, I’ll take it. And don’t say you did, again because your face says otherwise. Wouldn’t you like to know what it was?”

He gets this cute little confused look on his face and he looks over my shoulder to look into the bowl still sitting there before locking eyes with me again.

“Yeah, I kind of figured you’d want to know. Well, it was an amazing bite of my cockmeat stew. Made just for you. It had potatoes, carrots, onions, and garlic. Oh and can’t forget the star ingredient,” I say, climbing off his lap to snatch up the knife again. “Malachi’s cock. It did smell amazing while it was cooking. I wouldn’t know how it tasted but it looked delicious,” I finish, swirling around, letting my tits do a little dance for him.

Dorian’s eyes all but bug out his face and I can’t help the maniacal laugh that crawls its way out of my chest. I watch as his body starts dry heaving, and run to grab a bowl. I don’t want the rest of the night to smell like puke, so I quickly catch the food that makes its reappearance before tossing it out the front door, bowl, and all. I grab a glass of water and help Dorian wash his mouth out as well.

I’m not a total monster.

Once I’m happy he won’t smell perfectly gross, I prance over to the Christmas tree and pluck a candy cane from the branches. I open it slowly and bring it to my mouth, swirling my tongue around it, collecting all the minty goodness. Sauntering back to the chair, I put on a little show for him. His eyes dart between my body and my mouth, his dick visibly hardening with every step. Every lick.

“You like what you see, big boy?” I purr, leaning down in front of him, giving him the perfect view of my tits.

He grunts his response but gives me no words. None. I’m kind of shocked and disappointed because, between the stew and then the sexy, I would have thought I deserved some kind of sass.

“You’re not a sassy boy, are you?” I ask while he just glares at my attempts. “That’s too bad. It’s more fun that way.”

I grab the knife from the floor and bring it to Dorian again, but this time, I saw away at the clothes covering his body. I need my big scary boy naked for everything that's to come. Once I've pulled every shred of cloth from his body, I loosely run the tip of the knife along his chest, dipping lower and lower until it's resting just above his cock. I squat between his legs and giggle a little when his cock does a little jerk in excitement.

"You might not be happy to see me, but I know someone sure is," I say, wrapping my free hand around it. "It really is such a shame though."

I pump his cock a few times, spitting onto the tip.

"What's a shame?" He grits out between clenched teeth.

"That such a beautiful cock has to belong to someone so fucking disgusting," I mutter. "I mean, look at it. It's the perfect size, and it can do some amazing things too. But then I look at you, and realize that it needs a better home."

Dorian's whole body tenses up at my words, and I laugh a deep belly laugh that echoes through the room.

"Oh god, dude. Take a chill pill. It's not going anywhere. At least not yet."

I continue pumping him until a soft moan escapes from between his lips. Not able to hold myself back, I slide my legs through the arms of the chair again, lining my dripping-wet pussy to the tip. Dorian struggles in his chains as I slowly slide down the length of him.

"Fuckkkkk," he hisses as I seat myself onto him fully.

"That's right, baby. I knew you loved this warm pussy," I moan, bouncing along his

cock.

I can feel every inch of him and his piercing as it hits just the right spot every time. I can feel my orgasm getting closer and closer. But I don't let it come. Instead, I stop and look Dorian in the face again. His eyes fly open when he realizes I'm no longer fucking him. They're clouded with anger and lust.

"That's right. If I remember correctly, it was my ass that you enjoyed more," I chuckle to myself.

Leaning back against the table, I lift off his cock.

"Spit on it," I demand.

He instantly complies and watches as I run his saliva along his length and then massage the remaining onto my tight, puckered hole. I grasp his dick in my hand and line it up with my ass, slowly pushing onto him. I groan as his cock slides into me, jerking as my ass grips him tightly.

"Do you want to fuck my ass, Dorian?"

He nods quickly, not taking his eyes from where his dick is seated in my ass.

