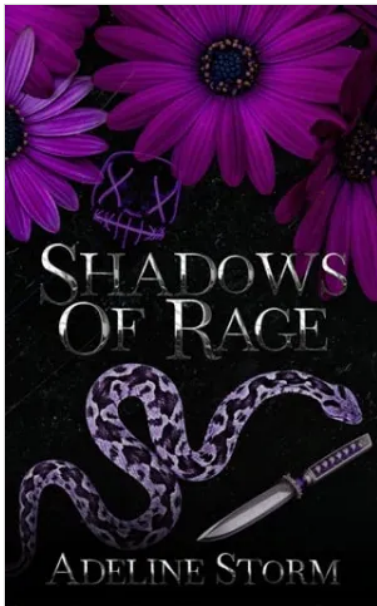




Shadows of Rage (Shadows #1)

Author: *Adeline Storm*

Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: Daniella:

I was dealt an unfortunate hand right from the very beginning. I went through things no child should ever have to endure and as a result I have poor anger management skills. But just like the sun, I will rise again. Only this time, will I have someone by my side? What I had intended to be a distraction has turned into so much more.

Braxton:

Life used to be stale. Meaningless. Going through the motions each day and losing count of the number of bodies I left in my wake. Until she crashed through the door like a wrecking ball. She's brought purpose to my life and now, those that defy her... defy me.

Will they build each other up? Or be each other's ruination?

Total Pages (Source): 23

Page 1

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:33 am

Dark. Cold. Alone.

The screams outside of my dark, little hideaway are far worse than they have been in the past. Glass is shattering across the floor, and things are being thrown around. My parents have never really had the best relationship for as long as I can remember. My panic attacks have been out of control and I had started acting out in school. I never understood why this all affected me, but now at the age of twelve, I'm starting to understand more and fear that things are not going to end well.

Today, the issue started before I even got home from school. As I walked in the door, my parents were already screaming at each other and I could tell that my father was already drunk by the way he was slurring his words. I walked into the living room of the trashed trailer, trying to ignore it. The picture frames were torn from the wall and the old TV we had was smashed on the floor. Dripping from the small coffee table was what looked like a red sticky substance. Putting my finger through the liquid, I realize that it's blood. That's when I decided that I just needed to hide. Rushing towards the back of the trailer, I pushed the bathroom door open and locked myself inside, crawling into the small compartment underneath the sink. I can hear all of the awful things my father tells my mother.

The screaming continues and I start to panic. Trying to distract myself, I go through my breathing exercises to stop myself from crying. I sit in the dark cabinet in the bathroom, cradling my head in an attempt to calm myself. My heart is pounding and my body shakes in fear. I sit there, thinking of what it would be like to grow up as a normal child, for what feels like hours before everything goes silent. Building up my courage to crawl out of my hiding spot, I unlock and open the door and walk out of the bathroom to see my father slamming the trailer door shut as he stomps outside

with a knife in his hand.

Walking back to the kitchen, all I see is shattered glass and that red liquid splattered all over the place. I tiptoe around, trying to avoid the broken pieces on the floor, until I get to my parents bedroom. The door is slightly cracked, so I push it open all the way and step inside. I gasp when I see my mother lying on the floor in a puddle of blood, with her throat sliced, and insides pulled from the hole in her stomach. I fall to my knees beside her with tears streaming down my face. Numb is all I feel. Alone, scared and it's times like these that I wished I had a sibling, someone to lean on, but I don't. I'm all alone.

Jolting out of bed, I rip the blankets off. Cold sweat drips down my body from the nightmare as tears continue to stream down my cheeks. It takes a couple minutes before I'm able to regulate my breathing and slow my racing heart. The same nightmare happens again and again, and has been for the past thirteen years. Every time I feel more numb than before. Getting out of bed, I pull the sheets off the mattress and put them in a basket, replacing them with a clean set.

I feel disgusting and decide to shower. Turning the water to the coldest setting, I grab a towel from the closet and put a new head on my razor. I undress and step in, the freezing water cascades down my body, making my teeth chatter. Taking my time, I try to calm myself down and focus on the task at hand. I wash my hair, then condition, making sure to comb the product through. I choose to use my pumpkin and vanilla scented body wash and slowly lather it over my body. I shave all of the necessary areas and turn the water off. Stepping out, I wrap myself in a fluffy towel and lotion my body, ensuring everything is smooth.

A couple of hours later, I'm getting dressed in my usual attire of ripped jeans and a corset top. My makeup is simple and my hair is up in a ponytail. At least it's Friday and I will have no responsibilities tomorrow, so I can drink my problems away for the night. As I'm putting on my necklace and hoops in my ears, my best friend, Leighton,

comes into my room to let me know the Uber has arrived. Thank God we are going out tonight. I need this distraction.

Arriving at the local bar, my first priority is getting a drink, but I decided tonight is the night that I will just get drunk on shots and save some money while I'm at it. I head to the bar immediately, ordering two shots of tequila. Shooting them back, the burn down my throat is a relief from the fire I feel inside. The bass rolls over my skin and my vision blurs as the liquor settles in my belly. The small space is packed with people and workers. In between shots, we dance in the middle of the bar belting out our favorite songs. Shot after shot after shot, until finally my body goes numb and I blackout. Free of these memories at last.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:33 am

CHAPTER 1

Daniella

S hit. Waking up with a bright light shining directly in my eyes, I look to my right and realize I left the damn curtains open last night. Oh god.

Last night...no wonder my head is killing me. Leighton convinced me to go to that bar and drink way past my limits. Some best friend she is. It wasn't even worth my time. Just being groped by weirdos as I drink myself into oblivion.

"Rise and shine, sleepy head!" I hear Leighton's voice before I see her in my doorway. Her pretty honey-brown eyes are much brighter with the direct sunlight in them, framed by long fluttering lashes. A beautiful wild mane of natural blonde curls cascade down her back. She eyes me warily before she speaks again. "How are you feeling? You had a lot to drink last night." I glare at her and roll my eyes.

"I feel like absolute shit and I could really use a cold glass of water." Leighton turns on her heels and is back in seconds with a cold water bottle.

"Do what you need to do to get yourself out of bed. We have some shopping to do today." She watches me carefully with her hand on her hip. She looks like we didn't just spend the entire night out getting completely obliterated. She gives me a gentle smile and I know that's her cue for me to get up. With a groan I sip my water and roll out of bed, walking to the bathroom to wash my face.

An hour later, we are in the car on our way to the shops for some retail therapy. We

walk into a cute new shop and right away I spot the perfect dress for the night. Yup. We're going back out tonight. A little hangover isn't gonna stop me. I grab the dress and hold it up against myself to show Leighton my find. "Bitch, that will look so good on you!" She says with flames in her eyes.

The dress is not my typical style. It's a skin-tight, black mini-dress with a zebra print overlay, and cutouts on the sides and in the center of my chest, showing off my cleavage. I usually try to stay more tame, but lately, my darkness is starting to bloom and I'm ready for the world to feel my rage.

After shopping, we go back to the apartment and start looking around for places we want to go tonight. I've been in my head a ton lately and just want to spend some time letting loose.

We finally decide on a club after way too much consideration. Black Lux is one of the hottest clubs in town and supposedly has a mysteriously sexy owner who only shows his face to the patrons every once in a while. The list to get into the club is almost impossible to get on, making it one of the most exclusive places in the city. Somehow, Leighton manages to find someone who is a regular there and can get us on the list for the night.

The adrenaline is pumping as the hours pass, and it's finally time to get ready for our night. I put my dress on with black, strappy heels and decide on a black smokey eye with a nude lip. The black eyeshadow accentuates my blue eyes. Leighton helps me straighten my hair before I spray my perfume. The intoxicating scent of vanilla and black cherry takes over my senses as I walk to the other side of the room, grabbing my bag before we're ready to go.

We order an Uber and while we wait, we go over our basic ground rules for the night. No leaving with anybody without telling one another, always keep your location shared, and no drinking drinks from anyone if they didn't grab it directly from the

bartender right in front of you. Also, bathroom trips are never solo. Leighton has been like my lifeline these past few years and I can't imagine how awful life would be if anything were to happen to her, so we take these rules very seriously.

The car arrives and we hop in then we head to the club. After the brisk fifteen minute ride, we claim our spots in line to get in. Once we get to the door, and give the bouncer our names, we're let in right away. The deafening bass of the music overwhelms my senses as soon as I step into the club. The vibrations radiate throughout my body.

We make our way through the crowd and over to the bar to order our drinks. "One blue lagoon and a whiskey sour for her, please!" Leighton eagerly says to the bartender and winks at me. On the opposite side of the bar, I see a breathtakingly handsome man staring directly at me. His stare makes me nervous and goosebumps riddle my body. I try to look the other way, but his gaze draws me in, even more so when I see the corner of his mouth lift into a smirk. Social situations are not my area of expertise, so his smile makes me uneasy at first and I look back at the bartender as he hands us our drinks.

I hesitate for a few minutes before I look back over to where he was, just to realize he's gone. A ping of disappointment hits me, but Leighton quickly distracts me when she downs her drink in a matter of seconds and is ready to dance. Grabbing my hand, she drags me out to the middle of the dance floor, where it feels ten times hotter than it did at the bar.

We dance for what feels like hours but must have only been a few minutes. We laugh and dance with each other, singing every word to every song.

Despite having fun with my best friend...I still search the crowd for him . The nameless stranger that caused my knees to quake and my heart skip a beat. I don't know what it is about him but I can't get his eyes and that dangerous smirk out of my

head. I haven't found anyone that intriguing since...well...ever. "Earth to Dani!! Hello? Where did your mind take you?" I shake my head trying to clear my thoughts and focus on Leighton.

"I'm fine, the alcohol is just starting to hit me." I realize I downed three in such a short amount of time that my brain is foggy.

Ignoring my earlier thoughts, I continue to dance with Leighton for a while until I see a familiar face standing towards the back of the throngs of people. Zeke Palmer. The only person that's ever been able to get under my skin enough to break me. Memories of his torment flow through my head.

"You're worthless Daniella. Nobody wants a used-up whore like you."

"If I ever had a kid like you, I would've drowned them in the bathtub."

"We all know that you will never amount to anything."

Zeke Palmer made every moment of high school a living hell for me. Solely because I didn't fawn over him like the other girls in school. It's been six years since I last saw him at graduation and the memory of my childhood trauma mixed with the torture caused by Zeke makes my heart beat faster.

Once again, Leighton pulls me from my thoughts. "Let's go grab you some water, you don't look too good." We walk back over to the bar, take a seat, and ask for two waters. The bartender is sweet with a kind smile. He gives me a second look and then slides a ripped piece of paper over to me. When I look down, I see that it's an unsigned note.

Meet me upstairs at 10pm.

Second door on your left.

I'm not sure how to feel about it other than intrigued. When I look over to Leighton, I see she's talking to a few other girls that I somewhat recognize from her birthday party and the self-defense class that she takes on Tuesdays.

I look at my phone and see it's 9:58pm. My curiosity gets the best of me. I decide to be spontaneous even if it may result in something bad. I quickly stand and scurry through the crowd towards the stairs. I send a text to Leighton letting her know that I'll be right back. When I get to the stairs, the man standing guard gives me one look and moves aside. Weird...but okay. I climb the stairs slowly, anxiety building deep inside me as butterflies erupt in my stomach with every step I take. What if this is a mistake and I'm walking into my death? I shake my thoughts and keep moving.

I get to the top and see a dimly lit hallway. "Oh fuck, I'm definitely walking into something bad," I mumble to myself. Moving at a snail's pace, I walk down the hall to find the second door on the left. I can see a dim light underneath the bottom of the door. Reaching for the doorknob, I take a deep breath and turn it, pushing the door open. I can't help but gasp at what I see. It's a large office with a huge black and white marbled desk to my left and a large fireplace ablaze to my right. It's beautiful. It had to have been professionally designed.

I walk further in and notice a door leading out to the balcony slightly open. Taking cautious steps, I move towards the door and spot a silhouette standing outside. Taking a deep breath, I walk out onto the balcony and slowly approach the person. It's a man with dark hair and tattoos lining each arm. Suddenly, he turns around to face me and my breath catches.

I'm staring directly into the eyes of the man from the bar, leaving me speechless.

He looks at me for another minute then speaks. "I thought you would be smarter than

this.” Did I hear him right? He invites me up here like a creep then has the audacity to say that? He looks me up and down with that same glorious smirk on his face before he speaks again. “I’m not disappointed by your choice though.” Now it was my turn to look him up and down. I choose my words carefully in case he does turn out to be a creep who was just looking to murder me.

“I had my suspicions that it was you after the way you eye fucked me at the bar.” Did I really just say that? Where did this courage come from? I’m usually the type to keep my mouth shut. “Why don’t you just tell me why you invited me up here and stop wasting my time before someone finds us where we’re not supposed to be.”

As the last word leaves my lips, the door to the office creeps open. A tall, burly man stands in the doorway with wide eyes. “I’m so sorry Boss, but there is a disruption downstairs,” he says with a worried look on his face.

“Thank you, I will be down in a minute.” The words shock me. This is the mystery owner that people are always talking about. What the fuck?! The office door creaks shut. I stammer over my words, suddenly unsure of how to form a sentence.

“Y-you...you’re the owner of Black Lux?” Once again he’s smirking.

“Braxton Hayes. And you are...?” I take a deep breath in an attempt to calm my nerves. “Daniella Rossi, but everyone calls me Dani.” He smiles, showing his perfect white teeth. God that smile could make any girl fall head over heels.

“Dani...fitting.” He smirks. “Sorry to leave so abruptly Dani, but I should handle this issue.” He gives me a wink and leaves me standing there in the office. Dumbfounded and a little wet between my thighs.

I released my breath, not even realizing that I was holding it. What the hell do I do? Just leave and act like this never happened? Seems like the most logical thing to do

but I'm not feeling very reasonable. I make my way over the desk to find a pen and a sticky note. I'm hoping that I don't regret this and start writing.

Don't be a stranger "Boss"

403-591-0438

-Daniella

Maybe he'll think I'm crazy and not bother. Before I can change my mind, I place the sticky note in the center of the desk and put the pen back where I found it. Walking over to the door, I take one last look at the luxurious space before I walk out and back down the stairs.

Before the door in the very back of the club closes, I see Braxton holding that asshole, Zeke Palmer, against the wall by his throat. I won't say the shithead deserves it but I'm glad to see it. Letting my eyes wander over to the bar, I find Leighton sitting in the same spot and see that my seat next to her is still open. Making my way over, I give her a quick peck on the cheek and ask if she's ready to go. Within fifteen minutes, we're in an Uber on our way home.

Leighton was the first to speak. "Where did you disappear to? I saw your text." I really hate lying to my best friend but she would kill me if she knew what I was doing.

"I just needed some air so I stepped outside quickly." The answer seems to be enough because she doesn't question me further. We arrive back at the apartment and I head straight to the shower to clean off the sweat from dancing. As I stand under the water, I think about Braxton and the way he looked at me with fire in his eyes. His stare alone sent shivers through my body and the thought of him made my knees weak. I hope he finds that note and the feelings are mutual. Even if he ends up just being a

distraction, at least he can make me feel things other than pain. I finish up my shower and dry off. Putting on silky pajama shorts and a lacy bralette, I head back to my bedroom. As soon as my head hits the pillow, I fall fast asleep.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:33 am

CHAPTER 2

Braxton

G oddamn that girl is filled with fire and rage. FUCK she's incredible.

When I came down to the club floor, this sorry excuse of a man was harassing girls and locked one in the bathroom with him. The poor girl was traumatized. She said he tried to take advantage of her and wouldn't take no for an answer. That won't go without consequence in my club. I may be rough around the edges but I will never allow disrespect toward a woman.

This asshole took time away from my Daniella. Well, maybe she's not mine, but she will be. I'll make sure of it. For his inconsiderate actions and lack of respect, he'll be the one to suffer and quench the thirst for blood that I feel brewing. Dragging the motherfucker through the back door and outside by his hair, I grab his throat and slam him against the brick wall.

"You've got some balls there, buddy. Coming into my club and disrespecting a woman like that? I can't let that slide, Zeke." This is not the first time this scum has been to Black Lux but it IS the first time he was a problem. I can feel his throat bob as he tries to get air to his lungs, his face turning bright red and his nails digging into my wrist, trying to pry my arm away. This is the struggle I need, the struggle I crave.

In the alleyway behind the club, you can access the basement. I decided to keep business away from pleasure and ensured my so-called work space could only be entered from outside. It's locked twenty-four hours a day and I am the only person

that can get in. I had an electric locking system built into the door that can only be opened by the microchip that I had implanted in my wrist.

The “bouncer”, Tristan, who is always on guard at the back door, stands ready, awaiting my instructions. Pulling him over to the door by the back of his neck, I bring my wrist up to the sensor and the locks start to click as the door cracks open. Adrenaline begins to pump through me as I think about what I’ll be doing next.

Dragging the scumbag down the steps into the basement with Tristan following closely behind, I throw him onto a metal table and Tristan ties his extremities to the legs, so he is spread out. All this time, Zeke has not spoken a single word. Let’s see how long it takes before he’s begging for mercy he will not receive.

His forehead is covered in sweat as he stares at me. If looks could kill, I’d be a dead man. I tilt my head from one side to the other, staring directly back into his terrified eyes. “You picked the wrong night to fuck up.”

He snorts and narrows his eyes at me. “Where’s your proof that they didn’t ask for it?” Oh fuck, this is going to be so much fun.

Going over to the cabinets on the other side of the room, I look through my tools to see what kind of fun we can have. Grabbing the scalpel and butcher knife, I walk back over to my entertainment of the night. “You come into my club, thinking you can make women uncomfortable with your stares, your touch, and your tiny dick? Well I’m going to return the favor and take them all from you, Zeke.” His eyes widen in horror when he sees what I brought over.

Grinning down at his sweat-covered face, I pick up the butcher knife, and before he can even blink, I slam it down onto his left hand, severing his fingers in a clean cut. Blood pours out, spraying all over my shirt and the floor beneath him. If the basement wasn’t soundproof, his ear-piercing screams would be an issue. They leave little to

the imagination. Bending down, I grab two fingers off the floor. Taking a quick glance around the room, I spot a roll of duct tape nearby and snag it off the tray. Returning to the table, I look down at the pathetic excuse of a mine. "Enjoy fucker." I spit out, shoving the fingers in his mouth. I quickly slap the tape over his lips, forcing him to either swallow them or let the blood drip down his throat.

I follow through with my words. I remove his dick with the butcher knife slowly, ensuring he feels every slice of the blade. I have never given much thought to the amount of blood in a dick until now. I watch the crimson liquid pour out in amazement before I fully take notice of the size. This guy's cock is the size of my pinky and he still has the audacity to try and big dick me with his words. What a joke. Once I finish laughing at his pain, I pick up the scalpel and shove it through his eye. The wet squelching noise from the force of it driving through the socket makes me want to gag.

When the little shit finally takes his last breath, I order Tristan to get rid of the body. Thank fuck I had a fully equipped bathroom with a shower added down here. Stepping into the shower after undressing, I watch the blood that covers my skin drip down my body and into the drain. I let the scorching water calm my nerves and bring my adrenaline level down.

After cleansing myself of Zeke's blood, I throw on a fresh button-up shirt and some dress pants that I had previously left down here and roll the shirt sleeves up to my elbows. I head back out to the alley and into the club. Stopping at the door, I take a quick look around for Dani. To my disappointment, I don't see her angelic face. "Fuck," I grumble to myself, making my way over to the stairs and taking each step one at a time.

Walking into the office and closing the door, I make my way over to the bar cart and pour some Basil Hayden whiskey into a glass. Downing it in one gulp, I pour another glass and head over to my desk. As I sit down, something catches my eye. I see a

sticky note with a message, number, and it's signed by Daniella. Her note makes my cock twitch with excitement. Knowing this wasn't a one-sided interest makes me even more determined to see her again. She has even more fire in her than I thought. My sexy Little Rage. I smile to myself and stand, sliding the note in my pocket, and leave the office to head home. Once I'm home, I silently thank myself for showering at the club and go right to bed.

Waking up the following morning, I roll out of bed and make my way down the stairs to the kitchen to grab a cup of coffee. To no surprise, my best friend Carter is sitting at the kitchen island like this is his house. Carter and I have been best friends since we were fifteen, causing mayhem together in high school. No matter where we were, we always brought the fun. At least, it was fun for us...

"What are you doing here already, Carter?" I see he has already made coffee and poured himself a cup. Asshole.

"Can't I just want to come spend some quality time with my devilishly handsome best friend?" He gives me a sarcastic wink then follows it up by saying, "I've been seeing a girl for a while and for some reason, I actually want to keep seeing her. She's incredible." Neither Carter nor I have ever been known to date, we just fuck around and disappear. Odd, we're both having the same problem right now. I head over to stand on the opposite side of the island from him.

"So... you potentially having feelings for a girl brought you to my house at 9am?" Carter rolls his eyes.

"No, numb nuts. We have The Pursuit tonight and we need to get things ready. I invited her and I want to make sure it's all done right. Tell me you didn't forget about it? Did you even invite anyone?" Fuck. I totally forgot about it.

"No...I didn't forget, it just slipped my mind for a minute and obviously I invited

someone. Let me go change and we can head out.”

Heading up the stairs after downing my coffee, I throw on some grey sweats and a t-shirt. The Pursuit is our yearly summer chase. We hold it in an abandoned building each year. Everybody wears a costume to add to the fun. The guys typically wear a mask of some sort, while the girls seem to wear less and less each year. Each participating male chooses one female to “pursue” and if they catch them, they can do whatever they want to them as long as the female is willing. This year we chose an abandoned mall on the outskirts of town.

Before heading back down the stairs, I search through the pockets of my pants from last night, and grab the note from Dani to send her a quick text.

Me: Hey Little Rage, stranger here. Got any plans tonight?

Pocketing my phone, I meet Carter outside and hop in my black, lifted Ford Raptor as he climbs in the passenger seat, claiming aux, and blasting ‘Bring Me The Horizon’. Twenty minutes later, we park at the costume store and as we're heading in, I feel my phone vibrate in my pocket. Pulling it out, I see a text from Dani.

Little Rage: Little Rage? Cute. No plans tonight, probably will just head to a party or something. You?

Me: Have you heard of The Pursuit?

Little Rage: I would have to be sleeping under a rock to not have heard about it.

Me: Come with me tonight?

Little Rage: Sounds fun. Pick me up at 8? I'll send my address later.

Me: See you then.

Smiling to myself, I put my phone back in my pocket and start searching for Carter. I find him in the mask aisle holding three different masks. “Which one is creepy but not enough to turn you off?” I can’t help but chuckle.

“The blue LED skull for sure.” I spot the mask I want right away. A black mask with purple LED features, X’s for eyes and stitching for the mouth. We take our items up to the register and check out before heading back to the truck.

Carter looks at me with his lip stuck out. “Lunch date on you?” This fucking guy. Always wanting food.

“Sure, princess.” He gasps.

“Oh fuck off Braxy.” I hate that nickname so fucking much. We decide to stop for burritos on the way back to the house. When we pull into the driveway, Carter immediately grabs the bag of food and runs inside. Somehow this fucker has a key to my house. I swear to fuck, I’ll strangle him. Getting inside, I close the door behind me and find him sitting at the island. I sit on the stool next to him and grab my food. I start to eat before looking over and seeing that his is nearly gone. Jesus Christ. Carter’s phone starts to ring and he looks at it before huffing. “Yo, what’s up, Vin? Uh huh. Okay see you in ten.” He hangs up the phone and turns to me. “We have a woman beater to kill.” Thankfully, it’s only noon and we have plenty of time to spare.

“I just got my truck cleaned so you can drive.” I say, as he grabs his keys and we head out to his black Jeep Wrangler. We speed down the highway to what I assume is the warehouse where Vinny handles his dirty work.

We pull up in the back and head inside after. As soon as we walk through the door, I can smell death. We move toward the middle of the warehouse, where I can make out

the faint sounds of conversations. Walking into the room, it's empty except for Vin, his brother Lorenzo, and the poor bastard being held to the wall spread eagle by chains. Looking to my right, there's an awfully mutilated body lying in blood. Not sure that I want to know what he did to deserve that. It must've been pretty bad.

