



Run Baby Run (Hush #1)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Alex, a young woman, visits her friend, and after one too many drinks, they start discussing their deepest, darkest sexual fantasies. Alex's fantasies are darker than her friend anticipated, but they agree to help each other in making these fantasies a reality. What happens when your darkest and most dangerous fantasies come to life?

DISCLAIMER:

This short story contains little to no plot.

Our Little Dove is the longer version with plot.

Reading this short story is not required in order to read Our Little Dove.

Total Pages (Source): 8

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:10 am

My phone rings, snapping me out of the best and weirdest daydream I have ever experienced.

Blowing out a breath, I answer the call and hold the phone up to my ear, already anticipating the loud squeals from my best friend. The sound immediately comes through, the high-pitched voice I know so well ringing out from the tiny speaker.

“Girl, tonight we are getting drunk!” Molly sings in her signature bubbly tone.

Yeah, just as expected, I will need a fucking hearing aid before I turn thirty at this rate. Oh, I love her!

“Can’t wait! I’m packing my bag as we speak. Do you need me to bring anything?” I ask, grabbing some clothes and stuffing them in my overnight bag while mentally checking off the items on my list.

PJs, check. Underwear, check. Toothbrush, check... Ah! Remember to pack your charger this time. Oh, and aspirin!

“Nope, I got the booze, and I will order the pizza as soon as you get your ass to my place,” she hums. I hear clinking glass over the phone as she sets out everything for our night, giving me a nervous but excited feeling for tonight.

Girls’ night with my bestie has been long overdue. Wayyy too long!

Molly never jokes around regarding alcohol, and honestly, neither do I. We have been best friends since we met at Joel’s nightclub a year ago. It was his club’s launch and

truly an amazing night, although I don't remember half of it. I blame Joel and his half-price shots.

My cousin outdid himself with the selection of themed drinks and the décor that night. His club, Hell's Playground, has a dark, eerie vibe, but as soon as the dancefloor fills up, it becomes electric.

My cousin knows how to make people have an enjoyable time. Joel has an elusive, cocky personality, but he has always been the life of the party. It makes sense that he would open a club in the middle of one of the busiest cities.

His demeanor is always dripping with mystery, and the ladies love that.

Even Molly has had a crush on him since I introduced them at his opening.

I get why—although, to me, it's cringy to think about...

I guess Joel is a good-looking guy, but he is my cousin, and, in my eyes, he's like a troll with good hair.

I walk up to Molly's front door with my bag hung over my shoulder, and she yanks it open before I have a chance to knock.

"Took you long enough!" she hisses sarcastically as she pulls me inside with an unmistakably evil smile and slams the door shut behind us.

"Woah! I'm only like ten minutes late, M. The traffic is fucking terrible on the way to your place. Tell me again why you decided to move to an apartment in the middle of the city?" I laugh while tossing my bag onto the stool beside the tiny kitchen island.

She giggles and shakes her head, strands of amber hair falling from her messy bun as

she steps closer to hug me tightly.

How does her hair still look good in the messiest bun ever? She probably hasn't brushed it in days, yet it looks amazing. She's one of the lucky bitches who never experience bad hair days.

I watch her as she opens the fridge and grabs the ice-cold bottle of tequila while twirling a strand of my hair in my fingers.

Hair jealousy is real right now...

My hair is a chocolaty brown, and I recently bleached my face-framing layers to a white-blond shade. It suits me; it fits my adventurous personality. I wish my job would let me dye it a crazy bright color.

"Hey, Earth to Alex! Are you listening to me?" Molly yells from the living room as she places two shot glasses on the coffee table, already filled to the brim with tequila.

"Fuck, sorry... What were you saying? I was thinking about work stuff," I say, rubbing the back of my neck and flashing her a smile.

She rolls her eyes with an exaggerated sigh.

"Never mind. Here, drink and stop thinking about work." She holds out the tiny glass and waits as I approach the sofa.

I plop down next to her and take the glass from her.

"Yes, ma'am," I joke as I look into her serious eyes before lifting it and swallowing down the entirety.

A rush of warmth spreads through my body from the tequila.

We go through two more shots and then decide to move on to beers as we sink deeper into the couch.

Our laughter fills the apartment, and conversation flows like liquid from our lips.

We talk about our upcoming plans, gossip about people we know, and even laugh about some of our most embarrassing memories.

Hours tick by until it's well past midnight.

We both have work in the morning and continuously steal glances at the clock on the wall but refuse to give in and call it a night just yet.

Molly reaches for her phone and turns on some music—a mixture of rap and alternative rock streams from the wireless speakers beside her TV.

We both laugh as we start to sing along, probably sounding like nails on a chalkboard but too drunk to care.

We simultaneously jump to our feet and start dancing around her living room, spinning in circles and singing the lyrics with so much passion.

Shit... Molly's poor neighbors. I hope they don't call the cops on us.

Molly looks at me with a mischievous smirk and points toward the kitchen. "I want a cocktail! Grab the bottle of vodka from the fridge. I wanna make something fancy."

She sings as she twirls around the room, and I rush to the fridge. We laugh loudly as we mix our drinks on the coffee table like a science experiment, clinking glasses

when we finish our concoction.

Molly eyes me as we both take a sip. In unison, disgust morphs our features, and I almost barf as the thick alcoholic mixture slides down my throat when I am finally able to compose myself and swallow.

Fuck, this shit tastes vile! I'm never letting Molly mix her weird, disgusting cocktails for me ever again!

We laugh as we hurry to the kitchen in search of soda— or fucking bleach —to chase down the horrid taste.

After Molly finishes her cup of cola, we make fun of each other's 'gross' faces, then grab blankets off the couch and head out on Molly's balcony, looking up at all the stars that dot the night sky. We talk about our dreams, fears, and secrets; nothing is off-limits between us at this point.

I lay my blanket down and motion for Molly to sit on the balcony floor with me. The ice-cold bottle of vodka sits between Molly's thighs as she crosses her legs and turns to face me under the moonlight with her blanket draped over her shoulders.

"What's your most dangerous fantasy?" Molly blurts out, and the corners of her mouth tilt into a mischievous grin. I think for a second, raking my fingers through my hair, "Getting buried alive..."

Her eyes widen as her mouth pops open in surprise.

"Uhm... what?! You want to be buried alive?" she whisper-yells, slurring her words as she unscrews the bottle's cap and takes a large swig without breaking eye contact with me.

I huff out a breathy giggle. “You said dangerous fantasy,” I shrug, “I have always wondered what it would be like to get buried alive. What’s yours?”

She takes another sip and hands me the bottle.

“Damn, Lexi , I knew you were twisted, but that’s some dark shit,” she laughs before clearing her throat.

“I meant sexual fantasies... I don’t fantasize about my death, you weirdo!

” she jokes and nudges my knee as I gulp down two big sips from the bottle.

“Oh, shut up. You love my crazy ass!” I tease and poke out my tongue, revealing the silver stud that hugs it perfectly.

She has been jealous of my piercing since the day I got it.

She’d have one too, but she chickened out in the chair.

She’s fine with tattoos, so seeing her freak out when she saw the piercing needle was hilarious.

“Yes, I do!” she laughs and drinks from the bottle. “Tell me yours, and I’ll tell you mine,” she eggs me on, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Well, I actually had a pretty interesting daydream earlier today. You ruined it,” I tease and grab the bottle from her hand before she empties it by herself.

“What? How did I ruin your fantasy daydream? I didn’t do shit!” she scoffs.

“You called... I told you to text me when you got home,” I say as she rolls her eyes

and waits for me to tell her what she so rudely interrupted in my twisted imagination.

“I was daydreaming about being kidnapped. The thought of it made me feel alive, you know... The idea that someone would snatch me from my daily life and keep me as their captive...”

Molly’s mouth is agape as I shift in my seated position, the heat from my cheeks spreading to my core as I picture the vivid dream. As soon as my attention is back on her, she cocks her head with a look of confusion.

“What?!” she slurs as she places the now-empty vodka bottle on the floor beside me. My cheeks flush brighter with a fucked-up mix of arousal and shame.

