



SinMas (The Blackthorn Boys #1)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: SINKLER

I've been waiting to have her since I was eleven.

It doesn't matter if my father adopted her.

It doesn't matter if we grew up together.

It doesn't matter if she's promised to someone else.

Seeing her sell her body online ignited a fierce desire within me, craving her even more.

Our Claiming Hunt ceremony is the perfect occasion to establish that she belongs to us.

Soon, my pet will discover who's hiding behind her screen.

NIKOLAS

She thinks I'm the nicest, but she doesn't know how much my body craves her.

Calling me Saint won't change anything to who I am.

Her animosity towards Sin blinds her to the fact that her own disobedience only intensifies my twin's desire to punish her.

She better run fast because The Claiming Hunt will make her my sweetest sin.

HARPER

Being a cam girl attracts some shady individuals into your life. My stalker is proof of it.

And because of that, I'm stuck spending Christmas with my brothers.

I didn't expect that my Master would be one of them.

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GLOSSARY & PRONUNCIATION

Zayka (ZAY - ka) - Little Bunny

Malyshka (ma - LYSH - ka) - Little girl/ Baby

Kukla (KOOK - la) - Doll

Pakhan (pa - KHAN) - Boss of a family in the Bratva

Naslednik (nas - LYED - neek) - Heir of the family Bratva

Byki (bih - KEE) - Bratva bodyguard/ enforcer

Printsesa Bratvy - Bratva Princess

Koroleva - Queen

Doch - Daughter (DOTCH)

Syn - Son

Da - Yes

Nyet - No

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CHARACTERS

Sinkler Mikhailov - Sin

Nikolas (Nikolai) Mikhailov - Saint

Harper Mikhailov

Iakov & Chloe Mikhailov - The parents

Arkadi - Bodyguard

The Blackthorn boys

Aleksei Nikolaev

Lev Sokolov

Adrik Orlov

Viktor Volkov

Their preys

Alesya Nikolaev (Lisy)- Harper's best friend / Aleksei's twin & prey

Thea Barlowe - Lev's prey

Tanya Sokolova - Adrik's prey

Alisa Whitlock - Viktor's prey

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PROLOGUE

Harper

Age 10

“Everything is going to be alright,” Mama says, squeezing my fingers as she tries to reassure me. “I’m sure you’ll love it here. And the boys are just a year older than you.”

I nod and smile at her.

I know she’s been trying really hard. As far back as I can remember, it has always been the two of us. I have no memories of my Papa.

Mama said he wasn’t a good man.

My eyes dart around, trying to absorb the enormity of the space surrounding us.

This place is big. Really big.

There’s a gate at the entrance, and people are guarding it.

According to Mama, Iakov is a man of great importance in the Bratva.

With a loud creak, the large door swings open, revealing a massive man leading a pair of identical individuals.

“Finally,” he says with a thick accent. “You must be Harper.” His fingers squeeze my cheek, causing me discomfort. “And here are Sinkler and Nikolai. Your new brothers.”

The two boys give me this weird look that makes me want to crawl into a hole and never show my face again.

Their faces are mirrors of each other, and their bright green eyes remind me of the sweet treats Mama always warns me about, cautioning me that they may taste bitter.

They’re pretty. I like this colour.

Their short and impeccable dark hair is accompanied by a dark suit that stands out against their pale skin.

I’m certain their papa asked them to look presentable for today, just as Mama did for me.

The only difference is their expression.

One of them gives me a shy smile, while the other gives me a hard look as if he doesn’t want me here.

“I’m Nikolas,” says the boy with a shy smile.

I look at him, confused. “I thought your father said your name was Nikolai.”

“It is,” Iakov reprimands him.

Nikolas or Nikolai leans closer to me and whispers in my ear, “I hate it when he calls me Nikolai.”

I nod at him because I understand hating what one of your parents does or says.

“This is Sinkler. You’ll probably not be able to tell who is who,” he chuckles.

I can already tell them apart.

“I’m Harper.”

Sinkler’s disapproving gaze meets mine before he dismissively shakes his head and retreats inside.

“Don’t mind him. You’ll get used to it.”

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SINKLER

The Blackthorn Boys

Present

When a Blackthorn turns 21, they must select their prey with careful consideration.

Each year, right around Christmas time, the selection takes place.

For generations, The Claiming Hunt has been a long-standing tradition established by my great-grandfather.

It was no secret that he, along with my grandfather and father, were not good men, but that's just the norm in the Bratva.

And this year, The Claiming Hunt is finally ours.

There are no limits and no restrictions on what you can do to possess your prey.

It's only when the name is said that the prey becomes ours, and we can seize it without hesitation.

Sharing it is not an option.

That's the only rule.

But when it comes to following them, my twin and I are known for doing the exact opposite.

Saint and I are Mikhailov, and like our late great-grandfather, we know exactly who we want.

Especially after the information we gathered about her.

No matter her upcoming nuptials, her soon-to-be husband's time on earth will be cut short.

We know that there may be some foolish individuals among the new members who will attempt to challenge our authority, or it could potentially be the elite Bratva themselves who have a penchant for defying us.

My gaze shifts around the dark room, taking in the sight of the people present.

Everyone is dressed in black academic gowns, our hoods pulled up over our heads. Each gown is adorned with a prominent red stripe, setting us apart from the white stripes worn by the new members.

Our faces are hidden behind a gold mask, its bronze hue accentuated by silver lines. The mouth of the mask is crafted to appear as if the lips are partially parted yet stitched together.

The atmosphere is more reminiscent of Halloween than Christmas.

"Gentlemen," starts Malric. "After years of waiting, it's finally your turn."

The boys' cheers fill the air with pure delight, while Malric can't help but chuckle at their excitement.

“This is your last year at Blackthorn University. Each of you will come on this stage and announce the name of your chosen. Once that's done, you'll have complete freedom to pursue your prey however you please, but remember, you have a year. Once the year has passed, your prey will be back in the game, ready to be hunted.”

I don't mind a hunt, but it's more Nikolas' thing than mine.

Beside me, Adrik, Viktor, Aleksei, and Lev give me a slight nod.

There may be one rule, but we all have each other's back, no matter what. Apart from my twin, they've been my ride-or-die.

“Let the claiming begin.” Malric claps his hands.

As the first person approaches the stage, I sense Saint tensing up.

The sound of names being spoken echoes through the room, accompanied by the enthusiastic cheers of the audience. Aleksei visibly lets out a sigh of relief as his turn approaches.

He has been eagerly anticipating that moment for years. Years to have his twin sister. We're all fucked up, and we know it, so nobody is surprised when he says, “Alesya Nikolaev.”

I don't see his face, but I know there's a satisfied smile behind it.

Lev is next in line, and to my surprise, he chose a girl that I did not expect.

“What’s the name of your chosen one?” Malric asks him.

“Thea Barlowe,” Lev replies.

Yeah, I absolutely did not think he would have selected Thea, the embodiment of sweetness and innocence, as his choice.

Up next is Adrik, and unlike Lev, I knew he would choose his step-cousin.

“What’s the name of your chosen one?” Malric asks Adrik.

“Tanya Sokolova.”

The wanker leaves the stage, winking at me through his mask before making way for Viktor.

“What’s the name of your chosen one?”

“Alisa Whitlock.” Viktor’s calm voice belied the hardness that resonated through his words.

The ceremony continues, each man selecting their prey, until Jaxon catches my attention, confidently stepping forward, a determined sparkle in his eyes.

His face might be concealed, but I’d recognise anyone in this room by their posture.

I’m not known for being gentle. Describing me as cruel would probably be accurate, but Jaxon is simply a relentless annoyance, determined to provoke me.

Not to mention him forcing his way with women.

I had no motive to kill him... until now.

“What’s the name of your chosen one?” Malric asks like a broken record.

“Harper Mikhailov.”

The room becomes silent. There are no cheers, no words, only a profound silence that fills the air. Even Malric tenses before diverting his gaze towards us.

Weirdly, Dimitri doesn’t say a word, which is disappointing, knowing he thinks he’s going to marry her.

“He did not say that,” Aleksei chuckles in my ear.

“The boy is afraid of nothing,” continues Lev.

“You might want to reconsider your choice,” I advise, but the dickhead laughs.

“Sorry, Mikhailov, but you know the rules. I can’t wait to have my cock buried so deep into your baby sister’s pussy that she’ll scream for me to stop.”

Malric’s instincts kick in, warning him that something bad is about to happen, prompting him to take a cautious step to the side.

And he’s right.

I glance at my twin, and he gives me a single nod.

Among the two of us, Nikolas is undeniably the kindest, but he’s far from being a saint despite our sister calling him Saint.

“You’re right. There are no rules. Unfortunately for you, this would have led you straight into the path of your untimely end.”

Without budging from my seat, I swiftly retrieve the concealed knife from my belt and hurl it with precision, watching it find its mark on his throat.

Backing away, he stumbles and collapses onto the floor. Desperate, he stretches out his hands in an attempt to grasp the knife, but his fate is sealed—death is his only outcome.

Malric sighs and mumbles, “I knew that would happen.”

There’s complete silence in the room, except for the audible gasps from the new members.

“Whitethorn,” he shouts to the juniors. “Clean up this mess.”

At lightning speed, they swiftly execute the order while my twin confidently takes up the stage.

“Do I really need to ask?” Malric raises his brow.

“Please, do. Just in case people didn’t get the memo.”

“What’s the name of your chosen one?” Malric sighs.

“Harper Mikhailov.”

I sense the new members tensing up, their bodies growing rigid, perhaps anticipating that I would treat Saint the same way. And with our masks on, they can’t see that we bear an identical face.

When Saint comes back, it's finally my turn to take the stage.

"You know people won't be pleased," murmurs Malric, already knowing what will be my choice.

"For someone who is supposed to be a heartless killer, it seems like you are surprisingly empathetic towards others."

"I don't. I just don't want my recruits to dwindle down to zero because you'd have to kill all of them."

"After what happened with Jaxon, if someone dares to speak up, it would imply they had lost their sanity."

"For fuck's sake." Glancing around, he lets out a resigned sigh and asks, "What's the name of your chosen one?"

"Harper Mikhailov."

It seems like the newbies have no fear.

"He can't pick the same girl," a voice is heard.

"Can't I?" I tilt my head to the side. "You should be happy I'm not selecting the same target as you, but if you insist, I'm willing to alter my decision. But that would mean you'll end up exactly like your friend—my knife in your throat."

He shakes his head vehemently before sinking back into his seat.

"That's what I thought."

“Very well.” Malric claps his hands. “Blackthorn Boys, you have a year. Let the chase begin.”

Just as we’re all ready to leave, Dimitri Popov approaches us with an unmistakable air of displeasure.

“You might have chosen her as your prey, but she belongs to me, and you’ll meet your end before you ever lay a hand on her.”

Just because my father decided to marry her to him doesn’t make her his.

“Watch your back, Mikhailov,” he continues. “Because I’m ready to fight.”

A devious laugh leaves my lips. “Popov, Harper doesn’t need a fighter; she needs someone to witness the world go up in flames as she sets it ablaze.”

“I’ll kill you both,” he spits out. “This bitch belongs to me by right.”

Just as I am about to smash his fucking face, Saint’s hand lands on my shoulder, calming me instantly.

“You’ll die for your words, little boy,” Saint sneers. “And that’s a promise.”

“You’re both fucking twisted!” Dimitri lashes out. “She’s your sister.”

Uncharacteristically, it's Saint who acts on impulse, seizing Dimitri by the throat and leaning in close to whisper with a dangerous undertone. “Watch your mouth, Dimitri.”

“Or what?”

“Or I’ll make sure to savour every moment while I extract your heart from your chest cavity.”

Surprisingly, Dimitri stutters and stumbles out of Saint’s grip before making a hasty retreat.

“He’s going to be an issue,” Saint whispers.

“I know.”

“And?”

“I’ll take care of it,” I assure him. “His mouth will never utter a word again.”

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SINKLER

One week later

I haven't moved from my computer for the past hour, completely absorbed by what I'm seeing.

One year.

That's the time since I moved from my parents' home.

Nine months.

That's the time since I saw Harper's face covered in bruises. Bruises caused by my father.

Six months.

That's when I found my sister half-naked on AccessMe.

Discovering her on an adult website was completely unexpected.

At first, I was consumed by an overwhelming rage, my anger boiling inside me.

But as my head stopped spinning and my vision cleared, I found myself fixated on

her.

That was wrong.

I knew it was fucking wrong.

We grew up together.

My father adopted her.

But I never cared about what people would say.

So I did the only thing a brother would do.

I moved across the street from her university flat, my window facing hers.

She thinks I moved far away, but I'm right here, watching her from the darkness of my place, following her wherever she goes.

I hope she likes the gifts I leave on her doorstep.

With a slow and deliberate motion, I reach for my cock, my gaze transfixed on her as she sensually explores her nipples through the transparent fabric of her bra.

The Christmas lights behind her accentuate the baby blue hue, making her icy blue eyes stand out against her fair skin even more.

Her long, dark hair cascades over one nipple, teasingly concealing it and igniting my desire to rip the lace with my teeth.

I don't dare close my eyes.

My hand follows her movement while my head races at the thought of everything I want to do to her.

Fuuuck.

I want to see her on her knees for me, full of my cock.

I want my cum to cover every inch of her body.

I want her to bleed for me.

I want her to bear my marks.

To look at me while I fuck her.

To see how obsessed her brother is with her.

She will be mine.

My pet.

My prey.

My whore.

And she will face the consequences for exposing what is rightfully mine to others.

She's like a siren, luring me towards the forbidden, igniting a craving I shouldn't have.

Just as her fingers move in a circular motion, teasing her clit, her moans echo through

the room as if she were beside me.

The throbbing of my cock intensifies as I delicately graze my thumb over the slick, dripping pre-cum.

As I close my eyes for a moment, I can vividly imagine her baby blue eyes locked with mine, tears streaming down her face, smudging her mascara, while she chokes on my dick.

The sound of her moan reaches my ears, and that's all I need. A rush of pleasure overwhelms me. I let out a primal sound as my muscles tense, and my mind floods with vivid images of her while I cover her face with my cum.

My heart pounds in my chest as I struggle to calm myself, but my eyes instantly lock onto her on the screen.

Flush with pleasure, her cheeks blush pink as she leans towards the screen, blows a kiss, and ends the connection.

I quickly grab a tissue from the desk, hastily cleaning myself before standing up. My joggers are still down, exposing my cock as I make my way through the darkness of my flat until I finally reach my window.

There she is.

Slowly and deliberately, she stands beside her bed, carefully removing her bra.

Oh, sissy. You have no idea what's waiting for you.

"C'mon, Sin." I grimace at the sound of my nickname. Only one girl dares to call me that, and even though she's an insufferable brat, it's a name reserved solely for her.

“One last drink.”

I glance at Anya, her view obstructed by the thick, fake eyelashes.

My twin locks his eyes on me with a smirk while Aleksei and Lev try to stifle a laugh with a cough.

Fucking twats.

Adrik and Viktor couldn't join us tonight, likely already out hunting their prey.

And it's probably better that way. We grew up together, and I know they would've acted like little fuckers.

The pub is bursting at the seams tonight, with Christmas decorations covering every inch of the room. The ceiling is adorned with twinkling lights, casting a warm glow on the merry crowd, who are singing Christmas songs in unison.

While I don't despise Christmas, it's safe to say I'm not particularly enthusiastic about it either.

Before I have time to answer her, a presence catches my attention.

