



# Ruthless Valentine (St. Valentines)

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**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** King

Teagan's voice wraps around me like a vise, luring me further into temptation with every word she speaks and with every move she makes. I've been watching her for months. Memorizing her daily schedule, her mannerisms, how she interacts. She doesn't even know I exist. But she will.

Phoenix

My brother has it bad for our new stepsister and it doesn't take me long to realize why. There's something oddly mesmerizing about her. Maybe it's her innocence, or the careful way she carries herself. Despite my obvious infatuation with her, one thing's for sure. I'm going to enjoy breaking her.

Teagan

When my mother introduces me to my two new stepbrothers, I made an internal vow to myself to stay far away from them. It was a foolproof plan. Or... so I thought. They lured me to a cabin in the middle of nowhere under false pretenses, claiming our parents orchestrated the outing. Now I'm at their mercy for the next two days with no way out.

**Total Pages (Source):** 10

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am*

## Prologue

### Phoenix

The humid air swept along my skin, kissing against my flesh until sweat was forming over my hairline. Everyone was dressed the same in heavy black cloaks with hoods shielding their faces. The lights were dimmed, alight with only torches for vision. It looked like something out of a horror film. Shadows danced along the walls, whispering dark promises. My brother's bluish-green eyes sparked with excitement, his gaze flickering over the multitude of founders.

This was it. Our initiation.

There was a wooden cross leaning against the furthest wall. The mere sight of it was haunting, almost as if it were laughing in our faces. These assholes were delusional if they thought we were getting into heaven, especially after this. Assuming such a place existed.

Up ahead, the main founders stood on either side of what appeared to be an altar. A candle was clutched between each of their hands, their faces completely covered by darkness. A few of the men wore these gaudy looking things on their heads, taking this to the extremes it seemed.

One of the men stepped forward, his spine snapped straight, and his candle flickering in the tomb. Not like he really needed it with all things considered. I clutched the jagged knife between my thumb and index finger, my hand itching to use it. Bloodlust roared inside my veins, heating my blood to dangerous heights.

“It is time,” the man spoke, his voice coming out strange and almost muffled. It sounded as though he spoke behind a mask, but I couldn’t see under his hood to be sure.

I gave a slight nod of my head and watched as King, my brother, allowed his cloak to slip from his shoulders. His dark hair shimmered beneath the fire as he peeled his shirt off, exposing his broad back to me. His skin was tan, even under the soft glow of the fire. Slowly, I raised the dagger to his back and started to carve the first founder’s name into his skin. He sucked in a ragged breath as the blood began trickling down his spine. My lips parted on a silent gasp of my own, my gaze tracking the crimson liquid.

Blood. So fascinating in its own right. A wave of euphoria crashed into me, making my cock twitch in my dark jeans that were sealed beneath the heavy cloak I wore. I wanted to run my fingers through the warm substance. It was taking all of my self-restraint to refrain from doing just that. I added a second name beneath the first one, his breathing laboring from the pain mixed with pleasure, his own bloodlust and desire rearing its head. I knew him all too well. He was getting off on this.

“The founders have your back.”

That was their famous saying, but it couldn’t be furthest from the truth. They only cared about themselves; they only had their own back. But I was born into this. One day, I’d be a founder, just like them. Until then, I had a duty to fulfill. One I didn’t mind.

By the time I was finished, blood was skating down his skin, dripping over his jeans. It truly was a masterpiece.

“It is time,” the cloaked man repeated again.

I swallowed thickly, offering the dagger to the man behind me. My cloak fell away in a single fluid motion, the air brushing against my skin. The first nick had me tensing from the sudden cut, the warmth of the blood trickling over my back. He cut again and again and again until all that was left was a burning ache in my spine and liquid dribbling over the fresh wounds. I enjoyed inflicting pain. But I wasn't much of a masochist, not like my brother. The air was cool against my fresh cuts, only amplifying the sharpness of them.

My muscles flexed of their own accord; the scent of blood heavy in the underground cavern. This continued: men dropping their cloaks to be flayed open by the person behind them. When we were done, the person on the end sliced a jagged cut across his palm and passed the weapon to the next. The same weapon that one of our first founders used to murder his wife in cold blood. Once we all had a decent sized gash in our hands, we approached the altar, and simultaneously placed our sliced hands over the offering bowl, allowing our blood to drip inside of it.

One of the founders stepped forward, the faint light of his candle enhancing his features. He wore a skull mask, the only part of him that could be seen were his beady gray eyes.

In unison, we rubbed our hands together, smearing the blood between them before we all joined them together, our bloody palms sticking to one another. "My blood is now your blood, Brother mine. You have our back, and we have yours." Our voices echoed through the cavern, the hairs on the back of my neck standing on end. A current of electricity rippled through my veins, whispering dark promises in my mind. Promises I couldn't wait to fulfill.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am*

### Chapter One

#### Teagan

The chill of winter still clung heavily to the air, sweeping over my skin until goosebumps prickled along my flesh. Spending the evening with my mother hadn't initially been on my to-do list today, but she was persistent, explaining that this was an important night because she would be introducing her new boyfriend and his two sons.

All I knew about the Santiago brothers was that they were fraternal twins and went to the same college as me. That wasn't saying much, though. The university was massive.

My gaze darted up to the two-story building in front of me. The off-white paint was chipping off the house, revealing to the public just how old and worn-down this place really was. It would appear that I was early to this family get-together, but that was perfectly fine with me. Who knew what I'd be walking in on otherwise?

I slowly made my way up the front steps, my stomach twisting into knots—almost like my body knew something was off before my mind could catch up.

I just needed to get through this dinner, and then I could head back to campus and forget it ever happened. Introductions weren't my forte. In fact, they put me on edge and made my skin crawl.

Sucking in a deep breath, I halted as soon as I reached the front door. My hands

threaded through my light, brown hair in a sloppy attempt at smoothing it out. Deciding to completely disregard knocking, I opted for the doorknob instead and twisted.

Stepping inside, the scent of chicken and bacon overwhelmed me, causing my stomach to grumble. Home-cooked meals weren't foreign to me. Someone cooked daily at the sorority, but it could never compare to my mother's cooking. Maybe I should stop by more often.

My gaze swept over the living room. It was the same as when I'd left it. The off-white couch that my mom put way too much money into sat off to the right. Diagonal to that, was a matching recliner positioned in front of the flat screen, mounted above the fireplace. The house had a homey feel to it, which I always loved about this place. It was comfortable and familiar.

My mom's voice rang out, causing my head to snap toward the kitchen. "Teagan, is that you?"

Rolling my shoulders back, I crossed the walkway and headed into the kitchen, made up of mostly white and gray marble. My mother was already setting the table, her brown hair curling around her shoulders. Even with her back to me, I knew she was wearing a full face of makeup. She didn't do anything by halves.

"What's for dinner?" I asked, stuffing my keys into the front pocket of my thin jacket.

Once she was done filling the wine glasses, she turned to me. "Bacon wrapped chicken with melted cheese and asparagus." She beamed.

My stomach recoiled at the mere mention of asparagus. My mom used to force me to eat it as a kid, and I never recovered from it. There were some foods that shouldn't

even be considered edible. Asparagus was one of them.

My mom moved with a natural elegance. It was something I'd always admired about her and was a far cry from my clumsy nature. She was always so put together, and if something bothered her, it was difficult to tell. She was an expert at hiding her emotions and pretending everything was fine.

I remember when she left my father. It was the closest she'd ever revealed any kind of distraught. The eyes never lied, and back then, they'd said a million things her mouth never would.

Just as I was about to say something else, the doorbell rang, resounding throughout the house. My heart lurched into my throat from the unexpectedness of it, paired with the fact that I'd have to meet new people. I should be used to it by now, but this felt different for some reason.

"Go ahead and have a seat." Mom smiled, placing the wine bottle down in the middle of the table. "Right there." She pointed to a spot between two other chairs, causing my eyebrows to dip in confusion.

Hesitantly, I rounded the table and sank down into the chair. Nervous energy prickled along my skin, and that only intensified when she left the room. Logically, I knew that my internal reaction was a bit much. It wasn't like I'd have to deal with these people on a daily basis.

Reaching for my wine glass, I brought it to my lips and took a long swallow of the bitter liquid. It slid down my throat with ease but dried my mouth out in return.

Distant voices sounded from the entryway of the house, and moments later, my mom emerged with a man following close behind. His hair was a dirty blonde color, which complimented his bluish-green eyes. He had broad shoulders and walked with an air

of confidence. Where she met this man, I had no idea.

Glancing behind him, my heart stuttered within my chest and I had to do a double take.

No. It couldn't be...

Phoenix and King stood side by side—their backs ramrod straight as they assessed my home, seemingly looking for any immediate signs of danger. Unless you were living under a rock, you knew exactly who they were.

I just never knew what their last names were, nor have I ever had any interest in learning more about them. The rumors circulating around these two were bad enough, and now they were in my home.

King has a blood fetish.

Phoenix likes to inflict pain during sex.

I heard that they're part of something illegal. Like a gang or something.

Phoenix's last girlfriend completely disappeared off the face of the earth.

They're on the hockey team.

My stomach twisted as I took them in. They looked so different from one another, that you'd never guess they were related, let alone fraternal twins. King had hair so black that it shone with a blue hue. His eyes were a mesmerizing green that would be so easy to get lost in.

Beside him, Phoenix had dirty-blond hair, just like their father. His eyes were an



icier, more potent, blue. They were both extraordinarily handsome in their own way. Tall, lean, sharp jawlines, and piercing gazes. They completely dominated the room.

“—and this is my daughter, Teagan,” Mom continued, motioning to me. I’d been so shocked, anything she said prior went through one ear and out the other.

Leonardo shot me a friendly grin and a nod of acknowledgement, but his two sons weren’t nearly as polite. Their eyes flicked over to me simultaneously, and a small twitch of Phoenix’s lips had chills scraping down my spine.

“Please, have a seat,” she pressed, extending her arm in order to gesture toward the table.

The stench of masculinity permeated the room as they stepped further into the kitchen—seemingly in synchronization. There was something incredibly dark about all three of them, something I couldn’t quite put my finger on. I’ve caught brief glances of both Phoenix and King over the years but have managed to stay out of their line of sight by some miracle. Until now.

King took my left, leaving Phoenix to take my right. My body tensed automatically as a current of fear shot through me. I knew better than to believe all the rumors going around about them, but still, I haven’t heard anything remotely good about them. Aside from the same surface level bullshit that I already knew.

They were on the hockey team and were good at it, they couldn’t keep their dicks in their pants—even if it was a matter of life or death, they were violent, and they were sexist assholes. Our groups tended to run in the same circles, but we didn’t encounter Phoenix and King often unless we were at a party, and it was easier to blend in that way.