“You know, kidnapped and taken. Bound and gagged—to be used for my captor’s pleasure and not have to ask for something new like I had to with my ex.

He was too safe. Too boring. I want someone to dominate me and take full control while also indulging in my curiosities and darker kinks,” I explain, shrugging my shoulders as I take a deep breath and wait for the judgment or worse: laughter .

“Seriously?” she asks in a confused but calm tone.

“Seriously,” I brush my hair behind my ear and move my tongue side to side in my mouth. The piercing makes a satisfying ticking sound against my teeth, easing some of the awkwardness I feel in my stomach.

“Why?” she asks in a whisper. I hesitate, so she continues. “I mean, you’re not the type of person who would want to be taken away like that. You’re...different.”

“Different?” I raise an eyebrow.

“Yeah. I mean, you’re the kind of person who is happy just chilling with her friends, eating pizza, and watching movies.

You’re the kind of person who’d have a steady, normal boyfriend, easy-going but strong-willed.

I can’t imagine you being held captive without putting up one hell of a fight to stop it from happening,” she says.

“So...I’m boring and stubborn?”

She laughs. “No. You’re not boring. Stubborn? Uhm, hell yeah. You just...don’t seem like the type to go looking for that kind of trouble,” she says, fidgeting with her hands as if she feels guilty for saying it.

I smile and take her hands, “You’re right. I don’t like not being in control. But I want trouble. I want to be taken away, completely out of control, and feel the excitement and danger that comes with it. I’m tired of normal ... Normal is fucking boring.”

She is quiet momentarily, then smiles and clears her throat. “Okay, my turn.”

Ugh, rude! She just brushed it off like I am fucking insane for having these fantasies. Maybe I am, but still... I can do crazy shit too! She’s not the only adventurous one.

“What is it?” I ask, pushing down the drunken annoyance at her sudden subject change from my fantasy to hers.

“I want Joel,” She confesses. Her cheeks immediately grow bright red as she waits for my reaction.

I chuckle, “Joel? Really? You still have a crush on that idiot?”

Molly rolls her eyes, “Shut up, Lexi. I know he’s not the best guy out there, and he can have any girl he wants, but something about him drives me wild.” I nod, understanding the feeling all too well. There have been a few men in my life who have made me feel that way.

“He is my cousin, so excuse my cringy expression. I’m afraid to ask, but what’s the fantasy?” I ask, hoping I don’t vomit at her confession.

Yeah, imagining my best friend fucking my cousin is not the image I want in my mind right now... Gross.

She bites her lip, “Okay, don’t judge! I want him to let me tie him up and let me have control. I want him to beg for it.”

I giggle, trying my best not to picture the vivid image that starts to form in my mind. “Hmm, kinky...okay. So, you want to fuck him once to get him out of your system, or do you want to date him?” I ask in a jokey tone.

She laughs and pushes me playfully, “Shut up; you’re just as kinky as I am. Either way... I would fuck him, but if we end up together, that’s a bonus!”

Damn, I was hoping she’d just want to get him out of her system. Although, this gives me an idea...

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Molly and I passed out on her couch, and I had forgotten about my idea after a few more rounds of shots last night.

Clearly, one too many.

Waking up with the worst hangovers, we make a beeline for the coffee machine. “Ugh! My head is fucking killing me!” Molly groans, wiping her hands over her face as we stand in the kitchen eagerly waiting for the machine to do its thing.

“Fuck, no kidding... I feel like shit. I’m never letting you mix cocktails again! Thank fuck for coffee and aspirin,” I laugh, groaning as I stretch my back.

That couch is comfortable, but the position I passed out in wasn’t.

Wait, didn’t I have an amazing idea last night? What the hell was it?

After our first steamy cups of coffee, my memory starts flooding back in.

We each take a quick shower and get dressed for work.

When we meet in the kitchen, ready to leave, I ask her if she knows where you could hire actors to kidnap you.

Since I don’t think I will find someone to do everything from my fantasy, I’ll settle for the kidnapping and then booty call my sexy coworker afterward...

That seems like a reasonable plan, right?

She tells me that she's read about places like that and that they were totally safe and provided a fun way to experience kidnapping without the real danger associated with it.

"Hmm," I mumble to myself, pouting.

I want to feel the danger of it all. That's kind of the point.

"Apparently, people do this all the time. Who knew? People usually hire these 'kidnappers' for events like bachelor parties," she says, shouldering her purse and unlocking the front door.

I am intrigued and ask her more questions as we walk to our cars. She agrees to look into it if I help her get a date with Joel, my cousin.

I still think it's gross for them to get together, but if I get my crazy experience out of it, hell, I'll even plan their wedding.

The next morning, we decide to go for it—Molly will set up the fake kidnapping, and I will do whatever it takes to get Joel to go out with her.

He is always going on about having adventures, so this seems like a perfect opportunity for him.

Molly is fun, outgoing, and even more adventurous than my pain-in-the-ass cousin.

The plan is in motion, and I feel excited as we start preparing.

Molly immediately dives into her research.

She's like a detective on a mission, and I can tell she's really into this.

I can't help but feel a little guilty about all the work she is putting into this, and all I have to do is convince Joel to go out with her.

Molly told me this morning that she has sent the company an email asking all sorts of questions about the kidnapping service.

We agreed on a realistic experience for me, but she insisted on nothing too dangerous or scary.

Damn... The company assured her that they could tailor the experience to our needs and would be in contact with her regarding their availability. Meanwhile, I'm working on Joel.

I decide to shoot him a text during a trip to the store because he never answers his phone during the day, and I am sure as hell not going to drive all the way into the city and try to get his attention at Hell's Playground.

That place is wayyy too loud and crowded, plus he always half-listens to anything coming out of my mouth while he's working. I need to get his full and undivided attention. Molly will drop her end of our little deal if I don't make this happen for her.

Almost thirty minutes pass without a response from Joel and I start getting annoyed since I can see he has read my text. Molly would have blown up my phone by now if he texted her so he is definitely ignoring me. Asshole.

I smile as I walk around the grocery store, picking up food for the week.

I feel like the best matchmaker, having successfully convinced him to take Molly out on a date tonight.

I know it will be a great night for her, but it sucks that it is raining.

It's been pouring down for days, but she wouldn't mind if they got takeout at Joel's place...

It might lead to the other part of her fantasy, and since he lives in an apartment above Hell's Playground, they'll surely get shit-faced too. That could lead to an interesting evening.

The gloomy weather might be in Molly's favor tonight. It still grosses me out but fuck it! If she's happy, I'm happy. Joel will be a lucky man if they do end up together.

I grab the items I need, but my mind is still excited for two of my favorite people. Since we started our plans, I have grown used to the idea of them together. Honestly, they would make a perfect couple.

I peruse the items on the shelves as I make my way to the checkout point. Grabbing a few extra things, I wonder about how it's going on Molly's side. She said she wouldn't tell me when the staged kidnapping would occur.

I guess that makes sense since I wanted it to feel as real as possible, but what if they get me on a day when I look like shit? What if they take me on laundry day, and I wear an oversized T-shirt with holes and my comfy bleach-stained sweatpants?

I suddenly feel the eyes of strangers watching me as I walk through the supermarket.

God, did I say that out loud?

Every footstep is deliberate, and every item is carefully placed into my cart. I have an unnerving sensation of being watched, but I don't catch anyone's gaze when I look

around. It makes me uneasy, but I shake off the feeling and finish shopping. I pay for my groceries and make my way to the exit.

Molly texts me as I wheel the cart to my car.

I giggle as I read the text, feeling the unease from inside the store slowly dissipate as I type my response with one hand and load the bags into the trunk of my car.

I load the rest of the grocery bags into the trunk of my car. I am eager to get home and escape the rain, but something feels wrong. I have a distinct feeling that I am still being watched. I hurriedly get into the car and start the engine, determined to get home as soon as possible.

On my way home, the dreadful knotting feeling in my stomach only seems to worsen.