With her friends by her side, Harper strides into the place as if she owns it, making everyone turn their heads in admiration.

The fabric of her top is nearly transparent, and her skirt is so short that it could easily pass as underwear.

The boys follow my gaze, their eyes locked on her as she confidently walks towards the bar counter. My fist instinctively tightens as her male friend leans closer to her,

whispering in her ear.

Saint, who never knows when to shut up, calls out her name, causing her to turn her head to locate the source of the voice before she frowns upon seeing me.

“What? The game is up, brother,” he winks.

Harper shakes her head in protest, but Lisy, Aleksei’s twin, and Harper’s best friend ignores her resistance and firmly grabs her by the arm. Together, they approach us while their friend takes their order.

“Oh, this is going to be fun,” chuckles Aleksei.

Yeah, I bet it will. Aleksei has a weird relationship with his twin, but she’s a strong head.

He likes a good challenge, and that’s why she’s his chosen one.

Once they arrive at our table, Harper grasps my arm and leans in close to whisper in my ear.

“What the hell are you doing here?”

I smirk at her.

I haven’t seen her since I came to pick her up nine months ago.

“Well, hello to you too, sissy. You don’t know?”

She takes a step back, her frown deepening as she glances at me.

“Know what?”

“It’s you and us for Christmas, Harps.”

“Excuse me?” she gasps, shaking her head.

“You’re excused.” I grin.

“Nuh-uh. The parents won’t be here. There’s no need for you to be here.”

An internal groan threatens to surface.

Considering their actions, I can’t figure out how she could extend her forgiveness to them. Maybe she’s just a more forgiving soul than I am.

Nine months ago, I received a panicked call from Saint, who insisted I rush home immediately after our sister reached out to him.

Her body was marked with bruises, and blood slowly trickled down her face.

He fucking hit her.

Even now, it feels as vivid as if it took place yesterday.

My phone buzzes in my hand, the vibrations travelling through my fingers as I see my twin’s name displayed on the screen.

“Saint? What is it?”

“You need to go home immediately,” he urges.

My body tenses at the sound of his seriousness,

Given that my twin is known for his lighthearted nature, his sudden concern has me on high alert.

“Again, what is it?”

“It’s Harper.”

Is he seriously calling me about our little sister?

“I don’t have time.”

“Stop being a dickhead. She called me, and...” He sighs. “Just go home.”

I pinch the bridge of my nose in frustration. There is a reason why we decided to leave this wretched dump.

“Sinkler! I know you don’t have the best relationship with her.” More like I want to fuck her until she passes out, my cum dripping from every hole. “But she’s family,” he continues, “and family comes first.”

For fuck’s sake.

Having my own words thrown at me feels like a cheap shot.

“Fine,” I groan, the frustration evident in my voice, as I reluctantly snatch my car keys off the counter. “I’ll go now.”

“Thank you. I’m on my way back.” He hangs up without another word.

I know he would've gone if he was there, but he's in another city and won't be back soon enough.

The drive home takes me thirty minutes, and as it's late, the streets are empty and devoid of any signs of life when I park in front of our parents' house.

Shouts reach my ears, urging me to go inside.

"What is it with all the loud voices?"

The sight of my stepmother's glassy eyes, likely a result of alcohol, pierces through me while my father's fists clench tightly in a display of rage.

"Sinkler," she breathes out.

"What are you doing here?" my father spits out.

"Iakov, it's his home," she hiccups.

"I don't think I asked you anything." His hand moves with such speed that I barely register it before it lands on her cheeks. "You're just like your daughter, proficient in giving blowjobs but lacking in any other skills."

Just as he is about to lift his hand for another strike, I manage to halt him in his tracks.

It's not the first time he's laid a hand on Chloe, which is common in the Bratva. It doesn't mean I condone it.

They've been married for the past ten years. When we first met her, she radiated warmth and positivity, her smile lighting up the room. Now, she's become a hollow

version of herself, subjected to my father's cruel treatment without protest.

"Enough!" My voice gets louder. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"I'm your father. You owe me respect."

I let out a loud laugh because really?

"Respect is earned," I say sternly, "and you have done nothing to earn mine. You've failed as a father, and your actions as a husband have been despicable. There's absolutely nothing worthy of respect in that."

My grandfather would be horrified to see what has become of my father, and it would surely make him turn in his grave.

On his deathbed, he pleaded with us to carry on the legacy of the family business, but we declined. We might need to reconsider it.

As my father's hand rises menacingly, I react with lightning-fast reflexes. My fist collides with his jaw, causing him to lose his balance and crash onto the sofa.

"That was a bad move on your part," I spit out. I take a step towards Chloe, but she quickly darts to the side, evading my reach. "Are you okay?"

She keeps her hands pressed against her cheek, her eyes darting back and forth between my father and me.

"What have you done?" she cries.

Seriously?

“It’s not too late, Chlo. You can still get out of this situation.”

She vigorously shakes her head, her hair flying in all directions. “And go where? There’s no escape for me.”

The worst part is that she entered this marriage willingly.

Marrying divorced women is not a common practice for the Bratva, yet they defied expectations and fell in love long after my mother’s death.

That was until my father showed his true colours to her.

I open my mouth to speak, but she stops me. “Take my daughter. Take Harper and get her out of here.”

Anger rises within me as I witness her resignation.

“Where is she?” My tone is hard.

In tears, she motions towards the stairs, her hand trembling.

I storm off, the sound of my footsteps echoing as I climb the stairs two by two before reaching out to her bedroom.

“Harper?” I knock at the door.

No answer.

“Harper, I know you’re here. I’m going to enter.”

Opening the door, I see her standing near the window, her back turned towards me.

“What are you doing here? I called Saint.”

I’m struggling to maintain my composure with her at the moment, but my patience has completely worn thin.

“And yet, here I am.”

Taking a step towards her, I extend my hand to make contact with her arm, but she jerks away.

“Harper, look at me.” Her eyes remain locked forward, intentionally avoiding any connection with mine.

“Zayka ? 1 , I said look at me.”

The use of her nickname makes her flinch, but as she turns her head, I realise that my anger has dissipated. It transformed into fury.

I’m going to burn the motherfucker alive.

Her face and neck are marked with dark bruises, and dried blood stains her mouth, leaving a trail down her chin.

“Since when?” I know my voice is harsh, but why the fuck didn’t she call us before?

We may not get along, but we’re still her family.

I am still her family.

“Why does it matter? I’m sure you’re happy that someone else took over your bullying.”

My fist clenches.

I've never laid a hand on her.

"Get your shit. We're leaving."

"Why? Why do you care?" Her eyes brim with tears, their vibrant blue colour reflecting the depth of her emotions as she looks at me.

"Because nobody hurts you but me, sis."

I feel the softness of her cheek beneath my hand as she breathes in deeply, triggering an instinctive reaction in my body.

I take a step back before doing anything that would scare her.

Like kissing my fucking sister.

I vigorously shake my head, desperate to banish the haunting image from my mind.

She already had an abusive father, from what I heard from Chloe, and even though she was too young to remember, she didn't need to have a second one.

I glance at her with a smirk. I'll be damned if I let her spend Christmas alone and more if I let her spend it with our parents.

"On the contrary." I clasp her waist, relishing the sensation of her curves brushing against me. "The parents called me to keep an eye on you. Apparently, you have..." I let my words trail. "A stalker."

They didn't call, but her mother mistakenly let it slip to my brother.

The fact that they're leaving for the season is just the perfect opportunity.

"And you think you'll be the one protecting me?" she scoffs. "You'll likely send me straight away into his arms."

I suppress a laugh because she is right.

As the saying goes, it's wise to keep your enemies close.

"We're going to have so much fun together," I whisper in her hair. "As for your clothing choice..." A groan escapes me as I sense the unmistakable feeling of her erect nipples brushing against me, even through the fabric. "We'll talk about it later."

"There's nothing to talk about," she rages.

With a firm grasp on her waist, her startled gasp escapes her lips, and I wish for the mark of my hand to remain on her skin as a reminder.

"Sin," she almost pleads, her voice sending a shiver right down my cock and causing a surge of desire to course through me.

"I said, we'll talk about it later. Dressing like a slut where everyone can look at you is not a way to behave. But perhaps you require someone who can enforce discipline and ensure that you behave appropriately."

She opens her mouth, ready to unleash a torrent of curses, but Anya interrupts her with her nails on my arm, whispering into my ear, "C'mon. Leave your sister alone." Her fingers trail down my biceps, and I see Harper looking at her with disgust. "I know you want it. Let me be your little slut tonight."

This girl has no shame whatsoever.

With a grin, I release Harper's arm, leaving her free to go.

Anya is not the one I want, but if she wants me to fuck her, well, that's exactly what I'm going to do.

Downing my drink in a single gulp, I tightly grip Anya's arm and head towards the restroom, but not without hearing Harp mumble, "And he calls me a slut."

As expected, the queue is packed, so I make my way towards the men's restroom, weaving through the crowd.

One man, impatiently waiting for his turn, glares at me as I reach into my pocket and pull out a crumpled \$20 note, demanding, "Get out."

His eyes dart from me to Anya, and a smirk spreads across his face. He swiftly grabs the money from my hand and taunts, "Have fun."

With a tug on Anya's arm, she stumbles and tries to match my hurried pace, the sound of her heels echoing through the restroom as I quickly lock ourselves inside one of the toilets.

I'm sure there are other men nearby, but she wanted to be my slut tonight, and that's exactly what she was going to be.

The force of my grip on her throat takes her by surprise, yet she maintains her unwavering focus on me.

"You want me to fuck you?"

With each increase in pressure around her throat, she nods energetically, a mix of pleasure and anticipation on her face.

“Then, get on your knees for me, whore.”

Disregarding the dirt on the floor, she immediately kneels down without any hesitation.

I undo my belt, whip out my cock, and start jerking it right in front of her face.

The small toilet barely offers enough space to move around, but I’ll make it work.

“Hands behind your back,” I order.

As she obediently follows instructions, her body leans against the cold, tiled wall of the toilet.

A moan slips from my lips as my hand increases its speed, my thumb tracing circles around the head of my throbbing cock.

“Open.”

She barely has a chance to widely open her mouth before my shaft is lodged in the back of her throat.

“Fuuuck.” My hands grip her head as I start to move.

My thrusts are not gentle. Sluts don’t deserve ‘gentle.’

“Look at me, whore. Keep your eyes locked on me while I destroy your mouth.”

I thrust again and again, hearing her stifled cries and seeing tears welling up in her eyes.

“Do you like that?” I groan while she circles her tongue around my tip. “I know you fucking do. Sluts like to be taken like that.”

With each gag, a rush of pleasure shoots through me, while her brown eyes never break their gaze with mine.

But they’re not brown anymore.

My vision momentarily blurs before sharpening, and all I can make out is a pair of intense baby-blue eyes.

What the fuck?

Anya’s face morphs into Harper’s face, her luscious lips gobbling my cock as if it was the best thing she ever tasted.

Fuck!

My sister has never been more beautiful than she is now. Silent and full of my cock.

I know it’s an illusion. A fantasy, but my body doesn’t give a shit.

We might hate each other, but her body is calling mine.

My hand exerts a powerful pull on her hair as I forcefully shove my shaft deeper into her throat.

The sound of wetness echoing around us as she takes me whole is enough to almost send me over the edge.

“Shit. Fucking whore. Look at you taking me deep like that.”

I pull out and spit on her face, smearing the substance using my fingers to ensure it covers every inch.

With a tight grip on her hair, I lift her up, eliciting a groan of pain from her, and press her face against the wall before lifting her dress.

I hastily retrieve a condom from my pocket, using my teeth to tear it open before sliding it onto my shaft.

As my fingers slide inside her, she lets out a low, pleasurable moan.

“Fucking drenched.” I remove my fingers and give myself a couple of strokes before plunging inside her.

Pleasure fills me as she gasps in response to the sensation of my cock entering her.

I’m thick, I know that, but she doesn’t deserve for me to be tender with her.

The resounding thud of my balls hitting her thighs reverberates around us, blending with the background noise from outside.

Harper’s body takes the place of Anya’s, and I forcefully open her mouth with my two hands, feeling the texture of her teeth and the warmth inside.

As I exert force, she struggles to keep her mouth open against the weight of my hands, my thrust becoming merciless.

Fuuuck!

“Do you like that? Getting fucked like the whore you are in the restroom? How many guys have taken you like this? Huh?”

I release her mouth and then deliver a powerful spank on her ass, the sound echoing through the room.

“Answer me!” I command. “How many dicks have taken you like the slut you are?”

She struggles to talk, her face hitting the wall of the toilet with each thrust.

“A... a lot.”

“I thought so.”

As I deliver another blow to her ass, the sharp sting in my hand intensifies, and the sound of people talking outside becomes more distinct.

“Do you like that? Knowing that men are outside this door, imagining fucking you?”

“Y...yes,” she cries out.

“Good. Maybe you’ll let them fuck you after I’m done with you.”

Her moans grow more intense as my mind paints a vivid picture of my sister getting fucked by my twin, all while I silently observe them.

It would be like watching myself fucking her.

Shiiit!

The thought alone makes my cock thicken, and a deep, guttural grunt escapes from my lips.

I pull out from her warmth and grab her hair before forcing her onto her knees.

“You’re going to take it all.”

“Sin,” she begs.

“Nobody but her calls me that,” I grunt. “Do you understand?”

I remove the condom and run my fingers along my shaft, feeling the prominent veins pulsating beneath my touch.

“Open up and drink it all.”

As I reach the peak of pleasure, Harper’s face consumes my sight, with each powerful release surpassing the previous one, as my cum finds its destination in her throat, her face, and her hair.

I feel dizzy and take support on the wall behind me while my cock keeps throbbing in front of her face.

Leaning in, I forcefully open her mouth before spitting in it and smearing a combination of my bodily fluids onto her face before bringing it back into her mouth.

“Fucking whore. That’s it. Don’t lose a single drop.”

She does as she’s told. Her appearance is chaotic, with smudged makeup and my cum covering her.

I take a deep breath before closing my eyes briefly.

“Some people have fun here,” a guy laughs on the other side.

My gaze shifts back to Harper, only to realise it’s actually Anya.

Fuck.

I drop the condom in the bin and pull up my jeans before helping Anya to get up.

“I’ll go out first,” I tell her.

Opening the door, I leave the restroom without a second glance, only to be met with Harper waiting outside the woman’s bathroom, her impatience evident in the tapping of her foot.

As soon as she lays eyes on me, a look of disgust instantly crosses her face.

It’s ironic knowing that she’s the one selling sex online.

“Sister,” I taunt.

“You’re a pig.”

I quickly scan her from top to bottom, her nipples poking through her bra.

Yeah, she would definitely look pretty between Nikolas and me, on her knees and gagging for us.

Leaning in, I whisper in her ear, “And you dress like a slut.” She seems frozen in place, completely immobile under my grip. “I guess we’re on the same level.” I kiss her cheek, taking my time before taking a step back. “I’ll see you later.”

Ignoring her insults, I wink at her before heading back to join the boys.

1 ? Little Bunny (ZAY - ka)

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3

NIKOLAS

I saw her from the moment she entered the pub.

It's hard to miss her.

My baby sister embodies the allure and temptation of the forbidden fruit.

Her plump, inviting lips are irresistible, teasing me with the promise of a delectable indulgence.

She is absolutely breathtaking with her striking blue eyes, flowing dark hair, and captivating curves.

I always thought she was attractive, but over time, she transformed into a stunning beauty.