Mom and Leonardo took the seats adjacent to us, her hand sliding into his on top of

the table. They looked decent together, but I wasn't sure I liked this arrangement at all.

"First, I'd like to thank the three of you for coming on such short notice," Mom began, pressing her lips into a tight smile. "I know it wasn't easy, especially since you just finished your finals."

My lungs constricted as a foreboding feeling washed over me. The two guys flanking me on either side were so close that I could feel their body heat.

When no one said anything, she continued. "I know this is going to come across rather sudden, but we wanted to keep it quiet for personal reasons, especially because we didn't want it interfering with your schooling so close to testing." She glanced over at Leonardo, her eyes sparking with admiration.

I reached for my wine glass, deciding that I'd probably need to be tipsy at the very least for this conversation. I'd never been a big drinker, but didn't mind indulging every now and then—especially in social settings.

Tipping my head back, I allowed the red liquid to slide down my throat. It tasted just as cruel as the awkwardness that surrounded us, but I kept my mask in place.

"We just got married."

I choked, spluttering. What the actual hell?

"Married?" I repeated, trying to make sure I'd heard her correctly. "Were you even engaged?"

Mom waved a dismissive hand in the air like that was irrelevant information. My gaze snagged on the diamond ring hugging her finger, confirming that I did in fact

hear her right the first time.

“We didn’t see the point in going through the whole traditional prospect of it.” She shrugged. “We’ll have a wedding eventually, but there was no reason to drag it out when we knew what we wanted.”

Leonardo nodded in agreement, his eyes dropping to the meal laid out before him. “This looks exquisite,” he commented, changing the subject.

“Thank you, dear.” She picked up her fork and knife, cutting into the chicken.

So, that was it? They were just going to drop this bomb on us and continue dinner like this didn’t completely affect our lives? I suppose it didn’t. Not really. It wasn’t like I lived here anyway, and I could just keep on ignoring the Santiago twins like I’ve done so far. I was pretty sure they didn’t even know I existed until now.

My appetite had completely vanished, but the thought of wasting a perfectly good meal had guilt gnawing away at me. So, with shaky hands, I lifted my own utensils and started cutting into the meat. The chicken was tender and melted onto my tongue. The cheese and bacon wrapped around it, only added to the nice texture and flavor.

Unable to help myself, I glanced over, my eyes locking with King’s. He was staring right at me, his gaze burning through me with an unexpected intensity.

Swallowing thickly, I tore my attention away from him and focused back on my meal. This was going to be an interesting year.

## Page 3

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### Chapter Two

King

Teagan.

The girl I've had an unhealthy obsession with since the beginning of the school year when I first noticed her. The girl I've watched from afar, forcing myself to remain patient, knowing that my time would eventually come. Now it has.

If it weren't for my persistence in getting my father to take notice of her mother, it probably never would have happened. I was sure he had his own agenda when it came to marrying the bitch, but it didn't concern me.

Phoenix's hands were tight around the steering wheel, his gaze pinned to the road before us. "This is your fault," he commented when he caught me looking at him. "The marriage."

I rolled my eyes, settling back against the seat. He was an idiot if he thought our father intended on staying single forever.

"He needs to stay focused. You know how he gets when—"

"When what?" I challenged, raising an eyebrow. "When he finds a girl he's interested in?" I snorted a laugh, turning to glance out the window. This wasn't the first woman he's dated since our mother's passing, and despite the ring on his new bride's finger, it probably wouldn't be the last. Father never could keep a woman for long—not

since Mom's tragic departure.

Phoenix blew out a frustrated breath. "Yeah, and you practically handed this bitch to him on a stick."

"So? Valentine's Day is over, which means that we get to chill out for the next eleven months."

He whipped his head over in my direction, narrowing his eyes. "It's February, jackass. Every day is practically Valentine's Day."

He did have a point. The university had a twisted obsession with this particular holiday. Instead of celebrating it one day a year, we celebrated it all month.

"Not to mention we just lost one of our own. This was the worst time for Father to get married." He shook his head in disbelief. "Why did you choose her, anyway?"

Because of Teagan. But I wasn't about to tell him that. The last thing I needed was for my brother to get any weird ideas about pursuing her. This one was mine.

I glanced out the window, watching as the trees zipped by in a blur. "She seemed like a decent enough fit." I shrugged.

A perfect fit.

A single woman, all alone in her house, while her only daughter attended the university alongside us. Teagan was practically at our mercy. At least, she'd be at mine soon enough. Phoenix could find his own bitch to fuck with.

When we got to campus, he parked near the back like he usually did. He was always a paranoid fucker and enjoyed having an escape route available at all times. I stepped

out first, ready to be done with the day altogether.

My brother bitched the majority of it, and Father droned on and on about the dinner, drilling into us that we better arrive on time. We pulled into the drive right behind him—all three of us late. Hypocritical fuck.

The university sat on acres and acres of land with a wooded area that stretched out behind it. The monstrosity of a building looming overhead had a nice appeal to it—gothic and ominous. It was unlike any school we've encountered; in more ways than one. Not that we'd been to another college before this one, but I highly doubted this was the norm.

Phoenix stuffed his hands in the pockets of his jeans as he rounded the vehicle to stand beside me, his blue eyes flickering over to the university. He's been more uptight than usual. More on edge.

It had everything to do with what happened on Valentine's Day. He'd been close with Maddox for reasons I didn't entirely understand. The guy was an arrogant fool, and in the end, it had cost him.

My brother led the way toward the dorms, and I followed him up to the second floor, slipping into our room at the end of the hall. Our room was nothing special, but we barely spent any time here as it was. We each had a bed occupying either side of the room, paired with a bedside table and closet. Phoenix kept his things much neater than I did, making his bed every morning, organizing everything he owned, and making sure to keep things tidy. I, on the other hand, couldn't care less.

My comforter was crumpled on top of the full-size bed with an assortment of miscellaneous items decorating the side table. I didn't see a point in keeping things all neat and clean when the only time I was here was to sleep.

Phoenix blew out a breath, shrugging out of his black hoodie and folding it neatly before draping it over the back of his computer chair. I rolled my eyes at his consistency. Even when he was under obvious duress, everything still had to be perfect for him.

“Did you even bother to research Inaya?” he asked, taking a seat on the edge of his bed. “Or her daughter?”

“Yes,” I admitted. Not for the reasons he thought, though. “When Inaya’s husband died, she and Teagan inherited everything. They’re not hurting for money, so you don’t have to worry about that being a factor.” I crossed the room, sinking down onto my own mattress. “Teagan is a journalism major with a pretty impressive GPA, she’s part of the Xi Phi Delta sorority on campus.”

Phoenix’s eyes clashed with mine, a spark of surprise flashing within them. “She is?” he asked. “You know this for sure?”

I rolled my eyes. “No. I’m making it up.” Sarcasm dripped from my tone, revealing just how little I wanted to be having this conversation. He knew that I’d never set Father up with some gold-digging skank with ulterior motives. At least, he should know that.

A crease formed between his brows. “I don’t recall seeing her at any of the parties.”

That’s because you weren’t paying attention.

Teagan was good at blending in. I’ve been observing her for weeks, taking note of her mannerisms, and how she interacts with people. She seemed to be more introverted than anything, and if you did happen to notice her at one of the parties, it would become blatantly apparent. She always strayed from larger groups in social settings, not wanting to draw too much attention to herself.

She was so out of place, and once I first noticed her, I continued to notice her. It was like a zap of electricity shooting through my veins anytime she was near from that point forward. I didn't understand my sudden interest in a girl who wasn't even remotely my type, but one thing was for sure... one taste couldn't hurt.

Clearing my throat, I lifted a shoulder in a shrug. Sometimes I forgot how observant Phoenix was—it was a trait we both inherited. “She keeps a low profile.”

He grunted in response. “Either way. Something feels off about all of this.”

“If something bad happens, we'll kill them,” I surmised, kicking off my shoes. “It's not that big of a deal.” And I meant that. From what I've found on Inaya and Teagan so far, they seemed harmless enough. But I knew better than anyone how deceiving looks could be, which was why I followed Teagan around for the first several weeks after seeing her.

Her routine was monotonous and always the same. She'd go straight to class in the morning, sit with the other sorority girls at lunch and would usually go right home after school ended for the day.

She was at the maze party on Valentine's Day—a tradition that allowed us all to get together, party, and act out some of our wildest fantasies. As much as I'd wanted to go after her that night, I knew it was best to wait. My plan was already in motion, and I didn't want anything ruining it.

“We will,” he agreed. “And if something happens because of your idiocy, I'll beat you to a bloody pulp.”

I snorted a laugh, tugging my own hoodie from my body before tossing it to the floor. Phoenix's gaze tracked the movement, his jaw feathering with annoyance. While I'd like to say Phoenix couldn't beat me in a fight if it came down to it, I wasn't sure.



He thrived off of inflicting pain. He enjoyed the rush, the blood, the adrenaline. I was the opposite. I enjoyed inflicting pain, too, but I liked receiving it even more. Because of that, I could take one hell of a punch, and my rebound rate was insane.

Phoenix released a loaded sigh, seemingly done with this conversation. “We should probably get some sleep.” He started unbuttoning his jeans, pushing them down his thighs.

I averted my gaze, opting to give him some privacy. He was right. We had classes tomorrow, and we were both drained from attending societal meetings. Luckily, they were less frequent these days, now that they’d gotten what they wanted—and at the hand of fucking Maddox of all people. Annoyance prickled along my spine. He was always a manipulative little bastard.

Stripping out of my own jeans, I burrowed my way beneath my comforter and peered up at the ceiling. I wasn’t sure where we went wrong. We’d chosen a virgin and everything, but per usual, Maddox beat us to it. He’d always gotten preferential treatment due to being a Valentine, but I hoped this would be the one time the founders wouldn’t go as easy on him. Clearly, I was wrong.

I bit into my lower lip thoughtfully, not willing to let this go. It didn’t matter that he’d been killed and would no longer be an issue.

“You know,” I began, glancing over at my brother who was in the midst of crossing the average-sized bedroom. “Teagan was friends with Vivian Valentine—the girl who killed Mads.” I raised an eyebrow, allowing that to seep into his skull.

I’d been debating on feeding him this information, just because I knew it would pique his interest and make him blood thirsty. I wanted to be selfish with Teagan, but this also seemed like a good opportunity to get what I wanted, and it might help him heal simultaneously.

His shoulders tensed and a dark expression took hold of his features as he met my eye again. “What?” he growled, venom threading throughout his tone.

A small smile tugged at the corners of my mouth. “Good friends from what I hear,” I added, driving my point home. “You interested in a little revenge?”