We spend hours beating this guy to a pulp. I cut both of his hands off, then cauterize the nubs to stop the bleeding. Carter removes each toe, one by one, until he finally speaks up and gives the answers Vinny needs. When we are finally finished, the sun is starting to set and I check my phone. Five p.m. I'm supposed to pick up Dani at 8pm. I see she sent me her address and I decide I'd rather not be late. We say our goodbyes and head back to the house to prepare for the night.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 6:33 am

CHAPTER 3

Daniella

Turns out Leighton also got an invite to The Pursuit from her new man crush, Carter, so we of course had to go shopping in search of the perfect costumes. Leighton decides on an all black witch, while I choose to go all the way with a sexy vampire. Getting the fake blood to stay where I want it and dealing with all of Leighton's glitter spray is an absolute bitch but in the end, we are more than happy with the result.

Finally, 7:30 pm rolls around and we're both getting nervous so we decide that pregame shots would be a good idea. We haven't been to the grocery store, so the only "chaser" we have is whipped cream. We pour our shots of vodka and squirt the whipped cream in our mouths, laughing. By the time 8pm comes, we have both done three shots each when my phone dings. Here goes nothing. Grabbing my purse and keys, I tell Leighton I'll see her there and head out the door.

Right outside of the apartment door sits a lifted black truck. It's so nice. The driver's side door opens and Braxton steps around the truck wearing a fitted, black, short sleeve shirt that leaves nothing to the imagination. He's covered in tattoos and his muscles are bulging. I mean for fuck's sake, you can see his abs through his shirt! Had he not started speaking, I probably would've been drooling down my chin, thinking about how easily he could throw me around.

"Well shit, had you told me you were going to look this good, I would've skipped dinner to make sure I had room to feast on you." Braxton smirks and slowly looks at

me head to toe. Oh fuck. I squeeze my thighs together in hopes of hiding how turned on that made me. Looking back up at him, I put on a brave face and smirk.

“Careful there B, you keep talking like that and I might just let you have me for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.” I see his throat bob and his eyes darken with desire. I don't know where this courage has come from lately but I love it.

I make my way over to the truck and he opens the passenger side door for me, putting out his hand to help me. What a gentleman. I grab it and climb onto the seat. He gently closes the door, walking around and hops in behind the wheel. ‘Bad Omens’ is quietly playing in the background and I start to get comfortable. I look over at him and smile.

“So my best friend Leighton will also be there tonight.” He looks at me curiously.

“Leighton huh? My friend Carter was talking about bringing someone named Leighton. Not a very common name. What are the odds.”

Interesting. She usually cycles through the same three guys each month. Leighton is very aware of her sexuality and isn't afraid to show it. Her confidence is enviable. Some days I wish I could be more like her.

“So, what are the rules of The Pursuit?”

Quickly glancing over at me, he smirks and looks back at the road then says, “The Pursuit is a night where men are able to show their domination and inner demons. It's basically a big game of hide and seek. You and the other girls will get a head start to find a place to hide and then the guys will start hunting for their invitees like they are prey.”

It takes me a second to process what he said, but it also forces me to ask the question

that I've been thinking about ever since he invited me earlier. "And what happens if we are found?"

He doesn't look at me, but I can tell that his eyes darken and narrow a little. "If you are caught, then your pursuer can do whatever they want to you as long as you are consenting to it." His words make me gulp and my panties dampen. Being chased around like prey will be new to me. What the actual fuck did I get myself into?

We joke and laugh the entire ride there. Braxton is so easy to talk to and I feel like he truly listens to what I have to say. I tell him about my job as a graphic designer and he insists that he is going to use my "skill" to help market Black Lux on social media. We have a lot of the same interests spanning from music, to movies, to our love for big dogs. Leighton is the only person I talk to so it feels nice to open up to somebody else.

When we pull into the parking lot, I am shocked to see the old mall in front of us. I know that The Pursuit takes place in different locations each year, but for some reason, I hadn't thought about it being in an abandoned mall. There is a hole through the exterior wall on one side and graffiti that covers the brick wall to the right. This seems like the place someone would go for fun and end up dead.

There are a few other cars parked in the lot, which is comforting to see. We hop out of the truck and before we start walking to the door, Braxton grabs a mask out of his backseat and closes the door, locking the truck. I can't tell what is on the mask which makes me giddy thinking about not knowing if it's him behind it. Turning around, I head towards the door where people are filtering in. I can feel his eyes on me and it makes me shiver thinking about what is going to happen.

Suddenly, there's a hand around my waist stopping me in my tracks. I feel his breath on the side of my neck as he gets close to my ear, he whispers so that only I hear. "Good luck in there, Little Rage. I'm feeling very determined tonight." My knees

threaten to buckle just as he lets go of my waist and grabs my hand to pull me towards the door. Shit.

Once we get inside, everyone is crowded around a guy standing up on a counter. He looks over to us and claps his hands while smiling. “Ah, there is the man of the hour! Why don’t you get on up here and tell everybody the rules of the night?”

Braxton looks over to me and squeezes my hand reassuringly before walking over and hopping up on the counter. There has to be at least twenty other people here. Everyone turns their attention to Braxton.

“If you have been here previously, you know the rules and you know what happens if you break any of them. The girls get a head start before you begin your pursuit. No harm is to come to any participant in the game. All prey must consent to what is happening to them prior to it happening. If you break this rule, you will not like the consequences.” His friend standing next to him, slaps Braxton on the back and yells, “Let the games begin!”

Braxton hops off the counter and makes his way towards me. “Keep your phone on you just in case and do not hesitate to call me if you need me.” Looking to my left, I see Leighton. Smiling up at Braxton, I give him a wink and say,

“Catch me if you can, B.”

And with that, I run over to Leighton, grabbing her hand and pulling her with me. She gasps then looks over to see it's me. “Jesus you bitch, you scared me!” She laughs before continuing to speak. “Let's give these boys a run for their money.”

We end up running through a set of doors and back towards where the food court used to be. There was a department store with multiple levels right next to it. We take the stairs two at a time and get to the second floor entering the department store from

up there. All around us, I can hear the other girls giggling and screaming, but I'm too competitive to want to stay anywhere near that so we go further into the store. All of the racks and some old clothes are still hanging, which is creepy as fuck but we use it to our advantage and hide in between rows of clothing. A few minutes later, we hear two sets of footsteps running towards us. Peeking through the rack I can see a mask with purple LED eyes and mouth on it next to a black mask with a blue LED skull. The guy with the skull mask looks in Leighton's direction and tilts his head and I know it's time to run.

The two of them start running towards us, and we both hop up ready to run away. When I turn to try to find my best friend, she is nowhere in sight, but further down the hall I can see that damn purple LED mask. Obviously, I have no time to spare, so I keep running until I find a spot to hide. In the distance I can hear Leighton scream and giggle. I guess I'm on my own now.

Taking in my surroundings in the dark store, I see a glow-in-the-dark clown mask standing next to a rack of clothing, staring directly at me. Now, I'm not sure which mask belongs to Braxton. The creepy clown starts walking quickly in my direction so I go for the door on the opposite side of the store. My adrenaline is pumping, and I am too afraid to look behind me. Suddenly, I feel a hand on the back of my head and a sharp burning pain on my scalp. He pulls me back, yanking my hair. I lose my balance and fall back to see the clown towering above me.

"You're not my date, but I guess you will do for now." My stomach drops, and I try to get up, but something is being held to my throat. It's cold and sharp.

"Oh, do you feel that gorgeous? I just sharpened it this morning. Now be a good little whore and give me what I need so we can move on."

My panic sets in and I start feeling around with my hands to see if I can find anything that might help get me out of the situation. I feel something hard and skinny and I

slowly start to pick it up, realizing that it's a pipe.

As the clown starts pulling my skirt down, I quickly swing the pipe at his head, making contact. The sound of the metal connecting with his skull echoes through the room. He curses and falls back, dropping the knife he had to my neck. I scramble to pick it up before he realizes and get back on my feet.

"You fucking bitch! You're going to regret that!" I take small steps back, trying to get away from the psycho, but he stands and starts running towards me. My fight or flight kicks in. As soon as he is about to take me down, I swing my arm furiously and he stops. His eyes widen, confusion wiping away the fury from before. Blood starts to pour from his neck, as I realize I had sliced his neck open with the knife. He falls to the floor, choking on his own blood, and I drop the knife at my feet, feeling paralyzed.

The door to my left swings open and the first thing I see is the man with the purple mask. He takes it off and I see Braxton staring back at me. He slowly walks over looking down at the clown then looks back at me. "Are you okay? What happened?"

My breathing hitches in my throat, I feel nothing through my body except numbness. I open my mouth to speak, but then quickly close it again, nodding my head to let him know that I am fine.

"Let's get you out of here, I'll have somebody handle this." He takes my hand and pulls me through the mall. When we get back to his truck, he lifts me and puts me in the passenger seat before walking around and getting in on his side. "You don't have to talk about what happened if you don't want to, but just know that I will take care of this and everything will be okay. I just need to know that you are unharmed." I look over at him and nod my head.

We sit in silence for a while until I can think enough to form a sentence. "He tried to

rape me and I killed him. I think I should feel something, but I don't and I'm not sorry that I did it. Is there something wrong with me?" He gives me a genuine smile and puts his hand on my thigh, rubbing it slowly with his thumb.

"There is nothing wrong with you, Little Rage. He got what he deserved." I know I shouldn't be comforted by his words and he should call the police, but the fact that he isn't makes me feel much more comfortable with him. I place my hand over his and hold it in silence until everything turns black.

I don't know how long I was asleep before I finally wake up again. I slowly open my eyes, looking up at the ceiling and seeing black instead of white. The confusion runs through me as I sit up to look around and realize I'm not in my bedroom. I've never seen this room before and I start to panic. Suddenly, the door opens, and Braxton walks in with a tray of fruit and a cup of coffee. "I wasn't sure how you drank your coffee or what kind of fruit you liked, so I brought all the things that I like." He gives me a shy smile and makes his way over to the bed, placing the tray in front of me.

Looking down at the spread, I see grapes, strawberries, and raspberries. Of course his favorite fruits are my favorite too.

"Thank you. You didn't have to do that. But can I just ask where I am right now?" He puts his hand on the back of his neck with a nervous look on his face, opening and closing his mouth before speaking again.

"You fell asleep in the truck and I was going to take you home but I didn't want to wake you to get inside, so I brought you back to my place. That way, I would be able to keep an eye on you and make sure you were okay. I hope that's alright." Jesus, he had to carry me out of the truck and all the way upstairs while I was completely passed out.

"You could have woken me up so you didn't have to carry me, but that was really

sweet of you and I appreciate it,” I say, trying to give him a genuine smile.

I never took him for the soft and caring type, but as he sits down on the bed next to me and places his hand on my back, rubbing small comforting circles, I realize that I have a lot to learn about him. I eat my fruit and drink my coffee while we talk about anything and everything. He tells me he is twenty seven and that he inherited the club from his parents’ passing.

“Well, since I’m here, why don’t you give me a tour of the place? Judging by this massive room, I’m guessing it’s quite an impressive place.” He chuckles to himself quietly and I instantly want to hear it again. Butterflies emerge in my stomach. Moving the tray over to the nightstand, he gets up and walks around to the side I’m sitting on, putting his hand out for me to grab. Next thing I know, he throws me over his shoulder forcing a gasp, then a giggle out of my mouth.

Braxton takes me through each room of the house on his back, showing his favorite parts. It’s clear that he put a lot of thought into each aspect. It’s huge and beautiful. The consideration behind every detail makes me want to see more of his life.

Once the tour is over, we sit on the large, black sectional in the living room. He looks at me with a serious expression on his face and says, “I won’t pressure you, but if you need to talk about anything, just let me know. I’m not new to this, so I understand.” Holy fucking hell, I killed somebody last night. And did he just say he wasn’t new to this?

CHAPTER 4

Braxton

F uck, she's gorgeous.

I can see the shock in her pretty eyes from hearing my words but I can also see the spark of interest that flashes through them. Her long, black hair cascades down her back, not a piece out of sorts. Her long lashes are seductive and sultry, while her rosy cheeks are sweet and adorable. Her tattoos are beautiful and they fit her well. I casually grab a pillow and place it over my lap to hide my growing erection. Despite her reaction, she doesn't ask any questions. Something tells me there's more to this girl than what meets the eye. She just does something to me and if she thinks that at any point she'll be able to escape me, she's in for a real surprise.

I wasn't planning on doing much today, so when she says she wants to go to the lake because of how hot it was outside, I immediately oblige. She calls Leighton to check in then asks me if she can use my shower since she feels disgusting after last night. I take her upstairs to the bathroom, grab her a towel, and start the water for her. She looks up at me with those icy blue eyes and smiles.

"Thank you, I won't be long." Her voice is smooth and I can feel the heat creep up my neck. What kind of supernatural aura does this pretty little thing have? Turning towards the door to give her privacy, I look over my shoulder and speak.

"Take as long as you need. When you're done, we can stop by your place to grab you something to wear if you'd like."

“Yeah, I would like that, thank you.” She smiles.

With that, I walk out of the bathroom, closing the door behind me. Going into my bedroom, I pull some swim trunks and a t-shirt out of my dresser drawer. Sitting on the bed, I check my phone to see a text from Carter.

Carter: I’m bored so I’m throwing a party tonight. Bring that girl that’s got your dick permanently hard.

Me: Fuck you... I’ll see if she’s free. Where will it be this time?

Carter: Bonfire next to the cornfield outside of town. Far away enough that nobody will come sniffing around to ruin shit. I got hot dogs to cook over the fire, fun right?!

Me: You’re an idiot. I’ll see you then.

Carter: 3

Shaking my head and laughing to myself, I hear the shower water turn off and a minute later she walks in... wrapped in a towel. Fucking hell. Tattoos are sporadic around her entire body. I put my phone down on the nightstand to take in the full sight in front of me. I’m constantly fucking turned on around her, Carter isn’t wrong at all.

She looks at me and tilts her head to the side. “I need a favor from you, B.”

Audibly gulping, I open my mouth to respond. “What can I do for you, Little Rage?” Slowly, she unwraps and drops the towel and my breath catches. I’ve never seen a more perfect human in my life. She takes slow, seductive steps until she's right in front of me looking up into my eyes.

“I need you to make me feel good like the good boy I know you can be. But to make it a challenge for you, you can’t use your dick. Can you do that for me, pretty boy?” She smirks. Did she get possessed by some kind of sex craved demon in the shower because what the fuck.

Leaning down, I pick her up from the back of her thighs and she wraps her legs around my waist.

“Baby Girl, for you, I can be the best boy you’ve ever met.” Gently placing my lips on her collarbone, I trail light kisses up to the corner of her mouth. She lets out a whisper of a moan and it almost sounds like she says “more.” That’s all I need to intensify the moment. Spinning around, I place her back on the bed and slowly spread her legs apart while getting down on my knees. Throwing her legs over my shoulders, I gently bite and suck the soft skin of her inner thighs. The way her legs are shaking tells me she hasn’t had a man eat her pussy right in a good while, and it motivates me to ensure she reaches that point more than once.

Once I reach the apex of her thighs, I lower my face towards her sweet cunt and can instantly smell her arousal. If I could smell one thing for the rest of my life, this would be it. Gently blowing on her, she whimpers and lifts her hips towards my face.

“Not just yet, Little Rage. I promise the time will come.” Placing my mouth right above her clit, I leave a gentle kiss and reach up to pinch her nipple. The moans coming from her mouth could make my cock explode. The sexy oohs and ahhs erupt from deep inside as her body vibrates with pleasure. Slowly, I lower myself again and kiss from her clit to the back of her slit while her thighs are squeezing my head. Between her panting and the pressure from her thighs, something snaps. Putting my arms around her thighs and pulling her closer, I dive in. Sucking and licking her clit, I shove two fingers inside her. Her screams of pleasure ring out into the room, turning me on even more.

“Oh FUCK!” She’s struggling to get her words out as her body trembles. Curling my fingers inside hitting that sweet spot, I suck her clit into my mouth as her thighs begin to quake. “Yes, yes. Right there. Oh, god.” She cries... Fuck she tastes delicious. With one final moan, her orgasm explodes all over my face, but that doesn't stop me. Continuing to pump my fingers in and out, I watch her faces of pleasure.

“Give me one more pretty girl, just one more.” I growl as her body continues to spasm and her moans nearly wake the dead. My fingers begin to move faster as I lick circles around her clit. Reaching up with my free hand, I grab her neck and squeeze. Her hands are in my hair pulling and twisting, fueling the fire inside me.

“Oh God, Braxton! I’m gonna...” Her words are cut off and her arousal squirts out of her into my mouth, dripping down my chin. I continue to lick up every drop as she shakes and tries to push my face away.

“That’s my good girl, Little Rage.” I praise as she whimpers at my words and I stand.

Before I can turn around, she grabs my wrist and with a smirk says, “I didn’t say I was done. Think you could get me to three?” Where did this angel come from? Holy shit.

I match her smirk with my own and respond. “Tell me what you want and I’ll make it happen.” Now she’s fully smiling.

“Go lay on the bed. Move the pillows so you’re laying flat.” Shit. I never thought I would want to be dominated but fuck, for her, I’ll allow it. Doing as she says, I lay there and wait. Without saying a word, she climbs up and straddles my waist, leaning down and kissing me, allowing me in for my tongue to explore hers. I can slightly feel her body grinding against mine, finding the friction she needs. Our lips separate and she adjusts so that she has a leg on either side of my head.

“I told you I would let you have me for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Eat me like I’m your last meal and be my personal throne.” She commands. Before I can get more than a moan out, she puts her full weight down on my face and I go to work once again. Sticking out my tongue, I let her ride it, finding the pleasure she wants. Watching her face is pure ecstasy. She is beautiful and her moans are music to my ears.

Her thighs begin to shake for a third time but instead of finishing, she hops up and climbs down to my waist, yanking my swim trunks down.

“I never said that I couldn’t use your dick.” With a wink, she lines the head of my cock up with her opening and seats herself fully down. A groan leaves my lips and I lift my hips to try and get deeper. Her pussy feels like no other as my cock slides in with ease. She’s soaked and her tight walls squeeze me like a warm hug. I could die just like this. The demon of a woman leans forward to meet my lips as she rides my dick. Reaching up and gripping her hair, I pull on it, making her chest push out. Her tits are perfect, bouncing as she rides me. She grips the headboard to hold herself steady as I pound into her from below.

All the built up tension leads to my quick release but that doesn’t stop her. She keeps going until she meets her release for a third time, and our moans quiet as we both try to catch our breath.

“You are a fucking menace, Little Rage. I’ll be your seat any time of the day.” She smiles down at me and I grab the back of her head and pull her lips to mine, relishing in the moment.

Sitting up she says, “let’s get going, I need to get a tan while the sun’s up. Oh, and don’t worry, I’m on birth control.” With that, she gets off the bed and heads into the bathroom. Sitting up, I pull my trunks back up and see there’s a wet spot on my shirt and smile. I quickly change my shirt and get myself back together. She comes out of

the bathroom and we head down the stairs and out the door to my car.

Once we're in, she looks over with a smile and says, "I hope you don't mind, but I invited Leighton and Carter to come with us. They're meeting us there." I haven't been on a double date with Carter in years. This should be interesting. Smiling over to her I nod my head and turn some music on.

We pull up to the door of her apartment building and she looks over at me sweetly. "Come in with me?" She asks, batting her dark lashes and sticking her bottom lip out. I can't help myself so I gently put my thumb on her lip and pull down.

"Whatever you want, Baby Girl." I may have only known this girl for a small amount of time, but she fits me and all my demons perfectly. I refuse to let her go. Getting out of the truck, I walk over to her side and open the door for her. Smiling, she gets out and takes my hand into hers, pulling me towards the building.

Once we get up to her unit, she opens the door and lets me in. I've never seen such a nice apartment. Everything is clean and sleek. Not even a dirty dish in the sink. She pulls me through the hallway and into a room, which I'm assuming is hers. Her bedroom is just as pristine and everything has its own place. I watch her go through her drawers until she finds the bikini she's looking for. Without a second thought, she undresses until she's completely naked and I feel all the blood rush to my cock at seeing her body again. You wouldn't think I was just inside her thirty minutes ago with how turned on I am. She sees me watching and giggles quietly. Walking towards her, I trail my hands across her perfect body. Gently down her face, over her breasts, and down her soft stomach as her breathing becomes more rapid and uneven. I move down her hip and the apex of her thighs until my hand finds her already wet cunt and I pop a finger inside. She moans, grabbing my wrist.

"One more?" She looks up at me through her lashes with a smirk on her face. Hell, I'll never say no. Dropping to my knees, I lift her leg over my shoulder and start

eating her, fast and hard. “Fuuuck.” She says as her head falls back and her mouth hangs open. “Don’t stop, please don’t stop.” Smirking to myself I keep going and moving my fingers in and out with ease. Her orgasm rocks through her body and I slowly release her leg back to the floor, licking my lips clean.

Standing, I kiss her forehead and tell her, “You’re a goddess and I’d fall to my knees for you every single day just to get a taste of your sweet essence.” Picking up her bikini, I start dressing her.

“My turn.” She raises an eyebrow and slowly drops to her knees, trailing her nail up my thigh.

Before I can even register what is going on, she has my trunks down and the head of my cock is hitting the back of her throat. She licks up and down the shaft, swirling her tongue around the tip. This is by far the best blowjob I’ve ever gotten. Not to mention, she is a sight to behold on her knees for me. Gripping her hair, I start fucking her face, racing towards the release I need. Once I reach it, she holds me in her mouth, swallowing every last drop.

“Fuck, you are absolutely amazing.” I can barely get the words out through my ragged breathing as I try to come down.

She stands and kisses me slowly before breaking away. Once her breathing is under control, she throws on a pair of tiny jean shorts and sandals. Her body is absolutely out of this world.

“I don’t care what we do the rest of the day, but this is mine tonight.” She grabs my dick through my pants and plants a soft kiss on my cheek. I don’t even know what to say so I just nod my head. There’s not enough words to explain the way she makes me feel. Once again, she grabs my hand and we head back out to the truck and hop in, heading to our next activity of the day.

Thirty minutes later, we park at the lake and I see Carter and Leighton docking a boat. Walking down and climbing into the boat, I give Carter a curious look.

“Ohhh daddy Braxy, I know you missed me!” He ruffles my hair and hands me a beer. Leighton and Dani are hugging and giggling between themselves at the front of the boat.

“Where the fuck did you get this thing? It’s not a small rental boat, that’s for sure.”

He laughs and speaks, “It’s Leighton’s boat. She told her dad we were coming today and he had this beast at the slip by the time we got here. She said he bought it for her. Apparently she’s the heiress to a multi billion dollar company and comes from money.” What the fuck? I just nod my head and raise a brow at him. The girls come over and I throw my arm around Dani, holding her close. Carter picks up Leighton and sits in one of the seats next to us, kissing her neck. I guess they’ve gotten comfortable together too. It’s weird seeing him so loving. Every girl he’s dated before hasn’t been for more than a few days. Though, it’s the same for me.

After everyone has a drink and we figure out where we want to go, we head out onto the water. The lake is massive with different islands and beaches around it. We decide to go to an island at the center of the lake. It’s about a five minute ride to get there. Once we arrive, Carter and I dock the boat, help the girls out and grab the coolers. We brought enough alcohol, food, and games to keep us entertained for the day. Watching Dani and Leighton together is surreal. Dani is so beautiful and watching her laugh with her best friend, it’s so genuine it makes my heart skip a beat. I see Carter setting up blankets and a tent on the sand, so I head over to help him out.

“I’ve never seen you look at a girl like that.” He hadn’t even looked up at me before speaking. His words made me fumble over my own.

“She’s incredible. I’ve never had this much of a pull towards someone before.” He

turns to look at me and gives me a small smile.

“I can tell. You look happy when you’re with her.” I stew over his words for a moment. Relationships have never been something I have been successful with, so hearing the words from him help me come to terms with how I’m truly feeling about her.

“I am.” He nods his head at me as if he knows exactly how I’m feeling.

Carter walks past me towards the girls, patting my shoulder on the way. I fall in line and start walking towards my girl. Daniella Rossi is going to be my downfall.

CHAPTER 5

Leighton

Being here with my best friend, seeing her so happy again is surreal. Feeling my own happiness in the way I've craved for so long still has me second guessing if it's real. Carter and I have been spending so much time together lately and I feel like I can truly be myself with him. As Carter walks towards us, my joy is extreme and I run to him. When I reach him, I jump and he catches me, spinning in circles and making me laugh. It feels too good to be true.

Carter places me back on the ground, tangling his fingers in my hair, he pulls my head back so I'm looking up at him. "You look beautiful when you laugh."

I can feel the red creeping up my neck onto my cheeks. I'm not used to guys speaking to me with this much admiration. Smiling at him, I lean up and gently kiss his lips. "Thank you, Sweet Boy." His care for me has felt like a dream. The past few weeks have been nothing but pure happiness. We had both agreed to keep things between us quiet just so we could feel it out since we've both had such shit luck in love. When we found out that both of our best friends had been hanging out, it felt like the right time to start doing things in public.