When my twin told me he found her on a porn site, my obsession became even stronger.

Having her has been my only goal.

Sin craves her to be his slut, whereas my desire is for her to be my good girl. There lies a subtle nuance.

She thinks I'm the kindest one among us, but truth be told, I may not be as cruel as Sin, but I'm far from being kind.

She should've chosen a more fitting nickname for me instead of "Saint" because I'm not one.

I want her to run for me.

I want her to scream for me.

I want her to fear me.

I want her to take me even in her sleep.

I want her to be so saturated with my cum that she'd feel me for days.

And fuck if I don't want to see her belly grow with our babies.

"Are you listening to me?"

I shift my gaze towards Aleksei, who is watching me intently.

"What?"

"Mm. I see," he remarks, gesturing with his chin towards Harper and the guy beside her, their bodies pressed together as he wraps his arm around her shoulder. "Are you going to do anything about it? It seems like her boyfriend might finally have a chance with her."

Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

And this fucker is not Dimitri, so what the hell is she doing here with him?

She gently nudges him, her smile shy yet captivating, before leaning in to whisper a few words and gracefully walking towards the restroom, but not before he playfully spans her and chuckles.

His gaze lingers on her until she disappears from sight, then he stands up and heads outside, likely in search of a cigarette.

Violence courses through my body, igniting an uncontrollable fire within.

Right on cue, Sin saunters back from his fuck, a sly grin adorning his features, only to be replaced by a frown as he locks eyes with me.

“What is it?” he asks once he joins us.

Sin and I are identical twins, and it’s difficult for most of our relatives to tell us apart.

We both share the same piercing green eyes, the same dark hair, and a towering height of around 6’3”.

Like a mirror, he reflects my emotions back to me, and I can do the same for him.

Aleksei laughs. “He witnessed your sister’s friend embracing her tightly, then tapping her ass.”

His face lit up with a wide smile, clearly showing his enjoyment.

“He did what now?” Sin rages.

I swear I can see smoke coming out of his head.

“If you don’t act fast, she’ll likely?—”

Aleksei’s words are abruptly cut short as Alesya joins us, causing a momentary silence.

“Hey, boys. What are you up to?”

With his attention on his twin, my brother takes advantage of the moment to come closer and murmur near me, “Tell me you had a hallucination or some shit like that.”

As I tilt my head, my knuckles let out a satisfying pop.

“Afraid not.” I stand up and catch a glimpse of Aleksei engrossed in conversation with Alesya.

I don’t need to speak to my twin. He knows where I’m going.

Grabbing my hoodie, I waste no time in putting it on as we walk towards the back door to head outside.

It doesn’t take long to find Harper’s friend, the smoke leading us towards him.

He’s tucked away in the side corner, concealed from sight, which works to our advantage.

The streets are deserted, with the cold night air creating a sharp contrast to the vibrant energy emanating from the pub.

Sin’s lips curl into a smirk as he swiftly makes his way to his car, which is hidden from view. He retrieves our masks and returns.

Pulling up our hoods and draping the gold fabric over our faces, we inch closer to the asshole.

“Well, well, well. What do we have here?” Sin sings like a maniac.

I can see the panic in the guy’s eyes as he turns his head towards us, his body instinctively taking a step backwards.

Wrong move to do.

In a desperate attempt to hide, he backed himself into the shadows of the concealed wall, out of sight and immersed in darkness.

I can’t blame him for being scared; anyone would be frightened after seeing two men with masks over their faces.

“I don’t want any problems,” his voice trembles as he reaches into his pocket and retrieves his wallet. “I have money.”

Pathetic.

“Do we look like we need your money?” Sin’s words are laced with anger as he leans in, gripping him tightly by the throat. “I’m going to be nice because it’s almost Christmas, but stay the fuck away from her.”

His blank stare suggests he is utterly unaware of the person we are referring to, prompting me to go into more detail.

“Petite, dark hair, blue eyes.”

It takes him a moment, but then his eyes sparkle with recognition.

“Harper?” he manages to say despite Sin’s grip. “Listen, men, I don’t even know her that much. I’m just trying to have this chick in my bed. I mean, you can’t blame me. Have you seen her?”

I would never understand why people don’t figure out when to shut the fuck up because that would be the right moment for him.

Telling us he wants what’s rightfully ours is a surefire way to provoke our anger and protection.

As Sin lets go of the guy’s throat, I seize his hair and deliver a knee to his face, the sickening sound of his nose breaking, shattering the silence.

I repeat the process twice, each time he struggles to keep his balance, until finally, Sin delivers a blow to his jaw, knocking him out and causing him to collapse onto the ground.

“As I said, I’ll be nice because it’s Christmas, but if I see your fucking face near her one more time, you’ll end up buried alive,” he warns, his voice dripping with menace.

“You know he’s knocked out?” I raise my brow even though he can’t see it.

“And?”

“He can’t hear you.”

“Well, he’s warned, isn’t he?”

I lift my hand in the air because it’s ridiculous, and he knows it.

Allowing him to live goes against the principles of my heritage.

“You’re itching to play, aren’t you?” he asks in a playful tone, retrieving the knife from his pocket and handing it to me.

Well, he knows me.

Lowering myself into a squat, I firmly plant the knife into the palm of his hand, instantly startling him awake. His attempt to scream is immediately silenced as Sin covers his mouth with his hand.

“Shhh. You’re going to attract people.” I grin.

“I thought I’d spare your life because it’s Christmas and all, but my brother made me realise I was being fluffy. And we don’t do fluff in the Bratva. You know what we do?” The guy’s inability to speak becomes evident as I mercilessly twist the knife into his flesh. “We torture and kill people. Especially when they disrespect what’s ours.”

I stand up silently, earning a strange glance from my twin, and quietly make my way towards the car. I retrieve what I need and return.

“What the fuck are you doing with that?”

“What?” I shrug. “It’s faster, and I don’t want to miss the party.”

While he shakes his head in disbelief, I quickly snatch the knife from the fucker’s hand and firmly place my mini grinder on his wrist.

Everyone should have a grinder nearby.

“You better keep him steady and really block the noises coming out of his mouth,” I advise. “And you...” I tap the man’s cheek. “You can only blame yourself for

crossing a boundary that was never meant to be crossed.”

The sound of the grinder is barely noticeable when I switch it on, but its true power becomes clear in its exceptional grinding capabilities.

I can't tear my eyes away from the metallic disc slicing through his flesh and bones, moving with lightning speed, as the guy convulses in agony, his screams muffled by Sin's hand.

It's fascinating.

But touching Harper has its consequences, and I think Sinkler made a point during our chosen ceremony.

The guy's body finally stops trembling as he loses consciousness, his hand detaching effortlessly from his body.

“Told you the grinder would come in handy.” I carefully wrap the hand in a tissue paper while Sin grabs his phone.

“Arkadi? Da? 1 . I need you to come and collect something for me.”

Even though I can't make out his words, I have a hunch he'll show up in a flash.

Our father may hold the title of Pakhan,² but it's our Byki³ who has earned my trust. Our bodyguard is the one person I would rely on without any doubts, unlike our paternal figure.

“He'll be here in two,” Sin confirms after hanging up.

And indeed, Arkadi arrived in less than two.

“Naslednik? 4 Sinkler. Naslednik Nikolai,” he greets us by our title.

“How many times should I tell you to call me Nikolas or Saint? I groan.

“I’m sorry, Naslednik Nikolai,” he replies with a thick accent, “but this is not something I can do.”

Stubborn man.

“I’ll take care of that for you,” he gestures to the still-alive body and my tool. “Here,” he offers us some wipes to clean up the mess before he hoists the body onto his shoulder and exits through the back.

The absence of people outside is noticeable—it’s as if the whole world has disappeared.

“Let’s go back inside before someone comes looking for us.” I sigh.

1 ? Yes

2 ? Boss of a family in the Bratva (pa - KHAN)

3 ? Bratva bodyguard (bih - KEE)

4 ? Heir of the family Bratva (nas - LYED - neek)

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4

HARPER

I felt Sin's eyes on me all evening.

What the hell is he doing here?

And why on earth would our parents think it was a good idea to call him to the rescue?

I'd have understood for Saint, but Sin?

If they think he'll be the one protecting me from the psychopath following me, they clearly don't know him well.

He's likely to hook up with any girl he comes across.

Exactly like he did tonight. And in the fucking bathroom.

That's disgusting.

While I was still waiting in the queue, I watched as Anya emerged.

Her hair was a tangled mess, her makeup barely there, and there seemed to be faint red marks on her neck.

I already despised her, but the smug smirk on her face when she glanced at me intensified my feelings.

Don't get me wrong, I have no issue with women engaging in sexual encounters with multiple partners; it would be hypocritical of me, considering I sell sex online.

But there's something about her that makes my skin crawl.

She believes she is above everyone else because of her association with one of the most powerful families in the Bratva.

Since I don't really belong with them, she's made my experience with her a living nightmare.

I guess my dear brother found his match. They're both pigs.

Glancing around me, I notice everyone revelling in the night, belting out Mariah Carey's songs at the top of their lungs.

Christmas has always been my favourite time of year, but this year, it feels different, with a bittersweet undertone.

"Are you okay, sis?"

I turn to look at Nikolas, his dishevelled dark hair and infectious smile immediately drawing my focus while his eyes shimmer like emerald gems.

"You're my favourite brother, you know that, right?"

A low chuckle escapes his lips as he pulls me closer, wrapping his arm around my shoulders.

I was ten when they entered my life.

Despite my mum's initial happiness, living with my father quickly became a nightmare.

Because that's what Iakov has been since he adopted me. I was young, but he is the only father figure I've ever known.

What happened a few months ago wasn't just a one-time occurrence. On several occasions, he has lashed out at me, leaving bruises before apologising the next day.

The boys are partially aware of this since I had to call Nikolas the last time it happened.

What they are unaware of is that our father persistently tried to touch me, cornering me inside the house as my mother, consumed by her intoxication, remained oblivious to it all.

He managed to do it.

Twice.

After coming back from school one night, he trapped me in the bathroom. He tore off my top and forcefully grabbed my breast. I managed to retaliate by delivering a powerful kick to his balls and locked myself in my bedroom.

From his point of view, it was my duty as a good daughter to ensure his happiness.

Nobody says no to the Pakhan ? 1 .

I don't know how the twins would react if they knew.

They will probably not believe me.

That's when I decided to move out of the house and take a small student flat with Lisy.

Nikolas smiles warmly at me, instantly relieving any tension I had.

Among the twins, he's definitely my favourite. He's always played peacemaker between Sin and me.

To be fair, I don't know how he puts up with his shit.

"Don't place me too high on your pedestal. You may end up disappointed."

What the hell does that mean?

I shake my head because I know he'll never disappoint me.

"You could've told me," I accuse.

He shrugs his shoulders and takes a sip of his beer.

"Our parents called us last night."

They're not on good terms with our parents. Is he lying to me?

I groan in frustration.

He and Sin moved out of the house a year ago. From what I know, they don't live together, but I know they see each other every day.

“C’mon, sis. You lived with him for ten years. I’m sure a week won’t kill you.”

My eyes widen at his words.

“One week?”

He tries to look sheepish, but the mischievous twinkle in his eye and the faint curve of his lips betray his feigned apology. “The parents didn’t tell you how long they were leaving?”

I shake my head because I don’t really speak to them.

I know gran is really ill, and I had a feeling the parents would rush off to Russia for a few days, but I didn’t know any more details.

I don’t recall them telling me anything.

Or maybe they did?

Fuck.

I’ve been so focused on my upcoming wedding and trying to pay off my student loan that my head is not in the right space.

I made the choice not to attend Blackthorn University, so I lied to our parents about the fees. It was a long and intense battle between us, especially with Iakov. Every member of the Mikhailov family had studied there, so I had to tell him I received a scholarship so he would leave me alone.

I wasn’t born a Mikhailov, and I refused to spend the next four years trapped in a university where my brothers were worshipped like gods.

I could ask the twins or at least Saint. They may have the money, but I refuse to be indebted to them forever.

When it comes to my wedding... it's not unexpected that I'm not enthusiastic about it. According to my father, Dimitri is the ideal candidate to "tame" me.

I'm not a puppet that someone can control and mould as they wish.

He might be from the elite Bratva, but I don't want to get married to him.

I'm pretty sure he won't react well to discovering that I sell my body online.

Saint sighs and kisses the top of my head.

"Gran's health is deteriorating rapidly with each passing day. They planned on leaving for a week, but they were open to extending their trip if needed."

I swallow the lump in my throat. I know how close they are to her.

"I'm sorry," I whisper.

"It's okay." He smiles. "Let's not ruin Christmas, okay? Would you make an effort to cohabit with my dickhead twin?"

He playfully flutters his eyelashes, causing me to burst into laughter.

"I have plans." Lies, but he doesn't need to know that.

"You have plans for Christmas?" He doesn't believe me, and I can't blame him. Lying has never been my strong suit. "Could you think about it?"

“I will.”

“Good girl,” he whispers against my hair, causing a rush of warmth to spread through my body.

What the hell was that?

My cheeks burn as he stares at me, a grin spreading on his face as if he is fully aware of the impact his words have on me.

My handbag suddenly vibrates, saving me from the potential embarrassment I was about to face.

Reaching for it, my hand trembles at the unknown number.

You look pretty tonight. But I can see your nipples poking through the fabric from here. Showing off what’s mine has consequences.

I can feel my body tensing up as I read the message repeatedly, and when I finally lift my head, I quickly scan my surroundings.

He’s here.

My stalker.

This morning, he left another package on my doorstep. I opened it to find a black rose, a Polaroid of me walking down the street, and what seemed to be a leash inside.

The black rose and the Polaroid are a recurring presence, but its contents always remain a mystery.

This year, I've had to move twice, and yet he always manages to track me down.

It's creeping me out.

"You good?"

My gaze fixated on Saint's emerald eyes. I clear my throat nervously, desperately trying to muster a smile.

"Yeah."

Simultaneously, my phone buzzes again, yet I hesitate to look at the notification.

Closing my eyes briefly, I check again, but this time it's not him. It's AccessMe.

@arentweallsinners

Are we still okay for tonight?

Fuck. It completely slipped my mind that I had agreed to a video call with him.

Although it's not something I typically do, the generous pay and his silent nature make it hard to refuse.

We have had video chats often in the past few months. It became a ritual.

I've never seen his face or heard his voice, but I've seen him .

And fuck me.

Even though his voice remains a mystery and his face is unknown to me, he occupies

my thoughts whenever I'm behind the screen.

He uses the chat box to order what he's been patiently waiting for from me, and I've never desired anything more intensely than becoming his pet or his whore.

I know it's not normal.

Nobody wants to be seen as someone's pet, let alone be degraded and objectified like a slut.

But I do.

With him? Yeah, I fucking do.

I guess I have daddy issues.

I pause briefly, my eyes flickering to the chat box one more time before composing my response.

@yourfantasy

Is an hour from now okay?

"Pips?"

I lift my head to glance at Saint as if he was waiting for an answer.

"Did you ask me something?" I nibble the skin of my thumb nervously.

I was so absorbed in my own thoughts that I completely forgot he was standing right next to me. I really hope he hasn't caught a glimpse of any text messages on my

phone.

“I asked you if you were feeling okay or if you wanted to go home?”

“Actually, I’m feeling a bit tired,” I lie.

As I glance around, my eyes catch sight of Sin, who smirks and raises his beer while my phone vibrates in my hand.