What the fuck is going on? Is it just nerves? Do I feel this way because Molly fulfilled her side of the deal without telling me, and I'm up next?

Snapping out of my uneasy thoughts, I blink through the heavy rain.

No one else seems to be on the road. My foot slams on the brake as I approach the red light.

As if blocking out the sound of the water pelting the car harder and faster by the minute, an eerie stillness follows, and then something in the backseat stirs.

My eyes dart to the rearview mirror just in time to see an ominous silhouette lurking in the shadows of my backseat.

O h my god! There is someone in the backseat! What the fuck is happening? Is.... Is this...?

My body reacts of its own accord as fear takes over.

But before I can react or make a run for it, a large black van speeds up beside me, stealing my attention away from the figure behind me.

I can barely make out anything outside the car.

The windows are foggy as the rain pelts down on the vehicle, drowning out most of the sound from the outside.

The van screeches to a halt inches away from my passenger window. The driver, a large man in a black mask, reaches toward the window with something clasped in his hand, shattering it in an instant. All the air rushes out of me, and my heart sinks as icy fear grips me.

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I scream, not knowing what to do as I get showered in broken glass and rain.

Unexpectedly, the man behind me lunges forward, covering my nose and mouth with a rag.

I struggle in his unrelenting grip, digging my nails into his arms and attempting to claw my way out.

He is too strong and completely blocking my airways.

Fuck, I can't breathe!

My lungs burn as I try to inhale a breath. Fear takes over my body, and my eyes widen as I catch sight of my attacker in the rearview mirror. I see a stark white ski mask and golden-brown eyes staring back at me. He slightly lets up, and I can suck in some air, but the rag still covers my face.

Oh my God! What's that smell?

My vision starts to blur, and my erratic breathing becomes labored. As I begin to lose consciousness, I hear the masked man chuckle as he leans close to my ear. "Don't worry, baby. We're going to have so much fun together," he whispers, his hot breath sending shivers down my spine.

My foggy mind races as I try to figure out what is happening.

Is he going to hurt me? Wait, is this the fake kidnapping?! They broke my window?!

The last thing I remember before everything goes black is the feeling of his rough hand wiping the terrified tears from my cheeks.

I'm lying on a cold, concrete floor when I come to.

My head is pounding, and my throat feels raw from screaming.

I try to sit up, but my arms and legs are bound tightly with rope.

I struggle with my bonds until it cuts into my skin.

Fuck! Panic sets in as I realize I'm in a dimly lit basement, entirely at the mercy of this masked man and whatever twisted desires he may have.

This must have been Molly's plan. I did tell her I wanted it to feel as real as possible, but damn, if she followed through with my crazy demands, she succeeded. I am scared shitless. The man in the mask is a fucking great actor.

I hear footsteps approaching from the other side of the room.

The masked man emerges from the shadows.

"Hello, baby," he purrs, his voice dripping with something sinister.

"I hope you're feeling rested. You have a big day ahead of you.

" I try to scream, to plead with him, but all that comes out is a whimper.

He walks up to me, reaches down, and brushes a strand of hair from my face, gently tucking it behind my ear.

His movements are slow, and his touch soft, but something tells me nothing is gentle about him.

Is he trying to ease my nerves only to make it worse when I least expect it?

A heavy door opens and shuts somewhere in the dark basement, and the lights abruptly come on.

I squint as I try to adjust to the brightness.

As my vision clears, I see another masked man standing in the corner, staring at me.

He is wearing a black mask. He is taller than the one kneeling in front of me and muscular.

“Consider this your new cage, little dove,” the man in the black mask growls as he leans against the wall and crosses his arms over his chest. I try to speak, but not a single sound leaves my lips. “Get her some water, will ya,” the white mask orders, looking over his shoulder.

“Did Molly hire you and tell you to call me that?” I ask, my voice just above a shaky whisper.

They look at each other and then back at me.

“She sure did, dove. She had quite the list of... ideas, ” the black mask says and chuckles as he takes his leave.

Moments later, he reemerges from the doorway and steps closer with a tall glass of water.

I hesitantly take a sip from the glass as he holds it to my lips, still confused as to what ideas Molly gave them.

Maybe it's part of the act. They don't want to ruin the illusion. It's hot, in a scary way...

The hours tick by, and my ass starts to numb on this cold concrete floor. I think they left me alone in this dark fucking hole about two hours ago...maybe three, and the deafening silence is beginning to get to me. I have no idea how long I will be left alone or what they are planning... If anything.

If this is all there is to it, she should get her money back. This is boring as fuck!

My fear has vanished, and I am left with a sore ass, rope burn, and an ever-growing annoyance.

"Hey, assholes! This isn't fun anymore!" I yell into the empty basement. My voice echoes off the walls. I try to shift in my seated position against the icy brick wall, but nothing helps; I am as uncomfortable as ever, thanks to these motherfuckers and their obvious rope-binding skills.

Moments pass without any sound other than my heavy, annoyed breathing in the black hole they put me in, so I scream again. I cry until I hear heavy footsteps approaching the big door in the shadowy corner.

The door creaks open, and the white mask enters, followed closely by the black mask. They tower over me, and I feel small and vulnerable in their presence. The white mask kneels in front of me, and I meet his gaze, still unable to see his face beneath the mask.

"Are you ready for the next part of our game, little dove?" he asks, his voice low and

gravelly. I narrow my eyes at him, trying to gauge his intentions.

“What’s the next part?” I ask, my voice steady despite the fear that is lurking in the back of my mind... Again.

The two men share a knowing look before the white mask speaks again. “You’ll be our pretty little doll for the night, baby. Our plaything. Our prey,” he says, his hand reaching up to caress my cheek.

Their doll? Prey? What the fuck? I didn’t think the actors would touch me. What kind of service did Molly hire for my psychotic fantasy?

I instinctively flinch away from his touch, although the throbbing intensifies, and the black mask steps forward, grabbing my chin and forcing me to look at him.

“You don’t have a say in the matter, little dove.

You’re entirely at our mercy,” he snarls, his grip tightening on my chin.

I try to pull away from him and free my arms, but the rope is too tight around my wrists.

The intense look in his eyes, his words, his harsh touch, and the bite from the rope are driving me wild!

Am I scared, or am I horny? Both? Is that even possible?

My brain is screaming at me to fight back and escape, but my pussy has other ideas...

She wants and enjoys every second of this unpredictable scenario.

“Hmm, if we are going to play, you probably want to know a little more about us, huh, baby?” the white mask coos. “You can call me Fintan. That’s Kieran,” he gestures to the black mask, who still has his firm hand on my face. “And you’ll be our little dove . Sound good?”

I suck in a hesitant breath and nod. “Cool. Now be a good girl and shut the fuck up until we come back for our game tonight.”

They’re Irish. Hmm, Molly did her homework. I can’t believe she remembered I have a thing for Irish men and their undeniably sexy accents. It’s not a thick accent but I do hear it. I told her that months ago, at her birthday party... She clearly wasn’t as drunk as she seemed that night.

Their names mean black and white... Well, sort of. I think Fintan means “white flame,” and Kieran means “dark one.” These surely can’t be their real names. Fuck, what are they planning?

‘Fintan’ stands up, brushing off his knees before turning to leave the room.

‘Kieran’ follows closely behind him, but not before giving me one last menacing look.

I am left alone in the dim basement again, wondering what will happen next.

The fear comes back in full force, and I can feel my heart pounding in my chest.

What has my best friend gotten me into? Did she know they’d touch me when she hired them? Where the fuck did she find this service?!

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I 'm not sure how much time passes before the door creaks open again, and Fintan appears in the doorway.

“You ready to play?” he growls in a low tone.

He approaches me and undoes the ropes binding my arms and legs.

I try to stand up, but my limbs are stiff and sore from being tied up on the cold floor for so long.

Kieran steps through the open door and leans against the wall, waiting for my reaction.

“Let me explain how our game will work,” Fintan purrs as he gathers the rope and starts rolling it up with precision.

“We will let you go—if you’re good, we’ll even give you a head start.