We all decide to go for a swim in the lake so I undress until I'm down to my bikini and walk over to the tent to throw my clothes in my bag. While in the tent, I feel a hand start sliding across my stomach and instantly smelling the smoky scent of Carter. Standing up right, I lean back against his chest and reach my hand up behind his head to play with his hair as he lowers his hand right where I need his touch.

A moan escapes my lips as he plunges two fingers inside me, pumping them slowly at first. Kissing and sucking the side of my neck, he picks up speed until the sound of my arousal is audible. My knees feel weak from the sensations in my body. Without warning, he removes his fingers and pushes down on my shoulder until I drop to my knees.

Walking around to stand in front of me, he pulls his swim trunks down to reveal his growing erection. Using a finger to pull my chin up, there's determination on his face.

"Stick your tongue out and swallow my cock, Sunshine." He doesn't need to tell me twice. Sticking out my tongue, he shoves his dick in my mouth until he hits the back of my throat. His moan makes me that much wetter. He fucks my face, and I grip and scratch his thighs, until his cum shoots down the back of my throat. The salty taste of it turns me on more.

Standing on my feet, I look at him, waiting for his next command. He gestures to the cooler on the other side of the tent. "Bend over and put your hands on it. Spread your legs for me."

Walking over, making sure to give him a view, I do as he says. Within seconds, Carter is kneeling behind me. Spreading my legs wider, he licks, bites and sucks on my clit as I moan out in pleasure.

The words come out in pieces between moans. "More, oh please! Fuck me!" Before I have time to think about what he's doing, Carter has stopped and stood up, abruptly shoving his cock into me. He pumps hard and fast, gripping my hips in his hands. The burn is a delicious sensation as my body ignites in flames with the roughness he's using. Carter reaches up with one hand, wrapping his fingers in my hair. He gives a sharp tug, pulling me to lean against his chest. His other hand trails down my hips, dipping into my wet center, circling my clit. I'm left gasping for air. The feeling is

almost too much, and not nearly enough at the same time. Our moans mingle, and with one last thrust we both reach our climax. Still inside me, Carter and I struggle to catch our breath. Once we finally do, he slowly pulls out of me, reaching behind him to grab a towel. Slowly and gently, he wipes me clean.

After redressing, we emerge from the tent to see that Dani and Braxton are back on the boat and seem to be drunk. I'm not sure how long we were in there but clearly it was just long enough. Walking over, Dani gives me her drunken side smile and says with a slur, "where did youuuu two go?" I can't contain my laughter. Drunk Dani is my favorite. In these moments she feels so much joy and contentment.

"I was just putting my clothes away in the tent, I also had a quick drink." Dani gives me her 'I know what you did' look with an exaggerated mhm. This woman knows me all too well, but I know she's happy for me.

Checking my phone, I see that it's 2PM. The day is just flying by. Looking over, I see Carter running towards the bow of the boat. As soon as he gets to the edge, he jumps, doing a backflip into the water.

"Let's go boys and girls!" He yells out before splashing in the water.

We all break out into a laugh before running and jumping in after him. The water is warm and everything feels perfect. Carter swims up to me and I wrap my legs around his waist. I bring my arms up, circling them around his neck before gently kissing him on the lips.

"Thank you for today, I needed this." He kisses me again and pulls me closer. Looking over to Dani and Braxton, she's on his shoulders with her head thrown back, laughing at something he said. You can see the connection they have and I couldn't be happier for her.

A few hours later, we're back on the beach, packing up our things. Carter was throwing a bonfire next to the cornfield tonight and we had to get ready. Once we have everything packed, we climb back onto the boat. Heading back, we dock before going to our respective cars. Looking at Braxton and Dani, I smile.

“See you tonight. Nobody gets to chicken out on drinking!” With that said, I hop in the passenger side of Carter’s Jeep as they all laugh. Carter gets in beside me and instantly starts the music up. Post Malone plays as we sing along the entire way back to his place. Carter belts out every word with no ounce of stage fright in sight. His happiness radiates off of him. Undoing my seatbelt, I stand on my seat, half out of the top of the Jeep with my hands in the air. I feel free.

Getting back to Carter’s, I can feel the sand still on my skin and decide to shower. “Shower with me? Promise I’ll make it worth it.” Carter gives me a flirty wink and chases me up the stairs. He catches me at the top, picking me up and throwing me over his shoulder and walking towards the bathroom. His hand is curved around my thigh, so close to where I truly want him. I can feel my insides burning with want.

With me still over his shoulder, Carter turns on the water then places me on my feet. He pulls his shirt over his chest revealing his tattoos and toned body. I return the gesture and remove my bikini top, dropping it to the floor. We continue the dance with each piece of clothing until we are both completely naked, standing there, staring at each other. Slowly, he walks over and grabs my hand, walking backwards into the shower.

Feeling the hot water on my skin, I instantly relax, stepping closer to Carter. He wraps me in his arms and holds me close, placing his lips on my head, looking down at me. “You are the most gorgeous little thing to ever step into my life, Sunshine.”

The last two months of being around Carter have been just like this. He makes me feel like royalty and has done everything in his power to ensure that I’m happy and

taken care of.

Looking up at Carter, I can't help but smile and thank him. He's this big guy covered in tattoos that literally murders people but all I can see is this perfect, loving, goofy, gentle giant. When he told me about what he did, I was shocked at first but the more he explained it, the more okay with it I was. I'm not new to death. My father owning his company has shown me many sides of people.

Rich men will do whatever is necessary to ensure their assets are safe.

My childhood was very different from other kids. We moved a lot and I was always enrolled in a private boarding school. I didn't have any friends because of this. Sure I met a lot of people at each school, but those friendships never stuck. Not until Dani. We met at a random party in college when she spilled her drink all over the front of my dress. She was so apologetic and sweet and when we got to talking, we learned how much we really had in common. We have been inseparable ever since. I would not trade my best friend for the world.

All too soon, shower time ends and Carter steps out, kissing my forehead on the way. Wrapping himself in a towel, he grabs one for me as I shut the water off. Walking over to me, he wraps me in the biggest bath towel that I have ever seen. Seeing the look on my face, he chuckles.

"I didn't want you to be cold. The heated floor can only warm so much." The urge to kiss him runs through me so I do just that. As the kiss gets more passionate, the big towel drops to the floor and my body becomes heated with lust. Our tongues dance around for dominance while our hands roam each other's skin.

Breaking the kiss, I look up at him with desire in my eyes. "How much time do we have?"

His eyes darken as they rake over my body. “Enough.” In one quick motion, he has my legs wrapped around his waist and his lips on mine, walking to his bedroom.

Once in, he drops me to the bed and flips me over, pulling my hips up so my knees are under me. “Stay just like that. Keep that pretty pussy and tight ass in the air.” I’m struggling to catch my breath as I pant through the rush of adrenaline. When he returns, I get no warning before his head is between my legs and there’s a vibration on my most sensitive area. Gasping, the pleasure hits me almost instantly. My body begins to shake from the sensations I’m feeling all at once. Right when I’m about to explode, he stops.

“FUCK! Why did you stop? Please!” I hardly recognize myself begging like this.

“Patience, Sunshine.” Patience my ass. I feel like he just gave me blue balls. Next thing I know, he flips me on to my back and puts my legs over his shoulders, ramming himself inside me. I can’t even get words out, just screams and moans. Carter doesn’t relent. He continues slamming into me at full force and my toes start to go numb. “Fuck. You’re so wet. Sing for me, Pretty Girl.” His words flow through me and my moans get louder. Fire swirls in my lower stomach and I’m overcome with pure ecstasy as I reach my peak and release. It only takes Carter a few more pumps before he gets to that point and releases inside of me. “You don’t get to clean yourself this time. I want you to feel me inside of you the rest of the night.” Holy fuck.

An hour later, we’re both in sweatpants and sweatshirts as the temperature outside has cooled down. We pack up what we need for the night and walk outside to Carter’s Jeep. Once I’m in my seat, I send a quick text to Dani.

Me: Heading to the field now! See you there!! Xoxo

Dani: Can’t wait!

Putting my phone away with a smile, I turn to the back seat to put my blanket back there but what I see leaves me curious. Carter's skull mask from The Pursuit sits on the seat, staring at me.

"Why is the mask back there?" He turns to me with a smirk.

"Braxy and I decided we're gonna have some fun with you girls tonight." Who the hell knows what that means. Those two are wild cards and there's only one way to find out.

CHAPTER 6

Daniella

Bonfires at the field involve a little off roading since there is no direct path to the spot we're heading to. The ride is bumpy and I realize that the lacy bralette I wore was not a good idea. It's like having water bags on your chest that are just being thrown around. Goddamn. I try holding them in place by crossing my arms over my chest tightly. Thankfully, it's only a few minutes before we get there. The sun is just setting and the stars are starting to come out. Nighttime is my absolute favorite. Especially out here where you can fully see the night sky.

Carter already has the fire going and there's probably ten to fifteen people here. The overachievers got here early. Getting out of the truck, I meet Braxton halfway and he throws his arm over my shoulder as we walk towards everyone. Leighton's face instantly brightens when she sees us. She runs to me and hugs me tight.

"I just saw you a few hours ago, why are you so excited?" As soon as the words leave my mouth, I smell the vodka on her breath.

"I just love you so much and I'm happy you're here. Carter keeps trying to jump over the fire like an idiot." I'm not even slightly surprised by that statement. If there is one thing that I've learned about Carter, it's that he's obsessed with fun and he'll try anything at least once. He's goofy but he sure is entertaining.

Lei drags us over to the cooler where all the beer and liquor is.

“Shot?” I’m surprised to turn and see that it’s Braxton who is offering. I smile and take the cup and lime he’s holding out to me. I take a quick whiff and can tell right away that it’s tequila. Saying a quick prayer I don’t gag, I tilt the cup back and swallow the liquid, feeling the burn down my throat and into my stomach. I quickly shove the lime in my mouth, squeezing the juice to cover the taste of the tequila. A shiver wracks my body but against my better judgment, I pour myself another then add some to Braxton’s cup.

“OOOHH! Dani wants to have some fun tonight!” Leighton is hopping up and down clapping her hands and smiling. Looking at Braxton, we both down our shots and laugh.

Suddenly there’s cheering behind us and I turn around to see what it’s about. That dipshit Carter, is sprinting towards the fire at full speed before he jumps and lands on the other side.

“LEI DID YOU SEE ME!? I TOLD YOU I COULD DO IT!” I know Leighton is mad, but the look on her face shows how much of a soft spot she has for him. I think she admires him a little more than she lets on. He’s afraid of nothing and does everything for the experience whereas Lei was taught to be afraid of everything because of who her father is. Her childhood echoes mine, as fun was never a thing.

Leighton takes off towards him, wrapping her arms around him and kissing his cheeks. I can see how much she cares for him and it makes me happy to see her so happy. Laughing, I turn back to face Braxton.

“How have you handled him for so long?” A genuine smile appears on his face and I feel like my heart just stopped. He’s so perfect.

“He may be an idiot, but he cares more than anyone I’ve ever met. He loves his people and will always have their backs. Besides, he wouldn’t ever leave me alone,

even if I asked him to.” You don’t see many friendships like theirs. The two of them are the perfect duo and anyone can see that.

We make ourselves a drink and head back over to the fire with everyone else. We spend a while just laughing and talking about the past few weeks. After several hours and many more shots, my vision is a little bit blurry. The sun went down an hour ago and the fire was the main source of light.

“Ladies and gentlemen! Attention here please!” I look over to see Carter standing on a hay bale holding a flashlight. “Some of us guys decided to participate in something fun tonight and kept it as a surprise for the ladies.” I look over at Braxton and gulp as Carter continues speaking. “It was brought to our attention that the location of The Pursuit had made it too easy for the predators to find their prey. So collectively, we decided that tonight, we are giving the ladies a redo. This time through the cornfield.” My eyes widen and I look back over to B to see him already smirking at me. Looking down at his hand, I notice he’s holding the same mask he wore last night. Guess that means I’ll be running through a cornfield tonight. Thank fuck I wore sneakers.

There is an eruption of applause from everyone around as they all get excited over the events that will unfold tonight. I can’t help but laugh in my drunken state, but the idea of running away from Braxton through a creepy cornfield makes my stomach feel a little queasy. In my peripheral, I can see a guy I’ve never seen before awkwardly standing away from everybody leaning against a tree. I don’t know what it is about him, but it seems like there is a negative energy that comes from him. Something about him is making me feel uneasy but I try to shove the feeling down and pay attention to everyone else.

Everyone starts to get up and the guys all start putting masks on that I didn’t realize any of them had. The girls are all getting excited and everyone starts walking towards the field. Carter walks to the front of the group and makes another announcement.

“As this is the first time we’re doing this in the field, for safety reasons, just make sure that everybody has a cell phone on them just in case anything were to happen. We all know the rules, ladies get a head start. 3.... 2.... 1.... GO!”

With that, the females begin to run down the main path in the middle of the field. Once we get a little further in, everyone starts to follow a different path and go in opposite directions. I find myself alone with only the moonlight to see. The field is eerie at night and I can feel my paranoia taking over. The wind is slightly blowing so the dried up corn stalks are swaying and rustling.

Behind me, I can hear footsteps and my heart starts to beat a little faster, not knowing who it could be. I stay as quiet as possible, and look for any sign of a glowing LED mask in the dark, but I see nothing. Still trying to stay quiet, I start to move a little quicker away from the sound, but as I pick up the pace, so do the footsteps behind me. The paranoia takes over entirely and my anxiety skyrockets and I start sprinting full speed ahead. I don’t have a good feeling about this at all.

As if I was in some kind of terrible scary movie, I trip over a fucking rock and land face first in the soil. I lay there trying to regain my composure before I try to run again. Weight settled over me, bending me under the pressure until my breath hitched. I know that screaming won’t help since I can hear others around me screaming as well.

“Well look who we have here. I was aiming for the blonde bitch but you’ll satisfy my needs all the same.” The voice sends chills down my spine. This isn’t Braxton. I spit out my next words with as much hatred as I can muster.

“Fuck you! You’re fucking pathetic!” All I get in return is a dark chuckle and that unsettles me deeply.

I try to calm my panic and feel the ground around me for something that might help. I

find another rock just a few inches away and slowly pick it up. I start bucking and fighting until finally the weight lifts off and I can hear a grunt and then a thud next to me. As quickly as I can, I scramble to my feet with the rock in my hand.

“You fucking bitch! I just wanted to have some fun, but now I’ll make it hurt.” The fucking audacity of this lunatic.

“Unfortunately for you, I like the pain.”

I can see his face more clearly and can tell that it’s the man from earlier that was leaning against the tree. I should have trusted my gut and said something earlier. Any of the other girls could be in my position right now. Before I can even think, he swings his arm towards my side and I feel a burning pain. Looking down to see a small knife sticking out of me. He fucking stabbed me! My anger surges through me alongside the pain. Why is it that each “pursuit” someone tries to assault me?! This cocksucker picked the wrong girl tonight. Feeling my internal rage bubble to the surface, I swing my arm with all my might. The rock connected with his head but he remained standing.

Suddenly, he’s on the ground grunting and somebody is on top of him. Getting a closer look without completely closing the distance, I see Braxton. I shouldn’t be turned on by this right now. What’s wrong with me? The instinct to protect B hits me and acting quickly, I run over to the two and swing the rock, making contact with the stranger's face. I don't stop swinging until his movement ceases. Braxton stands and walks behind me, gently pulling me back by my shoulders. He walks back over and looks down at the blood pooling around the body, then turns to face me again. There's a sparkle in his eyes and I recognize his desire running through him.

My adrenaline is pumping and I barely feel the pain from the knife sticking out of me. Without thinking, I walk to him and grab his face, bringing his lips to mine. Pulling at the hem of my sweatpants, he yanks them down to my ankles. Leaning

down, Braxton swipes at the blood and gives me a devious look. He slowly reaches down to where I want him most, keeping eye contact the entire time.

“You handled that so well, Little Rage. You defending yourself has got to be one of the sexiest things I’ve ever seen. I love seeing you covered in blood like this. It turns me on.” Between his words, he starts to pump his fingers in and out of me, still covered in the man’s blood. It feels so wrong but it also feels so right. I’m so turned on that it doesn’t take long for me to cum. Who knew blood would make it that much more exciting? “Good girl.” Fuck I could listen to him call me a good girl all day every day. Just like before, this death means nothing to me. The gears in my brain aren’t working to comprehend what happened. I simply just don’t care. Looking at Braxton, I give him a flirtatious smile as I pull my pants back up.

“Still up for a chase, pretty boy?”

Without hesitation he responds. “Start running, Little Rage.” Before the words fully leave his mouth, I’m running as fast as I can away from him. The pain from the knife starts to surface, but my adrenaline level is high and I refocus my brain to push myself faster.

A few seconds later, I hear his footsteps behind me and run until I can find somewhere to hide. I don't know where I end up, but I’m no longer in the cornfield. I’m in the woods but that doesn’t stop me. I keep running until I reach a river with sand on the bank. My adrenaline comes crashing down and I stumble to sit in the sand, the pain from where the knife protrudes finally hitting me full force. “Fuck,” I hissed to myself, before my vision blurs until I see nothing but black.

CHAPTER 7

Braxton

Dani is way more badass than I thought. How could I have not noticed that she was fucking stabbed? Finding her next to the river passed out and bleeding, I internally beat myself up over the fact that I let her run the way she did. I swear to God this woman is by far the sexiest thing I have ever encountered. I should be freaking out, but here I am, completely turned on by her mental toughness. She's been put in a terrible situation because of me more than once and both times, she's handled it by killing both men. A normal guy would leave her behind, but I'm not normal and I'm not going anywhere. When I found her on the sand, I picked her up and carried her back to my truck and brought her to my house. I instantly called the doctor that I had hired for situations like this. He was in and out in no time, removing the knife and getting her stitched up and bandaged. For a while, I just laid in bed next to her and watched her sleep peacefully. I knew she would be out for a while due to the medications the doctor gave her but I still wanted to be around in case.

She's been asleep in my bed recovering for almost a full thirty-six hours and I don't know what to do with myself. I've just sat in the room and watched her to make sure that everything was okay. I start to doze off until I hear a little whimper come out of her mouth and I shoot upright in the chair that I'm sitting in. Unsure if I am just hearing things or if it really happened, I stand up and walk to the bedside. Looking down at her, her eyes start to flutter open, and I smile.

"Welcome back, Little Rage." She looks confused and in a daze.

“What the actual fuck happened?” I can’t help but laugh because this girl has the mouth of a sailor.

“You were stabbed in the cornfield and you’ve been sleeping it off for a while. I had a doctor come remove the knife and stitch you up. I already had Leighton call into work for you so you have the day off.” She gave me a sleepy smile and nodded her head slightly.

“Do you need anything? Can I grab you food or something? Maybe water?” She shook her head and slowly rolled over more to face me.

Before I can protest, she grabs my hand and pulls me into the bed next to her and wraps her arms around my neck. I see her wince at the pain from the movement but she doesn’t say anything.

“Thank you, B. I’m happy you’re here. I appreciate you taking care of me.” I tell myself to be cautious since she needs the time to heal and gently wrap my arms around her, kissing her head and holding her close.

“I would do it a million times over.” She quietly hums in contentment and it puts a smile on my face. She feels safe and comfortable around me and that’s all I could ask for.

After a few minutes, I can hear her quiet snores and a sense of calm washes over me. I listen to her slow breathing and feel the beat of her heart against mine. I don’t want to imagine a life without my Little Rage. I close my eyes with no intention of falling asleep, but laying here, with her, just feels all too natural and I let my exhaustion take over.

I’m shocked awake by Dani whimpering in her sleep, and I gently shake her trying to wake her up. She’s sweating and tears are streaming down her face, so I shake a little

harder until finally her eyes open up and she looks at me.

“I’m so sorry. I have these nightmares sometimes about my past and my body has the same reaction to it every time.” We haven’t talked about our pasts at all since meeting, so her admission surprises me.

“You don’t have to apologize for anything and if it’s something that you need to talk about, I’m all ears.” I gently push some of the hair away from her face and wipe the tears from under her eyes. She looks broken and it crushes my heart.

“I just had a hard childhood growing up. My dad was an alcoholic and he used to hit my mom and they would get into fights almost daily that would leave her bruised and battered. I was always too embarrassed of it, so I never kept anybody close to me. One day when I came home from school, things were so bad that I went and hid in the cabinet underneath the bathroom sink, like I normally did when things got rough. This time was different though because it didn’t take long for the fighting to subside. When I walked out of the bathroom, I saw my father, walking out of the door with a knife in his hand. I went through the house to search for my mother, and when I found her, she was dead on the floor in their bedroom with her organs laying next to her and her throat slit. After that, I kind of dissociated through the rest of my childhood, and continued to have these nightmares through the years and as I got older. I always thought that I should go to therapy or something, but I can’t get the image of my mother out of my head.”

For fuck’s sake, this poor girl. No wonder she’s full of so much fire.

“I’m so sorry you went through that, Dani. I’ll do whatever I can to help you.” I kiss her forehead and hold her close to me.

“Can you order pizza and watch movies with me to help?” I chuckle and nod my head, getting up to grab my phone and place an order for delivery. I walk downstairs

to the living room and bring up a bunch of movies on the TV. I remember I have those break and bake cookies in my fridge because Carter likes to hoard them and make them when he's over. Going into the kitchen and grabbing the package, I grab a baking sheet and place it on the counter. When I start placing the cookies on the sheet, I feel Dani's little arms circle around me and she places her head on my back, sighing quietly. When I'm done placing the cookies on the sheet, I turn and wrap my arms around her, returning her hug. I never thought I could be so easily comforted by someone else. We just stand there for a few minutes before the doorbell goes off. I set the oven to preheat then head to the door to grab the pizza and pay the driver. When I returned to the kitchen, Dani had already placed the cookies in the oven and she smiled at me.

"I love those cookies. Especially during the holidays." I smile back and walk to the island to place the pizza box down, grabbing a plate for each of us. Dani puts two slices on her plate and I put three on mine.

Once we were situated and the cookies were out of the oven cooling, we go to the living room and get comfortable on the couch. Dani had decided on *The Nightmare on Elm Street* and I can't say I'm surprised. Horror suits her well. Looking over, I admire her long black hair and the tattoos on her skin as she bites into a slice like she hasn't eaten in years. The pizza grease on her lips exaggerates the perfect shape and the plumpness of her bottom lip. If you had asked me when I was younger what kind of girl I could see myself with, Dani would be the epitome of her. She's perfect for me in every way imaginable. I'm so consumed by her perfection that I don't even realize she's looking back at me. Shit.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer, weirdo." She laughs and it makes my heart melt.

Before thinking about it, I grab her face and bring it to mine without touching. "You are the definition of perfection. I would freeze hell over to see you smile. I would skin myself alive to hear your laugh just once. You don't see your worth, but I sure

do. Obsessed is an understatement, Angel.” A tear falls from the corner of her eye and I’m afraid I said something wrong but then she responds.

“My entire life, nobody except Leighton has made me feel like I matter. Then you come along and make me feel like I’m the only one to exist in your world and I’m afraid that I’ll ruin you the way that I’m ruined.” Her words shock me. I knew she was broken but not that broken. Gripping her chin and turning her head to face me, I stare directly into her hypnotic eyes.

“You are not ruined. You are my heaven and my hell. You are a religion that I willingly will lose myself in. Dani, you’re the most beautiful woman that I have ever laid my eyes on, inside and out. I see you and I understand you. I still want you and I always will.”

Hearing Dani speak of herself so negatively angers me beyond what I thought possible. I will burn the world to ashes to make sure that every single person who wronged my Little Rage never breathes the same air as her again.

Her tears flow freely now. Her sadness is killing me and I just want to do whatever I can to make her smile. She looks away, opening and closing her mouth like she has something to say. I speak again, hoping to reassure her.

“You don’t have to talk about anything you don’t want to, Dani. Everything can go at your pace.” Turning back to me, she gives me a soft smile.

“I’ve just never had anyone tell me something like that. Or even cared I guess. People have always told me that I’m fine and I don’t want to be fine. I want to feel comfortable in my skin and not feel like a toy. I want to feel good about myself and I don’t...unless I’m with you, B. My past has continuously broken me down and made me feel like I’m less than everyone else, but not you. You make me feel good. You make me feel heard. I need a change that will really make me happy with myself.

And that's what I'm going to do. Is there a salon around here?"

