



Run (Two Wheeled Psychos)

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: Hedeon Zverev is my identity, and I live up to it. Im a destroyer, a ruiner, a beast, and a force to be reckoned with in the bedroom, boardroom, and dungeon. Im ruthless, unforgiving, and vile. Im a sexual deviant and killer. Imme. Love me or hate me, I couldnt care less, that is until I meet her.

When I hear her screams of pain, something inside me is drawn to her, to rescue her. She looks innocent, and too pure to be suffereing at the hands of another. Only Im mistaken, nad the delicate lily is not what she seems. Shes a deadly nightshade, toxic and sweet. Shes the perfect flower for me.

Will she run from me or with me?

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“Do you know how long I have waited for this day? How long I’ve hidden in the shadows, just waiting for the right time to scoop you up and finally make you mine. Do you, princess?”

The iron chains that bind her slender, cuffed wrists to the O-ring hook on the St. Andrew’s cross rattle with each spastic breath she sucks in through her clenched teeth. Her ample chest heaves, and her lithe body trembles at my words. The fear is so paramount that I can smell it wafting from her, as it deliciously scents the dank air of the basement with its sweetness.

She really is the most precious thing I’ve ever encountered, and now she’s mine, all mine. Her presence here is the dawn of a new day, enlightening my world in ways that, until now, I’ve only fantasized about.

“Please. Let me go.” She begs, her hands flexing over her shackles, the blood on her wrists from the fight she put up during her abduction dripping slowly down her fingers.

“I’m sorry my sweetness, but this is your new home now. As soon as you accept it and can be the good girl I know you are, I’ll take you down from there. But until then...” My words fall away, leaving her to finish the sentence with whatever images are flashing through her panicked mind.

It's amazing how a lot of the situations we put ourselves in during our lifetimes are self-fulfilling prophecies. We worry so much about what can happen that in essence, we materialize it and suddenly our fears transpire. She’s in that position now, where her behavioral response to her new found captivity will produce the final outcome of

her residence here.

I can give her the world. More money, power, and love than she would ever receive anywhere else on this godforsaken planet. Or I can make the rest of her existence miserable, laden with torture and despair where she begs unsuccessfully for it to end. The choice is hers, and hers alone.

“Until then, what?” She asks, her warm brown eyes shimmering with unshed tears that threaten to fall with her next quivering word.

“That’s entirely up to you.”

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April is the worst month of the year in the northeastern united states. The weather is still laced with the frost of winter, making the frequent rains icy enough to chill you to the bone. April showers bringing May flowers and all that bullshit is just that, bullshit. The only positive thing about all the rain is the fact that the lengthening days are gloomier than they should be, giving me the freedom to roam in the dark for more hours than daylight savings time would allow.

The all black leather gear I've adorned myself with does more to protect me from the asphalt if I were to dump my bike, than it does from the soaking wetness from yet another spring storm. It's a miserable feeling, the already heavy clothing weighing me down even more as I careen through the streets on my one-liter sportbike. If the weather was warmer, I'd be riding squid, in nothing but street clothes, but it's just too fucking cold for that still.

In better weather, I enjoy my rides home after a long day at the office. The peace and solitude inside my helmet and the freedom of being cage free as I drive relaxes me, helping me erase the shit of the job and prepare for my other, more enjoyable activities.

Being the CEO of a fortune 500 company that deals in international imports and exports may sound boring, but in reality it's not. The amount of work I need to do, just to hide the illegal activities of smuggling and tax evading, is enough to be making my jet back hair start to grey at the temples early. I'm only thirty, and I already feel like I'm at least ten years my senior.

I'm in my prime, but some days, I tell you, I don't feel like it. The only times I really feel alive anymore is either when I'm racing as fast as my two wheels will allow, or

when I'm buried balls deep in some pretty young thing as she cries out in pain at my sexual brutalities. Well, that and my OTHER extra-curricular activity, but we'll visit that in a little bit.

The bike lurches between my legs as I flip up the shifter with my foot and pick up more speed. Just the thought of my cock getting wet in some prime pussy has me wanting to get home and start my evening of debauchery. Friday nights are my favorite, when the liquor flows freely, and the women throw themselves at me for just the chance at being my chosen ones for the evening.

The masquerade parties at "Le Chateaux" are the highlight of my week. The anonymity they provide for all the things I like to do both in the bedroom and playroom, gives me an outlet for all my dark pleasures. The women never know who the man behind the mask is, and I prefer it that way. I don't want to date in the traditional sense. I don't want some gold-digging floozy trying to get her greedy claws into me or my vast wealth. I sure as shit don't want a relationship to just one cunt for the rest of my life. No, those things aren't for me. They would never fit into my lifestyle, the lifestyle I enjoy and never want to give up.

The wrought iron gates to my compound squeak slightly as they swing open like a hungry mouth, ready to swallow me up. The long driveway up to the main house on the hill is like a rocky esophagus, leading me to the gullet that I call home, and I maneuver it expertly, weaving around the ruts made in the surface from my truck tires during last night's storm.

The pickup was extra heavy with the cargo I stowed in the back under the bed cover and made an absolute mess that I'll have to repair, but it was worth it. The screams echoing off the walls of my basement made all the extra cleanup and disposal needs seem so insignificant.

My bike vibrates and bounces under my ass, and I lift myself up off the seat. I don't

need a shot to the nuts by my gas tank on the night I plan on using them over and over again. They need to be in perfect working order for all the ladies at “Le Chateaux”, because the sexual needs I have right now, after last evening’s activities are vast and can only be fulfilled by multiple orgasms over many writhing bodies.

As I approach my thirteen-bedroom, ten-bathroom mansion, the yapping sounds of my dogs grows louder. The pack of Dobermans patrol the property without fail, always keeping me and my secrets perfectly safe along with the security system and mass of cameras directed at every angle of my house. They’re the most protective and loyal breed of dog and I adore each and every one of them, treating them better than most men treat their wives.

Magnolia, my head bitch, is always the first to greet me and she trots behind the bike like the obedient girl she is as I pull into the massive garage. The door rattles loudly as it lowers closed behind us, enveloping us in the warmth of being out of the storm.

“Hey baby girl. Was today a good day?” I ask, parking the bike and dismounting so I can squat down and scratch her behind her cropped ears.

She answers me with a single quiet “woof” and a press of her wet head into my hand.

“Such a good girl. Come on inside.”

The other nine of them stay outdoors, having free access to their own cabin with warm beds, fresh running water, and all the food they can eat. In the rear of the property, where they can come and go as needed, they rule the kingdom, just as I do inside with my Magnolia at my side. Call me sentimental, or whatever you wish, but even the most vicious killers in history have had their loves, and she’s mine.

The house is toasty warm as we make our way from the garage into the massive kitchen. The dark woods and shiny marble make the space opulent to the extreme, a

room worthy of a king's castle. It's my favorite room, with the ten-burner gas stove and triple ovens built into the cottage white walls.

Cooking is more than a hobby of mine, being not only something I love to do, but also the source of the only good memories I have from my childhood. I would watch my mother make elaborate meals, always with a smile on her beautiful face. She was a loving and stunning woman, before she was taken from me violently by the man who promised to love her.

Images of her, in her paisley apron in front of the stove, a wooden spoon in her hand, holding it out for me to taste the sauce in its ladle wash through my mind as I trot across the room. It makes me smile as I continue through the house, into the foyer, and up the vast staircase to my bedroom with Magnolia still on my heels.

"Remind me later to change out those flowers in the entryway will ya, baby." I say to my prize bitch as I strip off my soaked leathers, dropping them unceremoniously in the hallway outside my bedroom door.

A soft grumble of acknowledgement follows me into the master suite as she jumps up on the giant four poster bed and settles herself into the super soft duvet.

"Daddy needs a shower, then I'm going out. It's Friday." I say, scratching her head before leaving her to herself so I can warm up my frozen bones.

It's a lonely existence being here without human company, but I'm thankful I have her. She doesn't nag me or make me do things I don't want to do. She doesn't care that I have the activities that I enjoy, and she sure as shit isn't telling anyone what happens inside these walls.

Still, a woman would be nice. Maybe someday I'll meet one who also enjoys the same things as me.

The water heats up instantly. The multiple shower heads pouring out torrents of steam, filling the large room quickly until it's so hot it takes your breath away. The stone walls weep with a shimmery condensation, and the vast, frosted glass enclosure becomes opaquer as I step inside.

"Oh fuck yeah." I groan, stepping under the scalding heat that feels like millions of tiny hot pokers sinking into my still chilled flesh.

My muscles tremor, their corded knots loosening as I lean my sculpted body against the shower wall and the water massages away the day. If my skin was made of tin, the rivers running down my body and over my eight pack abs would sound like a washboard being used, and I watch with a calm serenity as the water falls from me and disappears down the drain.

Most evenings I'd be closing my eyes and wrapping my hand around my cock, watching as the devil tattooed on me from finger tips to forearm gobbled it up, but not tonight. Tonight I want to save every drop of cum in my full sack for later.

It's still a beautiful sight though, as I wash myself, with my black and grey ink passing over the rest of my body as I rub the soap between my palms then smear it over myself. The scent is almost mossy, you know, how the woods smell after a light rain. It's natural, manly, and anything but overpowering. It's subtle. I like subtle. I want the women I'm with to have to be against me, their noses in the crooks of my skin to smell me. It draws them in and keeps them there while I do with them as I please.

Olfactophilia is, by definition, the sexual arousal of scents emanating from the body, a pleasure most women experience but don't even recognize. I like to play on kinks and unexplored fantasies with my toys, and it begins with something as simple as my choice of soap. If I said it didn't arouse me too, I'd be lying. There's nothing sexier than a partner, or victim that smells good enough to eat.

Shaking off my concupiscence I finish scrubbing then wash my short, cropped hair, making sure to condition the frosted tips and the dark roots so they're soft and touchable, the complete opposite of the rest of me. I'm a hard man on the outside, with thick skin and large muscles. Intimidating tattoos of demons, vines, and Japanese warriors shedding blood in scenes of violence are etched permanently into my flesh, making me ominous and unapproachable. That is until I open my mouth, and my sliver of Russian accent laces the words I so eloquently speak.

I'm the man your mother warned you about, the kind with unclean intentions, that will sweep you off your feet with promises of romance then destroy your body and soul. I'm a giving lover, and a taking man. A hunter who will draw you into my sights, then pounce on you before you know what has happened, and if you're lucky, you survive the night with me. If you're not so lucky, you end up in the back of my pickup truck, taking the ride down the rutted driveway to a place where you'll never be found.

My father aptly described me, when he graced me with the name Hedeon, which in my native language means destroyer. It's like he knew I would adopt his perversions, with the undeniable force of nature winning over the gentle nurturing of the angel that was my mother.

?? ????? ?? . Fuck him.

Hedeon Zverev is my identity, and I live up to it. I'm a destroyer, a ruiner, a beast, and a force to be reckoned with in the bedroom, boardroom, and dungeon. I'm ruthless, unforgiving, and vile. I'm a sexual deviant and killer. I'm...me. Love me or hate me, I couldn't care less.

The heated bathroom floor is toasty warm under my feet when I step out of the shower, wrapping a fluffy white towel around my hips. Was it necessary to have something so frivolous added to my house? No. But I have more money than I know

what to do with, both from inherited family wealth and my career, so why not make things more comfortable for myself?

“Woof.” Magnolia greets me as I come back into the bedroom, her large body sprawled out on my bed, with her head hanging over the edge of it like a silly thing, making me smile.

“Hey baby girl. You gonna watch the house for me while I’m gone?”

Sometimes I think the conversations I have with her are better and more intelligent than ones I have with other humans. With another quiet huff, she watches me as I stride over to the walk-in closet and open the mahogany door, exposing rack after rack of designer suits, casual wear, and my stock pile of disposable stuff for my in-home play dates. Tonight I need suave, sophisticated, dark, and dangerous.

A pair of black slacks, a crisp white dress shirt, and a tailored black suit jacket drape over my arm as I pick out a pair of shiny black shoes and my favorite belt. The metal buckle clinks quietly as I toss it over my shoulder and flip through my tie rack.

“What do you think girl? Silver or red?” I ask, popping my head out of the closet and holding up the two ties. It’s not like she can actually tell me, but whatever. “Red? Good choice.” I chuckle, tossing the silver one back onto the spinning display with all the others.

Grabbing a black trench coat, I toss it on the bed, then dig through the small chest on top of my dresser. The masks and blindfolds swish around as I drag my fingers across them, picking out the perfect one for tonight’s festivities. Black, with red piping around the edges, and a little shimmer to the fabric will go nicely with my attire. It covers three quarters of my face, leaving just my cheek and chin exposed on the left, like the one the phantom wore when he terrorized the opera.

Perfect.

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The storm rages even harder as I pull out of the garage in my sleek black i8. Rain fiercely pelts the windshield of the two-door sports car, and lightning streaks across the dark sky. It's an ominous omen of the night to come. The destroyer is on his way to find his next plaything or things, depending on how the evening goes, and he's thirsty for some fun.

The gates close behind me as I pull from the property and head north towards I-87. Looking back in my rearview mirror the house, illuminated only by the lightening, looks like something from a horror flick, all big and empty, inhabited only by the canines that prowl quietly through the dark. Just the way I like it.

"Le Chateaux" is busy when I arrive and hand over my keys to the black vested valet. He takes them with a silent nod, handing me a little slip of paper for later when it's time to leave. I don't need it. Everyone here knows the car, and the masked man it belongs to. I straighten out my clothes, close the single button on my jacket, and head to the main entrance, passing by a gaggle of people waiting to get in. VIP's get instant access and I pay a good yearly membership fee for that status.

"Good evening, Sir." Greets the young man with shaggy blonde hair at the door as he sweeps it open for me and steps back, his eyes never raising from their downward position.

"Good boy." I praise him, patting the top of his submissive head as I pass by. "I'll tell your mistress she's trained you well."

"Thank you, Sir." He all but purrs as the door closes behind me, welcoming me into my favorite place to be, besides my basement.

The atmosphere in the grand front room is busy, with people in all states of fancy dress and undress mingling with glasses of fine liquor and wine in their hands. The overhead lighting is dim, with red accent LEDs adorning the edges of the walls and around the large bar on the right. Dark woods and deep reds decorate the large room, giving it an opulent and mysterious feel.

I grab a glass of scotch from the bar keep in a black vest and spiked dog collar before making my way through the crowd. Everyone has their masquerade masks in place, yet I can still recognize some of the regulars, as they do me. Silent nods of greeting and approval are passed between us as I head towards the event rooms.

I'm not sure exactly what I'm thirsting for tonight, but I'm sure I'll figure it out as I watch the men and women play through the glass windows to each space.

The hallways are less crowded, with the occasional couples or threesomes playing in the darkened corners, and some singles like me watching through the windows lined up on both sides of the passageway. Sounds of sex fill the air around me, growing louder the deeper I go into the club. Moans, pants, and screams filter through the glass, making my cock twitch in my pants.

I love the sounds women make when intense pain and pleasure mix together. It's a concoction of lust, injury, and the desire for more that makes me salivate like a rabid dog. The ones I can hear coming from the last room on the left have my ears pricked and the little hairs on the back of my neck on end. They're fucking beautiful.

The voice is so perfectly sweet, the way it cries out in pain. Like a tinkling little bell that's being shook hard. It's demure, but loud, if you know what I mean, and I can hear the agony laced in it. It's calling out for help, but no one will come, not unless a safe word is spoken and from the sound of it, she's far from needing it. She's loving every moment of her torture.

Stopping in front of the window, looking in, I can almost smell her arousal as the sight of her beauty snatches my goddamned breath away.

Bent over a padded sawhorse is the epitome of sexual perfection. The vision of her flaming red hair, shapely legs with thick thighs, round ample ass, narrow waist, and dainty little hands gripping empty air has my heart hammering and my dick thumping with a pulse of its own. Her large tits hanging over the side of the bench, swaying with her panting breath complete the gorgeous package.

Holy fuck!

Freckles scatter across most of her exposed flesh, but the ones that draw my attention are just below her stormy grey eyes, ones that cry so beautifully with each strike of the cane across her reddened and welted backside. It would be so much fun to play connect the dots with my tongue across them, licking up her tears, tasting her saltiness and pain.

“Who are you, you perfect little thing?” I ask quietly, leaning forward, resting my forehead on the glass.

I study her hourglass body, and the way it responds to her beating, not completely ignoring the masked man who’s caning her. His form is atrocious. He’s at risk of hurting her for real if he doesn’t correct the way he brings that wooden stick across her pale flesh. Yet the precious thing takes it all, crying out loudly, screaming in agony, yet biting her bottom lip, restraining herself from calling out the one word or phrase that could end all of it instantly.

“Such a good girl.” I purr under my breath, my hands finding the glass, almost stroking it under my fingertips as if I were reaching through it and caressing her.

Everything around me in the hallway has faded away. I’m alone in the busy club,

oblivious to all other sights, sounds, smells, and feelings. She's pulled me in, and I may as well be getting sucked into a black hole, because that's how it seems. Nothing exists except her and the tears dripping off her flushed cheeks.

"I bet they taste so good."

A husky voice comes from behind me, laced with sexual tension and authority. "Why don't you go in and find out?"

"Samantha." I greet the owner of the club without turning around to look at her.

I know what she looks like, both inside and out. She's a beautiful woman, with long black hair and piercing green eyes. A goddess really, but not my type for anything more than a fun fuck on a dry night. She's too much like me, a deviant, a devil, a monster masquerading as a normal person. People like us don't mix together well, not for the long term. We eventually end up eating each other up and spitting out the pieces.

"She's beautiful isn't she? So young and fresh. A new piece of meat for the boys."

"She one of yours?" I ask, watching the pretty little thing writhe across the sawhorse, her ass jiggling so perfectly with each strike of the cane.

"Sadly, no." She sighs, leaning her tall frame made even taller with her heels against me, her arms wrapping around my waist, her tits pressing up against my back. "I made her an offer, but she declined. Something about feeling like a whore."

"She isn't one?"

I'm surprised to hear that the sweet little thing would turn down an offer from Samantha. Any woman in this club would jump at the chance to be employed by the

most elite mistress on the East coast. To have a job here at “Le Chateaux” would set her up for life with the type of money she could make. The men here, especially the ones like me, have very specific tastes, and we pay very well for the obedient women who allow us to have our kind of fun.

“A whore? Probably. Look at the way she takes that kind of pain. It’s obviously not her first time.”

“But it’s her first time here? Is that her Dom she’s with?”

Most women come here with a man, it’s very rare that one comes to play all by herself. Even though the club is perfectly safe and all play is monitored by Sam and her staff, women tend to feel more at ease when accompanied by a dominant that they already know and trust.

“Nope. She’s solo. I matched them up. Did a pretty good job, if I do say so myself.”

Watching the downward swing of the dominant’s arm as he brings the cane across the ginger’s backside again, I wince then roll my eyes, finally turning my head so that the woman leaning on me can see my lack of amusement at her words.

“What?” She asks, feigning innocence and obliviousness to the brutality before us.

“He’s going to hurt her for real. Look at the slices in her skin. She’s bleeding and he hasn’t stopped to check on her.” I say, feeling myself becoming concerned for the little thing bent over the bench, her hands flexing and relaxing between each whipping.

Concern, it’s a new feeling for me. I never worry about the pain that my playthings are in. In fact, I revel in it. I beat mercilessly, and I fuck without abandon. I kill with no remorse, and I dispose of bodies like they’re trash, because that’s what they are to

me when I'm done with them. But standing here, looking through the glass, hearing her screams that at first sounded like music, I'm getting angry at how they have morphed into something that pulls at the organ that barely beats in my chest.

The single moment that I look away to peer back at Samantha brings a shrill yelp from the room in front of me, then the sound of utter agony. Whipping my head back around, I look into the fancy playroom, seeing the precious creature slumped over, her head hung low, her body slack. Her mouth is now open in a silent scream, and her legs dangle lifelessly. The poor thing gave her last to the man wielding the thin wooden implement, and he's raising his arm again.

Anger, no, not anger, rage bubbles up in me. She's unconscious, and he's about to hit her again. My nerves twitch, my hands clenching into fists at my sides, and my mind battles with my body. I know better than to storm in there, it's not professional, nor like me, but I can't stand here and watch it anymore.

"Where are you going?" Samantha barks out as I push her off me and reach for the knob of the door.

"Where the fuck do you think?" I snap at her, grabbing the knob so hard that my knuckles turn white, and it creaks in my grasp, but doesn't turn.

"H, Don't do it." She calls out to me as I thrust my shoulder into the door, breaking the lock with one solid hit. "H!"

Ignoring the head mistress behind me as she stomps her booted foot on the carpet floor, I throw the door open and storm into the room.

"What the fuck?" The man behind the white mask yelps out as I cross the threshold and lunge at him.

The cane in his hand whips out towards me in a reflex that's just sealed his fate. He may be a tough guy whipping a small woman, but to turn that thing on me, that's a mistake. I don't care that I barged in and startled him. He should be more aware of his surroundings. A good dominant always has his eyes and ears open, ready for anything, to protect the submissive before himself.

Catching the thin rod in my hand, I grab it tightly and pull, making him stumble forward towards me. His feet trip amongst themselves, and he lands against my chest with a surprised "oomph", his mask sliding up onto his forehead, revealing his face to me.

He's a regular here, and I recognize him immediately. The scar across his cheek from an altercation with another member about a year ago brings back the memories of the night I watched him take blow after blow from the other man's fists after he threw inappropriate words at the guy's pet. This dude is a menace, and now he's gone too far.

The girl hanging lifelessly over the bench may not be mine, but she's no one else's either, and there is no one here to make sure she's safe from assholes like him. I may not be the knight in shining armor type, but something in the precious little thing has awoken a monster in me that hasn't reared his ugly head since the night I laid hands on my father for what he did to my mother.

"You think it's fun to hurt her? To make her bleed? To beat her unconscious?" I snarl in his ear as I wrap my arm around his head, holding him to my chest so tightly that even with his arms swinging and his feet pushing into the floor for leverage, he has nowhere to go.

The cane rattles as it hits the hardwood floor and rolls away, now becoming nothing more than a stick instead of an implement of torture. He growls and thrashes, bucking against me, the bulge in his tailored jeans rubbing against me as he fights uselessly

for his release.

“Fuck man, let me go.” He grunts, smacking at me, his hand reaching for my mask.

“You don’t want to do that.” I say calmly as he struggles harder.

“Why not?”

“Because you’re not going to like who you find.”

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“And who the fuck are you?”

“Shhh.” I shush him, sliding my arm down his head to the crook of his neck, wrapping it tighter around him, hearing the rattling of his strangled breath.

One hard squeeze and his fight is over, his body slumping against me like a sack of bricks. His hand falls from my face, his middle finger catching on the edge of my mask, pulling it down slightly, baring part of my face to his unconscious and vacant eyes.

“Oh, how I wish you would have seen me now. The fear of your realization would be so nice.” I say as I drop his immobilized form to my feet like a bag of trash, because that’s what he is now.

He’s nothing but a pile of denim and leather on the cold, unforgiving floor, and I kick him once in the abdomen for good measure. When he wakes up, I want the first thing he feels to be pain delivered to him while he was out, just like he has done to the little flower he’s defiled with his cane. The next thing he will experience is the terror of me looking down at him before I begin my handiwork.

For now though, the most important thing is to get the object of my new found fascination unbound from the sawhorse and recovered in my arms, where she belongs.

Fuck, H, what the hell are you doing?

I’m not a caregiver, except with my Magnolia. I don’t fawn over women, I don’t feel

for them, and I sure as fuck don't provide aftercare after my own vicious usage of them. Why I'm wanting to hold her, to pet her sweaty hair, to kiss her tears is beyond me. It just feels like the right thing to do.

"Huh. The right thing." I say to myself as I quickly unfasten the leather straps around her thighs that have kept her from falling to the floor.

My fingertips brush against her soft flesh, and the man in me moans a wounded sound at how succulent it feels against their callused surfaces. It's like touching fine silk, all smooth and perfect, until I stroke up her leg, and I feel the first welted line from her torture. The puckered skin, all red and heated makes me feel the same, hot and angry.

"Come on Princess, let's get you taken care of." I murmur quietly, unhooking her the rest of the way and lifting her up into my arms like a sleeping baby.

She weighs nothing, even with her voluptuous breasts and thighs, ones that jiggle slightly with each step I take towards the back of the room towards a leather sofa sits flanked by two tables and lamps with soft red lighting. She's more stunning up close, with her scattering of tiny freckles and ivory skin that almost glows under the lighting, making her look like a porcelain doll.

The leather squeaks under my ass as I sit down and gently adjust her in my lap, resting her head on my chest, draping her legs over my thigh. The feeling of her ample ass on my crotch, separated only by the fabric of my trousers has my already hard cock moving under her, seeking her out, looking for her warmth.

"Mmmm." She moans lowly, her head lolling against me, her eyelashes fluttering on her pale cheeks, brushing those little brown spots like a butterfly kissing a flower's petals.

She's still in the safety of being unaware of her physical pain, but it's not going to last long. The more she comes back to consciousness, the more the agony will set in, and the moans will turn back into screams and tears. She will come back to life into the torture she left just minutes ago, only this time when she feels the pain, she'll be safe in my arms.

Never thought you'd want a toy to feel safe with you, did you, you bastard.

Next to us on the couch sits her purse and a skimpy little silver outfit neatly folded and set aside with care. The black leather bag calls to me, with its open zipper taunting me to rummage through it, to seek out more information about her. Where does she live, what type of makeup does she use, and above all, what's her name?

The contents rattle as I dig through them, my hand grabbing at lipstick, keys, and a small wallet. Pulling the little purple, leather pouch from the purse, I open it and take out the driver's license from the windowed slot.

"Lily Murphy. Of course you're Irish. These give you away Princess." I whisper, dragging my finger down her cheek, caressing all the little freckles with my knuckle.

There's something about the precious little thing in my lap that's doing God knows what in my chest. I can feel my heart beating, and there's a twisting feeling when I look down at her. It's almost what it was like when I would watch my mother as she toiled away in the house with her ever-present smile and pure aura.

"Is that what this is baby girl? Are you pure like her?"

The angelic little sounds coming from her as she stirs in my arms are like heaven, like she's still out. The piece of shit on the floor though is coming around much faster, and with an annoyed grumble I gently stand up and set her down on the couch, turning her head so that if she were to wake, she would be looking at the back of the

piece of furniture. Something so perfect doesn't need to see what I'm about to do.

Walking around the well-stocked playroom, I gingerly run my hands over the tendrils of whips and floggers that hang from the racks on the burgundy wall. I study them, imaging all the vile things I can do to the pissant that's now writhing and coughing in his consciousness. I picture behind my eyelids the blood I can shed with some of these implements when I close my eyes and center myself.

Deep breaths. Easy H.

I can't lose control. I need his punishment to be precise, and a lesson to anyone who dares to look through the window where Samantha still stands in the main hallway, her eyes wide, her hands wringing together nervously.

She knows my level of insanity, and how brutal I can be. She has it in her too. The desire to wreak havoc, to punish, to maim, and to kill. She's a monster just like me, and she knows that I want to play right here and right now, in her club. She should be worried, and she knows it.

"What are you doing?" The abusive asshat on the floor asks, gripping at his throat as he kneels, his body swaying with the remaining haziness of his short sleep.

Pausing my attention to the many options hanging before me, I turn back to him, slowly stalking towards where he teeters in the middle of the room, eyeing him up and down. He reaches out and grabs the sawhorse for support, blissfully unaware still of what's going to happen to him, but he'll find out sooner rather than later. Where he had the beautiful little flower strapped is where he'll cease to exist.

Lily. It fits her. So dainty and pretty. A precious spring bloom in a field of shit.

His mask is still perched up high on his forehead, exposing his face to me and to

anyone outside of the room. The scar that goes from eyebrow to jawline flexes as he clenches his teeth, and I want nothing more than to open it back up, to watch the blood flow freely from it, like the blood that runs down the back of pretty Lily's thighs from where he caned her mercilessly.

"What am I doing?" I say to him, bending down, tilting his face up to me with the tip of my finger under his chin. "I'm going to make sure you never do that again." I add, tilting his gaze towards the unmoving form on the leather sofa that still whimpers in her sleep.

"She didn't safe word out. It's not my..."

His words stop instantly in my palm as I cup my hand over his mouth. I don't want to hear that kind of dribble. He knew what he was doing. He was getting off on her pain, which is acceptable, but he took advantage of it, pushed it too far, and didn't allow her to use the words she needed before he took her consciousness away against her will with his torture. That's something unacceptable, even for me. There's a time and place for brutalities, a time and place to destroy things, even pretty things like her. But here, in a place where she was assured safety is just wrong. Even a ruthless killer like me acknowledges and accepts that.

A surprised squeak slips from his lips as I lift him up and toss him over the wooden, padded bench. He doesn't have time to flip himself off it before I have his hands in mine, stretching them down, wrapping his wrists tightly with the leather straps attached to the sawhorse's legs. His feet kick, and he bucks his hips, but a quick slap across his half-masked face stops him instantly. The covering flies off the rest of the way, skidding across the floor, baring his face with wide brown eyes to my view.

The panic in my victim's gaze is what drives me when I play. I love the fear that I can see when the pupils dilate and the corners of the eyes water. They become all reflective and shimmery, allowing me to see the face of evil, my face, as I stare down

at them, and his terror doesn't disappoint, even though my face is still covered. He knows who I am, everyone here does.

They might not know the real me, the man who lives on the hill with his prize bitch, the murderer who gets off on blood and death, but they know my reputation in this building, and that's enough for him to be shaking and biting back his pleas for safety from me.

I'm H, the man that everyone steps out of the way for, the man who exudes authority when he moves through the halls and the playrooms, and the only man to bring Samantha to her knees with a pain she needed to safe word out of. I might not own this place, but my word is law here, and this prick in front of me knows it as he tremors across the wooden bench.

The fight in his body has settled down to a simmering terror as he looks up at my masked face. I always wear the same one when I come to play. It's known and feared by all men, yet desired by every woman in these soundproof, burgundy walls.

"H". He murmurs so quietly in his recognition of me, that if the room weren't perfectly silent I would miss it. "H, I...I..."

"I don't want to hear it. You know the rules, and you broke them, and broke her."

"Why do you care about a nobody piece of ass?" He asks, his eyes flittering between my gaze and the sleeping Lily.

The question is valid. Never before have I cared, and never before have I stopped a session between two people I've never given a thought about, nor met. But that magnetic pull to the beautiful redhead is a mystery that I would rather divulge in instead of figuring it out. To give it too much thought would mean diving into my own mind. It's a dark and scary place, even for me, and I would rather not plunge into

the abyss just yet.

“I don’t need to explain myself to a piece of shit like you.” I say, forcing him to look at me and only me with a hard grip on his face, concaving his cheeks in under my fingers until they squeeze against his teeth. “This isn’t the first time you’ve disobeyed the law in here. But it will be the last.”

“No. H...H...I promise it...” He stutters, spittle dribbling out through his squished lips.

“Sorry mate. My mind has been made up.” I sigh in return.

I was really hoping to get my dick wet tonight, to have it covered in spit and cum, but getting my hands dirty will have to suffice. It’s still a pleasure, just not the one I envisioned when I slipped on my suit tonight to the approval of my four-legged girl. Blood can feel just as perfect when it’s warm and fresh, and maybe, just maybe if I smear some of it on my cock, I’ll get the sexual satisfaction I so crave.

The array of torturous devices and implements hanging so perfectly on the racks just don’t appeal to me. But the discarded cane rolling around on the floor is calling to me, to use it on him more violently than he used it on her. It would be beautifully symbolic for the last reception of pain in his life to be delivered by the instrument of his crime.

It's still warm from the heat of his hand as I pick it up, and slide my palm up and down it’s smooth, skinny surface. The material bends in my grip and makes a loud whoosh as I whip it through the air, watching his eyebrows rise, and his face flush.

“No H. Please. No.” He begs, trying to crane his neck to keep his eyes on me as I step behind him. “God H. No...” He continues as I yank down his jeans and tear them off him, removing his boxers and shoes with them in one hard pull, leaving him naked,

with no protection from my hands, or the eyes of the crowd gathering outside at the window.

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The first crack of the cane against his bare ass rings out loudly as his hands ball into fists and his body shakes. He screams, his voice reverberating through the room like we're in a canyon, bouncing around, making me hungrier for more. Gasps and curses filter in through the glass from the audience in the hall. People point and touch the window with their fingers, in awe that "H" is at work.

Samantha stands stoic as I peer out at her and the members surrounding her. They look at her in silent questioning, asking her with their glances if she's going to stop me. She won't. She knows better than to disturb me when I do my thing.

A long, thin, angry, red welt raises on the guy's skin almost immediately, puckering it, then breaking open. Bright red blood seeps from the wound, and I reach down and smear my hand across it, spreading the crimson fluid on his pale ass. It's a taste of things to come.

The air whistles as I bring the cane down three more times. First across his backside, then up higher on his waist, and finally up on his lower back. He tenses, his head flying back, his mouth open, screaming out in pain. It's beautiful, the agony on his face, the drool running freely from his lips, and the blood pouring from the lines I make, but it's not enough.

Nothing besides death will be enough to show this piece of shit that he can't just do what he wants. He can't argue with me, and he sure as fuck can't let the members here know that I will allow anyone to speak back to me, even though they didn't hear his words or see his actions that brought all this about. That would be showing weakness on my part, and I don't do weakness, only raw power.

Not out of anger, H.

As I bring my hand down again, searing the cane across his back, slicing him open again, I remind myself that violence should never come from anger. Delivering pain and taking lives should come from methodical work that is meant to be enjoyed, and I'm going to enjoy spilling the rest of his blood.

Before he bleeds out on the hardwood floor though, he needs to realize how horrid his actions against the delicate flower Lily were. He needs to feel her pain, her agony. He needs his will removed from him, to suffer at the hand of a man more powerful than him, in the most degrading way. The audience gathered watching will see it, just as I watched him with her, and it makes me grin a sadistic little smirk as I grab the sawhorse, and turn it, so that he faces the window. The group of members will be able to see the terror in his eyes as he suffers, then dies.

More bloody lines break open on his skin as I methodically cane him over and over again, in the same pattern he left on Lily. His scars will match hers, only she'll have to live with them for years to come, and he won't.

"You scream so nicely." I whisper into his ear, bending down so my lips graze the shell of it.

I can smell the fear in him, and it's almost as pretty as the scent of the little flower on the couch that stirs at the sounds of his wailing cries.

"Please H...don't do this." He weeps, nuzzling his head against my cheek, seeking for a connection to stop me from what he knows is coming.

"Shhh." I shush him, petting his hair almost lovingly. "Don't fight it, it'll only make it harder for you."

“Please...”

His wailing cries that died to weeps, now come as wracking sobs. His body struggles again, and his feet kick out behind him, trying in haste to find a target on my shins. It's useless, the fight, and he knows it, but who would he be to go down without a fight? Poor sack of shit though, doesn't realize that the more he tries to stop it, the rougher and viler I will be. I mean, he's putting on a good show already for the people gathered watching, I may as well enhance it a little bit more for their viewing pleasure, and mine too.

I like the sight of blood and love the sound of pained screams. It turns me on to watch death reach its dark grip out for the ones under my hands, and I'm happy, almost gleeful, that he didn't take my advice.

Harder for you it is then, my friend.

Straightening myself back out, I adjust my sport coat and open the single button below the lapels. I'm going to need the extra movement for what my deranged brain is coming up with as I peer down at his bare naked, bloody ass, and the cane in my hand.

The whistling sound the cane makes on another swing downwards startles him, and he freezes, his cries stopping in his throat just a hair's breadth before the wooden rod connects with his already angry flesh. With the wet smacking of my weapon, his voice returns, loudly screaming out unintelligible noises, cracking with the force in which it escapes his agape mouth.

He's so loud that I miss the sound of the cane breaking and the feel of half of it landing on the floor at my feet. Raising my hand to swing it again, I'm humored to see it as a short piece in my grasp. Useless is what others would think of it, but as I tilt my head and examine the jagged end, useless is not what I call it.

A perfect little accident.