Something flashed across his face, but it was gone before I could decipher it. “What did you have in mind?”

My grin widened at the knowledge that I had him right where I wanted him. “Let’s have our own little sacrifice.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am*

### Chapter Three

#### Teagan

A deep, hollow feeling seeped into my bones as I sat in my first class of the day. Vivian has been missing for nearly four days now, and from the sounds of it, no one seemed to give a shit. I wasn't even sure if it had been reported yet.

She was one of my closest friends and had also been my roommate. She was the complete opposite of me in every way, and I missed having her around. She pushed me outside of my comfort zone and made me feel like I mattered when it didn't feel like I did most of the time.

Not only had she vanished off the face of the earth, but our professor did, too. Which was precisely why I was glaring at my desk in my video editing class like it had somehow offended me.

Professor Bridgerton took the front of the room, folding her hands in front of her as she glanced from person to person to ensure we were all working. When her gaze settled on me, she arched an accusing brow. It wasn't like the university was falling apart or anything. Resentment coiled around my gut like a snake, squeezing until a venomous rage seeped into my veins.

St. Valentines University was extremely strict, and I knew it would be idiotic to start rebelling now, especially when I was so far in my course. But shit. They should have at least given students some time to cope with whatever was happening behind the scenes. Because something was definitely happening.

Class couldn't end quickly enough, and as soon as it did, I hurried toward the cafeteria. My stomach was twisted into knots, and food was the last thing on my mind, but it would be nice to chill out with the girls for a little while before my next class began. They understood what I was going through, at least a little bit. Even if they hadn't been as close to Vivi as I had.

She's not dead, I told myself. She was just... missing. Maybe she'd met someone, or perhaps she ran away. I scoffed, a bitterness curling around my insides. I'd run away too after some of the shit Professor Valentine had put her through. But what really raised the red flags, was that he was missing, too.

What if he did something to her?

My chest ached at the painful thought. Maddox Valentine had been nothing but cruel to my best friend, tormenting her in class, berating her for every little thing, doing things that just bordered on inappropriate. It was like some kind of sick obsession.

If that wasn't enough, Zovalee was missing too. I blew out a breath, making my way toward our usual table. My gaze landed on Charlotte first, but before I could take note of any of the other girls, a body stepped in front of me, blocking them from view.

Stumbling to an abrupt halt, I craned my neck, bringing my gaze to a pair of piercing green ones.

My throat instantly felt dry as a tremor rippled through my body in waves, instantly taking note of the new danger that had presented itself. King Santiago. He was even more intimidating standing toe to toe with me. Now that we were face to face, the sharp angles of his jaw were much more prominent.

I glanced around, looking for his twin but didn't spot him anywhere. Several people were staring though, causing my skin to flush from the unwanted attention.

“Can I help you?” I asked, my voice coming out meek and timid, which I internally cursed myself for.

“Maybe you can, little sister.” He smirked, his voice much smoother than I would have expected.

I recoiled from the nickname, scrunching my nose up in disgust. “That’s disgusting. Don’t ever call me that again.” My heart was hammering against my ribcage, my fight or flight instincts kicking in.

He cocked his head to the side, his eyes penetrating through my own—like he could see into the depths of my very soul. “Disgusting?” he repeated. “The only way it would be disgusting is if you were thinking about me naked, Teagan.” He paused, his smirk widening into a manic grin. “Are you?”

Humiliation burned through me, his words clearly having the desired effect, because his smile only grew more and more until it was full on unhinged. “Absolutely not,” I snarled. “If you need—”

He took a step closer, his woodsy cologne surrounding me. “You sure about that?” He reached out, pinching a strand of light brown hair between his fingers. “Just say the word and we’ll leave right now.”

I swatted his hand away and leveled him with a hard glare, despite my nerves going haywire inside of me. “Did you need something?” I snapped, ready to get this shit over with so I could spend time with the girls before my next class started.

“Yes.” Another voice sounded from behind me, making the hair on the nape of my neck stand on end. His voice was just as smooth with a harder edge to it. I knew who it was without needing to turn to confirm it. Phoenix’s body heat seared into my back, letting me know that he was far too close for my liking. “Our father has arranged a

camping trip for tomorrow.”

I glanced over my shoulder, my eyebrows drawing together in confusion. “In February?” I asked skeptically.

His blue eyes raked down my figure in slow, deliberate movements, making me feel exposed despite being dressed to the nines in Fall attire. There was something deeply unsettling about these two; I just couldn’t put my finger on what it was. Maybe it was the way they devoured me with their eyes, or the way they spoke in general. The rumors circulating around about them also didn’t help matters.

Phoenix’s lips twitched in amusement. “There will be electricity.”

Right. His father was even more loaded than my mom was. Normal camping was probably beneath them.

“My mom hasn’t said anything to me about it...” I trailed off, casting another glance around the cafeteria. Sure enough, people were still staring, putting me even more on edge.

“It was a last-minute arrangement,” King chimed in. “If you don’t believe us, you’re more than welcome to call your mother and ask her.”

I had no intention of doing that. My mom didn’t need any added stress on my part. I’d originally been happy for her when she told me she was seeing someone again, but I hadn’t expected her to get married as quickly as she had. Phoenix and King might have been... odd. But they’d have no reason to lie to me about something as trivial as this.

“Where?” I demanded.

King grinned, clearly pleased with my compliance. “Meet us in the parking lot at nine in the morning.” He glanced at his brother over my shoulder—the two of them having some kind of silent conversation. “Don’t worry. We won’t be going far.”

Something felt off about this entire situation, but I chalked it down to paranoia. I’d never even spoken to these guys before today, and they haven’t been cruel to me. Just... weird and a little crude on King’s part. Their father seemed friendly enough at dinner, so it didn’t seem far-fetched that he’d plan something like this.

Especially after the bombshell they dropped on me last night. Maybe it was his way of trying to include me and let me know that this was the real deal.

“Fine. Whatever. Are we done here?”

King exchanged another look with his brother before finally stepping out of my way. Relief rolled through me, and I quickly sidestepped him, making a beeline for my table.

I slipped into the seat beside Kenzi, trying to calm my rapidly beating heart. Our table was filled with sorority girls—some of which I couldn’t even remember the names of. I didn’t know Kenzi extremely well, but she was nice enough and we talked here and there in passing and at parties.

Her weary gaze bounced from me to the two boys that were striding out of the cafeteria, eyes following their every movement like they were gods.

“Is everything okay?” Kenzie asked me, swiping her manicured finger over her red apple.

I forced a small smile. “Yeah. Why do you ask?” I realized immediately that my question was idiotic at best. I knew damn well why she’d be concerned.

Kenzie frowned, her eyebrows dipping in confusion. “Because of Phoenix and King. From what I’ve heard...” She grimaced, a shudder running through her.

Normally, I wouldn’t care about the stupid rumors surrounding this place, but now that these assholes were my stepbrothers, it didn’t only concern me. It concerned my mother, too.

“What have you heard exactly?” I pressed, keeping my tone calm and quiet. I didn’t want to alert the other girls. Not when they had enough to worry about between Zovalee’s disappearance paired with Vivian’s. Everyone had their own shit going on.

Kenzie blew out a breath. “You didn’t hear this from me, but Phoenix had a girlfriend his freshman year of college. They seemed perfect for each other. They dated throughout most of the year, and then she just... disappeared.”

“Yeah,” I said wearily, having already heard that rumor told in three different ways. “That seems to be a common theme around here lately.”

She nodded in agreement. “Just be careful, okay? They give me bad vibes.”

Me too, girl. Me too.



### Chapter Four

#### Phoenix

Sweat slickened my body, clinging to every inch of my skin as I crossed the locker room to retrieve my water bottle. You'd think that with it being below freezing in here, it would help with my body temperature, but it did little to nothing. My hands slipped through my dark blonde hair, shoving some of the loose strands back. Twisting the top off my water bottle, I tipped my head back and allowed the cool liquid to snake down my throat.

A hand came down on the back of my shoulder, causing me to choke on my water in surprise. Whirling around, my eyes zeroed in on a set of gray ones. Emmett was our right defender, and he was damn good at what he did. The asshole still managed to get on my nerves despite his capability of playing hockey.

"A couple of us are going out tonight if you and your brother want to show up." His lips twitched into a smirk, promising nothing but malice. "We'll be meeting up with some of the sorority girls."

I was about to tell him to get bent. Partying wasn't exactly something I considered fun, but he'd caught my attention at the mention of sorority girls. "Really?" I asked with interest. "Will Teagan Bellemont be there?"

A crease formed between his bleached brows. "Who?"

How does nobody know who this bitch is?

“She—” I sighed, shaking my head. “Nevermind. As for your offer, we can’t. We have something to take care of in the morning.” I wasn’t about to pass up torturing our new stepsister, especially after finding out about her relationship to Vivian. If they were close like King suggested, there was a high chance that Vivian told her all about our secret society before she was murdered. We couldn’t let that get out in the open.

Emmett raised an eyebrow. “You sure? There will be tons of naked chicks there, bro. When’s the last time you got laid anyway?”

Annoyance skittered down my spine at his persistence. Couldn’t this asshole take a fucking hint? I wasn’t interested. He must have sensed it in my expression because a nervous laugh rumbled through his chest, and he took a cautious step backwards.

“It was just an offer, man.” He glanced over at King who had just slid up beside me, his eyes raking over our right defender with disinterest. “Maybe next time,” Striker conceded, nodding to himself.

“What was that about?” King asked once we were alone.

I twisted the cap back on my water bottle and pulled my shirt up over my head, a chill skating down my spine from the wave of cold air hitting my newly exposed skin. “Nothing important.” Switching my shirt out for a clean one, I tugged it on before swapping out my pants, too.

King was already changed, his fingers looped through the strap of his backpack that hung loosely over one shoulder. His dark hair was swooped to one side, covering half of his forehead even in its mussed up state.

We were some of the last to exit. Stepping out into the chilly weather, though, it was much warmer compared to the rink.

“So, what’s the plan exactly?” my brother inquired as we started for the dorms.

I spared him a brief glance, shouldering my own bag as we made a beeline across campus. “Plan?”

He rolled his eyes. “With Teagan.”

Tension coiled around my jaw at the mere mention of her name. I’ve been itching for revenge, and since Hayes got to Vivian before any of us could, it was only fair I took out her best friend. After all, Vivian took out mine.

“I think doing this spontaneously will be much more satisfying.” I smirked, cutting my gaze to his. “Don’t you think?”