Her change in tone shocks me. "I want you to feel as beautiful and worthy as you are. If you want to make a change then do it. I can take you to the salon now if you'd like?" Her smile is big now, genuine.

"No no, I want to surprise you. I have something I've really been wanting to do. Can I borrow your truck?" What the hell just happened? Whatever it is, I'll give it to her.

"Sure, whatever you need!" She slowly gets up off the couch, trying not to agitate her wound. Leaning down and placing a hand on my cheek, she kisses me on the lips slowly, then tousles my hair before heading upstairs. Pulling out my phone, I dial Ryn's number and let her know that Dani is coming in. I tell her to charge my card with whatever the total comes to.

Moments later, Dani comes down the stairs in her jean shorts and one of my old t-shirts. I could get used to her in my clothes. Handing her the keys to my truck, I follow her outside to see her off. Before getting in, she kisses me again and my cock tingles. Fuck. She drives off and I head back inside to finish my pizza that I never ate.

CHAPTER 8

Daniella

Getting to the salon was a breeze. Valet parking pulled the truck around to the lot on the side of the luxury salon. Something tells me I'm about to spend an arm and leg here.

Walking in, the lady at the desk asks for my name. When I tell her, it seems like she already knows who I am.

"Would you like a drink? We have still and sparkling bottled water, sodas, coffee, wine, martinis, beer, and various pressed juices!" Jesus, this place is for rich people.

"Do you have white wine?" She gives me a kind smile.

"Yes we do, I'll pour you a glass. You can take a seat over in chair three and your stylist will be right with you." I nod a thank you and go to sit in the chair. I feel like royalty here so far. Maybe I don't mind spending the money if this is how they treat people.

The receptionist brings my glass over and wraps a cape around my shoulders. A second later, a beautiful woman with amazing high contrast black and blonde hair approaches me.

"Hey Dani, I'm Ryn! We knew you were coming in because Braxton gave me a call. I'm Carter's sister, nice to meet you!" She's fucking gorgeous.

“Hi Ryn, it’s so nice to meet you. I adore your brother.” She laughs a little, shaking her head.

“He’s a disaster waiting to happen. So let’s focus on you! What did you want to have done today?” I think for a second, making sure it’s what I really want.

“I want to keep my natural black color but I want to do a split dye in the front. Blonde on one side and red on the other. I need a change and I’ve never done anything with actual color.” She smiles brightly and seems to get a little excited.

“That’s going to look absolutely amazing on you! It will definitely make your eyes pop even more! Let me mix up some color and we’ll get started.”

A few hours later, Ryn has finished my hair and I feel like a whole new person. I didn’t get too much changed but the difference it makes is insane. I can’t stop staring at myself in the mirror.

“Soooo what do you think? I absolutely love it!” I look at Ryn in the mirror and smile.

“It’s amazing, you did such a good job! Thank you so much!”

She finishes fluffing it up and walks me over to the register. “Your service has already been paid for, so you have nothing to worry about! It was so great to meet you, and I hope I will get the chance to see you again soon!” My service was already paid for? How is that even possible? I walk outside to get back into the truck and start driving back to Braxton’s house.

When I get there, I hop out of the truck and lock the door. Walking up to the front door, I knock, because I don’t wanna be the weirdo that just walks into his house. As soon as he opens the door, my questioning begins.

“They told me at the salon that my service was already paid for... So I’m assuming that was you? Thank you, B...You also forgot to mention that the stylist was Carter’s sister? By the way, I totally would love to hang out with her because she’s awesome.” He didn’t say a word for a couple of seconds, just looked me up and down with his mouth slightly open.

“You look amazing.” I can feel the blush start to creep up my neck and onto my cheeks. Every time he compliments me I can’t help but get a little shy.

“Thank you, I wanted to make a change, but nothing too drastic.” Looking down at me with those eyes, he smiles.

“It was a really good change because holy hell you look fucking hot.” There goes the blush again. This fucking guy.

Smiling and shaking my head, I walk into the kitchen. “Hungry? We could go get dinner or something? I know it’s late and I know you have work tomorrow, so it’s totally up to you.” As soon as he mentions dinner, my stomach starts to growl.

“I guess I could go for dinner. Do you have a Cheesecake Factory around here? I could absolutely devour a slice of cheesecake right now.”

An hour later, we’re sitting at a table at the Cheesecake Factory. Our waitress comes over with a big smile on her face, however, she barely pays me any mind. Her attention is on Braxton with her flirty green “fuck me” eyes. Am I invisible? Does this bitch not see me sitting here with him? I mean sure, sometimes you get the wrong impression but fuck, she hadn’t even looked at me while I was speaking. My mind replays the night of the bonfire, and watching that man’s blood pool around his body on the ground. Shit. I need to get it together. I can’t just kill a girl for flirting with what’s not mine. But he is. He’s very much mine.

We placed our orders and Braxton was shocked to hear me order a whiskey smash. “You’re a whiskey drinker?” His shock makes me giggle.

“Never been one to go for the fruity drinks unless the whiskey they offer is shitty.” He gives me that smirk I’ve seen many times before.

“Hm, a whiskey drinker that’s ready to stab the waitress in the neck. My kinda girl.” Oh God, how did he know.

“I do not want to stab her, I’m not a killer!” He simply just smiles and winks at me.

A minute later, the waitress brings a tray with our drinks. She sweetly places B’s down in front of him, making sure to push her cleavage up near his face. Gag. Turning towards me, she goes to place my drink down, but places it on the edge of the table and the glass falls into my lap, leaving me soaking wet.

“Oops, sorry.”

This bitch didn’t even get anything to help me clean it up. She walks away, swishing her hair and throwing a wink over her shoulder to B. Looking up at him, I’m sure he can see the rage in my eyes.

“Yeah, now I want to stab her.” He laughs before answering.

“We can arrange that.”

After we finish our food, we head outside to the car. “Give me one second, I’ll be right back.” Leaving me confused, he heads back into the restaurant. What the hell is he doing? Waiting a few minutes, he comes back out... with that bitch of a waitress in tow. What the fuck? Hopping into the back seat, she actually pays attention to me.

“I’m so excited! Thanks for letting me join!” I try my best to hide my confusion and give her a nod of acknowledgment. Braxton gets into the truck then looks at me and winks.

“Let’s get this night going, shall we?” I know he can see the confusion written all over my face.

Getting back to his house, my curiosity reaches an all time high as he takes us out back to a little bunker. He turns to the waitress and gives her a sly smile, grabbing her hand and dragging her over to a metal table. He helps her up onto the table, pushing her to lay on her back.

“Oh, sweet Savannah. You made my girl here pretty angry.” He straps her arms and legs to the table using cuffs that are connected to the table by chains. “You spilled her drink and didn’t get her a new one. And you flirted with what’s hers. She didn’t like that very much.”

Did he just say he’s mine? Savannah? What is going on here?

“Because of the way you’ve made my Little Rage feel, I have to let her have some fun with you.” Savannah looks up at him through her lashes then throws a flirty glance my way, licking her lips. Ew. I didn’t sign up for this.

Turning away from her, B looks at me through lust-filled eyes.

“I told you we could arrange it, Little Rage.” He slowly walks towards me, not once taking his eyes off of me. I gulp, not knowing what to say. “Don’t be shy, Angel. I did this for you, so you could let your anger out.” There’s a tingle in my fingers at his words. The fire inside of me ignites.

“You’re too good to me.” I feel the corners of my lips turn up and I start making my

way over to the table. Looking over her, I feel my rage bubble as she looks at me seductively. She really must be fucking dumb.

I spot some medical equipment over on a counter and walk over to grab the chef's knife.

"That's my good girl, Dani. Do what feels natural." Hearing his words, I feel sure about what I'm doing. In one swift motion, I turn and slice the skin on Savannah's leg, not wanting to end the fun too soon. Her screams fill me with joy and my adrenaline rises to the surface.

"You stupid fucking cunt! Why the fuck would you do that? Uncuff me now! I didn't agree to this sadistic shit, fucking psychos!" I can't help but laugh. She wants to act like a bitch while I'm holding a knife? Okay, girl.

"Clearly you don't know how this works, Savannah. If you want to be a bitch, it's going to hurt more, but you're already pissing me off so we're just going to get this over with. You're annoying, thanks for ruining my fun."

Hovering the knife over her throat, I slam it down in the center and twist. Blood pours out and drips down to the floor.

Ripping the knife out of her neck, blood spurts out, splattering on my face. Walking over to Braxton, I hold the knife to his throat and apply pressure.

"I should cut you for encouraging this kind of behavior, B."

Pushing myself tightly against him, I feel his cock swell in his pants. He looks down at me with a smirk.

"Are you flirting with me, Little Rage?"

Fucking hell. He always knows what to say to get me going. The simplest things feel over the top and run right through me every single time.

Putting his hand around my throat, Braxton pushes me back until my legs hit the side of the metal table. Without breaking eye contact, he uncuffs Savannah's limp body and pushes it to the floor. He lifts me to sit on the table and I can immediately feel the blood starting to soak into my pants.

"Be a good girl for me and take your pants off, then lay back. Keep your ass at the edge of the table."

My breathing picks up as I do what he says, feeling the red liquid saturate the strands of my hair.

He gets to his knees and bites my inner thigh until he draws blood and licks it clean. He continues this until he's made his way to my opening. In one long and rough motion, he licks me. Stopping at my clit, he blows a gentle breath, making my legs quiver and a moan slips out of my mouth. He smiles up at me before shoving his tongue in me repeatedly and brings his thumb up to my clit, making small circles. My moaning continues and as he groans his approval, vibrating on my pussy. As I start nearing the edge, he stops and I can't help but yell in frustration.

"Don't fucking stop!!"

He smirks before going back down and licking slowly. My frustration peaks and I pull on the strands of his hair, pulling him deeper. Quickening his pace, he moves up to suck on my clit and pushes his fingers inside me. My hips jolt upwards as he curls them and pumps them in and out while still sucking and licking. I can feel my climax getting closer and my hips move in rhythm with him. Curling my toes and squeezing my thighs around his head, my orgasm surges through me as I scream through my release. He's quick to stand back up as I pant and try to catch my breath.

Pulling his pants down, he reaches over and slides his fingers through the blood. He strokes himself with it, covering his cock before grabbing my hips and ramming inside of me. The pressure is almost unbearable.

“I can’t do it, B. It’s too much.”

His strokes are languid and rhythmic, pulling out until the tip is almost completely out then pushing back in slowly. My frantic breathing picks back up as my arousal spreads through me.

“Mmmm Little Rage, you can take it. Lift your hips for me like a good girl.”

He smirks before quickening his pace, ramming in and out while the table rattles underneath me. The movements leave me breathless and I can barely get out a whimper.

“Your inner darkness is starting to shine, Little Rage. Let me see how deep it runs.”

CHAPTER 9

Braxton

This girl is going to be the death of me.

She's beautiful, funny, so very sexy, and just a good time to be around. Her darkness is coming to the surface more and more and I want to experience it all. I need to know how deep it runs.

Now that we have both come down from the bloody sex high, we're walking back into the house. We are both bloody messes and probably smell like death. She has been through a lot tonight and I would like to make her feel comfortable.

Getting into the house, I grab a bottle of wine and two glasses from the wine cellar.

"Oh you're my savior, I need this." Dani lets out a content sigh and it's adorable. Pouring her a glass, I place it in front of her. She scoots her ass into the stool at the island sipping from her glass then looks at me. "Any interest in a bath?" The spark in her eye tells me it'll be more than just a bath.

"How about a shower first to get rid of the blood, then a nice bubble bath?"

She swallows down the rest of her glass and places it in the sink. Smacking my ass, she grabs the bottle from my hand and runs upstairs without a word. I guess she liked that idea. I never know what's going to happen with this girl. Locking my shock away, I run after her and find her undressing in the bathroom. Goddamn, she's quick.

I watch in silence at her pure beauty. She stands with nothing on, red splatters cover her body along with all of the black ink. She's never looked more beautiful than she does now. Turning around, she sees me and smiles sweetly.

"I didn't realize how sore I was until now. The tub sounds even better so get over here and let's get this shower over with."

Walking over, I turn the water on and let the shower steam up and cover her wound with a waterproof bandage, before stepping in and dragging her with me.

"So how are you feeling after everything today? Do you feel better or does it make you feel worse?" Standing under the shower head, rinsing her hair, she thinks about what I've said before responding.

"I feel good. It's nice that I don't have to bottle up my emotions with you. I know it's wrong and it's never my goal to hurt someone, but in the moment, I feel like I'm on top of the world. I think going through all I did as a kid makes me feel numb to the deaths. In my head, I know how fucked up it is, I just can't help but enjoy the feeling of someone's life in my hands. That makes me sound deranged and like I need to be locked away."

I can see the guilt on her face and it eats away at me. I'm not sure if it's because of the kills, or because she's afraid of how I'll see her for being so honest. Little does she know, my darkness matches hers. Placing my finger under her chin, I pull her to face me and look into her eyes. Staring into those blue eyes is like looking at the most beautiful ocean waves.

"You're not deranged and you do not need to be locked away. You are a human being who has been through hell and back. Give yourself some grace. You are amazing and beautiful and you deserve every good thing that comes to you. I would kiss the ground you walk on to remind you of your worth. Your inner darkness doesn't make

you any less than you are.”

Wrapping her arms around me, she lays her head on my chest.

“Thank you for being you. You never fail to reassure me whenever I need it.”

Kissing her head and hugging her back, we stand like that for a few minutes before I turn her to face away from me and grab the shampoo. I lather it into her hair and she leans into my touch. She turns to rinse it out before grabbing the bottle and repeating the same process on me. I get out of the shower before Dani, starting the bath and adding bubbles. By the time she is done rinsing off in the shower and has gotten out, the tub is full. She quickly steps in, submerging herself in the warm water. She looks over and gives me a sinfully sweet smile.

“Come join me, B.”

Tingles move through my body at her words. As I walk over, she adjusts herself so there is room behind her. Once I'm in, she leans back against my chest and closes her eyes. I don't want to ruin her peace so I wrap my arms around her, pulling her close. Not even a full minute goes by before she's grabbing my hand and placing it on her sweet little pussy. I have an internal battle with myself about whether she wants me to actually use my hand or if it was just a comfort thing. With the horny vixen she is, I mentally slap myself for even second guessing myself.

“Spread your legs for me, baby.”

Her legs fall open and she readjusts to get comfortable. Swiping my finger up and down her slit, she lets out a quiet whimper. She's sore and I don't want to add to the pain so I take things slow and keep it gentle. Swirling two fingers on the bundle of nerves that gets her going most, a moan falls from her lips. I stick a finger inside her and use the base of my palm to keep pressure on her clit. She gasps and it encourages

me to keep going. Slowly, I pump my fingers in and out, when an idea pops into my head.

“We’re going to try something, Little Rage. Hold your breath and don’t come up until you cum. If it gets to be too much, squeeze my hand.”

She turns to look at me with confusion written all over her face. “What? But what if it takes too long?”

Smirking, I gently push her shoulder down until she gives in and her head is submerged. I fully believe in my ability to make her cum quickly. My adrenaline pumps through me as I start to pick up the pace, pumping my fingers in and out quickly. Reaching down with my other hand, I use one to focus on her clit while the other continues the in and out motion. She’s only been under for a few seconds but I don’t want to push my luck so I add more pressure on her clit. Her thighs start to quake and I know she’ll reach the peak any second. Finally, I feel her body shake then relax and I know she came. I quickly pull her up and she pops up, gasping for air. It takes a couple of seconds before she’s able to speak again.

“Jesus Christ I don’t think I’ve ever cum that hard. If that’s what we’re doing, then I want to try something more extreme.”

There’s a sinful look in her eyes and I know I need to kick it up a notch. Standing abruptly, I shock her as I step out of the tub. I hand her a towel.

“Get out. Now.”

I can see the confusion on her face at how stern I’m being with her but I’m turned on beyond belief and if she wants it rough, I’ll give it to her rough. She gets out of the tub cautiously and eyes me. I grab her hand and walk her into the bedroom, pushing her on the bed. Reaching over towards the nightstand, I open the drawer and pull out

the knife that I keep for safety reasons. Her eyes widen slightly with fear but I can also see the arousal.

“What are you going to do? Stab me?”

Smirking at her, I stare into her eyes. “Do you want me to?”

She lets out a quiet gasp. “No. Not again. That fucking hurt.”

“I have other ideas anyway. Lay down.” Slowly, she lays back on the bed, keeping her eyes on me. I approach her, never breaking eye contact. “Do you trust me, Little Rage?”

“Yes.” She’s breathless and starting to pant.

I know she’s getting turned on just by the change in her breathing. Spitting on the knife handle, I slowly pump it in and out of her. I can feel the blade slicing into my hand and it makes the experience all that much better. She’s getting lost in the feeling and moaning loudly. The sting of the blade slicing my hand encourages me to move faster until she’s close to cumming again. I remove the handle and replace it with my fingers. While she’s distracted, I flip the knife in my hand so I’m holding the handle. Parting her legs more, I lightly start carving “Little Rage” into the inside of her thigh. The pain doesn't register at first but once she feels the pain, she screams in shock. The handle is slippery from my own blood. I remove the point from her skin and lick the blood trickling out.

She moans again before rasping out, “keep going.”

Aw shit, say less baby. I continue marking her skin until the words are complete, licking the blood as I go. I have never done something like this. She brings out the darkest parts of me but in the best way.

“Fuck!” She moans out the word while trying to cover the pain she's feeling.

Once I finish my masterpiece, I latch my mouth onto her skin, sucking the blood. It's exquisite. She moans as I suck and turn the knife again to insert the handle into her, slicing my hand even more. It's only right that I let her cum after marking her beautiful skin.

Listening to her moan, despite the pain I've caused her, turns me on to no end. Pulling the handle out, I quickly replace it with my tongue. The mixture of her arousal and blood on my tongue is the most amazing thing I've ever tasted. I hadn't even realized that I had been touching her body until I see the bloody handprints all over her. The fire inside me ignites and I bite down on her clit, making sure it's hard enough to feel but gentle enough not to cause any damage. With the bite and one more lick, she squirts all over my face and the bed.

She's panting and shaking as I continue using my fingers to help her ride out her orgasm. Couldn't have asked for a better night.

CHAPTER 10

Carter

S ix months with Lei and I'm still shocked she puts up with me. She's perfect in every way. Her long blonde curls and perfectly unmarked skin mixed with her sunny brown eyes makes for the most beautiful human. Her bubbly personality is intoxicating. She's smart, funny, sarcastic, and the way she gets overly excited about things she enjoys makes my heart swell. I've never felt this way for anyone and I couldn't imagine doing life without her.

"What are you staring at, Sweet Boy?"

Her voice pulls me out of the trance I was in. Seeing her gorgeous face and knowing she's here with me makes every day better. Her honey brown eyes stare back at me and I notice the sun starting to set over the water behind her. We had come out to the lake a week after our day with Dani and B because she wanted to sit and read her little romance book with the peace of nature.

"Just thinking about how much I want to make your delectable little cunt weep."

Yup that got her. Her eyes widened in surprise before darkening with desire. Walking over to her, I place my hands on her hips and lift her up, walking towards the Jeep. Placing her on the hood, she's at the perfect height. I gently push her chest back to get her laying down and pull off her cheeky bikini bottoms that have had my cock hard for the past three hours.

“Spread them luscious thighs, Sunshine.”

Opening up for me, I pull her to the edge of the hood as she props herself up on her elbows to watch. Starting at her foot, I kiss my way all the way up to where her leg connects to her hip, then repeat on the other leg. Her breathing picks up as my hands massage her thighs, lowering myself a little. Licking one slow line up her slit, a gasp leaves her mouth.

Placing her hands in my hair, she pulls and twists the curls in an attempt to get my mouth closer. Greedy girl. Flattening my tongue, I lick up to her clit then wrap my lips around it, sucking hard. She moans and it’s music to my fucking ears.

“You’re so wet for me, Sunshine.”

Sucking on her clit and pumping my fingers in and out, she erupts with a scream. Nothing turns me on more than watching her faces of pleasure as she reaches her peak. Gripping her ankles, I pull her across the hood, then lift her up and drop her to her feet on the ground.

“Turn around for me.” She gives me a smirk before doing as I say.

“Yes Sir.” Fuck I love when she says that.

Pushing her down by the shoulder so she's laying on the hood, I kick her legs open and thrust up inside her as she screams once more. Something takes over me and my thrusts become faster and harder, getting deeper into my sweet Little Sunshine. Her moans push me to keep going and hold it together for as long as I can.

“How am I supposed to last when your pussy feels this good, Sunshine?”

At my words, she cums with so much force that my dick gets pushed out a little. If

she thinks that's all she'll be getting, she's mistaken. Gripping her golden curls and wrapping them around my fist, I pull her back so she's against my chest and take a step back away from the Jeep. Using my other hand, I pinch her clit as she screams out. Both of our bodies are covered in sweat under the hot sun. Rubbing circles on her clit, another orgasm rips through her with a guttural moan falling from her lips. A few more pumps and I reach my release, coating her inner walls. We both take a minute to come down from the high before I pull out of her. She turns around and kisses me slowly before speaking.

"There is never a dull moment with you, baby."

I smile and walk to the cooler we brought, grabbing her water and grabbing myself a beer.

"Drink up, Sunshine. Wouldn't want you getting dehydrated."

Handing her the bottle, she kisses me again before going and sitting on her chair by the water's edge. She's truly magnificent. I still cannot believe that I was able to land someone as amazing as Leighton. I shouldn't, but I think about how amazing of a mother she'd be almost daily. If there is anyone that I would want to raise children with, it's Lei.

She's supposed to meet my sister and brother-in-law tonight and although I know Ryn will love her, it makes me nervous. I prefer to keep my family life and my love life separate but Ryn has been such a huge part in my life that it only feels right.

Leighton must notice that I am zoned out because she calls over to me.

"You just gonna stare at the water all day or are we gonna pack up and go clean up for tonight?" She winks before standing and folding up her chair, bringing it over to the Jeep.

We drive with the top down because I can't help but want to see the pure bliss on Lei's face as we speed down the street. As a fellow Jeep driver, she feels at ease with the wind in her hair and who am I to tell her no?

We clean up our stuff and throw out our trash, making sure we don't forget anything. Loading up into the Jeep, Leighton connects her phone to the Bluetooth and blasts country music. Being from the south, she has an obsession with it and will listen to it every chance she gets.

After getting back to the house and showering, my Little Sunshine absolutely blows me away with how beautiful she looks. She's wearing a sundress with white cowboy boots and she has little braids in her hair. She is the epitome of sunshine and happiness.

"You look beautiful, Sunshine. Truly beautiful."

The redness creeps up her neck as she gives me a shy smile and kisses my cheek. Ryn wants to meet Lei in a calm setting then go out and have fun so we settle on dinner at the restaurant next to Black Lux. Lei refuses to wear one outfit, so she is bringing a change of clothes with her. I, however, will stay in my jeans and T-shirt.

Once we get to the restaurant, we get to our table where Ryn and Dallas are already waiting with drinks. Ryn instantly jumps up from the table and throws her arms around me.

"You don't visit enough, baby brother! You'd think that considering we live 10 minutes away from each other, you would at least call every once in a while."

Hugging my sister back, I feel a wave of calm wash over me. I know she's right, and I should see the two of them more, but I also know that the lifestyle I live is not something that I want to burden or worry her with.

“I’m sorry, I know that I should be reaching out more and I will work on it. It’s good to see you guys.”

Turning to Leighton, I pull her towards me. My sister’s face instantly lights up as she sees her.

“You must be the infamous Leighton! If my brother actually talked to me, I’m sure I would have heard a lot about you. So instead, I resort to stalking his social media and it certainly looks like you are keeping him happy and out of trouble.”

Leighton begins to loosen up as Ryn pulls her into a big hug.

“It's so nice to finally meet you, Ryn! I have heard so much about you. Carter is so lucky to have a sister that cares as much as you do!”

Once the two are done hugging, my sister introduces my Little Sunshine to her husband, Dallas. It’s weird seeing Dallas be so kind considering he’s always such a total grump. Sometimes I wonder if he’s worse than Braxton.

Once we are all sitting at the table and settled in, we get our drinks and enjoy our dinner. Everyone gets to know each other pretty well and Leighton and Ryn seem to click more than I thought they would.

Two hours go by before everyone is done eating and drinking and we decide it’s time to head over to the club.

CHAPTER 11

Braxton

Dani and I decided that tonight was the night we were going to the club and just having fun. It's also the same night that Carter and Leighton decided they would be there. Something tells me that the girls had planned this one out.