@arentweallsinners

See you in a bit, pet. Put on your red lingerie and get down on your knees for your Master as soon as I log in.

As I take in his words, a wave of warmth envelops me, and butterflies flutter in my stomach.

@yourfantasy

Yes, Master.

“Let’s go then.”

Huh?

My eyes quickly flicker towards Saint, only to find him already on the move towards the boys.

What the hell happened?

I follow him, weaving through the bustling crowd until I finally reach the boys’ table.

“I’ll drop Pips off. She doesn’t feel good.”

“Is she now?” Sin mocks.

Asshole .

Saint ignores his twin and looks at me. “Parents?”

Hell no.

I shake my head. If anything, I really don’t want to have a video sex call with our parents nearby. Plus, they’re leaving tomorrow, so I don’t want to spend any more time than necessary with them or the boys when I’ll be stuck with them for a week.

“Your place it is, then.”

“I’ll find Aleksei,” starts Sin, but I stop him.

“There’s no need to bother him when you’re staying with him.”

“Umm. So young and so much to learn.”

“You’re a year older than me, not ten,” I rage.

Why does he always manage to treat me in a way that reduces me to feeling like an infant?

I’m twenty, for Christ’s sake.

As he stands up, his height fills the space, making me feel the need to lean against Saint for stability.

Grabbing my chin, he speaks slowly. “Watch your tone with me, Zayka ? 2 .” I cringe at the nickname. I always hated when he called me that when we were younger. “Otherwise, I’ll have to give your mouth a good scrub with soap.” My body freezes in response as I feel Saint’s hand on my arm, offering me stability while Sin continues. “Now, I’m going to find Aleksei and let him know we’re leaving. He’ll take care of Alesya and bring her back later.”

As if Aleksei would let anything happen to his sister. Lisy is my best friend, and Aleksei watches over her with the same fierce protectiveness that my brothers have for me. I guess it’s a twin thing.

“We’re going to drive you to your place,” Sin’s eyes pierce through me as he speaks, “and we’ll see you tomorrow at our parents’ house. You’ll be stuck with us for an entire week, and I won’t put up with your bratty attitude. You’ve been warned.”

I feel his grip on my chin loosen, my eyes drawn to the noticeable flexing of his muscles beneath his T-shirt, accentuating the colourful tattoos that decorate his body as he moves away to join his friend.

Why the hell is my heart beating so fast?

“You okay, sis?”

It seems that it’s been Saint’s favourite sentence for me tonight.

I quickly nod before grabbing my phone and sending a text to Lisy, explaining that I’m feeling sick and the boys will drive me home.

Saint’s hands linger on my arms, gently sliding his thumbs up and down my heated skin.

As he leans his head against my ear, I can feel the tingling sensation of goosebumps spreading across my skin before he whispers, “Take this advice from your favourite brother, who has spent 21 years living alongside Sin and even shared the same sack. The more you act like a brat, the stronger his desire to discipline you will become.”

I take in a breath and nod.

I know he’s right, but Sin brings out the worst in me.

“Let’s get you home, Pips.”

The twins dropped me at my place thirty minutes ago.

Saying that the drive was anything but silent and awkward would be a complete lie.

He was here.

My stalker was inside my flat.

I have no clue how he managed to get in, but he left a box at the front door. Among the usual items he usually leaves, there was also a Polaroid of him in my bedroom.

Even though the picture was a bit blurry, I immediately recognised the familiar background. His body was captured in the image, but his face remained unseen.

I debated whether or not to call back the boys and request them to come back, but I ultimately decided against it, knowing it would only give them more reasons to insist I spend Christmas with them.

As Lisy is still out, I made sure to close everything before getting ready for the video call.

After taking a soothing shower, I meticulously applied my favourite glitter body oil, ensuring every inch of my skin sparkled. I then slipped into my red lingerie, as directed by @arentweallsinners.

In my interactions with him, I am limited to using the titles Sir or Master, as his name remains unknown to me.

My long hair frames my face and cascades over my shoulders, swaying with each movement.

I know he likes it when my hair is free, as he often commented about how he would run and wrap his fingers through it, tugging on it and forcing me to take all of him in my mouth.

My body tingles just to think about it.

Anticipation builds as I turn on my laptop and log in to AccessMe.

The familiar ping resonates in my room, alerting me I'm now connected to our conversation.

This chat is completely private, and only the two of us have access to it.

Checking the time, I quickly grab my laptop and carefully place it on my chair. I double-check that the video is on and properly directed and the chat window is open before I kneel down on the floor.

I have five minutes to spare before he logs into the chats, and he's typically early.

It takes a few seconds for him to appear on the screen, the darkness of the room making it impossible to see anything else. The glow of the screen casts an ethereal

light on his body while his face remains concealed behind a menacing golden mask that resembles weathered bronze. The delicate silver thread that seemingly sews the mouth shut adds an eerie touch.

He wears what appears to be an open, long black gown, with a pair of black jeans and his belt already halfway undone.

His appearance should evoke fear, yet I'm inexplicably drawn to it. I imagine myself on my knees before him as he gazes at me through his hunger-filled mask.

His muscles tense beneath his clothes, visible through the fabric, as he leans over his keyboard and begins to type.

You've been obedient, pet. I'm proud of you.

The praise catches me off guard, and I can feel the heat rising in my cheeks as I struggle to swallow the lump in my throat.

"Thank you, Master."

Now, stand up and turn around. Let me see what I've been craving all day.

Obedying his orders, I get up slowly, cautiously moving a step away to ensure he has a clear view of my nearly naked body as I turn around.

Despite what others may believe, I don't feel at ease in my own skin.

Yes, I have long, silky dark hair that cascades down my back and piercing baby-blue eyes, but despite these features, I don't feel pretty.

I have small breasts that are accentuated by my naturally full lips, while my curvy ass

creates a striking contrast with my small waist.

I hate it.

Yes, I sell my body online to pay off my loan, but my Master's presence makes me feel a bit pretty, even without words.

I know it's odd, but I swear I can feel his eyes piercing through me, watching my every move.

The sound of the keyboard fills the room, causing me to spin my head towards the screen, eagerly waiting for him to write.

My pet is perfectly sinful. Take your laptop and position it precisely on your desk, aligning it with the edge. Go to your bedside drawer and grab your wand. Then sit on your chair and show me how good my whore is for me.

The fact that he knows where my toys are is baffling.

“My wand and not my dildo?”

I actually never used it. The mere thought of having a silicone object inside my vagina is enough to send shivers down my spine.

Although I can't hear him, I can clearly see the slight movement of his chest, hinting that he's laughing.

Nothing except your fingers will enter my pussy. Am I clear? Or do I need to discipline you, pet?

I shake my head, feeling the anger in his written words.

Good. Now obey, and don't make me wait.

I quickly walk towards my bed, feeling the soft glow of the Christmas lights illuminating the bed frame as I reach for the wand in my drawer.

Another text waits for me as I sit in my chair.

Turn it on and let it slide from your neck, brushing against your skin until it rests between your breasts, finally reaching your nipples. Start by stimulating one nipple, then move to the other, continuing this pattern until you reach climax.

My eyes widen. I've never come by stimulating my nipples, let alone without any contact with my clit.

The sound of the keyboard reaches my ears, and I know he saw the surprise on my face.

Something to say?

"N-no, Master."

Leaning back in his chair, he nonchalantly unzips his jeans but doesn't reach for his cock.

I know he won't speak a word until I bring myself to orgasm solely through the stimulation of my nipples.

Following his instructions, I turn on the wand and run it along my neck, feeling the gentle vibration travel down my body until it reaches the space between my breasts.

I keep my eyes fixed on the screen, but he remains motionless, refusing to remove his

dick from his boxers.

The only sign that he's enjoying what he's seeing is the unmistakable bulge that forms beneath it.

The wand glides downward, making contact with my nipple, eliciting an involuntary moan from me.

Shit. That feels good.

I trace circles over the delicate fabric of my bra, feeling an instant response as my nipple hardens.

I can't tear my eyes away from the noticeable bulge beneath his jeans as I continue and switch the wand to my other nipple.

As I moan, the sound reverberates around me, harmonising with the gentle tapping of the keyboard, forcing me to keep my eyes open to the chat box.

Show me my nipples, pet.

While trying to keep the wand on me, I do as he asks, but he continues typing.

Fucking pretty little buds. The perfect shade of pink. Seeing you obedient makes my cock painfully hard. Tease one with the wand, and then drench your fingers with your saliva before playing with the other one.

As I execute his orders, my head leans dangerously backwards in pure pleasure, but I push myself to stay focused and continue reading.

Now, I want you to imagine the tantalising sensation of my tongue tracing delicate

circles around your nipple, gently caressing your areola before grazing my teeth against your erect nipple and tugging on it with force. Picture the mix of pleasure and pain, quickly followed by the comforting warmth of my tongue embracing it.

A loud groan leaves my lips as I picture it.

I want you to imagine the intensity as my hands wrap around your throat while a collar snugly fits around it. Feel the sensation of my firm grip on the leash, pulling while my mouth devours your tits.

“Fuck,” I sob as my hand starts to shake around my nipple.

Mmm. We’ll come to this part soon. My pet needs to come first before I fuck my whore like she needs to get fucked.

The sound of the keyboard fills the room, competing with the sensations coursing through my body as my eyes fight to stay open, unable to hide the pleasure I’m experiencing.

You keep your eyes on the screen when you come. Your orgasms belong to me. They are mine to allow and mine to watch.

The pressure is almost too much as the sensation takes over me.

“Master,” I beg. “Please. I need to come.”

So pretty when you beg. Come for me, pet. I want to see your eyes when you explode, knowing that I am the one giving you this pleasure. I am the one allowing you to come. Look at my cock. Look how hard you’re making me by obeying me.

I didn’t notice that he pulled out his shaft, its thick veins pulsating as he started to

stroke it.

It makes me want to savour each vein, slowly licking them one by one.

His movement becomes faster as he keeps typing with one hand.

I'm so close. So, so close.

Do you want your Master to come for you? Because I'm dreaming of covering every inch of your body with my cum.

"Oh my god. Please. Please." Tears drip from my face as I try to suppress my orgasm. I need him to?—

The perfect little slut for her Master. Come for me, pet, and look at me while I come for you.

That's all I needed for my body to explode with a force I had never experienced.

My body trembles as a powerful orgasm consumes me, causing me to let out a loud scream. Despite the overwhelming pleasure, I force myself to maintain eye contact with him, heightening my climax as I watch him reach his own peak, his hand covered in his release that seems to never stop, mirroring my own intense experience.

I gasp for breath, feeling my body instantly relax as I switch off the wand and place it gently on the desk.

My eyes are weighed down by fatigue, yet they remain fixated on the screen.

You did so good for me tonight.

“Th-thank you,” I struggle to say with a yawn.

Go get some rest, pet. Next time, I won’t be as gentle as I was tonight with you.

Because that was him being gentle?

Fuck.

Why do I want more even though I just came?

Pet. Sleep. Now. You need to rest, drink, and eat something.

“In this order?” I chuckle, but another yawn escapes me.

I don’t do well with brat. Go drink and eat something, and then head straight to bed.
You need to sleep.

I nod before he ends the chat, but his words linger in my mind.

“The more you act like a brat, the stronger his desire to discipline you becomes.”

Nuh-uh. Your fatigue causes you to over-analyse something that is simple and straightforward.

I let out another yawn and shuffle towards the kitchen, where I fill a glass with cool water and carefully arrange a plate of juicy strawberries. Then, I make my way back to bed.

Tomorrow is going to be a long day.

1 ? Boss of a family Bratva (pa - KHAN)

2 ? Little Bunny (ZAY - ka)

5

NIKOLAS

“What do you mean ‘I’m coming with you’?” Harper’s voice is muffled, but she’s clearly unhappy.

“It’s non-negotiable,” my father spits out. “You’re not staying here.”

“So what was the fucking point in calling them if I’m not staying here?” she shouts.

“Language! You want me to be happy, don’t you, malyshka? 1 ?”

A long, uncomfortable silence follows, making me grit my teeth.

What the fuck does he mean by that?

“Nikolai saw your text message last night.” I cringe at the mention of my Russian name. “He also found the box on your doorstep when he picked you up this morning. Until we sort this out, you’re not staying in the city. A lot of people want us dead.”

“You’re the Bratva. Sin and Saint have been trained to kill people since they were able to walk. I can stay with them.”

“There’s no way she’s leaving with them,” Sin whispers as we enter the house.

“That’s not happening.” I clench my jaw, wanting to break something.

“Even Dimitri can protect me,” she continues, her words igniting a fire within me.

I know she despises the guy, so why the fuck would she bring him to the table?

My father might have promised her to him, but there’s absolutely no way in hell we’ll allow that to happen.

My twin assured me he would handle it, and I have complete faith in him.

It’s not that feeling his last breath between my fingers wouldn’t be satisfying, but I’d rather focus on my sister than this piece of shit.

She has infiltrated our mind like a fucking disease.

She’s everywhere.

We are determined to have her, no matter the cost, even if it means eliminating anyone who stands in our path.

Our father comes out downstairs, and we both exchange looks of disdain.

“What the fuck was this about?” Sin asks with fury in his eyes.

“She’s coming with us,” our father states.

As if he had a say on this.

“The fuck she is,” I lash out. “She’s spending Christmas with us.”

My father leans towards me and pushes me lightly with his finger on my chest.

“I don’t think you have a say on this, syn? 2 .”

“She’s coming with us, and that’s final.”

I feel Sin’s patience wearing thin as he speaks. “Listen to me carefully, Iakov . You can go wherever the fuck you want, but Zayka? 3 stays here. Am I clear?”

Sin’s piercing gaze meets mine, causing me to nearly sprint upstairs.

I know she’s going to be furious with me for bringing up her stalker, but I didn’t think my asshole father would have this reaction.

And again, what the fuck did he mean by ‘you want me to be happy’?

“Knock, knock.” I lean against her door frame and watch as she paces in her room.

“You. How could you?”

“Pips.”

“Nuh-uh. Don’t Pips me. You went behind my back, Saint.”

Stepping away from the door, I make my way towards her, my fingers tenderly caressing her cheeks.

“Pack your stuff. We’re leaving.”

“Are you coming as well?” Her eyes light up but quickly fade when I shake my head.

“We’re not going.”

“So why do you want me to pack my stuff?”

“We’re going to the cabin.”

“Nope. I can stay here by myself. Lie to them and tell them I’m going with you, but I’d rather stay here.”

I sigh. “You know it’s for your own good. Staying here while you have a psychopath following you is not a good thing.”

She is completely unaware that she will soon be stuck with not one but two of the people who have been obsessively following her.

As my thumbs glide over her temples, she releases a satisfied sigh that makes my cock twitch.

“C’mon, sis. You love the cabin. We always had fun there.”

“I already have plans.”

So she says.

If she doesn’t change her mind, we may be forced to take matters into our own hands.

“And there’s no service connection.” She groans as I apply more pressure on her temples.

I know there’s no service connection, and that’s precisely why I proposed going there in the first place.

There will be no way for her to escape our grasp.

“I think you can survive a week without your phone.”

Sin will probably be the most frustrated without his daily fix of seeing Harper naked, but he'll have the live show to make up for it, which is even more satisfying.

“I can't. I told you I already have plans with Lisy.”

“We'll be leaving in ten minutes. Pack your shit.”

We both turn to glance at Sin, his jaw clearly clenching.

A sigh escapes me because she'd have been more inclined to accept if I was the only one here.