A frown tugged at the corners of his mouth, something dark cresting over his features—almost like he didn’t like the sound of that at all. His emotions meant little to me, at least when it pertained to this. He was my brother, and we’d always have a bond, but he also needed to understand that Teagan was mine. He could have his fun with her all he wanted, but I would be the shot caller.

We made our way toward our room and slipped inside. My muscles ached from practice, protesting with every movement I made. Rolling my shoulders back, I moved toward my bed and plopped down on it, allowing my back to hit the mattress moments later. Exhaustion immediately threatened to pull me under, but there were too many things that needed done first. First of all, I needed a shower, to pack, and to call my father about the trip tomorrow.

The cabin we’d be going to was ours, but there were a few things we needed from our dad before we could access it.

“When you said spontaneous , what exactly did you mean by that?” King asked,

kicking off his shoes near the door.

“Exactly as I meant it.”

He shuffled across the room, his bed creaking beneath his weight as he climbed on top of it. “Like with what happened with Naomi?” he challenged, an edge to his tone that told me he didn’t like that idea in the slightest.

Naomi had been my high school sweetheart. We started dating our sophomore year and both enrolled into St. Valentines University together. She’d been the only girl I’d ever loved. Even despite her betrayal, there was still an ache in my chest, followed by a spike of anger whenever I thought of her.

Long story short, she cheated on me and I caught her in the act with one of the other hockey players. It was the first time, and the last time, that King and I had shared a woman—even if she hadn’t necessarily consented to it. Needless to say, by the time we were done, there wasn’t much left of her to bury.

“Possibly.” I shrugged. “Depends on how much she pisses me off.”

He was silent for a few moments. “What if I don’t think she should die?” His weary eyes met mine, like he was afraid of how I might react to that revelation.

I snorted a laugh. “It’s called a sacrifice for a reason, King. And it was your idea.” I propped myself up on my elbows and raised an eyebrow. “Are you into her or something?”

“I haven’t decided yet. But I’d at least like her to stay alive long enough to decide.”

“Fair enough. But if she knows anything about what happened to Maddox or Vivian—”

He sighed, sweeping a hand through his hair. “I know. If she knows something, we’ll kill her right then and there.”

If he did end up liking our new stepsister, and she did know something about the events that had taken place recently, it would suck. He’s never been interested in a girl before—not like this. He’s gotten laid, but he’s never wanted it to be anything more than that.

Killing her would be unfortunate, but in that instance, it would be necessary. Deep down, he knew it. Hopefully, he didn’t get too attached before we got to the bottom of this.

Personally, I haven’t been with anyone since Naomi. It wasn’t that I couldn’t get pussy. There were girls throwing themselves at me frequently. I just haven’t had the urge in a while. Meaningless hookups didn’t do much for me, not after being in a long-term relationship with someone I thought I’d be with forever.

“It’s for the best,” I added, glancing over at my brother who was staring at the door with a clenched jaw.

King jerked his head in a nod, silently agreeing with me. “I’m not opposed to a little bit of bloodshed. I’m fine with whatever.”

I wasn’t sure how truthful that was. Like me, blood got him off. But he hasn’t indulged in those fantasies in a while, and I did it on occasion. The occult, hockey, and school kept me busy and drained most days, leaving me with little energy for much else.

“Good.” I pulled myself up, planting my feet against the ground. As much as I wanted to pass the hell out, we had a busy day tomorrow and needed to be prepared. A current of anticipation trickled through my veins at the mere thought. Tomorrow,

Teagan Bellemont would be completely at our mercy.

It was something I was genuinely looking forward to. It also helped that I had a reason to dislike her—she was associated with Vivian Valentine, after all. The bitch I wanted to kill, but never got the opportunity to.

“Where are you going?” my brother questioned.

“I need a shower.” I shot him a smirk. “You’d be wise to take one, too.” If this shit played out how I expected it to, we’d both need to be clean.

“I feel like you have something up your sleeve.”

I shrugged in response. Nothing was set in stone yet. There were a few ideas whirling around in my mind, but nothing concrete. Until then, I wasn’t saying shit. I drifted over to my dresser, opting to ignore him and collected a change of underwear and socks before slipping my shoes back on.

“Phoenix,” King said sternly as I broached the door. “What do you have planned?”

I rolled my eyes. “You’ll know when I do.” I jerked the door open and stepped out into the bustling hallway. A few students were just now getting back from their extracurriculars, while others were heading back from dinner. The cafeteria wasn’t serving yet, but a lot of people chose to go off campus for meals.

I made my way toward the men’s bathroom further down the hall and slipped inside. The room was clouded with steam from the showers and a few naked guys were either talking to one another, in the process of drying off, or getting dressed. I found an empty stall around the corner, setting my clothes on the bench and stripped down, adding my other garments to it since they were still clean.

Teagan invaded my mind as I absently fumbled with the knob in the shower, wincing when cold water pierced through my flesh. I'd be lying if I said she didn't appeal to me. She was beautiful in an unconventional way, with light brown hair, blue eyes, a dusting of freckles, and sun-kissed skin. It was odd that I'd never noticed her before.

After adjusting the water temperature to my liking, I stepped under the hot spray, reveling in how it pelted my skin, warming it instantly.

It didn't escape me that my brother seemed to know a lot about our new stepsister. While it could have been a result of his thorough research, it felt like it was more than that. Especially since most of his research revolved around her rather than her mother. Not only had he chosen Inaya personally, but he'd been determined that she was the one for our father. He's never given a shit before, and now I was wondering if his attraction to Teagan had something to do with that.

After showering, I made my way back to my room, not bothering to dry my hair all the way. Damp strands were plastered to my forehead as I navigated my way down the hall and headed toward my dorm.

King was gone when I arrived, causing my eyebrows to dip in confusion. He probably just went to shower like I'd suggested he do. Though, the bathroom was nearly empty when I vacated. Shrugging it off, I grabbed an old backpack from my closet and started filling it with basic necessities—clothes, a lighter, some matches, a pack of cigarettes, a hunting knife, and some rope I kept on hand. You never knew when it would become handy.

We'd stop at the store tomorrow morning for the rest of our supplies. God only knows when the last time the cabin had been stocked with food was. While fucking with Teagan—and possibly torturing her—was our main goal, we couldn't exactly let her starve while doing it or go hungry ourselves.

I fully intended on working up an appetite, though. A malicious grin curled around the edges of my mouth. Poor little Teagan wouldn't even know what had hit her.



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*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am*

### Chapter Five

#### Teagan

I 'd initially been looking forward to the weekend, holing myself up in my room and watching a Nicholas Sparks movie. What I didn't have on my agenda was sitting in the backseat of an SUV behind two of the most infamous assholes at the university on a Saturday morning. I could be sleeping in right now. Annoyance skittered down my spine, but deep down, I knew this wasn't their fault. If our parents requested this, it was on them.

Phoenix took a hard left around the corner, causing a surprised gasp to tumble from my lips. Clearly, he needed to work on his driving skills. He whipped into a secluded parking lot, jerking the vehicle to a stop near the front. My heart hammered violently against my ribcage, a million new fears unlocking inside me.

He turned to King. "Want anything specific?"

King glanced at me over his shoulder, his eyes raking down my slender figure. "I'll text you," he decided, his lips kicking up into a smirk before he turned back to his brother.

Phoenix nodded and stepped out of the vehicle, making a beeline for the entrance of the grocery store. My eyes tracked his movements. Taking note of his tense shoulders, the rigidity of his spine, and how he always held his head up high, even when something clearly seemed to be stressing him.

King was busy typing something on his phone, his fingers working a mile a minute over his screen. Once he was finished, he turned to me.

“Have you ever been camping?” he asked, undoing his seatbelt and allowing it to fall away. The metal hit the door with a clink before the belt smoothed itself back out and retracted.

I’d only been a couple times, and it was with the sorority girls, which was probably much different than a family camping trip.

“A couple of times,” I admitted, glancing out the window. There were only two other cars in the lot, presumably belonging to workers.

The sound of shuffling caught my attention, but I forced myself to sit still and not look. Maybe they’d leave me alone if I ignored them. It wasn’t until I felt his massive body climbing over the center console that my heart lurched into my throat, that I whipped my head over to the big, hulking figure now occupying the seat beside me.

“What are you doing?” I demanded, narrowing my eyes at him in accusation, despite the sudden awareness sparking to life inside of me.

“You looked lonely back here all by yourself.”

“I prefer it that way,” I snapped.

He tsked in response, acting as if I were nothing but a petulant child. “So much hostility,” he said with condescension. “And for no reason.”

I opened my mouth, ready to go the hell off on him, but then I realized... he was right. They might have made me uncomfortable, and the rumors didn’t do them any justice, but they hadn’t done anything to me directly. Maybe I was being unfair.

“Why are you back here, really?” I challenged, pressing my back up against the door to put some space between us.

King’s gaze flicked to my lips and then bounced back up to meet my eyes. “Do you not want me back here?” he countered.

“You make me uncomfortable.”

He snorted a laugh, but I found no amusement in it. “Do I?”

Nervous energy prickled along my skin. He was much too close for my liking, and I didn’t like the way he looked at me—like he was seconds away from devouring me. There was something dangerous about him, something that sent alarm bells resounding within my skull. The same could be said for his twin.

“You know you do.” I rolled my eyes. “You seem to get off on it.”

His smirk widened into a grin. “Such a dirty fucking mouth, little sister.”

A frown tugged at my lips, confusion slamming into me. How was that... oh. I suppose I walked into that one. “How original,” I retorted, not bothering to hide the annoyance lacing my tone.

“Do you think about that often?” he pressed, inching closer to me.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

He was so close to me that I could feel the heat radiating off his body, wrapping around me like a weighted blanket. It was just as suffocating as his thick and spicy cologne was.

“Getting me off,” he murmured, reaching toward me.

My shoulders instantly tensed as he plucked a strand of my light brown hair between his fingers—just like his brother had done yesterday. It also didn’t escape me that they opted for the same nickname, almost like they were one and the same.

“You’re delusional,” I deadpanned, despite the heat rising to the surface of my skin. “I didn’t even know you existed until you popped up in my mom’s kitchen.”

“Somehow, I doubt that.” His voice was lower now, bordering on something sinful and addicting. “I bet you were salivating as soon as you found out about our parent’s arrangement.”

“You’re extremely full of yourself. Has anyone ever told you that?”

His lips kicked up into a smirk, but it wasn’t as arrogant as his usual ones. “No. Because they know that if they did, they’d be buried six feet deep.” His free hand dropped to the curve of my hip, causing my breath to hitch. “Fuck,” he muttered, his gaze darkening with lust. “Tell me now, Teagan. Are you a virgin?”

A bucket of cold ice fell over me, forcing me back to reality. What the hell was happening? Was I really about to let this stranger—my stepbrother—kiss me? In all my life, I’d never been so reckless. “That’s hardly any of your business,” I snarled.