I'm not really one for dancing, but with the way that this little devil woman is grinding against my cock right now, I can't help but move with the rhythm of her hips. We've been here an hour and she has had at least three drinks and I know she's feeling tipsy.

The bass of the music coming from the speakers is vibrating the club so much that I can feel it in my chest. I feel like my cock has been rock hard since the second that we got out onto this dance floor. My Little Rage looks too good not to turn me on. The little demon woman is wearing a skin tight black mini dress that accentuates her curves in the most mouthwatering ways. It's low-cut in the front and she has her hair pulled back. She looks like the sexiest little witch ever.

After a couple more minutes of dancing, I felt a hand run through my hair and quickly turn around to be eye to eye with Carter. Leighton, Ryn, and Dallas are all standing behind him laughing.

"Sup sexy ass! Sorry to interrupt your fuck fest in the middle of the dance floor. Daniella, you look gorgeous as ever, you are really slaying tonight, girl! Daddy Braxy you always look like a whole snack."

I jokingly shove Carter's shoulder and make my way over to the other three to say hello. Giving Leighton and Ryn a hug, before shaking hands with Dallas. Ryn immediately goes over and hugs Dani and introduces her to her husband.

"What brings you all here tonight?" I say, as I look between the four of them, knowing the girls had planned this.

"Little Miss Sunshine and Ryn wanted to have some fun after dinner, so we figured our best option would be to come to the hottest club in the city. Besides, I overheard Leighton and Dani talking about how you guys were going to be here tonight, so I decided that this would be the best night to come so everybody could hang out together. Now enough of the chitchat, let's get some fucking alcohol."

He grabs Leighton's hand and starts pulling her towards the bar, followed by his sister and her husband. Walking over and kissing my girl on the forehead, I grab her hand and we make our way through the crowd to follow the others.

Once everyone has a drink, we make our way to my personal VIP section and sit at a table. It's still amazing to me to see the amount of joy that always shows on Carter's face when he is with Lei. I am grateful my best friend has found someone to bring out a lighter side of him. It's a bonus that my Little Rage's best friend is the one that does it.

"So, how was your dinner?" Dani is looking at the four across the table from us. "I haven't eaten at that restaurant yet, was the food good? I have been searching for a good restaurant in the area." Duly noted, Little Rage.

Leighton smiles brightly before answering her best friend. "Yeah, the food was delicious! The dessert was even better! I am probably going to think about that cr me br l e for the rest of my life. The company is great too! Dani, you didn't tell me that you and Ryn had already met!" I may have forgotten to share that detail with Carter.

Oops.

Ryn is the next to jump into the conversation. "It was probably because she was so beyond obsessed with her hair when she left the salon, that it was the only thing on her mind." She laughs to herself and looks at Dani.

"That's pretty accurate. I've never had color in my hair and Ryn did such an amazing job. I was shocked with the result and then got distracted when I made it back to Braxton's house. I'm glad you two met tonight!" Dani has a look of pure joy on her face. I love seeing the connection that she has with Leighton.

We spent the rest of the night, drinking and having fun on the dance floor, ignoring everyone around us. Overall, it was a fun night and everyone got to know each other a little bit better.

After several hours of socializing, I can see that Dani's social meter is draining. Making the decision to take her home, I text my driver to pick us up out front and we say our goodbyes before leaving.

Once we get back to the house, I can't help but stare at Dani and her beauty. She catches me off guard and breaks me out of my thoughts.

"Well that was fun! We should definitely get together with the four of them more often. Ryn's husband doesn't really speak, does he? I don't know that I heard a word from him, other than him introducing himself."

Ryn's husband has never really been much of a talker so I'm not surprised she caught that.

"He's been through a lot in his life. Once he is more comfortable around you, he'll come out of his shell more. Ryn is always telling me how he never shuts up at home.

He's a really good partner for her though."

She smiles then suddenly there is a loud crack of thunder and the power goes out. Fuck . Her little squeal makes me hard instantly but that will have to wait.

"I didn't realize it was supposed to storm tonight. Do you have candles anywhere?" Her voice is a little shaky and it almost seems like she's scared. I guess when you go through what she's been through, darkness and loud sounds would not be the best thing.

"Yeah, don't let go of my hand." I stand with her hand in mine and turn the flashlight on my phone on.

Walking towards the kitchen, I stop at the little entry table against the wall and pull another flashlight out of the drawer, handing it to her. We head into the kitchen and cross towards the dining room, finding the closet where I keep my emergency items. It is a walk in closet so I pull her in with me, placing my phone down with the flashlight up so it brightens the room a bit.

"There should be a ton of candles in that drawer next to you. Carter has always bought them for me as gag gifts so I don't know what half of them smell like."

She giggles to herself and starts grabbing candles out of the drawer while I grab some extra blankets. After we found what we needed, I grabbed the lighter from the shelf on the wall, and we made our way back out to the living room. Setting the candles up around the room, we light them as we go, getting rid of the darkness in the room. Dani has not left my side, since the lights went out and my heart shatters a little bit knowing that it most likely has to do with her past.

"Well, what now?" I almost can't hear her quiet voice.

“Good question. I have board games, cards, and puzzles under the coffee table, if any of that piques your interest. Carter and I used to get drunk and play them and then end up fighting about who cheated to get to the win.”

This time she let out a genuine laugh, and it truly is a heavenly sound. I could listen to the sound of her laughing all day long.

“A puzzle sounds good!” She smiles at me before walking over to the coffee table and taking out which one she wanted. “Do you still have any wine left? Preferably white if possible.”

“I have a few bottles, do you want to come with me? It’s in the cellar in the kitchen.” She instantly comes to my side and we walk back into the kitchen to go grab the bottle and two glasses. Once we grab what we need, we head back to the living room and settle down on the couch ready to tackle this puzzle. She just so happened to pick the hardest one that I have.

We sit and laugh, while we drink our wine and tell funny stories of our college days. I’ve learned quite a bit about her, and it just makes me want her that much more.

Looking up at her, I notice she’s already watching me.

“Distract me, B.”

Not saying anything, I lift her up and place her on my lap facing me, bringing her legs to wrap around my waist. Gripping her chin between my thumb and finger, I pull her face towards me without our lips touching. Her breathing picks up and she wraps her arms around my neck. Licking my bottom lip, I place my mouth on her neck and kiss down it, licking and sucking along the way. She rocks against me, searching for the friction she needs. I want to draw this out and let it be a lasting distraction. Laying her on her back against the cushions, I kiss her while pinching her nipple through her

shirt, causing her to moan against my mouth.

“Stay right here, beautiful. I'll be right back.”

Quickly making my way to the kitchen, I go to the ice maker and grab a few pieces of ice and place them into a glass. Heading back to the living room to find her gloriously unholy body waiting for me, I take my shirt off and place it over her eyes.

“Do you trust me?” I ask as she smirks.

“Do your worst, baby.”

Smirking, I put an ice cube in my mouth and drag it down from her neck to the apex of her thighs, making sure to circle each nipple. Her gasps urge me on even more, so I drag it down the insides of her thighs. I slowly trail the piece in my mouth up and down her slit so that she feels the coldness. Once it melts, I grab another cube from the glass. Without second thought, I place one side of the ice into her cunt and she gasps and squeezes the cushion below her at the sensation. Pushing it all the way in, I rub circles around her clit quickly with minimal pressure until she cums. The ice cube had completely melted inside her from the warmth, causing the cushion beneath her to become soaked in water and her own cum as it seeped out of her. Licking her pussy inside and out, her legs shake around my head as she moans.

Standing, I pull my pants down and settle back between her legs, pushing my cock in and giving her a second to adjust to the intrusion. She lets out a whimper and I watch my cock go in and out as she scratches her nails down my arms. Her breaths are quick and unsteady.

Quickening my pace, she curses under her breath and lifts her hips to meet my thrusts. Placing my hand around her throat, I grip it firmly, cutting off her air slightly. I lean down to kiss her when she bites into my bottom lip hard enough that I can taste

the copper tang of blood. She sucks my lip into her mouth as she scratches down my back causing droplets of blood to trickle down. The pain mixed with the pleasure is enough to make me cum with a roar.

After that, one orgasm isn't enough. I pull out and jerk my cock a few times to get it hard again. Flipping Dani over, I pull her hips up so she's on all fours and push back into her. Holding her shoulder, I ram into her roughly and reach down to rub circles around her clit. Her moaning picks up and I see my switch blade on the table next to us. Reaching over, I grab it and flip it open. Gently, I carve a heart into her hip as she screams between her moans. The blood drips out and I wipe my thumb over it as she whimpers. Sucking my thumb into my mouth, I lick it clean of the blood and start to pound into her faster.

“Oh fuck! Harder. Yes!”

Her words ignite something within me and I do exactly that. I ram into her harder while she screams my name through her release.

“I'm not done yet, Little Rage. My name sounds so fucking pretty coming from your mouth.”

Gripping her hair in my fist, I pull it until her back is against my chest and pinch her nipple hard. Our bodies slide against each other from the sweat dripping down our skin. I grip her throat and thrust up until I spill inside of her and try to catch my breath. I pull out of her, completely exhausted. Throwing my shorts back on, I head into the kitchen to grab the first aid kit. Once back in the living room, I turn Dani around to clean up the blood from her back and cover it up with a bandaid. I put my shirt on her and look into her gorgeous eyes.

“I have never met someone like you, Daniella. You coming into my club was the greatest gift and I'm so grateful that I get to have you with me.” I smile and she

smiles right back.

“If you’re going to call me your girl, then I might as well stick around.” She winks before kissing me hard and wrapping her arms around my neck, pulling me closer as the lights come back on.

We lay there together, entangled and comfortable. I feel a wave of relief wash over me and I feel like I’m home.

CHAPTER 12

Daniella

Two Months Later

I've spent so much time with Braxton over the past few months that being apart from him just doesn't feel right. Two months of work and only seeing him at night and on weekends should seem like enough but it's not. He's the one person that I want to spend all day every day with.

I had so many projects to get done before I could get to work on the graphics for Black Lux. B gave me the passwords to all the Black Lux social media accounts so I could get started. I'm finally able to spend all day with him and it's been so much fun planning out how he wants the advertising done. He has so many ideas and his excitement over it all has been the most adorable part of the process. I can really tell how much he cares about his club and that he wants it to be perfect.

"Black and silver seems to be what you really want, so I'm going to try and focus on those two colors and just add accents in." He has shown me multiple examples of what he wants, but I don't think he realizes the theme in color.

"Yeah that sounds about right. Color isn't really my thing so the darker we can keep it the better."

We spend a few hours just throwing ideas around until we finally decide on how he wants it all done. We even manage to come up with a new logo for the club.

Once we're done, it's around 6 PM and we decide to order pizza and stay in to watch a movie. We both agree on watching 'The Hills Have Eyes' and order a buffalo chicken pizza because it's Braxton's favorite. Knowing how much I love cheesecake, he orders one for delivery too.

After devouring the buffalo chicken pizza and eating at least half the cheesecake by myself, my eyes start to feel heavy and sleep takes over soon after.

I wake up to the smell of bacon. Checking my surroundings, I realize that I'm in Braxton's bed. He must have carried me upstairs after I fell asleep last night.

Sitting up, rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I get out of bed and go into the bathroom to splash my face with cold water. After drying it off and brushing my teeth, I make my way downstairs to find Braxton in the kitchen, shirtless and cooking breakfast. I want to enjoy the show for just a little bit longer so I stay silent and watch from a distance.

"I am way too aware of my surroundings for you to be able to sneak up on me. I can smell your arousal from here." Fuck. He's not wrong though. I'm definitely turned on by the sight in front of me.

"Don't mind me, I'm just here for the show," I say, as I make my way over to him. He's making chocolate chip pancakes and bacon. Once I see the food, my stomach starts to growl. I guess I woke up at a good time.

Grabbing plates out of the cabinet, he leans down to kiss my forehead before turning the stove off. I grab some silverware and maple syrup and make my way over to the table where the plates and two cups of coffee are waiting.

B looks at me and smiles before speaking. "How did you sleep? You knocked right out after the movie."

“I guess I slept well because I certainly don’t remember being moved from the couch to the bed or even you getting out of bed.” I chuckle to myself. “We might as well soak up the last bits of summer and go to the beach today.” I continue to eat as I wait on his response.

“Beach sounds good. Do you want to invite everyone else?” He eats everything on his plate before I’m even halfway done with mine.

“Definitely! It’s a fun little group for sure!” We have been spending time with Leighton, Carter, Ryn, and Dallas any chance we get, although Ryn and Dallas are busy with their own stuff. We have been an inseparable group and I love every second of it. Ryn fits right in with me and Lei with no problems. It feels like we were all meant to be friends.

I shoot a quick text to Lei and Ryn and they respond almost instantly, confirming they’ll meet us at the beach. I finish my food quickly and put the dishes in the dishwasher before I grab Braxton’s hand and drag him up the stairs with me. I quickly put on a cheetah print bikini top and some cheeky black bottoms before putting on a black hat to complete the look.

Once I’m dressed, I turn to see B wearing black swim trunks and no shirt again. My favorite way to see him... other than his face between my legs of course. At that thought, fire ignites low in my stomach and I smirk at him. He must know what’s on my mind because he bites his bottom lip and slowly walks towards me. I didn’t notice the tie in his hand until he turns me around and ties my hands together. Oh shit.

I squeal as he throws me over his shoulder and walks towards the balcony doors before pushing them open. B places me down on my stomach on the chaise lounge before yanking my hips up and spreading my legs.

“I’m gonna need you to be a good girl for me and soak my tongue with your cum,

Little Rage. And don't you fucking dare hold a single drop back from me. Give me everything." He slaps my pussy hard and I gasp. "Do you understand me? Use your words."

I'm panting at his words. "Yes, Sir!"

Before I can say anything else, he pulls my bottoms down and sucks my clit into his mouth as he fucks me with his fingers roughly. My moans are garbled and the sounds of his fingers in my wet cunt have me thrusting back into him, craving more. He's rough and holds nothing back. My orgasm rocks through violently and my entire body shakes. Before I can catch my breath, he flips me over onto my back, crushing my arms under me in the process. A whimper comes out of my mouth as he dives right back in, sucking my clit into his mouth again, hard. He bites then soothes the sting with his tongue while reaching up and rolling my nipple between his fingers. Looking down, he's already staring back at me and it turns me on more to be at his disposal like this. As my second orgasm hits, I throw my head back and moan, squirting all over his face. I pant, trying to catch my breath.

"One more, Little Rage. I want you to ride my face and work for your pleasure before we go anywhere." He helps me to sit up before untying my hands. One more doesn't sound too bad, so I stand up before walking around and turning him, then push him back on the lounge. I move to straddle his head and hover my slit over his mouth.

"Tongue out, big boy." With no hesitation, his tongue shoots out of his mouth and I gently lower myself, making sure to keep some of my weight off of him.

He grips my hips and lifts me slightly.

"Sit the fuck down on my face, Daniella. I want your full weight on me. Suffocating in your cunt would be the absolute best way to die but that won't happen so fucking sit on my face. NOW." He pulls my hips back down and I do as he says, putting all

my weight down.

He said that I had to work for my pleasure so that's exactly what I do. Placing my hands on the back of the lounge, I rock my hips, making sure that his tongue hits my clit at the perfect angle. He smacks my ass, making me gasp and jump. I pick up speed, moaning loudly as he grunts and growls beneath me. The third orgasm is harder to reach so I change my direction and circle my hips. The sensation sends tingles throughout my body and I slow my pace, adding more pressure by pushing down harder. Fuck this feels good. The moment of numbness before my orgasm hits makes itself apparent and I slow myself even more to feel it longer. As my toes begin to curl and my eyes roll back, I throw my head back and rock my hips once more and my release floods over Braxton's tongue. He makes sure to lick up every single drop, leaving nothing behind as I shake, riding out the orgasm. I lift my weight off of him and stand on shaky legs.

"You're so fucking sexy, Little Rage." I can faintly hear him over the thumping of my heart in my ears.

He helps me step back into my bikini bottoms and lifts me up, carrying me back into the room and closing the door behind us. Grabbing both of our phones from the night stand, he places me on my feet and grabs my hand in his, interlocking our fingers together. We walk down the stairs and out to his truck in silence as I try to regain my composure. His cocky smirk doesn't go unnoticed. I can't lie though, the man has the tongue of a god.

Connecting my phone to the Bluetooth in the truck, I scroll through my music until I get to If Not For Me . I turn on 'Feel Me Now' and it instantly turns me on again. I would choose a song that starts with "put your hands around my throat." I try to shake my thoughts and just enjoy the music on this warm summer day. I'm feeling confident and happy that I get to live the life that I do after so much horror in my childhood.

After about twenty minutes, we pull into the lot before the walkway down to the lake, but Braxton doesn't stop. He continues driving into the sand until the water comes into view along with Carter's Jeep and Dallas' Ford Bronco. They have everything set up and the boat is anchored at the dock next to three jet skis. There's a big canopy tent with way too many coolers for just the six of us. There's an extra large speaker in the Jeep and it's pumping out music. I can feel the bass in my chest and it makes me laugh. Carter definitely turned this into a party instead of a relaxing day. I start to get giddy at the thought of how much fun we're going to have.

We spent the next hour out on the water racing on the jet skis and drinking on the boat. People started to show up so we quickly wrapped some lights around the canopy and lined the water with tiki torches as we danced and laughed together. By the time the beach was loaded with people and kegs, I had drunk maybe five too many cocktails and my confidence was through the roof.

Lei, Ryn, and I dance around and mingle with people from town until I see some red headed bimbo with her hands all over B. I can tell he is annoyed by her presence, since he hasn't given her even an ounce of attention or spoken to her, so I decide to do the same. I let the guy that's been trying to dance with me for the past hour win and press my back against his chest, moving to the rhythm of the music. It lasts all of thirty seconds before the body behind me is ripped away and I turn to see Braxton and Carter dragging the random guy down the beach. Braxton turns to look at me through narrowed eyes and licks his bottom lip with a smirk before disappearing into the treeline.

Fuck.

I'm instantly wet at the thought of what's going to happen between those trees.

What kind of person does it make me if Braxton killing someone for dancing with me turns me on?

Oh well! B told me to embrace my darkness, so that's exactly what I'll do. Nothing like a good bit of feminine rage. Giggling drunkenly, I stumble my way back over to my girls and dance until my feet hurt.

Trudging my way over to the water, I feel arms wrap around my waist as I'm about to step in. I spin around to find that sexy smirk on Braxton's face.

"Testing me tonight aren't we, Little Rage?"

The deep tone in his voice sends chills throughout my entire body and I pull his face down to mine. The scent of mint, whiskey, and blood hits my nose and it's intoxicating.

"Yup!" Breaking the moment apart, I drag him back over to the party. We spend the rest of the day having fun with our friends and make a plan to meet at the club tonight around 9 PM. Nothing like summer fun.

CHAPTER 13

Leighton

After spending the day partying on the beach, we're back at Carter's getting ready to go out. I have an amazing tan and my freckles are now showing on my face after being in the sun all day. I'm feeling extra confident and decide to bring out 'Baddie Leighton'. Straightening my hair makes me feel like a whole new person. The curls have always been my pride and joy and are long enough to reach my ass at this point. Deciding on a black top with cutouts down the front, black pants and my Jordans, it's simple but it makes me feel hot and I know Carter will love it.

Walking out of the bathroom, I see the man of the hour waiting in his room looking absolutely delicious. He's wearing a plain white shirt, a camo bomber jacket, black pants, and white Nikes. Suddenly my panties are wet. Jesus Christ this man. With a smirk on his face, he walks to me and pulls me close with his hands on my hips.

"You look tasty enough to eat, Sunshine." He kisses me and spins me so my back is against his chest and kisses down my neck.

"If you keep that up, we won't be going anywhere, Sweet Boy." I push my ass back into him and feel his erection.

Grabbing his hand, I pull him through the door and down the stairs. I pick up my purse from the coffee table and pull out my phone and send a quick text to the girls.

Me: Heading out momentarily. Hope everyone is looking hot!

Ryn: Would you expect anything less?

Dani: Absolutely feeling good! See y'all soon!

Giggling at the girls, I put my phone back in my bag, waiting for Carter to grab his wallet and call the driver. I don't like him driving when he drinks. That's how I lost my mother. Carter rounds the corner and comes to kiss me.

"Our ride is here. Get that perfect ass moving, Sunshine." Placing his arm around my waist, he leads me outside, locking the door behind us. We get into the G wagon and are off on our way. Everything feels right in life and I couldn't be happier. My boyfriend's sister has easily become one of my best friends and also one of Dani's best friends. I love them dearly and would not change a thing. Even Dallas has finally come out of his shell around us and he's actually pretty funny.

Ten minutes later, we are getting out of the car and walking up to the front door. Thankfully, the bouncers know who I am at this point and have known who Carter was for a while. As we walk through the doors, I hear people waiting to get in, groaning about how unfair it is that we don't have to wait. Perks of being the best friend of the owner's girl! Walking into the club, the music is pumping through the speakers and I can feel the vibrations throughout my whole body. We instantly make our way over to the bar before we attempt to find everybody. I order my typical girl drink, a vodka soda, and Carter orders a beer because he doesn't do liquor. After we have our drinks, we look around for Braxton and Daniella before we spot them in the VIP section. Looks like Dallas and Ryn aren't here yet. We make our way over to them and Daniella gets up to hug me as if she didn't just see me a few hours ago.

"Lei Lei! My love! I'm so happy you're here!" She throws her arms around me and pulls me in for a tight hug. It shocks me for a moment because she's typically not the lovey-dovey type but I assume she's had a few drinks.

“Hey LaLa babe! Once Ryn gets here, we’re off to the dance floor!” Dancing with my best friends is by far one of my favorite things to do. Having been a ballet dancer when I was younger, dancing has always been my happy place.

Right after I spoke, Dallas and Ryn walked up to us and hugged us. I instantly grabbed Ryn’s hand and dragged her to the bar, not giving her a choice of what she was going to drink. I ordered another drink, then dragged everybody to the dance floor. Nobody was going to back out of a fun night. My girls looked hot and I couldn’t ask for anything better. Ryn showed up wearing a tight black mini dress with her tattoos on full display. She looked hot, Daniella looked hot, and I felt extremely hot.

We dance for what feels like hours, laughing and singing along the entire time. The boys just watch us from their section until they don’t. One by one, each of our guys makes their way to the dance floor, finding their girl. Carter comes up behind me and moves his hips to the beat of the music with me. I feel free. I feel happy. I feel complete. The feeling of his hands on my body ignites a fire inside of me and suddenly I’m ready to leave, but I need to pull it together and have patience.

Feeling the alcohol surge through me, I wrap my hands around Carter's neck behind me and pull his lips to mine. Turning around while continuing the kiss, I grind on his leg, searching for the friction I need. In a matter of seconds, his hand is slithering its way down the front of my pants. Leaning down, Carter whispers in my ear so that only I can hear.

“Keep quiet and keep moving like nothing is happening.”

He slides his fingers inside my soaking cunt and works them in and out, making sure to press the heel of his palm on my clit so I feel each movement. The urge to moan overtakes me and I bite into his shoulder to keep from letting it out. Warmth consumes my body as I continue to move to the music. My brain is foggy and I don't

know how much longer I can keep my composure.

“Good girl, Sunshine. Bite down as hard as you need. Cum on my fingers and let me get a taste of what’s to come after we leave.”

His words send a tingle through my body. He adds a third finger and puts more pressure on my clit. I bite harder as white heat flows through me. Carter sucks on my neck and uses his other hand to pull me closer by my ass. The added pressure and sensation of his lips on my skin pushes me over the edge as I cum on his fingers with a whimper. He removes his hand from my pants and brings his fingers to his mouth with a smirk on his face. Turning me around quickly, he pulls me closer by my hips and pushes my shoulder so that I’m leaning forward a little. I feel the seam of his pants pressed right on my clit and it takes everything in me not to show it on my face. I see Dani whispering in Braxton's ear and he grabs her hand, pulling her upstairs. I guess we aren’t the only ones turned on. Looking around, I don’t see Ryn or Dallas anywhere in sight. I guess tonight turned out to be a fuck fest because I want nothing more than to get this man out of here and rock his world.

I send a text to Ryn and Dani to let them know we’re heading home before telling Carter to call the driver. He must not have gone very far because by the time we got outside, he was there waiting for us outside of the door. As soon as we get into the car, my excitement begins to buzz through me at what we’ll get into later.

It doesn’t take long to get back to Carter’s. As soon as we walk through the door, a rush of heat runs through me and I turn to him.

“Get on your knees, Daredevil.”