You’ll run and see if you can escape; a key to the main door is hidden somewhere on the first floor.

But if we catch you, you will submit. Willing or not. ”

My eyes widen as I stare at the two masked men who seem so fucking calm and unphased while I am about to have a full-on panic attack. “Cat got your tongue, little dove?” Fintan chuckles. I flash him a terrified stare and stumble as I get to my feet.

Fuck, how am I supposed to run when I can barely stand?

Fintan and Kieran circle me like two hungry predators, their eyes gleaming excitedly. “Don’t worry. We’ll go slow...at first,” Kieran growls. “But if you make it too easy for us, we’ll have to make it more interesting, won’t we?” he adds, his voice laced with malice.

I swallow hard, trying to muster up some courage.

Their eyes are on me, assessing every move I make.

“Where is the key?” I ask while shyly batting my lashes, my voice coming out as a mere whisper in an attempt to gain some pity in this fucking terrifying situation.

Fintan laughs, tossing the rolled-up rope aside.

“Nice try, little dove. You’ll have to play the fucking game and find it yourself.

” He steps closer to me, his hand reaching out to stroke my cheek.

I flinch at his touch, but he only chuckles.

“We’re not going to let you win our fun little game.

The clock is ticking, doll. You better start running,” he says, grabbing my shoulders and pushing me towards the basement door.

“Run, baby. Run!” Kieran growls as I stumble past him toward the dark hallway. I take a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves and focus on the task at hand.

I must find that key.

As I run down the hallway, I try every door, drawer, nook, and cranny I can find. Nothing. The key is nowhere to be seen.

This place is fucking huge!

Panic starts to seep in as if icing my bones from the inside, and I can feel my heart racing in my chest.

What if I don't find it? What if I find it, but they catch me before I get to the door?

I turn a corner and see a glimmer of metal caught in the crack between the wall and a door. I rush over, heart pounding rapidly, and pry the key out with shaking fingers. I hear footsteps closing in on me as I turn to run to the main entrance.

This doesn't feel like a game anymore. There is no longer a doubt in my mind that I am in real danger.

"Gotcha," Kieran says, probably smirking beneath his mask as he grabs my wrist in a tight grip. I yelp as he squeezes my arm, his knuckles turning white as he yanks me down to my knees. Fintan arrives at my other side, a dark and disappointed look in his eyes.

I hold up the key with my free hand, hoping it might buy me some mercy. But they only laugh.

"Oh, sweet, na?ve little dove," Kieran tsks.

"You didn't make it outside, even with the head start we so kindly gave you... You made it too easy for us," Fintan adds, winking before he grabs the key and dangles it before me mockingly. "Now, we're going to have some fun."

Before I can react, he grabs me and throws me over his shoulder. “No! Please, please, put me down! Let me go! Fuck, I-I promise I won’t tell anyone if you let me leave!” I scream and struggle as he carries me out of the dim hallway and up a flight of stairs.

“I think not, baby. You lost the game. Now the real fun can begin. Why don’t you be a good girl and shut the fuck up, or I will give you a new meaning to sore loser !

Your pitiful screams and cries for help won’t stop us; we’ll just be more determined to break you,” he growls, his heated voice ghosting over my thigh as it brushes against his mask.

We end up in a room resembling a psychopath’s red room. A large bed dominates the center of the room, and various toys, weapons, and restraints litter the walls and furniture.

Oh my god.

“Now, little dove,” Fintan says, “Let’s see if you can handle what we have in store for you.” He puts me down and steps closer.

I stumble back, colliding with Kieran’s chest. His arms wrap around my waist, holding me in place. “Nowhere to run now, baby,” he whispers into my ear, his warm breath sending shivers down my spine.

I try to pull away, but his grip tightens, and I feel his hardness pressing against my ass. Fintan moves to stand before me, forcing my attention back on him as his fingers trail down my cheek.

“You’re fucking beautiful when you’re scared,” he murmurs, his voice laced with desire. “I can’t wait to see what you look like when you’re begging and screaming for mercy.” I swallow hard, my mind racing with fear and arousal.

What the fuck is wrong with me?!

Kieran's mask-covered lips brush against my neck, and I feel his smirk.

"We'll make you submit," he says, his hands roaming over my body.

"Just remember, you're playing by our rules now, and you will do as you're told.

" I bite my trembling lip, unsure what will happen and knowing I have no choices in this sick game.

"We fucking love the hunt, and you got caught so easily... Perhaps another chance for the scared little dove?" With a frantic nod, I signal my agreement, and Fintan steps back, gesturing for me to run for it.

I take off like a bat out of hell, my heart pounding harder than ever. I hear their heavy footfalls behind me, but I don't look back. I can't.

I keep running, searching for any sign of escape.

Fintan took the fucking key I found...

Turning a corner, I spot a black door with a key in the lock. I bolt towards it, my fingers closing around the key just as I hear them closing in again.

I fumble with the key, my hands shaking from fear and adrenaline.

Oh shit. No, no, no! The fucking key is stuck! Fuuuck! I need to get away before they catch me! God, my fight or flight instincts are feeling crossed... Do I want to escape, or am I hoping they catch me, just to see what'll happen? What will they do to me? What the fuck is wrong with me?!

I can sense them on my heels, their footsteps echoing off the walls.

I give up on unlocking the black door and sprint down the hallway as they continue to give chase—their laughter filling the air.

They love this game of cat and mouse, and I can't help but feel a little thrill as they close in on me.

My heart is threatening to burst from my chest as I try to outrun them, but it isn't long before Fintan appears around the dark corner before me and catches me off guard.

He grabs me by the waist and pulls me into his arms. He chuckles darkly as he looks down at me, his grip tightening around me like a vice.

“That was much better. You almost got away,” he says darkly. “Too bad we still caught you.”

Kieran appears, trapping me between them both. I can feel their desire pressing against my skin as they stare at me with hungry eyes.

They won't take no for an answer this time. They have no mercy to offer...

Fintan walks me back to the room and drops me to my feet once we are inside.

They both stare at me with a mix of lust and hunger. I can't help but feel panicked and aroused by their stares, but I know I'm in over my head.

Kieran moves in closer, his hot breath grazing my neck through the mask. His hands trail down my body as Fintan shuts the door behind us. The loud click of the lock echoes in the space, sending my senses into overdrive.

I am trapped between them again, and my mind reels at the conflicting emotions rushing through me. I should be protesting, though I can't help but succumb to their touch.

This is what I fantasized about but also not...

Kieran's eyes search mine for a sign of resistance, but I can only offer him a blank stare as I try to sort through my thoughts.

I must look like a deer in headlights.

With a satisfied glimmer in his eyes, he takes my hand and leads me further into the room.

I know that it is too late to turn back now.

It's too late to run.

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Kieran pins me to the bed with such force it makes my heart race and my breath hitch.

He holds my arms above my head as I try to wiggle out of his hold—Fintan steps closer with the rope from the basement as I am held in place.

My wrists and ankles are bound to the bedposts expertly, and I am helpless.

They can do anything, and I have no power to stop them.

Tears spill from my eyes as Fintan grabs my throat. The shock causes me to close my eyes and open my mouth—letting out a pitiful scream. He swiftly shoves something between my lips, and I bite down on the rubber.

The ball gag in my mouth stifles any chance of me pleading for mercy, and he chuckles darkly as he steps away from me with a smug expression.

“Let’s see how much you can take, little dove,” Kieran sneers with malicious intent dripping from every word.

His hands roam over my body like a caress of malice, sending shivers through me that are equal parts fear and fucked-up excitement.

Fintan leans close to whisper, “You will remember this night forever, little dove. If you obey.”

Suddenly, the lights go out and plunge us into darkness so thick I can barely make out

their shadowy figures.

A sliver of moonlight filters through the window on the far side of the room, casting sinister shadows across the room as Kieran purrs tantalizingly close by, “Aww... You’re not scared of the dark, are you baby? ”

Then Fintan’s voice joins his friend’s in the dark abyss, he appears to pull off his white mask and leans in to whisper something sinister against my ear: “Can’t let you see our faces, can we.”