His grip tightened on my waist, and I moved my hands out in front of me to prevent any further contact. “It is.”

“How?” I pressed, arching an eyebrow.

He huffed a sinister laugh, one that sent chills careening down my spine. “Because when I fuck you, I need to know whether to be rough or gentle.”

Heat spread through every inch of my body, followed by a wave of arousal. My thighs clenched of their own accord, and I hated that it interested me even in the slightest. I've only been intimate with one guy. My senior year of high school, I'd been in a serious relationship. Patrick, despite his unappealing name, had been a charmer. He was on the basketball team, constantly surrounded by a plethora of women when I met him.

For reasons I couldn't understand at the time, he'd developed an interest in me. After a lot of wooing, I decided to give him the time of day. We were together for about a year before everything burst into flames. I made my way to his dorm on campus to surprise him for Valentine's Day, only to discover him screwing some blonde chick. He had her bent over his bed as he drove into her again and again and again.

Needless to say, we broke up. A few weeks later, they just... both vanished off the face of the earth. I assumed they ran away together, because she allegedly had a boyfriend of her own, but with all the disappearances happening around here, who knows.

Reality slammed back into me when a brush of something warm drifted to my thigh. My gaze zeroed in on King, taking note of his searing hot gaze and the intensity within his green irises. A snarl got lodged in my throat and I shoved his hand away from me, hating that he'd taken advantage of my momentary weakness.

"Get bent, asshole," I snapped.

"Such a dirty fucking mouth for a pretty, little thing." He swiped his tongue over his lower lip, my eyes tracking the movement of their own accord. "But I think you have the positions wrong, seeing as it'll be you who gets bent."

A surge of rage punched through my chest. What was it with him? He was absolutely delusional if he thought these weird ass innuendos would work on me. Before I had

the opportunity to say anything else, the driver's side door opened, and Phoenix slipped inside. He released an audible sigh and tossed the grocery bags into the passenger seat, not seeming surprised in the slightest that his brother had changed seats.

"Did you do what I asked you to?" Phoenix asked King, sparing him a brief glance as he put the car in reverse.

King gave him a sheepish grin that made him look more boyish than I was used to. "I might have gotten sidetracked," he admitted, turning to look at me again. "Let me see your phone."

I bristled. "What?"

"You heard me. Let me see your phone." He held out his hand like he actually expected me to obey.

"And why the hell would I do that?"

"Because he said," Phoenix snapped, his hard tone sending tremors through my body.

King rolled his eyes at his brother's attitude. "Because it's tradition. We all keep our phones stored in the glove compartment during camping trips."

I didn't trust them one bit. Why did they need my phone? It was my only form of contact outside of them. I'd even packed my phone charger so I could scroll through social media before bed and connect with my friends.

"You'll get it back tomorrow night before we leave," he continued, softening his voice.

“What if I don’t want to give it to you?”

He glanced over at his brother who was staring back through the rearview mirror. Phoenix gave him a nod of approval, like they were silently communicating with one another again. It was freaking weird.

“Then I’ll take it,” King replied. “And if I have to take it, I’ll be taking a lot more than just your phone.”

I reeled back in surprise, my heart jumping into my throat at what he was insinuating. “A-are you threatening me?” I forced the words out through ragged breaths.

King shrugged in response. “It’s merely a warning, but in theory... yes.”

With shaky hands, I reached into the front pocket of my jeans and tugged out my phone, slapping it into the palm of his hand much harder than necessary. If it phased him, he didn’t show it. Instead, he moved to the opposite end of the car and resumed his place there, giving me some much-needed space.

This was going to be a long ass weekend.

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### Chapter Six

#### King

My cock was hard the rest of the way to our destination. I couldn't even count how many times I had to readjust myself, or how many times I thought about saying 'fuck it' and taking her right here. She was sassier than expected, and I was living for it.

"Where's your dad's car?" Teagan asked once we peeled into a dirt parking lot, surrounded by nothing but trees.

"He'll be here," Phoenix answered, stuffing the keys into the front pocket of his jeans. "Your mom, too."

She hesitated momentarily, not sure whether she should believe us or not. She'd be smart not to, but we always got our way in the end. We were good at manipulating the human mind—at contorting realities until our victims saw what we wanted them to see. Teagan might not want anything to do with us now, but that would change.

Phoenix and I have only done this once, and that was with his ex-girlfriend, Naomi. The situation was different back then and there were more feelings involved. I was hopeful this wouldn't end as tragically, but only time would tell.

I stepped out next, glancing around at the assortment of trees blocking the nearest road from view. We had to do a lot of driving just to reach our destination, which meant that it was very unlikely Teagan would make it out of here on her own and by foot.



Teagan reluctantly scrambled out of the SUV, shouldering the bag she brought with her. Her curious gaze swept across the clearing, and I didn't miss the way her shoulders tightened with tension. Deep down, she knew something was off—she just didn't know what yet.

A surge of exhilaration sparked through me, causing my bloodlust to rear its ugly head. I wanted to paint her red, and then I wanted her to do the same to me. Her nails in my back, her hand twisting through my hair in a painful grip, her cries of pure ecstasy, the way her body would vibrate when she inevitably shattered around me.

Phoenix rounded the car, grabbing his bag from the floorboard along with the groceries he'd just bought. He thrust a couple of the bags in my chest before spinning on his heels and starting for the tree-line.

I kept Teagan in my peripheral as we walked, eager to get her to the cabin already. It was going to be a night to remember.

When we finally arrived, a small grin tugged at my lips. The cabin was a single story, sitting on a plot of empty land, completely secluded. In the distance, you could hear the water rippling from the pond, adding to the experience.

Teagan gripped the sides of her jacket, pulling it tighter around her small body as she glanced around. Her hair flailed out, whipping around her due to the sudden burst of cool air. Everything about her was mesmerizing.

Once we entered, Phoenix flicked the lights on and began putting the groceries away. I followed, knowing Teagan wouldn't try anything stupid yet. Not when she still believed our parents were coming. The cabin wasn't anything overly fancy. There was a leather couch in the living room with an armchair, two bedrooms sat down the hallway, the fireplace was positioned across from the couch, and there was a back patio overlooking the rest of the wooded area.

Once we were done putting everything away, I turned to Teagan who hadn't moved an inch from the doorway. "You want to put your things up?" I asked her.

She sucked her lower lip between her teeth before reluctantly jerking her head in a single nod. Readjusting her bag over her shoulder, she made her way toward me. As soon as she was in touching distance, I got a whiff of something citrusy and sweet. God. Everything about this girl appealed to me, triggering my darker urges.

"There are only two rooms," I told her as we started down the narrow hallway. "You'll either have to room with me or Phoenix."

Her steps faltered and I couldn't hide the grin on my face even if I tried. "Where will our parents sleep?" she pressed, the skepticism coming out thick in her sweet voice.

"Dad usually brings his RV. That's why they're running late," I lied smoothly. "He likes his privacy."

Teagan was quiet for a few moments while she mulled that over. I forced myself to a stop near the center of the hallway, waiting for her to make her choice. Her eyes darted back toward the living room, and I knew instantly what she was thinking. She was planning on taking the couch, but that wasn't one of the options she'd been granted.

She must have noticed the look on my face, coming to that sudden realization herself, because her shoulders slumped forward with defeat. I'd honestly expected her to put up more of a fight. Hell, I'd been counting on it.

Lifting her chin, a spark of defiance crept into her gaze and anticipation clawed through me. "Where will Phoenix be sleeping?" she decided.

My lips parted in surprise. I thought for sure that she'd choose me. From what I've

seen so far, my brother has done nothing but give her the cold shoulder, and I was hoping it would stay that way.

“Phoenix?” I repeated, making sure I’d heard her correctly.

She nodded. “Yep. I’ll room with him.”

I wanted to ask her why, but I already knew the answer. I had come onto her too strongly, and she was afraid of being alone with me. I might as well have pushed her right into his arms. A surge of anger shot through my veins at the realization, but there was nothing I could do about it.

“There,” I said through gritted teeth, pointing to the door behind her.

Teagan shot me an innocent smile, one that was filled with condescension and mockery. She turned away from me and slipped into the room, allowing the door to close gently behind her. My hands curled into fists at my sides. I turned, ready to head back into the living room, but Phoenix was there, blocking my exit with his arms folded across his torso as he leaned against the wall.

“Problem?” he asked, accusation dripping from his tone as he glanced down at my balled-up fists.

“Not at all.”

I started toward him, shooting him a glare as I passed. There was still so much shit that needed to be done, and I also needed to make sure he had no intention of harming her tonight. He was still fucked up over what happened to Maddox, and there was no doubt in my mind that he’d take it out on Teagan for simply being affiliated with the cunt who killed him. I didn’t like Maddox in the slightest, but I liked Vivian even less. She was a stubborn bitch, and she got what she deserved in the end.

“You think she’s hungry?” I inquired as we made our way back to the kitchen.

“How the fuck should I know? Why didn’t you ask her?”

Because I had other shit on my mind. Like wondering why the hell she’d choose my brother over me. A surge of something possessive washed over me, followed by a trickle of jealousy. She did it on purpose, but that knowledge did little to ease the deadly rage sparking to life inside of me.

I made a beeline for the fridge, grabbing a can of beer and popping the tab. The liquid was tart and cold down my throat, but I was too worked up to give a shit.

“Give me her phone,” Phoenix demanded, holding out his hand.

My eyebrows dipped in confusion. “Why?”

He rolled his eyes as if the answer were obvious. “Because. If it stays in the house, there’s a possibility she’ll find it. I’m not leaving anything up to chance.”

Deciding that he had a point, I retrieved her phone from my pocket and offered it to him. “What are you planning on doing with it?” I highly doubted that he intended on putting it in the glove compartment.

“I’m going to make sure she can’t access it, even if she happens to find it.” His voice dropped several octaves, something dark flashing through his blue eyes. He could feign indifference all he wanted, but he couldn’t hide the truth—not from me. He was looking forward to this.

I nodded my agreement, and just as the door down the hall creaked open again, Phoenix was turning on his heels, making a beeline for the front door. By the time she reached me, he’d already made his way outside.

“You hungry?” I asked, turning to face her.

“No... but thank you. I ate before I left campus.”

“Thirsty?” I pressed. “Beer?” I waved my beverage in the air for emphasis.

Teagan narrowed her eyes at me like I had some kind of ulterior motive, but I didn’t. Not about this, anyway. “I’ll pass,” she said with a sexy bite to her tone. She glanced around the cabin, pressing her lips together. “Where are our parents?” she demanded. “Have you even tried calling them?”