He looks at me with fire in his eyes and does what I tell him to. I make my way over to him slowly and he doesn’t hesitate to pull my pants down. I’m soaking for this man. The sight of him on his knees for me is exhilarating. He places his hands on my

hips and pulls my lacy thong down slowly, never breaking eye contact. Carter kisses up my legs until he reaches the apex of my thighs. Lifting my leg, he places it over his shoulder and looks up at me again, gently kissing my slit.

“You smell absolutely divine, Sunshine.”

He slips his tongue through my opening slowly, keeping his eyes on mine. Once he gets to my clit, he sucks hard and I throw my head back, moaning loudly. I grip his hair in my hands and pull, forcing a growl to rumble from deep in his chest. The strokes of his tongue quicken as he inserts two fingers inside of me, hitting the spot that I crave him most. A few more pumps of his fingers and my body shakes as my release soaks his face and runs down his chin. He continues to use his fingers as I ride out the pleasure. My body feels spent as he places my foot back on the floor and licks his lips.

“Looks like you could use some sleep, Sunshine. We’ve got all the time in the world for fun. Let’s get you to bed.”

He lifts me in his arms bridal style and takes me upstairs. He dresses me in one of his shirts and tucks me into bed before changing and crawling in next to me, holding me close.

“Goodnight, beautiful.”

CHAPTER 14

Daniella

Two weekends later

It's finally Friday again. Braxton told me he has a surprise waiting for me when I get back to his house and I cannot wait to see what it is. Rushing to finish up my workday, I send him a quick text letting him know I'm heading over now.

Daddy Braxy: Perfect. See you soon, Little Rage. Drive safe.

He's just the sweetest. I've never had someone treat me the way he does.

I pack up my bag and lock my office door on my way out. My birthday is tomorrow and I cannot wait to celebrate with my friends. The big twenty six has arrived. Having worked since I was thirteen, I've been doing the whole adult thing for half of my life so it's nice to have time to just live freely.

Getting outside and into my car, I lock my doors and push the button to start it. Turning the music up and putting the windows down, I speed out of the parking garage. The drive was short and I was able to beat most of the traffic through the city, passing the already forming line at Black Lux. The amount of people that try to get into the club never ceases to amaze me.

Pulling into B's driveway, I put the windows up and get out of the car then walk around to grab my stuff from the passenger seat. Once I have what I need, I close the

door and click the button on my key fob to lock it. I worked so hard over the past few months and was finally able to afford my dream car. A matte black lifted Mercedes Benz G Class W463. I added a light bar and she's beautiful. Braxton offered to loan me money to get it but I knew I had to do this on my own. I couldn't be happier to finally have it.

When I'm done admiring my car, I head inside and place my bag down by the door. I see the back of Braxton's head as he sits on the sectional in the living area. Making my way over to him and around the couch, I'm shocked to see a black and white California King Snake slithering around in his hands. He looks up at me with a smile on his face and what looks to be pride.

"Isn't she amazing? Her name is Rage." His smile brightens my whole day.

"Where did you get her? Can I hold her? I'm already in love!" My excitement buzzes through me as I speak. Snakes have always been fascinating to me but I was never allowed to have pets growing up and Leighton is afraid of anything with scales, fangs, or wings. Cautiously sitting next to B on the sectional, I put my hands out in excitement and try to contain my joy.

"Happy early birthday, Little Rage. I thought you'd like her." He looks at me and smiles. Tears brim my eyes at the thoughtfulness of his gift. He's the second person in my life to ever give me a birthday present, Leighton being the first.

"Thank you, B. Seriously, this means so much to me." The tears I was holding back suddenly emerge and I can't keep them back.

"I have two more gifts for you, my love. Close your eyes." I close my eyes and he gently takes Rage from my hands and walks away. I wait for a minute until I feel something cold and hard being placed in my hands.

“Open your eyes.” Opening my eyes, I see the most beautiful dagger in my hands. It’s silver and the handle has purple crystals with a line of diamonds down the middle. It’s absolutely breathtaking and once again I’m crying.

“This is beautiful, B! I love it so much! Thank you thank you thank you!” I can’t contain my excitement as he places a black sheath next to me with ‘Rage’ spelled out in rhinestones on it. The thoughts of what I can do with it ramps up my excitement level.

“There is still one more surprise waiting for you in the basement, beautiful girl.” I think my brain is broken over the fact that he actually knew my birthday and got me a gift, because I can’t think straight and I have no idea what could be waiting for me in the basement. Sheathing the dagger, I stick it in the back of my pants and follow Braxton towards the basement door. On the way, I see the giant cage that holds Rage on a table in the hallway. It’s the cutest setup with purple plants and a ton of hiding places for her.

We get to the basement door and I can hear music playing through the speakers down there. That’s odd but okay. We make the descent down and I begin to hear a muffled sound. I can’t tell what it is until we round the corner and I see the girl that had her hands all over Braxton at the lake tied to a chair with a ball gag in her mouth.

“What is this, B? Why is she here?” My confusion takes over but I can’t help the feeling of anticipation that courses through me.

“She disrespected you at the lake. She touched what wasn’t hers, despite me consistently telling her to stop touching me. She slandered you. While I was out getting your gifts earlier, which includes a cheesecake in the fridge, she was at the store and once again disrespected you by asking if I was done with the 'slut' I had my eyes on during the party. I decided she would be the perfect present to do whatever you want to her as punishment.” The pride in his voice sent chills through me. I

remember the dagger he gifted me and see the various tools on the metal tables around her.

“One more thing.”

I turn to see a black mask with purple X’s for eyes and a stitched mouth that matches the one he wore during The Pursuit. My excitement takes over, and I grab the mask from his hands, placing it on my face and securing the strap around my head. Turning back to the disrespectful bitch, a sinister smile finds its way to my lips. They say that silence is torture so this moment, I will use it as punishment. I don’t say a word to her and allow her to do all of the talking. Unsheathing my dagger, I sliced down the front of her shirt, swiftly cutting it in half. She didn’t even have a bra on, which makes this much easier. With precision and speed, I slice off both of her nipples and watch them fall to the basement floor as she screams into the ball gag. The blood seeps out and it is mesmerizing to watch.

Her hands are tied behind her back and her legs are strapped to the chair, leaving no way to defend herself. Her only option being to attempt to unintelligibly beg for mercy that she will not be granted. Her garbled screams bring the rage inside of me to the surface as goosebumps cover my body. Walking around behind the chair, where her hands are tied, I slice off each individual finger one at a time. Her screams continue and my adrenaline level rises.

Looking over to the closest table, I examine the tools that are laid out for me. Seeing the drill with a knife attached where the drill bit would typically go, I pick it up and make my way back over to the chair. Looking at her terrified face as I tilt my head side to side, she whimpers. Holding the button in on the drill, I put it in front of her face so she can see the attachment. When she realizes what is there, she begins to scream again. I place the point of the knife into her thigh and hold the button. Her screams continue as it rips through the barrier. Pieces of mangled muscle and flesh are thrown around the room, landing with a wet squelching sound. She begins to pass

out from the pain and I decide that I have had enough fun for now. Using my pretty purple dagger, I slice across the front of her throat, allowing the blood to spurt out and cover my clothing and skin.

Removing my mask with a smile on my face, I turn around to see Braxton grinning at me and my heart rate picks up. He slowly makes his way over to me, ignoring the atrocity around us. He kisses me hard like his life depends on it and quickly yanks my pants and thong down. Slowly backing up to the lifeless body in the chair, he turns me around and pushes my shoulder forward, swiftly kicking my legs apart. I place my hand on the chair between her spread legs and hold on to her shoulder as he quickly rams himself inside of me. He doesn't give me a second to adjust to the intrusion, but reaches around to play with my clit as I scream out. He ruthlessly pumps his cock inside of me over and over, hitting my G spot and sending me over the edge. He continues the in and out movement until he cums. Once he slows his pace, I can feel his hot cum starting to leak out of my cunt.

After he slowly removes himself from me, I turn around and drop to my knees in front of him.

"You look so gorgeous on your knees for me, baby. Pray to me with that beautiful mouth of yours." I don't hesitate to take his length into my mouth until I can feel the head of his cock hitting the back of my throat. I hollow out my cheeks and suck, making sure to lick the underside of his shaft. Holding onto his thighs, my nails stick in to distract me from the need to gag. I take him in my mouth until my nose is pressed against his warm skin. The taste of his cum mixed with mine makes me want to work even harder to give him one more orgasm, but he has other plans. Gripping my hair at the nape of my neck, he roughly fucks my face and doesn't relent until hot ropes of cum coat the back of my throat. As he pulls out of my mouth, I make sure to leave my tongue along the underside of his cock, while also scraping the top with my teeth, making him hiss in breath at the sensation.

“Fuck, you’re so goddamn perfect, Dani.”

He helps me to my feet and kisses me long and hard before I turn back around to the bloody form in the chair.

“Well what do we do with her now?”

I turn back around to look Braxton in the eye, in hopes that he has some kind of plan to clean this up.

“I have people for that, don’t worry about anything. How do you feel?”

I stand there for a second looking around, pondering how I actually do feel. I’m happy to have rid the Earth of another.... What was her name? Shoot, I forgot to ask her. Oh well!

“I feel good, happy even. But there is still rage mixed with sexual frustration. I’m always the one to have multiple orgasms, but do you think you can handle another one?” I smirk at him and the fire in his eyes comes right back. Got him.

“Obviously I can’t leave my girl frustrated. Let me fix it for you.” He walks to the other side of the basement where a plush rug lays on the floor in front of a fireplace. I didn’t even notice that side before. The fire is ablaze and the rug is huge. There’s a couch on either side and a giant flat screen tv above the fireplace. We should spend more time down here . Clearing my head of the irrelevant thoughts, I walk over to where he is laying on his back on the rug.

“Come sit on my face and ride my tongue until your inner rage melts away.”

His words send shivers down my spine, and I slowly start making my way over to him before he puts his hand up to tell me to stop.

“Crawl to me.”

The tone of his voice sends me over the edge, and I immediately drop to my knees and begin crawling to him. Once I get to where he is on the rug, I throw one leg over him and straddle his body, just above his neck.

“Come sit on your throne, beautiful.”

Moving my body up his, I hover just above his mouth and nose. He takes a deep breath in, startling me at first.

“You smell like mine. Mine to take, mine to devour.”

Once his words are out, he pulls me down towards his mouth and eats me like a steak dinner. He devours my entire being through my pussy. Holy fuck. Braxton licks and sucks like his life depends on it. I could do this all day long, it just feels too good. After a couple of minutes, I cum and my entire body shakes. This man knows what he’s doing.

CHAPTER 15

Braxton

Her legs are still straddled around my head as they tremble. It takes her a second to catch her breath and I'm feeling kind of proud of myself for being able to make her feel that. What I'm not proud of, is the fact that she didn't squirt so I'm going to have to make her wait to fix that. I want to be drowning in her cum. The buildup always works to get her going. She'll be begging for it. Once she stands and isn't paying attention, I push her towards the coffee table in front of one of the couches and push her shoulder down so she's leaning over with her hands flat on the surface.

"What are you doing, pretty boy?"

She looks at me over her shoulder, and her smile is breathtaking. If there is an award out there for the most beautiful woman, she definitely deserves it. Refocusing, I slowly lower myself to my knees behind her, not breaking eye contact until her dripping cunt is directly in my line of sight. Gently, I lick up her arousal that's seeping out and spit it over her ass. I take her swollen clit into my mouth and suck to distract her from my thumb slowly working into her ass. A gasp leaves her mouth followed by a whimper. I add three fingers into her core and they slide in without resistance as she moans loudly. I can feel her walls constricting around my fingers and I know she's close. With one last suck of her clit, her legs begin to shake and I pull away entirely. Her frustration is evident.

"Oh fuck, please Brax! Please, I'm so close!" She whines and I stay silent.

I swiftly make my way to the other side of the basement and start putting my pants back on. She quickly turns around and looks at me through narrowed eyes once she realizes I'm no longer there. Making her way over to me, she looks me up and down.

"What are you doing? I haven't even gotten you off yet!" She whines.

As tempting as that is, I know we have things to do. Carter, Dallas, and I rented out an entire fairground for the night and decided to show the girls some fun. Dani and Lei have somehow never been to a fair and Ryn is absolutely obsessed with rollercoasters. We thought it would be a good night for everyone... with a surprise.

"Run upstairs and shower, love. I'll be up in a minute. We have plans tonight." I say with a smirk on my face.

She huffs a little before turning and making her way up the steps, giving me a glorious view of her perfect body. Once she's up the stairs, I send a quick text to my cleanup team letting them know about the mess in the basement. As soon as I get the "On our way," text, I go to meet my girl in the shower.

Getting up to the bathroom, the room is already filled with steam. This woman loves a hot shower. It's like she's straight out of hell. She has music playing loudly through the Bluetooth speakers I installed above the shower. The second my eyes land on her through the glass, I've decided she's waited long enough and one more orgasm won't take too long. I'm quite confident in my abilities with her.

Pulling my pants down quickly, I practically trip over them as I attempt to rush in with her. Thankfully the music is loud enough that she doesn't hear me curse under my breath. Jesus Christ, the sins I'm about to commit with this woman. Sneaking up behind her, I watch the water run down her hair and hit every curve of her body. Reaching around her body, I pinch her clit and she yelps before letting out a moan. She leans back into me, rubbing her ass against my rock hard cock.

“I think it’s been long enough, Angel, don’t you?”

She lets out a quiet ‘mmhm’ and continues to slide against me, making my dick even harder. Didn’t think it was possible to be so easily turned on by someone. The effect she has on me is unmatched.

Turning her body to face me, I see the desire in her eyes. Sliding down to my knees, I gently lift her leg and place it over my shoulder. Keeping eye contact, I lick one long stroke from the back of her opening to her clit and back again, making sure to keep pressure. She grips my hair tightly, holding my head in place. Who am I to deny her? Taking her clit into my mouth, I suck and bite gently while simultaneously pumping my fingers in and out of her. Her hips rock back and forth, pushing my fingers deeper. Looking up, I see her head thrown back and her mouth wide open. I pump faster and suck harder until she’s squirting all over me and moaning my name.

Standing, I turn her to face away from me and push my dick into her. She’s so wet that it slips right in. Pure ecstasy. I could cum any second solely based on the sexiness of my Little Rage, so my strokes are slow and deep. Her legs are shaking and her moans are loud. The music from the speakers still fills the bathroom. After a couple of minutes, I quicken my pace, and she leans back into me with one foot up on the shelf, allowing me the perfect angle. Slamming into her, her body shakes once more and she screams out my name over and over. Music to my ears. After a few more pumps, I cum inside her and ride out the orgasm.

Once we’ve both caught our breath, I slowly pull out of her and watch my cum drip from her.

“It wasn’t a long wait, but it was certainly worth it.” Dani turns to face me and kisses me slowly. Wrapping her arms around my neck she smiles then speaks again. “What are these plans that we have, anyway?”

She's so beautiful.

"No need to ruin the surprise. Let's finish up and we'll head out. Promise you'll love it!" Kissing her once more, I grab the shampoo bottle and turn her to wash her hair.

Once we're done in the shower, we head into the bedroom and get dressed. Every time I see this woman, my cock throbs. She had the audacity to put on distressed black shorts and a long sleeve black crop top. Every curve is showing. Every tattoo is showing. Her makeup is done to perfection. She's out here lookin like a whole grunge mommy. How am I supposed to keep it in my pants when she looks like that ?

"Is this okay to wear? Hard to pick an outfit when you don't know what you're doing, Braxy."

I can't tear my eyes away from her.

"You're perfect, Little Rage. Absolutely perfect."

Walking to me, she kisses my cheek gently, then sits on the bed to put on her black and white Nike high tops. Fuck me. We need to go before we don't make it out of here tonight. Once her shoes are on, I grab her hand in mine, interlocking our fingers and start heading down the stairs. I grab my keys, wallet, phone, and the cooler before we head out to my truck.

Walking out of the door and locking it behind us, we head over to my truck. Helping her in, I take note that my mask is on the floor in the back. Can't forget that. Getting in, we head out to the fairgrounds singing to every genre of music under the sun. The drive is fun and I love seeing her let loose with me. I couldn't be happier to be her comfort and peace, because she's mine too.

We pull into the parking lot of the fairgrounds and she instantly lights up.

“The fair?? I’m so fucking excited!” She’s bouncing up and down in her seat and it reminds me of an overly excited toddler. There’s nothing cuter.

A few seconds later, I see Carter’s Jeep and Dallas’ Bronco pulling in. They park on either side of my truck and Dani’s excitement skyrockets. She hops out of the truck and runs over to Leighton and Ryn who are also excitedly getting out of their cars. It’s a trio of giggles and jumping. Glad to see this was a good idea after all. Once the excitement dies down — only a little— we head through the gate and the girls go straight to the weird looking spaceship thing. What the fuck is that? I look towards Carter, who looks equally as excited as the girls. No surprise there, I’m surrounded by children. Dallas looks un-entertained as usual, but with a glimmer of a smile in his eyes as he watches his wife. He might not like much, but he certainly loves her.

I’m pulled from my thoughts as Dani grabs my hand and pulls me towards the spaceship. We step inside and I’m not sure what to expect. Fairs were never my thing.

“What the hell is this thing and am I going to die?” Dani’s cheerful laugh rings through my ears.

“It’s a Gravitron! We lean back against the wall and it spins really fast. It’s like there’s no gravity in here! It feels like a rollercoaster kinda.” Well I like roller coasters so I guess it can’t be that bad.

I hear a whirring sound before I feel the machine starting to spin. You can see the excitement on everyone’s faces. Even Dallas looks happy. As speed picks up, it feels like my feet are lifted from the ground and my stomach drops. Holy shit. The girls are all screaming and laughing. I guess I can handle this.

We spin for a few moments longer when it begins to slow down. Kind of lame but if it makes Dani happy, I’d do it a hundred more times. When the ride finally stops and we step outside, the dizziness hits me right away. I was not thinking about how

disoriented I would feel after that. Everyone is stumbling over themselves and laughing hysterically. It kind of feels like being on drugs.

Once I pull myself together, I make my way over to my girl who is still laughing. She looks up at me and I can see the joy in her eyes. She kisses me before speaking.

“So, do they have fried Oreos here?” I can’t help but laugh as I see Carter’s head spin around to look at us. This guy is always hungry.

“Did you say fried Oreos? Where? Can we get some now?” Everyone laughs and nobody is surprised by him hearing that part of the conversation. Still laughing, I look around to see if there is a stand near us to make the kids happy. Luckily I spot one ahead and point.

“Come on children, there’s one over there.” Before I know it, Dani and Carter are sprinting towards the stand and ordering before the rest of us get there. Good thing we paid ahead, otherwise these two would be wracking the bill up. I’m glad the two of them can bond over food. Seeing my best friend and my girl become friends has been amazing. They get along well and bring out the goofiness in each other. Dani turns around to face us before yelling out.

“Let’s go slow pokes! These fried beauties aren’t going to wait forever!” Leighton and Ryn both run towards the two, I’m guessing so they don’t miss out, as if we can’t buy more.

Once everyone has eaten their Oreos and drank their lemonade, Leighton decides that we all need to go in the Ferris wheel but everyone needs to be multiple cars away from one another for the “full experience” as she says. We all know what that means and nobody seems to be against it. Walking to the Ferris wheel, we start loading into the cars, making sure there’s a few between each couple. Thankfully, the cars are the kind that are entirely closed off except for the top half.... Meaning you can’t see

what's going on below the railing but you can still see the view around us. That small detail definitely benefits every single one of us. We had paid the operator in cash to just let the ride go as long as we wanted it to.

Once our cart got to the top of the wheel, it abruptly stopped. I didn't necessarily mind because I knew it meant that I had more time with my Little Rage. I guess she had the same idea because when I turned to face her, she was already looking at me through lust filled eyes.

"Let me relax you, B." Slowly, she lowers to her knees as she speaks.

Without breaking eye contact, she unbuttons my pants and grips my cock below the waistband of my boxers. My head instantly falls back against the ledge of the cart as she takes me into her mouth. Swirling her tongue around the head, she hollows out her cheeks, and sucks in. She uses her hands and gently strokes up and down to the point that it is almost torturous. The second that I am about to open my mouth and speak out in protest, she puts the whole thing into her mouth until the tip is hitting the back of her throat. She bobs her head up and down and it feels like pure ecstasy. I relish in the feeling for a bit longer, but her pleasure is even more pleasurable for me than my own. Gripping her hair at the base of her scalp, I gently pull her head up, making her whine.

"Your pleasure is my pleasure, Angel."

The sight of her down on her knees for me is absolutely breathtaking. Her lips are swollen, and her eyes are tear filled. So beautiful . Slowly she gets back up onto the seat and I kneel in front of her. As I unbutton and pull down her shorts, I feel the goosebumps on her legs and notice the change in her breathing. Her heart rate has picked up and it brings me joy knowing that I have this effect on her.

Once her shorts are off, I kiss my way up her body, making sure to bite her inner

thighs softly. I continue kissing my way up, purposely avoiding the apex of her thighs. Sucking and licking up her body slowly, she starts to wiggle on the bench, searching for some kind of friction. It's evident that this is torture for her. Once she's had enough, she grips my hair and begins pushing my head to where she wants me. Gripping her thighs, I place them over my shoulders and pull her body towards me so her ass is right at the edge. The moment my tongue touches her center, her head falls back and her eyes close. She's already soaking wet for me. She bites her bottom lip in an attempt to stifle her moans and I make it my goal to push her over the edge and see how much self control she has.

Barely licking, I can feel her frustration rise as she begins to wiggle again. I blow on her clit and suck the outside of her lips. When her frustration reaches its maximum, she grips my hair tightly and forces my head towards her cunt more until my tongue flattens against her clit and I roughly lick up with a laugh. Her thighs begin to shake and I close my mouth around her clit and suck. I pulse my tongue in and out of her then bring my hand up to rub tight circles just above her clit. She holds my head in place as she pants and moves her hips to try and find the orgasm she wants.

I hear the wheel start up and slowly it begins to move again. I place my tongue back on her clit and stick two fingers into her sopping wet cunt, curling them to hit her G spot. Her moans are quiet and she tries to ride my hand. I pick up speed and lick sloppily around until her entire body shakes and hot spurts of cum splash out. I continue pulsing my fingers in and out to help her ride out the orgasm as her body uncontrollably shakes. Looking up, I see that we're almost around the apex of the wheel and grab her shorts to start putting back on while I button my pants back up. There's a light layer of sweat on her forehead and her body is still shaking. The few seconds more that it takes to get back around to the bottom is just barely enough time for her to come down from the high.

Once we're back down to the bottom, I help her out of the cart and keep my arm around her as she tries to steady her breathing before dropping my arm to my side. I

turn and stare up at the Ferris wheel to see if we're the first two down or if everyone went their own way. In the distance I can hear Leighton laughing and turn back around to speak to Dani, but when I turn, she's nowhere in sight. I look around to see if she's messing with me and I see nothing. She's nowhere in sight. I yell out in hopes that she'll show herself.

"This isn't funny Daniella. Where did you go? If this is a game, let me know please!" I wait for a few seconds but get no response. I check my phone to see if she texted me and panic starts to arise when I see nothing from her. Bringing up her contact, I call her phone. It rings for a few seconds before I hear a vibration somewhere around me. I start walking towards the sound to my left. It sounds like it's coming from the booth. The sound of her voicemail plays in my ear and I instantly hang up and call back. Walking behind the booth, I see a light shining from underneath of it and crouch down to get a better look at it.

What I see makes my heart drop instantly.

My Little Rage's phone.

CHAPTER 16

Daniella

There is a presence behind me and I go to turn around, but I'm not fast enough. A hand covers my mouth and I'm ripped away from Braxton. I'm dragged behind a booth and my phone slips from my fingers. A different set of hands are on me now as I'm punched in the stomach multiple times. The two unknown people drag me into the tree line and deep into the woods. I kick and drag my feet, doing anything I can to get away. I lose track of where we are and start throwing my body around until I slip from their grasp. I turn to see two men in ski masks and I quickly kick my foot up, hitting the closest guy in the balls and take off. I zig zag between trees and do my best to avoid hitting low branches.

Running through the woods, one of the men is hot on my heels. I turn around, for just a moment to see how close he is, and trip over a branch hitting the ground hard. I roll, hitting my head on something hard. I continue to roll through sticks and leaves, rocks embedding themselves into my skin, until I come to an abrupt stop. When I open my eyes, I see that I'm stopped beside the river. Reaching up, I touch the side of my head and look at my fingers to see blood. Looking to my right, I see the man that was chasing me coming towards me.