The blood on his rear end rubs off on my pants as I straddle him, leaning over his body, grabbing his hair, tilting his head upwards so his face is on full view of the audience just beyond the glass. Looking out amongst the crowd, I give a sly little wink and adjust the splintered tool in my grip.

“This...” I say loudly enough that everyone watching can hear. “This is what happens when you break the rules. Let his transgressions be a warning to you all.”

I can feel his Adam’s apple bob under the tip of the cane as he swallows thickly in his blubbing sobs. Tears flow freely from the corners of his eyes, dripping on my hand as I draw the jagged edge across his throat, pressing down hard, cutting the stretched skin open like an old rusty can opener tearing into an aluminum can.

It's not a smooth cut, and I have to really push hard to get the wood to separate the skin, but when it breaks through and the blood flows like a waterfall from his severed arteries, I shudder in a lustful appreciation of the messy kill.

His body lurches under me, his torso bucking between my thighs as I squeeze him tightly, keeping him still. His mouth gurgles with raspy bubbles that pop like crimson bathwater and his life escapes him through the cavernous gash across his neck. It’s beautiful watching him finally succumb to me and to death, his head growing heavy in my hand, pulling his hair more taut. He falls silent to the gasps and whispered comments from the members watching, and the slow shaking of Samantha’s head.

I throw her a wink just before she turns and pushes her way through the crowd, leaving me to handle the mess I’ve made by myself, obvious to me that she’s not amused with my antics.

Fuck it. She’s not ruining my fun.

As the crowd departs from their view, and the corpse between my legs slumps like a sack of bricks against the sawhorse, small whimpering sounds break through the new silence. They're cries of pain and agony that tear at the charred organ in my chest and pull me from my post murder euphoria.

"Shhh Princess." I say quietly as I leave the bastard where he is, dropping his head with a squishing sound as it falls forward. "I'm here." I add as I step slowly towards her.

Her back is still facing out, and her face is huddled under her arms, blocking her view of the dead man hanging lifelessly over the river of blood that's spreading across the floor. I want to take her and turn her so she can see that her abuse has been rectified, but at the same time I want to protect her from the sight of what I've done. Fear of me will get us nowhere, and with her, I want to go somewhere, I just don't know where yet.

The couch dips under my weight as I sit down behind her, softly placing my hand on her shoulder. She jerks at my touch, and her body stiffens, but she doesn't fight. I don't think she has it in her.

"It's okay my little flower. It's all over." I say to her as I trace small circles on her bare skin. "I'm going to get you cleaned up and dressed. Don't struggle, you'll only hurt yourself. Okay?"

There's no words from her mouth, but her body relaxes, and her head nods slowly. I can hear her breaths all choppy and pained, but she allows me to gingerly roll her over onto her stomach, taking any weight off her still seeping wounds.

I make quick work of washing her up and dressing her wounds with the supplies from the cabinet in the rear of the fully stocked playroom. She's a good girl, staying still and letting me move her where I need her to be for each swipe of the washrag and

placement of the bandages.

Not once does she look up at me, or make any attempt to identify me, but I can tell she knows I'm not the man who did this to her. I can feel a trust in her towards me that makes me laugh quietly to myself as I cover her nakedness with her skimpy little silver dress and slip her satiny thong into my front pants pocket.

I'm the last person anyone should trust, princess.

"I'm going to take you home, sweet Lily." I whisper to her as I scoop her up in my arms.

She's so light, and curls into my chest as I lift her, burying her face in my shirt with her little hands grabbing the cotton and balling it up in her grasp. Little whimpers escape her as I walk us out of the room, down the hall, and into the foyer where other members scurry to get out of my way. After what they just witnessed, no one is going to stop me from taking her from here.

The valet has my car running and waiting at the front door as I take us out into the chilly evening. The engine purrs and the door swings shut with a quiet click after I settle her into the seat and put her seatbelt on. She tried to hold onto me as I pulled away, but I gently peeled her hands from my shirt and smoothed down her crazy red hair to calm her.

"It's okay. I'm right here, but you can't hold onto me as I drive baby." I soothe her through the car window before jogging into the pouring rain to my side.

Her purse falls to the floor of the car at her feet, making her jump as I take off into the night, and a gentle hand placed on her thigh calms her right away.

"Who are you?" She asks, her face turned away from me, her forehead leaning

against the sill of the door.

“Just someone who cares, even though he shouldn’t.” I sigh, patting her leg and pulling my hand away before I give in to the urges to touch her more.

Again, something you never do.

The rest of the drive to her place is quiet, the stillness of inside the car only filled with sound when I bump a pothole in the road, and she groans a low noise at the discomfort.

“Sorry princess.”

“I’m not a princess, I’m the farthest thing from it.” She moans, snuggling herself closer to the door, her back to me and my still masked face. “I mean look at me.”

“I am looking at you.”

“And you see a whore, right?”

“I see a young girl who got in over her head with someone who took advantage of her. Not a whore.”

If you were a whore, my dear flower, you would already be dead and in the bed of my truck, taking that final ride to my dump.

“Huh.” She huffs, but her body relaxes, making the door creak slightly under her weight. “Where are you taking me?”

“Home.”

“How do you know where I live?”

“I took the liberty to look at your driver’s license while you were out.” I confess, not caring whether or not she minds the intrusion to the personal space inside her purse.

“Stalkerish much?” She giggles, and it’s the prettiest sound I’ve ever heard, shooting bolts of desire straight through me and into my already hard dick.

Her little laugh sounds like an angel singing, like how my mother used to sound when I did something silly, and she would pull me onto her lap and chuckle while stroking my hair. I can almost feel her fingers on my scalp, making me shake my head to clear the memories as I pull into the driveway of a small single-family house with a large two-story garage.

The light above the garage is on, and when I open her door and help her out of the i8 she looks up at it and sighs.

“I’m up there.” She says, pointing to the illuminated window.

“A garage apartment?” I ask, adjusting my mask on my face to make sure I’m still covered.

“Yeah. It’s cheap and clean.”

“Okay then. Whatever works right?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you need a hand up the steps?”

“No thank you. You’ve already done enough, and I’ve yet to thank you.” She answers

me, turning so that we are bare face to masked face.

Her grey eyes scan me and the phantom disguise, and she reaches up with her hand tentatively as she licks her lips. I know that look, she wants to kiss me.

As much as I desire that right now, if she touches me with those pouty lips I'm done for. My control that is barely hanging on will be shredded, and so will she, more so than she already is.

"I've got to go." I bark out a little too abruptly.

As I save her from my wantings, she stands in her driveway, her hands at her sides, her head bowed. Peeling out, I leave strips of rubber on the blacktop, taking myself away from the biggest temptation I've ever seen, and letting her have her normal life for just one more day.

I'll be back princess. I promise.

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“Oh fuck, Lily.” I moan loudly under the torrent of cool water in my shower with my throbbing, hard dick in my hand, and my head tilted back against the tile wall.

The water feels like little daggers pelting into my skin, cooling down the inferno that burns inside me from the thoughts and visions of the most perfect little thing I’ve ever seen. It washes away the sweat on my flesh, but not the overwhelming and surprising desire to have her. I need to take her, and to make her mine in every sense of the word, like I need my next panted breath.

“Mine.” I growl, squeezing my cock, making it all purple and angry, crushing the veins just under the velvety skin.

Images of her, bound in the playroom and crying fill the vision behind my eyelids as I stroke my cock in time with the erratic pounding of my heart. She was so beautiful, especially all bloody and broken, just the way I normally love my women. But as I masturbate to the pictures in my head, they morph into when she was vulnerable and sad in my arms, in my car, and as she watched me drive away. That’s sexier to me, knowing she was right there, a prey animal in my sights, and I let her live, after rescuing her from another predator. The realization that I want to hunt her for myself, to force her to be that way again, makes me go faster and harder on my already aching dick.

“Mmmm. Yes, baby. That’s it.”

Memories turn to fantasy as I see her dropping to her knees in her driveway, the rain soaking us, her red hair plastered to her face. The raindrops mix with her tears as she swallows my cock, her hands gripping my thighs tightly. She gags and lurches, her

stormy eyes growing large as I pound into her, grabbing her soft locks, holding her head still, fucking her freckle covered face.

She can't breathe, and her hands start to claw at my legs, yet she takes it, like the good girl I know she is. She gobbles me up, with her eyelashes fluttering to her cheeks, and her stretched lips turning blue. It's stunning, watching her on the verge of passing out, her body swaying with my punishing thrusts. It's how I'm going to fuck her when I catch her, but not before she runs from me, like the innocent, little thing she is.

My dick jerks violently in my fisted hand as the first wave of hot cum blows out of me with enough force to splatter the opposite side of the shower. It splashes hard enough that I hear it hit the wall, and I watch with a satisfied smirk as it slides down the smooth tile and washes down the drain, taking my primal aggression with it, for now.

"Swallow it Lily. All of it." I groan, milking my cock with much slower, and harder pulls, forcing out every last drop of the cum that I'd saved up for the night of debauchery that didn't happen. "Such a good girl."

Sleep comes easily, with my monster sated and my balls empty. I never have trouble sleeping though. Only men who have regrets toss and turn at night, and that's just not me.

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"It's a pleasure for you to grace us with your presence this morning." Jack Collins, the V.P. of my company, and the closest person you could call a friend, bitches as I stroll into my office.

Flopping down in the large leather chair behind my desk, throwing my feet up and

crossing my arms behind my head, I stare at him then roll my eyes. He's four years my senior, and an old pal from college who always had my back, even when I didn't deserve it. His dark hair is a little longer than mine, and his belly has gotten pudgier over the past few years, but he's still a looker who can pull any woman he wants, just like me. The fact that he's rolling in dough really helps too.

"I was here Friday." I snicker at him, wiggling my feet back and forth as I look around the expansive room from behind my command center.

"In body but not really in mind, don't you think?" He huffs, sitting across the desk from me in one of the big, brown leather, tub chairs.

"Well...it was Friday."

"You and your extracurricular activities. You know one of these days, you're gonna end up in a mess you can't just throw money at to fix."

"I welcome it. It might spice things up a bit."

His bright blue eyes mirror the roll I threw at him, and he chuckles, rubbing the small shadow across his square jaw. "Always the trouble maker."

"That's why I have you. You're my built-in alibi."

"Yeah, just don't make me regret it." He laughs, rubbing his palms on his thighs.

It's a nervous habit he's had since the day I met him, cowering in a corner at a frat party, trying to get up the nerve to talk to Sharon, the prettiest little blonde thing on campus. A quick pep talk and an offer of being his wingman, then he pulled the girl that night. Too bad she only had eyes for me, and their date was just a way for her to get closer to me.

Poor Sharon. The first addition to my pit of bones.

As he rambles on about the day's to-do list, the meetings I need to attend, and the shit I really don't care about, I close my eyes and picture little Miss Sharon and the way she bled so nicely for me when I carved out her heart. The only thing that would have made it better would have been if it were still beating when it came into my view.

I've learned how to take my time now, to enjoy the process of death, and to make each one a better artistic masterpiece. Each additional body that I turn into my canvas becomes something to be remembered and cherished in my memories long after the flesh has rotted away, and the bones have crumbled into dust.

"Hey, shithead. You listening?"

"Hmmm?" I respond, shaking the images from my mind. "Not really."

"Of course not."

"Just tell me when and where I need to be, and I'll take care of it."

"Whatever."

The door clicking closed behind him as he takes his leave precedes the glass windows looking out into the reception area frosting opaque with a push of the button on the underside of my desk. I like privacy in all aspects of my life, even at the office. There will be no prying eyes looking into my little Zen oasis on the top floor of the skyscraper made of metal and glass.

Looking around my slice of relaxation in this corporate hell, I take a few deep breaths in through my nose and blow them out through my mouth. The dark wood furniture with its espresso color and rich grain is warm and calming, while the greens, tans, and

off whites accent the deepness with their natural and earthy tones, adding a simulated breath of fresh air to the canned environment.

A large brown, leather couch sits in the middle of the room with sage green, square throw pillows tossed in its corners. A coffee table perched in front of it holds magazines and little leather coasters. The walls are adorned with paintings of leaves in all the autumn colors I enjoy. The reds, yellows, and oranges add the splash of color the room needs while maintaining the natural feeling.

Even the air is better in here than the rest of the business's offices and rooms. The plug-in fresheners in a crisp, leafy, air scent keep it smelling like a fall ride on my bike.

Mmmm heaven.

There's just something about having a peaceful environment while I break the law. It's an oxymoron of situations that I like. Maybe it's because I'm my happiest when I'm being an asshole.

"To work, or to play. That is the question." I mutter to myself as I click on my laptop, bringing the company logo up on the login screen.

The big gold "H" surrounded by flames almost laughs at me like a deranged clown as I lean in and type in my password. My initial, the thing people know me by, is the name of the company that I run. The one that, although is extremely profitable, could become nothing at any time if the feds were to get a whiff of the deals I'm really doing from this little piece of technology. Just like my whole existence could crumble down if my bodies or trophies were to ever be found.

Good thing I know how to cover my tracks, and poor Jack, is the perfect fall guy. He would never see the frame job I've already laid in place. Tsk tsk Jack, you should pay

more attention.

Instead of opening my spreadsheets and contact lists to begin my work day, my fingers of their own will go to the internet and type in the name that's been residing in my mind for the past three days.

"Lily Murphy. Let's see what we can find about you, my dear." I almost moan her name as I enter the string of letters into the search bar.

There isn't much about the fiery haired princess, but with a little digging, and some dubious searching, finally a morsel of her private life appears on the screen in front of me. My eyes are immediately drawn to her in the picture looking back at me. Those stormy grey eyes hold so much in them. So much so that I can feel the force of the pain that swirls through them like it's a tornado twisting under the gloomy sky.

"Friday wasn't your first experience with a bad man was it baby?" I ask the image on the screen, my fingers moving the picture up and down as I touch it, caressing it as if I were reaching out and ghosting them over her for real.

I'm lost in the digital vision of her, her little freckles and small button nose making her look like a precious little doll. Her porcelain skin almost shines under the harsh lights of the photographer, and her hair looks like it's on fire.

She is the epitome of innocent beauty, even if the woman inside the precious package isn't as pure as she looks. She is a conundrum, an oxymoron in herself, just like me. I can feel her aura of purity, yet I can taste the needy animal inside her delicate package. I want to climb inside her skin and poke the bear to see what all her inner beast entails.

I'm brought back to the here and now when a drop of my own drool lands on my forearm, making me shake my head to clear the fog that's fallen over me like a

blanket separating me from the real world. It's shocking being pulled back from a place I'm not aware I was disappearing into. She has me so enraptured, that I'm salivating on myself like a dog.

“Fuck, princess.”

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:29 am*

Hours spent staring at the little picture of Lily in the corner of my screen while I work fly by. The day escapes me, to the point I don't hear my phone when it rings, nor the bustle of the office around me. I'm hazily unaware every time my assistant comes in and toils around my sanctuary, tscking at me and rolling her chocolate eyes with each monotone and blank response I give her when she asks me a question or hands me a paper to sign.

Normally every time she comes in, I sneak quick peeks at her, even though I would never fuck her. She dresses her lithe frame sexily on purpose, just for my attention, and I do give that to her though, just discretely. I know she wants me, and my wealth, but she's actually a good employee and I would hate to lose her to my pit. She's a gold-digging whore, just the type I love to toss on the bone pile, but she's a firecracker at her job, and that's more important. Good help, especially ones who keep their traps shut are hard to come by.

I'm too lost in my brain with the thoughts on how I want to watch Lily, and what I'm going to do with my precious little princess once I set my evolving plan in place. It's not until Kendra stops in front of my desk, her hands on her hips, her blouse half open with her tits hanging out, sighing an annoyed exhaled breath do I finally look up and see the world around me.

"H, you haven't noticed me all day." She pouts, leaning forward, squishing her ample breasts together so they almost spill from the cups of her mostly exposed push up bra.

"I see you darling. I'm just busy today is all." I tell her, closing the cover to my laptop with a quiet click, giving her the attention she desires.

“I know everything you need for the next project, what else has you so busy?”

Leaning forward, my elbows on top of my computer, my chin resting on my hands I look her in the dark brown eyes and give her a sly wink.

“Just something private.”

“Ugh. A woman?”

“A man doesn’t kiss and tell.” I say, pushing myself back and rising from my seat, fixing the button on my sport coat as she throws me a salty glare. “Now now, Kendra. Be a good girl and go home for the night. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“I doubt she’s better than this.” She scoffs, waving her hands up and down in front of her sexy body.

“We shall see. Good night.”

With a flap of my hands, I dismiss her, watching her stomp out of my office, her heels clunking loudly on the hard floor. She’s cute when she’s jealous. It’d be fun to play with that, but with the information I found in my search today, I need to get a move on if I want to catch Lily at work.

Waltzing over to the closet on the far side of the office, just next to the private bathroom, I grab a pair of leathers. It’s not raining today, but the air is still cool. Plus, I want to be fully covered, so all she’ll see is a biker sitting in all black with a darkened visor enjoying a cup of joe outside the window of the little coffee shop where she works part time in the evening after her day job at a department store.

Poor thing working two jobs. Not if she’s mine. She’ll only work for me, on her knees, like a good little cum slut.

My suit strips off easily, the soft material falling to the floor in a heap I'll take care of later. Pulling the stretchy compression shirt on over my head I set it in place and smooth it out across my broad chest. It hugs my muscular body snugly and that, along with the grey sweatpants, makes it easier to slip on the full body leather suit.

With my backpack on, and black helmet in hand, I make my way out of the office, down the elevator, and into the garage where my black beauty waits for me.

The early evening sun shining through the levels of the parking deck throws orange and red glistening shapes onto her smooth paint, making her look like she's on fire as I swing my leg over her and turn the key. She roars to life, her engine vibrating between my thighs when I flick her power on and put her into gear. With a snap of my head, I close the visor of my helmet and take off into the coming sunset.

The storefronts and shops fly by as I weave in and out of traffic, pursuing the sunset, like a man on a mission. I'm heading due west out of the center of town, towards the little shop where my newest obsession should be. Traffic is heavy, but that doesn't slow me down as I split lanes and pass cars like they're standing still, arriving in front of the coffee shop in no time.

The sight of her through the large window doesn't disappoint, as I park my bike outside the café. She's beautiful in her shapeless green apron, with her fiery hair tied up in a messy bun on top of her head, making drinks and wiping down the counters. She smiles at customers and pretends that nothing's wrong. I see it though, the small winces when she moves, the glistening in her eyes when she turns around to grab mugs and cups from the shelf behind her. I can see the pain in her no matter how much she tries to hide it.

The thought of her in discomfort does strange things to me. I want to hold her, to comfort her, and to stroke the pain away. But at the same time I want to make her hurt more. I want to see and hear her begging me to stop, to listen to her little cries as

I punish her for the tiniest of transgressions that don't even exist, at least not yet.

I'm off the bike and yanking the door open, walking inside before I realize what I'm doing. She's calling to me like a siren of the sea, singing her entrancing song with each smile and little giggle that escapes her pouty, pink lips. I'm enraptured in her, lost to the desires inside my head and my pants.

"How can I help you?" Her soft voice asks as I step up to the counter, my helmet still on, the visor still down, concealing my identity.

She gives me a curious look, narrowing her sculpted brows, trying to see through the tinted plastic when I don't answer immediately.

"Coffee, black." I mumble out, sighing silently to myself when she turns around to make the order without further questions, like my name or anything stupid like that.

With the internally disheveled state I'm in, I could see myself giving her my name and blowing all my fantasies right out of the water. Never before has any woman had this type of effect on me, and I have to say it is alarming at the least, down right enigmatic too.

Her plump ass sways back and forth as she steps to the coffee pot, picking it up with dainty little hands that tremble just a little when she picks it up. The sound of her sniffing the air, and the sight of her little nose twitching like a rabbit's is adorable, but alarming as she pours the black liquid into a Styrofoam cup.

She smells me. Huh. Scent, the most primordial sense is going to be the one to give me away.

I can feel my breath catch in my chest, and my heartbeat pick up. I'm just waiting for her to say something, that she knows that I'm the man who saved her on Friday night,

then left her in her driveway when all I wanted to do was take her inside and ravage her until she was a wasted pile of flesh and bones.

“Do I...?” She starts to ask, peering at me questioningly as she hands me the steaming to-go cup.

Her hand grips the drink, not letting it go right away. Even through my glove I can feel the current coming from her. She’s electric, with a pulse of something that flows from the brush of my hand against hers.

“No.” I answer quickly, taking my coffee, and setting the cup down, spilling a drop on my leather glove in the haste to pull out my wallet and hand her money.

I don’t even know how much it costs, she hasn’t told me, and I don’t fucking care. She’s still staring at my visor in question, her nose twitching, and doesn’t say anything when I chuck a ten-dollar bill on the counter. Her eyes flick to the money, and it gives me the breath I need to make my escape.

Running from her. That’s a turn of events.

I can’t risk another physical contact with her, not even a simple caress of my covered fingertips to her soft skin. This woman is going to be my undoing, and I can’t have that. Turning on my heel, I silently grab my stuff and haul ass away from her and her magnetic pull.

“Fucking smooth, asshole.” I grumble to myself as the door closes behind me, the little bell on the door jingling a tiny laugh at how the big bad wolf “H” is flustered by a petite little redhead in an unflattering green apron.

Get a grip.

The metal chair at an outside table in front of the pane window scrapes against the cement patio as I pull it out hastily. Flopping down in it with a sigh, I lean back and cover my helmeted face with my hands and sigh out the breath I've been holding. Why my brain thought if I didn't breathe she wouldn't be able to smell me is beyond me. I'm like a fucking teenager with an infatuation, all stupid and not knowing how to behave like a normal person.

"Normal. Ha! I'm the furthest thing from it." I laugh to myself, making sure I'm facing away from her view of me as I lift the visor and take a taste of the mediocre black coffee. "Ugh."

The large amount of business the establishment does is my saving grace, keeping her busy all evening as I sit outside, slowly sipping the sludge in my now cold cup. For a small place with not so good brew, they sure do have a lot of customers, and as I watch her toil away, the realization that most of them are young men, who take way too long at the counter to get their drinks pisses me off.

"This will not do, my precious. Not at all." I mutter as I watch some blonde, preppy, college kid in khaki pants and a varsity t-shirt lean against the register, his eyes under shaggy bangs firmly planted on my Lily's chest. "Not at all."

I can feel a rage building up inside of me as I watch the interaction. His gaze never leaves her perfect tits, even when she makes it blatantly obvious to him that she's not interested. She turns her back to him multiple times, and even side steps when he reaches out to touch her hand as she collects his money from the counter.

"Touch her again and die."

The Styrofoam cup in my hand crushes as I squeeze it, the last drop of the coffee dripping onto the metal patio table. I'm losing my cool, and he's about to lose everything. I may have wanted to sit here peacefully and just observe my girl, but I

have nothing holding me back from taking another plaything to my basement tonight. When he leans over and tries to grab a tendril of her hair that's fallen from her messy bun, he seals his fate.

"Enough is enough." I growl under my breath, standing and adjusting my leather suit, slapping the visor on my Pista back down into place.

Even though the night has darkened enough, the extra security that my face is hidden is needed, just in case there are CCTV cameras around. I will not allow some punk ass bitch to be my downfall. That honor is saved for the pretty flower Lily.

The bell on the door jingles quietly as he steps outside with a smug look on his douche bag face. He puts his wallet back in his pocket, and walks to his beater of a car, oblivious to the man in all black on his heels.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:29 am*

The ride following him to his house is a nice leisurely drive through town. It's a change from the rush of getting to my Lily, one that refreshes me, and allows the rage in my core to settle down into the simmering ire I need it to be. He drives slowly, like my grandmother, and I cruise three car lengths behind him, pacing him, enjoying the night scenery as we make our way back to the east, surprisingly close to where I live.

What's even better are his surprised yelps as I grab him from his bed after I return home for the truck, my black face mask, and supplies, then make my way back to his place.

The carpet in his bedroom silences my steps, and the fan running blurs out any sound of my breathing, even though after all these years I've learned how to regulate everything so I can sneak in and out of places completely unheard, even in utter silence. His blankets are warm from his body heat as I slide them down, and he thankfully has shorts and a shirt on.

Tossing him over my shoulder bare ass naked would be an annoyance that I'm not in the mood for tonight, but I would deal with it if I had to, just to hear him scream.

"What the?" He blurts out as I throw back the covers and grab him by the throat, pinning him down to his pillows.

His eyes fly open, their bright blue irises glowing in the moonlight that filter in through the window above his bed. His panicked look, with his flared nostrils and reddened face, is beautiful as I squeeze his neck with my latex gloved hand.

"You touched something that's mine tonight, and for that, you need to be punished." I

snarl, leaning down masked nose to bare nose with him.

His words can't get past the grip I have on him. The only sounds escaping his agape mouth are the gurgles of his spit trying to fill his mouth. I don't want to hear excuses or questions, or any other type of dribble that he's going to spew. All I want is to get him to the truck and back to my place. Once he's in my cellar, where no one will hear him scream, he can make all the noise he wants.

His body bucks under me, his hips thrashing, his hands clawing at me. There will be no DNA evidence though, there's not a lick of skin showing on me except around my eyes. The black racing suit and mask cover everything to a point that his grabs at me will never connect with my flesh. His flesh though, that's another story. It slices open so perfectly as I punch him in the face, busting his cheek, exposing the bone with one solid hit.

He falls silent and still, a heavy sack of skin and bones that flops like a rag doll as I toss him over my shoulder and carry him to the truck that remains idling in his driveway. With a quick pat of his disheveled hair, I leave him in the bed of the pickup and hop in the driver's seat.

Time to play.

The drive back to my mansion is quick, maybe five minutes at most, and I chuckle at his body making loud banging noises against the steel as we drive up the long, rutted driveway when we arrive. Each bump and jolt is on purpose with me turning the wheel into the deep tracks in the now hardened mud.

I want him awake and ready to struggle when we pull into the garage. I like the fear in their eyes, and the scent of panic in their sweat as they fight for their freedom. It turns me on, makes me salivate, and sets the mood for the activities that will come once he's in the basement.

Worrying about him escaping the truck before we make it to the house is a null point. Even if he were to pop up and jump out of the moving pickup, there's no way he'd make it through my labyrinth of a garden to find a way off the property, and that's if he didn't get mauled by the dogs first.

My pack of canines bark and howl as the metal door lifts and we slip inside the warmth, their cries all knowing, all wanting for the feast they'll help themselves to from the pit once I'm done.

"Sorry my babies, no live prey tonight." I call out to them, seeing their feet pacing back and forth as the door slides back down, shutting us in the utter silence of the garage that's only broken by the quiet pants of my Magnolia.

She sits at the entrance to the main house, her soft brown eyes watching me, her ears pointed forward in attention, and her tongue slipping out, licking those always hungry chops.

"Come." I say, patting my thigh as I yank down the tailgate of the truck, and slide the still motionless form of the dude towards me by his ankles.

She's at my side in a heartbeat, her ass hitting the cement floor instantly, her gaze lifting up at me awaiting her next command.

"Wake him up."

With a quiet woof of approval, she leaps up in the bed of the truck, her little docked tail nub wagging happily. Her teeth sink into the guy's neck, slowly, methodically, puncturing the skin with practiced precision.

"That's my good girl." I say, my voice almost inaudible beneath the screams from the now alert, and flailing douche bag that touched my newest and prettiest girl.

His feet kick and his arms flail, his hands grabbing at the dog, pulling on her short, fur covered skin. She ignores his attempts to free himself, holding him in place by his throat, her bite a consistent pressure even though I know she wants to rip him apart.

“Release.”

The one-word command has her letting him go and calmly sitting down next to him as he tries to scramble up, his hands slapping at the cold metal of the bed, his knees slipping on its surface as he crawls towards the open tailgate, and to me. I don’t even think he sees me in his fright, because he falls right into my arms with a shriek and renewed vigor to his fight.

His feet drag on the garage floor as I wrap my arms around him and drag him to the wooden door that leads to the basement. Having an entrance to my play space added to the garage has made it so much easier to get my victims down into the soundproof room. He bucks against me, his garbled screams filling the air around us, but he puts up less of a fight than I expected from a buff college kid.

“You know you can fight more. I’d enjoy it actually.” I laugh as I open the door and push him down the darkened steps.

He tumbles loudly, head over feet down the ancient wooden stairs, landing on the poured cement floor with a heavy thud and pained groan. I follow behind him, my boots clunking as I trot downwards, entering my favorite place to be. My playroom, workshop, dungeon, whatever you’d like to call it. It’s where I torture and kill the people unlucky enough to cross paths with me when I’m in the mood to rid the world of assholes and whores that taint our society.

I’m like a dark superhero, ridding the earth of its shit stains on humanity, and sometimes innocent people too, but not often. You have to do something to deserve the trip down these steps. This poor fellow is kind of in the middle of the spectrum.

I'm sure he's probably a good dude underneath, but he touched what's mine, and that's enough to warrant his fate.

"Come on. Let's get you settled. It's going to be a long night for you." I say as I pick him up by the collar of his shirt, pulling him along behind me, his feet barely able to keep up with my long-legged stride through the narrow entrance to the final place he's ever going to see.

Tossing him down on the repurposed dental chair in the middle of the room, I pause to look around my play space with a happy smile. The stone walls are thick and damp with the seepage of water from the ground outside, a little trickle of water running down the corner, reminding me of all the rain we've had this spring so far. It puddles in the corner before running towards the center of the room to the drain on the floor that resides at the foot of the metal and vinyl chair.

On the far side of the shadowy room sits my workbench. It's a massive wooden table that holds all the tools of my trade. Everything from screwdrivers, knives, pliers, saws, and bottles of caustic chemicals are all lined up meticulously in order of usage and size. They shine under the minimal lighting of the single bulb above the chair that swings from the disturbance in the air from his panted breath.

On the rear wall is my St. Andrew's cross. It's a large, raw, unfinished, wooden X affixed to the stone, complete with splintered and damaged areas where my weapons have struck it during some previous play. Metal shackles hang unmoving from the four points of the structure, just begging to be filled with the wrists and ankles of its next tenant.

For a space where the saliva, sweat, tears, and blood flow freely, it's remarkably clean. Just like a professional chef won't cook in a dirty kitchen, I can't work in a messy room. I make sure that everything is cleaned and put in its place after each session, with the waterproof stone and cement making clean up a breeze with the

hose that sits in the corner by the door. A little spray of disinfectant cleaner and a blast of the hose and everything sparkles and shines, ready for the next time around.

“What...what is this place?” He gasps, looking around the room, following my appreciative gaze with his fearful one.

Leaning forward, my body looming over his, he backs into the padded seat, his feet kicking up onto the foot rest, his shoes squeaking on the tacky vinyl. He shudders, his eyes darting between mine and the rest of the room, like he doesn't know what to be afraid of more, me, or all of the shiny tools of my trade.

“This? Oh, this is my favorite place.” I chuckle, reaching out and brushing his sandy blonde hair off his damp forehead.

He jerks under my touch, his mouth falling open, and a blood curdling scream erupts from him at just the light brushing of my fingertips. The amount he's shaking could appear like a seizure to the untrained eye, but I know that it's the fear. I can smell it as I take a big whiff of him, licking my lips sadistically.

“Scream all you want. No one will hear you down here.”

With quick work I tie him to the chair, fighting each limb separately as he tries to pull away, but it's futile, all he's doing is throwing himself deeper into the chair and further into my leather strapped grasp.

“What did I ever do to you?” He cries out, struggling against his binds.

“You touched what's mine.” I sneer, pushing myself up, using his body until I'm standing and turning towards my workbench. “I think for that, you should at least lose a few fingers.”

“What?” His voice shrieks out, his head whipping around to follow my path to the row of implements.

“That’s just for starters.” The gardening shears scrape against the table as I pick them up, flicking the little lock off the handle, allowing the blades to open up. They’re heavy in my gloved hand, and perfectly balanced. “A mighty fine tool, if I do say so myself.” I say, holding them up for him to see.

The light glints off their silver surface, making them almost glow in my grasp as I open and close them with a few quick squeezes.

“Oh God no!” He screams loudly, his entire body jerking in the chair, his hands flexing then curling into fists, trying to protect the digits under his thumbs.

“Oh God yes!” I yell just as loudly, with a mocking laughter at the end, showing him that he can truly be as loud as he needs to be, and no one will come to rescue him.

The nearest neighbor is a half mile away, the property is heavily wooded around the edges of my almost infinite gardens, and the house, including the cellar where he now thrashes and pleads is completely soundproof. No one will ever hear his agony. It’s a dead zone, my dead zone.

“No, no, no, no! Who did I touch? Please!” He continues to scream as I grab his left wrist around his leather binding.

He struggles and curses, spitting at me, his body jerking and his feet trying to kick me with no avail. His straps will keep him firmly in place, that is at least until I have made him so much of a bloody mess that the will to live leaves him. The panic in his eyes as I hold up the shears in front of his face is perfect. His pupils dilate and his irises all but disappear behind the circles of blackness.

“Be a good little boy, don’t struggle, and maybe I’ll go faster for you. But...if you fight, I’ll take them one by one, so slowly that you’ll beg to die.” I whisper in his ear, grabbing his shaggy blonde hair and holding his head still so my lips brush against his tear-stained cheek.

“Y...You’re going to kill me anyways...are...aren’t you?” He asks, his eyes darting across my face, his body stilling, his breath barely able to carry his words.

“Yes. I am.” I hiss, licking up his clean shaven, baby face, tasting the terror in his tears and sweat. “Then I’m going to throw you in my pit, and let the dogs pick at your pieces.”

“Nooo!”

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*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

His screams are like music to my ears, driving me on to snip those sinful fingers off one at a time while I hum along. It's a symphony of pain and terror from him, harmonized with my pleasure and gratuitous satisfaction. I wish I could record the sounds of the bones breaking and the shears clicking, plus his cries and my song, but evidence and all that. It would be putting myself at an unnecessary risk.

Blood droplets fall to the cement floor, and the occasional spurt squirts out onto my pant legs, painting my leathers in a crimson ink that disappears against the blackness of them. I may not be able to see the mess on me, but I can smell it. The copper and iron scents of it fill the room, filtering into my nose, making me hungry for more.

He's losing the will to fight. With each digit that falls to the ground and rolls away, his struggles increase, but only for a moment before he slumps in the chair again. His body goes slack between each cut, his held breath returning in quiet pants that blow the tears streaming down his face out at me like little drops of spring rain.

When he slumps, and his head falls to the side, his eyelids fluttering closed, I know he's at the point that even if given the chance, he wouldn't be able to run. The trauma is too much, the shock has settled in and taken over. He's now just an unconscious lump that will be oh so easy to extinguish.

It's an immaculate sight, seeing him passed out, with the bloody stumps where his fingers were still twitching from the residual nerve impulses. With a satisfied growl, I grab the head rest of the chair, leaning over him, and rub my crotch on the destroyed hand that touched my girl.

Lily. Yes. My flower. This is what happens to anyone who touches you from here on

out.

My cock thumps behind its leather and fleece confines, growing hard at the feeling of the warmth from his blood. I need to feel it more, to let the heat saturate my flesh. I yearn to be the final person he touches, just like my face was the last one he saw, and my scent was the last one he smelled. In death, I own him, just like everyone else who took the trip he's taking tonight.

I'm fucked up, I know this, and I embrace it. I even love it. Where I went wrong in this life, I'm not sure. Maybe it was the abuse at the hand of my father, or witnessing him murder my mother, the only person who ever showed me affection. Maybe it was doing to him, the exact things he did to her, including forcing myself on him, raping him before I slit his throat and made him the first pile of bones in my garden. No matter what it was, I don't care. I'm happy it made me who I am, and I sigh in the acceptance of my morbidity as I release my dick from my leather suit and slap it across the fingerless hand that dangles off the armrest of the chair.

"Mmmm. Yes." I sigh, closing my eyes and feeling the sticky warmth spread across the head of my cock.

I'm not going to cum, I never do when I play with my victims. I prefer to wait until I'm alone with my thoughts and memories. When the body is still alive, it's a breathing distraction. He's too much of an annoying diversion from my concentration anyways. He needs to go.

"Alright, play time is over H." I sigh to myself stuffing my red painted dick back into my sweatpants and zipping up the leathers. "Let's finish this so we can go back to our flower."