I turn my head to one side and scream into the gag, though I know my screams will be muffled and utterly useless.

I kick my legs against the restraints and struggle against the bonds that hold me in place, but Kieran laughs darkly as he stands between my legs.

His voice is deeper than Fintan’s. A hand moves down over my body, feeling every curve, every ridge, every hidden place as he whispers erotic words that echo around us.

I hear something metallic clink near the wall beside me—the wall that is decorated with weapons and a plethora of fear-inducing sex toys. Fuck!

“So pretty, so delicate. Fintan will have you screaming, little dove, and I’ll be right here to help him break you.

Fuck you until you’re begging us to stop,” he growls in my ear, and a thrill runs down my spine at his words.

The heat of his breath against my neck makes me shiver with anticipation, aching for more.

I barely have time to contemplate a reply when something sharp cuts into my thigh, making me cry out a startled yelp from behind the gag.

I turn my head towards the sound of Fintan's throaty chuckle, and I feel a hand on my throat, squeezing tighter as Kieran leans closer.

"Keep your eyes on mine, little dove," Kieran orders in a menacing tone.

"I want to see you squirm—to see you writhe—to watch your eyes dim as you accept your fate."

I look at him in the dim moonlight filtering in from the window—my eyes finally adjusting to the darkness. My heart flutters in my chest as his eyes rake over my skin, his free hand expertly stroking my body with a rough touch that leaves goosebumps in its wake.

I tremble beneath his touch with longing, aching for more.

His hands explore the curves of my figure with a roughness that elicits a breathy moan to slip from my throat as my eyes close, and I bite down on the gag.

He chuckles darkly as he watches my reactions, moving his hand between my legs to stroke my soaking wet pussy.

I gasp in surprise at the sudden contact and squirm under his touch.

My nipples harden beneath the fabric of my dress, showing clearly through the thin material.

"Pretty little dove... So naughty, not wearing a bra under this thin, skimpy little dress," Kieran whispers against my chest before moving his mouth over my barely

covered breasts.

He teases my nipple through the material, then grabs the fabric between his teeth and pulls.

I gasp as he rips and tears the fabric away from my body, baring my chest to the room's cool air.

I whine into the gag and squirm, looking around the room for some source of light.

Kieran chuckles darkly as he moves his mouth over my soft skin, kissing my neck and chest, licking and teasing me with his sinful tongue.

Faintly, I hear Fintan moving, but it's too dark for me to see where he is. Kieran teases my sensitive nipples with his fingers, teeth, and tongue.

Goosebumps rise on my skin as Fintan's hands grip my thighs, prying them apart. I whimper as he leans down and moves his mouth from my thigh, licking upward slowly, leaving a wet trail down my skin that makes me shiver in anticipation.

I almost forgot about the cut until his tongue met the burning gash on my thigh. He licks the length of it and groans against my skin. "The thought of your blood all over me makes me so fucking hard."

His hands roam freely, sliding up the inside of my thighs along with his tongue.

The sensation of feeling both men teasing me as I lay helpless sends a shudder of pleasure through me.

Fintan murmurs darkly against my skin, and my eyes widen as his fingers slide between my legs, "Fuck, you're so wet."

Such a good, wet plaything. When I untie you, spread your legs and get those knees up so I can taste that sinful little cunt. ”

He unties my ankles before he kisses his way up my legs, his hands gripping my thighs and forcing my legs further apart.

I whimper as I feel his warm breath against my pussy, and I tremble with a sudden need, realizing that he is not wearing his mask.

“You’re so fucking lucky, little dove,” he growls against my pussy, nipping my clit with his teeth and sending a ripple of fearful pleasure through me.

“So, fucking lucky we like you, even after you fucked up our fun little game of chase.” His tongue teases my clit, sliding up and down, and I buck my hips in response, sucking in a deep breath. “I’m going to make you scream, little dove.”

My head spins as he works his magic on my clit, my skin tingling as he moves his skilled tongue against my sensitive skin.

I shiver and whine when I feel him lift his head and trail the flat of a blade over my pussy.

His tongue works wonders, playing with me, teasing me again, and sending sparks of terror through me as he plunges something cold and hard inside me.

Instinctively, I try to snap my legs closed—clearly a mistake.

He growls, forcing my legs apart with his free hand.

His fingernails dig into my inner thigh as he holds me down and nips at my clit—sending a conflicted jolt of pleasure to my core that makes me cry out into the

gag.

“Don’t fucking move, or I will turn this blade around and gut you from the inside, doll.

” I squirm against the bed, but the restraints around my wrists still hold me fast.

Oh, my fucking god! Is he fucking me with a knife? Is he holding onto the blade?! Are they going to kill me?

Tears leak from my eyes as I moan against the bright red rubber ball in my mouth and squirm as he flicks his tongue faster against my clit.

I shouldn’t enjoy this. I don’t want to enjoy this!

“That’s it, baby. Does my tongue make you feel good while I fuck you with my knife?” Fintan murmurs as he nips and sucks on my clit. I whimper in response, reluctantly nodding my head as I feel the warm blood from his hand start to coat my inner thighs along with my arousal.

This should not feel as good as it does... Doesn’t his hand hurt?!

“That’s it, little dove. Get nice and hot for us.” Kieran’s voice rumbles through the darkness, sending chills up my spine. “I want to watch her come,” he growls, his voice low and ravenous. He can barely see my face, but I shiver at the idea of him watching me come.

My eyes widen as Fintan withdraws the handle and replaces it with his tongue again, tasting me, savoring me as if he’ll die tomorrow and I am his last meal.

I feel the mattress depress as Kieran climbs back onto the bed beside me, moving his

hands over my body as he kisses my neck. His hands are on my breasts again, teasing my nipples and sending electric shivers through me.

I didn't even notice he moved earlier... He was teasing my nipples before Fintan distracted me.

He kisses my neck and whispers, "I want him to make you come, little dove. Come on his tongue. I want him to taste every drop you have to offer." He glides his hand to my throat, clasping his large hand around it tightly as he moves his mouth closer to my ear.

His breath is hot against my skin, and he whispers in a dark, sexy tone, "Come for us, little dove. I love watching your body betray you, baby."

Fintan flicks my clit faster, his tongue moving expertly as he glides the knife's thick handle back inside me, and I cry out as pleasure ripples through my body.

My back arches and I let my head fall against the bed, my eyes rolling back as I come. I scream into the gag as Fintan pulls out the handle again and continues to work his tongue against my pussy, licking up my juices and savoring my taste, drawing out my orgasm.

Kieran bites the soft lobe of my ear and whispers again, "You know, lying is rude, doll. Your sexy little sobs and whimpers might scream 'no,' but baby, your body speaks volumes about what you truly crave. You are just as hungry and depraved as we are."

I whimper against the gag in response and nod my head slightly. Kieran chuckles in the shadows. "Good girl. Let's get you out of that gag, shall we?" He reaches behind my head to undo the gag. He steps back, leaving the ball in my mouth, watching me with heat blazing in his eyes.

I gasp as Fintan shoots up from between my thighs and orders Kieran to kneel before him.

I can only make out shapes in the darkness as I try to catch a glimpse of their faces.

For a second, a bright flash of lightning illuminates the room as he drops to his knees and looks up at him, popping his mouth open as if he knows exactly what Fintan wants.

Fintan bends at the waist and leans toward Kieran's face, spitting in his mouth.

I have never seen this kind of depravity before. Why was that so fucking hot?

Kieran groans as he swallows. "She tastes like delicious sin, doesn't she?"

"Fintan coos. Kieran gets up and moves toward me, yanks the gag from my mouth, kissing my lips feverishly and letting his tongue slide into my mouth.

I can taste my orgasm on his tongue. He moves it against mine, making me moan against his lips.

"Are you going to kill me?" I whisper when he moves his mouth from mine. The only response they offer? Breathy chuckles in the shadows.