I do my best to push myself from the ground and run as fast as I can. My head is throbbing and blood is dripping into my eyes, obscuring my vision. My energy is gone. I can't run anymore – my heart feels like it's going to explode and my lungs are burning. I keep pushing myself until I run into a hard mass.

“Gotcha, bitch!”

I look up to see one of the men with a ski mask on. No, no, no! This can't be happening! I feel a sharp prick in my neck and quickly lose consciousness.

Waking up, I feel like I was hit by a train. My body hurts everywhere and I can't move anything. I open my eyes and see nothing but darkness. I hear voices in the distance but can't make out where or who they are coming from. My head is foggy and I can't think straight. The air is cold.

Where the hell am I? Am I dreaming?

My memory comes flooding back and I prepare myself for the worst, wracking my brain on who it could possibly be. I hear footsteps coming closer, then the creak of a door opening off to my right. I can feel someone else's presence but I don't know who they are and I begin to panic.

“Who's there? What do you want from me?” My breathing picks up and I feel like my heart fell to my ass.

“There she is. The irredeemable slut in the flesh. You thought you could get away from me, but you never will again. I'm going to be the last face you see and the last voice you hear before your final worthless breath leaves your body.”

What the actual fuck is going on? Why the fuck can't I see and why can't I move?

I try to move my arms when I feel the rawness around my wrists. My hands are bound behind my back. I try to kick my legs and realize those are tied too. Moving my head around, I feel a rough fabric on my face. I'm fucking blindfolded, shit!

“Who the fuck are you? What the hell do you want from me?” I hear a maniacal

laugh before the rough material is ripped from my face and I'm momentarily blinded by how bright the lights are. Once my eyes adjust, I look up to see a face that I thought – HOPED – I would never see again.

“Dad?”

CHAPTER 17

Leighton

My best friend is fucking missing and I don't know how to feel. She is one of the most important people in my life and I feel like there's a hole in my heart without her here. Carter has done his best to try and calm my nerves but the panic attacks are consistent. I don't know what she's going through and I don't know how she's feeling. We can't seem to figure out who has her and I'm losing my mind over it. I called my dad in a last ditch effort because I can't stand the 'what ifs' of the situation. I never thought I would be going through the process of trying to find someone who is important to me like Dani is. My father assured me that he was going to do everything in his power to gather help and assess the situation as a whole. I'm pulled from my thoughts by a calming voice.

"Hey, Sunshine. Can I do anything for you? Get you food? Water?" I just successfully calmed my breathing after another panic attack and Carter is so beside himself not knowing what to do to help me. I've been sitting on the couch in silence for the past few hours.

"Could you just grab me some water and ibuprofen please? My head is starting to hurt." He doesn't ask any questions, he instantly goes into the kitchen and brings me what I asked for. Taking a seat next to me, he hands me what I need and puts his arm around my shoulders, pulling me closer to him. I put the pills in my mouth and wash them down with the water, trying to get out of my head. I can't be helpful to her if I can't think straight.

I think the thing getting to me most is what we saw in the woods when we went in to search. You could clearly see that there was a fight and I can't imagine what was going through her head at the time. She must have felt so alone. I regret leaving the ferris wheel when we did – maybe this could have been avoided if we had just stayed. I lean more into Carter's side before speaking.

"I think I need to get out of the house. Can we go get smoothies so I have something to distract me until the next search?" He kisses my head and nods before standing and grabbing his keys.

"Are you sure going on the search is the best option for you? I don't want it to be too much for you to handle." The look of concern in his eye makes me feel a little guilty. Through this process, my sadness and anxiety has entirely gotten in the way of me showing my love and appreciation for him like he has for me.

"I need to do this for Dani. I just have to." He nods again and helps me off the couch. I don't think I've ever looked more like a bum in my life. I've lived in baggy sweatpants and sweatshirts consistently since she went missing. It's not my typical outfit choice but I may need to include it more often because I've never been so comfortable.

Going outside to the Jeep, I get into the passenger seat and push the button to get the top to go back. I need to feel the wind on my face and to let my curls run wild. Carter gets in the driver's side and starts the engine before turning on the stereo. At this point, the bluetooth automatically connects to my phone instead of his and it makes me laugh every time.

"What's the song of the day today, Sunshine?" I think about the question and scroll through my playlist looking for the perfect song. He knows he can't start driving until I pick what I need. It's just one of my weird ticks but thankfully he accepts it and is completely understanding with me about it. Searching through, I find what goes best

with my mentality right now, Bodies by ‘Drowning Pool’.

The intro starts and Carter instantly gets hyped up, belting the lyrics. Seeing him so lively and happy lifts my mood a bit, even though I know he’s hurting too. Him and Dani have formed their own friendship over time and have gotten very close. Trying to push those thoughts away, I sing with him through the entire song. We let the playlist shuffle through, and I feel much more relaxed. Pulling into the drive thru, Carter orders for us both, knowing my order by heart at this point – orange pineapple smoothie with vanilla greek yogurt, a scoop of vanilla protein, and topped with whipped cream. Delicious. Carter gets his usual banana smoothie with peanut butter protein powder and oat milk. Once we have our drinks, we start driving back to the house.

“Wanna hit the gym? I could use a good pump.” Absent-mindedly, I smile at him.

“Absolutely, Sweet Boy! Definitely could use an outlet right now.” I sip my smoothie and place my hand on his as it sits on the gear shift. We get back to the house and go right upstairs to change. Going through the drawer, I pull out a pair of black leggings, a bright blue sports bra, and a pair of socks. Grabbing my sneakers from the other side of the room, I put those on then pull my hair back in a slick ponytail and grab my headphones. Turning, I see Carter changing and just watch him for a moment. He puts on black sweatpants then puts his hat on backwards. He bends down to put on his sneakers and the way his muscles in his back ripple makes my thighs squeeze together. Once his shoes are on, he turns to me and looks me up and down with that perfect smirk on his face.

“Is your sexy ass ready to go?” I just walk over and kiss him, making sure I get a good feel of his chest and abs. Perfection.

“Let’s get it, baby.” We head back out to the Jeep and make our way to the gym.

CHAPTER 18

Braxton

Dani has been gone for an entire twenty-four hours and I'm losing my mind. After I searched the whole area and found nothing, I took off running for the woods. There clearly was some kind of struggle since you could see a trail in the dirt as if someone was dragged. I stayed in the woods looking everywhere and found nothing. I called Carter in a panic and all four of them got to me as quickly as possible. We searched the entire area up until the river and found nothing. I wanted to continue, I didn't want to give up. We were unprepared and didn't have the equipment needed to search along the dark water without risk. She was just gone without a trace.

I WILL find you Little Rage...even if it's the last thing I do. You will be safe again.

I hired the best men I could and they've searched the woods multiple times. The river is next and I refuse to leave there without answers. My heart hasn't stopped pounding since I realized she was truly gone. I need her back, safe with me. I know she's putting up the fight of her life and not taking shit without inflicting pain on whoever it is.

I hear a honk outside and know that's my cue that it's time to go. We have a team of the best search and rescue going to the river and sweeping the area top to bottom. Walking out of the front door, I lock it behind me and walk over to Carter's Jeep. Getting in, he gives me a look of pity but I'm filled with anger.

Whoever did this will die the most painful death.

We don't speak as he drives. It takes twenty minutes to get to the river and before the car is even in park, I hop out and start my search. There are about fifteen other people here, all that I've hired. We split up and look in different areas – searching for anything that might lead us to my Little Rage.

Further down the bank, I see something shining in the sunlight and run to it. It's a small syringe with some kind of liquid inside. Carefully looking around, I see an earring – her earring. My breathing becomes ragged as I see the blood beside it. She was hurt.

I failed her.

A few hours later, I'm back at the house staring at a whiteboard. I can't put the pieces together. My mind is running rampant as I try to figure out where she may have gone and who may have taken her. It breaks me more and more each time I think I'm onto something and end up at a dead end. Not enough people know about us for it to be someone from my past, but I don't know who from hers could do this to her. I feel like we are missing something. Leighton has been on an absolute warpath and has gotten her father involved. It's evident that her father loves her as he has gone above and beyond in an attempt to help in any way that he can. Carter and I are meeting with him later today to talk about what he has discovered from her past.

When the time comes, I shower and get dressed, making sure that I have everything I need because I will not wait one more day to set out on another search. I feed her snake, Rage, and as I close up the enclosure, I hear Carter's Jeep rolling down the driveway. Heading out I lock the door behind me and make my way out to the car and climb in. The inner turmoil I feel must be evident as Carter speaks.

"We're going to find her man, I promise. None of us are going to give up on her. She'll be safe again. We're all on her team and we're going to get her." He tries to soothe the anger and worry raging within me.

“I just can’t imagine what she’s going through and it kills me that I’m not there to help her. I feel like I’ve been running in circles chasing a ghost. I can’t lose her, Carter. I just can’t.” A stray tear falls from my eye as I think about never seeing my Little Rage again. Her infectious laugh, her sparkling blue eyes, the cute little dimples in her cheeks... Please be okay.

“I won’t let that happen. We’re going to get her back and whoever did this will pay with their life.” He places a calming hand on my shoulder just for a moment before he begins to drive towards the location that Leighton’s father had sent. I try to ease the mixture of emotions I’m feeling inside.

Pulling up to the location and parking in the lot, I see a giant warehouse. There’s a few cars here — all blacked out. A man walks outside to greet us as we park, and instantly I can tell that this is Leighton’s Dad. The similarities in them are striking. He has the same eyes and nose with the same curly hair that is now gray with flecks of white. One could assume he once had the same blonde hair. He looks like power and wealth mixed into one.

Carter goes to shake his hand and her father pulls him in for a hug. I knew they had met a while ago but I didn’t realize the comfort level that they had felt with each other. I feel a moment of peace watching the two interact. This is all Carter has ever wanted – to be accepted by others for who he is. Her father turns to me and holds out his hand.

“You must be Braxton. My name is Nixon. We have some information that will be vital in this search. Daniella is like a daughter to me and we will not stop until she is found. I’ve hired the best men from around the country to aid us and I would like you to meet them.” I shake his hand as he speaks and a sense of relief runs through me at his words.

“Thank you, Sir. I appreciate all of your help and involvement in this.”

We walk inside and up a flight of stairs to a wide open floor that looks like it belongs to the FBI. There are computers everywhere, each connected to cameras throughout town. I see one that instantly draws my attention and I walk over to it. I see the fairgrounds. Dani is standing behind me when a man comes and grabs her, dragging her from view and behind the booth where I had found her phone. A moment later, they reappear but there are now two men holding her and she is fighting back with all she has. They drag her into the tree line and disappear. Anger surges through me and I can't help but feel like this is all my fault. If I hadn't turned away from her, they would've never gotten to her. I try to shove my emotions down because they won't do us any good now.

"We have discovered who these men are based on the tattoos you can see on their arms. We've cross checked everything and found two recent purchases from a local ski shop where they bought those masks, paying in cash. The most important news is waiting in that room over there." He points towards a door and I take off, swinging it open quickly. There are men dressed in suits sitting around a table with Manila folders scattered about.

"Who took her?" The words come out with urgency and I can't control the anger bubbling within me. They'll pay for this and I will make them regret it. A man stands from the opposite side and walks over timidly with a folder in hand, placing it gently on the table in front of me.

"This includes all of the information that you need." He gives me a pitiful look and walks back to his seat. What the fuck was that about?

Opening the folder, I scan through the information until I find what I want. The man who took my girl. Clarence Rossi. Her fucking father of all people. How could I have not thought of that? Who knows what the hell that abusive fuck is doing to her. He had no problem slaughtering her mother and somehow got away with it. My anger starts to bubble over and I do what I can to remain calm. I need to get to her. Without

thinking, I pick up the lamp from the table and throw it across the room at the wall. I hardly recognize the scream that leaves my throat. The pain I feel of knowing she's with that man has my heart pumping way too fast. Turning, I look to see Carter and Nixon in shock.

"Do you know where they are? Where he could've taken her?" Nixon's face contorts to something evil, telling me he already has a plan in mind.

"Yes. The cars are loaded and we have the location loaded into the GPS. It'll take a day to get there, so we must leave now and get there as soon as possible. I would offer the jet, however, he has all airstrips in that area locked down somehow. Driving is our only option to ensure her safety." A look of sadness covers his face then is gone in seconds.

"Then let's fucking go."

CHAPTER 19

Daniella

Finding out my father was still alive sent a whirlwind of emotions through my trembling body. I never questioned what happened to him. I figured he drank himself to death or hoped he was put in prison. He's made sure to make this experience an absolute living hell. I have been trapped in this room tied up for what feels like days, but I'm not sure at this point. The skin around my wrists and my ankles has started to rip off from how tightly the ropes have been digging into them. I have been punched and kicked numerous times by different people. I know that my head is bleeding, but I can't do anything about it. I don't understand why this is happening, I've never done anything to this man. He has put me through everything horrible that has happened in my life. I guess he hasn't had enough. I hear footsteps and try to mentally prepare myself for the beating that is to come. The door flies and the blindfold is ripped from my face.

"Hello again, you worthless slut. Time to answer some questions." My father spits in my face as two men come into the room and pick up my chair. I have no more fight left in me so I just let them do what they want. They take me out of the room and up two flights of stairs and down a hallway, placing me in what looks like an interrogation room. It's cold and there is an empty metal table and a chair in the center of the room. The room smells entirely too sterile, like they're trying to cover the scent of something else. They place my chair at the table and leave me there in silence. Thoughts run through my mind of all the ways that I'm going to kill this man. I am so sick of him haunting my life and now that he's here, he will die by my hands.

I don't know what he has planned or what kind of questions he's talking about, all I can think about is Braxton and how he's feeling right now. I just know that he and Leighton are trying to find me — destroying everything in their path. I use that to drive my anger forward and prepare myself for whatever is going to happen in this room. The door opens behind me and my father walks around the table, sitting on the opposite side.

“Aren't you happy to be back with your old man? You belong here, with me. And you have information I want.” A creepy grin crosses his lips.

“Fuck you!” I spit in his direction. My anger barely contained within me.

“That's no way to speak to your father! You're alive because of me!” He reaches across the table and slaps me so hard that my head whips to the side and I can taste a coppery tang in my mouth. The burn on my cheek enrages me so much that I gather the blood in my mouth and spit it right at his face.

He's lost his fucking mind. “I would rather be dead than help you. You're fucking sick and I can't wait to watch you die.”

Wiping his cheek, he laughs and jumps up from his seat, wrapping a hand around my throat and yanks me towards him. He leans down and brings his face way too close for comfort and whispers in my ear.

“Your friend Leighton is an heiress to a huge underground corporation. She doesn't know what she was born into yet, but I need access to it. And in order to get that, I must be wedded into the family — meaning your best friend is about to be your new Mommy.” I don't even think as I quickly turn and sink my teeth into his cheek, ripping the skin from the muscle and spitting it at him. His scream catches the attention of the guards and they rush in as he shoves me back and releases my throat, cupping his new wound.

“You will never lay a finger on her, you fucking pervert.”

“I’ll be sure to cause as much pain as possible while I force my seed inside of her.” He laughs maniacally. “Put her in a cell and make sure it’s locked. Release her arms and legs, she won’t be going anywhere anyway.”

The guards do as he says, lifting my chair and throwing it down on the unforgiving floor of a dark cell next to the room we were in. They untie me while holding a gun to my head. Once they leave, I take a look around the room to try to find anything I can defend myself with. The door has no bars, only a small window that lets in a small amount of light. There’s a small, dirty bed with what looks like blood on the sheets. I see a bucket in the corner and walk to it. Moving the bucket aside, I see the brick is starting to crack apart and crumble.

I spend the next few hours trying to dislodge a single brick or at least a piece big enough to cause damage. With one final whack of the bucket, a piece flies out and I quickly grab it just as I hear voices on the other side of the door.

“She has no strength at this point. Grab her and meet me in the car.” My fucking father and his goons.

Just before the door opens, I hide behind it in the corner and wait for the guard to walk in. As he mumbles ‘what the fuck’ under his breath and looks under the bed, I quietly make my way over, smashing the brick over his head multiple times until his body is limp. Peeking around the corner of the door, the hallway is clear. I quickly grab the guard’s gun and leave the cell as quietly as possible. I can hear voices in the distance, but they’re not close enough to know what’s going on.

Suddenly, I’m startled by the floor beneath me shaking and a loud bang coming from downstairs. It sounds like an explosion of some sort. I hear guards yelling and excessive gun fire. What the fuck is going on? I make my way down the hall and

peek around the corner to see the guards shooting out of a massive hole in the front of the building. I still don't know where the fuck I am. I stay hidden and watch as the guards go down one by one until a familiar face comes into view. Braxton? I start to run towards the stairs when I feel a hand grip my arm and yank me back. A rag is shoved into my mouth and I'm dragged back towards the hallway. I try to throw my body around to get loose but it's no use because the man holding me is much stronger than I am. I kick and drive my heels into the floor, thrashing and trying to rip my arm free. He drags me into a dark room and holds a knife to my throat.

"Shut the fuck up or you're dead, bitch!" He spits, and I growl in response. I hear footsteps running by the door. Trying to discreetly lean forward, the knife pushes into my throat more and I feel blood trickle down my skin. I throw my head back and connect with the guard's nose. He drops the knife and releases me, allowing me enough time to pick up the weapon and plunge it into the side of his neck. I push it in as far as it will go then twist it, ensuring his death. Blood splatters up on my face and I wipe it off with my arm. Once his body hits the floor, I take the rag out of my mouth and spit the filth out. Fucking disgusting. I rip the knife from his flesh and peek around the corner, I see Carter opening doors and checking rooms. I exit the room and take off towards him, praying that nobody gets to me first. As I get closer, I call out to him.

"CARTER!" He spins around and a look of relief washes over his face before it turns to fear.

"Dani, get down!!" I do as he says before a shot rings out and Carter goes down. No no NO! Before I can think, I quickly turn and throw the knife. It lodges right in the center of the guard's forehead and he drops to the floor like the shitbag he is. I get up and rush to Carter. Putting my finger to his neck, I feel his pulse before I realize where the bullet hit. It grazed his cheek leaving a nasty gash. That will definitely need stitches. He begins to laugh like a mad man and I can't help but join in, leaning down to hug him tightly.

“That motherfucker has some shit aim. That’s going to leave a sexy ass scar if I do say so myself.” He continues laughing as he hugs me back. He presses a finger to his ear and speaks. “I’ve got her, let’s get the fuck out of this hell house. I’m hungry.” He looks at me then points to his ear and smiles. “How fucking cool is that?!” I just shake my head and help him up, turning around to check our surroundings.

We tiptoe down the hallway and make sure to glance in every room and corner that we pass. I am too close to freedom to let another fucking guard get in the way. Once we make it down the hall, it seems that it has cleared out downstairs, so we quietly make our way down the steps. Looking around once more and seeing that nobody is around, I walk towards the hole that was created earlier. I step outside and take a deep breath, reveling in the fresh air. As I look to my right and see nothing, I’m bombarded and arms wrap around me. The smell of coconut and vanilla overtakes my senses. Leighton. I turn and squeeze her back as tears brim my eyes.

“I’m so glad that you’re okay, Dani! I’m so sorry this happened to you! Every single one of these fuckers will pay for this!” I let the tears fall as I squeeze her harder, feeling comforted by her familiarity. As I look up, I lock eyes with Braxton as he makes his way over to me. I release Leighton and she goes over to Carter, scolding him for being reckless and freaking out about his cheek, telling him about how he could’ve died. I can’t help but laugh as her voice is drowned out by the sight of Braxton approaching me. We stare into each other's eyes for a moment before he grips my chin between his thumb and his pointer finger. A stray tear rolls down his cheek and it makes my heart constrict.

“Little Rage.”

I can’t help but lean up on my tiptoes and press my lips to his as I wrap my arms around his neck. He hugs me back and more tears fall from my eyes. I feel safe, I feel home. His familiar comfort is the anchor I’ve been searching for my entire life. He pulls away and uses his thumbs to wipe the tears from under my eyes before kissing

my forehead.

“Nobody will touch you again, Angel. You’re safe. Let’s get you home.” He throws an arm around my shoulder and starts to guide me to his truck when a thought hits me.

“Where is my father?” I turn to look at him and he chuckles.

“Don’t worry baby, we’ve got him, too. But right now, you need rest and time to heal.” That confirmation comforts me and I let him guide me to the truck and help me into the passenger seat. The drive back to the house is silent, but in a good way, as I start to feel more at ease from his presence.

I must’ve fallen asleep on the drive because I’m awoken by Braxton’s scent of mint and tobacco as he carries me into the house. He sets me down on the edge of the tub and runs the water.

“Let’s get you cleaned up. Can you stand?” I nod my head and rise to my feet. He unbuttons my pants and pulls them down along with my thong, then moves to take my shirt and bra off. He stares at me for a second and I can see that he is holding back for my sake. Braxton helps me into the tub and takes his time washing my body, being careful of the cuts and bruises that have already formed. He washes and conditions my hair, then helps me out of the tub and wraps a towel around me. He gently brushes my hair as I brush my teeth, before taking me into his bedroom and putting one of his T-shirts over my head. Helping me get into bed he kisses my forehead before speaking.

“I’ll be right back, I need to shower this day away. Don’t get up, please. Just rest.” He starts to walk towards the bathroom then turns to face me again. “I love you, Little Rage.” A smile instantly takes over my face and I can feel the blush creeping up my neck.

“I love you too, B.” He smiles and walks into the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

I lay there, staring at the ceiling, and think about how the past couple of days have gone. I would not have ever expected to go through that kind of thing and I cannot wait for the vengeance that I am owed. I listen to the shower water and let it calm my nerves as I think about the fact that Braxton actually said he loved me. I know how I've felt about him, but there's been so much rejection in my life that has held me back from saying it. Knowing he feels the same way is unlike any feeling that I have ever felt before. I feel wanted, I feel important, and he makes me feel like I am actually worth something.

I hear the water of the shower stop and a few moments later he walks out in a towel and heads over to his dresser to grab a pair of shorts. Dropping the towel and putting the shorts on he looks over at me with a look I know all too well. Slowly, he makes his way over to the bottom of the bed and gently pulls the blanket off of me. He looks up at me for what I can only assume is approval and I give him a small smile and nod my head. He crawls up onto the bed and up my body, making sure not to put any weight on me as he softly kisses my lips, then trails the kisses down my body. He lifts the shirt above my chest and I sit up to allow him to take it off. He kisses from my throat down to my hip and down each leg. Slowly, he spreads my thighs and lifts my legs so my knees are bent and my feet are flat on the bed. He bites my inner thigh then licks it to soothe the sting, sending chills through my body.

“I’ve missed this sweet cunt.” He kisses closer to my core then softly licks up my slit and sucks my clit into his mouth. A loud moan leaves my mouth and my back arches off the bed. I tangle my fingers in his hair and pull his head closer. He moans against my clit and the vibrations send tingles to my toes. Sucking the sensitive bundle of nerves hard, his fingers push into my dripping cunt gently and he starts to pump them in and out. It doesn’t take long before I feel myself getting close to an orgasm. It’s clear that he can tell too as he quickens the pace of his fingers and uses the tip of his

tongue to stroke the center of my clit. My vision starts to blur and my fingers go numb. Heat puddles in my stomach and my legs begin to shake just before I squirt my release all over Braxton's face. He continues pumping his fingers, helping me to ride out the orgasm as he licks me clean. He crawls up my body and squeezes my cheeks until my lips part, spitting my cum into my mouth.

"Swallow it, Angel. See how sweet you taste." I swallow and he kisses me deeply. I try to get up to return the favor but he holds me down. "No baby, that was just to help you relax. Rest and remember, your pleasure is my pleasure." I kiss him and cuddle up on his chest. "I love you, Little Rage."

I'll never tire of hearing those words. "I love you too, Brax." I kiss him once more before darkness takes over and I fall fast asleep, safe in his arms.

CHAPTER 20

Carter

Little Miss Sunshine was not very happy with me when she saw the gash on my face. The severity of what could have happened ran through her thoughts before it ever did mine. I feel guilty for worrying her so much. She immediately jumped into action and cleaned the wound. She called her family doctor to come sew it up and bandage it. She hasn't left my side since I walked out of that house with Dani—not even to go to the bathroom. She asked me if she could hold it while I pee. That question left me in shock for a minute, but I let her do it anyway. Kinda nice, not gonna lie.

“Baby?” Her sweet voice pulls me from my thoughts as her fragile arms wrap around my waist from behind. I rub gentle circles over her arm as she lays her head against my back. “I’m sorry that I’ve been smothering you. I just...I don't know, today scared me. I didn't know if I would see you or Dani again.” Turning in her arms, I wrap mine around her, pulling her close.