A small smile tugged at my mouth. “Phoenix stepped outside to do just that. The signal is wonky in here.”

“Really?” She didn’t sound like she believed me in the slightest. “We’re not even a full forty minutes from campus.”

“True. But we are surrounded by trees.”

I lifted my beverage, taking a long pull from the carbonated drink. I allowed my gaze to rake over her figure, cursing the baggy hoodie that shielded her body from view. I’d see it all eventually. Because if there was one thing I did know, it was that we weren’t leaving here until I’d at least felt her tight cunt sliding up and down my cock.

Phoenix reappeared moments later, his cheeks flushed from the chilly air outside. He looked between us, clearly feeling some of the animosity on Teagan’s end. She whirled around to face him, her shoulders coiled tight with tension.

“What did they say?” she demanded, propping her hands on her hips.

He furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. “What?” His gaze met mine, and I tried to

silently tell him with my expression alone that I'd fed her some more bullshit. "Oh... um—"

She snorted a humorless laugh, clearly losing her patience. "You didn't even call them, did you?" she accused. "Someone needs to tell me what the hell is going on right fucking now."

Phoenix's gaze darkened and he took a calculated step toward her. She must have sensed the danger emanating off of him because she stumbled back a step. It wasn't the smartest move on her part, since it put her right between us.

"You want to know what's going on?" Phoenix asked coldly, closing in on her. "They're. Not. Coming."

A rush of exhilaration spiraled through me. "But you are," I added with a sinister grin.

### Chapter Seven

Teagan

Nervous energy prickled along my skin, followed by a current of dread. Suddenly, my entire body was on high alert. They lured me here under false pretenses, for reasons I didn't understand yet, but now all I could think about were the various rumors circulating around about them. How many of them held any merit?

King pressed himself up against my back, his hands settling on my waist. "Don't worry," he whispered in that smooth tone of his. "We just want to ask a few questions. How you answer them will determine how this little outing goes."

My entire body was trembling and I found myself frozen, unable to move. "Questions?" I whispered, fear spiking in my veins.

Phoenix hummed his agreement. He took another step toward me, his body heat mixing with King's. "What do you know about Vivian Valentine?"

Confusion slammed into me. That was the last thing I expected him to ask. Were they looking for her, too? "What?"

"You heard me."

I shook my head, trying to calm my racing heart while simultaneously attempting to get my thoughts in order. "J-just that I haven't seen her since Valentine's Day."

King wound his arms around my waist, pressing his crotch to my ass. I wriggled against him in a futile effort to get away, but my attempts were laughable at best. In fact, my movements only seemed to arouse him, if his hardening cock was anything to go by.

“You were friends, though. Hm?” he muttered against the side of my face, allowing his breath to dance across my skin.

“Yes.”

Phoenix raised a surprised brow, clearly not expecting me to be so compliant. “Did she say anything before she disappeared?” he asked. “Was there anything happening that leads you to believe something might have happened to her?”

“What?” I bristled. “Do you think I had something to do with this?”

Phoenix shrugged. “Did you?”

“Absolutely not,” I snapped, shocked at his mere audacity. “Vivian was my best friend. She was also my roommate. The only thing that raises any red flags to me is the fact that Professor Valentine also went missing around the exact same time.”

“A lot of people have gone missing,” King added.

I blew out a breath, attempting to shove his arms away from me again. Realizing it was no use, I huffed out in annoyance and slackened in his arms. “He targeted her a lot specifically,” I surmised. “It was bordering on inappropriate. And then she just disappeared, and so did he.”

“Why did he target her?” King asked, seeming to already know the answer.



“I don’t know. That’s literally everything I know. She wouldn’t talk about it.”

King glanced over at his brother, trying to gauge whether he believed my story or not. But there was nothing else to tell. That’s honestly all I knew.

Slowly, he jerked his head in a single nod. “Congratulations, little sister. You just bought yourself your life.”

A grin stretched across King’s face as I tensed in his arms again, my breathing coming out in fast, shallow bursts. “I’m in the mood for S’mores. You?”

My... life? Was he being for real? “Let me go,” I forced out, unease coiling around my gut.

King’s breath was warm against the back of my neck, causing goosebumps to prickle along the affected skin. “I don’t think I will.” His hand drifted up my stomach and he grabbed a handful of one of my breasts, kneading it between his fingers. A gasp got lodged in my throat, a mixture of fear and desire creeping up my spine.

Phoenix watched his brother grope me with a disinterested attachment, and it made me feel cheap. Maybe I should have been glad he didn’t have any interest in me, but given the circumstances...

God. What was I even suggesting?

I’d specifically chosen to room with Phoenix because I knew he’d be less likely to touch me, and because it would piss King off.

“Stop,” I gritted out, despite the slow ache building in my abdomen.

To my surprise, he dropped his hands and allowed me to wriggle free at last. I

practically darted across the room, my gaze slinging toward the front door.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” Phoenix warned, raising an eyebrow at me. “We know these woods like the back of our hand. You won’t get very far before we catch you, and when we catch you, we get to play with you.”

“You’re both fucking psychos, aren’t you?”

King shrugged, stuffing his hands into the front pockets of his jeans. “We don’t really label ourselves, but by definition...” He trailed off with a shrug. “It tracks.”

Phoenix’s lips twitched in amusement, as if that was somehow funny to him, or worth joking about. These assholes were completely unhinged.

“I... I want to go home,” I stammered, a cold current of dread trickling through me. It didn’t escape me that these assholes interrogated the hell out of me about Vivian and Maddox, leading me to wonder if they were somehow behind it.

“But we’re already here.” King grinned, spreading out his arms. “Might as well make the most of it.”

I shook my head. “You lied to me. Why?”

“It’s quite simple,” Phoenix offered in a bored tone. He took a step toward me and everything in my body was telling me to bolt—to get away from him—but there was nowhere to run. Not really. “We want to get to know our new sister .”

I scrunched up my nose at the nickname, realizing pretty quickly that they must have had some kind of weird familial fetish. I wanted no part of it; in any of this.

“I’m going to ask you one more time,” King began, moving to stand beside his

brother. They were close in height, each of them holding that same darkness in their gazes. “Are you a virgin?”

“If I answer you, will you leave me alone?”

The two of them exchanged glances, silently communicating with one another again. When Phoenix shrugged, King turned back to me. “If you answer me honestly, we’ll leave you alone today .”

It wasn’t ideal, but it would buy me some time to think up an escape plan. It was better than nothing. “Fine.” I blew out a nervous breath, my skin already warming due to the sudden turn of conversation. “I’m not a virgin.”

Phoenix raised his brows in surprise. “You look like one.”

“And you look like a joke,” I snapped back before I could even think it through.

King snorted a laugh, and Phoenix just rolled his eyes like I’d just given him the lamest comeback of the century—which, to be fair, I did. I was exhausted and desperate for a nap, but at the same time, I knew I needed to get out of here. Surviving whatever the hell this was, was my top priority.

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The guys stuck to their word, leaving me alone as promised. While they let their guards down, I remained vigilant, constantly scheming and looking for the perfect opportunity to strike. The fire crackled within the fireplace—thanks to King who went out to get wood for it earlier. The warmth lulled me into a false sense of comfort, reminding me how simple life used to be when I’d sit in front of the fireplace at home with a cup of cocoa between my hands. I suppose my life was still simple for the most part, if it weren’t for the new additions to my family, and my

friends randomly disappearing without a trace.

“Here,” Phoenix said, startling me. He was holding a bowl of steaming hot stew and a glass of red wine.

As much as I wanted to be a stubborn bitch and refuse, I was starving. I quietly accepted the food and drink, setting the wine down on the side table next to me. Once he’d disappeared back into the kitchen, I pinched the spoon between my fingers and took my first bite. Fuck. This tasted so good. The assortment of flavors danced across my tongue, appealing to my tastebuds. The warmth of the broth settled in my chest, expanding toward the rest of my body.

Before I knew it, I had completely drained both my bowl and glass dry.

Rising, I made my way toward the kitchen to deposit the dishes where the two guys were sitting at the bar. They seemed to be in a world of their own as they bowed their heads and spoke in hushed tones.

Tiptoeing toward the sink, I gently placed my dishes inside, making sure not to make a sound. A rush of anticipation shot through me as I carefully slipped back into the living area. My gaze found the door immediately and my heart started pounding furiously within my chest.

Glancing over my shoulder to make sure they were still occupied; I crept toward the front door on silent feet.

A wave of dizziness clouded my mind moments later, forcing my steps to falter. The world tilted all around me as I worked to regain my footing.

What the hell?

Strong arms wound around me, helping me stand upright. “You look like you could use some rest,” Phoenix suggested in a voice that sounded like it wasn’t even from this dimension.

“D-did you drug me?” I slurred.

“Semantics.” I could hear the grin in his voice but couldn’t even find the strength to fight back. He led me down the hall and into his room, but instead of helping me to bed, he pushed me up against the wall. My neck rolled due to my weak state, and it almost felt like I was floating.

“You said tomorrow,” I reminded him with a heavy tongue.

“I changed my mind.”

My body was completely weak, pinned to the wall beneath his hard figure. It was the only thing holding me upright. My mind was muddled with a thick fog that clouded all of my thoughts, scrambling them into bits and pieces. A whimper fluttered past my lips as he pressed into me harder, his hot breath skating over my forehead.

“Hush now,” he whispered. “You don’t want to alert King, do you?”

“King?” I slurred, furrowing my eyebrows as exhaustion threatened to consume me.

He hummed in agreement. “He has a schedule he sticks to. He showers after dinner and then heads to bed early. If he hears you, he’ll want to join, too.”

“Why...” I trailed off, attempting to sort through my thoughts. “Why are you telling me this?”

“You mean, why don’t I want him to join?”

I stared at him through tired eyes for a long moment, his face contorting through my blurry vision. “Mhm,” I agreed weakly.

“Because I want you to myself. At least for now.”

He reached out, fisting his hands in my hoodie while simultaneously wedging his knee between my legs for added support. He pulled the hoodie from my body and tossed it on the floor carelessly, his eyes filled with a carnal desire that bordered on obsession. Under better circumstances, I’d probably be freaking the hell out, but I didn’t even have the energy to move.

Phoenix tugged my shirt from my body next, throwing it on the floor, too. Before long, all my clothes were strewn about, and I was standing before him completely naked and at his mercy.

“Fuck,” he muttered, raking his gaze over my body.

He gripped my hips in a firm hold before lowering his knees to the floor so that he was face-level with my pussy. My heart started racing as a small moment of clarity sprinkled through me. I started squirming against him, panic setting in when he tightened his hold on me even more.