It's anticlimactic as I draw the open blades of the gardening shears across his throat. The skin splits open into a crater with jagged edges from the unsmooth cut. A tidal

wave of his blood rushes from it, and his body spasms, jerking in its seat, but his eyes don't open, and his screams never return. He dies with the only sound being the gurgles of him choking on the red wave that tries to pour from his mouth.

"Such a shame." I say, clicking my tongue against the roof of my mouth. "Oh well."

Switching out my shears for a larger hacksaw, I go to work turning him from one large, awkward load to carry, into much smaller parts while Magnolia sits in the corner where she's been the whole time, waiting patiently for her snack.

"Here ya go girl." I say, sawing off his right arm at the elbow, shaking the forearm at her like a stick for her to play with. "You want this?"

The excited wagging of her little tail stump, and the happy tapping of her front feet are fucking adorable as she waits for me to chuck it to her. When she catches it, and starts gnawing on it like a prized possession, I go back to work, whistling a happy little tune that mom used to sing when I ate a fancy meal she had prepared for me.

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The rain has started again, softening the ruts in the driveway. There's barely a bounce to the truck as I turn off the path and into the West side of my property towards the pit that resides just beyond the gated gardens. The lawn is smooth and the grounds are well maintained back here. It's a beautiful place with the stone walls, the labyrinth of bushes and trees, and my hidden little spot where I like to sit on beautiful summer nights, chatting with the ghosts that I'm sure haunt the space.

When I'm coming out here for enjoyment, I walk. It's cleansing to take a stroll through the paths amongst the flowers and plants that hide the stench of decay with their sweet scents. The only time I bring the truck is when there's a new addition, and the dogs know this. They follow behind the pickup, their little excited woofs filling

the night air.

Parking next to the wooden structure that looks like an elaborate gazebo with its pitched roof over a large platform surrounded by a lattice type railing, I hop out of the truck, my boots squelching in the rain-soaked greenery. My pack of Dobermans surround me, their feet squishing on the ground, their happy whines and yaps bringing a smile to my face.

“Such good babies.” I say to them, taking a moment to pat each one of them on their hard heads between their cropped ears. “You know the drill.”

The rain pelts down on me as I open the truck and drag the first piece of the kid, who’s name I never even bothered to learn, out of the bed. Stomping up the wooden steps to the center of the platform, I drag the leg behind me, then chuck it down on the floor as I open the hatch built into it. It works like a compost heap inside. Mother nature breaks down everything except the bones in time, feeding all the creepy crawlies that reside underground, that is after the dogs get their pick.

Maximus, my head stud grabs the meaty part of the thigh and drags it down in to the pit with him, and two of my bitches follow him. They descend on it like they’re starving, even though they’re more than well fed. I guess it is true, once they get a taste of blood, they always crave it.

The rest of the pack waits patiently as I unload piece after piece, following them into the hole in the ground with each toss.

“Alright kids. Have at it.” I say, clapping my hands together to break free some of the excess tissue bits stuck to my gloves.

Sitting down on the edge of the railing, watching my girls and boys do their thing, I light a cigarette. The smoke swirls around me in a heavy cloud, held in place by the

humidity around me from yet another spring storm. With a sigh, I close my eyes and inhale the menthol smoke, listening to the sounds of the feast, waiting for the satisfied emergence of them from the pit.

It doesn't take long, only three cigarettes worth before Max and his ladies come out first, their faces covered in blood, their tongues licking their faces clean of the mess.

"All done." I say, dropping off my perch and walking to the opened hatch.

The rest of them file out one at a time, and disappear into the rainy night, their black and brown bodies blending into the darkness like a fading apparition.

I'm tired as I drive back to the house, flicking beads of water off my leathers, and finally ripping off my mask that dangles from one ear.

My clothes fall into a squishy lump in the laundry hamper in the garage when I arrive back inside and strip naked, removing the stench of death, mud, and all the other nastiness that comes with murdering, dismembering, and disposing of someone who was unfortunate enough to unknowingly cross the path of me, H, the destroyer.

Magnolia trots behind me, through the door, and into the kitchen. Killing and chopping up a human is a lot of work, and now that it's done the hunger pains working their way through my belly are becoming annoying. A quick meal, shared with her, like always, and a thorough shower, and I'm ready for bedtime. Not mine though, Lily's.

"I'm coming baby." I mumble as I push my bike out of the way in the garage so I can back my black Suburban out without hitting it. "I just had something to take care of."

Sleep will be non-existent tonight, but seeing her, watching her sleep, and making sure she is safe is worth every minute of fatigue.

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She looks so peaceful snuggled up in her blankets, on a bed full of fluffy pillows. Her dainty little hand grips the top of the soft fleece cover, just under her chin, and I want nothing more than to reach out and gently open that little fist.

It was too easy accessing her apartment, and her and I will need to discuss that at some point. A simple single lock on the door is nothing to stop intruders who have impure intentions, just like mine. She should be more careful with her security. There's no alarm, no surveillance. It's a kidnappers wet dream. The wireless camera in my pocket will change some of that.

Her bedroom is cozy, with a deep brown carpet and pale cream walls, but the artwork that adorns them is anything but serene. Paintings of couples in intimate sexual positions, in abstract colors and broad strokes give the room an erotic appeal. In each one the woman has hair in differing shades of red, and as I stand over her sleeping form, I realize with a sly smirk that they represent her.

“Are these memories, or fantasies my princess?” I whisper, kneeling down close enough to her that I can feel her warm breath on my face.

She smells of fresh picked flowers, and her hair is still damp from a pre-bed shower. The locks slide through my fingers when I reach out and stroke them, feeling their softness even through the remnants of the water. Just touching the hair on her head has me swelling in my jeans and licking my lips.

“So soft. So pretty.”

A quiet moan escapes her as she rolls over in her slumber, letting go of the blanket

from her grip. It slides down her chest, exposing those beautiful full tits, and pink nipples that pebble from the slight chill in the air that followed me in through the front door. I watch the skin tighten, and the flesh raise, like it's begging me to caress it.

“Sleeping naked. Such a good girl. When you're with me, you'll be nude more often than you're dressed.”

My words scatter across her pale flesh, blowing gingerly over the freckles that cover every inch of her chest. Her nipples soften from the warmth just slightly but harden again when I close my lips around one and cup the other with my palm. My eyes flutter closed, and I moan quietly as I gently suck, not wanting to wake her, yet needing to taste her.

The soap and natural flavor of her combined is exquisite, and it pops on my tongue as I press it against her little nub. She's clean and fresh, everything I'm not, no matter how much I bathe. I can almost taste the innocence in her through the little peak, and I fight the urge to bite down on it.

“Who...?” She asks in her sleep, her eyelashes fluttering on her cheeks, her body moving under my touch.

“Shhh, princess.”

She settles down as I slowly lower her blanket, exposing more of her hourglass figure. Her round tits settle further into her armpits and her tucked in waist sinks into the mattress more. Her flared hips shift, and those shapely thighs drop open, blissfully unaware that they're inviting my touch to her more intimate parts.

“Such a pretty flower.” I whisper, trailing my fingers down her body, feeling her nipple quiver in my mouth, pinching it slightly with my teeth.

I open my eyes and watch as goosebumps arise on her white flesh, making her freckles seem to ripple and move. She moans a low sound in her throat and her head moves, but she stays asleep, allowing me to drag my fingertips through her pussy lips. She's so warm and soft, the folds opening up to my caress, her body tempting me to slide a finger inside her heat.

"Even better than I imagined, princess."

I'm rewarded with a raising of her hips and a tremble to her thighs as I delve into her, feeling her walls grab ahold of my gentle intrusion. Wetness coats my skin, making my finger move in and out easily, and when I add another, it slides in as easily as the first.

"That's it, my good girl. So wet, so precious."

Her chest moves under my head, her breaths coming faster as I slowly finger fuck her. She's soaked now, the juices squelching with each push into her. The sound is so hot, and the smell, oh God, the smell of her arousal is mouthwatering. I can't help myself; I need to cum with her.

Reaching down, I undo my jeans, and my engorged cock springs out into my hand. It's so hard, wanting to be inside of her, begging to release its seed on her bare flesh.

"Ooohhh fuck." I groan, wrapping my fist around my dick, squeezing it hard, milking out the precum that already seeps from its tip.

Releasing her nipple from my mouth on an audible pop, I look down and watch my cock slide through my fist. It looks angry in its wanting for her. The veins are pulsing under my palm, and the head leaks drop after drop out onto the floor between my knees. It may not be everything I need, but the sight of my fingers disappearing into her cunt, her skin flushing, and her chest heaving while I stroke myself next to her is

perfect.

“Cum with me baby.”

Like the perfect little flower she is, her body trembles, and her legs tense. Her breath stops, and her back arches up, thrusting those delicious tits up towards my face. She falls apart, her body alive with pleasure, while her consciousness is still unaware of what’s happening.

My cock jerks in my fist, the wave of my climax spilling out from it, filling my hand. It’s hot and slick, puddling in my palm as I shudder out the release I’ve needed since I left her in her driveway last week.

“Such a good girl.” I coo to her, gently kissing her chest and belly as the orgasm works through her and coats my fingers. “Such a connection we already have. I knew you were perfect for me the second I heard your cries, baby.”

“Mmmm.” She groans, with her head falling to the side, her breaths returning and leveling out.

“Shhh. One more thing, then I’ll let you back to the peacefulness of your dreams.”

Standing up, and carefully adjusting myself back into my pants, so as to not spill the mess I made in my cupped hand, I lick my wet fingers, tasting her. My eyes roll back in my head, it’s that good. She’s so sweet, so musky, and oh so delicious. I lick and suck them clean, getting every drop of her I can, then dip them into my own cum.

“Mine.” I growl quietly as I rub my coated fingers across her chest.

The sticky cum clumps to her as I write “property of H” on her, using her freckles as a little connect the dots map on her creamy flesh.

With a swipe of my wet fingertips across her lips, she can taste me when she awakes, I finish my claiming of her. She's mine now. There's no doubt of that. Covered in my cum she belongs to me, and I will have her, again and again, whenever I want.

There is no clean up beyond me wiping my hands on my jeans. I want to take pieces of me and her home with me together, and smeared on my pants seems a very fitting way.

"Last thing baby." I say, kissing her forehead. "Don't be mad, but you do need more security."

Pulling the wireless camera from my back pocket, I look around the cozy room, finding the perfect place for it. The little red light clicks on and blinks as I stick it to the wall just behind the top of her dresser.

"There.Perfect."

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am

Songbirds sing their tunes in the gardens outside my bedroom window as I roll over in bed. Two hours of sleep is more than I thought I'd get, and it's the perfect amount of time to allow my body to settle down and my to head level out.

A big wet tongue licks my cheek, and the bed dips as Magnolia greets me with her soft brown eyes and little huffs of annoyance that I haven't risen yet.

"Patience girl." I mumble to her, petting her head, pushing myself up.

My uncovered muscles ripple and the snake tattoo that encircles my forearm flexes as I pet her and squish her slim cheeks. She lets me give her the affection before jumping down from the bed and disappearing from the room.

Rubbing my face, I get up, stretching my back, snickering at the massive erection jutting out from my pelvis. The dreams of Lily while I slumbered are still fresh in my mind, and obviously in my dick too. It bounces with my steps as I walk over to the desk in the far corner of the room, and flick on the monitor of my computer.

Images of her bedroom fill the screen immediately. She's still asleep, her body tangled in her bedding like she was restless after my departure. Zooming in the view, I watch with a giddy glee as her tongue peeks out of her lips licking them.

"Can you taste me, baby?"

I could stand naked, leaning over my desk all day watching her, but alas, the real-world calls, and I need to actually show my face in the office before Jack and Kendra have a fit.

“See you later, baby.” I say, kissing the tips of my fingers and placing them on the screen.

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“You look like shit.” Kendra spits out on her third round of stomping through my office in her red soled stilettos. “Have you slept?”

“Jesus, will you just quit it.” I growl, slamming closed the cover to my laptop, and taking Lily’s empty bedroom from my gaze. “You work for me, not the other way around. The day I answer to you is the day you no longer have a job here.”

“Ooohhh, did I strike a nerve in the big bad H?” She mocks, leaning on the front of my desk, shoving her tits in my face.

“Kendra.” I say slowly, my eyes boring into hers, purposefully ignoring the cleavage she’s flaunting at me, like looking at those perky things will soften my mood anyways. Only Lily’s perfect breasts could pull me from my funk of not being able to see her.

“Hedeon.” She says back, her lips curling into a devilish grin.

“You’re incorrigible.” I sigh, shaking my head. “Go get me some coffee.”

“Black? Like your soul?”

“Obviously.”

The peace and quiet when she leaves is what I need. Even though Lily isn’t in her bedroom, I can look in and relive last night’s encounter. I can still smell her scent and taste her on my tongue. As I open the laptop again and peer at the screen, I wonder if

she could taste me too on her pretty lips. The thought of that has me raging hard in my black dress slacks and rushing to frost the glass windows that look out into the reception area.

With a push of the button to engage the door locks, I unbuckle my belt and wiggle my pants and boxers down just enough to grab my hard dick. It's twitching and pulsing as I wrap my fist around it, keeping my eyes on the empty bed that I hovered over just hours ago while making my princess cum on the hand that's tightly gripping myself.

"Mmmm, fuck, Lily." I moan quietly to myself, touching the screen with my free hand, tracing the outline of her that's left in the mess of soft sheets.

The screen brightens, and motion in the frame catches my attention. A second later she comes into view, her hair damp and plastered to her head, and her body donned in dark leggings and a sports bra, with running sneakers on her feet. My princess works out.

Yes baby. You wanna spend time with me in the gym? I can bend you over and fuck you on every piece of equipment.

She walks to her dresser and opens the top drawer. Her position puts her right in front of the camera, with her luscious sweat covered tits filling the frame, and I stroke myself harder imagining holding them together and fucking them. The perspiration would make them so slick and easy to slide my cock between as I held them together and pinched those pink nipples until she screamed.

The sight of her is not near long enough when she turns around and heads into her bathroom. I can hear the shower turn on, and a moment later billows of steam escape the door and fill her bedroom. I can picture her in the shower, her soapy hands running over her body, the water beading on her skin, her wet hair cascading onto her

back. Her skin would be so red from the heat, and hot to the touch.

“Fuck. I need to take you in my shower.”

When she re-emerges, her body wrapped up in a fluffy white towel, water dripping off her soaked hair, my cock jumps in my hand.

Drop the towel.

I don't need to command her, because she complies like she can hear my thoughts. The towel falls to the floor, and I'm rewarded with a full nude view of her standing there, squeezing her hair of the excess water, her tits raising and bouncing with her movement. She's primal beauty with that hourglass figure that I want to run my hands over while taking her in every way possible.

I've never jerked off in my office before. No one has ever turned me on to the point that I can't be professional at work, but fuck, this woman is going to be the death of me. She's too beautiful, too innocent, too precious, and I can't get my mind and eyes off her. My new obsession is just that, a goddamned obsession, and I can't wait until the day she's mine in body, heart, and soul.

“H! Open the door!” Kendra's voice screeching at me breaks the trance I'm in, and I slam the laptop closed again, pinching my thumb in it, cursing as I shove my aching dick back in my pants.

“Fuck.”

To be continued, princess.

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I'm beyond irritated on my way home from the office. Even the wind whipping around me and the road speeding by under my two wheels doesn't calm my internal ire. Every time I settled down to watch Lily, something came up and had I to pull my attention away from her. I didn't get to see her get dressed or go about her day like I wanted to. And now as I streak back to the house to get changed and ready for another visit to her place, my anger bubbles inside of me like a cauldron ready to overflow.

I need something to cool me off before I see her. I don't want to take anything out on her just yet. She needs to want me, to trust me, to come with me willingly when it's time, because I really don't want to have to fight her. I don't want to have to drug her, or force her, or do anything that will delay her acceptance of the inevitable, that's she's mine forever. Whether she wants it or not.

"Please princess, want it. Make it easy on me. Life has been hard. You need to be my salvation."

My words get whipped away from my lips as I lift my visor and let the air blast my face. The coolness burns as I kick the throttle up into fourth gear and take the bike past a hundred. I want the wind to blow everything off me, but it doesn't.

"A play thing? Would that help H?" I ask myself, leaning into a corner on the country road, my gear covered knee touching the blacktop. "I could take a night and have some fun."

No, that won't do.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am

The lights are on in her apartment, in fact every light she has is on, and loud industrial music blares from the closed windows loud enough that I can hear it over the idling of the bike. It sounds like she's having a party up there, and I am slightly and irrationally miffed that I wasn't invited.

The ride home took a detour, and here I sit as dusk approaches, on my motorcycle across the street from her place, looking up into the second story abode where she is. She's so close, yet so far away.

"What are you doing up there princess?" I ask, hearing my words echo back to my ears through the musicless speakers in my helmet. "Are you having fun?"

The bike shifts between my legs as I flick down the kickstand and sit back, pulling my phone off the magnetic mount on the gas tank. With a swipe of my finger, I pull up the feed from her bedroom camera, hoping to catch a glimpse of her and am immediately enraged at what I see.

In the middle of her room, with an open bottle of liquor dangling from her hand, she has her arms wrapped around some shirtless guy. They're dancing and grinding together, their bodies pressed against each other tightly. Heat floods through my face, and my hand grips my phone so hard that it squeaks against the leather of my glove. I can feel my heart pounding in my chest, and the vibration of it against my sternum has me twitching.

"What the fuck?" I spit out. "Oh, no, this will not do. Not at all, baby. You're mine, and mine alone."

Everything in me wants to go up there, rip them apart, kill whoever the dude is, and spank the shit out of her for her transgressions. I know it's irrational and shit, but I don't care. The only thing holding me back is the scrap of daylight that's left, and the amount of traffic that still drives by. There is the potential of too many witnesses.

"You're lucky, for now asshole. But when night falls, you're mine." I growl, aggressively pushing on the screen to enlarge the images of them, watching his hands roam all over her, then cup her ample ass.

She winces at the touch, and it brings a satisfied smile to my face that his touch causes her pain. My touch didn't. It didn't even wake her. But his does. Her cane marks must not be healed enough yet, and that just might be the grace that keeps him from taking her, if she's smart.

Come on baby, make the right choice here.

The minutes, then hours drag by so slowly as I watch through the little lens. They dance and drink. He touches and she moans, but she doesn't allow it any further, turning him down with each pass he makes at touching her more intimate parts.

"Such a good girl." I croon when she finally flops down on her bed, pushing him away when he tries to kneel between her thighs.

She shakes her head no, and mumbles something I can't understand, but her body language is all I need to see. She's done, but he's not. He advances, sliding his hands up her thighs, pushing her skirt up. She leans forward and pushes against him playfully at first, then harder when he tries to drag her closer to the edge of the mattress with a yank from behind her knees.

Her smiles and laughter turn to a serious look on her freckled face, then her eyes open wide in shock as his hand disappears underneath her. Her lips curl up and her little

hands ball up into fists, and I've seen enough.

"For fuck's sake." I grumble, hopping off the bike and grabbing my keys, stuffing them in my pocket.

I'm across the now empty street before I can even consider the consequences of my actions. I don't have my truck here. I have nothing to conceal his body, and there's no way to hide the fact that he is now absolutely going home with me.

"Fuck!" I yell at myself for my rashness as I climb the steps to her apartment three at a time, with my long legs taking me up them as fast as they can go.

The door swings in with one hefty kick, the single small lock doing nothing once again to keep me from gaining access to her. It crashes on the wall behind it, shaking the pictures on the wall of the front of the room, but I don't care. My princess is in danger, albeit one she so stupidly put herself in.

"What the fuck?" The asshole yelps when I grab him by the dark hair, pulling him off her. His limbs flail uselessly trying to break free from my hold.

In the seconds it took me to cross the street and break down the door he got her on her back and climbed on top of her.

"Do not touch her." I yell inside my helmet, my voice filling the small space loudly, and my spittle hitting the tinted visor.

She scrambles across the bed away from him as I set him on his feet in front of me, whipping him around to face the monster that he could only dream to be as bad as.

"Who the hell are you?" He spits out, his hand forming a fist at his side.

“Go ahead, take a swing, I bet all you do is break your hand, you stupid prick.”

I can see him considering it as he looks at me, his head tilting to the side like a dog hearing the word “walk”. His brown eyes scan me up and down, taking in the black leather, and blackened helmet. How intimidating I must look.

“Who...who are you?” Lily cries out from the bed, her back pressed against the pile of pillows, her legs pulled up to cover her body and protect herself.

“The one who has to save you for a second time this week.” I say lowly, turning to face her, ignoring the prick with the urge to swing at me.

It’s humorous to watch as she lifts her chin and stares at me, her little nose twitching just like it did at the café. She can smell me, she recognizes me, and she visibly relaxes at the memory of just days ago when I carried her from a scenario even worse than this one. At least this time I got to her before any more marks could be left on her pretty flesh.

“You?”

“Yes, princess.Me.”

“That doesn’t tell...” The guy starts to say, interrupting my words with Lily, pissing me off even more.

He drops to the floor like a sack of bricks on a pained cry with a single jab to the face.

“Shut the fuck up.” I growl, stepping over him as he writhes on the ground, cupping his nose that gushes blood like a faucet.

Kneeling on the bed, and crawling across it, I approach her, and she freezes. I lean over her, my hand on the headboard trapping her under me, and look down at her. She trembles, but at the same time she looks at me with those stormy grey eyes in something other than fear. It's softer, almost welcoming.

Sliding my hand up her leg to her thigh, I push it down, opening her up. She looks at where my crotch settles against her, the erection building under my leathers growing hard against her, and she bites her bottom lip.

"Such a needy little thing. So much so, you keep getting yourself in trouble." I say, tracing my gloved finger down her cheek, watching her gaze fix on my visor. "But princess, if I have to rescue you again, I'm not going to be so nice next time."

"What if I don't want you to be?" She purrs, obviously still feeling the effects of the alcohol. Why else would she challenge the killer hovering over her, where he could ruin her before she could cry out.

"Be careful what you wish for, baby."

With a quick slap to her cheek, just hard enough to get her absolute attention, I chuckle menacingly, push myself off her, and step off the bed.

"But who are you?" She asks as I walk over to the window and pull the decorative rope tying the curtain back from its hook, wrapping it around my hands while she watches in morbid curiosity.

"Shhh. You'll know soon enough."

She watches silently as I loom over the bleeding guy on the floor who curses under his breath, his hand reaching out for me when I grab his hair again and lift him to his feet. He clumsily gets up, his bloody hand grabbing the edge of the bed to help

relieve the tension from my grip, leaving a perfect red handprint on her otherwise clean sheets.

“You broke my nose.” He complains, trying to decide what to do, continue holding his broken face, or reach out for me.

“Yeah I know. But that’s the least of your worries. You’ve touched what’s mine. You tried to defile her. For that, a broken nose is just the appetizer.”

“Yours?” Lily gasps from the bed, but I ignore her.

She knows all too well what’s going on here, and deep down inside no matter how shocked she acts, she wants me to claim her, to own her, to keep her. I can smell the desire for me on her. Tonight just isn’t the night for me to bring her home with me. First, this piece of shit needs to take the ride he deserves.

“Come on. We’re leaving.” I say to the jackass with the blood covered face and dark hair, whom I really have no desire to learn anything else about.

He barely puts up a struggle as I grab his wrists and tie them together with the rope in my grasp. Not until I start dragging him through her apartment does he begin to fight, but by then it’s too late. His feet kick out from under him, throwing himself to her kitchen floor, and I simply drag him behind me, kicking and screaming, out her door, and down the wooden steps outside. His body bangs on each footing, tumbling downwards behind me with a clamor that could wake the dead, but thankfully no one is around besides the flower upstairs to see me drag him away.

“Help!” He hollers as I drag him across the pavement of her driveway, then the street towards my bike.

I didn’t think this out at all, and as I reach the bike, I stop,, and yank off my boot and

pull off my sweaty sock, giving it a sniff for good measure. I can't have him screaming the whole way back home. That would be so annoying.

"Ugh." I laugh, then shove it in his mouth to shut him the fuck up.

A quick check of the maps on my phone and I find a back way home, full of quiet and private roads that I can lead, well drag, him through to his final resting place.

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“Oh shit. No more. Please no more.” He groans around his gag, his body coming to a rolling stop behind the bike when I yield at my front gate. There’s already a large amount of his flesh shredded from the drag home, and his arms hang limply from the back seat. He’s a bloody fucking mess, and it’s beautiful.

“Home sweet home.” I laugh, waiting for the wrought iron entrance to open wide like a hungry mouth. “My kids will just love you.”

The barking of the dogs fills the night air around us as they acknowledge our arrival, and it’s not long before they’re chasing behind us, snapping at his heels as we make our way up to the house. The pack is led by Magnolia who keeps them all in line and from beginning their feast until they are given the command.

The driveway with its deep grooves and hardened soil makes his body bounce behind the bike like a toy being drug by a small child. He twists and rolls along, his grunts and curses behind my dirty sock a comical narration to his pain and agony.

When I bring us up in front of the garage doors, instead of opening them and pulling inside, I shut off the bike and hop off, tapping the kickstand down into place and letting it settle securely before I swing my leg off and dismount. The dogs immediately surround me, waiting for their pets and pats, while never taking their eyes off the moaning form that flails on the ground, his blood seeping into the dirt and grass.

“Hello babies. I brought you a little present.” I say to them, untying the guys hands from the back of the motorcycle and hauling him up to his knees.

He's wobbly, and barely conscious, but a quick slap to his face brings his eyes forward onto me. With a few blinks, he seems to focus on my dark visor, and since I know he's never leaving here, I unsnap my chin strap and pull the helmet off my head.

"Ahhh, finally. It's been way too long with this thing on." I say, shaking the sweat off my head and running my hand through my cropped hair, pulling the little strands away from my damp forehead.

"Who are you?" He asks, watching me, unable to do much else other than sway back and forth on knees that are cut and bloodied.

"Hedeon, but you can call me H. Everybody else does." I say matter of factly, like he's supposed to know the name.

He's barely over twenty years old. Not old enough to know who I am or the type of power I have in this area, both above ground and under. He does seem to recognize the crazy in me as he peers into my dark eyes, seeing the sinister gleam that lives permanently in my pupils that are as black as my soul.

"Why are you doing this?"

"You touched what's mine. After she told you no." I say, bending down, getting nose to nose with him, sniffing the fear on his breath.

"How...?"

"I know everything. Just like I know that this will be fun." I laugh, flattening my tongue and licking up his cheek, tasting the iron in the blood that seeps from the abrasions and cuts from the drag here.

He winces and tries to pull away, but all he does is sway back a little with my hand keeping him from getting far.

“What will be fun? This is fun for you? Watching someone suffer?” He asks, his words laced with not only the fear of what’s coming, but also the hate towards me. It’s what he needs if he’s going to survive more than a minute in the garden with my dogs.

“Absolutely.”

He startles when I lift him to his feet. He’s tall, but not quite as tall as me, and he’s definitely not built near as well as I am. He’s muscular, and must work out, but not to my level. Hopefully he has endurance though, because I’m really in the mood for a good chase.

“What will be fun?” He asks again, searching my face, his eyes bouncing back and forth, his pupils huge, with one being a little bigger than the other. He already has at least a concussion.

Poor thing.

“You have a five-minute head start. Run.” I say, pulling out my pack of cigarettes from my jacket pocket.

He stumbles when I let go of him, watching me pull out a smoke and pop it between my lips. As I cup my hands around the end of it to block the wind and light it, he takes a single shaky step back.

“You’ve got to be kidding.”

“And you’ve got to be stupid to still be standing there.” I laugh, sucking on the

cigarette, loving the burn of the first drag.

The dogs yap and bark, making him look between them and I, and with a pained grunt, he turns and takes off out into the yard, towards the entrance to my garden labyrinth.

“Easy my children.” I say to the dogs, holding up my hand to keep them in place at my feet. “Easy. You’ll get to play.”

I watch as he runs with an exaggerated limp, the drag behind the bike having given him a massive disadvantage. It’s humorous as he stumbles in the grass, and catches himself, looking back at me and taking off again. I wave to him with a sadistic little smirk, and take another drag off my cancer stick, blowing the smoke around me like a ghostly white cloud.

When he reaches the arched opening to my favorite place on the property, I look down at my watch and give a chuckle. It’s almost nine o’clock. By ten I can guarantee he’ll be entering the pit. In how many pieces all depends on how hungry my babies are.

“Ready?” I ask the dogs, making them howl in excitement, their little feet kicking up dirt and stones from the driveway as they pace, waiting for the command to hunt.

“O????????!!” I shout in my native tongue, then repeat it in English, “Hunt!” They take off into the night, their barks and cries filling the air, echoing off the Appalachian Mountains in the distance, as I grind my smoke out on the ground and follow them at a leisurely pace.

The north side of the property is all gardens and pathways. It’s a maze of hedges, trees, ornamental flowers, and topiaries that serves both as my relaxation spot, and where I hide my bodies. I know every which way through it, and so do the dogs that

patrol it day in and day out. For those unlucky enough to enter it still alive, they can get lost in it for hours. Things seem to change as you go through it with the way the wind blows branches and bushes, and how the stone walls of the center courtyard blend into the darkness.

In the day, it looks like heaven, especially in late spring and summer when the trees and plants are in bloom. But when night falls, and the breezes whisper through tree limbs, and the ghosts of its inhabitants arise, it's more like hell. My heaven and hell. My paradise.

The last of the dogs disappears beyond the tall hedges, her barks following behind her as she tears through the front of the maze. I stroll through the grass, lighting up another cigarette, humming to myself as I cross the lawn and arrive at the large opening. It's flanked by large stone pillars, encircled in gold snakes with their mouths open and fangs bared. They're a warning to anyone who dares to enter my space that danger lurks inside amongst the beauty.

"You can run, but you can't hide. They will find you!" I shout out into the night, listening to my voice echo back to me from inside the maze.

With a big grin on my face, I head into the first path, going left, then right, then left again. The edges of the bushes scrape against my leather jacket, sounding like the hiss of the snakes at the beginning, ominously announcing my presence in the labyrinth.

I'm the last of his worries though. The dogs will reach him before I do. I might even be his saving grace. If he isn't already dead when I find him, he'll wish he was. The tearing of flesh under the bite of a Doberman is a vicious thing, and a pack of them? Yeah, they'll have you ripped to pieces in the most painful of ways. If I come along and he's still breathing, to die at my hand would be a mercy killing. No one's ever made it that long though. My pack is efficient at what they do.

The howling of the dogs grows louder as I near the center courtyard. Their incessant sounds telling me that they're close to their prey. It's beautiful the way they respond to my commands, each one such a good member of my little clan I've built with them. They're the only family I've had since I laid my father into the pit and brushed my hands clean of the pain that he brought to my young life.

Screams fill the night air, carried on an uptick of the spring wind. Pained screams and curses that would chill a normal person to the bone, but all they do is fuel the thirst in me for more violence. He touched what's mine, against her will, and he shall pay in the most violent of ways.

It's a beautiful sight when I emerge from the hedged path into the center of my garden maze. The blood is already coating the walls of the stairs that lead down to the marble tiled square. The snakes on the walls flanking them hiss in the dark with their concrete scales and gold tongues, watching the feast as my pack goes to work.

The noise of the growls and the snapping of jaws almost overpowers the sounds of his pained bellows as the dogs rip into him. He's on the ground, his body flailing and twisting, trying to fight them off, yet they come at him from all sides, pulling viciously at his limbs, tearing through his clothes just as easily as they rip through his flesh. Scraps of material float away in the wind, like little pieces of confetti as the pack continues to tear him to pieces.

"Help! Help me!" He screams, his legs kicking, his arms swinging as best as they can with jaws locked on them.

The show they put on is entertaining as I sit on the bottom step, feeling the cold marble through my leather pants, and It's not long before the shrieks coming from him turn to wet gurgles and wheezed gasps when my prize bitch goes in for the kill.

"Good girl, Magnolia." I praise her, clapping my gloved hands as she latches her

teeth onto his neck, biting down, then shaking.

It's like the rest of them know that it's her place to take the throat. None of them touch the neck, until she's had her fill. They respect her as much as they respect me, and for that, she gets to sleep with me and enjoy all the comforts of the big house. For me, it's her company that keep me sane on the nights where the demons cackle too loudly in my head. Her soft fur, and her gentle kisses to my face are a stark contradiction to how she feasts, making her just like me.

"Yeah baby, good girl."

I could step in and end his fight, a swift kick to the head would end his suffering, but Magnolia is having too much fun. Her head whips side to side, and suddenly, the battle is done. His neck snaps with a loud crack, and he falls instantly still.

"Woohoo! Yeah! That's my girl." I clap again and holler out to her, seeing her look up at me with that satisfied gleam in her dark brown eyes.

They make quick work of tearing off what each of them wants. The skin pulls away, bones crunch under their bites, and in minutes, they're trotting off towards the gazebo with their prizes in their bloody mouths. All that's left of him when they're done is a mangled lump of organs falling from a destroyed torso that's too big for them to carry with them.

"Well, time to clean up." I sigh, lighting another smoke, and hoisting myself off the step, cracking my back as I stand.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am

She's been quiet the rest of the week, with no partying, drinking, or any other behavior that would cause me to step in. As I watch Lily through the camera, I almost wish she would do something stupid and give me a reason to bash down her door again. She's behaving herself though and seems almost scared.

I wonder if she can feel me watching her. Can she sense my eyes on her as she toils around the apartment, gets dressed, and sleeps? Did she hear me moaning last night as she rubbed her tight cunt for me to see?

It's Friday. I should be getting ready to go to "Le Chateaux" for my regular night of debauchery, but I just don't have the desire to empty my balls into faceless sluts. There's a sweet red-headed cum dumpster I would rather be plowing my hard cock into, and she's currently sitting on the edge of her bed looking confused. Her brows are wrinkled, and her mouth is drawn down into a frown as she idly wrings her hands in her lap.

"What has you so off tonight, princess?" I ask the computer screen as I reach out and brush the image with my fingertips, wishing I could touch her as easily and as gently.

Her heavy sighs almost echo through the bedroom as she throws herself backwards on the mattress, covering her pretty face with her forearm.

"Who are you?" She asks the empty room. "Where are you?"

Her questions make me pull myself to the front of my seat at the desk in my bedroom, the chair squeaking against the floor under me.

“I’m right here, beautiful.” I answer her, as if she could hear me.

“How did you know? Twice.”

“I’m watching you baby, like all the time.”

“It feels like you’re watching me. Are you watching me, mysterious stranger?” She breathes, her hands moving down from above her head to her tits.

She’s barely dressed, lying there in black lycra shorts and a hot pink sports bra, having not showered and changed yet from her workout at the gym this afternoon. The workout that I watched from across the street. My bike sat between my legs, the engine vibrating my cock as I peered in through the big glass windows, watching her work up a sweat that I really wanted to taste.

“Yes, princess, I am. I’m right here.”

“Can you see me doing this?”

Naughty little girl you are. Let me see everything.

I can feel the saliva gathering in my mouth as I watch her hand slide inside her bra, cupping her perfectly round breast. Her knuckles stretch the fabric, and she gasps as she pinches her nipple, making her back arch against the unmade bed.

“Good girl.” I whisper, tracing my fingers over the image as if it were my fingers tweaking her little nub.

Her legs drop open, her thighs falling flat to the mattress, with her shorts covered pussy facing me, begging me to go there and take it. The material over her most intimate parts is darkened with moisture. My princess is wet at the thought of me

watching her, and it makes my cock swell inside my sweatpants.

When her fingers trace down her body, and settle between those shapely thighs, pressing against the fabric, I pull out my dick and run my hand up and down the already hard shaft.

“Yes baby, that’s it. Touch yourself for me.” I groan, stroking myself as she wiggles herself out of those little shorts.

It’s only been a few days since I’ve seen her bare little cunt, but it feels like an eternity and when it comes into view and her clothes hit the floor with a flutter my dick jumps in my palm, desperately needing to be inside it. It’s so tight, the skin is smooth, and it glistens with her wetness. I want to touch it, lick it, eat it, and fuck it all at once.

“Mmmm stranger. Fuck me.” She moans, her fingers spreading open her lips, and two of them pushing inside of her.