“You’re not smothering me, Sunshine. I want nothing more than to spend every waking second with you. Maybe just let me go to the bathroom alone, but otherwise, I love having you near.” I kiss her head and squeeze her tighter. “How can I ease your mind, love?” She looks up at me through her long lashes and I get lost in her eyes.

“I just want a glass of wine and some pizza... maybe your cock in my cunt and your fingers on my clit? I think that would relax me a bit.” She smiles up at me innocently as my mouth falls open at her words. I can feel my dick instantly getting hard. She sure does have a way with words.

“I think that’s a great idea. I’ll go grab the wine and you call for the pizza. Whatever you want to get is fine with me.” I kiss her forehead and make my way to the wine cooler, adjusting myself on the way. Goddamn. Grabbing a bottle, I pull out two large glasses and fill each one. I down my glass and pour some more. Something tells me I won’t be getting much sleep tonight. Lei wraps her arms around me before speaking.

“Pizza place is swamped. Said it’ll be about forty-five minutes before they get here.” I turn and hand her the glass and nod my head. Taking her hand, I walk towards the dining room table and lift her up onto it, pulling her ass towards the edge and pushing her chest slightly so she lays down. She giggles softly and places her glass on the table. Thank the lord she’s typically always wearing a dress so all I have to do is lift it up. Placing my hand on her core, I can feel that she’s already wet for me and the thought turns me on to no end. I get a little too excited and rip the thin material from her body as she lets out a gasp. I kneel before her and take in the sight of her dripping cunt. I gently blow over it and goosebumps raise on her skin.

“You are my favorite fucking meal of the day, Sunshine.” I don’t give her a second to respond as my tongue pushes its way through her walls and she moans out my name. Such a beautiful sound. Her moans force a guttural growl to come up from deep in my chest. I place my thumb on her clit and move it in tight circles. Her breathing picks up and she’s writhing at my touch. I can feel her muscles tense up as I push my fingers inside her, curving them to hit the right spot. Sucking on her thighs and loving the way they squeeze my head despite the burn from the pressure on my stitches. Happiest place on earth, that’s for damn sure. I keep going until her body is trembling against my face and a groan leaves her lips. She lets go of her release and squirts it all over my face and shirt. I slowly get up onto my feet and look down to see the result of her orgasm all over me. Licking my lips and wiping off my chin, I see blood on my hand and instantly check her body. There is blood smeared on the inside of her thigh, so I put a finger to my stitches and wince at the pain I feel.

“Oh god, baby I’m so sorry! I completely forgot about the stitches!” I can see the

guilt written all over her face and instantly feel like I need to make it right.

“Don’t worry, Sunshine. I’m fine! Just a little blood. Let’s get you cleaned up before we worry about me.” I help her off the table and watch as her dress falls back down to cover her body. Walking back to the kitchen as she follows, I wet a paper towel and lower myself to see where else my blood got on her. Wiping her thigh clean, I try to ignore the glorious scent of her arousal. As much as I would love to stick my tongue in her again, my cheek burns and I’m a little bit light headed from the way her thighs squeezed me. Standing back up, I grab the rubbing alcohol from underneath the sink and a fresh paper towel. I dumped some of the alcohol on the paper towel and gently dab it over my stitches. I suck in a breath at the pain that I feel as my girl holds my hand, doing her best to comfort me.

As I finish disinfecting the area, the doorbell goes off from who I can only assume to be the pizza delivery guy. Grabbing my wallet from the kitchen island, I walk to the door and open it. I’m surprised to see Brax and Dani standing there. Braxton is carrying paper bags with clinking bottles inside. Booze. Hell yeah.

“Well isn’t this a pleasant surprise? Come on in fuckers. Good thing we ordered a pizza.” They walk inside as Leighton walks out from the kitchen, face completely flushed.

“Clearly we walked in on some kinky shit.” Dani laughs and hugs Lei as she giggles at the comment, playfully swatting her friend's shoulder.

We all walk into the kitchen and sit around the island as Braxton starts pulling bottles out of the bags. I hadn’t noticed that Dani was also carrying a case of beer. My eyebrows shoot up in surprise at how much they brought.

“What’s the special occasion? Why so much?” Dani sighs and shrugs her shoulders.

“Honestly, I figured that we could all just use a night of fun after the shit show that is my father. I mean, for fucks sake Carter, you were almost shot in the face.” Her eyes shoot to my cheek and I can see the guilt eating away at her.

“I’m fine, Dani. You’re all worrying too much about me. You were literally taken by a piece of shit and thrown around like a rag doll. I’m okay. If you’re down, I’m down.” I give her a reassuring smile as I grab for the bottle of tequila. Standing, I grab shot glasses and salt from the cabinet. I pour some into each glass then grab some limes from the fridge and slice them up on a plate. I walk back over to the island and place everything in the middle.

“Let’s get this party started! Shots first then y’all can drink whatever you want.” I pass the shot glasses out and fill each one with tequila. We go through the motions, clink our glasses, and throw the liquid back. I revel in the burn as it goes down my throat. I don’t give them a second before I pour everyone another shot and we restart the process. Braxton has no expression on his face, same as me, but both the girls have their mouths open like panting dogs. The mannerisms of the two of them are very similar and you never have to wonder how they’re friends once you get to know them.

“Fucking hell, gimme the whiskey and blackberries. I need a smash.” Dani and her whiskey smashes are like two peas in a pod. There’s never a night out where she doesn’t have at least one.

The doorbell rings again and I go to open it, seeing the pizza guy. I pay and thank him and take the pizza into the kitchen. I don’t know what Lei ordered but it smells delicious. Placing it down on the counter, I open up the box and place slices on plates for everyone.

We spend the night drinking and laughing together until Dani and Leighton both fall asleep on each other’s shoulders. Brax and I take a second to watch them and my

heart swells at how peaceful Lei looks. Once we've both stolen our looks, I pick my girl up, bridal style, and take her to bed. One day bridal style will have an even better meaning.

CHAPTER 21

Daniella

Waking up on Carter's couch, my neck is sore, but I am comfortably tucked into Braxton's arms as he lightly snores in my ear. I try to get up without waking him, but the second I move, his eyes slowly open up and he looks at me.

"Good morning, gorgeous. How did you sleep?" He slowly sits up and kisses me gently, cupping my face in his hands. The sun is hitting his eyes just right and the brown looks beautiful in the light. I give them a soft smile and kiss him once more.

"I slept as well as one could on a sectional. I know you did, based on the way that you were snoring in my ear." We laugh together for a moment before Leighton and Carter come down the stairs, way too chipper for an early morning.

"What's got you two so happy? Morning sex?" I smack B's arm at the audacity of his comment. Even though I see the blush on Lei's face, I can't help but laugh at the fact he was entirely right.

"Jealous much?" Carter jumps over the back of the couch sitting to my left and throwing his arm around my shoulders, pulling me closer to him. "Don't act like you won't do it as soon you get home, fuckers. I keep my woman happy!" I lean my head on his shoulder as he speaks. Over time, we've grown incredibly close and have a shit ton of trust in our little six way friendship. Leighton walks around and sits on Braxton's other side, throwing her legs across his lap.

“I know last night was like a trauma bond type of thing, but can we do something fun today please? Not the lake, not the club, and not another fair for sure.” Leighton has the same reaction as I do to traumatic situations and giggles at the thought of going back to another fairground. Me too, girl, me too.

We all sit and think for a minute before an idea comes to mind.

“Well, my father is sitting tied up in Braxton’s basement... We could go kill him?” The fact that I could even offer that as an option with a straight face is insanely concerning, but their responses bring a moment of comfort.

In unison, they all say “yes”. So, I guess we’re killing my dad today.

Everybody starts to get up from the couch and we go into the kitchen to grab some coffee. We sit in silence for a few peaceful minutes before I decide I need a shower and drag B out of his seat.

“I need a shower and to get ready for the event of the night, so we will see you both later.” I walk over to hug Lei then turn and hug Carter before we are out the door and in the truck, heading back to Braxton’s.

“Are you ready for this?” Braxton’s question startles me for a moment before I respond.

“That fuck face deserves everything coming to him. I regret absolutely nothing about what’s going to happen.” He looks at me with a face of shock and all I can do is laugh. We continue to drive for about fifteen minutes before we are pulling into the driveway and adrenaline starts to rush through me at the thought of what will unfold tonight. I try to think of different ways to make the process as painful as possible. I think about all the things that I can do with my pretty purple dagger. That’s when I have an absolute lightbulb moment. I call Lei and Carter to ask them to come over

sooner rather than later as my excitement reaches an all time high. Walking over to Rage's enclosure, I carefully pull her out and walk to the couch to sit.

"What is going on in that pretty little head of yours? I can see the gears turning." B comes and sits next to me while running his hand along Rage. She has grown significantly and weighs a lot more than she did when he gifted her to me.

"I think this pretty girl will come in handy today. I'm sure she's hungry." A delicious smirk crosses his face to match my own.

"I love that twisted mind of yours. Makes my cock twitch in my pants." No other words are needed, I quickly stand to go put Rage back in her enclosure and practically sprint back over to the couch and drop to my knees in front of him.

"It's my turn to please you." I pull down his sweats and boxers, letting his dick spring free. I don't hesitate to cover the head with my mouth and lick circles around the tip as he groans at the sensation. He tangles his fingers in my hair and adjusts himself on the couch to give me more access to him. I know he loves pain mixed with pleasure so I dig my nails into the sides of his thighs and he lets out a moan.

"Eyes on me baby, I want you to see what you do to me." The words are a struggle for him to get out as he says them through clenched teeth. Looking up at him, my eyes begin to water. "I love when you cry your pretty tears for me." I take him as far into my mouth as I can until I can feel his cock throbbing in the back of my throat. I hollow my cheeks and suck, pulling a guttural groan from him. "Fuck," he says under his breath and all composure leaves my body. Pulling my mouth off of him with a pop, I stand, pulling my panties down my legs, before straddling him. I quickly seat myself on his cock to the hilt and let out a moan. He slaps my ass and the sting adds to the pleasure as I ride him.

"Fuck, baby. You fill me up to the brim." I throw my head back, reveling in the

feeling of pure bliss. Placing my hands on his shoulders for stability, I ride him hard and fast seeking the release I need as he licks and sucks the sides of my neck. It only takes a few more minutes before we are both orgasming together and it feels like the perfect harmony. Slowly getting off of him, I slide my finger through my slit, gathering our mix of cum before sticking it in his mouth. "Suck it clean and see how well we go together," I say as he swirls his tongue around my finger.

"You really are something else, Little Rage." Just as I'm considering round two, there's a knock at the door and I quickly check my phone as I pull my pants back on.

"It's Lei and Carter. I guess they were too excited to wait." I go to stand but Braxton grabs my throat and pulls me towards him, biting my bottom lips and sucks it into his mouth. I pull it out from between his teeth and kiss him deeply before I go to open the door. "I guess you two couldn't wait another minute. Excited to be murderers or what?" I smirk at them both and open the door wider to let them in.

"Honestly, I need a bit of relief. What that fucker did hurt all of us. It's your kill but I still want to torture him a bit!" Lei hugs me and laughs at her own words. Carter walks in behind her and I can see the anticipation on his face at what's to come.

"He'll get what he deserves and not a single fucking person will lay a hand on you again. That was too scary." He pulls me in for a hug and I soak up his warmth. When I release Carter and turn around, B is standing there with his arms crossed and muscles rippling. I clench my thighs at the sight of him.

"Let's get this party started. He's been down there for a while. There probably isn't much fight left in him. You ready, Angel?" Walking over to the side table in the living room, I grab my dagger.

"Hell fucking yeah, I'm ready. Anyone have a drill or a melon baller?" Their faces all show a look of confusion.

“Uhm yeah...melon baller is in the kitchen and the drill is downstairs... What the hell are you planning?” Braxton’s face as he tries to think through all the possibilities is so fucking cute. I don’t give an answer and go straight to the kitchen before coming back to the foyer and grabbing B’s hand.

“Let’s go!” We all head down to the basement and as soon as my father hears the door open, he decides it’s a good time for his lips to start flapping.

“What the fuck is wrong with you people? I need water. I’m going to fucking die down here. Untie me from this chair and let me out of this godforsaken basement!” He really must think he’s royalty or something.

“Are you fucking stupid, old man? You’re going to die today.” A look of shock flashes across his face before he schools his features and tries to seem unbothered. Rolling his eyes, he looks the other way. Say less, fucker.

Walking to the other side of the basement, I grab the drill and some screws when I notice another bit of fun. I grab the hammer and nails and hand them to Lei.

“Untie his hands and hold his arms out. Make sure those sausage fingers are spread apart. Lei, pick a side and have some fun.” I give her a side glance and smile at the twinkle in her eye. Despite her put together and classy appearance, she’s trained to kill and loves to cause pain. She hates talking about being a mafia heiress but it does come in handy sometimes.

As my adrenaline rushes through me like a wave, I stick the sharp end of the screw under his nail and push it until he screams as Lei does the same on her side. Giving her a nod, I line up the bit of the drill and hold the button and she starts hammering. His screams are a symphony of agony and I couldn’t love it more. We continue the process on each finger as he screams and begs for mercy that he will never receive. The more pain he feels, the more mine begins to fade away.

“This is for my mother, you sick bastard! Feel every inch of pain that you deserve!” Once I have a screw under each nail, I pick up my dagger and cut the ropes around his ankles. He has no more fight in him and doesn't budge. Slowly, I drag the blade across his achilles tendon, reveling in the sight of blood pouring on the floor and the sound of his agonizing screams. “This is for leaving me alone to handle her body.” Tears start to fall from my eyes at the thought of the childhood I had.

Retying his ankles to the chair, I make sure to pull as tightly as I can.

“Pull his tongue out of his mouth and fucking cut it off.” I hand Carter my dagger as I know he is itching to do some damage too. Leighton walks around and throws an arm over my shoulder, pulling me close and watching the scene with me. My father is a mess of blood and sweat. He even pissed his pants. I can slowly see the life slipping from him so once Carter has completely removed his tongue, I slap him as hard as I can. “Fucking cut him up so Rage has a meal tonight, B.” He doesn't hesitate and starts cutting chunks of muscle and flesh from his body and putting them to the side on a table. My father continues to scream but I don't feel an ounce of sympathy for him. Doing this with the people I care about most has made it even better. Once Braxton has a few good chunks, he steps back and kisses me.

“The rest is all you, baby.” I grab the serrated melon baller and grab a handful of my father's hair, ripping his head back before I quote him.

“As you once said ‘ I'm going to be the last face you see and the last voice you hear before your final worthless breath leaves your body.’ Unfortunately for you, the tables have turned.” Plunging the melon baller into his eye socket, I aggressively scoop his eyeball out, using the serrated side to cut the optic nerve as he howls in pain and his body convulses. I grab my dagger from Braxton before speaking again.

“Fuck you!” In one swift motion, I slide the blade of my dagger across his throat and watch as the blood spurts out and splatters across my face. As he chokes on his own

blood, I step back to take a look at everything we have done and feel the trauma that has haunted me all of these years begin to dissipate.

“Carter, how do you feel right now?” I turn to him and he smirks at me, then looks down at Lei. We always have the same mindset in fucked up situations.

“Completely fucking turned on. My cock’s been hard since my Little Sunshine’s first tap of the hammer.” I chuckle at his words and then look at Braxton with desire in my eyes.

“Me fucking too.” Walking over towards B, I take his hand and guide him over to the couch on the other side of the basement. I push his shoulder, causing him to fall on his back on the cushion. Ripping my sweats down, I throw my leg over top of him so that I am straddling his face. He licks the fabric of my thong and I instantly feel myself melt. I look at Leighton and she nods her head in approval as she drags Carter to the other couch facing us. I look down to B and nod my head as well.

Pulling my thong to the side, I seat myself on Braxton’s mouth and he licks through my slit before pushing his tongue in. I let out a moan and throw my head back as he brings his hands up to grab my hips and hold me in place. I look over to see Leighton with her head thrown back against the couch and Carter’s hand in her pants as he fingers her. There is nothing but moans and panting for what feels like an hour as everything else fades away. I near the brim of an orgasm at the same time Leighton does and our moans become one rhythmic song as we are both pulled over the edge. We sit in silence for a minute, catching our breath and coming down from the orgasms.

Standing from the couch, I readjust myself and help Braxton to sit upright as we all begin to laugh. Definitely not the type of experience any of us are used to. I pull my pants back on and kiss B, making sure to suck his tongue into my mouth.

“We will just have to finish the rest of that in private,” I say as I make my way over to my father’s unmoving body. Grabbing the chunks of flesh that Braxton left off to the side, I start making my way upstairs. “Sorry daddy dearest! B, can you text someone and have them come take out the trash, please?”

Getting up the stairs, I go to Rage’s enclosure and drop the meat inside along with a pinkie from the cage I keep next to hers. I stand by it for a few minutes just watching her devour the fresh kills. She's a lethal little thing. Braxton’s arms wrap around my waist and I lean back into his chest.

Life is good.

CHAPTER 22

Carter

I have never participated in more fucked up shit in my life...but it was hot. The girls completely dominated Brax and I with no warning. Sexiest shit ever.

We go up to shower one at a time as the rest wait outside to avoid getting blood all over the house. Tristan and his men came and cleaned up the body, making sure the entire house was spotless with absolutely no trace of Clarence Rossi.

Once everyone is showered, we spend time trying to figure out what we want to do with the rest of the night. Dani quit her job so she could start her own business, Brax called to check in on the club, Lei talked to her dad about us potentially going on a trip, and I just sat there taking in each conversation. I guess you could say it's been a pretty eventful day. I'm pulled from my thoughts as my phone rings in my pocket.

"Guess it's my turn, I'll be right back," I say before heading into the house. I look at my phone and see that it's my cousin, Vinny. I hit the accept button and hold the phone to my ear.

"Yo Vin, what's up?" I listen to him speak and he tells me about a party tomorrow night. It's Halloween so it's a costume party. He gives me all of the details and I hang up the phone and head back outside to tell everyone.

"Costume party tomorrow at the warehouse, who's in? Best fucking time of the year!" Excitement rushes through me at the thought.

Immediately they all agree in unison and we start talking about the costumes we'll wear. Dani and Lei go on a long spiel about how they can't wear the same costumes as they did for The Pursuit while Brax and I try to give them every option under the sun. After what felt like hours, they both finally settle on what they will be...And us. Leighton decides we're going to be Harley Quinn and Joker since she has an obsession with Harley. Dani decides the two of them are going as skeletons because she wants to wear cool contacts... whatever that means. We spend the rest of the night drinking and just having an all around good time together. I never thought I'd have more than Brax, but now I'm surrounded by great people.

Waking up in the morning in the spare bedroom, Lei is spread out like starfish with an arm across my throat. Who would've thought such a delicate person could sleep like such a damn maniac. I try to slide out from under her but her being the light sleeper she is, her eyes instantly open. The brown of her tired eyes shines brightly as the sun hits her iris at the perfect angle. She squints and crawls up my body, laying her head on my chest.

"Good morning, Sweet Boy. The sun is way too fucking bright." She tucks her face into the crook of my neck and I rub light circles on her back. "When can we go shopping? I'm going to need a whole new outfit for tonight obviously. Mafia heiress has its perks." She chuckles and sits up, straddling my waist and leaning down to kiss me softly.

"We can go whenever you want, Sunshine. We should probably see if the other shits are awake." Nodding her head in agreement, she climbs off of me and puts her shirt and shorts back on. I roll out of bed and throw her over my shoulder as she giggles. I walk down the stairs to the delightful scent of bacon before I hear the sizzle of it cooking. Walking into the kitchen, I gently place Lei down on the stool at the island and make my way to the fridge, slapping Braxton's ass on the way and giving Dani a quick kiss on the back of her head.

"Morning, fuckers. Lei is already itching for some shopping and you two have no

choice but to go with.” They both laugh and let out a ‘ yeah, yeah’ as they continue making breakfast. Bacon, pancakes, sausage, coffee... What more could I ask for? Grabbing water from the fridge, I hand Lei a bottle then go in the cabinet and grab some plates. Once the cooking is done, Dani loads up the plates for everyone and places them in front of us. I, of course, instantly dive right in. Dani and Brax make a killer breakfast every time.

“So where did you want to go, Lei? Anywhere in particular?” Dani looks at my girl and waits for a response as Lei thinks on it.

“I think the mall will suffice. They always have a good selection in some of the boutiques. I really want to find a Harley-esque shirt. OH. And probably a makeup store of some sort because we're all going to need face paint. I could use something to color my hair too...We might need to go to a few places now that I think of it.” She always plans her shopping trips out so she can be sure she gets to everywhere she wants to. She is, by far, the most organized and punctual person I have ever met. The rest of us just follow along for the ride regardless of where it is that we're going.

After everyone is done eating, we all head upstairs to get dressed. Thankfully we brought extra clothes, assuming we would be doing something today. Leighton looks beautiful as usual in her sweatpants and crop top. She paired the ‘fit with high top Nikes and it makes my cock twitch. No matter what she wears or what she does, I can never get enough of this little ray of Sunshine.

An hour later, we're all trailing behind Lei at the mall like lost puppies. None of us care what we wear and we let Leighton decide because it makes her happy. The only thing Dani cared about was getting white contacts. She already scares me enough some days, I don't know why she wants to be more intimidating. Definitely would not recommend fucking with her.

We FINALLY get to the food court so I can get my well deserved cinnamon sugar pretzel with icing. That shit is delicious. Brax gets a burger, Dani gets a chicken

sandwich, and Lei gets a salad because when doesn't she. I love my little health nut, she keeps me in check but lets me splurge on occasion.

After what feels like hours, we split up and start getting ready for the night. The process is excruciating. I can't sit this damn long for makeup. The paint is making my face itch but I'm not allowed to touch it. Shit, the things we do for the ones we love!

"There! All done! You look perfect!" Lei pats my head and I get up to go look in the mirror. My face is white – like stark white. And my hair is green...This is a new vibe. Damn, I look good as The Joker. It takes a solid four hours of makeup, hair, and outfit changes before everything is acceptable. As long as it took, I'm happy that she's happy. And she looks fucking adorable with pigtails.

Shooting a text to Brax, I let him know we're ready to go.

Me: We're ready to go. We can come pick you up if you want! XOXO.

Brax: Yeah sure that works. Dani just needs her dagger and we're good to go.

Me: How scary are the contacts? Do I even wanna know?

Brax: Guess you'll just have to find out there tough guy. XD

Fucker. Always messing with me.

Once Lei has everything she needs to go, we head over to Braxton's to pick them up. As soon as they get in the car, I can tell Dani has had a few drinks already based on how happy she is and how touchy she is with Brax. After last night...I'm not sure I mind watching. Leighton giggles and turns up the radio as her and Dani belt out Drunk by Elle King and Miranda Lambert. The bond the two of them have is awesome to watch. We each have our own type of friendship with each other. Dani and Lei are your typical girl besties, Dani and I just fuck shit up together, Lei and

Brax basically just bully each other, and Brax and I are just polar opposites that keep each other balanced. We all have our own part in our quad. Ryn and Dallas will be with us tonight and it's just total mayhem when all six of us get together.

When we get to the warehouse, it looks like nobody is there but in typical Vinny fashion, it means there is an awesome party inside. We park on the side of the building and file out of the car. Trudging around the back of the warehouse, there's a door at the bottom of a set of stairs with a bouncer standing in the way. Walking down, he immediately knows who I am from past interactions and opens the door for us. Sauntering through the door is like entering a sauna. It's so fucking hot in here. We make our way through the crowd and head straight towards the makeshift bar. Ordering our drinks, we take a second to look around.

"It's fucking packed in here." Braxton hates crowds. I know he needs another drink so I turn and order some shots to help get him going. We all down the tequila shots together, then one leads to two, so on and so forth. At this point we're all completely hammered and decide it's a good idea to get out on the dance floor. We push through the sea of partiers until we're at the center. The bass is pumping through me and the girls are having so much fun. Ryn and Dallas somehow manage to find us and join in on the fun. After about an hour, Leighton says something but I can't hear over the music and lean in for her to repeat it, but she's already gone.

A few minutes go by and she hasn't come back so I look to the others and ask if they've seen her. Nobody has. Dani and Ryn run to the bathroom and it feels like they're gone for an eternity before they return. They come back out, yelling. No. Please God no.

"She's not in the bathroom. We've walked the perimeter, we've looked everywhere, her location is off and she's not answering the phone. Carter, she never turns her location off," Dani says, and I can see the panic in her eyes.

Fuck fuck fuck. NO!