Kieran's hands roam down my body, reaching between my legs, and he flicks his fingers against my dripping wet pussy. His lips are on mine again in an instant as he slides his fingers inside me, and I moan against him as he works them in and out, stroking my G-spot and sending shivers through me.

"Hmm, Fin, I can feel your blood all over her," he breathes.

I buck against his hand, whimpering as my muscles tighten around the digits. I hear him growl. “Getting close again, little dove?” I moan as Fintan grabs my jaw and forces my attention from Kieran. I nod slightly.

“Yes,” I whimper breathlessly, afraid to say anything that might upset them.

Kieran chuckles. “Look how pathetically wet and scared you are for us,” he growls, pulling out his fingers and holding them out inches from my face before wiping the digits over my lips. “Taste how much you want this, dove. Fucking deliciously terrified.”

I blow out a shaky breath and whimper as Fintan’s fingers slide against my clit. Kieran moves up on the mattress and licks the wetness from my lips before kissing me wildly like he wants to remove the feeling of any other man’s lips on mine.

I feel warm and flushed, like I’m glowing from the inside out.

They feel like a dangerous drug, and I am already hooked on the high.

Fintan pulls his fingers out of my pussy, and I whimper at the loss of his touch.

He starts wiping the still-warm blood from my thighs, coating his hands in the thick crimson.

Kieran stops devouring my mouth and kneels next to me. “W-what are you doing?” I ask shakily, wondering how the cuts on Fintan’s hand don’t seem to faze him one bit.

“Don’t you worry about a thing, little dove. I’m just preparing for later...” his deep voice trails off as Kieran’s lips find mine again.

Unexpectedly, he wipes the blood over my ass, slides a finger inside, and I gasp into

Kieran's mouth.

Fintan slides a second bloody finger into my ass as Kieran leans over and joins in, pushing two of his inside my pussy. My body starts to convulse as they stretch me with their long digits. Pleasure courses through me again, and I scream, feeling my muscles clench around their fingers.

I cry out, my body shivering against them. I breathe out a low, almost primal moan as I come. I hear Fintan chuckle as my eyes roll back from the intensity of my latest orgasm. "I think she liked that. Such a needy little slut for us."

I whimper as they pull their fingers out of me simultaneously. Kieran slides off the bed, and suddenly, the room is illuminated by a dim, warm glow.

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I blink against the light to see Kieran kneeling beside the bed, the small nightlight casting a soft glow over the room, evaporating the shadows that danced around us moments ago.

His mask covers his face again as he unzips his hoodie slowly, the zipper catching on every single tooth.

The sound echoes around us, and with every metallic tick , my heart thumps faster.

Disappointed that I cannot see his features, I scan the room, hoping to catch a glimpse of Fintan's face.

Fuck, his face is also covered already...

Kieran catches my attention again when he drops his hoodie to the floor with a soft thud. The dim light highlights the intricate tattoos that decorate his body, wrapping their way around his arms and up his neck.

I have never seen anything quite like it before. The intricate lines of black ink snake up his skin like a secret message written in a language only he can comprehend. My chest rises and falls heavily as I look up at him, and I watch his eyes as they trail over my body.

His gaze settles on my pussy—a hungry expression blazes in his dark emerald pools. How have I not noticed those mesmerizing eyes until now? Like a swirling chiaroscuro of green, they look like hypnotic portals with promises of pain and pleasure.

He pulls down his jeans before moving onto the bed and spreads my legs wide as he positions himself between my legs, rubbing his large cock against my entrance, up and down at a teasingly slow pace.

I gasp and thrash in the bonds that still hold my wrists as I look down at my body and see the blood they have painted over me in the darkness. My heart threatens to burst out of me as he hooks his forearms under my knees, lifting my lower half as he slides into me slowly, inch by inch, filling me.

“Fuuuck... That’s it, dove, you take it so fucking well,” he drawls. I moan loudly, gasping as we connect completely.

He starts to thrust in and out of me, sending waves of pleasure coursing through me each time he moves inside. I give in to the sensation.

It’s not like I have much choice in the matter...

I can just enjoy myself because it feels fucking incredible.

They were right; I am just as depraved as they are, and despite my outward reluctance and refusal to accept this situation, I want this.

Maybe they will let me go unharmed if I lose myself and satisfy them...

I wrap my legs around him tightly and cry out as he thrusts harder and faster.

Sparks dance behind my eyes as unbelievable pleasure builds inside me, each stroke sending more ecstasy through my body than before. My inner walls tighten around him as an orgasm rocks through me, and Kieran growls against my skin as I squeeze him like a vice.

“Get on your hands and knees, dove. Open that pretty little mouth,” Fintan growls beside the bed as he unties my wrists.

Fucking finally!

I have no time to rub over my sore, burning wrists where the rope dug into my flesh. Kieran flips me around before and buries his hard cock inside me from behind as I face Fintan.

Obeying his earlier demand, I open my mouth and bat my lashes as I look up into the golden eyes beneath the white mask, and a throaty moan slips free as Kieran thrusts.

Fintan slides his large cock inside my mouth, pushing deep until I feel him hit the back of my throat.

My eyes widen in surprise when I feel a row of piercings move against mine.

Holy shit! A Jacob’s Ladder?! Did I die and go to Heaven? I’ve never seen, let alone felt this before... I thought this only happened in books or porn, yet here I am...

He holds my head firmly in place, weaving his fingers through my hair as I choke on his size. “Ah fuck, baby, your piercing feels fucking amazing against mine! You are not as innocent as you look, little dove.”

Their thrusts are powerful, simultaneous, and fast. Fintan is driving into my warm mouth with a force that takes my breath away. My lungs ache for air, but he is ruthless—relentless. Saliva drips from my mouth as he continues taking what he wants.

They slam into me repeatedly, pushing deeper and deeper with each thrust until I’m filled to the brim with pleasure.

“Hmm, fuck, our little dove likes having her holes filled. This one is still empty, can’t have that now, can we?”

” Kieran groans behind me. My eyes widen as I feel his saliva drip onto my ass, and he mixes it with Fintan’s blood that still coats me.

I moan and squirm, but it’s no use; they are holding me hostage with their cocks. I can’t speak or protest in any way. I look up into Fintan’s dark gaze with pleading eyes, but his devilish wink tells me all I need to know.

Kieran spreads the crimson mixture over my backside and allows me no time to process his movements as he pushes his thumb inside my tight ass, pumping the digit in and out while they continue their relentless thrusts.

“Such a good fucking girl. Look at you—taking us so well while we fill all your tight little holes,” Fintan growls and moans as he reaches down, clasping his hand around my throat while his other hand covers my nose—cutting off my airways as he fucks my mouth.

Thrashing in his unrelenting hold, tears stream down my cheeks as I tip my head upward, my eyes lock on his, and his movements become staggered as he shares a heated look with Kieran.

“I need to taste you,” he growls as he releases his hold over my nose, allowing me to suck in tiny breaths of air.

He leans toward his tattooed counterpart, and they share a feverish kiss while their thrusts become more animalistic.

Their deep, primal groans only intensify the high that’s taken over my senses.

With one final hard thrust, Fintan loses himself in the pleasure, coating my tongue with his hot cum. His guttural moan drives me wild, along with the taste of him as I swallow every drop.

He pulls out of my mouth and finally allows me to inhale the deep breath I have been desperately craving. Kieran picks up his pace and shoves my head down against the mattress with his free hand.

“Ah fuck! Yes, yes!” I moan as Kieran fills me with spurts of cum while he still pumps his thumb in and out of my ass.

The sensations overwhelm me, and another orgasm tears through me, sending waves of pleasure washing over my body, wreaking havoc on my senses until finally they subside.

My muscles relax around Kieran’s still pulsing cock.

Fintan strokes the top of my head, tangling his bloody fingers in my hair, while Kieran pulls out from between my legs.

I am spent. The mind-blowing orgasms have my heart rate spiking as their heated gazes burn every inch of my milky skin. I close my eyes and slump into the mattress, coming down from the incredible high.

“My turn to feel that pretty little cunt spasm around my cock,” Fintan growls.