“Remember to be quiet,” he warned in a low tone. In the next breath, his mouth was on me, a surprised cry falling from my lips as his tongue skated over my clit. Sparks of pleasure shot through me, my body heating instantly from the pleasure.

Even though it felt extremely good, whatever he drugged me with was equally as strong, and my eyes kept fluttering.

“Stay awake, little sister,” he said breathlessly, pulling away for a moment. “I want you to feel everything—to remember who did this to you.” He dropped a kiss to my

inner thigh and gradually worked his way back up to my weeping cunt.

I wanted to ask him why the hell he drugged me then, but I couldn't seem to form words right now. He clearly wanted me weak, maybe more compliant, and probably quiet to keep King from hearing. He'd succeeded in all of those things, and I'd know better in the future than to take any food or drinks from him.

His tongue plunged into my hole, forcing a gasp from my lips. My abdomen began tightening with pleasure, but just before I could shatter, he pulled away, edging me.

A pained whimper escaped me, and my legs shook with the urge to come.

Phoenix's low chuckle rang out, resounding throughout the room as he rose to his feet. His mouth and chin were damp with my fluid, but if it bothered him, he didn't let on.

He closed the distance between us, smashing his lips against mine. The taste of my juices melted onto my tongue instantly as he wedged my lips apart, sliding his tongue against mine. I kissed him back, too lost in the desire coursing through my veins. The kiss grew heated and frantic, his teeth grazing my lower lip.

One moment, I was standing there, pinned against the wall with his tongue down my throat. The next, he was scooping me up, forcing my arms to wind around his neck and my legs to circle his hips. Everything happened in a blur of motion, and after a few steps, I was falling into something soft.

A bed.

He was going to fuck me.

My eyes fluttered closed as the cocoon of blankets pressed against my spine, lulling

me into a state of comfort. Shuffling sounded, and then a warm body was pushing against mine. Something hard probed at my entrance, and I didn't even attempt to fight it as it slid inside of me. There was a pinch of pain as my body worked to adjust to his girth. It had been a while since I'd gotten laid—years to be exact, so it was a tight fit.

I winced as he thrust inside of me hard, not seeming to care that I wasn't accustomed to him yet. The drug helped numb some of the sting, but I still felt it. He grunted, pulling back and impaling me again. My body jostled beneath his, a small moan fluttering past my lips.

“Open your eyes, Teagan,” he panted.

Hesitantly, I pried them open at his request, meeting his heated stare. “Good girl.” He quickened his movements, driving into me over and over again. “You're such a dirty little slut for us deep down. Aren't you?”

My pussy clamped down on him, clearly pleased by his filthy words. He groaned in response, sweat beginning to stick to his skin as he ruthlessly pounded into me. The sound of his skin against mine reverberated through the room, and I'd be surprised if that alone didn't alert King to what was going on in here. Pleasure pooled within my stomach, followed by spurts of electricity, and I knew it wouldn't be long.

“Fuck yes, Teagan. Come for me right fucking now.” He clamped a hand over my mouth as my body started convulsing beneath him.

Loud moans tore from my throat, smothered out by his hand before they could hit the air. Reaching up, I wrapped my arms around him, digging my nails into his back as I rode out the waves of my orgasm. He hissed in response but continued fucking me through it.



His chest was pressed firmly against mine, his pelvis smacking against my own as he pummeled me into the mattress with his dick alone. His breathing was erratic and pained, like he couldn't get enough of me, and it had a foreign feeling shooting through me that was just as potent as the orgasm had been.

His manly grunts sounded throughout the room as he took what he wanted, our bodies so close together that there wasn't much room for movement, but he still managed. When he was confident I wouldn't alert his brother to what was happening in here, he removed his hand, hooking his arm beneath my neck to help steady him as he drove inside me repeatedly.

"I could stay inside you forever." He buried his face into my neck, piercing the sensitive skin there with his teeth.

Another soft moan fell from my lips, my head completely in its own alternate reality, lost to the intensity of his body against mine and the delicious feeling of him sliding in and out of me. He cursed, and I knew he was close when his body spasmed and his abdomen tightened. Warmth flooded my entrance as he came inside of me, his release trickling down my ass instantly.

"You did so good, baby," he murmured, his voice thick with affection. He dropped a slow kiss to my lips, swiping his tongue over the seam, but made no move to push it between them. "I can see what my brother sees in you."

"C-can I sleep now?" I mumbled, knowing I wouldn't be able to keep my eyes open much longer.

"Yeah. I'll get the lights."

He pulled out of me, causing me to wince from how sore I was. The bed dipped beneath his weight as he stumbled across the room and flicked the light off. Within

moments, he was returning, crawling beneath the blankets and tugging them over the both of us.

It didn't take long for the darkness to pull me under.

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### Chapter Eight

#### Phoenix

I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt this at peace. Her warm back was pressed to my chest, my arm circling her bare hip where the blankets pooled around them. I hadn't given her a strong dosage of the drug, but I'd still be surprised if she remembered everything that had transpired last night. That thought was a bitter pill to swallow, and if that ended up being the case, I'd just have to fuck her again so she'd never forget.

Teagan's breathing was even as she slept, completely oblivious to the danger she allowed inside of her mere hours ago. The last time I'd felt this content with a woman at my side was when I'd been with Naomi, and that didn't end well. To say I was skeptical about pursuing another woman would be a massive understatement. But there was something about her. Something... different.

Pressing myself up against her ass, a consuming need traipsed through me. It was so fucking tempting. Fucking her right where she slept, only to have her awake while I was balls deep inside of her.

I buried my nose against the back of her neck, inhaling her sweet, delectable scent. I was just positioning myself at her entrance, ready to slip inside of her when my bedroom door opened, causing my muscles to tense.

I could feel his rage before meeting his eye. He'd made it perfectly clear that Teagan was practically off-limits to me sexually. He might not have said those exact words,

but he was pretty loud about his emotions pertaining to her.

King's entire body went rigid, a mixture of shock and anger flashing across his face.

"What?" I asked, pulling the girl closer to me just in case he got any fucked up ideas about harming her because of my decision to screw her. He might have wanted her alive, but my brother was also very impulsive, and his darkness took over when he allowed himself to be consumed.

"What?" he repeated incredulously. "Are you fucking kidding me?" His lips curled into a snarl as he started to advance.

Shit.

Gently, I shook Teagan, attempting to wake her before this ended tragically. Even I couldn't control King when he lost himself to his rage. She stirred, nuzzling into the pillow instead.

"You fucked her, didn't you?" he pressed, taking slow, calculated steps toward us.

"What does it look like?" I retorted.

He nodded and clenched his teeth. I knew what he was about to do before he even moved. It was like a switch had flicked within his mind, and he was lunging for me, narrowly missing the girl at my side as he shoved me back into the mattress. My heart was pounding furiously against my chest, my own anger beginning to surface. His fist connected with my lower lip, splitting it instantly. Copper danced along my tongue, but I just swallowed it down.

Teagan's gasp rang out, my gaze falling on her as she took in the scene with wide, frantic eyes.

“Run,” I mouthed.

She glanced between me and King before deciding that was probably her best course of action. Scrambling from the bed, she rounded up her clothing and sloppily threw them on. She faded out of vision when King hit me again, causing my head to whip to the side.

Reaching up, I wrapped one hand around his throat and used the other to deliver my own blow directly to his ribs. He grunted in response, but his rebound time was impressive. A venomous snarl rumbled through his throat and he dropped his full weight on top of me before smashing his head into my face.

A spike of pain shot through my cheekbone, followed by a headache, but it pissed me off more than it hurt. His elbow came down on my arm next, causing a dull throb to erupt where his bone connected to mine.

“Shit,” I growled.

When he did it again, I retracted my arm, the fight leaving my body. It wasn’t worth it—not to mention, I’d just woken up and my mind was a mess of jumbled thoughts.

He wrapped both hands around my throat, his green eyes nearly swallowed by the dark of his pupils. He was in a full-blown psychotic rage, and I didn’t know how to snap him out of it.

Dark spots danced around the edges of my vision, the oxygen quickly depleting from my lungs. “Teagan,” I choked out, trying to remind him that she’d fucking vanished and he still didn’t seem to notice.

Her name only seemed to piss him off more and he squeezed tighter, causing my throat to burn. Annoyance skittered down my spine. I cocked my arm back the best I

could from my position and drove it into his ribs repeatedly. I made sure to hit the same spot over and over again. It didn't take long for his grip on me to loosen, and as soon as it did, I took advantage, throwing him off me.

"She's missing, you idiot." I coughed, sucking in deep breaths.

This finally seemed to get his attention. He shoved off the bed, planting his feet on the floor and rose. He didn't say another word before storming out of the room.

My entire body ached from the onslaught of his attack, and a few ragged breaths fluttered past my lips as I attempted to regulate my breathing. Cursing under my breath, I shoved the comforter from my waist and scrambled to my feet. It didn't take long for me to locate my clothes, and once I was fully dressed, I jogged down the narrow hallway and toward the front door.

The cool air instantly greeted me, and a surge of relief shot through me when I spotted King stomping toward the trees.

He didn't get this pissed off often, which only confirmed that his infatuation with Teagan had been nothing short of obsession. He was pissed that I'd gotten to her first—and perhaps, maybe at all. But fuck that. He was the one who fed me this plan in the first place. He wanted us to do this together. Now that I've been inside her tight, ravenous pussy, I wasn't backing off.

Quickening my pace, I made sure to leave a decent amount of distance between us. If he saw me so soon after raging the fuck out on me, he'd probably get distracted again and try to beat my ass some more. Except this time, I was more prepared and had clothes on.

King's shoulders were coiled tight with tension as he slipped through the trees, his head held high despite his rigid posture. He was on a mission, and I just hoped that

didn't involve Teagan's demise.

I followed behind him, exhaustion still clinging to me from the little sleep I'd managed to get. King woke up early as hell in the mornings, and usually, it didn't bother me. But of course, that also meant he'd go looking for Teagan first thing, which was something I hadn't considered.

The sound of the pond rippling nearby caught my attention, but I knew she wouldn't have gone toward the water. It was way too cold out. That didn't mean she wasn't near it, though.

Something rustled toward the left of the woods, causing my head to whip in that direction. King seemed to notice it, too, because he was staring that way as well, his entire body freezing. Reaching into his pocket, he retrieved his favorite hunting knife, shock skittering through my system in waves.

"King," I hissed.

His green eyes flicked over to meet mine, nothing but cold detachment searing through them.

"Put the knife away," I snapped, keeping my voice low.

Disregarding me completely, he started in the general direction the noise had sounded from. A lump formed in my throat as I watched him move with the expert precision of a hunter. Cursing under my breath, I broke out in a jog, hoping that he wouldn't do anything overly reckless.