"Good, because I'm going to fuck you until I come all across your chest. Are you ready to shower in everything I have to give you?"

Another sharp nod.

"Words, baby boy. I want to hear you beg for my ass. For my cum to be all over you," I purr.



“Jesus Christ, Raven. What do you want me to say?” He spits, taking a deep breath and trying to shove down that toxicity that he thrives on. “You want me to beg you? Really? Fine. Please Raven. Let me fuck you in the ass. Bounce along my cock until I fill you with my cum. Shower me in your release.”

“That’s better,” I cluck at him. “But not really what I had in mind. For that, you won’t be coming in my ass tonight. You actually won’t be coming at all. But I will fuck you.”

Using the table to hold me up, I slide up and down along his cock, moaning as the piercing once again hits the right spot every time. If I don’t hurry though, he will come before I do, and we can’t have that. I balance myself carefully on one arm and grab the knife from the table again. But instead of cutting little Dorian here, I turn it around and line the handle up with my dripping pussy. Thankfully, it’s a thicker handle, and it slides in easily, my pussy swallowing every inch of the blade.

I fuck myself with the handle as I bounce along Dorian’s cock, moaning loudly. I can feel myself getting closer again. Tingling spreads from my core to every part of my body. Holding the knife still, I thrust myself onto it and his dick harder and faster until I hear Dorian gasp in pain. When I look down, I see the tip of the knife has pierced his abdomen slightly. Not a lot, but enough to draw blood, and my god, does it look fantastic.

Harder.

Faster.

Harder.

Faster.

My breathing is ragged, and my legs scream in agony as I chase my orgasm. Each time I take them to the hilt, the knife sinks deeper and deeper into Dorian. More and more blood pools in his lap, and just when it gets too deep, Dorian screams, and I finally reach my O. Liquid gushes from me, soaking Dorian and melding with his blood. I ride out the high, and when I'm finally coming down, I slow down and pull the knife out of us both. Carefully I slide from his cock and chuckle when he groans in disappointment.

“Oh, don't worry, baby. I'm not done with you yet.”

I walk over to the sink and clean myself up before heading into the bathroom. Making it quick, I pee and wash my hands before heading back out to find Dorian fighting for his life. He is yanking at the cuffs and chains with everything in him, which causes the wound in his gut to bleed more and more.

“If you're not careful, you're going to bleed out like your brother did,” I laugh, causing him to still immediately.

Making a stop at the roaring fire, I grab a fire poker and heat it in the blaze. When I pull the iron from the flames, it's bright red. I take it over to Dorian and hold it close to his stomach.

“Hold still, baby boy. This is gonna hurt,” I say, bringing the scorching metal to the leaking wound.

It sizzles on contact, and the smell alone is enough to turn someone's stomach, but not mine. No. Instead, I watch in fascination as the wound cauterizes, closing, and the bleeding coming to a stop. What I didn't realize was that Dorian passed out in the process.

Oops.

## Page 22

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### Chapter 22

#### Raven

“Good morning, sunshine. Glad you could finally join me again,” I call out in a sing song voice from across the table.

Dorian was passed out for the rest of last night and even I was able to get a few hours of shut eye. It was nice, although curling up on the couch next to a dead and cold Malachi was not very enjoyable. That part was weird and I really don't want to ever repeat that part again.

Shudders run through my body at the thought and I have to shake them off in order to finish my breakfast. I thought about making some for fuckwad but figured he probably doesn't want anymore of my cooking.

“Why are you doing this?” He whispers, looking pale.

“Well, I'll tell you like I told your, dear baby brother. You took something from me that night. Something that I will never get back. Ever,” I begin, tossing my now forgotten breakfast off the table. “The way you humiliated me in front of all those people? The way you let them use me, degrade me! Those are things no one deserves. Fucking no one!”

He shakes his head at my outburst.

“That's not enough of a reason. There has to be something else fueling this. So why?”