My eyes shoot open at his words, and before I can catch my next breath, Fintan drops onto his back next to me and pulls me on top of him until I am straddling his hips—his large cock pressed against my entrance.

“Hmm, look at you, coat me with my blood, little dove. I do love a girl in red. I want

to see you bleed for me,” he grits through clenched teeth as he reaches his wounded hand up and hisses while he smears fresh blood over my breasts.

A moan leaves my lips as he moves his other hand between my legs and dips two fingers inside me. “Open up, little dove. You haven’t tasted Kieran yet,” he says gruffly as he pulls his cum-covered fingers from my dripping pussy and glides them into my mouth.

My eyes roll back as soon as the salty and musky taste of both our releases hits my tongue, and I moan as I suck the digits clean. “Good girl,” Kieran whispers next to my ear, his breath spreading fire across my skin.

I open my mouth slightly, allowing another moan to escape as he trails kisses along the back of my neck while Fintan positions his cock and pushes me down onto him.

Ah fuck, the piercings feel so fucking good!

He fills me, pushing in deeper with each thrust from below. His hips move expertly, and the metal bars decorating the underside of his thick shaft send overwhelming waves of pleasure throughout my body.

He trails his large hands over my body, painting every inch of me before he squeezes my breasts and fucks me harder. I gasp and moan louder, my breathing becoming more erratic with every passing second.

I jolt and gasp loudly as the bulb from the nightlight pops, covering the room in a blanket of darkness yet again.

Fintan grunts as my inner walls contract from the jump scare.

He moves his hands up to cup my face and pulls his mask up to reveal his sharp

jawline and full lips.

He crashes his lips to mine, coaxing me into a passionate kiss as he continues to thrust hard inside me.

His pace quickens, and soon, I feel another orgasm building deep within me.

God, I don't know how much more I can take. How are they still hard?!

Kieran kneels on the mattress behind me and grabs a handful of my hair, keeping me hostage in the feverish kiss with Fintan. He rubs his cock against me, causing my eyes to fly open as he slowly pushes his large cock into my ass.

"Fuuuck, baby. Feeling your tight little ass stretch for me... Hmm, it's intoxicating. You feel fucking amazing when you squirm and spasm around us," he growls through clenched teeth as he thrusts, burying his cock deep inside me.

Fuck! Oh my god. The feeling of both their large cocks stretching me is so intense. Amazing. Depraved. Painful, but in the best way.

I moan against Fintan's lips as the orgasm hits me like a tidal wave of pleasure; it seems like it will never end as it crashes over me repeatedly before slowly fading away. Our heavy breaths and pants echo in the dim room, a symphony of unfiltered, depraved pleasure and lust.

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I whimper; my body is still reeling from the most intense orgasms of my life, and this one hits me faster than I can prepare for it. Every cell in my body is aching. Still, another climax builds.

This is almost too much to handle...

“Such a good little slut. You love two cocks fucking you at the same time, don’t you, dove?” Kieran purrs, his voice deep and husky with pleasure. His words send a thrill through my body, and my pussy tightens around him in response.

“Yes, yes, yes!” I moan, arching my back as they pound into me harder and faster.

“Hmm... She likes both our cocks stretching her at the same time. Can you feel your pussy tightening around my cock, dove? You like being fucked this way. Don’t worry; you have two masters now, and we’ll be sure to show you how good being taken by two men can be.”

Fintan’s strong hands reach around my throat, groaning as he slides his cock in and out of my eager pussy while Kieran fucks and spansks my ass.

Oh fuck, this feels so good—too good!

Although unsure how much more I can take, I push back against Kieran, encouraging him to fuck me harder. The pleasure is overwhelming and intense, and I can feel the electric sensations of my impending orgasm set every nerve ending ablaze as my body begins to tense up yet again.

“Fuuuck. She’s so tight, I can feel your piercings move inside her,” Kieran groans while ramming his cock deep inside my ass.

I feel my pussy clench around Fintan’s pierced cock as he winks at his dark counterpart behind me. “She’s a good little slut. Look at how many orgasms she’s had already. The sheets are soaked.”

“You’re going to come for us again, aren’t you, dove?” Kieran asks as he pulls out of me completely and thrusts back into me hard, causing the most delicious and euphoric pain.

“Yes! Hmm, fuck. Fuck!” I moan as another orgasm builds.

“Aww, do you want to come?” Fintan asks in a devilish, mocking tone.

Why would he ask me that? Oh God, please don’t stop!

“Yes!” I cry out, moaning loudly as they draw out another orgasm.

“Beg,” Fintan growls as he clasps his hand over my jaw, tilting my head down and forcing my eyes on his.

“Yes! I want to come! Please, please, please,” I whimper, squirming as their thrusts slow to an agonizing pace. My body is on fire, and I can feel another orgasm about to slam into me at any moment.

“Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Fuck...” I drawl, squeezing my eyes shut as I start to lose myself in utter bliss.

“Hmm, I don’t think she means it... Beg your new masters to let you come,” Fintan teases. His cock is still inside my pussy, but he doesn’t move. Kieran thrusts his cock

deep into my ass before following Fintan's lead and ceasing all movement.

"Please, let me come! Please!" I cry out, devastated, as the pressure of my impending orgasm starts to fade.

"Oh, baby, you've never been edged before, have you?" Fintan taunts. Whimpering, I am desperate for the euphoria that I know will wash over my body once they let me come.

"Please," I beg, my voice just above a breathy whisper.

"Please what, dove? Be a good little slut and use your words," Kieran says, his voice dripping with lust as he pulls out of my ass. Fintan lifts me up, leaving his cock right at my entrance, poised and ready to thrust back inside if I give him what he wants.

"Please, masters . Please let me come!" I stutter, feeling my entire body blush under their heated stares.

"Good girl. Come for us, dove." Fintan finally gives me permission to let go as he pulls me back onto him. They fuck me harder and faster than before, and my body shudders in their rough hold.

I scream out as my body shakes with another orgasm.

Kieran thrusts into me hard, burying his cock to the hilt as he pumps me full of his cum, joining me in riding out our pleasure.

My body convulses around his cock as he growls in ecstasy behind me.

I collapse onto Fintan's chest as he finds his release moments later.

Kieran moves close to my ear as he pulls out. His breath against my neck sends shudders down my body. “That’s our good, dirty little doll. You’ve satisfied us...for now.”

Fintan pulls his pulsing cock out of my spent pussy and rolls me onto the mattress beside him.

“Stand up,” Kieran says, standing up off the bed and leaning against the wall as he lights a cigarette. I turn over and sit up, opening my eyes to look at him before obeying his command and shakily standing beside the bed.

He smiles as he blows out a cloud of smoke and looks down at me with satisfaction. “Do you know how fucking perfect you look with our cum dripping down your thighs?” he asks as he trails his dark eyes over me as if memorizing every inch of my body.

He moves closer to me, trailing his fingers from my cheek down my body, and then he reaches into the nightstand drawer beside the bed.

He pulls out another knife and slices my arm before I can process his swift movements.

“You belong to us now, baby. We marked you, and you’ll never be rid of us,” he whispers in my ear as his hand clasps tightly over my bleeding, burning skin.

I close my eyes and let out a soft cry at the feeling.

This is not at all what I expected from my staged kidnapping... They are unpredictable. Dangerous. I’ve never felt so alive.

“Sorry, little dove. It’s time you try to fly back to your normal life, but not before we

clip your wings,” Fintan growls in a menacing tone as he steps up behind me. My eyes widen as I spin around, confused by his words.

Fuck, is he going to kill me? ...now that I’ve given them what they wanted?

Without warning, Kieran grabs me, holding my back tightly against his chest as Fintan moves closer with the familiar rag clasped in his hand.

“Fuck! No, no, no! Please! Don’t do this!” I cry as he shoves the rag in my face, holding it firmly over my nose and mouth as the chloroform invades my airways and darkness starts to slow-dance across my vision, draining the world around me of all color and light.