“Make sure to grab everything you need,” he continues.

“I'm not coming.”

Leaning closer, he forcefully tugs on the back of her hair, causing her to gasp.

“Da? 4 , you're coming. Either you're doing it willingly or by force. I'm giving you five minutes to join us downstairs.”

And with that, he leaves us alone.

“Fucking wanker,” she mumbles.

“Hey.” I wrap my arm around her shoulders and whisper in her hair. “Think about the Christmas movie night while we're watching the fairy light dance around us. The hot chocolate and marshmallow parties. The cosy atmosphere.”

She says nothing and goes towards her wardrobe to start to pack her bag.

“I’ll wait for you downstairs.” I walk towards her and kiss the top of her head. “You’ve always been a good girl for me.” Her body tenses at my words, igniting a rush of adrenaline right down my cock.

Something I’ve observed is that my girl enjoys receiving praise, and her body consistently responds to it.

I let go of her, giving her some space, and she takes a moment to catch her breath before packing.

“Where is she?” Sin asks as I join him downstairs.

“Packing.”

Suddenly, a loud crack echoes through the air, followed by a thud that shakes the doors.

This sound is all too familiar to us.

She’s trying to sneak out the window.

Instead of running after her, Sin gives me a devious look, and I know what he’s thinking.

It’s already late and dark outside. She won’t go far. Just enough to make the chase fun.

1 ? Little girl/baby (ma - LYSH - ka)

2 ? Son

3 ? Little Bunny (ZAY - ka)

4 ? Yes

6

HARPER

My heart races, thumping against my chest, as I sprint with all my might.

Why aren't they following me? I know them. There's not a chance they would give up that easily.

I run for what feels like an endless stretch of time before finally slowing my pace to catch my breath.

Fuck. I can't keep track of how many houses I passed in the pitch-black darkness. The only illumination comes from the festive Christmas lights adorning the houses, casting a warm and colourful glow onto the road.

Bending down to catch my breath, I'm startled by the distorted voice coming from behind me.

"Wrong thing to do, my little prey."

Tensing up, I slowly turned my head in that direction.

Oh no. Oh no. Oh no.

Fuck.

The darkness prevents me from seeing their face, but the long black gown and hood are unmistakable.

Judging by its tall and confident stance, despite the black mask that covers his face, I'm fairly certain it's a male.

Oh my god! My stalker. My stalker is fucking here!

"Didn't anyone ever warn you about talking to strangers and not stopping?" he laughs.

As I stay silent, I feel my heart pounding and take a slow step back, my palms becoming clammy.

Surely if I scream, someone will hear me, right?

"What do you want?" I ask, my voice trembling as I continue to inch backward.

"Mmmm," he almost growls. "Do you know that song by Mariah Carey?" What the hell is he talking about? "All I want for Christmas is you, my little prey." He stops for a second, gesturing behind me. "You better run because once I catch you, I'm keeping you."

The seriousness in his voice makes me react instinctively.

Bloody hell. I should've gone with my brothers. Is this my punishment for refusing to back down?

Turning with lightning speed, my bag slips off my shoulder and hits the ground, but I don't break my stride.

I run.

I'm still stuck in my skirt uniform, which makes running a real challenge. I really should have changed before leaving, but the boys didn't give me any other option.

Running to the left, I dash through Miss Olga's garden.

Being an elderly woman, she spends most of her time at her son's place, and based on the absence of light, I'm confident she is not home.

"Looks like you're cornered," he chuckles.

I refuse to turn my head and attempt to leap over the fence, but its height is daunting, and my feet keep slipping with each attempt to scale it.

Damn it.

Just as my foot finds a grip on the fence, I hear his footsteps getting closer, quickening my heart rate. He forcefully grabs my hips, abruptly pulling me downwards. I stumble, my balance lost, and find myself facing him. The impact of my back against the fence leaves me breathless.

In a split second, he seizes my hands and tightly binds them together before lifting them and securing them onto the fence.

Did he just handcuff me?

"So pretty," he whispers like a maniac, his hands caressing my cheek.

I don't dare to move.

I can't move.

He made sure of it by cuffing them to the fence.

The moment his hand touches my neck, my heart leaps into my throat, my hands shaking.

"I've been dying to touch you."

"A-are you going to kill me?" My voice is shaking as the words leave my lips.

"Kill you?" He tilts his head to the side before leaning closer to my ear. "I'll kill everyone that tries to kill you, little prey."

There's something about his words that ignites a gentle warmth within me.

"W-What do you want?"

"What do I want?" The air grows tense as he pulls out a knife, the chilling touch of its blade filling me with a sense of dread. "I want to know if this chase left you as soaked as it left me hard."

Fear overwhelms me as his hand slowly traces down my stomach, slipping beneath my skirt and cradling my pussy over my tights.

"I can smell your arousal from here." He forcefully tears open my tights and swiftly pushes my underwear to the side.

As the cold metal of the blade grazes my skin, I can feel the tears welling up in my eyes.

“Do you want me to touch you, little prey?”

My voice stays stuck in my throat.

Do I want it?

I’ve never dared to share my darkest fantasies with anyone, not even with my Master.

His laughter, distorted and wicked, sent a wave of unease through the air.

“Fear looks good on you,” his voice drips with sadistic satisfaction. “And you should be afraid.”

“W-What are you doing?” I whimper, sensing the icy touch of the blade brushing against my clit, only to be replaced by the warmth of the blade’s handle.

My lips part in a gasp as I desperately try to close my legs under the pressure of the knife.

“Tsss,” he forces my legs back open. “You’re going to come with the palpable fear coursing through your veins as the knife grazes your flesh,” he exhales deeply. “You’re going to come, questioning whether I’m going to fuck your cunt with this knife or if I’m going to bury my cock deep in it.”

A mixture of fear and desire surges through me as he slowly begins to move the handle over my clit.

“M-My brothers,” I mumble as I feel the knife going up and down my clit. “They’ll find me, and they’ll kill you.”

His laughter is a mix of sinister and mechanical, as it echoes through the air,

enhanced by the voice-altering machine.

“You better come fast, then. I can feel the slippery wetness of your cunt coating both my knife and my hand. You like that, don’t you? Getting knife-fucked by a stranger.” He quickens his movements, causing a surge of pleasure that makes it hard for me to stifle my moan. “What would they say?” he whispers.

“W-Who?” My body tenses up as I press my head against the fence, acutely aware of the frigid contact of the blade on my clit.

“Your brothers, of course. What would they think if they saw their slutty sister getting touched like that? To the brink of orgasm for a stranger? You’re sure not acting like a good little girl right now.”

My vision is consumed by the image of my brothers watching me, and I can’t help but let out a moan in response.

It’s so wrong. But I can’t help it.

“Mmhmm. Dirty little thing. Either it’s the thought of being watched that makes your greedy pussy hump my knife, or it’s the thought of your brothers watching you coming over my knife. Which one is it, Harper Anastasia?”

My eyes close in bliss as waves of pleasure surge through me, flooding my mind with vivid images.

Their images.

“Come for me, little prey. Coat my hand with your juice.”

The images flood my head, each one more wrong, taboo, and forbidden than the last.

As my orgasm reaches its peak, I can't help but bite my lips, feeling my body convulsing against the fence. Meanwhile, he continues to apply pressure with the knife while his other hand supports me.

Reality hits me like a punch, and I exhale in ragged breaths while my cheeks burn with embarrassment.

What the hell just happened?

Did I just let a stranger—my stalker—knife-fuck me while I was thinking of the twins?

“Good fucking girl.” He cackles manically as he pulls the knife out and raises it menacingly in front of me. “I’m keeping this as a souvenir.” He brings it to his nose and breathes it deeply through his mask. “Perfect.”

My body is still trembling, completely mesmerised by his movements, when my brother's voice suddenly reaches my ears.

As he detaches my hands quickly, his black mask glimmers under the moonlight before he utters, “I’ll see you soon, Harper Anastasia,” vanishing in a blur, leaving me with the growing sound of my sibling's voice.

Fuck.

7

NIKOLAS

“Can we stop at the next station?”

I sense Sin’s growing impatience as his fingers fiddle with the wheel and his eyes constantly dart towards the rear mirror.

It’s the third time Harper has asked us to stop, and we still have two hours to drive.

When he found her in Miss Olga’s garden, her face was flushed, and her hair was dishevelled, and since then, she has been avoiding our gaze.

I should emphasise that he had to physically lift her and drag her into the car because she stubbornly refused to come with us.

The drive has been uneventful so far, with her eyes fixed on her phone, making the most of the fleeting service connection and singing along to the music.

She purposefully avoided engaging in any conversation with us, seemingly setting aside her anger towards me. Or by shame.

Sin seems to be content with her silence because once we arrive...

“Can’t you just wait?” he groans. “It’s the third time.”

“Sorry, but maybe you can have a conversation with my bladder about it. Who knows? It might obey you.”

I stifle a chuckle as I watch his hands gripping the steering wheel tightly, and I gesture towards the petrol station on the side of the road.

“Just stop here. I’ll buy some snacks.”

He lets out a tired sigh but parks in front of the station.

Without wasting a moment, Harper practically bursts out of the car and dashes towards it.

The place and the road are deserted, with the exception of a group of men gathered, watching her intently, their gazes following her as if she were their next meal.

“Keep an eye on her.”

“Am I not always?” I arch my brow before getting out of the car.

My fists clench as I watch the men following her inside.

What the fuck do they think they’re playing at?

The doorbell rings just as I enter, and my attention is immediately drawn to them.

Two of them are positioned near the bathroom door, while the other two are strategically placed on the opposite side, creating a cornered situation when she exits.

Yeah, that’s not going to happen.

At 6'3" tall, I tower over them all. Taking care of them would be a breeze.

I quickly grab some snacks: a pack of Skittles for Harper, a bag of crisps for Sin and me, and a couple of bottles of water.

Just as I hand over the payment, Harper emerges from the restroom, but as I had expected, they quickly surround her.

"What are you doing all alone, beautiful?" asks one of them.

She quickly scans her surroundings for any help, but I remain hidden from her sight.

"Hmm. I'm not alone. If you would excuse me." She tries to pass between them, but they stand firm, forming an impenetrable barrier.

As I crack my neck, I can feel the anger bubbling inside me, ready to explode.

"It's not really nice to lie with Christmas around the corner. Nobody wants to find themselves on the naughty list, do they?"

"I'm not lying." Her voice trembles with fear, and that's my breaking point.

Nobody has the right to make her feel scared except for us.

With my bag in hand, I walk towards them. "Can I help you?"

Harper's eyes lock on mine, and a sigh of relief leaves her lips.

The guy who seems to be their leader spits out, "Nothing that concerns you."

"Mmm. You see, when you and your group of monkeys corner what's mine, I'm

afraid it does concern me. My advice would be for you to find another plaything elsewhere.” I keep my eyes on him, and my lips curl. “I’ve always had a hard time sharing my toys, and this one,” I point towards Harper, “is my most precious one.”

Harper’s face reveals a myriad of emotions, ranging from embarrassment to confusion.

Don’t worry, baby. Soon enough, it will become second nature to you.

“I confirm. He’s always been very possessive with his toy.” Tilting my head, I briefly look at Sin, noticing the baseball bat he is holding. “See this one?” His finger pokes in front of me. “Is like a raw diamond. Beautiful and asking to be shaped.” He takes a few steps closer to the guy next to her and forcefully shoves him with the bat. “And nobody touches a diamond without gloves.”

Anger flushes their faces as they position themselves as a barrier in front of her.

“Is that so?” spits out one of them. “What are you two pussies going to do about it? When we want something, we take it.”

“Alright then.” I glance at Sin, and he gives me a subtle nod. “Pips, baby. You may want to drop on the floor and cover your face.”

“Why? What are you?—”

Her words are interrupted by the sound of my powerful blow landing on one of the guy’s faces while Sin swiftly raises his bat and delivers a forceful smack to another’s stomach.

Harper screams but finally decides to get on the floor.

My fists swing, and the bat flies.

We quickly gain control over the four of them, although not without Sin taking a punch to his jaw, causing blood to trickle down his face.

“Next time, I won’t be as gentle,” spits out Sin.

He hands me the bat and approaches Harper. Her piercing scream echoes through the air as he scoops her up, but her panic subsides when she realises it’s him.

“Let’s go, Zayka? 1 .”

“I can walk,” she resists, but he ignores her.

Once we’re out, I open the back door for him to place her in, and I’m surprised when she doesn’t protest.

He takes a step back, but she tightens her grip on his jumper.

“You’re bleeding.”

“I’m fine.”

He attempts to retreat, but she quickly retrieves a tissue from her pocket and begins to gently dab away the blood that has trickled onto the edge of his lips.

His clothes can barely contain the tension in his muscles, yet his eyes remain captivated by her every move.

“Here,” she whispers, avoiding his gaze.

Right as I'm about to close the door, he shakes his head and mouths, "Stay with her at the back."

I jump in and lean my shoulder against hers. "Are you okay?"

Her eyes are filled with tears when she speaks. "What the hell was that?"

"You thought we were good only with guns and knives?" I raise my brow at her.

She shrugs. "I know you know how to fight, jerk."

"Be glad they're still alive." Sin's gaze remains fixed on the road, but he occasionally glances at us through the rearview mirror.

She swallows the lump in her throat but says nothing.

She saw us fight more than once. She saw us using our guns. The only difference is that she witnessed us doing it to protect her for the first time.

It's not the first time.

Many died from being too handsy or talking badly to her.

I hand her the pack of Skittles, and she practically tears it from my hand.

We spent the rest of the drive in silence, with the gentle melody of the music creating a soothing atmosphere. Harper grew drowsy and eventually dozed off, resting her head on my shoulder.

"Still asleep?" Sin glances at me through the mirror.

My fingers gently glide in circular motions on her leg, creating a strangely comforting sensation.

“Yeah. I think she had an emotional crash.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised.”

The narrow road becomes treacherous as Sin turns, the snow-covered surface making it a challenging drive.

It takes us another forty minutes to arrive at the cabin, and this year, the maid had gone all out with the decorations.

We pull up and park in front of it, and a heavy silence hits me.

I caress her hair and lean in. “Pips, we’re here.”

As she stretches, a soft groan escapes her lips, and her eyes slowly flutter before finally opening and meeting my gaze.

“Huh?”

“We’re here,” I repeat as I open the door. “Let’s go in. It’s freezing outside.”

The snow falls heavily as Sin unloads the car, coating everything in a thick, white layer.

“Go inside,” he tells her.

“I can—” she starts.

“Go inside,” he repeats firmly.

She blows heavily, her tone filled with irritation. “When are you going to stop being a jerk?”

“When you stop being a brat and obey.”

Okay then. I guess we’re not losing any time.

If looks could kill, the intensity in her eyes would be lethal. Snowflakes delicately cling to her lashes, accentuating her piercing blue eyes and intensifying her menacing gaze.

In a fit of anger, she storms off, leaving behind a heavy silence and a trail of frustration.

“I’m going to have fun making her behave.”

“Tonight?” My brow arches.

He shakes his head. “I gave her orders. Let’s see if she’ll respect them.”

I nod before heading inside.

“What are you doing?”

She jumps, startled by my voice, and quickly hides her phone from my view.

“N-nothing. Why would you think I’m doing something?”

I try to conceal my amusement as I watch her cheeks turn a rosy shade, my eyes

immediately drifting towards my twin, who's seated on the sofa with a smirk on his lips.

What did the fucker ask her to do?