I want to feel that wet heat, to have her channel grab my fingers like I’m sure it’s grabbing hers. I want to move in and out of her, spreading those juices around, preparing her for my cock that throbs in absolute need in my fist.

“Beautiful, baby girl. That’s it, finger yourself for me. Imagine it’s me opening you up, fucking you.”

Images on the screen aren’t enough. The desire to take her, to claim her, and to keep her are all too real, pulling me towards what I promised myself I would never do, have a woman here with me, for more than one night. To have a woman in my house, to survive the night, and not take that bumpy ride in the bed of my truck is nothing I ever knew I wanted, until I met her.

“Goddamnit.” I curse, squeezing my dick hard as I run my hand up and down it.
“You’re ruining me.”

The faster she moves those little fingers inside of herself, the harder and faster I stroke my cock. I can almost feel her around me, milking me, and large drops of precum ooze from me, falling to the floor, making a mess I couldn’t give two shits about.

“Oh yes.” She groans, lifting her ass from the bed, her legs trembling.

“Are you gonna cum for me?” I ask her, although she can’t hear me from miles away. It’s rhetorical. She’s on the edge. I can see her flesh pulsing around her fingers.
“Show me baby, let me watch you fall apart to thoughts of me.”

The sounds of her pants, and little mewls fill her bedroom just as much as the smell of her arousal did when I snuck in and had my way with her in her sleep. It’s an angelic, pure, lust filled symphony that makes my heart thrum faster and my cock jerk against my palm.

“Oh, God! Yesss!” She cries out, her movement faltering, her body going rigid, her feet digging into the bed.

I stroke myself harder and faster, threatening to rip my dick off with how hard I pull on my cock. I need to finish with her, to blow my load as she cums on her sheets.

“Fuck!” I bark out as my climax roars through me, and I jump up from my seat, leaning over the desktop.

As she falls apart, her head thrashing side to side, her noises of ecstasy filling my room, my cum jets out of me, splattering all over the monitor. It coats the image of her, just how I want to cover her head to toe with it.

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The sound of her shuffling around in her room brings my attention back to her as I dry off from my shower. My towel hangs loosely from my hips, and water drips from me onto the floor as I pad over to the computer. She's already cleaned up and dressed in a sexy, dark green, mini dress.

The sound that brought my eyes back to her is her stomping around her bedroom in extra high heels that clunk on the floor with every step. Her tits are barely contained in the strapless top of the garment, and her ass cheeks peek from the bottom hem. Her shapely legs look a mile long, and I almost drool at the sight of her. Any man who sees her wearing that is going to feel the same way, and that, I can't have.

"Where are you going all dressed up like that, princess?" I ask the computer screen. "And who are you dressing like that for?"

I can feel a jealous anger rising up inside of me. She's going to do something stupid. I just know it, and someone else is going to have to die tonight.

Fuck sweetheart, take a break, my pit's kinda full right now.

I need to catch her before she makes me have to take someone else. The only one I want slung over my shoulder tonight, kicking and screaming, is her.

Throwing on the first pair of jeans in my closet, and a black compression shirt, I grab my boots and leather jacket from the chair outside the walk-in closet. No car will get me to her fast enough, I need to take the bike. Only on that can I go Mach Jesus and hopefully stop her before she makes me murder again.

"You're giving me my wish though, baby. Because now I have a reason to take you sooner rather than later. Tonight..." I say as I straddle the motorcycle in the garage

and pull on my helmet. “Tonight, you become mine, in flesh and blood.”

The bike fires up with a push of the ignition switch, with the sound of her engine echoing inside the garage as the door rolls upwards. I rev her up, again and again, until flames spit from her exhaust as I wait for the clearance to exit, and when there’s just enough room, I peel out. Leaving a long single strip of rubber on the cement floor.

I’m flying down the country roads, following the same path I brought home the other night with my dogs meal. I don’t want to run into any cops, or have too many people see me riding like a madman towards the woman who will most likely be the death of me in time.

The roads are smooth, thankfully, but they’re slick from all the rain, and I have to fight the front tire twice to keep it from wobbling out from under me as I race to catch her.

Her red hatchback is still in the driveway when I arrive, and I sigh a big breath of relief, fogging up the inside of my visor, but it’s cut short when the headlights click on, and it pulls into the road before I have a chance to block her path. Without stopping, I fall in behind her, staying back far enough so that she can’t see or feel me following her.

“You’re going to make me work for this huh, princess?”

She turns right, then another right, then left into the more urban areas of town. Cars pass by, and I even allow one to separate us on the main avenue towards where I angrily think she’s going. When she turns into the parking lot and the lights from the main entrance of “Le Chateaux” brighten the sky I curse under my breath.

“Fucking here again? Didn’t learn your lesson last time?” I growl as I enter the rear

parking lot, stopping my bike in the darkest corner there is, away from the security cameras and lights.

I don't need to access the building like the rest of the patrons. My tryst with Samantha and her trust in me has come in handy a few times, and having the pass code to the back entrance is something I will forever be grateful for. I want to keep to the shadows, no witnesses and all that. When she goes missing, and someone finally reports that she's gone, I don't want the investigation to come back to me and my horny dick that forces me to her.

The rear hallways are deserted in the club, and my riding boots clunk on the floor as I make my way through the maze of playrooms. Music from the front gets louder as I make my way through, anxious to see where my princess is headed, and with whom.

When the hallways widen and the glass viewing windows to the public rooms come into view, I crane my neck back and forth, looking in all of them, seeking her. If luck has it, she won't have a date, and she'll still be out front in the reception and bar area looking for her fun for the night.

With my helmet still on, and me dressed down in denim and leather, I'm anonymous, but I can't keep walking around the posh establishment in a blackened-out motorcycle helmet, it's just not appropriate. I need to cover my face, to the point that the regulars know it's me behind the mask, and for her to be oblivious.

The door to Samantha's office clicks closed behind me quietly and I'm happy to find that the woman who is more sentimental than she lets on has kept one of my phantom masks from the days when we used to play. It's hung on the wall behind her large cherry desk, like a trophy, where it looks down at her when she works, a constant reminder to her that I'm the only man that has ever made her tap out.

Mmmm, good times.

Sliding the white, half face mask down over my cheek, and tossing my helmet on the couch in the corner of the private office, I step back out into the hallways. Immediately people who disregarded me in my helmet acknowledge my presence and side step out of my way. My identity to those who know me in here is safe, what happens here stays here, and for those who are fortunate enough to have never met me, they will never know who the phantom was that did what I'm going to do tonight.

Lily is at the bar, her elbow leaning on it as she sits turned sideways, her legs crossed seductively, her finger tracing down the suited arm of Edward, one of the club's regulars. Her hair sways on her shoulders as she chats with him, and his eyes scan her up and down like a predator eyeing up its prey.

Not tonight fucker, this one is mine.

I have to play it smartly. I can't just waltz over there and grab her arm, dragging her away from him like some form of caveman, even though that's how I feel seeing her flirting with him. It'll cause a scene that could tarnish my reputation here. I need to maintain my level of authority here, and that will be judged if I act irrationally, especially after the public display last week, when I literally carried her out of here in my arms.

"I should have just taken you home with me right away." I mumble under my breath as I slowly stalk over to the bar.

Her back is facing me, so that she can't see me, but as I near them, her words falter, and she stops stroking his jacket sleeve. When I step behind her, holding up my finger to the barkeep, I can hear her sniff the air quietly and see the goosebumps rise on her bare shoulders. Her freckles seem to move with the rising of the little prickles of recognition, calling for me to touch them. Again she recognizes my scent like a fucking bloodhound, and that is making me more feral for her.

Ed notices the change in her as well and looks over her shoulder. His icy blue eyes lock on mine behind the mask, and they grow wide when he sees me nod slightly towards her, curling up the corner of my mouth not covered in a silent sneer.

He's a ruthless business man, a heavy player here at Le Chateaux, and he's smart. He's intelligent enough to know that to take anything further with her would be a death sentence. He was, after all, in the crowd outside the playroom last Friday, another witness to what happens when the men here don't play by my rules.

"H." He says softly, grabbing his glass of scotch from the bar and standing up, adjusting his suit jacket.

He turns and walks away, leaving Lily alone at the bar, like sacrificing the lamb to slaughter in his place.

"Hey. Ed." She calls out after him, raising her hand as if she could pull him back.

He's too far away already though, scurrying away with his tail held firmly between his legs, scared away by the big bad wolf that lurks behind her.

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*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Well, that sucks.” Lily murmurs to herself, sipping her fruity umbrellaed drink, with her back still towards me.

She’s aware of my presence, I can feel it, I can hear it in her little sighs, but she remains facing away until she feels me brush “accidentally” against her bare back.

Oh God you’re so soft.

“Excuse me. I do apologize.” I say, bending down, my lips precariously close to her dainty ear and the beautiful diamond drop earring that dangles from it.

“It’s...” Her words fall short, her back tensing, her muscles tremoring enough that they disrupt the aura around her.

I can feel her vibrating in both fear and a wanting curiosity. She knows I’m the one who saved her twice this week. She can tell that it was me the other night, who drug the man who touched her inappropriately out of her apartment. She knows I’ve been watching her, even if she hasn’t been able to completely figure out how yet.

“Everything alright Miss?” I ask her, placing my hand on her shaking shoulder, feeling her jump a little under my touch.

“Ummm, yes.” She practically pants, uncrossing her legs and turning around halfway so she can see me from the corner of her eye. “All good.”

My hand grips her just a little harder, and I lean in just a little bit closer, smelling the subtle floral perfume on her neck being heated by her rapid pulse. I can see the flutter

in the skin, telling me that her heart is racing, and I want nothing more than to flatten my tongue and lick across it.

“You sure about that, princess?”

“It’s you. Isn’t it?” She asks shakily, finally turning the rest of the way to face me, trying to brush my hand from the contact on her naked skin. “The one who took me home, the one who broke into my apartment.”

“And what would you do if I told you yes?”

“I...I...don’t know.”

“Would you run out of here screaming? Or would you spread that pretty little cunt of yours for me again?”

The gasp from her pouty lipped mouth is so loud that the couple at the other end of the bar stops their conversation and looks over our way. The middle-aged woman with a glass of white wine in her manicured hand looks at my dear Lily in question, as do I and her male companion. All eyes are on her awaiting her response.

“You were watching.” She whispers, looking up at me, her stormy grey eyes searching my masked face.

“Yes I was, and it was beautiful.”

“How?”

“It’s a secret.” I chuckle, gripping her shoulder tighter in my hand, watching her goosebumps rise more, and her nipples pebble under the silky fabric of her dress.

“Just like it’s a secret who you are?” She asks on a big swallow, her throat moving so sexily as the saliva slides down it.

God, how I wish it was my cum instead.

“It’s not a secret, at least not in here.”

I wave my hand at the couple watching us and toss them a small smile. The man holds up his glass of amber drink in a silent salute, showing his respect to the man whom he knows lies behind the mask.

“Then who are you?”

“The man who wants to do so many bad things to you, until you’re begging me for more, princess.”

“Wh...what makes you think that I want that?” She stutters, but keeps her eyes on mine, and her body in my grasp.

“Just a hunch.” I say, smiling down at her, softening my features under my mask.

There are open playrooms that I passed on my way to find her. It would be so easy to take her to one, bare her to me, and give her a taste of what she can expect with me. I want it. I want her on her knees, her mouth open wide, her tongue on my cock. Then I want her draped over my lap, taking the spanking she so deserves for her indiscretions this past week. Putting herself in danger more than once, at the hands of men who don’t think twice about hurting her, makes her a bad girl.

I want to hurt her too, but only for me, and only so that she will never want another man ever again. I want to ruin her and bring her back as the perfect little thing for me. She’s close now, it’ll only take a little bit of training for this naughty thing to be my

very own good girl, my perfect princess in the castle on the hill.

I can see the indecision in her gaze. The way her pupils dilate and constrict as she searches my masked face is her tell. I can see the thoughts running in her mind behind those black and grey orbs.

“My name is H. Nice to officially meet you Lily Murphy.” I say, holding out my hand for her, waiting patiently as she stares at it like my fingers are snakes ready to strike out at her. “It’s okay,” I add, leaning close to her face, feeling her breath sneak under the plastic of my phantom covering. “I won’t bite...hard.”

The voluntary placement of her dainty hand in my larger one is the first step, and she takes it with a sigh of relief when all I do is bring her knuckles up to my mouth and kiss them gently. Her skin is soft, but I already knew that, and it feels amazing on my lips.

“Come. Let’s play.” I whisper to her, tugging on her hand until she slides off her barstool and stands before me.

With a firmer pull, I bring her to me, her front pressing against mine, her tits squished against my chest. She’s so nervous that I can feel her heart hammering inside of her like a runaway train.

“Where?” She asks, looking up at me like a scared doe in my headlights.

“Wherever I say, baby. Come.”

It’s come full circle. Just a week ago today I was carrying her out the front doors of this building, and now, with her fingers laced with mine, I lead her back in towards the very place I met her. Serendipitous, no?

Should I be concerned about how easily she follows me to the unknown? Normally, and with any other woman I would. Only whores and bad girls let strange men take them away from the security of a group of people. But here, in this place, where we all come to play out our fantasies in a safe environment, I can't see her as the kind of bitch that rides in my truck to the pit. She's not the type of whore that I end and then dispose of. Deep down she's just a lonely girl with a high sex drive that wants to feel something. She's just too naive to do it the right way.

With me baby, you'll feel all the things. I promise.

It's only been seven days, and the patrons that mill around in the halls clearly remember the show I put on for them. As I direct my beautiful flower down the halls towards the playrooms, they step out of our way. The men give me nods of approval and admiration, as the women look me up and down like hungry wolves. They all want a piece of the leader that flaunts his dominance over the pack. Too bad I only want one now. The days of H having multiple sluts a night are over, and they can tell with the possessiveness that I exude over the beauty by my side.

The rooms are filling up quickly as the night progresses. Fridays are always the busiest at Le Chateaux, and when we turn down the last hallway, the only room still available is the very one I swept her up in my arms and took her from.

"In here." I say to her opening the door and giving her a little pull when she hesitates.

Can I blame her for her reluctance? No, not at all, but it doesn't mean that I'm going to allow her to back out with me just because of some bad memories, whatever they may be.

I wonder princess, do you know what I did to that man while you slept? Did you hear or sense anything in your unconscious state? Did you smell his blood as it poured from his throat all over the floor that he had you bleed on as well?

“H?” She whimpers as I wrap my arm around her shoulders and pull her against me, leading her into the burgundy room.

“Shhh, princess. I’m here.”

My words, the same ones I spoke to her before as she laid bleeding and crying make her stiffen and her jaw starts to tremor. She does remember. She knows something happened. I can feel it tearing through her as she stumbles against my side and locks her feet in place just inside the door.

The room’s been professionally cleaned, and there’s no evidence of my brutalities to the man who harmed her. There’s no longer the odor of iron and copper, or the death that followed it, but she knows that something bad, other than what he did to her happened here.

“I can’t.”

“Yes you can. Face your fears.”

“It’s you I fear.” She confesses, looking up at me with wide eyes that shimmer in her uneasiness.

“I wish you wouldn’t. I did it all for you.”

“Did what?”

“I think you know.”

The realization smacks her in the face so hard that she whips her head to the side. She tries to pull away from me, leaning to the side, trying to release my grip from her shoulders, but I’m too strong for her. Even when the apprehension turns to panic, I

hold on tightly to her, quietly shushing her and whispering words of encouragement to her. She's having none of it, and the shriek that squeals from her mouth as I wrap her tighter in my arms is like the sound of a dying rabbit, all pained and shrill.

"No!" She screams, bucking her body, trying to dip out from below my arm, but I just hold her tighter, squeezing her to me, placing my lips to her hair. "You're a killer. You killed him! Help!"

"No one's going to interject here, princess. Shhh."

"Don't call me princess, you, you, you monster!" She cries out, kicking her heeled foot out, connecting with my shin.

It hurts, I won't lie, but the pain just morphs into a pleasure, my sick pleasure. I like it, and want more of it, and I have a feeling that she's going to give it to me. As much as I crave it though, I can't have her hurting herself. I want her unharmed and with me willingly if I can have her that way. I would hate to have to take her against her will. Besides the only one allowed to mar her perfectly creamy skin is me.

"You're alright. I've got you." I say through gritted teeth at the feelings of pain and pleasure tearing through me.

"Fuck you! Help!"

"Don't make me do this." I say, grabbing her face and forcing her to look me in the eyes. "Don't make it harder on yourself than it has to be."

She falls still, but only for a single breath before she screams again "Help! Someone help me!"

"Lily. Lily, stop!" I raise my voice, shaking her, trying to snap her out of her terrified

response. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Help!” She continues to yell out.

The people around us are staring, but no one steps forward to assist her. They all know better. They know not to cross me, especially when it comes to her. Last week’s show was a testament to the lengths I will go to for her, and no one else in our presence wants to have his fate.

“For fuck’s sake, princess.” I growl, giving in to the monster in me that just wants her to shut the fuck up.

My palm comes across her face so hard I could slap the freckles right off her cheek. She stops screaming and looks at me like I just killed a puppy.

“You, you hit me.” She cries out, reaching for the reddened hand print.

If I thought she was putting up a fight before, the effort she throws at me now is impressive. She swings her fists at me, connecting with my leather covered chest, and her feet hit my jeans covered legs. She’s a raving lunatic, hitting and kicking, all while screaming for someone to help her.

“Lily, stop!” I bellow out, but it only makes her fight harder and scream louder. “Shit.” I curse as I grab her wrists and hold them together, making the bracelet on her right one cut into her skin.

Blood trickles from her pale flesh as she struggles against the hold, trying to pull away, but only succeeding in cutting herself more.

“Baby, you’re hurting yourself.”

“No, you’re hurting me, let go of me.” She cries out, thrashing and bucking her body.

When her head swings forward and connects with my nose, I’ve had enough. She’s dripping blood from both her wrists, and now a cut has opened up across her forehead. Her ginger skin breaks and bleeds so easily.

“Fuck!” I yell. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.” I continue to curse as I wrap my thick, jacket covered forearm around her neck. “I’m sorry.” I say, squeezing across her neck. “Please forgive me.”

The spunk flies right out of her as I press against her windpipe and carotid at the same time, paying close attention to her breathing. I want her out not dead, and when her face turns bright red and her hands fall from my grasp all weak and motionless, I know she’s done.

“Fuck baby girl, why’d you make me do that?” I ask her motionless form that’s now slumped against me, breathing shallowly.

She weighs almost nothing to me as I lift her up and sling her over my shoulder. Yet another Friday night where I’m carrying her out of the club. Only this week, I’m taking her out the back door instead of the front, and this time...she won’t be back unless it’s on the end of a leash that’s firmly gripped in my fist.

Fucking women. Can’t live with them, can’t kill them. Well...not this one.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

Ever try riding a crotch rocket with an unconscious curvy woman over your shoulder? Yeah I don't recommend it. By the time I get us back to the house, taking all back roads again, my back is on fire. If she were at least semi awake, I would have tied her to the bitch seat, but I couldn't take the risk of her sleeping body falling off and landing on the blacktop.

The dogs are excited to see me, but they know better than to follow the bike this time. The only one who stays on my back tire as we head up the driveway is Magnolia, and I swear I can see a strange look in her deep brown eyes when I park and lift Lily into a better fireman's carry.

"Don't say anything." I tell the dog as she trots along behind me in the garage, watching me and the woman on my shoulder with a guarded curiosity. "I mean it."

"Woof." Is all I get from her as I swing open the door to my basement playroom and she hops down the steps behind me, sniffing Lily's hair that hangs down behind my thighs.

I can't trust my poor little flower not to freak out and try to run just yet, so unfortunately, down here will be her home until she can show me that I can leave her in the house without having to hunt her down every other minute. It's not a bad place, there's heat and running water. There's even a bathroom off the main room where she can keep herself clean and tidy.

"Hey baby. Time to wake up." I say, setting her feet on the ground, supporting her slumbering frame so she doesn't slump to the concrete floor like a bag of rock. "Come on princess."

“Mmmm.” She moans, her head lolling against my chest, her hair brushing my chin.

I take a deep breath in, smelling the fresh cut flower scent that I find oh so divine in those soft tresses. She’s coming around, her body regaining some rigidity as the muscles recover from her unconscious state.

“Good girl, wakey wakey.” I say, petting her hair, humming to her a little song mom used to hum as she woke me up in the mornings for school.

I can still hear her voice like it was yesterday. Mother always believed the most important parts of the day were the first few minutes upon waking and the last few moments before bed. They could make or break your mood according to her, and she was right. On the days I awoke to her angelic voice I smiled more. On the days I rose to the sounds of my father beating her or worse, I was grumpy and foul. She really was a very smart woman.

I miss her so much.

Lily’s eyelashes flutter so perfectly on her cheeks as her eyes move behind those closed lids. She looks peaceful, but I know that’s not going to last. The panic will return the moment her gaze settles on her surroundings. I wasn’t planning on this and I didn’t have time to put away all my instruments of torture on the workbench, nor remove the repurposed dental chair in the middle of the large room.

I don’t want to strap her to the chair, that would be wrong. It’s the last step before my victims take that ride to their final destination. I need to do something with her though to free my hands so I can make the room more hospitable for her.

The shackles of the cross snap into place quietly with just a little pressure and a turn of the key that secures them. It’s not ideal, but again, it’s what I have right now. I would be lying though if I didn’t enjoy the sight of her trussed up to the wooden

beams, with the iron cuffs holding her beautiful hourglass figure in place.

Fucking perfection.

With her restrained to keep her from hurting herself or taking off, I make quick work of cleaning up and making the space fit for a princess. My princess.

“What the...?” Her voice croaks out faster than expected.

Of course I would be standing just feet from her with my arms full of menacing looking tools and sweat dripping down over the top of my mask, running down it like some sort of theatrical tear. Her eyes lock on me, and grow wide, then the thrashing begins again.

“Oh, no, no, no!” She screams loudly, echoing her words off the stone walls around us.

“Easy Lily, easy.” I say, tossing the instruments down into the chair, and brushing my hands off on my jeans. “Shhh, easy.” I say to her, coming up to her, yet keeping a good distance away from her kicking legs.

“Let me go!”

“I can’t do that.”

“The fuck you can’t.” She yells out, swinging her foot out trying to connect with my legs.

“Sorry sweetheart. Once you relax, we’ll talk.” I say, tilting my head, looking at her with a calm expression on the part of my face she can see.

With a tsking and a shake of my head, I go back to arranging her cell, ignoring her screams and pleas to let her go. She struggles for a while, but eventually she falls quiet in exhaustion, except for big breaths in and out. The shrieks turn to small whimpers, and the thrashing slows to an occasional jerk of her restrained hands, trying her cuffs, and failing to break free.

“Do you know how long I have waited for this day? How long I’ve hidden in the shadows, just waiting for the right time to scoop you up and finally make you mine. Do you, princess?” I ask her, standing in front of her watching her closely.

The iron chains that bind her slender, cuffed wrists to the O-ring hooks on the St. Andrew’s cross rattle with each spastic breath she sucks in through her clenched teeth. Her ample chest heaves, and her lithe body trembles at my words. The fear is so paramount that I can smell it wafting from her, as it deliciously scents the dank air of the basement with its sweetness.

She really is the most precious thing I’ve ever encountered, and now she’s mine, all mine. Her presence here is the dawn of a new day, enlightening my world in ways that, until now, I’ve only fantasized about.

“Please. Let me go.” She begs, her hands flexing over her shackles, the blood on her wrists from the fight she put up during her abduction dripping slowly down her fingers.

“I’m sorry my sweetness, but this is your new home now. As soon as you accept it and can be the good girl I know you are, I’ll take you down from there. But until then...” My words fall away, leaving her to finish the sentence with whatever images are flashing through her panicked mind.

It's amazing how a lot of the situations we put ourselves in during our lifetimes are self-fulfilling prophecies. We worry so much about what can happen, that in essence

we materialize it and suddenly our fears transpire. She's in that position now, where her behavioral response to her new found captivity will produce the final outcome of her residence here.

I can give her the world. More money, power, and love than she would ever receive anywhere else on this godforsaken planet. Or I can make the rest of her existence miserable, laden with torture and despair where she begs unsuccessfully for it to end. The choice is hers, and hers alone.

“Until then, what?” She asks, her warm brown eyes shimmering with unshed tears that threaten to fall with her next quivering word.

“That's entirely up to you.”

I really don't want to have to torture her, or heaven forbid, kill her. I want her to enjoy her time with me. We can have so much fun together, we have the same tastes. I can see it in her, behind the good girl is someone who wants the sexual depravities that I can give her. The way she took that caning was exquisite and I can do so much better for her than that.

“Please H, let me go. I haven't seen your face. I don't know who you really are. I can't tell anyone anything.” She whines, pulling on her cuffs, making the chains rattle more as she looks up at her bleeding wrists. “These hurt.”

“If you can be good, you'll come down. I already told you that.”

“I'll be good, I promise.”

“Sorry. I don't believe you.” I sigh, reaching out, caressing her cheek with the back of my knuckles making her flinch and try to back away with nowhere to go. “See?” Backing away from her I pick up the last of the tools that need to be hidden from her

sight and turn to Magnolia who sits silently in the corner watching. “Come girl, let’s go make our guest something to eat.”

Lily screeches at me with all the force in her lungs as I trudge up the steps and leave her alone with an empty room filled only with her own voice echoing around her like a ragged blanket.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

Dinner went uneaten, as has breakfast. The plate of pancakes, sausage patties, and scrambled eggs grows cold on the workbench, untouched except for a glob of spit sitting right on top.

“Oh Lily, you’re not doing yourself any favors starving yourself.” I croon to her, petting her hair, twirling a chunk of it around my finger, watching it curl and bounce when I let go of it.

“I can’t really eat all tied up like an animal.” She says, frowning at me, making little lines appear around her mouth.

“That’s why I tried to feed you. But spitting in my face is not the way to treat the man taking care of you.”

“You’re really fucked up aren’t you?”

“More than you can ever know. But I was kind of hoping you would change that.” I confess to her, because it’s true.

Maybe having some, dare I say it, love in my life would help heal the damaged little boy who liked to kill animals that still resides in me, and bring me some peace.

Maybe.

I know I’m fucked up; I’ve never hidden that fact. But I also know that there is something about her that makes me...softer, and I need to explore that. She’s different than all the others that have graced this cross and this room, and I can feel

that if she were to break and fall into place, things could be amazing.

As we stare each other down, her eyes trying to peer behind my mask, she sighs and slumps against the wooden beams in defeat. The growling of her stomach is becoming so loud that even Magnolia whines when it rumbles again.

“Fine. Feed me.” Lily huffs, finally giving in to the hunger tearing through her guts.

“That wasn’t very nice. How do we ask?” I reprimand her. Being mad and hungry is no excuse for bad manners. She’s better than that.

“May I have some food, please.” She asks sarcastically rolling her eyes at me.

“Not perfect, but better. Princesses need to act like it you know. The nicer you are, the nicer I am.”

“Yeah right.”

“Try me and see, baby.” I chuckle grabbing her plate and turning from her.

“Hey, where are you going?” She asks as I cross the room, snapping my fingers and pointing to Lily so Magnolia knows she’s staying to keep watch of her. “You said I could have something to eat.”

“Of course, I’m just getting you something fresh and saliva free.” I answer her, jogging up the steps to get her something more appropriate to eat for her first meal with me.

“Eggs, tomatoes, Italian seasoning, red pepper flakes...” I hum as I pull out all the ingredients from the fridge and cabinets.

She needs something with substance that will fill that empty belly and hold her over whilst I work the rest of the day. Just because I have her prisoner here doesn't mean that the whole world outside these walls just stops. I have mergers to do, shipments to import, and logs to falsify, all by the end of the day. Good thing I can work from my home office, I'll feel better that way at least for now.

By the time I'm done cooking, my protein shake has worn off, and my stomach is gurgling just as loud as hers was. I spoon the food into two large bowls, grab spoons and napkins, and head back down into the cellar where she waits, her hands still bound, her eyes on those of Magnolia's.

"You girls getting to know each other?" I ask as I set the food down on my work bench and pull up a rolling stool in front of Lily. "Magnolia is the best girl ever. You could learn a few things from her."

"Learn from a dog, yeah, okay." Lily says rolling her grey eyes at me as I scoot up to her, grabbing her bowl on my way.

"Now, would you like to eat or continue to give me attitude. Remember, how this goes is all dependent on you, princess."

"What is that?" She asks, looking down, her eyes growing large at the massive amount of food.

"This my dear is eggs in purgatory. Have you ever had it before?" I answer her, dipping the large soup spoon into the mixture, releasing some of the steam from under the eggs. When she remains silently staring at the bowl, and a drop of drool runs from the corner of her mouth, I continue speaking. "It's soft-boiled eggs in a spicy tomato sauce. It's very good. My mother used to make it for me."

"You have a mother? You mean you weren't just spit out of hell into this world.?"

“Contrary to your beliefs, I’m not such a monster. You will see that; in time I guess.”

Scooping out a piece of egg with some of the sauce, I blow gently on it, wafting the curls of steam away until I’m sure it won’t burn her tongue. She looks at me in confusion, like my actions are foreign to her.

“If you’re worried about it being hot, then you have feelings?” She asks, watching me cool down her food for her.

“I do, yes. I might be fucked up, but I promise all of this is not to hurt you. It was to keep you from harming yourself. I’ve already told you a few times. How this goes all depends on you, princess.”

“Can I get down?”

“Do you promise not to try and hurt either one of us? If you do, Magnolia there won’t be so quiet or nice.” I answer her, nodding to the dog sitting right at my hip. “She’s the best girl ever, to me. To you...baby you have to earn that.”

“I promise.” She sighs, looking between me and the dog, then up at her bound wrists covered in dried blood.

“Good girl.”

The chains rattle as I stand up and unhook her cuffs from the cross. Her arms drop down limply, her muscles obviously worn out and frozen from the lack of usage for the past twelve hours or so of restraint. She leans her weight against me as I take her down, my arms wrapped around her for support, her body crushed to mine in her weakness.

“Owww.” She cries out as I kick the stool forward and set her down on her ass.

“Everything hurts.”

“Yes baby, it will. But after you eat, we’ll soak you in a hot bath. That’ll loosen you up.”

She looks so tired, almost ready to pass out, but her belly growls and she curls forward in discomfort. I don’t think she can run, but just in case, I leave her wrists cuffed, and for good measure, I grab the second pair of metal binds, kneel in front of her, and click them around her ankles.

“Just in case.” I say to her, looking up at her from my knees.

Even bloodied and exhausted she really is the idol of perfection. Her skin is flawless except for her injuries, and her freckles move so nicely as she wriggles her face, making the muscles work and softening her appearance. Her long legs curl under the stool, and her thighs drop open just a little, the pale skin between them peeking out for my view.

I want to push those legs open more and expose her to my hands and eventually my mouth, but she needs to eat. I want her to have some strength for when I touch her in the ways my body and my cock crave. The hard on in my jeans will just have to wait until then.

So new to you. Hedeon Zverev never waits for anything he wants.

Leaning back on my feet, staying down below her to show her that she is both physically and symbiotically above me, I offer her the first bite of her food. A drop spills on my cupped hand under the spoon as she takes the bite, her eyes rolling back in her head, and her stomach growling loudly.

“Mmmm so good.” She moans, then catches herself, and adjusts her spine straight,

clearing her throat as she swallows the spicy brunch.

“It’s okay to enjoy it. I like cooking.” I say to her, offering her another spoonful that she takes immediately, barely chewing the egg before sucking it down. “My mother taught me.”

At the second mention of the only other woman I have cared for, I see her brows drop and her face soften more. Maybe she can see that I’m a human being now. The mask on my face doesn’t help portray that, and against all the warning bells in my head, I reach up and touch the edge of the white plastic.

“Stop.” She says, her cuffed hands reaching out and touching my fingers. “I want to do it.”

I can feel the fear in her touch, the way her fingers tremble as she brushes my hand away. It’s like she’s expecting a monster under the disguise. She clears her throat again and takes a big breath in, then lifts the mask away, staring at me with an agape mouth and something different passing through her eyes. Admiration?

“Not the crazy beast you were expecting?”

“No...not at all. You’re...you’re normal.”

With a chuckle, I take her hand in mine and pull the mask from her grip, letting it fall to the floor with a clatter. “I wouldn’t say normal. Far from it actually. But for you, I’ll try to be anything you want.”

It’s an odd feeling as she strokes down my cheek, her nails lightly scratching on my scruff. She investigates my square jaw, and nose, then traces over my bottom lip, making me peek my tongue out, seeking just the faintest of touches from her on it. When she reaches up, her metal cuffs in my face, to reach my hair I close my eyes

and just feel her exploration. A low moan rumbles in my chest when she grabs a handful of it and tugs lightly.

I'm lost in the sensuality of her touch, and don't hear the clatter of the spoon against the bowl. It's my fault for letting my guard down, and when I open my eyes to look up at her with the adoration I feel for her, the spicy hot tomato sauce she spits viciously at me blinds me.

"What the fuck?" I yell, grabbing my face, my fingers rubbing at my eyelids, trying to rid my vision of the hot peppers that burn like fire.

"Help!" She screams, leaping off the stool, her bound ankles smashing into my kneecaps as she tries to jump over me. "Help!"

Her shrieks are unnecessary, no one will hear her down here, especially when Magnolia starts barking at her, snapping her teeth at Lily's arms as I grab her and pull her to the floor with me.

"For fuck's sake Lily." I spit at her, wrapping my arms and legs around her as she fights and flails against my body.

"Help!Someone!"

"No one will hear you." I grunt, holding her tightly, watching for the swing of her head. I don't want her breaking open her forehead again.

She bucks and writhes in my grasp, her hair wrapping around my face, the red tendrils getting covered in the tomato sauce, dragging it across my skin. It's hot, but not hot enough to burn my flesh, but for fuck's sake the red pepper flakes in it really hurts the eyes.

Such a feisty little thing you are, princess.

It's a futile escape attempt, and almost a comical one at that. Where she thought she was going with her wrists and ankles cuffed I have no idea. How she thought she would get past Magnolia is even funnier, and as she struggles and grunts against my chest, I just hold on tightly, laughing little chuckles until she finally gives in and submits to the fact that she's going nowhere.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“I hate you.” Lily growls as I drag her by the chained wrists to the bathroom in the corner of the cellar.

She’s filthy from rolling around on the floor, and there’s food in her hair. She needs a bath, desperately.

“You’ll learn to like me. I’m very likeable you know, if you give me a chance.” I chuckle, pushing her into the bathroom and closing the door behind us with a kick of my foot.

“I doubt that.” She huffs, stumbling into the small room, her ankle cuffs jingling with the exaggerated movements.

“Just the other night you were cumming all over your sheets for me baby. I’m still the same man.”

“Yeah, then you were a fantasy, and not a raving lunatic who kidnaps people and keeps them in a torture chamber.”

“Well, you really didn’t give me the option to woo you my dear. I would have, you know.” I say, turning her around to face me, brushing a lock of tomato sauce covered hair off her forehead while she rolls her eyes at me. “Don’t do that, princess.”

“Do what?”

“Roll your eyes like you aren’t the least bit turned on. I saw your book collection on the shelf in your room. I know you like masked men who take what they want. You

crave it don't you, you naughty thing?"

"Yeah in a book."

"But I can give you that in real life. I can chase you through the woods, hunt you until you're exhausted, give you every dirty fantasy you read about."

"Then kill me?" She asks, her stormy eyes searching my bare face.

I can see the curiosity in them. The way they scan my features, softening when they reach my throat and the tattoos that grace it, including the pink lips inked over my pulse point. For the briefest of moments she raises her hands, like she's going to touch it, but pulls away before her fingertips make contact.

"I would rather not." I say, grabbing her hand gently, bringing it back up to where her gaze still focuses. She gulps loudly when I press her fingers to my throat and drag them over the artwork she so inquisitively stares at. "I would rather have you alive and screaming my name every chance we get."

"Screaming H isn't that sexy." She says sarcastically, allowing me to move her touch down my neck to my chest over my wet and stained t-shirt. "Do you have a real name?"

"You promise to cry it out loudly when you're cumming on my cock?" I ask, arching my brow at her with a devious smile.

"We shall see about that, mister kidnapper and killer."