Everything around me gets swallowed by the cold, unforgiving darkness of my own mind within seconds.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:10 am

I wake up in my car with the worst headache. My entire body hurts as I shift in the seat and adjust to the bright morning sun shining through the windows of my Kia. I look down, and confusion takes over my expression.

Broken glass litters the interior. My passenger window is shattered.

What happened?

What the fuck am I wearing?

Why does everything hurt?

My throat feels raw, and it hurts to swallow.

I am dressed in men's boxers and a large T-shirt with no shoes. "What happened to my clothes?" I mutter to myself as I try to piece together the fucked-up image that is starting to form in my mind.

Ugh! My head is fucking killing me...

What happened last night?

Where the fuck am I?

I look around and realize I am in the old parking structure a few blocks from my house. Glancing around I find my keys and phone in the cup holder of the car. My purse is on the seat next to me, and the contents are spilled out over the car's floor

between pieces of the shattered window.

Weird.

Was I mugged?

Did I hit my head?

My phone is dead, and the screen is cracked beyond repair.

Fuck!

I inhale in a deep breath, start the engine, and pull out of the parking lot.

What the hell happened last night?

I remember going into the grocery store, grabbing a few things from the store, and feeling like I was being followed.

I need aspirin and water.

I make it to my house and park in my driveway before heading inside. “I need to get the window fixed as soon as possible...” I mumble, making my way into my tiny kitchen. I turn on the faucet, fill a tall glass with water, and down it quickly. I fill it again before popping a couple of pain tablets.

I just need to lie down for a bit, and I’ll feel better. Hopefully.

I survey my kitchen and search for something to eat. The only items in my cupboard are some boxes of oatmeal and a handful of tea bags. My pantry is almost entirely bare, leaving me feeling panicked over what the hell happened last night.

What the fuck?

I don't remember ever coming home.

I went to the store yesterday... didn't I? I'm sure I did...

Did I bring the bags inside, or are they still in the car?

I stumble back outside and head toward the car. Popping the trunk, I sigh in disbelief. My groceries are still here. The ice cream has melted all over the inside of my car, and the other frozen food has defrosted.

Ugh! Fuck my life!

As I stand there staring at the mess, I start to remember bits and pieces of last night. I remember walking to my car with the grocery bags in my hands and driving towards my house...then everything became a blur.

The sudden realization hits me like a ton of bricks.

Someone was in the backseat...

I was drugged.

I... I remember masks...

I remember them and their last words before I was knocked out cold: "Sorry, little dove. It's time you try to fly back to your normal life, but not before we clip your wings."

What did they do to me?

The memories from the last twenty-four hours invade my mind at full force. My vision starts to dot as I try to collect my thoughts, but it's no use, and this fucking headache is getting worse.

I clean out the trunk and take the unspoiled bags of groceries inside, placing them on the kitchen counter before I meander to the bedroom and fall onto my bed with a loud, frustrated sigh.

I stretch out on the bed and place my arm over my forehead in an effort to block out the morning sun. As I lay there, my mind wanders, and a sense of desire fills my body.

Images of two men in masks flash in my head, white and black.

Fintan and Kieran.

My body tingles thinking about them. A small smile ghosts my lips before I roll over and close my eyes.

I need to shower and get dressed. Perhaps then I can think about everything that happened last night.

As I lay there with my eyes closed, my subconscious wanders back to the hours of dirty, filthy, terrifying sex that I was a part of.

They made me feel alive. They fucked me without mercy, and they made me feel like I belonged to them. The image of their cocks looming over me flashes across my mind, and just thinking about the way they felt buried deep inside me as they fucked me senseless has my pussy pulsing with need.

I need to find them.

Why did they drug me and leave me back in that parking lot?

Was that part of Molly's instructions when she hired them, or did they break the rules by fucking me?

She should have a way to contact them.

I instinctively feel around my body, and my fingers brush the cuts. I wince as I peel off the large T-shirt and stare at the markings all over my body in the full-length mirror beside my bed. I was definitely not imagining last night; they are real, and they claimed me.

Marked me .

On my way to Molly's apartment, I stopped to get a new phone and have the guy at the store set it up for me. He warned me that it would take a while before messages or notifications popped up while it boots and that I was lucky the interior components of my old phone were not damaged.

My heart thumps as I walk up and knock on the front door. I need to tell her about my fake kidnapping, everything that happened with them, and hear how her date with Joel went. I can't believe the night I had with Fintan and Kieran; it was fucking terrifying—but the orgasms were earth-shattering.

Fuck, I wish I knew their real names. I wish I could see their faces... I need to find them!

They dominated and claimed me. They were dark, twisted, and fucked up. Part of me feels violated, humiliated, and literally scarred , but I also feel fulfilled.

The door opens, but instead of being embraced by my best friend's cheerful face as I was expecting, I'm met with Joel's worried, angry expression.

God, did he spend the night? How well did their date go?

Thankfully, Joel's expression softens, and he hurriedly hugs me.

"Oh, thank God you're safe. We were worried sick!

" I'm confused and alarmed by his behavior and flinch at his touch as his hand brushes over one of the many fresh scars.

Molly's eyes are red from crying, and her lips tremble as if she can't believe what she sees.

Finally, she croaks out a question that jolts me back into reality: "Where were you last night?"

I answer, disoriented by the question, "The uhm... The thing you planned for me was last night... Don't you remember? Those actors you hired—" Her face morphs into an expression of pure horror.

"I didn't hire anyone, Alex. Joel...he told me not to," Molly stutters, her voice laced with panic.

"You told him?! That was my deepest, darkest fantasy! How could you?" I cross my arms over my chest as she flashes me a pained, guilty look. Joel steps toward me and looks me up and down with white-hot anger blazing in his gaze.

"As soon as she told me what you two were planning, I made her promise not to follow through. This idiotic 'fake kidnapping' fantasy shit was planned for next weekend. Over my dead body! There's no way in fucking hell I'm letting you do something so stupid—fake or not," Joel growls as he slams his fist into the door beside my head.

“What the fuck is wrong with you? Why would you want to put yourself in that kind of danger?!”

The world crumbles around me as everything from last night comes into question. “Wait... What? What are you talking about? The kidnapping was last night! “ I hiss at Molly, my confusion and sudden anxiety getting the best of me.

“T-they mentioned having a...a list of ideas you gave them...” I stutter, frantically flicking my gaze between them.

Molly’s eyes widen as she audibly swallows through her erratic breaths, “They?! I didn’t even get that far, Lexi... I didn’t give the company any details. Joel stopped me before I could send them anything other than the initial email asking for availability...”

They share a look, and their eyes widen as their gazes fall back on mine. They don’t say a single word. My perception of time slows down, and the memories of my crazy night are now shrouded in uncertainty and horror.

I thought...

Wait...

Molly didn’t hire them?

Who...?

What the fuck?!

My phone buzzes. It’s a message from an unknown number. Attached to it is a link to a video file. Molly and Joel watch as I unlock the message with shaky hands.

“What is it, Alex?” Molly asks, stepping closer. I take a step backward as my mind reels at the attachment.

I don’t remember this... Oh my god! They filmed it. I was drugged. They fucked me and cut me while I was unconscious!

Fintan’s once-white mask is stained red as he paints himself in my blood.

God, I’m going to be sick.

My heavy breaths get stuck in my throat as the camera zooms in and focuses on my back.

Kieran is carving their names into my lower back while Fintan holds the camera and fucks my mouth—his free hand holding my head up by my hair.

His piercings must have caused the raw feeling...

My stomach churns as I tap out of the video before I see any more of it. I can’t.

I scroll past the video, and my expression pales as I read the message.

They’re typing again. My heart thunders wildly as I wait for more horrific messages to flood my phone.

Should I respond?

Maybe I should go to the cops...

Instantly, I feel faint as the memories of last night shatter like glass as I realize the true danger I was in. Everything could have gone terribly wrong at any time, and I’d have never known it was real .

They know my name.

They have my number.

What else do they know about me?

Do they know where I live?

The End...

Thank you for reading this experimental short story. I hope you had fun! Till next time, stay spooky!

~T.D. Craft