"Hmm. I'm going to bed. I'm knackered."

She leaves in a rush, almost crashing into the Christmas tree, bounding up the stairs with the urgency of someone being chased.

"What did you do?" I ask Sin once she's out of sight.

"I told you. I gave her orders before we were out of service." He gestures towards the stairs with his head. "Why don't you check it out and see if my pet behaved as requested?"

With a grin on my face, I tiptoe up the stairs, careful to avoid any creaking.

Her door is partially open, revealing a sliver of darkness broken only by the gentle glow of a few fairy lights, but she's not inside.

Listening carefully, I hear the water running in the bathroom.

Approaching it cautiously, I gingerly open the door, careful not to make a sound.

The sound of her soft moans echoes off the bathroom walls, causing me to freeze in my tracks.

Fuuuck.

Hearing them behind a screen is one thing, but hearing them in real life is a whole

different experience.

With the door slightly ajar, I stealthily make my way into the bathroom and am met with the steam filling the air.

I can clearly see her through the steam on the shower doors, even though she has no idea that I'm watching from my position.

She's fucking beautiful.

She leans against the wall, her back pressed firmly, while one hand teases her nipple and the other holds the shower jet, directing it precisely onto her clit.

I can see her teeth grazing her lips, a futile attempt to hold back a moan that escapes her, filling the air with a sensuous echo.

Her fingers trace a delicate path around her nipple, gently pinching and tugging on it, causing her head to tilt back in pleasure.

Fuck.

The thought of my teeth replacing her fingers makes my cock throb with anticipation.

Opening the zipper of my jeans, I pull out my dick and wipe the pre-cum that has dripped.

Sis, I can promise you that tomorrow you'll be filled with our cocks.

My hand instinctively tightens around my shaft as I start to stroke it. I can't tear my eyes away from the captivating view.

I let her moans fill me and move my hand faster.

Her eyes flutter open as if aware of my presence, but the condensation on the glass hinders her from seeing anything.

She keeps her eyes locked in front of her, as if she was staring directly at me, while her mouth opened with a moan. But just as the sound escapes her lips, her hand swiftly moves from her nipple to cover her mouth, trying to suppress it.

That's it, baby. Keep looking at me with those beautiful eyes.

My hand fucks my cock with urgency as if it was hers, and I'm fighting myself not to come before her.

"Oh my god. I'm so close," she murmurs. "Please."

Who is she begging with?

She brings the jet closer to her clit, and her cries become more desperate.

"Please," she begs again. "Master. I need to come."

Little fucker.

I've never really delved into their online conversation, but now I'm curious to know what he specifically requested her to do.

My body tenses as I feel my orgasm reaching its peak, my eyes never leaving hers when I whisper, "Come for me, baby. Give me your orgasm."

I don't know if she heard me, but my words echo with the detonation of her orgasm.

As she clings to the wall, her body trembling, the intensity of her moans increases while she fights to keep the jet steady.

Fuuuck.

The sounds she makes drive me wild, and I reach my peak with her, feeling the warmth of my release spread over my hand as my body trembles.

My heart races, adrenaline pumping through my veins, and it takes me a hot second to steady my breath and regain composure, but I don't miss her "Thank you, Master."

I take one final look at her before slipping out of the bathroom, making sure she doesn't notice me.

1 ? Little Bunny (ZAY - ka)

8

SINKLER

I watch her as she peacefully sleeps, her body barely covered, the soft rhythm of her breath filling the room.

From what Saint told me last night, it seems she had followed the first order I had given her.

There's still hope, after all. She just likes to be defiant with me, but that's okay. She'll learn fast.

My orders were simple.

On your first night away, use the shower jet to make yourself come and nothing else.

On the second night, I want you to record yourself while your fingers fuck your cunt.

Do not come without your Master's permission.

I knew that giving her more orders would be pointless because I won't be waiting a week to claim her as mine.

Especially after the confession she made.

I jerked off so many times since she told me that my thirst won't be satisfied until I

have her.

Apparently, my little sister has a fantasy of being forced.

That alone would be enough to bring about the downfall of most men.

Leaning in closer to her bed, I slowly slide the cover down, revealing a white sheer top and a pair of mini shorts.

My cock is already hard in anticipation.

I gently trace my fingertips over her soft skin, careful not to disturb her peaceful slumber.

Fuck. I want to tear open her top with my teeth.

I'm driven to the brink of insanity by her, my mind consumed by an overwhelming obsession to be buried within the tightness of her cunt.

Her body responds immediately as my fingers trace circles around her nipples, eliciting a soft moan from her lips before my hand slides down between her breasts over her top.

I then run it under, feeling the softness of her breast as I lightly cup it in my palm.

They fit perfectly in my hand.

A groan threatens to slip my lips as I gently pinch her nipple, feeling it respond and harden.

She lets out a weary sigh but remains motionless as my fingers continue their descent,

eventually reaching the front of her shorts.

I remove the duvet completely, parting her thighs slightly as I position myself between them, causing the bed to sink slightly under my weight.

“Are you wet for me, pet?” I whisper as my head inches closer to her pussy.

I push aside her shorts and take a deep inhale.

“Hmm. I know you are.” My voice is a low murmur. “I can detect the scent of your arousal from here, and I’m certain your taste matches its sweetness.”

Her arousal coats my finger as it slides between her slit, igniting a hunger within me.

I freeze in my tracks as she stirs, anticipating her awakening, but there is no movement.

Fuuuck. So soft and wet.

The sound of her moan fills the air as I slowly insert a finger inside her, and the incredible tightness nearly pushes me to the edge of climax.

How the fuck is she so tight?

Parting her lips, I inch closer and spit on her clit before dragging my tongue all the way up.

A primal instinct takes over as I witness goosebumps forming on her skin, accompanied by the soft sound she makes.

Shifting my body slightly, I slide my hand into my sports shorts, caressing my hard

cock with gentle strokes.

The more she gets wet, the harder I become.

My tongue playfully caresses her sensitive clit, as my hand on my shaft matches the rhythm of my movements.

“Fuck. I knew you’d be the perfect slut for your brother,” I whisper against her skin. “Look at you. Even asleep, you’re drenched for me.”

Without waking up, her hands reach for my head, gripping my hair as she tries to bring me closer to her.

“Master,” she sighs, her sleepy voice filled with desire, which makes my cock harden. “Please.”

“Fuck, pet. You have no idea what you do to me.”

My tongue darts rapidly, its only mission to bring her to the peak of pleasure.

My teeth gently brush against her clit before giving it a light nibble, causing her body to tremble with pleasure.

She doesn’t scream, but fuck me; her moans ignite a primal desire within me, tempting me to take her while she peacefully slumbers.

Her body shakes for a few more moments before finally calming down, as she lets out a satisfied sigh. As her grip on my hair loosens, her arm falls back onto the bed.

With one last lick on her clit, I carefully kneel on the bed, widening her thighs slightly. I part her pussy with my hand, ensuring the head of my cock is right at her

entrance.

Feeling the heat radiating from her is almost enough to send me over the edge.

I don't thrust in, just close enough to feel her slick at the top of my tip.

Spitting on my hand, I slide it over my cock, my veins pulsing beneath my touch.

I gather all my strength, resisting the urge to thrust into her right now. I want her to be fully aware of the first time I'll take her, but this primal urge is overwhelming.

With my erection nestled between her folds, I fight back the urge to orgasm, sliding in a steady motion, her arousal providing a slippery sensation.

"Fuuuck," I grunt as I keep sliding between her pussy lips, feeling my cock harden. "You have no idea how good you already are for me. My pet likes to be a whore for her brother, doesn't she?" Her clit throbs against my dick, and that's fucking heaven. "You'll take both of us, won't you? Be the slut we know you crave to be for us." As I feel my butt muscles contracting, sweat begins to trickle down my face. "There won't be a minute where you won't be filled by us. Because sister... you're about to be our toy."

As I glide against her clit one last time, I slowly remove myself and spread her lips apart once more, this time wider. My erection hovers near her entrance but doesn't enter as I shoot my load.

The feeling of orgasm washes over me as if it didn't happen mere hours ago, my muscles contracting as I maintain an unwavering focus on my cock, my cum dribbling out of her pussy.

My heart races and my breath becomes laboured as I take a few seconds to catch my

breath. Then, I slowly pull out completely, gathering the dripping cum before pushing it back inside her.

Fucking beautiful.

I raise my head to steal a quick glance at her, only to find her hair obscuring her entire face, seemingly oblivious to what just happened.

I push back her shorts, carefully adjusting them into place, before getting out of bed. I bring back the duvet up and lean in close to whisper in her ear, “I cannot wait for you to wake up with my cum covering you.” I breathe in her scent and kiss the top of her head. “Tomorrow, you’ll be ours, pet. And there will be no escape.”

9

HARPER

I woke up with a sticky sensation between my legs.

Although I was fully clothed, I couldn't help but notice the odd sensation of my hand being trapped inside my shorts.

Did I touch myself during my sleep?

After quickly showering, I went downstairs to join the twins, but they've been giving me odd looks ever since.

"What?" I ask, bringing my mug of coffee to my lips.

Saint clenches his fist tightly while Sin rises from the sofa and approaches me.

"What the fuck are you wearing?" Sin's face is inches away from mine.

"That, my dear brother, is what we refer to as pyjama shorts. I'm sure you've heard of the concept, Sin."

Despite it being winter, the cabin feels uncomfortably overheated, so I see no reason to get dressed since we aren't going out.

"You have the wrong brother if you want to be a brat." He cages me against the

counter, and my heart skips a beat. “I can see everything beneath it.”

“No, you c?—”

“Zayka? 1 , you have no underwear,” he growls. “We can see everything.”

My cheeks flush with heat as a wave of embarrassment washes over me.

His intense gaze locks onto mine, and in that moment, it feels as if I’m seeing my brother’s eyes again for the very first time.

They resemble emeralds, with a subtle touch of yellow at their centre.

They’re pretty.

Very pretty.

Vivid images of what happened in Miss Olga’s garden flood my mind, and a wave of shame washes over me as I recall how I came just by thinking about them.

What the hell, Harp? What’s happening to you?

I swallow the lump in my throat before pointing my finger at his torso.

“You guys don’t wear a T-shirt. How is it different?”

And what chests they have.

“Can you see our dicks?” He raises his brow.

“I... Well, no, but?—”

My breath catches in my throat as he grabs my hand and guides it over his joggers.

His grip is firm, and I can distinctly feel the prominent shape of his shaft.

“Sin? What are you doing?” I breathe out, trying to remove my hand, but he doesn’t let me budge.

Why is my body reacting?

It’s wrong. So wrong.

My hand is on my brother’s cock, and my body doesn’t seem to get the memo.

“Your actions have consequences. I already told you that. Now, if it’s attention that you want, please be my guest.”

“She probably wants attention,” says Saint with a smirk on his face. “I’m not sure how her Master will react, though. I think he explicitly told her not to come without his permission.”

My body freezes instantly.

No. They can’t know, can they?

“How...” My words come out in fragments. “What are you talking about?”

Denying is the only thing I can do.

My brothers can’t know.

Never.

“You’re up to play, I see,” Sin remarks, his chuckle carrying a sinister undertone.
“Then let’s play.”

His actions are swift and aggressive as he forcefully removes my hand from his joggers, replacing it with a vice-like grip around my throat, leaving me struggling to catch my breath.

“You’ve been misbehaving,” he whispers, his breath tickling my ear as his hand caresses my face and trails down to my neck, lingering dangerously close to my chest.

“W-what a-re you t-talking about,” I manage to say as my breath becomes difficult.

He takes my hand and brings it up to his nose, breathing in deeply.

“I can still smell your arousal on them.”

My body flushes with his words.

I don’t recall doing anything, but seeing my brother, blood related or not, doing this is really embarrassing.

“And I’m sure I can still taste you.”

What?

Before I can even process what’s happening, his mouth clamps down on my fingers, his tongue gliding over them with an almost insatiable hunger.

“S-Sin.” I don’t know if I’m begging him to stop or urging him to continue, but this behaviour is far from normal.

We grew up together, for Christ's sake.

I hate him.

So why do I hear myself moan as he releases my fingers?

Just as my eyes close, I feel an icy touch crawl up my neck, causing me to snap my eyes open.

My heart races as he keeps talking.

“I explicitly warned you not to come unless your Master grants you permission.” As the knife grazes my skin, a rush of fear and excitement surges through me. “And you disobey. What should be her punishment, Saint?”

What did he just say?

Oh no, no, no.

“W-what? H-how?”

I've been extra cautious so people I know couldn't find me on AccessMe.

That's not even the question here. He's my 'Master'?

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

My brother saw me naked? He made me come more than once.

I saw his fucking dick, and I dreamed about him more times than I can count.

“Tsk. You’re on a porn website, and you thought we wouldn’t know?” His laugh is loud and devious. “Pet, you have no idea the monsters you created.”

I glance over to Saint, hoping for some help, but the smirk on his face reveals he shares the same thought.

“Saint,” I plead.

“Sorry, sis. I told you, you’re my most precious toy.” He stands up, his footsteps echoing as he walks over to us before gently caressing my cheek and whispering in my ear. “But let me offer you a piece of advice. Run. Because once we catch you, we’ll fuck you until you forget your own name.”

Sin leans in and licks my cheek with a hum, eliciting a gasp from me. “She has a fantasy of being forced, so it wouldn’t be surprising if she enjoys the thrill of being chased. You should listen to your brother, pet. Run. I’m going to enjoy breaking you.”

The seriousness in their eyes is so intense that I feel compelled to react immediately.

As soon as Sin releases his grip on my throat, I seize the opportunity to push them both away and sprint out of the room.

I feel a shiver run down my spine as their laughter surrounds me, its echoes creating a haunting melody.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

The small cabin offers very little space for me to find a hiding spot.

Ugh.

I did confess to having a secret desire to be taken against my will.

I would have kept my mouth shut if I had known my brother was behind the screen.

As I step out of the cabin barefoot, the icy snow immediately sends a rush of adrenaline through my veins.

The only thing in sight is the vast forest that surrounds us, with a small, cosy hut nestled amongst the trees where guests stay.

I have no choice but to go, despite the distance.

I run for what feels like an eternity, my heart pounding in my chest until the sound of an engine reaches my ears.

Shit.

The jerks took the snow quads.

The freezing cold seeps into every inch of my body, leaving me completely numb, as Saint's shouts echo in the distance.

"You better run fast, sis. I love a good hunt!"

Fuck.

Just as the hut comes into view, the quad suddenly appears in front of me. Before I can react, a heavy body collides with mine, causing me to sprawl in the snow.

"Told you I loved a good hunt."

“Saint! Get off of me.”

Damn, it’s cold.

What the hell was I thinking, leaving the house with nothing but shorts and a tank top?

I lift my head to steal a glance at him, noticing his black mask shimmering in the light as he tilts it to the side, a mischievous smirk dancing in his eyes.

The same mask as...

The sudden rush of adrenaline electrifies my senses.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

“Nope. You had your chance to escape.” As his body looms over me, I feel his hands explore my curves, eventually resting on my breasts. “Fucking perfect. You have no idea how long I’ve been waiting for this. And look at these tits. Already poking out for me.”

His fingers twisting my nipple create a sharp contrast to the chilly touch of the snow, causing a blazing fire to ignite within me.

“Y-you were the one in Miss Olga’s garden?” I’m stunned.

A devious laugh leaves his lips.

“Who the fuck do you think it was? Do you really think we would allow anybody else to touch what belongs to us?”