"It's Hedeon."

"Destroyer? How fitting." She smirks, flattening her hand on my chest, allowing me

to push it hard against me until I know she can feel my heart beating under it.

“You know Russian.”

“A little.”

“?? ????? ????????? ???? , ???????? ? ??????-???? ????? . ? ?????? ?? ???????? ???? ,  
??????????.” I speak to her in my native tongue, watching her, waiting for her reaction.

“You really think so? I’m the most beautiful thing?” She asks, her palm pressing harder onto me, her chest rising with a deeply inhaled breath. “You really promise not to kill me?”

“I may be a killer, but I’m also a man of my word. I promise.”

She startles slightly but keeps her contact with me as I run my fingers through her sticky hair, grabbing a handful of it in my fist. It’s exquisite, the feel of her leaning her weight on me as I pull her face to mine, brushing my lips over hers that tremble ever so slightly.

“Are you going to...”

“Shhh.” I shush her, then claim her mouth in a kiss to rival any other.

She tries to purse her lips closed, but I wiggle my tongue against them and pry her mouth open delving inside, tasting her natural flavor and the spiciness of the food she ate before she spit it in my face. Her tongue is warm and wet, and after a few seconds, she relaxes and lets me tangle mine with hers.

When she kisses me back, and a small moan escapes her throat, I swallow it down. She’s hungry, but not for the food anymore. I can taste the craving in her, the same

thirst that took her to Le Chateaux, the one that pushes her to lean harder against me, trapping her cuffed hands between our bodies as I grind my hardening cock against her belly.

“Oh fuck, princess.” I groan into her mouth, reaching down with my free hand and unbuckling my belt, then sliding my jeans down to my thighs.

My dick needs to be free from its confines, and to be against her flesh, to feel her softness and her warmth.

“H.” She pants into my mouth, her hands grabbing at my t-shirt, trying to pull it off me frantically.

“Such a good girl.” I coo, breaking the kiss just long enough to rip the shirt off over my head and throw it haphazardly on the floor.

She gasps when I release her hair and grab her dress with both hands. Curling my fingers over the top hem that sits askew across her ample breasts, I yank, tearing the satiny fabric with no effort. It falls to our feet with the silent fluttering of the destroyed fabric. Her bare tits crush against my naked chest, her nipples pebbling against my smooth skin, rubbing on me like little buttons that need to be tweaked and fingered.

“Yes baby. So responsive.” I purr to her, grabbing her tits roughly squeezing them each in turn, making her groan and gyrate her hips closer to mine and the damp head of my aching cock.

Her feet stumble a little as I back her up towards the shower, reaching over her shoulder to turn it on, kissing her deeply while I wait for the first billowy cloud of steam to escape the glass enclosure before clumsily backing her up inside of it.

The hot water hits her first, until I turn us, letting it pelt down my back instead until I can adjust the heat. I don't want to burn her, or cause her any discomfort yet. She's finally touching me, taking me, making the first step to accept this thing between us and I can't risk shocking her out of it now.

The lace panties barely covering her sex rip away easily, the wetness of them squelching between my fingers as I toss them over the shower doors onto the bathroom floor. My jeans are harder to remove, but like the good girl I know she is, she reaches down with her cuffed hands and helps me wriggle out of them until they're a soaked pile of denim and leather on the tub floor.

Gloriously nude, and soaking wet, I turn her back to my front and slam her against the wall. Her skin squeaks against the steamy glass, and she arches her back, pressing her ass to my pelvis.

"Fuck yes baby." I moan, reaching down, stroking the hot flesh across her bum, squeezing it roughly until my red handprints are marked all over the creamy skin.

"H?" She asks meekly behind her pants.

"Yes?"

"We need..."

"No we don't. I'm clean and I know you are."

"But..." She murmurs, her face pressed against the shower, her eyes searching over her shoulder for me.

"Trust me." I say, rubbing my cock between her ass cheeks, rolling my eyes back in my head at the utter pleasure of finally being so close to her entrances.

“Oh God.” She cries out as I slide forward, stroking between her pussy lips, poking her clit with the head of my dick. “Yes.”

I can’t wait any longer, and neither can she. The wetness pouring out of her, coating my cock, is the tell that she wants this as much as I do.

“Breathe.” I whisper in her ear as she holds her breath at my intrusion into her.

She’s so tight, so hot, and so wet. It’s heaven inside her as she takes all of me like we were made for each other. I fit perfectly in her, able to feel every part of her channel, and every pulse of that second heartbeat.

“H, take off my shackles.” She pants, slamming her ass back on me, driving me up to her cervix, crying out loudly.

“It’s so hot baby, leave them.”

“I want to touch you.”

“You are, with every piece of you. Just feel it, feel me. Take me princess, all of me.”

The water slices down on us, the heat of it adding to the warmth of my thrusting body, making me sweat on her back as I lean against her, wrapping my arms around her shoulders, holding her tightly.

She takes me so well, her pussy molding to me, stretching perfectly as I pound into her. Our wet bodies slap loudly together, with that primal smack of skin on skin that echoes around us in the small enclosure.

“H!” She screams, tossing her head back, her wet hair slapping me in the face, sticking to my scruff.

It's animalistic the way I fuck her, driving into her so hard the glass rattles in front of her, threatening to bust into millions of pieces. I slam her harder, grabbing her hair, holding her head still, devouring her agape mouth like a man starved.

I can feel her tightening around my cock, her body reaching the point of no return. She's so close to the edge, teetering on the cliff, that my next hard thrust could push her off of.

"Oh God! Hedeon! Yes! More!" She bellows out into my kisses, her voice turning from high pitched screams to low snarls like a rabid animal.

"Reach up, princess. Grab the top of the door." I pant into her mouth.

Like my good girl she complies, and I lift her from her feet, her cuffs rattling and banging against my shins as I fuck her so hard that the only thing holding her up is her weak hold on the metal door frame and my cock. She screams again, her face falling away from mine, her fingers clawing to hold on.

"Cum now baby." I roar as the orgasm tears through me.

It starts in the middle of my spine as a ball of electricity that spreads lower, working through my balls, and explodes out of the head of my cock so deep inside of her. She joins me, her body bucking and thrashing, her hands slipping, and her breaths coming so hard I fear she might pass out. She growls and groans as she floods my dick with so much slippery fluid that it splatters on my feet.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" She yells

"That's my good fucking girl, Lily." I praise her, kissing the side of her face, her cheek, and her jawline, seeking out her mouth again.

I need to kiss her more. I want to always be kissing her. I can't get enough of it, or her taste, or the feel of her wet tongue entwined with mine. I kiss her deeply as she moans again, her body tensing, her knuckles cracking, and her pussy squeezing me so tightly on another climax.

“Yes baby, cum again. That's it, choke my cock with your perfect little cunt.”

She explodes, practically crushing my dick with how hard her pussy grips me, trying to push me out of her with the sheer force of her orgasm. It's beautiful, all encompassing, and the best thing I have felt in my entire life.

“My good girl. Mine.” I grow into her mouth, nipping her bottom lip with my teeth hard enough to leave a mark, claiming her, just as I did in her room while she slept.

She's mine now. Mine to have, to hold, to pamper, to abuse, to use, and to keep.

Mine!

“Yours.” She weeps, her body and mind falling apart as I work her down, slowing my hips, easing her from her death grip on the door.

Pulling out of her seems like a crime, but she needs something else right now. To be held, to be soothed, and to be released from her physical binds, because the mental and emotional ones have now formed.

“Let me hold you, Lily. Then we'll get these off.” I say, pulling her front to mine, wrapping my thick tattooed arms around her, pressing her face to my chest so she can hear the galloping of my heart, telling her that it's hers now, as much as hers is becoming mine.

## Page 19

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

Work passes so slowly knowing that my Lily is waiting for me in the cellar playroom. She was such a good girl when I released her from her shackles, and even thanked me as I brought a bed down to her between my online meetings. The frown when I chained her to the bedpost wasn't nice, but I understand her reluctance to be bound all the time. I just need to trust her a little bit more before she has free roam of her room, even though she'd never make it past the security door that opens from her space to the garage.

Lunch time can't come soon enough, and I'm excited to take a break from tampering with my legal documents to make her food that I know she'll enjoy. Kendra and Jack in the office can wait an extra couple hours for the paperwork they requested.

No more spitting your meals in my face, princess.

I find myself humming one of my mother's songs as I sear the sides of the sirloin steaks and mash the fresh potatoes with milk and sour cream. The smell of asparagus roasting in the oven adds to the scents of the meat and cream, turning my kitchen into an olfactory sensation in itself.

Magnolia is down in the cellar with her, and I miss the pitter patter of little feet on the floor as I plate two meals and scrape the scraps into a stainless-steel bowl for her.

"Lunch with my two girls." I say to myself, grabbing everything I need and placing it on a wooden tray, including a small clear bud vase with a single red rose. "??????????. Perfect"

The stairs creek under my feet, and my boots clunk loudly on the wooden planks as I

descend into the cellar with a lunch fit for a queen. The sound of my arrival is drowned out by the scraping of metal on concrete as Lily paces back and forth at the bottom of her new bed. She looks stressed, wringing her hands together, covered in nothing but a pair of my boxers and one of my gym t-shirts.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, setting the tray down on the workbench and adjusting the little flower so it sits just right.

“What’s wrong? I’m locked in a basement, God knows where, chained to a bed.”

“I know princess. Things will get easier soon, remember what I said.” I say to her, pulling her to me, wrapping my arms around her, and resting my chin on the top of her head when she leans into me.

“I know, I know. It all depends on me.” She sighs, pulling away and looking up at me with those stormy eyes. “I’m being good.”

“Yes you are. I’m so proud of you.” I say, leaving her to fetch her meal, setting it down on the foot of her bed after smoothing out the covers so the tray doesn’t tip and spill. “Lunch?”

I know it’s absolutely insane of me to think she can just live a normal life down here. I know I couldn’t do it, to sleep, eat, and do everything else in the same few square feet, chained to an inanimate object with just enough length to make it to the bathroom and to pace the room like she is.

“I’m not hungry.” She says, and when her stomach grumbles in protest at her small defiance, I chuckle at her, lifting her fork from the tray and offering her a bite of steak.

“I know that’s a lie, so come here and have some. It’s good, I promise.”

“You make a lot of promises.”

“And I keep them all. Come on Lily, be a good girl and eat something for me. I would hate to have to feed all this to Magnolia and not you.”

At the mention of her name, my best girl ever wakes up from her spot by the bottom of the steps and pads over to us, shoving her wet nose into my empty hand.

With an exaggerated sigh, Lily flops down on the bed, shaking the tray, almost knocking it over.

“How do you do it girl?” She asks the dog, patting her thigh so Magnolia leaves me and trots around the bed to her. “How do you live with this incorrigible man?”

Magnolia looks to me for approval before sitting down next to Lily’s legs, and when I nod my approval, she leans against her, nuzzling up to her, accepting head pets and ear scratches. The little groan of pleasure she makes when Lily plays with her cropped ears is adorable, and I can almost see her as a little puppy again, before I trained her to be the ruthless killer she is. My heart makes a little flip in my chest watching them, and I have to rub my sternum with the heel of my hand to get it to settle down.

“I’m not incorrigible.” I whine playfully, slicing her steak into bite sized strips. “Here eat.” I add, tapping her plate with the fork.

She looks at the food like it’s poison, wrinkling her forehead and poking at it with her finger like it’s going to jump off the plate and bite her. When she touches the petals of the rose, I pull it from the vase and tuck it in her hair, smiling at her.

“A flower for a flower?” She says trying not to give a little giggle.

I can tell she wants to give it, to relax, to enjoy herself, but I can't blame her for holding back, especially when her chains rattle as she tries to pull her leg up on the bed to curl it under her ass.

"A thing of beauty for a beautiful woman." I say, kneeling down at her feet, pulling out the key from my back jeans pocket, and unlocking her metal cuff.

She sighs as I massage her ankle and foot, kissing it gently as I do, showing or, at least trying to show her that I'm not all monster inside. Her skin is soft, but there's a small mark from the metal, and I pay extra attention to the spot, rubbing it with my thumbs to soothe the skin.

"That's nice." She moans, making me look up at her and the way she leans back on her elbows, her eyes closed, allowing herself to enjoy my touch.

"More?"

"More what?"

She groans when I flatten my tongue and lick up her calf, tasting her skin and the soap from last night's shower. When I reach the back of her knee, she tries to pull away from me on a tinkling laugh that escapes her lips.

"H."

"Does that tickle, princess?" I ask, holding her leg harder to keep her from taking it away from me. "Or does it feel good?"

"Both."

"May I continue?"

“Do I have a choice?” She asks, opening her eyes and looking down at me on my knees between her legs.

“More than you realize.”

“Then why keep me tied up and down here if I have a choice?”

“You have the say in what I do to you and with you. I will not force you to accept my touch. But I’m sorry, you’re mine, and that’s not a decision you can make, I’ve already made it for you.”

“You’re really fucked up in the head aren’t you?”

“Again, princess, more than you realize.” I snort, returning my lips and tongue back to her, licking up her inner thigh and getting no denial from her. “Now eat or I stop.”

“Oh no, what ever will I do?” She laughs, but grabs the back of my head, pressing my face into her inner thigh.

“That’s my girl.”

The sound of the fork hitting the plate rattles in the background as I kiss and lick her creamy thighs, paying special attention to touching everything except her most intimate parts as I slide my hand up and under the leg of my boxer shorts she’s wearing.

“H.” She moans, sliding herself down, begging for me to advance my caresses and licks upwards.

“Patience my dear. Keep eating, you’ll need your strength.”

With a huff she goes back to eating, and I can feel her relax under me as she chews and swallows. The occasional groan of pleasure comes from her, and before I know it, she's polished off the whole plate and is practically panting under my kisses.

"Lift." I command her, tapping her hip, and pulling down the boxers.

Sliding them down her shapely legs, I toss them up to her, so they hit her in the face. She rips them away and throws them on her pillows, laying back and spreading her legs like a hungry whore.

"Please Hedeon."

"Shhh princess." I shush her, licking to the crease between her thigh and her mound.

She's damp, the skin already slick in the anticipation of my tongue and all it can do for her. I can smell it, the arousal pooling between her pussy lips. It's sweet and musky, and it makes my mouth water.

"Oh God." She croons as I sweep my tongue through her slit, gathering up her juices and sucking them into my mouth.

I may have tasted her on my fingers before, but right from the tap is something beyond exquisite as it coats my tongue and lips.

"Fuck Lily."

"Yes fuck. Fuck me with your tongue."

With a quick swat, I slap her outer thigh, my palm cracking against her skin, making her squeal, then moan lowly as the pain morphs into a warmth that spreads through her milky skin, pinkening it up.

“Do good girls tell me what to do? Hmmm baby girl?” I correct her, pulling my mouth from her cunt, until all she can feel from me is my breath wafting across her wet flesh.

“No.”

“No what?”

“No, Sir.”

“Mmmm good girl.” I praise her, then attack her pussy as if it will be my last meal.

Closing my mouth over the whole thing, I part her lips with my tongue, wiggling it through her folds, finding her clit already hard and swollen. Quick flicks of the little bundle of nerves have her squirming under me, her hips lifting from the mattress and dropping back down. Sucks that pull her into my mouth make her pant, and when I bite down gently on that clit, she screams out, grabbing my hair and pulling hard.

Her fluids flood into my mouth and I swallow them down, sucking and swallowing, and repeating. The more I eat her, the more she produces, flooding it over my tongue and down into my gullet. It’s so sweet, like candy, and I can’t get enough of it.

“Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!” She hollers, her hips thrashing up, pressing her tightly to my forehead. Draping my arm over her lower belly, I hold her to the bed, keeping her in place as she tries to buck and wriggle away. “It’s too much.”

Ignoring her, I hold her tightly, sucking and nipping at her clit, forcing her to the edge, driving her to a climax that could shatter her into pieces.

“Cum all over my face.” I growl into her cunt, going faster and with more pressure, reveling in the mess she’s pouring out into my mouth.

“Hedeon!” She screams, her body falling apart as a large wave of her juices squirt out, spraying down my throat, almost choking me.

It’s divine, sucking her all down, drinking everything she gives me as she flails like something possessed, screaming at the top of her lungs. No one has ever screamed in pleasure down here. It’s always been cries of agony, pain, and fear that echo off these walls, and it’s fucking magical.

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“You’re not yourself today. Care to tell me what’s going on?” Jack says, throwing his feet up on my desk, cocking his dark eyebrow at me.

“Just distracted is all.” I answer him sharply, keeping my eyes on the images of Lily and Magnolia on the screen in front of me.

I didn’t want to come to the office today, but there’s a meeting with investors that I just can’t avoid, and I do need to keep up appearances of normalcy. I can’t have people wondering where I’ve gotten to and start poking around. Having a woman captive in my basement is not really good for my image, even the fake one I personify daily.

“Seems like that’s been happening a lot for you lately. You’ve barely been here all week.”

“Yeah, I kind of liked working from home lately. It’s cozy, and I can do it in my underwear.” I joke with him, softening my features, giving him a fake little smile.

I’m annoyed. I want him out of my office so I can focus on my girls. Lily has been restless all morning, and if she continues to pace the way she is, she’s going to wear a rut in the cement with her chain, not to mention put pressure sores on her pretty little ankle again.

She’s been restless the past few days, not eating much unless I force her to, and not talking to me unless I demand she answer me. It’s like the light is fading from her eyes.

Maybe captivity is killing the wildness in her, like an animal in a zoo.

“Are you listening to me?” Jack says, waving his hand in front of my face, leaning over my laptop trying to sneak a peek at what has my attention.

“Huh? What? Hey asshole, leave it.” I snap at him, slamming the screen down before he sees the beautiful pet locked in my basement.

“You doing something I should know about?”

“Fuck you.”

“I’ll take that as a yes.” He snorts, and flops back in his chair across from me. “Just don’t go getting arrested or shit. WE need you here.”

“You could always just bail me out.” I say shrugging my shoulders, leaning back in my oversized chair, resting my hands behind my head.

“I have a feeling whatever you’re doing isn’t a bailable offense.” He laughs.

“Get out.”

“As you wish H. Meeting is at three, don’t be late.”

“When have I ever been late?” I ask sarcastically to his back as he strolls from my office, slamming the door behind him hard enough that the opaque glass rattles.

“Fucker.”

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“Honey, I’m home!” I exclaim as chipper as can be as I jog down the steps into my basement playroom, excited to see my girls.

It’s odd coming home in the evenings from the office and not having my best bitch leading the pack following my bike, but I’d rather she be down here doing her new job, watching and accompanying Lily while I’m gone.

“Where’s my best girls?” I ask, rounding the corner from the stairwell, stopping in my tracks when I see the bed and the room empty. “Lily?”

Following the chain from her bedpost to the bathroom, I knock on the door that’s ajar just enough for the bind to fit through. Just because she’s my captive, and I own her, doesn’t mean she can’t have her privacy when needed. I’m not that much of a dick.

“Lily?” I ask again, rapping my knuckle in the wooden door. “Princess?”

The sound of sniffing and the tags on Magnolia’s collar jingling waft through the opening. She’s crying.

“I’m coming in.”

“No. Don’t.” She calls out, her voice strained and shaky.

“Why?”

“Because. I don’t want you to.”

“There has to be a reason, and a damn good one too to keep me from you.” I say, hardening my voice, reminding her who is really in charge here, even if it is all just an illusion of power.

She's the one who holds the power, but I can't let her know that. She has me so enraptured that I would do anything for her, well, almost anything. Letting her go is the only thing I refuse to do. She is mine, forever, whether she likes it or not.

Waiting in the silence that's only broken by the occasional snuffle has me itching to bust in there, and after a couple minutes my decorum flies right out the proverbial window, and the door slams against the tile wall behind it.

Sitting on the toilet, naked, with her arms wrapped around Magnolia's neck, she weeps into the dog's cheek. There's blood trickling down her ankle from under the metal cuff, pooling on the floor under her feet. Her hair is a mess, and the room smells like old sex and body odor. For most men it would be repulsive, but for me, and my fucked-up-ness, it's pretty, except her tears.

She's broken, her spirit has finally cracked and spilled, and she looks up at me with red rimmed eyes and a blotchy face that tells me just how shattered she is.

"H. Let me go." She weeps, holding tightly to the dog, resting her chin on her head.

I take a step forward, and something I never imagined would happen, happens. Magnolia stiffens, her ears perk up, and when I reach out for Lily, she snaps at me, raising her lips at me, baring her large teeth. Her body language is defensive, and it's a wake-up call that she's defending Lily from me. Her, the dog who kills with an excited wag of her nubby tail at my command is standing her ground and telling me, her master, no.

"Whoa.Easy girl."

Am I afraid of my own dog? Never. I've trained her good enough that I doubt she would ever truly rip into me like she does her prey, but she's an animal and animals follow thousands of years of evolution more than any conditioning from a human. I

would hate to have to destroy her for her lack of obedience.

“I’m not going to hurt her.” I say to the dog more than to Lily.

I would hope that they both would understand that, but with the amount of time they are spending together, I may have set it up for issues. I never thought my girl would become attached to another human besides me. It’s almost heartwarming though, almost. I’m not sure if I have enough niceness in me for that to really happen, maybe one day though.

“Lily. Princess, call off the dog. You know I’m not going to hurt you.”

“Aren’t you though?” She cries out, her words shrill and pained. “I’m a prisoner here, in this dank room, chained to a fucking bed like I’m not better than my only companion. A fucking dog.”

Seeing her so upset does things in my chest that are foreign to me, raising feelings that I haven’t felt since my mother was alive. It’s the same way I would feel when my father was beating her, hurting her, making her into just an empty shell as he killed the angel inside of her.

“Let’s go for a ride. Some fresh air will do you some good.” I say before I can stop myself.

“A what?”

“A ride. When I’m not feeling good, I ride the bike. It’s the most freeing thing in the world.”

“Yet I won’t be free. I’ll still be your prisoner.” She wails, grabbing the dog tighter, pulling her between her legs, making her chain jingle and the blood flow freely again.

“Trust me.”

“I did trust you. I trusted that you would let me go once you had your fill of me.”

“You trusted something you dreamed up baby. That’s not real. I never told you I would let you go.” I say, slowly inching towards her, keeping my voice soft and low and as unthreatening as possible. “You’re mine, and that’s the truth you can trust.”

“You’re fucked up.”

“You already know this.”

The closer I get to her the more she tenses, like she’s afraid of me. I would have hoped that by now she wouldn’t be. The ways I touched her, made her cry out in passion, made her cum all over me the past week and a half should have proved to her by now that albeit she is my captive, but I would never hurt her.

“Come on princess, let’s get you cleaned up and get you some fresh air. It’ll do you some good.”

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The sound of her bare feet on the cement floor of the garage is the only thing as we step from the cellar. With no chain on her, and barely any clothes, it's a silent walk towards something I know will help her. It'll help me too. I need it to squash the ever-churning feeling in my chest that she is causing me.

“Come into the house, and let's get you something to wear. You need protection on the bike, even though I prefer you naked when your against me.” I say, taking her hand, and leading her into the house through the kitchen door.

The gasp from her mouth as we step inside tells me that she's not used to seeing the kind of opulence I have. The house is massive, and I have almost forgotten that she's never seen it before.

Maybe that's what she needs, a house instead of a cell you asshole.

She looks around like she's in a foreign place, taking in everything as I gently tug her through the kitchen, then the den, and up the stairs in the large foyer. When she sees the large bundle of flowers in the crystal vase between the pair of steps, she stops and pulls me over to them, dragging her fingers over the stark white petal of the cala lilies.

“They're beautiful.” She says, looking at them with reverence.

“They remind me of you.” I say, plucking one of the blooms from the vase, breaking the stem short enough that I can tuck it behind her ear. “A lily for a lily.”

“They're toxic you know.”

“Then I guess they can remind you of me as well.”

“Well, only if eaten.” She says sheepishly, her eyes flickering to mine, then down to my crotch.

“Come on baby. Let’s get you ready for a ride.” I chuckle, giving her hand a little tug again, leading her up the stairs with her behind me still looking around in awe.

“You own all this?”

“I do. I grew up here.”

“You’ve always had money?”

“Lots of it. But don’t be fooled, money can’t buy everything.” I say, stopping mid flight and turning to her. “Money can’t buy love, or happiness. Sure it helps not to worry about anything, but that’s not enough. That’s where you come in.”

Kissing her forehead lightly, I rub my hands down her arms, feeling her shiver at my touch. The tears have dried on her cheeks, and she’s not as stressed. In fact she looks downright perfectly at ease.

When we reach my bedroom door and I open it slowly, Magnolia comes trotting up the steps, and blows past us, pushing it open the rest of the way. She’s on the bed rolling around like a loon as we step into the large space, waiting for her playtime.

“Someone wants some snuggles. You want to appease her while I grab you something to wear?”

“Ummm sure.” She says, looking at the gigantic bed full of crisp yet soft linens like it’s going to reach out and slap her.

“Hey.It’s okay.”

“I’m dirty, and it’s so...clean.”

Looking down at herself, she frowns at the dirt stains on her skin, and the crispy dried blood on her ankle.

“It’s okay.Go ahead.”

She reluctantly sits on the edge, and Magnolia is immediately jumping on her, licking her, and just being a goofball. By the time I’m deep in the walk-in closet picking out sweatpants, a t-shirt, socks, and a leather jacket, they are laying down on the mattress snuggling.

“Shouldn’t I get a shower before I put on your clothes?” She asks as I emerge and drop the handful of garments on the corner of the bed.

“You’ll be sweaty when we come back. I’ll wash you then.” I reassure her, bending down, grabbing her by the chin and planting another kiss on her forehead. “I’m gonna get changed, and we’ll go.”

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“On that?” Lily squeaks as I fire up the bike in the garage, her eyes huge like dinner plates. “I’m gonna fall off and die.”

“You’ve been on it before baby, you just don’t remember. It’ll be fine. I didn’t drop you then, and I sure won’t today.”

It’s humorous watching her circle around the motorcycle, her fingers lightly dragging over the shiny black paint. When I twist the throttle just a little and give it a baby

sized rev, she jumps and laughs, bringing her hand to her mouth, covering her cute little surprised response, but not before I see it. That weird fluttering in my chest changes a little, morphing from pain to something more calming. My princess likes the bike.

That's my good fucking girl.

"What do I do?" She asks, looking at the small triangle shaped pad on the back of the bike. "Is that where I sit? My big ass won't fit on that."

"Your ass is perfect, and yes that's where you sit." I grin at her, flipping down the pegs and walking her around to the other side. "I'm gonna get on, and you'll put your foot here on this peg. Then you'll support yourself on my shoulders as you swing your leg over and sit down."

"So I have to touch you?" She asks, biting her lower lip, fighting her feelings of disgust for me with the lust that's burning in her so hotly I can feel it radiating through her leather jacket and warming the air in the cool garage.

"If you don't want to fall, yes." I answer, grabbing an extra helmet from the wall next to us. I slip it down on her head, adjust the chin strap, and flick on the Cardo. "You'll be able to talk to me and hear me. See?" I say, pulling on my own black helmet and turning mine on as well. "If you need anything, you tell me. If I don't hear you, you tap me to get my attention. You got it?"

"Yeah." She says with a nod, and I can hear her voice clearly through the speakers inside my helmet.

Straddling the bike, I offer her my hand to take and give her a gentle lift when she pushes her foot on the peg and hops on behind me. Her hand on my shoulder makes me shiver with excitement, and when she settles behind me, I pull her arms around

my waist and tell her to link her fingers together.

“Hold onto me, the driveway is bumpy. When we get past the gates you can put your hands on the gas tank, here.” I say, tapping the black tank in front of me. “When I go faster hold onto me, when I slow down push against the tank. If I’m stopping make sure not to bonk your helmet on the back of mine. Got it princess?”

“Ummm yeah.”

“Good girl.”

The gasp from her comes through the helmet, making me smile a huge grin behind the tinted visor.

That’s right, my good fucking girl.

The garage door rattles as it opens, and when there’s enough clearance that she won’t have to duck her head, I take us outside slowly, keeping my feet down until we’re on the rutted driveway. The bike kicks up into first gear with a tap of my foot, and we’re off down the now dried path, me carefully counter steering past the biggest of the ruts, trying to make it as smooth a ride for her as I can.

When we stop at the gate, waiting for it to open, and other cars on the street passing by come into view, I feel her tense, but when I pull us out onto the blacktop, she relaxes against my back, her arms tightening around my middle, her breaths quieting in my ear.

“Here we go baby.” I laugh, kicking the shifter up, merging into the light traffic.

“Oh my God!” She squeals, her arms grabbing onto me so tightly I need to slide them down a little so I can breathe properly. Only now her hands are precariously close to

my leather covered cock, and with each little bump in the road they tap against me.

Oh fuck yes.

The trees that line the country roads speed by, their green leaves a blur as we ride through the outskirts of town. I turn onto side streets and keep us from any straight drive that could show her where we are. Even though I want her to enjoy herself, I don't want her knowing where we are or how to navigate the area. Just in case. But she doesn't seem to notice I'm intentionally taking us around in circles and weaving through roads that go nowhere.

"You good back there?" I ask her when she falls silent, and her chin rests on my shoulder.

"It's amazing." She sighs through the speakers against my ears.

"Wanna go faster? Do some zoomies?"

"What are zoomies?" She laughs, her little tinkling sounds making my heart patter rapidly.

"Hold on tight baby and lean forward more." Like the good girl she is, she follows the direction, pressing her chest to my back, tightening her hold on my waist. "Here we go."

Kicking my foot up, I tap us into the next gear, and the bike surges forward. Faster we go, tearing through the roads, the two wheels spinning fast on the pavement, taking us deeper into the country. The road starts to wind, up and up we climb, going faster.

"Don't fight it, lean with me baby. I've got you." I say in to the mic in my helmet,

leaning my body to the left, my knee dropping closer to the ground as we go through a wide turn.

“Oh my God!” She yells as we come back upright, then immediately lean in to the other side, taking the next curve. “This is fucking awesome!”

“Yeah it is.” I shout back to her, making sure she can hear me over the sound of the wind whipping past us. “It’s when I feel free to just...be.”

I can feel her tense a little behind me, and the air in my helmet changes, like a storm is brewing, changing the barometric pressure. The emotions that flow from her are always so palpable, and I can feel her changing. Some of the anger and hatred is slipping away and being replaced with something else.

Acceptance? Is that what I’m feeling princess?

I’m expecting questions, and lots of them, but she falls silent again, loosening her grip on me, and I feel her relax again, melting into me, becoming one with me as we careen through the twists and turns like a single being on a mission to ride our woes away.

It's becoming late. The sun has set, and the early spring air is turning cold. I’m chilly under my leathers, so I’m sure she is too. With a little pat to her knee I let her know that we’re turning around and heading home.

“Home.” I murmur to myself, but with the Cardo, she can hear it, and she makes a little groan of protest. “Don’t worry baby, you’re not going back into the cellar.”

The ride back is quiet and relaxing, yet also filled with nerves I’m not used to. My mind runs through all the scenarios that can happen with her roaming free in my house. She could try to escape or get hurt. She could destroy my things if she wants,

or she can do, God, just about anything. If she runs, and I'm not there, the dogs will chase, and I'll lose her to the pit against my wishes.

I'm swallowing all my trepidations as we pull back into the garage and I help her off the bike, supporting her till she gets her legs back under her. She looks at me as I pull off her helmet and set it aside, then her fingers grab the front of mine, pulling me to her.

"You could have started with a ride like that, and I wouldn't be your prisoner." She says raising my visor, looking her stormy eyes that have a new life in them into my dark brown ones. "I would be here willingly."

"It's not too late, princess."

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Oh H. Yesss.” She hisses, her back arched, her tits in my visor covered face as I lean her backwards over the vanity in the master ensuite bath. “Your hands, use those hands.”

“Let me take off the helmet baby.”

“No, leave it on. It’s hot.” She croons, her hands dragging down my bare chest, leaving little red streaks from her nails.

“Anything you wish.” I snicker inside my helmet, looking down at her and the way her lower lip trembles in excitement. “You have a masked man fetish don’t you? I saw the books on your shelf.”

“When you were stalking me?”

“When I was watching you, to keep you safe.”

“Sure.” She says, dragging out the one word on a seductive purr. “We pretending that you didn’t sneak around like a creep in my apartment?”

“Nope. I pretend nothing.”

“So fucking filthy.” She says, her hand reaching around the back of my neck, squeezing it as she grinds her wet cunt on the front of me, brushing against my cock that aches to be inside her.

“If this is what a ride on my bike does to you, I’m taking you out every day.”

“The power, the freedom, the wind...it’s amazing.”

“It is princess. But you know what would be more amazing? Your mouth or your pussy wrapped around my cock. Your choice.”

She pauses, and tilts her head in thought, then her eyes grow wide when I shoot my hand out, wrapping it around her throat possessively. Its not fear though in them, it’s lust, pure unadulterated lust as I squeeze just hard enough to let her know I have the power here.

“Mmmm.”

“Kinky bitch.” I growl deeply, feeling it vibrate my helmet.

A mischievous twinkle brightens those stormy eyes as her knees bend and she looks down at my dick, licking her lips.

“I can’t kneel to suck your cock if you have ahold of my neck. So the way I see it, is it’s your choice.” She purrs, her nails dragging down my washboard abs again, scratching my skin, adding more red marks.

“I can still choke the fuck out of you though.” I laugh, reaching behind her and ripping the hand towel off the little ring on the wall.

The grin she gives me when I wrap the soft towel around her neck and push her to her knees tells me that no matter how much I think I’m in charge, I’m really not. My little princess likes it rough, so that’s what she’s going to get.

“I’ll show you who’s in charge here.” I growl, tightening the towel, wrapping the ends of it around my hand, covering the demon tattoo across the back of it.

It's sad he can't watch as I strangle the breath from her as she lowers her mouth down over my cock, taking it to the back of her throat.

"Oh fuck, princess." I moan, feeling her tongue pressed up against me as she tries to suck my non-existent soul from the head of my dick.

Her mouth is so hot and wet, searing me with its heat, and my eyes roll back in my head as I close them.

Don't do anything bad baby. Please not this time.

The world disappears except for the feeling of her lips on my skin, her tongue licking me, and the sloppy noises she make. It's perfect, the way she slides up and down, letting me bury myself in her throat, then pulling me out and kissing the tip gently, before gobbling me up again.

"Jesus Christ."

Her hands grab my thighs, her nails digging into my flesh, piercing me in panic as I tighten the towel more, her breath stopping completely.

"Keep going." I command, using the fabric lasso to direct her back and forth, her body going rigid, her fingers clawing at me. "You can do it."

"Mmmpphffh." Is all she can manage as I pull tighter and shove myself so deep in her throat I can feel the constriction in it from my stranglehold.

"Such a good fucking girl." I coo to her, petting her hair, then grabbing it hard and yanking her head back, dropping the towel on the floor at my feet.

She takes a huge, ragged breath, gasping and sputtering, but it's only one before I

shove her head back down and her mouth closes on me again.

“H.” She mumbles around my length, but I ignore it.

I know she can handle it, and I know she craves it. She takes me like such a pro, her hands holding onto my legs, her head bobbing up and down, her throat fucking my cock so deliciously. When she finds her rhythm, moving and breathing between thrusts of me into her, it’s fucking heaven.

My balls want to release everything in them, right down her throat, to coat her esophagus and her belly with my seed, but the aching in my dick, and the fluttering in my chest overrides that wanting. I need to be inside of her, to have my cock buried in that tight, magical cunt.

“Enough.” I bark out, yanking her mouth off of me with a pull of her hair that’s so hard a few strands rip from her scalp.

She comes up for air, her lips stretched and wrinkly, her chin covered in drool and precum. Her face is wrecked, with the evidence of my intrusions to her mouth, and the tears that flow down her pretty cheeks. She’s fucking stunning as I lift her back up, and lick her face, tasting the saltiness of her little rivulets before I spin her around and flatten her front to the mirror above the vanity.

“Oh God!” She cries out as my hand connects with her ass cheek, slapping her with a loud crack.

“That’s it you dirty whore, take it like I know you want it.” I grunt, slamming her cheek to the glass.