“So you’re telling me that everything you put me through and were going to put me through wasn’t enough? Fuck you.” I spit.

Standing from my chair, I grab my long forgotten candy cane from where I dropped it on the floor and kneel in front of Dorian again. I gather my hair and tie it up into a bun. I don’t want any part of what is going to happen, to end up in my hair. Not this time.

Leaning down, I spit onto Dorian’s soft pathetic dick and begin to pump it, working it to full mast quickly. He’s moaning softly and his breathing has sped up with the excitement coursing through his body. I pick up my pace and watch as his head lolls back in pleasure and take this as my chance for the big surprise.

Lining the candy cane up perfectly, I push and push until it’s thoroughly lodged inside of Dorian’s cock. The only part of it still on the outside of his body is the curved part and when I’m done fixating on what I’ve done, I notice the owner of said cock is screaming bloody murder.

“That probably hurts, doesn’t it. Between the stretching to the mint. God damn,” I flinch back with a shudder. “Too bad though. I don’t give a shit.”

I readjust my grip on his dick and firmly grasp the minty stick torture and slowly, pull it almost all the way out of him. Just the end of it remains inside his dick and while he is begging me to stop this madness, I feel like continuing. I plunge the candy back in again, watching the tiny hole stretch around it. I fuck his tiny little hole until his screams become silent wails of pain blood slowly trickles out.

“Well there’s my cue. Can’t go and ruin it yet, now can we. I have one more thing in mind before you expire today. It’ll be the best gift you could give me. A Christmas face-fucking. Doesn’t that sound fun?”

Dorian is looking at me, but I'm not sure he's really seeing me right now. I pull the candy cane free from him and slide it between his lips. The moment the peppermint hits his tongue, he comes slamming back into his body.

"Did you hear me?" I ask him now that his eyes are on me again. "Are you up for a killer Christmas face-fucking?"

He looks confused, and I get it. He's probably wondering why I would allow him to fuck my face after everything. But he's wrong. Oh so fucking wrong.

"You know I really planned to keep this little shindig going for as long as possible, but I really want to just get back to my life. Not the old one though. No, you snuffed that out the moment you decided to strap me to that spreader bar. I'm talking about my new life. The one where I'm the new owner of Midnight Secrets. But it won't be the same. Nope. It's going to be a club that only caters to women and their pleasure. It's going to be fucking magical."

I get lost in the images of women and their kinkiest fantasies coming to life. It's like heaven. One where only we get what we need. Where we use others until we are pleased. We are the life of this world. The ones that keep it going. We rule this shit, might as well start acting like it.

"You can't take the club from me. Even in my death it won't go to you," he spews from his little chair.

Fucker pissed himself at some point in the night and it's really starting to smell. Fucking nasty. I stomp over to the sink and fill up a small bucket that was sitting on the floor. Once it's full of ice cold water, I stagger my way to Dorian and throw it over him. He hisses as it hits him, washing any filth from his body, diluting the piss on the floor.

“Sorry but you fucking stank. This will help,” I begin, tossing the bucket to the side. “But back to the other topic. I’m a paralegal, dickface. I can make any document look legal enough to get what I need. And I need your club. Toying with you is just for fun. It’s not like it’s necessary.”

Dorian tries to scream something at me, but I’m not listening anymore. I have a Christmas party to attend tonight with coworkers and I will not miss that. I want to make friends here. To stay here.

“Well looks like, it’s time to get this shit over with. And I’m horny so you’re going to give me my Christmas morning face- fuck and then I’ll be on my way,” I sigh, searching around for my trusty filet knife.

When I find it, I make sure to grab one of the cast iron pans and an oven mitt and work my way over to the fire. I heat up the pan nice and hot until whatever was in it sizzles. I take all my tools and find Dorian still spewing obscenities.

“I think it’s time you shut the fuck up,” I yell back at him. “I’m getting tired of hearing your voice.”