I...

“Saint,” I beg. “Don’t do this.”

He removes his mask and grins.

“I can hear the words coming out of your mouth, but your body is saying something completely different. It’s like in the garden. I could see your tears flooding, but your cunt was humping my knife.”

I try to move, but he is as heavy as a ton of bricks, making it impossible to find a way out.

Just as I’m about to sink my teeth into his arm, the roar of the quad bike reverberates through the air, abruptly coming to a halt as Sin steps off it.

“Well, well, well. What do we have here?”

Golden mask.

Why is my body reacting to it?

“Boys. It’s not funny. Let go of me,” I spit out.

Sin bends over, tightly gripping a fistful of my hair, as Saint hovers above me, his hands eagerly exploring every inch of my body.

Ouch. That’s painful.

“You got yourself into this,” Sin emphasises, his voice filled with a mix of frustration and desire, while Saint’s hand hovers over the top of my shorts, eliciting a gasp from

me. “Do you think seeing you on a porn site was what we wanted?” The subtle tapping of his tongue against his palate accompanies the sound of his voice. “No, it wasn’t. Now, you’ll face the consequences of your actions for showing off what belongs to us.”

I shake my head, but his presence looms over me, stronger than ever.

“I-I did nothing wrong.”

The snow beneath me crunches as my body arches while Saint pushes my shorts aside, and a loud cry escapes my lips, responding to his forceful finger.

Shit. It’s painful.

“Already wet for us, sis?” He grins.

I tightly shut my eyes, attempting to banish the disturbing image that has invaded my thoughts.

“I-It’s not right. You can’t. You’re my broth?—”

Another scream escapes my lips as I feel his finger curl up inside my pussy.

“So fucking tight,” he groans.

I feel like my body is engulfed in flames, torn between craving more and being repelled by it.

While we may not have emerged from the same womb, they are still my brothers.

Everything is so wrong and messed up.

“Shh,” Sin soothes, his hand still tightly gripping my hair. “We agreed he’ll take you first. I’ve always wanted him to fuck you while I watch you. It’ll be more satisfying than watching myself fucking you in a mirror.” While Saint bites my stomach, Sin leans his head closer, his mask touching my cheek, and whispers in my ear, “Are you going to be obedient, my little pet?” His voice drips with dominance. “Are you going to be a good slut for us?”

The sensation of the snow beneath me is like melting wax, softening under the heat of my body as my moans fill the air.

My body surrenders beneath Saint’s weight as Sin unzips his trousers and strokes his shaft inches away from my face.

“Open up, pet, and take me whole while Saint eats your cunt.”

Refusing to open my mouth, I vigorously shake my head, but my resolve wavers as Saint’s hands explore further under my shorts and push them to the side, swiftly followed by the intoxicating warmth of his mouth enveloping me.

Oh. My. God.

“Fuuuck,” Saint groans against my clit. “So fucking delicious. I’ve been dying to taste you.”

As my head falls back, my lips slightly part. Sin seizes the moment to thrust his dick forcefully into my mouth, causing me to choke on the unfamiliar sensation.

“FUUUUCK!” The echoes of his voice fill the quiet mountain surroundings as he grips my head firmly and quickens his pace. “I knew your mouth would be fucking good.”

I gag uncontrollably as his cock thrusts deep into the back of my throat, and a

muffled cry escapes me when Saint sinks his teeth into my clit.

“Aren’t you a whore for your brothers? Look at you. Fucking dripping for us.”

His words hit me like a tidal wave, stirring up a surge of pleasure that I can’t ignore,
But Sin feels it too.

“I don’t think I gave you the permission to come.” With a forceful thrust, he buries his cock deep inside my throat, rendering me immobile and causing me to choke and gag, tears streaming down my face.

I’m so close.

As he lets go of me, my cough worsens, exacerbated by Saint’s continuous licking and the skilful movement of his fingers inside me.

Sin’s mask lifts slightly as he reaches out to wipe away a tear that’s trailing down my cheek, bringing it to his mouth with a soft hum.

“You look beautiful when you cry.”

My body starts to shake uncontrollably, whether from the cold or the impending orgasm. I have no idea.

Yet, my attention remains solely on Sin, who provocatively strokes his own arousal while my hands firmly hold onto Saint’s hair, resulting in a gratifying groan escaping his lips.

Is mask kink a thing? Because why on earth would the image of them both wearing it while fucking me turn me on?

“Pips, are you going to be a good girl for us and come on my tongue?”

My eyes dart towards him before shifting back towards Sin.

With his mask still half up, the bastard’s smirk is visible, a twisted curl of satisfaction.

He knows what he did. He programmed my body to obey him, and he knows I won’t come until he says so.

He inches his cock from my face, his thumb gliding over the tip of his shaft. “C’mon, pet. Be a good girl for your brother and come for him while my whore is going to take every drop of my cum on her face.”

My breath catches in my throat as Saint playfully applies a touch of snow to my clit, eliciting a shiver of pleasure. He follows up with a hard slap and a teasing bite.

“Give it to us, little sister. Fucking drench his face with your release.”

“Oh my god,” I cry.

“God is not here for you, pet. I’m afraid you’re tangled with sinners instead.”

Like a ticking bomb, my body ignites with ecstasy, my legs spasming uncontrollably while Saint expertly brings me to the edge, extending my orgasm.

A low growl escapes Sin’s lips as I’m hit with a sudden eruption of warmth, feeling the sticky substance spread across my hair and face.

His climax seems to last just as long as mine.

My breath catches for a moment as I feel a delicate kiss on my stomach right before Sin spreads his cum over my face. His intense gaze never wavers from mine as he trails his fingers across my skin, each touch deliberate and filled with anticipation before finally gathering some and bringing it to my lips with a slow and sensual motion for me to taste.

His gaze is scorching me, prompting me to open my mouth, licking his release clean off his fingers while a growl escapes him.

“I knew you’d be good for us, Pips,” Saint whispers, planting another tender kiss on my collarbone as I fight to keep my eyes open. “Are you ready for me? Because I’m fucking hard for you.”

Saint’s touch leaves a lingering trail on my skin as he swiftly removes my shorts, leaving me exposed to the frigid snow.

Fuck, it’s cold.

“Saint.” I try to shake my head, but it feels heavy. “Don’t. I?—”

With a smirk, Saint strokes his cock while his intense gaze pierces through me. “Don’t what, Pips? Don’t stop? Or don’t do it? Because your body is telling me not to stop.”

As I open my mouth to speak, a searing pain shoots through me as he thrusts into me, causing me to let out a scream that reverberates through the air.

We both freeze in shock.

“Pips?”

1 ? Little Bunny (ZAY - ka)

10

NIKOLAS

What the fuck is happening?

She diverts her eyes, trying to avoid my piercing gaze, but I firmly grasp her chin, forcing her to meet my stare.

“What the fuck?” Sin shouts, his voice filled with shock. “Zayka? 1 ?”

“Pips?” I call her again, softer this time. I see the embarrassment in her eyes, and I clearly feel a warm liquid coating my cock.

“It doesn’t matter,” she breathes out, glancing at me.

I... Fuck... I felt it. I felt her tightness.

My body reacts instinctively, releasing a growl as my hips resume their motion as if guided by an external power.

I need to have her.

I need to fuck her.

I need her to remember who took her virginity.

Anyone would have treated her gently for her first time, but I'm not just anyone—I'm her brother, and she's my fucking possession.

As she wraps her legs around my hips, a mixture of moans and groans leave her lips with the perfect O.

Sin removes his mask before kneeling close to her face, with a look of awe on his face, and whispers softly, "You're fucking perfect."

Her gaze wanders to where we're connected, and her cheeks flush with embarrassment as she notices her blood melting into the pristine snow.

Fuuuck. I've dreamed countless times of being her first.

But it's not a dream anymore.

She's selling sex online. How the fuck is she still a virgin?

My primal instinct takes over me as my thrusts get harder and stronger.

The need to destroy her is overwhelming.

"Saint," she cries out.

"He's right," I grunt as my cock throbs inside her. "You're fucking perfect."

"I... Fuck." Her fingers dig into my shoulders while I take her lips.

I don't give a shit if my brother's cum is still coating her face. I need her to feel how fucking feral she's making me.

Sin's hand glides over her top before pulling it down. He cups her breast before pinching her nipples with force, which makes her almost sob in pleasure.

"I knew you'd be a dirty girl for us. Look at you. Getting fucked for the first time by your brother."

My fingers dig into her hips while my thrusts are the ones of a madman.

"I... I..."

"What do you need, pet?" Sin reaches for a nipple and grabs it between his teeth before tugging on it.

She cries out but keeps his head locked in place.

"More?" I ask, and she nods. "Sin, give our girl what she needs."

He takes the other nipple and does the same, tugging harder this time.

Her back arches, but he's not done with her.

With a sly grin, he scoops up a handful of snow and presses it against her breast, causing her skin to shiver.

As I pull out, her eyes shoot me a disapproving glare, but I brush it off and quickly shift my attention to my brother.

I don't need to speak; he understands.

My cock pulses with anticipation as I gaze at it. The beauty of her blood splattered across me is like a surreal masterpiece.

As I slide my dick between her warmth, a surge of pleasure washes over me, causing me to tilt my head back in euphoria while my tip hits her clit, smearing her blood all over.

I thrust back into her without warning, her screams resonating against my dick like a symphony of ecstasy.

“Saint,” she moans.

My body is on fire. She feels so fucking good wrapped around me.

Harper’s breath catches as she watches Sin move closer to her, mere inches from the rhythmic motion of my cock.

“W-what are you doing?” Her words tremble, but he doesn’t answer her.

Slowing down my thrusts, I watch as he uses his fingers to spread more blood.

“He gets to have you first,” he sneers, his eyes filled with possessiveness. “But I will be the first to taste the sweetness of your virgin blood.”

He then leans into the side, his head descending to lick her, igniting a wave of pleasure from the both of us.

Although he doesn’t physically touch me, the warmth of his breath, combined with the tightening grip around my cock is almost enough to push me over the edge.

“Oh. My. God,” she moans.

I allow him the time to meticulously lick away any remnants of blood, causing my thrusts to remain unhurried and deliberate.

I must admit, witnessing my twin so close to my dick, eagerly lapping up every drop of blood from our girl, is an incredibly exhilarating experience.

“Come for us, pet. Show us the slut we all know you are for us. Scream for us.”

Taking it as my cue, she inhales sharply as my thrusts grow more aggressive, my sole objective being to destroy her.

Sin keeps licking and biting her clit, her cries echoing around us.

It takes a few more forceful thrusts for her to tremble around me as a warm fluid spreads between us, splattering onto Sin’s face.

“Ahhh,” she sobs.

“Fuuuck,” I groan.

“That’s it. Squirt all over my face, pet. Fucking perfect whore.”

“Fucking good girl, coming for us like that.”

As I press on her belly, her body reacts by releasing even more liquid, intensifying the sensation of tightness around my cock.

Her cries echo through the air, resembling the haunting wails of a wounded animal, causing my instincts to kick in immediately.

Fuuuck. Her scream is the most beautiful sound I’ve ever heard.

I press my hand over my brother’s head, forcing him to keep licking her while I shoot my load into her tight cunt.

I've never come so hard in my life.

Tension courses through my muscles, causing my body to tremble and my vision to become blurry.

With Sin's head now free, he taps the back of mine, causing me to chuckle.

Harper sighs, and my body calms down.

Pulling out, I kiss her stomach and notice the goosebumps on her body.

"Your face," she exclaims, covering her eyes and pointing at Sin. And indeed, his mouth is smeared with her release and blood.

Her blood.

"Wanna taste yourself?" he smirks.

Before she can utter a word, he silences her by forcefully kissing her, leaving her tasting his release mingled with the metallic tang of her own blood.

Succumbing to my insatiable craving, I lower myself and savour the intoxicating mix of her release, mingled with her blood and my own cum.

"Shit. Saint." Her voice is muffled by Sin's mouth as I watch his hand trail over her nipple.

"Give me another one." I bite her clit. "I want to feel you come beneath my tongue."

She tries to close her legs over my head, but I push them wide open.

“Tsk. I said, give me another one. I’ve been nice with you so far, but don’t push me, Pips.”

“Nice?” she scoffs and moans at the same time.

Sin slaps her tits in a forceful blow, prompting a loud scream to escape her lips, followed by a cruel twist and another slap.

His lips part to speak, and as I continue to pleasure her, I slide two fingers inside her and nibble on her sensitive clit.

I’m captivated by the symphony of her moans as I bring her to orgasm, savouring the taste of her pleasure on my tongue.

“Dirty fucker,” chuckles Sin.

What can I say? He’s not the only one wanting to taste her blood.

Her eyes grow heavy, and her body shivers as her head falls back into the snow.

“Let’s get her warm before she succumbs to the biting cold and risks hypothermia.”

As Sin lifts her up, I quickly pull up my jeans before starting the quads.

“Let’s go.”

1 ? Little Bunny (ZAY - ka)

11

HARPER

“How are you feeling?”

I raise my head to steal a quick glance at Sin, feeling my body tense up and my hands instinctively covering myself, trying to hide from his gaze while my teeth clench together from the cold.

“Tsk.” He shoves my hands away. “Never hide your body from me. Do you understand?”

I try to hide my nerves by swallowing the lump in my throat, but his intense gaze causes me to quickly retract my hands as he switches on the shower.

“Better. Let’s ask again. How are you feeling?”

How am I feeling? That’s a fucking good question.

“I...” My words catch in my throat, unsure of how to express the overwhelming emotions that consume me.

What am I supposed to answer? That I’m feeling great? My brother took my virginity while the other one took my mouth.

Shit. I do feel great.

I'm supposed to be disgusted. So why do I want him?

Want... them ?

"Stop it." His voice is so hard that my head immediately drops down. "We're not doing that, Zayka? 1 . There's no need to feel ashamed about something that isn't worthy of it."

He carefully guides me under the cascading hot water, and I instantly feel my body surrender to the soothing warmth.

"But I should be, though."

"No, you shouldn't."

"What are you doing?" I watch as he enters the shower, his body moulding against mine.

I feel a groan slip past my lips as he massages the shampoo into my scalp after pouring it over my head. "Taking care of you," he brushes me off. "Here is what's going to happen. You're going to trust us with every decision. You're going to trust us to take care of you and protect you from anyone that would want to hurt you."

"That sounds quite sweet coming from you," I scoff, my lips pressed tightly together as I fight to suppress another groan.

As he rinses my hair, he suddenly pivots me around so that I'm facing him, catching me off guard.

"Do you think I'm sweet?" he smirks. No, I don't think he's sweet. "Because that would be the first time people use this word to describe me."

“I...” He doesn’t touch me, but I feel him everywhere.

“Who am I?”

His question confuses me, and he sees it on my face.

“I think it’s a simple question, Zayka. Who am I?”

“My brother?” I answer-ask, confused by his question.

A deep, unsettling chuckle escapes his lips.

“Let me rephrase, then. Who am I, pet ?”

My body reacts instinctively to the deep sound of his voice.

My vision is blurred by the falling water, and I strain to maintain eye contact with him, resisting the urge to let my head drop.

“My...” Damn. Am I truly going to vocalise it? Acknowledging it will just make it... real.

“Your what?” he urges, his touch lingering on my shoulder, igniting a longing for his hand to explore where I crave him most.

“My...” I clear my throat. “My Master.”

“Correct,” he hums. “I know what you’re craving. You may have said it through a screen without knowing it was me, but I know you, and I’ll make sure to give you what you want.”