The mirror bends and flexes under the force and her hands grab the edge of the sink, steadying herself when I kick her feet apart and pound up inside of her from behind.

The force breaks the glass, making a small spiderweb of a fracture under her face.

“H!” She hollers, her body stiffening, her hands flexing so hard her knuckles turn white.

I can’t stop, I need this, to be so deep inside her that I could fuck her heart, just like how she’s metaphorically fucking mine. The cracks in the glass open more, becoming a larger, gaping hole that scratches her porcelain cheek, making her bleed all over it. It’s transfixing, watching the bright red fluid smear across the shattered reflection of me slamming into her, her face twisted up in fear of the cuts, and me smiling sadistically at her through my raised visor.

I know it has to hurt her, but she still pushes back against me, begging me with her body to keep going. My princess really is as fucked up as I am, and it makes me drill her harder, grunting and panting as I dig through her body with my cock.

“Lily.”

My hands roam up and down her back, settling on her hips, helping her move with me, stroking me inside of her wet cunt just how I need. It’s perfect, the image of her as I watch, her blood coating the mirror, her face twisted up in pleasure and pain, her hands leaving the sink edge to slap up against the glass, trying to push herself away from the sharp edges.

“Oh, no you don’t baby.” I say grabbing her hands and pulling them behind her back, holding her wrists together in one of my hands, pulling her hair with the other. “I’ll keep you off it, you just take me with all you have.”

The growls coming from her as she tightens around my dick work through me like a broken melody with a rhythm that I match with each thrust of my hips, driving us both closer to the edge. It’s a symphony, her cries of passion and my panting breath,

echoing around us in the large bathroom.

“I can’t H. I can’t...” She squeals out, her legs shaking, her ass jiggling with each slap of my hips into her.

Her hands flex into fists and open again, moving her wrists in my grasp, and the sensation of her trying to break free, to control her climax throws me over the edge. My cock twitches in her channel, preparing for what’s to come.

“Such a good fucking girl.” I praise her, using the words that I know will force her orgasm out of her. “Cum with me princess. Do it now.”

The scream that erupts from her mouth can only be rivaled by the jerking of my dick as we cum together. She bucks and flails as much as she can, and I tighten my hold on her hair, keeping her already bloodied cheek from the glass that wants to shred her.

I dump wave after wave of the tsunami of my orgasm into her, filling her to capacity, until globs of the creamy white cum drip out of her onto my bare feet.

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“This is so beautiful.” Lily whispers as she walks through my library, her fingertips gently tracing along the spines of the books on the mahogany shelves.

“Besides the kitchen, it’s my favorite room of the house. I thought you would like it too.”

“I love it.” She sighs, pulling out an original copy of one of Faulkner’s first works, looking at the cover with awe.

I watch her from across the room, giving her the space she needs to feel comfortable in her surroundings. If I'm going to try and allow her to have free roam of the house, I need her to actually like it here, so that the idea of her trying to escape and getting eaten by the dogs is less of a concern.

"Who's your favorite author?"

"I don't think I have one, but I'm sure I can find something here, I mean you have thousands of books." She answers, walking around the room eyeing up not only the books, but the fireplace that crackles with the burning logs in it, and the soft, overstuffed reading chairs that flank it.

"I don't have many of those smut books you like. I can get some for you though if you want."

"I don't think I need them right now." She chuckles, sitting down on one of the chairs, relaxing into it with a breathy sigh that moves her chest so beautifully.

"No?"

"No. I mean I'm living in one right now. Kidnapped by a sexy stranger, held captive in his lush house, being fed amazing food, and fucked like I have only ever dreamed about."

"That's a good way to look at this. I'm proud of you princess."

The monster in me wants to go to her, pick her up, throw her over my shoulder and take her back to my bedroom to fuck her again. Something inside me stops me. She looks tired, her grey eyes hooded with exhaustion over the bandage on her cheek. I find myself wanting instead to gently lift her and take her to my room, but not for that. Can I sleep next to a woman? Can I trust her? Would she trust me?

Only one way to find out.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am

She's crying again, her wails piercing my ears as father drags her through the house by her long hair, her legs kicking frantically behind her, her dress torn into limp rags.

"Stop! Stop!" I scream, trying to block the sounds of her fear and pain with my hands as I chase behind them. "Please father, don't."

She's never done anything to deserve the abuse he puts her through. She's the best mother ever, with her kind eyes, soft-spoken words, and her gentle healing touch. She suffers at his brutal hands daily, and as he pulls her across the carpet, burning her back with the friction, I for once, at eight years old try to fight back for her. I can't take it anymore; I can't stand aside or hide from it. She needs me.

"And what do you think you're going to do?" Father yells, slapping me across the face hard as I grab at his arms, trying to get him to let her go, digging my nails into the leather sleeve of his riding jacket.

"Please father, no." I wail, ignoring the searing pain in my cheek as I let him go and grab at mother, trying to pull her away from him.

I'm too little, and too weak to get her from his grasp, so I hold onto her for dear life, making him pull me along with them, my little feet tripping over themselves, threatening to fail me like hers fail her.

We go through the den, and into the kitchen, her favorite place that still smells like the delicious chocolate chip muffins she baked me for breakfast. I don't want him to hurt her here. I don't want mother to fear her place of solace. It's the only place she has where her pretty eyes still smile.

“Father, don’t.”

Throwing her to the marble floor, he grabs me instead, lifting me by my hair until my feet dangle under me, not touching the ground.

“You’re just as useless as her. A weak, pathetic excuse for a child.” He spits in my face, his eyes burning like an untamed fire with the rage behind them.

If I knew what the devil looked like besides what I’ve seen sketched in the old books in the library, I would think he is him. He’s evil in the flesh. His face is twisted up, his lips are curled, and his dark brows are pinched together.

The first punch sends my body flying backwards, only staying in place by the hold on my hair. I’m like the punching bag in his gym, swinging with each hit, yet tethered in place by the “hook” that holds me. He hits me over and over again, his fist pounding into my chest, my belly and my face.

I’m nauseated, wanting to puke from the force of the blows on my stomach but I know better, to vomit on him would be the death of me. Father would never accept the disrespect of me dirtying his shoes, so I hold it in, forcing the bile down with heavy swallows between each excruciatingly painful hit.

When he tires of the beating, I land on the floor with a heavy thud, my bones crumbling uselessly under me. I can’t move. I can’t crawl to her. I can’t save her as he turns his attention to my barely conscious mother lying on the floor in a heap, just like me.

Her face is bloodied, her limbs bent awkwardly, and she flops like a ragdoll when he lifts her up and tosses her over the island where she preps her meals. Her head bashes into the butcher block counter top, cracking loudly. It’s not that loud a sound though that turns my blood cold. It’s the quiet unzipping of his pants and the ripping of her

panties.

I'm helpless, useless as he called me as I try with all my might to get to her but can't. All I can do is watch as he defiles her over and over again, grunting disgustingly as he takes out all his aggressions on her body, killing her soul and mine along with it.

"Nooo!" My one screamed word echoes off the walls of my vast bedroom as I fly up into a sitting position, reaching out in the dark for the woman who will never be there again for me.

My chest heaves with my panted breath, and I'm covered in sweat, my body slickly sliding over the satiny sheets. My eyes can't focus, and my ears still hear her wailing cries of pain. The nightmare has faded, but the pain that's risen from my subconscious still plagues me as I come back to the here and now.

"Hedeon?"

The voice is foreign in my frantic state, calling out to me from the dark, and in my panic, with the lingering need to save my mother, I lash out, striking my hand towards the sound of what my father named me. A pained woman's grunt fills my ears, pushing away the remnants of the nightmare, sounding just like my mother's only not the same. The sound isn't Russian. It's not my mother. It's Lily.

"Lily? Princess?" I call out to her, fishing in the dark towards the whimpered noises coming from the bed beside me. "Lily, baby. Where are you?"

My room has never seemed so dark before, like a cave where no light seeps in and it plays tricks with your eyes in the utter blackness. Seeking her out, feeling with my hands, I find something warm and wet, and when I brush my fingertips against it, the soft mewl becomes a cry of agony.

Blood. I can smell the thick coppery scent as I rub my fingers together, smearing it onto my skin. She's bleeding again, but this time not for me, but because of me. I hit a woman. Not a whore, not someone who deserved it, just an innocent woman who's still in my bed. An innocent woman like my mother.

"Lily, baby please." I call out throwing myself over, reaching for the lamp on the nightstand, fumbling for it, knocking over God knows what in my haste.

The light finally clicks on, blinding me, making me rub my eyes which only smears her blood across my face. I'm frantically looking for her, wiping at my skin, imaging that I now look like how she must see me sometimes. Like a monster.

"H." She snuffles, and I finally find her, touching her everywhere, searching her for any wounds I cannot see as my eyes adjust and she comes into focus.

She's afraid, huddled against the headboard, her knees pulled up to her chest, her head bowed, protecting itself from any more strikes of my fist.

"Princess, I'm sorry." I say, trying to touch her face, to stroke over where she bleeds to show her I'm no longer a threat.

Who the fuck am I kidding though, I am a threat to her, to everyone. I'm fucked up in the head and in the dead heart that sits like a rock in my chest. I am evil, a demon spawned by the devil himself, cursed to live in a hell of my own making, one that until now, I never thought was wrong.

It's not wrong. You're just too close to her. Women are just possessions to be used and tossed away when we've had our fill.

The voice in my head sounds like someone completely different than the one of reason that usually speaks to me. It's more sinister, curdling up my stomach, making

me sick. It's father's.

"No, this is just from the nightmare." I grumble, climbing off the bed, leaving her there shielding herself from nothing as I run into the bathroom and vomit up the little bit of bile in my stomach, just like I did when I was young, and father would hurt mother.

You can't fight who you are Hedeon.

"Shut up! Stop talking you prick!" I scream into the toilet bowl, retching and gagging. "Fuck you! Fuck you right to hell where I put you!"

"H?" The tiny one syllable breaks through the fog in my head, resounding over my back curling hurls into the throne. "H, are you okay?"

I can't believe it. Lily is here, hovering over me, her hand laying gently on my back, her fingers touching the naked flesh so softly. I can feel her concern, but I don't deserve it. I struck her.

"Lily, please back away. I don't want to hurt you." I pant out, grabbing the toilet bowl harder with both arms as another wave of nausea hits me.

"I know."

Two little words. Two little words from her mouth to my ears rips my insides apart. Years worth of crimes, abuse, and kills flash under my closed eyelids. All the faces of the people I've tortured and dumped in my pit are all coming back to stare at me, climbing from the depths where I put them, uncovering the root cause of my psychosis.

I can see him, in the dark, just a pile of rotted bones and fabric. Everything has either

been eaten away by decomposition or the creepy crawlies that live in the soil. His sinister grin in his lips is gone with the flesh, but the skull still exists, the mouth that spewed the hatred, the hands that broke the bones and spirits of my mother and me, they're all still down there. They haunt me, like a poltergeist, making me do the things I do, making me hurt people more than love them.

“What have I become?” I ask the foamy yellow water in the toilet. “How did I get here?”

“You were crying in your sleep.” Lily says, braving the proximity near me to kneel at my side. “What did he do to you? Your father.”

“More than I could ever tell you in a lifetime.” I struggle to say, choking back the acid that threatens to come from my mouth and nose. “And nothing that someone so pure as you needs to hear.”

“Why?”

“Because it'll turn you into me.”

“What if part of me already is like you?” She asks, rubbing my back, then reaching up and stroking my hair, pulling the spikey ends through her fingers slowly, scratching my scalp with each pass of her fingernails.

“I doubt that. You're...you. And you're not even you anymore. I see it. Being here has changed you, and not for the better.”

“It has.”

“The passcode to the alarm system is 030949.”

“Why do I need that?”

Leaning away from the toilet and looking up at her through tear-stained eyes, I see what I’m doing to her. The cuts from the mirror on her cheek, the fresh blood from striking her in bed, and the sore spots on her ankles from her shackles. I’ve killed the flower by plucking her from the garden.

“Run.”

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am

The look on her face as she stood up and left me huddled over the fucking shitter was one of heartbreak and sorrow. She seemed hurt, as I screamed at her over and over again to run, to flee, and to get away from me while she still had a chance.

Why? Why would she want to stay?

“Stockholm Syndrome, it has to be.” I moan to myself, laying on the bathroom floor, looking aimlessly up to the ceiling, counting the grout lines between the travertine tiles.

The house is quiet. There’s no barking of the dogs outside, no sound of Magnolia pattering around the house either. It’s dead, just like inside me. Lily had turned around and just walked out, slowly and peacefully, not how I ever imagined her escaping from me. But this is the way it needs to be. I can’t keep the flower out of water just to be pretty for me.

It’s forever before I finally roll over on the hard tile floor and push myself up, wiping the dried and crusty mess from my chin. In the broken mirror I look at my reflection all busted and askew, and it fits how I see myself inside. Like a tidal wave it all hit me today. The H that didn’t care about anything, could kill with no remorse, and could separate everything into nice little compartments in his brain has exploded into the piece of shit I see looking back at me.

“For fuck’s sake.” I growl, vigorously rubbing my face with my palms, hiding the view of myself behind my heavily tattooed hands. “It was for the best, asshole.”

I already miss her, even though it can’t be more than two hours since she walked

away. I miss her scent and her smile, even though those lips had only started to curve upwards since our ride and me showing her who I am. She had started to trust me, like I told her she should, and I blew that by striking her for no fault of her own.

“Work. Do some work. Keep her off your mind.” I say to myself as I clean my fucked-up face with warm water and the hand soap that sits on the sink.

Clothes are not a necessity to work from home, and I don’t have the energy to put any on as I trudge to my desk in the corner of my bedroom. The lamp on the nightstand is still on, casting shadows of my naked self on the walls, making me turn away from them and focus on the screen of my computer as I sit down and give the mouse a shake, bringing it to life.

Images of the house and the perimeter appear on the screen, as well as the feed from Lily’s bedroom in her apartment. I flick the cursor over the small box showing her abode and peer at the still image, squinting my eyes, trying to see her slumbering in her bed, which is where she should be at this time of night.

The bed is empty, the sheets are still crumpled in the same pile as they were the night she left her house for Le Chateaux, the night I scooped her up and brought her here against her will.

“Where are you my flower?” I ask the screen, leaning in closer, hoping to catch some view of her padding around her home.

The place is empty, no one comes from the bathroom door into her room and there’s no shadows on the walls as if she were in her living room or kitchen. The place is as dead as it is here.

Maybe she went to a friends, or the police. Huh, the police, of course that’s where she would go.

Leaning back in my chair, covering my face with my hands and sighing, I sit in silence and wait. I wait for the sound of sirens, and the flashing of the red and blue lights, but they never come. For hours I sit and wait, ignoring the initial idea of working, because what would I need to work for, when I'm only going to jail?

As the sunlight starts to creep in through the curtains and the birds sing their songs about the coming dawn, I finally open my eyes and go to flick off the computer. Something in the feed from my own house catches my eye though. Movement in the library passes over the screen, making the black and white images appear to be shifting.

Shadows? Maybe it's just the sun casting its morning rays through the windows and making ghosts appear. I'm never up this early, and never looking at the security feed of the house when the sun makes its appearance.

That's what it is, just the sunrise. Fucking sunrise.

"Well, H, you've officially lost your mind." I huff at myself, throwing the chair backwards until it almost tips over.

Sounds are filtering in through the open bedroom door. Soft sounds that I don't recognize.

"Magnolia? Is that you girl?" I call out to my best bitch and listen for her customary little woof, but no sound comes, and she doesn't appear through the doorway.

An intruder would be impossible, unless she left and didn't turn the alarm system back on. Still though, getting past the dogs would be nothing any human could do, they'd have a robber shredded before they made it more than ten feet past the gate or the surrounding garden walls. Then again, she got past them without a fight.

Grabbing a pair of grey sweatpants from the walk-in closet, I step into them, tying the drawstring as I leave the bedroom and pad barefoot down the hall. I know exactly where to step in the old house to avoid any creaks or groans in the floorboards, and I make my way silently towards the library on the first floor.

I don't need a weapon, there's no guns needed, or knives warranted. I've killed with my bare hands so many times before that it's become second nature to me. I'm not worried if anyone is lurking around a corner with a gun either, at this point a bullet to the chest might just be the best thing for me. Still I give myself a second to prepare myself for what I will find before I grab the knob of the door and turn it ever so slowly.

The heavy wooden door slides open silently across the carpet, and the scent of all the books, their pages worn with age enters my nose, along with something else. Something floral and sweet is filling the room, and when I look over to the fireplace, my heart stops as dog tags jingle.

Sitting on one of the overstuffed leather chairs, with a throw blanket up to her chin, and Magnolia at her feet, rests Lily. Her hair is disheveled, but her face has been cleaned up, and she looks almost normal as her eyelashes flutter slightly on her cheekbones. Her color is a little pale, and she feels chilly to the touch as I approach her, squat down next to the chair, and brush a lock of that red hair from her forehead.

She stirs, her head lolling, her face tilting into my hand, allowing me to cradle it in my palm.

"I couldn't run." She murmurs in her sleep, her subconscious aware of my presence.

"Oh princess, you should have." I whisper to her kissing the faded mark above her brows from where she headbutted me the day I took her. "Because now I really can't let you go."

“Don’t.”

The amount of times this woman can take me down with a single word is astronomical, and as I stare at her, my legs give out and I flop on my ass, literally floored by her and her misplaced devotion. My dog looks at me, then up to Lily, assessing the scene, and I’m happy when she puts her head back down and closes her eyes.

“Good girl. I won’t hurt her again. I promise.” I say, petting her head, smiling at the little woof she gives me. “You really like her huh?”

I want to lift Lily and take her back to bed, to hold her, and warm her up with the heat from my body. I want to touch her, caress her, make her feel some of the safety I took away. Touching her though, without my animalistic urges taking over would be nearly impossible. How could I caress her face and not kiss it, or snuggle against her ass without wanting to slide my already hardening cock between her legs and thrust it up into her?

Instead, I grab another blanket from the chest by the window and drape it over her, tucking it around her to keep her body warmth under it. I light the fireplace and pick up the book that has fallen haphazardly to the floor, placing it on the mantel.

“Sleep princess.”

The door clicks closed quietly behind me as I fight every urge in my body to take her. It’s for the best, to leave her sleep. She needs her rest, and I need to find a way to repay her for the gift she has just given me. The only gift I’ve gotten from anyone since my ninth birthday, the day before mother died.

I leave her and Magnolia in the library and make my way through the house, back up to my room to get dressed and do my errands with the overwhelming desire to make

her a big breakfast. A feast made for a queen is what she will get, chocolate chip muffins and all. I just need to take care of something first while she sleeps.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am

It's the first morning where it's warm enough at daybreak to not see my breath as I walk through my gardens towards the dogs' house in the back of the property. The pack is lazily patrolling the fence line, but when they see me enter their cabin, they come trotting over, wagging their little tails, waiting with little feet taps as I fill their automatic feeder with one of the hundred-pound bags of food from their pantry.

"Sorry guys. I didn't realize you were getting low on grub." I say as they file in and wait their turn to eat. "Someone has kept me pretty busy lately. So busy you haven't had any fresh meat this week."

The dogs never eat as fast as they are now, their mouths scooping up huge bites. They need a feast too, only breakfast won't do for them. They need what they are used to getting, warm, freshly cut parts. Human parts.

"I'll get you something later okay?" I say to them as I leave them to their food. "I have something I need to do first."

Saying to them the exact thing I thought to myself when I left Lily sleeping in the library, I head down the path from the backyard to the other side of the garden, towards my gazebo. The pit has been calling me for hours since I awoke from that nightmare. The one ghost that lives under the hatch of the wooden structure, that won't shut up in my head, needs to go.

The stench of rotting flesh, with the sound of the maggots and grubs feasting is intense as I open the wooden door and jump down in the pit. My boots squish in the mess, making horrible squelching sounds that normally wouldn't bother me, but this morning they do, and I curl up my lip in disgust.

With the warmer weather coming, the insect activity is increasing. It's good for decomposing the bodies faster, but it's downright nasty hearing them feast on the remains. Like crispy rice cereal in milk, crackling and popping they devour what I've left hidden after the dogs have had their fill.

"Where are you, you motherfucker?" I grunt as I dig through the gooey, dismembered parts.

Kicking piles of bugs away with my foot and feeling them crawling between my fingers as I move the fresher kills out of the way is foul, but a necessity. The one I'm looking for is at the very bottom. The first set of remains have been down here for many years and are long buried under over a decade of my kills.

"Come on you fucker, where is your goddamned fucking skull." I curse, tossing limbs and heads out of the way, my hands getting coated in the slime and waste, with chunks splattering on my clothes.

Never before have I gotten as messy as I am now, frantically searching through the pit of corpses. I need to find him. I can still hear him in my head, telling me how useless I am, saying the same things to mother as he raped her and took her from me forever. The amount of decomp on me, making me stink, covering me in death is a small price to pay to find him and shut him up for good.

It's his fault I struck my Lily, my princess, my precious flower. It's his fault I murder and destroy, all of it beginning with the name he bestowed upon me. I dig more, becoming enraged by the panic from the memories of him.

"Hedeon." I can hear him laugh in my head as I dig. "Destroyer." He cackles. "Like father like son, my boy."

"No! No! No!" I scream into the pit, grabbing my head, covering my ears like I did as

a child to block out his maniacal laughter as he ruined my life.

“What? You sad that the little useless boy turned into a God?” He continues, his evil hiss sliding through my head like the snakes that guard this garden. “I made you what you are.”

“You fucking did.” I cry out, pulling my hair, shaking my head violently, trying to knock him out of me, but he continues to laugh in that demonic sound that makes my blood cold.

“You’ve finally made me proud, son.”

“Fuck you! Fuck you right to hell!” I scream, dropping to my knees, feeling the fluids ooze through my sweatpants. “Where the fuck are you?”

Maggots and worms crawl up my hands and arms as I dig faster and faster, looking at the faces of the ones who still have skin, tossing them aside. He’s down here deep, but I’ll find him if it’s the last thing I do. He needs to stop, to get out of my head, to leave me alone. Three decades of him making me as evil as he was, ten of those years being after his death at my own hands. I thought doing to him what he did to mother would rid me of him, but all it did was turn the physical monster into a haunting ghost.

Goo drips off my hair, splashing in my face, and without a care in my haste, I wipe it away, smearing more of the nastiness on my skin. The odor is intense as I disturb the pile, gagging me, making me want to vomit for the second time today. Hedeon, the destroyer, who kills with no remorse is sick at his collection and that can’t be.

“No. I will not puke over my own work.” I grunt, throwing a half-eaten torso out of the way, finally exposing the bare bones underneath.

The ones down here the longest have nothing left but the grey and green bones that have long been picked clean. They clatter against each other, rolling around as I swish through them, going deeper.

I'll know the one I'm looking for, it's the only one where the facial structure is half missing. The most violent of my kills was him, my first, the one that made me who I am when I enjoyed the sounds of his bones breaking and him finally giving in and crying in pain at the hands of the "useless" boy whose soul he murdered.

When my hands find the sharp edges of him, my fingers slipping through the missing sinuses of his fucking face, I lift him up from the ooze. I hold his skull in my cupped hands like an offering to the gods and scream.

All the hate and the pain comes back as I look at him. He's nothing more than bone that has had a decade to rot but he still has a face to me. I can still see his evil eyes that match mine. I can still smell his cologne even through the stench of decomposition. I can still see his lips curled up in a snarl as he abused us both.

"Fuck you!" I scream, squeezing the skull in my hands with all my might.

I can hear the bones weakened by time crack and pop as I put my rage into them. I want them shattered, pulverized into dust that will blow away with the wind.

"Out of the pit for you. You don't deserve to be in here. You deserve worse. You don't get the honor of existing at all, even with the dead. You are nothing more than waste to be disposed of."

Still on my knees, covered in the utter filth, I stare into the empty holes where those eyes used to be. It's like a flash back scene on a movie screen as I fall into them, the image of the skull disappearing, being replaced with him alive and cackling until I pummeled him. I'm dreaming it in my consciousness, lost to the night that made me

what I am.

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“Father stop!” I scream at him.

I’m no longer that little boy, afraid of the monster. I’m a man of twenty now. Twenty long fucking years. Eleven of them alone with him, in this house, hiding from his abuse. But no longer will I suffer at his hands. His fists and feet will never again do to me what they have done for so long. His filthy cock will never defile another human.

Those hands that took my mother from me, the ones that have made me bleed more times than I can count don’t deserve to touch anything ever again. He’s losing them tonight.

He’s picked on the wrong boy in the wrong place, backing me into the corner of the kitchen where mother used to sing to me. I can hear her spirit, so soft and sweet, with the love for me pouring out of her.

“Aww little boy wanna play big?” He sneers, spitting in my face, holding the front of my shirt in his fist, shaking me, or at least trying to.

I’ve glowed up. I’m no longer the scrawny thing he tossed around. I’m bigger now. I have muscles that I’ve been training for years, just waiting for the day I can use them for what I developed them for. My eyes are no longer soft, and the hate in them mirrors his. I can do this; I can finally put him in his place.

“I am big. Or haven’t you noticed I’m bigger than you now.”

“You’re still a pathetic piece of shit, just like your mother was.”

The roar that escapes my mouth could shake down the house. It bellows out of me with so much force his eyes draw in and for a single moment I see something other than disgust in them. I see pride, and it makes me sick. I would rather he hate me, than be proud of me for becoming him.

As I look into those eyes, I can see the night he took mother from me. She was bent over backwards on the counter right behind where he stands now. He was grunting and panting so grossly as he fucked her against her will. The rape and the hurt he caused her killed her way before he grabbed the knife off the cutting board and drug it across her throat while shouting at her to shut up. I can smell her blood all thick and red pouring down her front as he came inside her, defiling her even in death. I was hiding in the pantry, after she screamed at me to run.

“Run H! Run baby!” She had cried out in pain as he drug her to the kitchen.

I couldn’t go though, I couldn’t leave her, but I was too little, too scared to go against him, and like a pussy I hid, watching him do the vilest things to her, then killing her and tossing her corpse to dismember onto the very place where she cooked my meals with all her love.

“Fuck you!” I scream in his face. “Fuck you right to hell!”

I grab his wrist and squeeze as tightly as I can, hearing the bones crunch in my grasp. His eyes widen and he takes a step back, which only gives me the room I need. I swing my forearm up, releasing his grip from my shirt, twisting his arm, and I push him backwards.

His ass hits the cabinets, his back arching over the counter. He’s right where he did her dirty, and now, fucking now, I’m going to do the same thing to him.

“You like beating and raping women? Turning something pure into a whore just for

you? You like seeing them cry and beg? Well, now you're gonna beg me motherfucker."

He grabs at me, his hands flailing and grasping but I'm too strong, and too fast as I grab his legs, lifting him, throwing him onto his back on the butcher block counter top.

"You wanna be butchered where you butchered her? Where you cut her throat, where you cut her up into tiny pieces to be thrown away with the trash?" I scream in his face, leaning over him, pinning him down with my body weight.

My hands dig through his hair, grabbing his head, slamming it to the counter over and over again as he bucks and fights under me. He's strong, but I'm stronger now. I'm a man. A fucking angry man on a mission to finally take back what he took from me.

"I fucking hate you! You evil piece of shit!"

His scalp breaks first, the blood pouring out over the wooden surface where her blood spilt. It's not enough, I need more, more destruction, more...everything. His face shatters, with his nose flattening as I headbutt him, cracking my forehead so hard I see stars. Still, it's not enough, and my fists pummel him over and over again, his cheeks sinking in, his face being obliterated.

The sound of my pants hitting the floor, and his following is the pinnacle, the point of no return.

He screams out loudly as I lay on his body, his head swimming, keeping him down enough from the concussion and fractures that he can't stop me from taking my dick and shoving it in his ass.

I'm a virgin, never having touched a woman yet, and the first thing besides my fist

that I've driven my cock into now, is him. It's fitting. He took my youth and now this. Although he's not taking it, I'm giving it willingly so he can truly see what it feels like to be violated by the one who's supposed to love you but really despises you.

I fuck him hard and raw. He's dry, and I can feel the skin splitting as I ram up inside him. His screams are as loud as mine as he bellows out in physical pain, and I roar in emotional anguish. It's filthy, it's wrong, and it hurts me too, but I need it, I need to fuck him the way he fucked her. I just wasn't expecting to enjoy the pain. I didn't think it would make me hard or bring me to a climax, but the sheer terror and hurt in his twisted face makes me cum violently in his asshole that bleeds so beautifully all over me.

It's as euphoric as the wave of pleasure that sweeps over me as I grab a knife from the chopping block and drag it across his throat, opening him up like he opened her. He slides down, his feet trying to touch the floor, to escape, but it's futile. The reaper is reaching out his bony hand for him.

He gurgles and spits red saliva all over my face as he dies, his body finally falling slack, being held up by nothing more than my still pulsing cock. It's not over, but for now as I growl in appreciation of the vacant look in his eyes, I already feel the change in myself.