I quickly grab the knife and slice away his dick from his body. It takes a moment for the pain to kick in and when I grab the pan and put the hot iron to the wound, Dorian finally starts screaming. The wound immediately cauterizes and I set the blood soaked pan on the table.

“Time for the face fucking!” I cheer, doing a little dance.

I grab the knife and manage to get Dorian’s severed dick over the handle, creating a sleeve for the knife.

Perfect.

I thought about this while falling asleep last night and somehow dreamt up the perfect little last goodbye for Dorian before I move on with my life. One where I get all the pleasure and he watches it as he dies slowly.

I kick Dorian in the chest, knocking him flat on his back in the chair. He lands with a loud grunt and his head smacks off the hardwood floor. I step over his body, straddling him. He's groaning in pain, whipping his head from side to side.

"Hold still, fuckface," I spit and he looks up at me, not on my eyes though, but my pussy.

The fact that he can't even look past my pussy, pisses me off more. Fucking pig. Bending down over him, I bring the blade of the knife to his lips. He can clamp them shut all he wants, I will carve my way in if I have to.

"Just open your fucking mouth, fucknut. There will be less pain if you do," I sigh, tapping his lips.

Hesitantly he opens his mouth wide, eyes boring into mine, fear shining bright within his own. I like his fear. It's palatable and hangs in the air around him. If I could bottle it up and take it home with me, I would. But for now, I'm just gonna have to remember this moment.

"Close your eyes, baby," I coo.

He takes one last look and then slams them shut as a sob wracks his whole body.

What a little bitch.

Without another thought, I bring the knife down as hard as I can. It pierces the back of his throat and goes straight through his neck, into the floor under him. His eyes fly

open and stares at it protruding from his face and screams when his eyes focus.

I love that all he sees is a dick in his mouth.

“Lighten up, buttercup. I’m about to fuck your face. See how you like it.”

I laugh then. Like laugh so hard I almost piss all over Dorian. It had been so fucking long since I was this happy over anything.

“Steady now. Don’t want you to miss the show.”

Slowly, I kneel above Dorian’s head and lower myself onto his severed dick wrapped around a knife handle. It’s definitely an odd feeling though. Like a condom that doesn’t quite fit right. Fucking thing keeps sliding up the handle. Reaching down, I grip the dick sleeve around the knife and start riding it.

Thankfully the piercing is still intact and it rubs along my g-spot just right. In and out. In and out. My pussy is weeping with joy around this cock. With my free hand, I peel away the sticky paste still attached to my nipple, and tug at the metal bar pierced through it. The slight pain from the nipple play and the knife dick sliding in and out of me, have me almost there.

So fucking close to drowning this piece of shit.

I look down at him then. He’s dying on me already. I was hoping he could wait a few more minutes. Picking up my speed, I watch as blood starts to pour from his mouth around his cock. Every time my ass hits Dorian’s chin, blood spatters against me, painting my thighs and pussy in a beautiful crimson hue.

“Yes, baby. Bleed for me,” I moan, tweeking my nipple harder and picking up speed.



I slam into his head again, and again. It's right fucking there, but so far away. Reaching behind me, I grasp the handle of the now cooled down cast iron pan and bring it down on Dorian's head. It sounds like a melon bursting when it cracks wide open from impact. Blood pours from the wound and his eyes roll into the back of his head.

I drop the pan and really work my cock knife. Faster and faster. Harder and harder. Until I come hard, screaming my ecstasy into the morning light. Liquid sprays from me, filling Dorian's mouth and spreading across his face, onto the floor. He gurgles around it, his eyes closed and breathing shallow. I ride out the rest of my release until Dorian's breathing has stopped all together.

"Glad we went out together, asshat," I mutter to his dead corpse.

Standing from his body on shaky legs, I make my way back to the old man fucknut's bedroom in search of something warm to wear. The hunting party has to be long gone by now so I just need to make it out of here and to the neighboring town. Once there, I will hitch a ride home and forget this ever happened.