Teagan was growing on me and I wasn't ready to cut her loose just yet. Not until I'd played with her more at least.

King continued his descent through the trees, twigs snapping beneath his heavy shoes. A yelp sounded moments later, causing my heart to lurch into my throat. When he reappeared in my line of sight, his hand was twisted through Teagan's hair, her clothes riddled with wrinkles and dirt. She struggled against him, her eyes wide with terror when she caught sight of the weapon in his other hand.

"King," she whimpered, a coat of water forming along the rim of her eyes. "W-what are you going to do with that?"

My brother didn't grant her a response—just continued tugging her along by her hair until he was mere feet from me. Instantly, he released his grip on her and shoved her toward me.

"Hold her still," he demanded coldly.

Teagan's grip was tight around the front of my shirt as she fisted it, and her fear was so thick in the air I could taste it. It would be easier to enjoy this if I knew what my brother's plans were. I turned her toward him, pinning her arms behind her back to immobilize her. It didn't stop her from squirming, though.

"King, please—" she choked out, plastering her back firmly against my chest.

His lips twitched and he brought the knife out in front of him, pressing the blade against the column of her throat. Her loud intake of breath reverberated around us, her entire body tensing. He allowed the tip of the knife to trail down her body, drifting between the valley of her breasts.

"Get undressed or I'm cutting the clothes from your body, but I must warn you..." he trailed off with a malicious glint in his eye. "I'm not nearly as good with a knife as my brother is, so I might miss."



I arched an eyebrow at his request. It was very possible that he'd just fuck her, get his fill, and then slit her throat.

“Why are you doing this?” she asked with a trembling voice.

I tightened my grip on her arms in warning. “You don't want to push him right now,” I said. “You might want to listen.” Dropping my hands from her arms, I placed one on the small of her back and urged her toward my brother. King's eyes never leaving her body.

Blowing out a nervous breath, she reached for the hem of her shirt and tugged it over her head. Goosebumps peppered her flawless skin instantly due to the cold breeze kissing along her flesh. She wasn't wearing a bra, making the process that much smoother.

King's eyes blew with possession when he noticed her hardened nipples, a low growl leaving his chest. Next, she did the same thing with her shoes, kicking them off one at a time. She paused when it came to her pants, hesitating for a moment.

King took a step closer, the tip of the knife pressed against her hip, “I will slice these off of you if you don't move faster, little sister. ” She stood there, shaking from both the cold and most likely fear before quickly pushing her pants down her shaky legs until finally, she was standing between us completely naked.

Taking a step back, King's gaze raked over her appreciatively, his jaw feathering as he clenched it. “Stand still,” he ordered. “Don't make any sudden movements.” His eyes met mine as I stood behind her and I knew that look on his face. He needed this. My hands moved quickly, pulling her back and holding her arms behind her.

His hand dropped to her hip, holding her tightly as he pressed the knife against her skin again, her gasp ringing out through the air as he pierced her flesh with it.

Glancing over her shoulder, I furrowed my brows in confusion. Her body shook against me as she tried to move, but between his hold and mine, she wouldn't get far.

His eyes were nearly black as the corner of his lip raised while the knife glided over her body. He'd started carving something into her stomach, but I couldn't make out what it was yet. Beads of blood were already beginning to form, trickling down her beautiful skin and I knew she wouldn't be able to take much more.

I moved one hand around her waist, trailing through the blood as I moved lower. She needed a distraction so King could finish. My fingers dropped to her clit, skating over her heated center where her body's betrayal was the most potent—the evidence running along her thighs. She squirmed against me, her gasps fluttering past those fuckable lips of hers.

“Careful,” I reminded her. “You don't want him to cut too deep.”

She stilled, trembling slightly. I took that as my opportunity, and plunged a finger inside of her, making her cry out in response. Her walls clenched around my digit tightly. It was so snug and warm that it was a surprise she even managed to take my cock last night.

My cock stirred to life at the mere sight of the blood and the feel of her wrapped around my finger. I wanted to run my hands through the red substance cascading down her abdomen—to taste it. Maybe if I had been patient with Teagan and waited, things would be different.

When he was done, he tossed the weapon on the ground without a care in the world and knelt, peering up at her. His hands moved to grip her slender hips again, his eyes flashing with raw desire as he took her in. I took that as the warning it was and removed my hand from between her thighs.

I finally let go of her and walked around to her front to see what he had done. My gaze dropped down to his handiwork, and I had to fight not to roll my eyes. He was such a possessive fucker.

Mine.

I suppose it was better than his actual name, which I'd half expected at first.

He leaned in, flattening his tongue against the wound and dragging it up her stomach, smearing the blood with it. A hiss sounded from her thick, pouty lips, but she remained still. His hands circled around her body, latching onto her round ass as he fed from her. It was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen.

While he was occupied, I pushed her brown hair over one of her shoulders and feathered a light kiss against the side of her neck. Her shoulders tensed instantaneously, but she didn't try to move away.

When my brother's eyes locked on mine again, I was sure he'd flip the fuck out to see me touching her after having just gone off on me for it. But he gave me a slight nod, seeming to come to his senses.

This was more than us.

Despite whatever his carving stated on her skin, she now belonged to both of us. In a way, we've both marked her now.

Teagan's surprised yelp snapped me out of the lust-induced haze I'd been lost in. King was in the middle of plunging two fingers deep inside of her, causing her to buck and writhe against me. Her soft gasps, paired with her heavy breathing, filtered around us, and fuck...

I just wanted to be inside her again.

Before she could come, he withdrew his fingers—similarly to how I'd done last night. He rose again, haphazardly ripping his clothes from his body until he was standing naked before us. I averted my gaze, not wanting to catch a glimpse of my brother's cock by mistake.

"Come," he told her, waving her forward.

Teagan's shoulders were coiled tight with tension, and she slowly shook her head.

"Fine," he replied evenly. "I guess we'll do it the hard way then."

My brother stepped forward, grabbing a fistful of her hair again. The new movement had her body bending at an awkward angle, her ass practically in the air. Unable to help myself, I reached out, allowing my fingers to glide across the seam of her soaking pussy.

A smirk tugged at my lips. She could pretend she wasn't into this all she wanted, but her body couldn't lie.

King forced her to her knees and pressed down on her upper back with the palm of his hand to get her into position. It didn't matter how much she resisted; he was much stronger.

"Please," she choked out, fear feathering through her words.

Holding her in place still, my brother rounded her and used his body to wedge her legs apart. His hands drifted to her hips, tugging them upwards so that he'd have better access. He quickly lined himself up with her entrance and slammed inside with one, brutal thrust.

Teagan's sharp cry pierced the air, her fingertips digging into the cold ground below her. Tears streamed down her face as she fought to get away, but it was no use—especially from this position.

King gave no fucks, pounding into her over and over again with a brutality I didn't even know he was capable of. The slapping of his skin against hers reverberated through the air, and a sliver of guilt trickled through me. It wasn't her fault last night happened. That was completely on me. But when my brother got like this, he didn't give a shit about the specifics.

After a few moments, Teagan's body seemed to relax, her eyes glazing over with pleasure as she began to give into him.

"Fuck." My brother grunted, jerking her hips back against him. "She's gushing." His eyes were hooded and his movements turned more purposeful rather than uncoordinated.

Sparks of arousal shot through me, settling in my lower abdomen as I watched him fuck her. Her tits brushed against the dirt with every thrust, and if they weren't sore from the friction, they would be eventually.

A moan fluttered past her lips before she could stop it, her breathing growing more and more erratic. With a few more hard thrusts, she was coming undone around him. Her lips parted and she let out a series of sultry sounds as her body convulsed around him, milking him for everything he was worth. King must have felt it, because he twitched from behind her, his eyes wide in surprise.

That was a feeling I'd probably never forget. When I made her come, she'd clamped down around me hard, stimulating my own release.

It seemed to work for my brother too, because he let out a choked sound and spilled

deep inside her pussy.

### Chapter Nine

#### Teagan

My entire body ached. Every muscle I possessed was screaming in agony, and that was child's play compared to what my raw, beaten, pussy felt like. My mind was reeling from everything that had happened within the span of twenty-four hours, and I wasn't quite sure how to feel.

Phoenix and King lied to me, forcing me to come to some cabin in the middle of the woods while they forced themselves on me. King carved me up, threatened me, and terrified me.

But despite all of that, they both intrigued me, too.

Once we made it back to the cabin, King was in a much better mood. He drew me a bath and gently lowered me into the water. I hissed as it settled against the wounds he left on my stomach. He climbed in behind me, helping to wipe the dirt from my marred skin. His hands were much gentler than they had been and he peppered kisses along my spine in a soothing gesture.

"I didn't hurt you too badly, did I?" he asked, running his hands over my shoulder blades.

I bit my lip, contemplating that. I'd been more scared than anything, and a little sore from my night with Phoenix, so it did hurt. But it wasn't unbearable.

“No,” I whispered.

Aside from the sore throb between my legs and the fresh cuts on my stomach, I felt fine.

“Have you ever had a boyfriend?” he asked me suddenly, catching me off guard.

“Just one.”

He was silent for a few moments, moving his hands to my long hair where he started massaging my scalp. It felt way too good, and exhaustion threatened to pull me under, but the last thing I needed to do was fall asleep in a tub with him—the same asshole who had threatened me time and time again, and who had forced his way into my body after chasing me through the woods.

“What happened between you two?”

I released a loaded sigh. It really wasn’t any of his business, nor was it something I wanted to think about. But I suppose I could indulge him if it got him to leave me alone faster.

“I caught him cheating on me.”

He paused his movements. “When?”

“Freshman year of college.” My gaze dropped to my knees poking out of the water. “I went to surprise him on Valentine’s Day, but he was fucking some girl in his dorm room.”

“Want me to kick his ass?” I could hear the smirk in his voice, and it made me smile despite everything that had happened.



“No need. The two of them disappeared a couple of weeks later.”

He tensed from behind me, but I didn't think anything of it. “Do you remember the girl's name?” he asked. “Did you see her?”

I knew exactly who she was. Resentment settled deep in my stomach at the memory. “Naomi. I don't remember her last name, though.” I turned, glancing at him over my shoulder. “Why?”

“Naomi...you're sure? Phoenix was dating a girl named Naomi at that time.”

My heart stuttered in my chest. I'd heard rumors that one of his girlfriends had disappeared, but no one said any names. It was like the two of them had just ceased to exist.

“D-did Phoenix have something to do with their disappearance?” I asked skeptically, not sure I even wanted to know the answer.

“We both did.”

TO BE FLESHED OUT AND TURNED INTO A SLOW BURN ...