"Fuck."

~~~

I'm crying like that little boy, and like that young man as I climb out of the pit like a zombie coming from their grave. Covered in filth, blood, decomp, and insects, I pull myself up onto the deck of the gazebo with the skull in my disgusting hand.

“H?”

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“H?”

Oh no, no, no

She can't be here, I left her asleep in the library, snuggled under a blanket, safe and clean, and innocent. She can't see me like this, covered in death and decomp, smelling like a sewer, and looking like the monster I feared she saw me as before she decided to stay of her own free will.

“Lily. Go back in the house.” I say, my back turned to her, afraid to turn around and see the look in her face.

“H, what is this?” She asks, her voice wavering, cracking at the end in her surprise, disgust, fear, or whatever it is.

“Lily, go back in the fucking house!”

“No.” She says, and I can hear her foot stomp defiantly on the wooden deck below us. “Turn around and look at me.”

“No.” I parrot back to her, tapping my boot on the wood, but it doesn't clomp like her step, it squishes with God knows what that's stuck to my sole.

“I stayed. But you know that don't you?”

“I covered you up, you were cold.” I say, not knowing how else to respond to that.

If she were begging me for her life, or screaming at me in passion, the filthy words would be flowing from my mouth, but this, her misplaced devotion to me after what I've done has me next to speechless.

"I'm not helpless."

"I never said you were."

"Yeah, but I think you thought it. You did have to rescue me twice."

"You put yourself in situations where you were getting hurt."

"And you stepped in like my white knight."

The words white knight make me laugh, a deep belly laugh that must look horrendous with all the goo dropping off me, and the maggots crawling on my clothes. For some reason though, she hasn't run off screaming in fear. My princess isn't afraid of me anymore. She should be, I'm as evil as the man who owned the skull in my grasp.

"Black knight baby. As black as my soul, if I even have one left." I say, taking a deep breath in, turning around to finally face her.

The gasp from her is so loud I can hear it over the breeze and the barking of the dogs in the distance. Her eyes grow huge, and her hand comes up to her mouth, covering it in her shock.

"H?"

"I told you to go back in the house." I say to her, taking a step towards her, raising the skull up, shaking it to get her attention onto it.

Run princess

“N...n...no.” She says, staring at the skull dripping with the same ooze I’m covered in. “This isn’t you.”

“Isn’t it? You don’t know me, remember? I’m the stranger who watched you fuck yourself in your bed. The fucking stranger! Goddamn it Lily, run from me!”

“No.”

She’s a defiant little fuck, I’ll give her that, but that’s what gets her into the trouble she finds. She doesn’t listen to reason; she throws herself at men that are no good for her. What I thought was her best attribute before, I now see as her curse.

Stalking towards her, I hold the skull out. A maggot falls from my shoulder, and she curls up her lips in disgust, but she stays put.

“This, right here Lily, this is all that’s left of my father. How can you stand there and not run from me. I killed him. Along with all the others.”

“What others?” She asks, her eyes starting to shimmer.

The look on her face, the stench radiating off me, and the piece of shit in my hand is too much. My anger and rage are boiling again, with the surprise of her arrival disappearing and the hate coming back. I wrap both my hands around the already shattered skull and press them together, my muscles flexing, the tattoos on my hands rippling with the force.

She jumps when it shatters, and I squeeze more, grinding my palms together, turning it to dust that blows away on the wind when I open my hands. What doesn’t escape into the air falls to my feet, covering my already sticky boots in a fine grey powder.

“Why?” She asks, her unshed tears ready to fall from her light-colored lashes. “What did he do to you to make...this?”

“What didn’t he do?” I ask, clapping my hands together brushing off the last remnants of the ghost that is now gone from this place. “He made this, me, the monster.”

“You’re not a monster.” She says, the first little teardrop rolling down her freckled cheek.

“Oh no?” I ask, reaching out for her, grabbing her arm with my filthy hand. “I’m not a monster? Look. Look in there, see all that? I did all that.” I yell at her, dragging her to the edge of the open hatch and forcing her to look down into the pit.

“No, no that can’t be.” She says, shaking her head, trying to back up and away from me, but I hold her tightly. “You may be dark, but this...no, I refuse to believe it.”

“Believe it princess. This was all me. Years of killing and dismembering bodies in the cellar you slept in the first week here. In your room is where I did all this.” My voice is rising, and I’m shouting, holding her tightly, digging my fingertips into her arm.

The rolling tear on her cheek drops and lands on the wooden deck, staining it darker, and it’s the straw that breaks the proverbial camel’s back for me.

“H.” She cries, the sickness in her at what she’s looking at evident, but so is something else. She should be wanting to get away, to run, but she’s fighting me for another reason. Her hand stretches out for my face, gingerly touching the filth that coats it, her nails scratching lightly over my five o’clock shadow. “I don’t care.” She says on a thick swallow.

“Lily, you need to run before I ruin you like I’ve ruined everything else in my life.”

“You already have, but I...I like it.”

“Run from me baby.”

“I will, but not to get away.” She says, wiping the streams of liquid off her face.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I ask her, confused, tilting my head and staring at her reddened face.

“I want you to catch me. Just like in my books. If you catch, me you fuck me.”

“Oh for Christ’s sake Lily. No.”

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She turns and takes off as I drop her arm in disbelief. Yet another bad decision, something that is going to get her hurt. With all the emotions flooding through me, and all the rage, I'm terrified of what I will do to her if I chase her and allow my predatory nature to come up to the surface after what I've just done.

I watch as she disappears off the gazebo, in utter disbelief of this fucking woman. She's asking again for an evil man to play her games, but her games always get her in trouble. I don't want to play her game, but I also don't want her to go. She has been the light in my darkness for the past few weeks, and I don't think I can go on without her.

Her form gets smaller as she nears the exit to the maze, her legs taking her in and out of the turns, until I lose sight of her. Shaking my head, I close the hatch to the pit and hop down, preparing to head to the house and clean myself up. If she sees I'm not following, she'll give it up. I trust she'll come back to the house, especially since when she had the chance to escape before, she stayed.

The barking of the dogs makes me whip my head to the front of the gardens, and my heart tries to leap out of my chest.

“The dogs. Fuck, the fucking dogs. I didn't close the cabin after I fed them.”

Like a madman, I run through the courtyard, and into the maze, thanking all the stars above that I know it like the back of my hand. Growing up here, hiding in these corridors of hedges from my father taught me every which way to get through them in the shortest amount of time possible.

The barking grows louder and more intense as I bolt out from the exit, almost running into the serpents that guard the mouth of the maze. Their evil faces and hissing tongues sneer at me, telling me that even though I thought I was the evilest thing here, I'm nothing compared to the pack I have trained to kill in my absence.

"Lily!" I scream, stopping to spin around in circles, frantically searching for her, not seeing her anywhere.

There's enough trees and shrubs to lose sight of her, and I don't have the senses that the dogs have. I can't follow my nose or my ears like they can. Surely they'll find her before I do.

When I hear nothing from her in response the only thing I can think of as I race towards the garage is to call on my head bitch.

"Magnolia!" I holler, looking for her, or any trace of her.

I can't hear her barks with the rest of the pack, so I hope and pray she is already taking her place protecting her new best friend from the rest, just like she guarded her from me in the house when I made her bleed for the first time. If she was brazen enough to stand up to me, she sure as shit won't have an issue knocking back the pack she already leads.

Shit, she was in the house with Lily when I left them.

As I skid to stop in front of the garage and tap my passcode into the security box, I can finally hear her. She's in the house and not where I'd hoped she'd be. She gets louder as the door rolls open, and before I can step inside, she darts out under the door and takes off like a bat out of hell into the yard.

"Go, Magnolia, go save her." I tell her as she recedes into the gardens, disappearing

through the hedges, her yapping and high-pitched barks ebbing into the spring breeze.

I'm still covered in filth, maggots still crawl on my skin and my clothes, but that's nothing I can worry about now. I would never get on my bike like this, but it's the fastest way to her. I can cover more ground on two wheels than I can on two legs.

The bike fires up with a thunderous roar inside the garage, blue and yellow flames spitting from the exhaust as I crank the throttle and warm her up for the second it takes me to put on my helmet. I can't force her out this fast when she's cold for concern of blowing her motor or popping her chain.

"I'm coming Lily." I say to myself as I tap the bike into gear with my left foot and peel out into the driveway, taking the bike off the path and into the grass, following where I saw Magnolia head.

She's running, thinking it's all a game, but the game is going to be deadly if the pack catches her before Magnolia or I find her. I can hear the barking growing louder as I get near the east section of the gardens, then a high-pitched scream breaks through the hazy spring morning.

"Oh no." I whisper to myself, my words blowing away on the wind that whips past my face.

In the haste I didn't lower my visor, and it makes a loud click as I snap my head downward, locking it into place. I won't be able to see her well if the air is slicing my eyes.

Coming around the bend towards the cabin, I see her, and she's disappearing back into the maze, the group of canines hot on her heels, with Magnolia not far behind. I rev the bike and kick it up into second gear, taking me faster through the grasses, my front wheel threatening to slide out from under me. I need to keep the gyroscopic

momentum of the wheels, so I don't take her down into the dewy lawn, and it's a fucking fight to keep it upright.

Planting my foot down when I come in front of the serpents' pillars, I crank the handlebars to the left, directing the bike into the maze on the east side. The branches and flowers brush against me as I race through the corridors between the hedges, gaining on her and the dogs with every passing second.

I can see her in front of me, her legs taking her as fast as she can go, weaving in and out of the aisles, dodging the dogs, taking her steps around and even through the walls of greenery. When she turns and looks at me before she disappears through the final row of bushes, I know she's made it to the courtyard and thinks she's made it to safety. But she hasn't. The center of the fountain in the marble square isn't high enough for the dogs to not reach her. She'll be boxed in and cornered.

I blow through the last corridor, coming out at the top of the stairs that lead down to the center square, the branches smacking my helmet and bare arms. She's at the bottom, climbing into the water, the dogs surrounding the basin, barking and lunging. When the first one makes her attempt to jump into the pool, Magnolia bursts through the greenery on the other side, her fangs bared, her ears forward in challenge.

I've seen her hunt and feed, she's vicious, but I've never seen her attack in anger before, and it's an amazing sight that makes me stop for just a moment. She charges forward, her jaws snapping, her front feet kicking as she backs down the younger bitch. The sounds coming from her are pure rage, she's protecting her new friend as aggressively as she would me, but they're not backing down, they're all slowly advancing as she fights off the one.

Their bloodlust is high. It's my fault, I haven't given them a fresh kill in a couple weeks, they're thirsty for the blood and hungry for the meat they've become accustomed to, and now I fear that her place as leader is being challenged over the

pure desire to kill.

Twisting the throttle again, I launch the bike forward, careening towards the steps, holding my breath when I come to the top of them and the front wheel leaves the ground. It's not the type of bike to be jumping. A dirt bike, sure, but a super sport bike, no way.

Lifting my ass off the seat as I fly through the air, I pull up on the front in an attempt to save the fairings from a direct hit. The back tire hits the smooth stone floor, jamming the bike up into my crotch, and smacking my balls hard enough the air leaves my chest, but the bike itself comes back down to two wheels with minimal damage, and she keeps going as I catch my breath.

“??????????!” I scream, hopping off the bike and tossing it down. “Enough!”

The pack halts, all except the female fighting with Magnolia as Lily climbs the column of the fountain, her hands slipping on the shiny gold painted snake's scales, her grunts coming out harsh and terrified.

“? ?????? ??????????! ?????!” I scream, almost face planting as I kick the bike in my haste to get to the girls. “I said enough! Heel!” I call out again in English.

They're not stopping as the rest of the dogs lay down, respecting my authority. The fight continues, their bodies falling into the water, their teeth clashing together, the water turning pink with the blood from their wounds.

“Magnolia!” Lily cries out, starting to slide back down the twisted serpents.

She's going to sacrifice herself for the fucking dog!

“Lily, stay!” I bark at her, as I jump into the basin, wading through the water, leaping

at the dogs when I get in arms reach.

“H, save her!” She screams at me her hand reaching out uselessly, just like mine would for mother when father had her in his grasp.

The younger bitch squeals when I grab her by the back legs. I’ve been around dogs all my life and I know better than to touch anywhere near their faces during a fight. It won’t break them up, and will only get me bitten, badly. She has Magnolia by the face, jerking and twisting her thick neck in the death shake.

My pull on her releases her bite just long enough for my best girl to get her bearings, and when she grabs her by the neck and takes her under the water I let go, and let my girl do her thing.

“????????? ? ???!” I command her to end her, to finish it so I can regain order and get my flower down off that pillar.

I’m out of breath, my balls fucking ache, and I’m soaked but all I can think about is getting Lily down from there before she falls and hurts herself. The goop and insects still on me wash into the basin as I dunk myself under the water, scrubbing myself quickly. She doesn’t deserve for my filth to rub off on her.

The water swirls around me, the current from the fountain spouts and jets underneath the surface washing my grime away, and when I’m clean, I burst out of the water like a new man born. He is gone, the remnants of my father washed away. The bugs are off me, and the decomp floats away, being sucked into the filters.

I’m standing in my usually pristine place, the one spot I come to relax and reflect, looking down at it all red and frothy around my legs, but all I can think about is my flower, the beautiful thing that is my biggest stressor, and now my solace too. Her quiet sobs and fear fill my ears, drowning out the sounds of death while Magnolia

accomplishes her task, and I wade towards her as the fight ends and the water falls still.

“Come on princess, come down.” I say, reaching up for her, offering her my hand to take. “It’s okay now.”

She shimmies down the twisted column, taking my hand in hers, looking over her shoulder as Magnolia pulls the carcass of her opponent from the pool, dragging it away, with the rest of the pack following her.

We’re alone as she climbs into my arms, and I take her down the rest of the way. The sounds of the fight are over, and the yapping barks disappear into the wind as they retreat back to their places. The only things I can hear are the sounds of my heart pounding in my ears and Lily’s ragged breathing.

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“Is it over?” Lily asks, nuzzling her face into my neck, ignoring the fact that there could still be filth on me.

“??, ??????????. Yes, princess.” I purr to her, feeling her relax in my arms, closing my eyes, and just feeling her. “You should have listened to me, baby.”

“When have I ever listened?” She chuckles nervously, her tears still dripping from her flushed cheeks.

“Never.” I answer her, kissing the top of her head. “Are you going to start to?”

“Never.”

“??? ?? ?????. That’s my girl.”

“???? ??????. Your girl.”

“Kiss me.” I whisper into her ear. “Be my good fucking girl and kiss me.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Her nose nuzzles mine, her breath wafting across my face as my lips caress the seam of her mouth. She’s still panting, her breaths heavy and strained from the adrenaline, and they fill my mouth as I open her up and dive my tongue inside, kissing her like a man starved. I’m an animal, devouring her, sucking out her soul.

She kisses me back, her tongue wrapping around mine, caressing and feeling

everything I have to give her. It's euphoric, the way I can feel her heart beating against mine, both of them crashing around from the chase, the fight, the rescue. For the third time I've saved my princess from her actions and the danger she put herself in. The next danger, the one holding her in his arms is the only one I refuse to liberate her from.

"I need to fuck you, hard." I moan into her mouth, grabbing her hair, pulling on it, directing her head to kiss me harder.

"Do it. I'm yours."

"That's my good fucking girl."

It's a race to get our clothes off, with hands grabbing and mouths still crashing together. We rip at the material covering each other, both of us unable to control ourselves as the items fall, landing in the water. Our kisses don't need to pause, there's no pulling off of shirts over our heads. My hands rip the fabric, turning them into little scraps that flutter away.

Her naked skin rubs against me, the water and sweat making me slick as she slides down my body, her legs wrapping around my waist. I slam her back against the pillar of snakes, crushing her soft body against my hard one. She moans, her naked cunt grinding on me, begging for me to take it.

"Are you already wet for me?" I ask, kissing her hard, biting her lower lip.

"Always."

"Mmmm, good girl."

Her head falls back and bumps the gold stones as I reach down, pressing two fingers

between her pussy lips, opening her up, gathering her wetness on them.

“Yes.”

My eyes roll back in my head as I bring my juicy fingers up to my mouth, breaking away from her kisses, shoving them between my lips and sucking on them. She tastes so good, like candy as I clean all of her from my skin.

“Fuck baby, you taste so good. Like a forbidden fruit, or the sweetest candy. I need to eat you before I fill you up.”

I kiss down her neck, her chest, and her belly as I lift her up. My arms shake a little from the residual adrenaline as I hoist her higher.

“Put your legs over my shoulders.” I order her, grabbing her ass, pulling that pretty pink cunt to my mouth.

She smells like the best meal on the planet, and her sweet little pussy is dripping for me, giving me so much to feast on as I dive my tongue through those lips.

“Oh God!” She cries out, her hips flexing forward smashing into my face. “H!”

I can’t answer her with filthy words, or songs of praise, my mouth is too busy licking and sucking on every inch of her. I need more, more juices, more everything. Closing my lips around her, I suck hard, pulling out her delicious cream, swallowing it down in one mouthful after another. The harder I suck, the more she produces.

It's barbaric the way I attack her cunt, feasting on her, taking everything she's willing to give me. Her hold on my hair and the way she grinds herself on me only add to the passion behind it, and I'm losing control of my needs. I need to be in her, to be fucking her as hard as I can. I need to break her body around my hard cock that's

dripping for her.

“Cum princess.” I say into her, my words muffled from the swirling of my tongue on her unhooded little clit. “Cum in my fucking mouth so I can fuck you properly.”

She’s always so responsive to my commands, even the first time I touched her sexually while she slept in her warm bed. At the order, she arches her back, and squeezes my head with her thighs, screaming out into the late morning sky as she gives me the first of many orgasms I’m going to bring out of her.

“??? ?? ?????. That’s my girl.”

“More.” She pants. “Talk to me in Russian as you fuck me. Tell me all the filthy things.”

“You want filthy baby?”

“Yes.” She pants as I lower her, bringing her face to mine, letting her settle herself in place between me and the pillar, her sexy legs going back around my narrow waist.

“How filthy?”

“As filthy as you in that pit.” She croons, her eyes lighting up with something I’ve never seen in her before, something as devious as what lives in me.

“Bad girl.”

“Ooohhh.” She breathes as I swat her ass with my flattened palm, not needing my hands to hold her up, my body pinning her to the stone is enough.

Her nipples pebble against my chest, brushing my smooth skin, and she moans loudly

at the contact. I want to hear that sound over and over again, the sound of her losing herself in me. She does it again as I shift her up just enough to suck one of them into my mouth, feeling it harden more on my tongue. Even her flesh tastes so sweet.

My cock thumps heavily between my legs, aching to be in her, fucking needing to feel her wet heat envelope it. I can't hold back much longer, it's like I have to be inside her to take my next breath.

“????????????, ??????????. ?????? ??? ? ?????????? ?????????? ??? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??? ??????, ??? ?? ?????? ?????????? ??? ?????????????????.”

“What was that?”

“You heard me.” I laugh against her breast, feeling her join me, her chest bouncing under my mouth. “Get ready, princess. Because I'm going to split that tiny cunt apart with my cock so much that you'll beg me to stop.”

“Mmmm, filthy man.”

“As you requested, baby.” I say around her little nub, pinching it with my teeth until I feel her legs squeeze me tighter, and she groans deeply in her chest. “? ?? ??????????????. ?? ?????? ??????????? ?? ?????, ??? ? ? ?????? ?? ?????????????????.”

“Kill me then. If pleasure is what takes me out, then kill me.”

Heaven is the only way to describe it as I lower her down on my cock, slowly at first, I want to feel her open up and swallow me until I'm seated in her as deep as I can go. She cries out when I bump the end of her channel, her hands grabbing at my shoulders, digging into my cool flesh.

Goosebumps break out across me from her touch and the cool air on my wet skin. It's

just another pleasurable sensation as I start to rock my hips, making her bounce between me and the stone serpents that look down on me with their beady little black eyes, praising me for yet another form of depravity that they get to witness.

Can I really consider it depraved if she's begging me for it? Her mouth kisses all over my face, her hands caress every inch of me she can reach, and she pants out her lust against my cheek. She's as hungry for me as I am for her, and for the first time ever, I feel that connection people talk about when they speak of sex.

Sex has always been emotionless, just simple and brutal fucking to empty my balls and relax my brain. I've never wanted to get personal with anyone, for me to risk them seeing that the all-mighty H is a man, a broken one at that, who uses force and death to cover his shortcomings.

But with her here, her legs around me, her pussy clamping onto my dick, and her mouth sucking on my skin, I can feel a bridge between us, a current from me into her and back again. Like with every beat of her heart I can feel against my chest, she's welcoming me into her more, and my walls are crumbling down.

"More, H. More." She cries out as I go faster, bouncing her up and down. "Harder."

"????? ???????????? ?????, ?????????? ???? ?????????? ??."

"Yes. Ruin me like the naughty thing you need."

Her verbal permission on top of the sexual pleas is enough for me to unleash the beast in me, the one I've been holding back for fear of scaring her away. With a snarl he comes to the surface, bearing his teeth, sinking them into her neck as I fuck her into oblivion.

Her body stiffens, her legs holding onto me tight, her hands clawing at my skin. She's

turning into an animal too as she lifts up and thrusts down on my dick. Riding me as I plow into her, screaming out her pleasure as her pussy clenches me hard.

She's milking me, with her walls squeezing my cock, her back bending, and her tits in my face. It's the hottest fucking thing, the way she takes all of me, yet still needs more.

"More Hedeon. More!"

I bite down harder, feeling her skin puncture under my teeth. Copper and iron flood my mouth, and I suck it down, feeling it warm my throat and stomach as she bleeds so nicely for me. She cries out, bucking and thrashing, her chest crashing into mine, her hands grabbing my hair and my face, pushing me away and pulling me closer at the same time. She's lost in it, in the desire, the lust, the filth, just as I am.

"I'm gonna cum." She whines. "H, I'm gonna..."

"???????? ?? ????, ??? ?? ??????? ?????????? ?????, ??????? ?? ??????????" Repeating it in English, I give her the filth she craves. "Come for me, like the dirty little whore you are."

"Fuck!" She screams, her head thrashing back and forth, bouncing off the stone, her hands slapping at me.

She's fucking possessed, growling and crying out, clamping around my cock, squeezing me like a fist as she cums violently. It's the little death, the moment where the body feels like it ceases to live when the pleasure is that paramount. I can feel it in her, I can feel the pause in her heartbeat, and the stopping of her breath as she falls apart on another scream that echoes on the mountains in the distance.

"Such a good fucking girl." I praise her, petting her hair, forcing her cheek to my

chest, holding her tightly as my climax roars through me like a freight train.

My balls pull up to my body, twitching and flexing with the cum that rushes through them, exploding out of me, filling her completely. The sticky fluid squelches out of her, dripping into the water below us, splashing my legs with drops that tickle as they run down me and disappear back into the basin.

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It feels like hours that I hold her to me, letting her come back to normal. My cock softens inside her, slipping out as I adjust her in my arms. She's wiped out, her form floppy and sated, her eyelashes fluttering peacefully on her cheeks.

Naked as the day I was born, I carry her to the house. Leaving the bike in a heap on the marble floor of the courtyard, ignoring the dogs as they trot along behind us. They've already forgotten about the hunt, with their bellies full of their little sister.

"H." Lily murmurs against my chest.

"Lily." I whisper back, taking us through the garage, then the kitchen, through the den, and up the staircase to my room. "Easy baby." I coo to her, setting her down on the toilet seat, making sure she doesn't fall in her exhaustion.

Running a hot shower, I step in to scrub myself off, washing my skin so hard that I turn bright red, and the outlines of my tattoos raise up and itch. I have to make sure I'm clean of everything from today, to wash away the grime and gore, as well as the memories of how I was before she found me. When I'm done, I get her and bring her in with me. She sighs as the hot water pummels her, warming her up, relaxing her even more.

"Can you stand on your own baby? So I can wash your hair?"

"Mmhhmm." She mumbles as I turn her around to face the wall, grabbing the shampoo and lathering up my hands. "So nice." She purrs as I run my fingers through her hair, washing out the chlorine smell from the fountain, and the chunks of tree branches and bush pieces from her run through the maze.

She sways on her feet as I wash and condition her hair, paying attention to the ends so it's easy to brush when were done. Her body is easier to clean, and her creamy skin is so soft under my palms as I soap her up and rinse her off.

Drying her is probably the nicest thing I have ever done for another human. Holding her against me in the walk-in closet, rubbing her gently with a fluffy towel, wrapping her hair up in another as she allows me to move her where I need her to be.

When she settles in my bed, her eyes closed, her breathing slow, I stare down at her, watching her sleeping so peacefully.

"Sleep well, princess." I say, kissing her forehead before I throw on clean sweatpants and leave her to rest.

I never did get a chance to make her breakfast, and now that the day is advancing towards late afternoon, I can make her something for dinner. She's going to need the energy for all the things I want to do to her all night long. I want to touch, kiss, love, caress, and fuck her until the sun comes up and we're both sated and sleeping. But first, some work that I am completely slacking on.

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"Well, well, well, look who's gracing us with his half naked, non-presence Kendra." Jack snorts over the video call from my office on the first floor of the house.

Normally I would use the bedroom computer, but I don't want to wake Lily, she needs her rest.

"Yeah whatever Jack. What do you need me to do. You have me for..." Looking at my watch I scrunch up my nose while figuring out how long dinner will take to cook.  
"Twenty minutes."

“Oh a whole twenty minutes. What on earth is keeping you from the office? Or should I ask who?”

“You have a hot piece of ass hidden away in your castle, H?” Kendra asks, leaning in towards the camera, her huge tits barely enclosed in her sweater.

“None of your business Kendra.” I say rolling my eyes at her. “Look it’s Wednesday. I’ll be in on Friday to do anything I need. Until then, anything you want done email it to me and I’ll deal with it here.”

“Sure boss, whatever you say.” Kendra says just before the screen goes black and the call disconnects.

“Jealous much?” I ask the blank monitor, pushing myself away from the desk as my phone starts chiming with incoming emails. “That was quick.”

“What was quick?” Lily’s voice calls out sheepishly from behind me.

“I’m gonna have to get you a collar with bells on it so you stop sneaking up on me.” I laugh, turning around, seeing her against the door frame, still gloriously naked,

“A collar? I like the sound of that. Am I your pet?”

“Do you want to be? Or do you want to remain my slutty little captive whore?”

“Decisions, decisions.” She chuckles, asking me with a glance if she can enter.

Slapping my thigh I beckon her in to me and guide her down onto my thigh when she reaches me.

She smells of my soap, all woodsy and citrusy, and her hair is still slightly damp as I

grab it at the roots and bring her face to mine for a searing kiss.

“I could collar you and keep you like my little puppy, who sleeps at the foot of my bed ready to listen to all my commands.”

“A collar with a bell, is for a cat. I could be your little kitten to rest in your lap instead.”

“I don’t like cats, and I sure don’t like the term kitten, princess.” I laugh, nuzzling her mouth again, kissing her until she opens for me and lets me slide inside.

It’s slow, and deep, my tongue twisting with hers. I steal her breath as she steals mine, and I let her take it. She’s already taken all of me anyways.

“You’re hard again.” She whispers, pulling her lips from mine, looking me deeply in my eyes, then down at the bulge in my grey sweatpants underneath her.

“How could I not be? I have a beautiful puppy sitting on my lap.”

“You’re a hound.” She says, slapping my bare chest, stopping with her palm over my heart, digging her fingers into the skin as she tilts her head like a real pup. A drop of drool forms in the corner of her mouth and she wipes it away with her free hand. “I can feel your heart.”

“Does that turn you on?” I ask, cocking my dark brow at her.

“Yes. Because it tells me you’re human.”

“I’m a bad human.”

“So am I.”

“???. ?? ??????? ?????????? ??????” I say, reaching down, pulling my sweats down just until my engorged cock pops free from its fleece confines. “My good pup.”

“Woof.” She barks in my face, then squeals when I grab her by the sides and lift her up, digging my fingers into her ribs, tickling her.

“H!”

“Princess.”

Her laughter turns into a guttural moan when I drop her down on my dick, impaling her on it.

“Mmmm.Yesss.”

“Ride me baby.”

“Yes, Sir.”

She lets me guide her up and down on my cock, pressing her against my pelvis then letting her come up just long enough for me to feel the head of my dick twitch inside of her. She’s so wet and needy for me, and every time I advance into her, more fluids pour out around me, puddling in my lap, soaking into the fleece pants.

“God you’re so fucking wet baby.”

“Anytime I’m near you. I can’t help it. From the night you left me in my driveway, and I dreamt of you, I was destined to be right here. I just didn’t realize it at first.”

“Then I’m glad I kidnapped you.” I say around a big grin, pulling her chest to my mouth, latching my lips around her dusty pink nipple.

“Yes. Me too. Even if that’s totally fucked up.”

“Mmmm, be fucked up with me.”

“H?” She says quietly, rolling her hips across my lap.

“Yeah princess?”

“Fuck me hard.”

There’s no way I can give her what she needs with her sitting on me like this. With fluid ease, I stand up, popping her tit from my mouth, and kick my chair out of the way. She holds onto me, wrapping her legs around my waist as I sweep everything off my desk. The computer and all go flying onto the floor with a loud clamor, the pencils and pens scattering across the room, and the phone crashing off its cradle.

Her back hits the desktop with an “oomph” from her, and I yank her legs up higher around me, grabbing behind her knees and yanking her closer, impaling her once again. She cries out, her hands grabbing onto each other behind my neck, her spine arching and thrusting her tits up into my chest.

“You want it hard? Hard you’ll get.” I grunt, slamming into her, forcing all of me into her tight channel in one hard thrust, splitting her open, making her take it all.

Peeling her hands from behind me, I wrap one of my large hands around both her wrists and slam them up over her head, lengthening her body, stretching her out. My other hand encircles her slender neck, my fingers and thumb almost touching each other in the back, pressing into her carotid arteries with the gentlest of pressures. It’s not enough to hurt or leave a mark, but her head will be nice and fuzzy from the reduced blood flow.

I look down at her, the epitome of perfection. Her cheeks are flushed, and the freckles almost disappear behind the pink tinge to her skin. Her eyes are open wide, the stormy irises focused on me, and only me. She bores into my fucking soul with those eyes and challenges me wordlessly with her pretty pink lips curved into a masochistic grin.

“My pup likes being choked?”

With a nod of her head, she plays the game well. A truly well trained submissive ready to hand that power over to me is what she is, and that’s exactly what I need.

Her moth opens but nothing comes out. There’s no protest, no safe word, no apprehension. She breathes out then takes a deep one in and holds it.

Fucking breath play. Oh fuck yes.

Just a slight adjustment to where I squeeze on her neck is what makes her wild. Pressing against her windpipe, I cut off her ability to release that breath, and her face brightens, the pink turning into a deep crimson that spreads down her neck and across her chest.

Its stunning watching her, the color in her eyes turns dark, and her eyelids twitch. Her body jerks under me, and her cunt grabs me tightly. I’m fucking her while I hold the power to take her life, and she’s getting wetter from it.

Filthy little princess.

“Sucha good girl, baby. You want to breathe? You’re going to have to earn it.” I hiss in her face, licking up her cheek, tasting the first salty drop that gathers under her eye. “Cum for me.”

I rail her hard, shaking her body on the desk, making the wooden piece of furniture creak under her, threatening to break with the force I use to fuck her. She turns darker red, her chest glowing brightly, her pupils dilating, her nose running, but she doesn't fight me, or struggle for breath.

Her head must be swimming as her eyes close and I thrust up into her so hard I hear her hips crack. She starts to tremble, her legs shaking against my hips and then it happens. Her already tight little cunt grabs me like a vise, her back arches, and her mouth falls open in a silent scream.

The wave of cum from her is enough to douse the front of me, pouring down my thighs, soaking my pants even more than they were. She climaxes so soundlessly, that it's almost more beautiful than when she screams my name to the heavens.

I'm not finished, not by a long shot, but she's done such a good job, and I release her throat from my grasp, allowing her the breath she needs before she succumbs to the blackness of unconsciousness. She sucks in a deep breath, her whole body shaking, her head lolling side to side as she coughs and sputters. Her gasps turn into more normal breaths as I slowly rock my hips, bringing her down from the climax.

"You did such a good job, my pretty little pup." I say caressing her hair, brushing it out of her face, then wiping away the tears on her flushed cheeks. "That was beautiful."

"You...you didn't cum." She says on a wracking cough, allowing me to help her up to a sitting position, my cock sliding out of her all wet and slick.

"Not yet. Just breathe for me."

"You could have killed me."

“Yes. But I didn’t. I told you I wouldn’t and I’m a man of my word. We’ve been over this.” I say, watching the grey of her eyes lighten back up with her normal breathing. “I plan on fucking you till you wished for death though.” Her lips curl up into that mischievous grin as I lift her up, my hands under her ass supporting her. “Just not here. Let’s feed you first.”

“I’m naked.”

“I can see that.”

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Pass me the dill weed please.” I tell Lily as she sits on the counter, her bare legs dangling down, her heels bumping up against the cabinet doors in the large kitchen.

“What are we having?” She asks, fingering the caps on the spice jars in the rack next to her as she looks for the right one.

“Piroshki. Russian meat pies. They’re very good, and filling.”

“Mmmm, I can’t wait.”

She watches as I cook, her eyes following me around the kitchen as I chop the meat and onion and press the dough on the cutting board into little circles. When it’s time to fill the dough and squeeze them shut to make the pockets, she hops down and stands in front of me, letting me direct her hands on how to put everything together.

It’s the first time since my mother was alive that a woman has been in this kitchen, and the first woman besides her who has helped me cook.

I could get used to this.

She watches through the oven door as they bake, her head next to mine, her lips in a broad grin as they become golden brown. Her stomach rumbles loudly as the timer goes off and I pull the little meat pockets out, setting them on the stove top to cool off.

“Very hot. Don’t touch them yet.” I find myself telling her when she reaches out her little hand towards them, sounding just how mother used to warn me so I wouldn’t

burn myself.

I can almost smell her here with us, her perfume, and the scent of her shampoo. The heat from cooking always brought out her scent, and I would sit here just like Lily has been, watching her, listening to her hum her little tunes.

When the steam stops wafting from the food, I plate six of them and carry them to the counter where Lily has seated herself again, stepping between her naked legs, my damp sweats brushing up against her sex. She looks down at the outline of my cock in the fleece then at the food, and I can see the trepidation in her eyes. She's deciding over food or dick.

"Food baby. Then dick." I laugh, holding up a piroshki for her. "Take a small bite and let the steam come out for a minute.

I feel almost parental as I feed her, watching her take small bites and blowing on the food until it's cool enough to take bigger bites. Her eyes roll back in her head, and she moans in delight as she devours each and every pie like she hasn't eaten in forever. I know now how mother felt when she cooked for me, and I ate everything on my plate. It's a satisfied feeling in taking care of another. Who would have thought that the evil H would be enjoying taking care of something? Fuck, not me.

As satisfying as it is, it's also foreign, and it feels weird inside of me. I used to get the same sensation when I was young, and mother always told me that it was happiness, to embrace it. I never did.

It's really shitty when happiness feels wrong.

"You good?H?"

"Hmmm? Yeah. Guess I slipped away there for a second." I answer her, shaking my

head clear from the memories of the past.

“I’m full, are you going to eat anything?”

“Yeah, you.”

“Ooohhh.” She says, then laughs as I toss her backwards on the counter, lifting her legs up, spreading them apart. Her sex is still bright pink from earlier, and there’s a sheen of dried cum on her flesh. I lick my lips looking at it.

Her scent is powerful, the sweetness heavily laden with musk from her climaxes before, and it makes my mouth water like a rabid dog. I dive between her thighs, wrapping my hands around them, squeezing them on my head as I lick a long, hard stroke up from her asshole to her clit.

She tastes divine and her pussy twitches under my ministrations, begging for more, just like the dirty girl she is. I lap and lick, flicking that little clit with the tip of my tongue before going back down to her opening. Pointing my tongue, I push it into her, fucking her with it, reveling in the flavor of her insides.

“H.” She moans, her hands coming to my head, her fingers lacing in my hair, pulling me closer to her, burying my face so tightly into her that I can’t breathe.

Who needs breath when they have prime pussy in their mouth? Not me. I attack her with my tongue and lips, licking harder, and sucking on her. Covering her whole cunt with my mouth and drawing everything I can into it. She’s so wet, and so needy that she fills my mouth over and over again as I swallow her down.

My cock is raging hard, and she already orgasmed many times today. She’s hot and pliable and ready for me without another climax, and I can’t wait to be in her any longer.

“I need to be inside of you, princess.” I say, climbing up her body, kissing her soft belly, then full breasts, and up to her mouth. I close my eyes and drive my tongue past her lips as I push my cock in her cunt.

I kiss her like I’ve been starved for it for decades, so deep and fast, licking her tongue and teeth and everything else I can. It’s so heady and warm, and it matches the way I stroke her pussy with my dick.

The counter shakes under her as I fuck her mercilessly. I thrust hard, hearing her feet banging on the cabinet doors again. Her head lolls side to side on the wooden countertop as I taste every surface of her mouth.

“H.” She pants, her hands grabbing me, squeezing my back, digging her nails into me.

“That’s it baby. Make me bleed for you.” I say, kissing her in little pecks now, all over her face, chin, and neck.

Her body undulates, her back arching, her legs spreading further apart as I ram into her over and over again, making her pant and groan. It’s sex dripping so heavily with primordial lust that I don’t notice the wooden cutting board above her head tilting.

“Owww.” She cries out, reaching up, holding her forehead, her legs trying to close on instinct.

The sound of a female voice crying out in pain, in this room, on this counter, it’s like shooting me out of a cannon and landing me back in the past. I’m on top of the beautiful Lily, with her red hair and freckles, but in my mind, I’m hiding in that pantry, and the woman crying on the counter is mother, and it’s father between her legs.

“No, no, no!” I bellow out, the vision changing again, not seeing my flower anymore. It’s mother under me. It’s her blood on my hand as I wipe Lily’s forehead and look at the red stain on my skin. “Oh God, no.”

What am I doing? Mother? Mother?

“H? Hedeon, what’s wrong?”

I know it’s Lily, but I don’t recognize her. It’s not her, even though it is. It’s my mother, with her bloodied face and her slit throat. She’s gurgling out my name for me to help her, but there’s nothing I can do.

I’m screaming in my own head, or am I? Am I screaming out loud? I must be. The face below me flickers, and it’s Lily again. She’s scared. I’m doing something to frighten her again. She’s going to run away now. She’ll be gone just like the only other woman in my life. They all leave me.

I can’t breathe, I can’t see right, I can’t hear anything except my heart hammering in my ears and the sounds of the night I watched my mother die at the hands of that ghost that I disposed of this morning.

“Ha!.. This morning. So long ago, but not. So much has happened.”

I’m talking to myself like a maniac, losing my ever-loving mind. I can barely hear my words, but she can, and she’s afraid. She’s frozen beneath me, her head bleeding, her eyes becoming vacant... Wait, those aren’t her eyes, they’re the wrong color.

“Mother, mom!” I scream pushing away from the bloodied face below me, tripping on the pants around my knees.

I’m panicking. I can see her and hear her choking on her own blood, I can smell it so

thickly in the air. I have to get out of here. “Run H, run.” Mother cries out to me, and this time I listen.

## Page 31

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

The front storm door bangs closed behind me as I tear out of the house like my ass is on fire. I'm leaving poor Lily on the kitchen counter to fend for herself, and to take care of her head wound. I can't be in there, not with my mother yelling at me in my head to run.

"Run H. Hedeon run!" She cries out, forcing me further and further from the house. I'm in just a pair of sweatpants with sneakers, and the air is cool since sundown, but I don't care. I have to get away.

The grass is wet with dew under my feet, and my sneakers slip and slide as I bolt through the yard to the only thing that can save me. My bike. Still laying on her side in the marble courtyard, she calls me to her.

Ride, Hedeon. Ride as fast and as far as you can. Let me scream for you.

I can hear her, she's my salvation, my way to clear my head, to escape, and I need to get to her.