Finding a large pair of sweats and a flannel overshirt, I throw them on along with a pair of thick socks. Old man's boots are too fucking big so I take Malachi's since they are a bit smaller. I also grab a hat, gloves, and coat from by the door before turning to look at the aftermath of what I've done.

Looking from body to body, I expected to feel some kind of remorse. Or guilt for what I've done. Snuffing out three lives is not something you just do normally. But I feel nothing. All I feel is a sense of happiness for finally getting the revenge I deserved. Dealing out the revenge that so many women deserved.

"Fuck you, asshats," I yell into the cabin.

Just before I step out into the cold morning, I quickly grab a fire poker and pull some logs from the fire. I kick them into different parts of the room and watch as things around them easily catch. Fire licks up the walls, devouring the old wood, smoke filling the air around me.

I really want to watch them burn too, but I can't be here when people realize the place is on fire, if they ever do. One last glance at all three Black men, I step out into the chilly air and shut the door behind me. I take a deep breath of cold December air, letting it fill my lungs and clear my mind.

Time to go home.

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:02 am*

### ONE YEAR LATER

“ Hello and welcome to Midnight Secrets. Where all of your wildest dreams can come true if you so please. Please, grab yourself a drink and take a look at the menu. I will be here all night to help if you so please,” I ramble out to another stunning woman who just walked through the front doors.

Tonight is the grand re-opening for Midnight Secrets. Now that it's under new management, with a whole set of new rules, I felt the need to do something extravagant. And extravagant I did.

Leaving that cabin a year ago was the eye-opener I needed. One that screamed for change. And I took hold of that and ran with it.

Once I healed from my excursions last Christmas, I went to work making this place mine. It took months for the paperwork I fudged to clear the courts and another three months for me to expose the Black's for what they are. Thankfully, I ran into Blondie and her friend down at the grocery store over the summer because they were more than happy to help me with that matter.

The Black's went down hard. Every single one of them is now sitting in prison. Except for three, of course. They are still blowing away in the wind of Sica Hollow, haunted by the souls of those they snuffed out. Rightfully so.

Looking around me, I see all the women here for a fun time. To have their deepest, darkest fantasy fulfilled by more than a ton of willing men and women. I've already kicked many men from my doors, telling them to kindly fuck off. It's a beautiful

energy here.

Love and laughter fill every corner. Well almost. The corners, where there is no laughter, are filled with moans. Moans of pleasure. Moans of pure, unbridled ecstasy.

Just the way I like it.

Making my way to the front stage, I sit at the large booth situated atop it. It will be my safe place while I keep an eye on the place. One where everyone can see me. Know that I'm here to keep them safe from any man who dares invade our space.

I lean back comfortably and await the drink and food I ordered before coming up here. My head lolls back against the back of the booth, and my eyes drift for a moment. I'm fucking exhausted. But now that we are ready to take on the world, I can relax.

I'm jolted upright when I hear a woman's voice close to my right. One of the customers came up to sit with me. She's an older businesswoman that I recognize from around town.

"How can I help you?" I ramble off with a customer service smile plastered across my face.

"I just wanted to thank you. Thank you for all of this. Watching you take down the Black's and reimagine this place has been amazing. The courage it took to do what you do allowed me to do the same. Too many times, a man has put me down. Kept me from coming to my full potential. But not anymore. Because of you, I am free, and I know many others are as well," she rushes out, a blush slowly creeping across her face. "Sorry if I bothered you," she finishes quickly.

"Oh my god, don't apologize to me! You have no idea what hearing that means to me. I'm so happy I was able to help you along in your journey to finding your true

self. And know, I am always around to help anyone who needs the extra push.”

She nods in agreement and says she will spread the word to those she thinks may need it.

Who knew my humiliation, oh so long ago, would lead to such empowerment? I sure in the fuck didn't.

I watch her walk away, back to her booth and menu choice for the evening. My food and drink finally arrive and I settle in for the night.

Who knew?

The End