I run past the reptilian guardians at the entrance, their little black eyes watching me in the dark, their gold tongues licking out at me as I dart between them. The bushes scrape me and the tree roots that poke through the ground grab at my feet like hands from the underground, trying to stop me. I run though, as fast as I can, trying uselessly to escape the visions that follow behind me.

Useless, always useless. Just like when you were a kid. A spoiled rotten kid.

She's right where I left her, almost hard to see in the dark, with her black paint

blending in with the night. But even if she were invisible I would still find her. She's the only woman in my life that will never leave me, never die, never disappear in a puddle of blood. I can always buy more parts for her, repair her, make her new again, unlike the females in my life that breathe air and eat food. The gas guzzler on the ground will only ever be there for me, feasting on petrol and my unlimited supply of money, all of which I would put into her without complaint if needed.

"Up and at 'em." I say as I turn my back to her, grab her and use my legs to lift her up, putting her on her kickstand.

It's stupid to ride with no gear, and barely any clothes, but I don't give a flying fuck as I swing my leg over her and turn the key that still dangles in place. The bike fires up with a push of the ignition switch, the cold start taking three cranks before she catches and roars to life.

The immediate feeling of her vibrating between my thighs is already calming, almost grounding me as I kick up the stand, tap my foot to bring her into gear, then take off through the courtyard.

The dogs, minus Magnolia, chase behind me barking and baying, a pack of beasts just like their master, riding through the yard towards the driveway without a care if the bike goes down again in the wet grass. I'll just pick her up again, brush off my wounds and continue on. The pain will do me some good anyways.

Pain, that's what I need. Physical pain is the best way to alleviate the mental anguish sometimes. Like getting a tattoo can be therapy for a fucked-up mindset, riding hard, and even going down can be just as euphoric. The feeling of the road rash and broken bones can center you, show you what life feels like in the real world, and not just the sick shit in your head.

The tires skid on the slick green carpet, the bike pulling left than right, following a

wheel that can't grip on the dampness with as fast as I'm pushing it. Not until I hit the hardened dirt of the driveway does it catch and lurch me forward, picking up speed. The seat jostles and bumps under my ass as I take it over the petrified ruts that haven't been reshaped in weeks. There have been no bodies transported in the truck to mold them differently since I brought Lily home with me against her will.

That's what you need, just like the dogs. You need a kill. Bring something home, take it to the cellar, and do what you always do when life becomes full of too much shit. There's plenty of whores and criminals to pick from. Do it. Do it. Do it!

"No!" I scream into the air that whips across me like a slap to the face.

Yes. Bring home a gift for Lily. She's as fucked up as you, you know. That's why she's still here, why she didn't run when given the chance. You knew it the first time you heard her cries of ecstasy in the club. You knew she was just like you.

"Fuck you!"

I crank the throttle and kick the shifter up with my foot, going faster towards the gate that leads to the world outside my compound. The wind rips at my skin, metaphorically peeling the flesh from my body, cutting me into pieces as the metal barrier slides open and I rocket out onto the street, not bothering to look for oncoming traffic.

Horns blare and tires squeal on the asphalt, but the impact doesn't come. There is no crash, no pain, just an annoying screeching of the cars avoiding me as I turn right and speed away, leaving them behind me. It's almost depressing that I'm still up on two wheels. The crash and burn would have been nice.

I race down the road, the sound of the world flying by so loud in my ears, but still it doesn't drown out the cackling laughter of my father, the screams of my mother, and

the bellowing of the monster inside of me. It's a battle in my head that's leaking down into my heart. The heart in my chest that I thought was a hard rock, frozen in time from that day when I was nine.

It beats so slowly, even with the adrenaline from the ride, squeezing around my throat as feelings I don't want to feel climb up my throat, suffocating me with a death grip. I'm choking on my own shortcomings, the ones father used to punish me for. I'm losing my breath to not just the wind, but to fear, hate, pain, and regret laced with conditioned need. It's a kaleidoscope of shit swirling in me, getting louder and more insane as I shift up again, but instead of colors and patterns I can see, it's voices, and whisperings I can hear in my skull.

Father: Useless, like you always were. You can't even fuck her without messing it up. She should be in pieces on that counter, just like your mother.

Mother: My good boy. Don't do anything you shouldn't. It's not you, it's him. Don't listen. Just ride.

My monster: Hahahaha! Only listen to me. Kill. Kill some more. Wipe out everything and everyone except me and you. You need me. I'm here to remind you who you are Hedeon, the destroyer.

"All of you shut the fuck up!" I yell out, my words disappearing in the wind as I careen towards the Appalachian Mountains in the distance.

I won't make it to them, town is in the way, and as I try to direct the bike back to the uncivilized roads, it takes me on its own, with a memory of all my travels to more populated streets, down the main drag, and into the parking lot of Le Chateaux.

Father: Go in and pick one. Take her home. Fuck her and slit her throat.

Mother: No baby, no.

The silence when I shut off the bike and swing my leg off her is deafening. But not in the way when you're in the quiet and all you hear is the tinnitus of nothing. Its deafening with the voices that still argue inside of me.

I'm twitching, cold from the ride in nothing more than a pair of sweatpants, but also from the battle inside me. I crave to do as my father tells me to do. I know how easy it is to become him, and the man that he made me before I fell for my flower. But she's not a flower. I met her here, bent over a sawhorse, getting abused by a man she gave herself to willingly. I stole her from him in a moment of weakness that father would have beaten me for, and in doing so I awoke the voice of my mother who cries at what I've become.

The back door to the club bangs on the wall behind it when I kick it in. I'm lost in my head, my legs taking me to where they want to go, following the cackles of my monster and the sneering my father who team up against me. They want fresh blood, a kill, another body to throw into the pit after the dogs have their fill. It's my normal, what I'm used to, what I am deep inside, even though now I don't want to do it. I will though if it quiets them down, appeases them until I can figure out what to do with how I feel.

"H?" Samantha's voice calls out to me as I storm past the open entrance to her office.

I walk backwards the few steps and look in at her as she sits behind her desk, the hook where my mask used to hang above her not empty but graced with the helmet I left on her couch the night I took my Lily from here. It hangs like a beacon, calling to me to throw it on, concealing who I am, but it would only cover my face and the dark brown eyes in my head that mirror my father's. My tattoos, an obvious giveaway to anyone here are on full view. They're going to know who I am, who's coming for them, and in a way, that's what I desire.

I want to smell the fear on them, watch their eyes grow large in apprehension when I enter the main part of the establishment. I want them to fucking bow down to me and offer themselves up as my next sacrifice.

“You look like shit.” She spits at me, standing up behind her desk, grabbing for my arm as I pull down the helmet, digging her long black nails into my flesh.

“So do you.” I hiss at her, even though it’s a lie. She’s gorgeous and always will be, even in death.

She would make a stunning addition to the collection in my pit, but I need her. She’s my supplier. She doesn’t deal me drugs, no, she deals me the lambs that I slaughter. I need her alive, just like I need Kendra at work even though the feel of my blades slicing her skin would be so fucking orgasmic.

“Fuck you.”

“Been there, done that.” I say, grabbing her by the chin and pulling her face to mine and licking up her cheek like a fucking animal. “You still taste like sin. Maybe one day I’ll fuck you again.”

“You’re out of your goddamned mind.” She snarls at me, yanking herself from my grasp.

“If you only knew.” I cackle like a madman, tossing her back into her chair where she lands with a grunted “oomph”.

“Don’t ruin my club, asshole.” She calls out to me, as I slide on my helmet and snap the visor shut, leaving her to do her work as she curses over knowing that her membership number is about to go down by one.

## Page 32

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Help!” The busty blonde screams into my palm. “Help!”

“Will you shut the fuck up.” I grunt, squeezing my hand harder over her filthy fucking mouth, blocking her breath with a pinch of my thumb over her nose. “Can’t breathe, can’t scream.”

The ride home with her behind me on the bike, with her slender arms wrapped around my bare waist should have been fun, but her incessant talking, oh my God it was annoying as hell. Chasing her through the maze and cutting her up is going to be so satisfying.

“Babies! Daddy’s home.” I laugh as the dogs trot across the lawn, meeting us at the front gate that closes behind us with a clattering bang like that of a prison cell door, sealing her death row sentence. “? ??? ????.” I say, shoos them back to their cabin.

I want the chase right now, and they can wait their turn.

I wait until they are out of sight before I take my hand from her mouth and lift her up over my shoulder. Swatting her ass and laughing at her cries for help, I pull off her high heeled shoes so she has at least a chance to get a little bit ahead of me. Running in heels is hard, and she needs a little hope that she just might have a chance of escaping.

“Run.” I tell her, setting her down on her feet, watching her look me up and down as she pants in fear and disgust,

“What?”

“You heard me, Run!” I yell, leaning forward, getting in her overly made-up face, making her jump backwards.

My maniacal laughter bounces off the mountains as I watch her take off through the grass, her bare feet slipping on the late-night wetness. Her dress bellows behind her, all white and virginal, even though the body inside of it is nothing more than a filthy whore.

Run, baby, run.

She disappears into the dark, the sounds of her bare feet on the ground silent when she gets far enough away. I stand, leaning against the bike, yanking off my helmet, and lighting a cigarette. The smoke fills my lungs, and I hum one of mother’s tunes around it, waiting for her to get to the maze. She can’t miss it. The yard is set up so that you go right to it if you’re not on the driveway. It’s set up that way from when father used to play the same games as I am right now.

Ready to play?

Mother: Don’t do this Hedeon. Please. You’re better than him.

Father: She’s far enough away, my boy. Go, chase, and cut.

The part of me that fought them all on the ride into town is quiet. The monster inside, the one who drives me is in charge as I inhale the menthol smoke and blow it out in peaceful little rings that float away in the calm breeze. I’m Hedeon again, destroyer, and ruiner. I’m a God, a devil, a monster, and the woman running through my property is about to find out what kind of evil happens when I catch her.

Slapping my helmet back in place and grinding out my smoke in the dirt, I take off at a slow jog through the yard. The grass wets the cuffs of my sweats again, and my sneakers squeak under my gait.

“Ready or not, here I come.” I call into the night, almost expecting to hear an answer besides my own words echoed back at me.

When it’s nothing more than my voice, I pick up my pace, running to the maze, saluting my serpents as I pass them and turn into the first path. I can see her footprints in the soil and feel them under my feet. She came this way, like they all do, corralled into a cattle shoot of greenery and flowers. It’s a pretty trip for her, with all the sights and scents of a garden that’s stunning during the day. Too bad she won’t be able to enjoy it though. By morning, when the sun graces the tops of the hedges with its first rays, she’ll already be underground with the maggots and grubs.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are my dear.” I chuckle to myself as I cut through the bushes, pushing the branches out of my way, hearing them scrape on the helmet.

The predator in me has fully taken over, stalking his prey, sniffing the air for the scent of her sweat and fear. It’s sickly sweet in the heavy pre-dawn air as I emerge at the base of the stairs, coming through the vines like a ghostly apparition.

She’s trapped in the same place my flower was just this morning. At the same fountain that already sparkles again in the moonlight. The bugs and filth have been filtered out, and the clean water awaits the next round of excrements.

“No, please no, she begs, backing up until the backs of her knees bump up against the basin, her hand jutting out to catch herself from falling backwards into the pool.  
“Why are you doing this?”

“Because he told me to.” I say, stalking slowly towards her, watching her eyes dart back and forth looking for a way to escape.

The only way out is the steps behind me, flanked with the stone snakes carved into the vine and brush covered walls. In the dark they slither, the breeze against the vinery making them rattle and hiss, sounding just as evil as they look.

I picked her for a reason. She’s blonde with bright blue eyes and in a white gown covered with shiny beads. She’s everything mother and Lily aren’t. I can’t mistake her for them. I won’t see mother bleeding out as I slice into her.

Where’s your knife Hedeon? You’re unprepared. Useless.

I’m never unprepared, unless it comes to my flower. Even without my favorite pocket knife, the bucket of garden tools under the bench where I usually sit and ponder life has enough sharp instruments in it.

“A spade will do, no?” I ask the voices in my head as I walk over to the bench and lean down on it, looking under it for the metal bucket.

It clanks against the marble floor when I find it, the tools scraping the aluminum sides as I draw out the small hand spade. A little shovel with a sharp point that I use for starting the holes in which I plant my pretty flowers, is a fitting choice for the woman who will become part of the landscape.

“You don’t have to do this.” The chick says from over my shoulder, trying to back away against the fountain, her hands dragging along the ledge of it as she steps awkwardly from me.

“Oh, but I do.”

Mother: No you don't baby. You have a choice.

Father: Shut up bitch, he always listened to me not you.

My monster: Do it. Do it. Do it. Hahaha!

Mother: H, please no. You're better than him.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." I say as they all take over my consciousness again.

It's a fucking orchestra of voices, all telling me what to do and what not to do. I'm going insane. Maybe I'm already crazy. Fuck, of course I am. What kid wouldn't be with all the traumas I've had? I'm fucking schizophrenic or something.

Advancing on her, holding up the tool so the moonlight shines off its surface, I flip open the visor of my helmet, staring her down, sneering with curled lips under the plastic and foam that hides all but my eyes. I'm a menace, an evil entity with eyes that are floating in the dark, stalking and preying on the virginal whore in front of me.

"Nooo!" She screams a bloodcurdling scream as I lunge at her, purposely missing her, making her jump and run to behind the fountain basin.

"Oh darn. I missed." I laugh, jumping towards her again, making her squeal in fear and shock.

My fingers brush up against her arm, and she wails out like I've already cut her, her voice breaking the sky above us, loud enough you would think it could shake rain from the clouds. Her hair snaps towards me, the ends of the strands landing in the open visor, brushing against my eyes, and I laugh like a crazy person, grabbing her again, pulling her to me.

Her ass grinds up against my cock that's raging hard in my sweats. It's like I'm wearing nothing. I could fuck her without even pulling them down, I'm poking out the front of them so hard.

"Yeah baby. Grind on Daddy." I pant in her ear, banging the helmet against the side of her head as I wrap my arm around her, placing the edge of the spade against her throat.

"Stop. Please stop. Just let me go." She begs, bucking against me, crying out with her fingers feebly clawing at my tattooed arms and hands.

She's a strong one but nowhere near able to pull herself away. I have her. She's mine for now, and as I push the metal blade harder against her throat, the first scent of her blood fills my nose.

"I told you to run, and you ran. Now bleed, bitch."

She struggles so nicely, and it just makes me harder. I want to fuck her. To lift her off her feet with just my cock, but something is holding me back. Something foreign and weird.

Lily: I thought I was what you wanted.

"No, Lily. Flower get out of my head. You can't be in there too. God no."

"You're fucking crazy." The blonde in my arms screeches, fighting harder like she just now realized I'm fucking insane.

"The kidnapping, the chase, the weapon, none of those told you that?" I ask, ripping the helmet back off and tossing it to the ground, ignoring that it's a two-thousand-dollar piece of gear.

I want to lick up the blood that now pours from her neck, down the front of her white gown. I want to taste the blood of the metaphorical virgin, even if she is a dirty whore I picked up in a sex club as she knelt for some pathetic shit stain of a man with her mouth open begging for his cum.

Flipping her in my grasp, I pull her front to mine, the blade till up to her neck, pressing deeper as I flatten my tongue and lick up between her tits, catching the crimson river that flows down her chest. I can feel her erratic heart fluttering against my licks, making my cock leak in my pants.

“Mmmm, fuck yes.” I moan, rolling my eyes back, reveling in the metallic taste of the life that pours out of her.

A jingling sound, the sound of a dog’s tags breaks my attention on what I’m doing. Normally I wouldn’t be distracted by that, but the dogs are at their cabin, and Magnolia is in the house with Lily watching over her like a good girl.

“I didn’t have a bell, so I borrowed this.” Lily says from behind me.

Turning my gaze over my shoulder, I see her standing next to the fountain just steps away, twirling Magnolia’s collar on her index finger. Her other hand is on her denim clad hip, and she stares me down so calmly. The small breeze blows her frilly top baring her midriff, showing something glistening in the waistband of her jeans.

“Go back to the house Lily.”

“Why?”

One word from her pretty little mouth is enough to throw me over the edge again, just like she has been doing since I brought her here. One simple word from her is all it takes to change everything.

“Because. You can’t see this.” I say to her, shuffling around so she can see the blonde bleeding in my grasp.

“See what? You purge your demons on someone other than me?”

“What!?” I gasp staring at her, drawing my brows together in confusion, wondering what she’s hiding in her pants, and why she’s out here in the first place.

“You think this scares me?”

“It should.” I holler at her, pressing the spade even deeper into the girl, wanting to scare my flower, for her to see that I really am a monster, and to run from me like she should have done before.

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“H, baby...” Lily says, stepping towards us, her eyes never leaving mine, her gaze never going to the weapon in my hand. “You don’t scare me. I love you, my dark stranger.”

“That can’t be.” I say, shaking my head in disbelief.

Maybe it would be easier to believe her if she didn’t have dried blood smeared across her forehead, or she weren’t wearing something of mothers she must have found in one of the closets I never open. She should be terrified of me, even though I don’t want her to be. She should be afraid of the man who kidnapped her, brought her here, fucked her violently until she bled, hurt her, and everything else I’ve done to her.

“I love you Hedeon. I think I did the night we met, when I watched you drive away. You’re my black knight in shining armor.”

“No, not possible. No one loves me.” I bark out, still restraining the poor blonde woman in my arms, her blood continuing to run down the front of her. “I don’t deserve love, especially from someone like you.”

She’s becoming weak in my grasp as she bleeds out, her body getting heavier and harder to hold up without shifting her in my grip as I watch Lily’s face scrunch up.

My pretty little flower isn’t the delicate rose I’ve envisioned her as. I’ve been wrong this entire time. She’s deadly nightshade, clinging to the walls of this world, looking pretty and desirable but toxic if eaten.

The glimmering object in the front of her waistband comes into view as she comes

even closer, methodically stepping one slow step in front of the other. My pocket knife is in her hand, the blade already extended, the handle gripped in her dainty fist.

“Someone like me? The girl you found in a sex club, the one who had a strange man in her apartment for pleasure with no care of her own safety? The girl who went back to that club and danced with the devil when he called upon her, and who didn’t really put up all that much of a fight when said devil took her away to his cellar?”

“What are you saying princess?” I ask her, watching her flip the knife in her hand like a pro.

“I didn’t run. I’m here and I’m not going anywhere unless it’s with you.”

Her eyes look up and down the body of the blonde in my grasp and she peeks her tongue out through her lips, licking them like she’s looking at a tasty meal. It’s how she was when I fed her the meat pies by hand, and she enjoyed them so perfectly.

I can see the evil in her now, the part of her that was hidden so well by my infatuation with the girl who I thought was in trouble. I can see that she put herself in those situations on purpose. The damsel in distress isn’t really that at all. She’s me in female form. Standing before me twirling the knife I use to slaughter people in her fingers, looking at the sacrifice in my arms, drooling like I was before she came out here and delayed my gratification.

“May I?” She asks waving my knife up in front of her face, only inches from my victim who is now limp as a ragdoll in my arms, her consciousness on the verge of disappearing altogether.

“Are you sure that’s what you want? Once you spill blood, you can’t go back. You’ll be part of my world, and it’s not a very nice place to be.”

“As long as I’m in it with you.”

The world has tilted on its axis. Nothing is as it seems. My princess is as cold blooded as me. My father’s cackling in my head has stopped, and my mother’s cries have silenced. The monster in me quiets down, like he’s waiting with bated breath to see what she does.

This shouldn’t be right. It shouldn’t feel like the missing piece to me. Violence and death have always been my way of lashing out at the world that ruined me, but looking at Lily as she sticks the blade into blondie’s chest and twists, it just feels natural. A homecoming of sorts.

I’m gonna cum.

“Me too, my friend. Me too.” I answer the voice in my head before it disappears, and the only sounds left in my skull are my own voice and my own thoughts.

My insanity is being washed away with a river of blood as Lily pulls the knife from the girl and her last bit of life essence flows from her, soaking my shoes, and the ground below us. She slumps dead, her last breath falling from her agape mouth, and her heart ceasing to beat under the tight hold of my arms.

“That was...” Lily says standing still, her eyes locked on the bloody weapon in her hand, her lower lip trembling.

“Fucking beautiful princess.”

How can she be so perfect? Not for the world, but perfect for me?

“I killed a person.” She whispers, looking at the dead girl, then the knife, then up to me.

Her lips twitch again, and it looks like she's about to cry, but then like a filter washing over her face, she changes. The lips curl up, her cheeks smooth out, and her jaw relaxes. She's processing it right in front of me and doing a good job. In fact she's handling it much better than I did the first time, although having your father as your first kill is a little more personal.

"We have to dispose of her baby. Are you ready to take the next step?" I ask her, dragging the corpse with me as I walk towards the steps.

"After you." She says, her voice emotionless and cold, like how I felt after cutting my father into tiny bits just like he did to mother.

"No with me. Take a limb will you?" I chuckle, tossing the dead body around in my arms, hitting Lily with a floppy arm. "You kill, you clean. I'm not running a free for all around here."

"Yes, Sir."

"That's my good fucking girl."

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Easy, make sure you hold the saw level and make long smooth strokes, baby.” I say, guiding Lily’s hand back and forth over the elbow of her kill. “Right here, the joints are the easiest place to disarticulate a body.”

“Like this?” She asks, her voice so sweet and gentle like the day I rescued her from Le Chateaux, only now, she’s not that innocent flower anymore, she is my other half and just as dark.

“Yes, princess.”

Watching her cut with hands that have never done this before is something else. It’s empowering whenever she looks up at me with a question, and for approval. She’s like a student, and I’m the professor, only it’s not like in real life, it’s more like what she reads in those books of hers.

Maybe I can blame them for how she turned out. Maybe it’s not my fault that she’s a killer now. Maybe she really was all along like she says, and I just didn’t see it, because I wanted something sweet in my life. But now I can have the sweet with the sour. She looks at me with utter adoration in those stormy eyes, and she also challenges me, to be a better man, and a better killer.

The hinges on the trap door to the pit squeak loudly in the quiet morning. The rays of the sun are just peeking over the horizon, scattering gold and yellow tones in her red hair that makes her look like she has a halo over her demonic little self.

“Drop her in baby, so we can go in and get cleaned up.” I say, helping her drag the body parts into the pit, whistling for the dogs to come and do their thing. “You know

I just figured out why Magnolia took to you so quickly.”

“Because I’m you.”

“Yeah princess, you are me.”

The pack of canines jump down into the pit, with Magnolia at the end, waiting patiently at the hatch for me to snap her collar back on before she leaps down and begins her feast. The others get out of her way, bowing to her and her authority over them all.

“I don’t want to go get cleaned up.” Lily says, coming up to me, dragging her bloodied hands down my bare arms. “I want you to take me, right here.”

“Such a good fucking girl.” I purr to her, burying my nose in her hair, smelling the blood and entrails on her as I take a deep breath in.

Her frilly top that was once a pale yellow is now stained crimson, and it flutters into the pit as I take it off over her head, chucking it down with the rest of the trash. Her nipples pebble from the cool dawn air, and she leans against my naked chest. They’re warm compared to my chilled skin, and it feels so fucking right, even if we’re both filthy, and it’s morally wrong.

“Kiss me.” She says. Standing on tip toe, brushing her lips against mine, asking for entrance.

It’s searing hot as I plunge my tongue into her mouth kissing her so deeply I can feel her tonsils on the tip of it. It’s dirty and wrong, but oh so right the way we pant into each other’s mouths, our filthy hands touching and groping each other as the passion builds into something like a force of nature.

The wooden deck rattles under us as I pick her up and slam her down onto it on her back. She gasps and groans, and for the first time I'm not holding back with her. She's not breakable in my eyes. Now she's me in female form, and I'm going to give it to her as hard as I want to receive it.

I want to do everything to and with her. I want to kiss and suck and eat her, and I want to fuck her like there's no tomorrow, but it's too much, too hot, I just need to be buried inside of her and worry about everything else later.

Like my perfect girl, she reaches up and pulls down my sweatpants, ogling my hard cock with a devious grin. I can't stop her before she has bolted up to her knees and wraps her hand around it, shoving it in her hot and wet mouth like a woman starved.

"Oh fuck, baby." I moan, giving in to her desires. If she wants to gobble up my cock before I stick it in her little cunt, then who am I to protest? "That's it, suck it so hard."

Like an absolute queen, my queen, she takes me into the back of her throat, her tongue licking and swirling around it as she hollows out her cheeks. It's so sexy watching her suck it all down, right to the base. Her little moans on it just make everything better. I'm already pulsing in her mouth, wanting to dump a hot load down her throat, and when she hums on my dick bobbing her head up and down, I lose all semblance of control.

Her hair slides through my fingers as I grab a handful of it, yanking her head back then shoving it down again, forcing her to take me harder and deeper. I want her gagging on it, choking, unable to breathe or do anything except take me into her gullet.

"Good girl. Such a good fucking girl." I say as I pet her hair, twirling the little red strands around my fingers.

She takes me so well as I thrust my hips back and forth, fucking her pretty little freckled face. Her mouth is open as wide as it can go, her lips all stretched, and her hands grab ahold of my thighs, holding on tightly. I thunder into her hard, feeling the back of her throat with every advance, knowing she's going to have a sore throat later, but I don't care. I want her hurting and uncomfortable. It'll be a constant reminder of the morbid way she begged to fuck me over a dead body.

I'm getting close to the edge, my cock thumping heartily in her mouth, but I don't want to cum just yet. I want to fill her pussy up, flood her with my seed, and then suck it out of her and spit it in her mouth, making all of this as dirty as can be. Why not right? It's already fucked up beyond belief.

"I need to fuck you." I groan as she sucks harder, lightly scraping her teeth along my dick, bumping them over the veins that rope around it.

"Yes, Sir." She says, popping me out of her mouth and shimmying out of her jeans, watching my cock bounce up and slap me in the belly with as fucking hard as it is.

I'm on top of her in a heartbeat, settling between her legs, kissing her on the mouth sucking the life out of her. She moans deeply into my kisses as I ram my dick inside of her in one long thrust, splitting her open, making her take all of me to the hilt.

"Fuck yes Lily, take all of me so deep." I moan, rocking back and forth spreading her wetness along my dick, mixing it with her saliva, allowing me to slide in and out of her so smoothly.

The scene around us is like hell, with all the spilt blood and extra chunks that never made it into the pit, but inside her feels like heaven. She's so wet and hot, slippery and smooth, making my eyes roll back in my head as I pound the ever loving fuck out of her.

“Hedeon.” She cries out, reaching up for my hands, taking them, lacing her fingers with mine.

She pulls me down to her, flattening my chest to hers, so hard that I can feel her heart thundering behind her ribs. I’m so deep inside her, it’s like we’ve become one. It’s euphoric, the way we move together, like we were made for each other, and for the first time since I said it last to my mother, the words I’ve feared my entire adult life fall from my lips.

“I love you Lily.”

“I love you H.”

The confession brings with it a renewed vigor, my hips slapping hers hard, echoing the wet sounds across the garden, making everything more intense.

“Lily.” I coo her name so gently, a stark contradiction to the way I pound her cunt.

“Hedeon.” She moans back, her hands releasing from mine, and grabbing my arms and shoulders, digging her nails into my skin.

“Are you going to cum for me baby, amongst the mess you’ve made?”

“Yes.” She grunts, her head tilting back, her body stiffening, and her back arching.

Her tits rub against me, tickling my smooth chest, and I can feel her softness against the hard planes of my abs. It’s night and day the way we are, but together we are becoming one perfect entity.

“I can feel you tightening around me baby.”

“Harder, please H.”

Her hips crack and she cries out in both pleasure and pain as I give her everything I have. I bottom out in her cunt, the head of my cock squishing against her cervix, and yet she still asks for more.

“More H, please more.”

“You’re insatiable baby.” I say pulling out of her, and flipping her over, pulling her up onto her knees. “You want more? Take it.”

Sliding back into her, I slap her ass, making it jiggle so nicely when my palm connects with it.

“Oh yes!” She croons out, her head falling down so her forehead touches the bloody deck below us.

I fuck her as hard as I can, my hips slamming into her, our bodies slapping together so loudly. She growls and grunts like an animal and takes it all.

Sliding my hands up her, I grab her shoulders and yank her back on me until she’s screaming out her pleasure to the heavens, her mouth open, drool running from her pretty lips.

I can feel the climax roaring through me, a shocking wave of electricity as I impale her over and over again, making her knees shake and her arms buckle. It’s intense, and all-consuming as it zaps through me, flowing towards my dick.

“Jesus Christ, Lily.” I bark out with the first spurt into her.

I cum so hard that I can feel it splash back out of her as I keep going, harder and

harder, faster and faster, until I lose my rhythm, and she falls apart around me on an earth-shattering scream.

My cum fills her as she sprays out her fluids. All of it mixed together runs back out of her with how hard her channel tightens, and it falls onto the wood at our knees, besides what I catch in my hand. White cum mixes with bright red blood, making little swirls of pink as we both give into our most depraved monsters, and it's fucking perfect.

"Mine." I growl, licking the mess from my palm.

"Yours." She moans, as I spit it in her mouth, making her smile that devious grin that I love so much.

Collapsing against her back, I flatten her to the deck, where we lay, panting and groaning until the final morning rays of the sun pass over us, and the day has begun.

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*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“Ready for work baby?” I ask Lily as I adjust the chin strap on her helmet.

“I can’t believe this is us now.” She giggles, waiting for me to put my helmet on as well. “I’m going to see what the all-powerful H does all day.”

“Yeah well, it’s mighty boring princess. Do you have your book to read?”

“Sure do.” She says, holding up her latest smut book that supposedly has tentacle sex and all kinds of funky shit in it.

I wait until she slips it into my backpack before I help her put in on her back. She laughs at how heavy it is as I sit on the bike and offer her my hand.

“My lady.” I say helping her step up on the peg and giving her something to lean on as she swings her leg over the bike and gets situated. “You good?”

“Perfect.” She says, wrapping her arms around my waist and setting her hands on the gas tank.

“Good girl.”

The garage door rattles upwards, and I fire up the bike. She roars to life, rumbling between my thighs. I’m already hard, how could I not be with her touching me, and the vibrations feel fucking amazing.

“I want zoomies.” She laughs though the intercom on the helmets.

“Yes dear. Once we get out on flat road okay?”

“Thank you H.”

My phone connects with the Cardo and we're off, down the driveway that has extra ruts from last night's activities. She's not only insatiable in bed, but with her kills as well. I thought I was excessive, but she puts me to shame with her bloodlust. The dogs are happy though and I may have lost a few of them to her. That's okay though. We're a team effort now.

The front tire catches the blacktop as we emerge from the front gate, and we take off, already in second gear. The bike lurches forward, and she squeals in delight.

I love the sound of her laughter as much as her growls of pleasure. She is all I've ever wanted, even though I never knew I wanted it. A partner in crime, literally, and someone to love me like I've been missing since mother died. The voices have quieted since she professed her love for me, and I almost feel at peace. Almost.

The rides help. I get to enjoy the open roads and feel the freedom of careening on two wheels as fast as the sportbike goes, but I also have the comfort of her hold on me. She leans against my back, her hands in my lap as we speed down the streets, weaving in and out of traffic, and lane splitting at stoplights.

The ride to the office is peaceful even though we're breaking every traffic law. She giggles behind me when we lean into curves, and she pats my helmet when she sees cops, so I can slow down and not draw attention to us. The cops wouldn't chase me anyways, they'd never catch the bike, and with the new laws they're not allowed to anyway.

“No plate, no face, no case.” I laugh to Lily as she gives my head a tap even though I reduce gear and sit up straighter as we pass a cop car a block away from the office

building.

“Yeah baby.”

The ride up in the elevator is something from one of her books. We step in, and I have her up against the wall, her hands over her head, and her tongue in my mouth. She grinds her leather clad pussy on my knee and moans like a feral beast.

Slapping the emergency stop button, I rip her gear open, the zipper sliding down with protest. Her tits spill out of the leather, and I have those dusty pink nipples in my mouth sucking on them in turn as she pants and pulls my hair.

“Oh fuck H, yes.” She moans. “God yes.”

I know I don’t have time to fuck her in here, even though that would be a lot of fun. I have a nine o’clock meeting with Jack about some missing paperwork or some stupid shit he should be able to handle on his own. I do have time though to make her cum violently into my cupped hand.

Thrusting my hand down into her suit, I find her already wet and needy. She’s slick and pulsing, her hungry little cunt needing my touch. I part her pussy lips with my fingertips and plunge them inside of her, making her lean forward and groan like a wounded animal.

“So hot and wet for me baby. I want you like this all the time.”

“Yes, Sir.” She says, her body undulating, her mouth hanging open, her skin flushing from her arousal.

That perfect pussy squelches loudly as I finger fuck her, driving up deeply into her, and flicking her little clit with my thumb. The scent of her fills the elevator, making it

smell of pure sex, and I smile at the thought of the next person riding in the metal box being able to smell it and know what I've done to her.

She pulls on my hair so hard that I can hear her fingers squeaking on the strands, and I grab her other hand and place it over the tattoos on my throat. She knows what I want. I want her to squeeze with all her might, showing me that she owns me as much as I own her.

When she presses against my windpipe, I swallow thickly and ram my fingers up into her so hard her hand trembles against my skin.

"H.I'm gonna..."She whines.

"Now princess." I rasp out through my constricted throat.

She falls apart, with her legs shaking, and her eyes rolling back in her head.

"Hedeon." She growls, bucking her hips and strangling me with her death grip.

"That's my good fucking girl." I roar back at her, claiming her mouth again as she fills my hand with her cream.

She's wrecked as I hit the button again and the elevator moves upwards, with the helmet she dropped on the floor rolling around at my feet. I pick it up and dust it off.

"You good?" I chuckle as I slap it on her head again, freeing up my hands to help her zip her gear back up.

"I'm perfect."

"Yes you are." I say taking her hand as the bell dings announcing our arrival to the

top floor and my offices. “Ready?”

“Ready.”

She gasps when we step out into the reception area and looks all around like she’s never seen such opulence. You would think that she’d be used to it all by now, with how massive my castle on the hill is, but every day she finds something new to be awed about.

“This is all yours?”

“Yeah. And what’s mine is yours now too babe.” I say slapping her ass and guiding her past Kendra’s empty office and into mine.

“Well, look who’s finally decided to come to work.” My assistant sneers as we enter, and I close the door behind us.

“Kendra.” I say coldly, looking at her in the little mini skirt and half open blouse she’s sporting.

Her tits barely fit in the stretched-out top, and I can see a red bra under the white sheer fabric. With a look of disgust at her, I go to my desk and flip the switch to haze the glass, giving us privacy.

“Yeah, I’m here. And you know what Kendra?”

“What?” She asks sarcastically, leaning against the wall with her arms crossed, pushing her tits up higher so that they threaten to spill from the top of that push-up bra.

“Go fucking change. No one wants to see your tits.”

The look on her face as it falls is priceless, but it changes to anger when she stares over at my princess standing in the middle of the office in her leather riding gear and helmet still on her head.

“Fuck you H.” Kendra spits out, stomping her foot. “Lots of men like these.”

“Yeah, well, not me. Go change or put on a sweater or something.” I chuckle. “I don’t want them in my face, and I’m sure Lily feels the same way.”

“So is this the one keeping you so preoccupied?” She asks, waltzing over to Lily, sizing her up.

Kendra is taller and slimmer, with a more erotic appeal, if you’re into that kind of thing. But my shorter, softer woman hidden under the black leather and visor is what’s perfect for me, and Kendra has no idea that the monster that lives inside my little princess is meaner than anything she can dish out.

“I’d be careful with that one. She bites.” I laugh, watching Kendra back up from her, staring at her with furrowed brows.

“Whatever.” She says hastily, flicking her hair over her shoulder, trying to act like it’s not bothering her to have what she sees as competition for my affections, even though I’ve never really given her any, not the real kind anyway. “I’ll go get Jack and you guys can do your thing.”

“Good.Scurry along.”

As soon as the door clicks shut, Lily takes off her helmet and sets it down on the sofa in the middle of the room.

“Well, she’s a peach.”

“She’s just jealous baby.” I purr to her, pulling her to my desk, making her sit down on my lap in the big chair behind it. “But this seat is for you only.”

“I want to put her in the pit.” She snarls quietly, leaning her back against my chest, relaxing into me.

“Now princess, she may be a pain in the ass, but she’s a good employee. I trust her with my... indiscretions.”

“Yeah well, you can trust me more.”

“You want to work for me here? Be my filthy little secretary I can fuck between meetings?” I ask, running my hands down her front, feeling her heat permeating from under the leather.

“If I can have her, yes.” She purrs, turning her head and kissing on my five o’clock shadow, batting her pale eyelashes so cutely.

“Your wish is my command baby.”

“Mmmm. Thank you H. I love you.” She says, her hand going up to my hair, pulling my mouth to hers, brushing her lips against mine so sexily.

“I love you too, my dark little flower.”

*Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 3:30 am*

“How did I not know you were this fucking filthy?” I ask Lily as she chooses her next implement off the workbench in the cellar.

Her bed is long gone, and the room is set back up the way I like it. There’s even some more toys of torture to play with, at her request of course.

“You were blinded by my beauty maybe?” She giggles, picking up a pair of needle nose pliers and looking at them with a drop of drool forming in the corner of her mouth.

“Whatever it was, I’m glad I finally saw the light.” I laugh, tying the ropes tighter around her plaything in the dental chair.

Kendra struggles against the binds, her hands flexing and making fists as she growls at me. Her hair whips at me as she flails, but she’s not going anywhere. I just wish she would scream like all the others who have been in this seat. She will though, as soon as my deadly nightshade starts her routine.

“You’ll pay for this you sick freak.” She spits out, a drop of her saliva landing on my face as I lean down and grab her cheeks in my hand, squeezing tightly, smooshing them in against her teeth.

“No, I won’t. Poor Jack.” I laugh heartily, shaking her head, and tilting it back, elongating her throat. I revel in watching her take a big swallow and how all the pretty muscles flex and move with it. “Tsk ts, poor Jack.”

“You’re crazy. Everything I’ve done for you all these years, the secrets I’ve kept for

you.”

“Yeah well, those secrets will go to the grave with you, now won’t they?” I say, licking up her throat, tasting the fear in her that she refuses to show.

“Princess? You ready? I’m really sick of listening to her dribble on.” I say to Lily as she approaches, snapping the pliers open and closed in her little hand with glee.

“I’m so ready.”

“Good, you do your thing, and I’ll fire up the truck. Deal?”

“Deal.”

I leave her and her toy to go upstairs and get the truck ready. It’s raining out today, and the trip to the pit will make new ruts in the driveway that her and I can look at from the bedroom window tonight as I fuck the life out of her over and over again.

The life I had before, full of debauchery at Le Chateaux was fun, but I never realized how much better it could be with someone just as fucked as me at my side. The kills are more exciting, and the fucking...oh my God it can’t get any better.

The fear of sharing my life with someone who would damper my pleasures has flown right out the proverbial window, like a cigarette discarded on the highway. She is my light and my darkness, my partner in crime, and the one who now keeps my secrets like I keep hers.

The voices in my head are quiet most days, except the occasional song from mother as I cook our meals and take care of my princess. Her voice in my mind is clearer when it does come, it’s happier, and I haven’t seen her in death, only in life.

Can I say I’m happy? I think I am. I never knew what real happiness was before. If

this is happy, then I'm all in, just like everything in my godforsaken life, all or nothing baby.

The screams of Lily's work fill my ears, echoing in the garage over the sound of the truck, and I smile broadly, shouting down the steps to her.

“That's my good fucking girl.”