“A-Are you going to touch me?”

He shakes his head. “If only you knew the things I want to do to you.”

“Like what?” The words slip out of my mouth before I can stop them.

While he smirks at me, my eyes are fixated on the glistening droplet of water sliding down his body.

“Are you going to trust us with your body?”

Am I?

We’ve never gotten along, but the Sinkler I know in person and the one I’ve interacted with through a screen seem like completely different people.

Thoughts swirl in my mind, but then a sudden realisation dawns on me.

It’s Christmas in two days... which means...

“Am I your prey?” That would explain everything.

The Blackthorn preys are not like any ordinary girls.

They’re owned.

Any feminist would find it insulting to be treated in such a way, but in the Bratva, it’s regarded as the ultimate form of flattery for a woman.

The Blackthorn Boys are infamous for their cruelty, and they would stop at nothing to remove anyone who stands in the way of their prey.

His eyes meet mine, and I can't help but notice that all-too-familiar smirk playing on his lips once more.

“What do you think?”

“Saint and you? But I thought only one individual could choose a prey.” And sharing. They're not allowed to share.

“Baby sis, you should know better by now. The rules don't apply to us.”

I open my mouth to speak but quickly shut it, the words catching in my throat.

“I'm going to ask you again. Are you going to trust us with your body?”

Do I trust them?

His emerald eyes reveal a storm of emotions brewing within.

I need to know what he is expecting from me.

“Trust how?”

“Are you going to let us use your body as we please? Are you going to let us fuck you awake or asleep? Are you going to let us take you with force?” My body tingles at his words.

I know one of them came into my bedroom the other night while I was sleeping. I thought I was dreaming, but now I know I wasn't. Reflecting on it... the idea of being used evokes a sensation of warmth that spreads through my entire being.

“Forced how?” That's something I brought up with my Master.... With him. “Are

you going to drug me?”

“Do you want us to?”

I... Shit. I think I do.

“I would be completely unconscious?”

He looks at me with surprise in his eyes.

“Do you want to be? Or do you?—”

“I do.” I quickly cover my mouth with my hands, feeling a rush of shame at the words that escaped.

What the hell is wrong with me?

“Tsk. With me, you’ll speak freely, do you understand? Because I’m going to fuck you like my whore, as if I hated you, treating you like nothing. I need to know we’re on the same page.”

Swallowing the shame, I nod. “If... if you use drugs, can you... record it?”

His chuckles reverberate in the air around me.

“Dirty little thing. Do you really think I’d be willing not to keep this souvenir with me, pet? I’m going to record you any chance that I get from every angle.”

“Are you...” Words, Harps, for Christ’s sake. “Are you going to do it tonight?”

“Do you want to know when this will happen? Because it won’t be a one-time

occurrence.”

I shake my head. I actually don’t.

I want to feel them when I wake up. I want to see them using me afterwards as if I was their most precious toy like they said at this dinner.

Damn. This is not normal, right? There’s something wrong with me.

Sin’s grip on my jaw is so strong it feels like he can hear my thoughts.

“There’s nothing wrong with you. Do you understand? Enjoying those types of things...” He pauses for a brief moment. “You’re just as twisted as we are. Made for us. And I’ll erase anyone who dares to disagree.”

Weirdly, I believe him.

“Let’s get out of here. You’re shivering and need rest.”

I quickly rinse my body, the water cascading down and creating a soothing sound, before heading outside, where he’s waiting with a towel.

1 ? Little Bunny (ZAY - ka)

12

NIKOLAS

“Where is she?” With a spoonful of sauce in my mouth, I swiftly look at my brother, who has just joined me downstairs.

As soon as we returned to the cabin, Sin hurriedly took her to the shower to warm up. Her skin turned a bluish hue from the cold. Meanwhile, I busied myself preparing food for the three of us.

“She’s resting for a bit. She was still shivering after the shower.”

“So, you didn’t touch her?” I raise my brow.

The wanker smirks at me. “I already said I wanted her to be fully conscious so she can feel every sensation when I take her for the first time. I won’t be gentle, and she knows it.” With his gloves and hoodies in hand, he heads towards the door, ready to face the chilly air outside. “I’m gonna grab some wood. Behave.”

“I always behave,” I scoff.

“We both know you have a thing with unconscious bodies.” He grins.

“Well, you make it sound weird. I’ve never fucked a corpse.”

Which is true. I like them warm and breathing. Or maybe feeling suffocated, but to

me, it's essentially the same thing.

And he would fuck her in her sleep in a heartbeat.

Actually, I know he touched her while she was asleep.

“Let me rephrase, then. You can toy with her, but destroying her cunt is my job.” He points his finger at me. “You had her virginity. You can destroy her after I do. That’s what we call compromise, brother.” He winks before leaving.

Destroying her today wasn’t in my plan.

I turn off the cooker and make my way upstairs, cautiously opening the door to her bedroom.

Harper is sprawled on her bed, the tangles of her hair obscuring her strikingly beautiful face.

She remains unaware of the fact that she will never be able to escape our hold. Especially not when her belly will swell with the presence of our growing baby.

Fuck, my cock gets hard just thinking about it.

Getting closer, I yank down the duvet covering her, and holy shit. She’s wearing nothing but the tiniest, barely-there underwear.

“You’re going to be good for me, right?” I whisper against her skin as I let my tongue drag along her neck. Fuuuck, she tastes deliciously sinful. “You’re going to be good for your brother, and let me fill you up, Pips.”

I tilt my head towards the bedside table, where I notice a half-filled mug and a piece

of paper resting beneath it.

My lips curl as I read it.

“Toy with her and record it.”

The fucker drugged her.

Well, if he wants to jerk off while watching me fuck her in that state, who am I to judge?

Carefully retrieving my phone from my back pocket, I strategically position it on the bedside table, ensuring the recording is turned on. Slowly rising, I detach the fairy light above her bed frame. I then proceed to loop it around her throat and repeat the same process for each wrist, securely attaching them to the frame.

She might wake up or not. I don't know the dosage he put in her drink, but I hope she wakes up while I'm balls-deep into her.

I take a moment to look at her, all tied up for me, and my cock jumps in anticipation.

The contrast between her skin and the vibrant, sparkling fairy lights is absolutely breathtaking.

I hold on to a piece of the string, keeping it within reach to tug on if necessary and tighten it around her throat. Meanwhile, my hands explore her breasts, tracing circles before caressing her sensitive nipples.

“It's going to be fast, Pips. I can't control myself around you.”

Bending down, I breathe in deeply, allowing her captivating scent to consume me.

She doesn't stir when my tongue drags along her arm.

She doesn't stir when I pull down her underwear with my teeth.

She doesn't stir when my mouth lands on her warmth.

"You're fucking perfect, baby sis."

I rise from the bed, undress, and position myself directly in front of my phone, gently stroking my cock.

If Sin wants a show, he'll have one, and I'm sure she'll be entertained by it too.

"Look how hard she's making me," I say to the camera. "And she hasn't touched me yet."

I pick up the phone and position my cock in front of her parted lips, ensuring to capture the scene from a favourable angle before forcing my way into her mouth.

I let out a loud groan as my shaft reaches the back of her throat, my hand on the phone and the other one firmly holding her head.

"Shiiit. Look at those pretty lips taking me whole."

Her body is completely inert, devoid of any sound or movement, which makes my cock even harder.

I raise the phone, positioning it higher to capture both my face and movements as I speak. "Look how fucking good our sister is taking me." As I tug on the light string, it tightens around her throat, cutting off her air supply. "No one would suspect that I was the one who took her for the first time."

My dick pulses inside the warmth of her mouth, so I have no other choice but to pull out.

Putting the phone back in place, I position myself between her soft thighs, feeling the heat radiating from her skin as I spread them.

“You’re fucking drenched, sis.”

My fingers trail down her pussy before I lean in and spit on it.

She stirs ever so slightly, a faint sigh slipping from her lips, but her slumber remains undisturbed.

Lifting one leg, I plunge inside her immediately, wasting no time. I then pull on the string, stretching her arms even farther and causing it to dig deeper into the delicate skin of her neck.

Fuck. I’m not gonna last long.

“Shit, Pips. Look at you being the perfect doll for me.”

I caress her body, my hand finding her nipples, and I watch in fascination as they react to my touch, becoming firm and prominent.

The sound that escapes me is raw and primal, matching the uncontrollable intensity of my thrusts.

I’m mesmerised by how her tits move in sync with my movements.

“Are you going to take all of me, Kukla? 1 ? Fuuuuck.” My head bobs backwards as my cock pulses with need. “I like the sound of it in my mouth. Kukla. That’s what

you are, aren't you? A fucking doll for me to use whenever I want."

Bringing her legs higher up, near to her face, I can't hold back my orgasm.

"Take all of it. Every single fucking drop of my cum belongs inside your cunt."

My body tenses as I shoot my load into her warmth over and over, my fingers digging into her skin with each powerful surge.

"Shit, shit, shit!" I growl with a last thrust.

Taking a deep breath, I release the string of fairy lights before pulling out.

A soft moan escapes her lips as I push my cum back inside her.

"Shh. My cum belongs inside you." I lean in to kiss her cheeks and whisper, "I'll take every chance to fill you up, and I can promise you that once you get pregnant with our child, I'll fuck you even more, using your tits as my personal milk factory."

With a grin, I lick her cheek, teasingly nibbling on it before removing the fairy lights from her wrists and throat.

My tongue gently brushes over the tender red marks it left, and I plant a soft kiss on her before turning back to face the camera, giving a wink and switching it off.

"Dinner is ready, Kukla. You better wake up fast."

After giving her a last kiss on her forehead, I pull up the covers and make my way downstairs.

1 ? Doll (KOOK - la)

13

SINKLER

Seated in front of me, Saint's eyes meet mine as we both impatiently wait for Harper to wake up, my fingers restlessly tapping on the table.

It won't be long.

I added a sufficient amount of the drug to her glass, ensuring she would sleep for an hour or so.

"Did you have fun?" I raise my scotch with a wink.

The fucker didn't lose a minute before sending me the recording, and I have to say, I've been hard ever since I watched it.

It's still surprising to me she had never been intimate with anyone before, especially after the revealing conversation we had in the shower.

I can't quite wrap my head around it, but I'm happy that my brother was the one who got to be her first.

And it's better that way.

With what I have planned for her, I would've shattered her into pieces.

“I sure did. I don’t think I’ll ever tire of feeling her pussy around my coc?—”

Her piercing curses disrupt our conversation, shattering the tranquillity of the cabin.

My brother rises from his seat, curious to see what’s happening, but I quickly halt him.

“What did you do?”

“I’m implementing rules.”

“SINKLER ALEKSANDR! I know it’s you. Bring back my clothes!” she shouts, her voice echoing through the room as we hear the frantic sound of her rummaging.

“NIKOLAI ALEXEI MIKHAILOV, I SWEAR TO GOD IF IT’S YOU...”

“Ooh, she’s giving the full name,” I say, my body shaking with laughter at the grimace on his face.

“You took her clothes. Why is she shouting at me?”

A few seconds later, she comes downstairs wearing my hoodie and my joggers, twice her size, looking cosy and comfortable.

Cosy and comfortable is not what she will be.

“You,” she points her finger at me with a glare of anger. “Where have you put my clothes?” Her hand shoots up to her head, a grimace forming on her face, indicating a potential side effect from the sleeping pills.

I slowly rise to my feet, sauntering towards her with a leisurely gait. I lift her chin with my finger, urging her to meet my gaze.

“Rules, pet. No clothes in the house.”

“W-what? You can’t be serious.”

“I’m very serious.”

“But—”

“Take them off. Now.”

“Sin,” she pleads.

“I said now,” I snap, my voice filled with an unmistakable sharpness that instantly puts her on edge. I wait for her to argue, but to my surprise, she oddly complies.

“And take your time,” Saint smirks.

Her eyes shoot daggers at him, a deadly gaze that could strike fear into anyone else.

She begins by taking off her joggers and placing them on the floor before lifting the hoodie that covers her upper legs, revealing her perfect tits before throwing them at my face.

“Happy?” she mumbles.

I move forward, my hand gently caressing her bare leg before tracing a path up to her intimate area, then continuing upward to lightly brush against her stomach and between her breasts, finally gripping her throat.

As my hand wraps around her, she gasps, a momentary shock that will teach her a valuable lesson about showing me respect.

“Zayka? 1 , Zayka, Zayka. I thought I was clear about respect?” I tighten a bit more, and my cock wakes up at the sensation of her pulse between my fingers. “From now on, I want you completely naked. And if we have to go out, no underwear is allowed.” I gesture towards the sofa behind me. “Sit. We have to talk.”

She attempts to cover herself while walking, but the sound coming from me startles her, prompting her to swiftly retract her hands.

Harper settles in on the opposite side of my brother while I sink into the plush, solitary sofa.

“How are you feeling?”

She raises her brow, a look of surprise crossing her face, most likely because my concern caught her off guard. And she’s right. I asked for a selfish reason.

“I’m okay.”

“What about your head?”

She swallows the lump in her throat before answering. “It’s bouncing. As if I was...” she begins, but her words are cut short as her eyes widen, understanding what happened and why her head hurts.

Her body shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

She needs to get used to it.

“You took my clothes!”

“I might have,” I shrug.

“What the fuck, Sin?”

“Language. Your punishment will only get worse.”

She scoffs while Saint looks at us with intrigue.

He knows what she’s doing online, but he never saw us together.

“You took them without reason, and you think I’m going to shut up?”

Brat.

“Precisely.”

With her mouth poised to speak again, I quickly lift two fingers, a signal that she understands as a warning against crossing the line for the third time.

She knows that the third warning will not go over smoothly with me and will carry consequences.

Well, she knows her Master won’t.

“Something you want to add? Careful with your words.”

Nervously, she fidgets with her fingers and bobs her head down before speaking.

“That can never happen again. I... I don’t think I can?—”

“What can’t?” asks Saint, knowing perfectly what she meant.

But she needs to get used to putting words on it because none of us will ever let her

go. Even though we had a quick discussion earlier, I knew her feelings would come crashing down.

“This.” She gestures between the three of us before hiding her face between her hands. “Oh my god. I let you take my virginity. I let my brother be my first.”

“That I was.” He gets closer to her and lifts her head. “That was unexpected, but the most fucking beautiful gift you could have given me.”

Fucking fluff.

Slowly, she shifts her gaze from him to meet my eyes.

“How long have you known?”

“How long have I known you’re showing what’s ours to everyone to see? A long time.”

“Since when have you been... How long have you been...” her words trail off.

“Your Master?” Crossing one leg over the other, I raise an eyebrow inquisitively. “I don’t think it’s relevant. I know your body. I know what you need and what you crave. Only we can give you that.”

She shakes her head, still in denial. “It’s wrong. So wrong. What would people think? Our parents?”

“Do you think I care about others? Especially our parents after how they treated you? You need to understand something, Zayka. There’s no way out for you. Now, let me explain the rules to you.” I shift in my seat but never take my eyes off hers. “As I said, I want you naked at all times. I want complete access to your body 24/7. You’ll

follow our orders and act like the perfect slut you are for us. You're not allowed to touch yourself except when we say so. We'll fuck you in every corner of this cabin. Awake, asleep or drugged. You'll take us both and our cum wherever we want to give it to you because that's what whores do for their brothers. Do you understand?"

She shakes her head, but her gaze says something else.

She wants it desperately, but deep down, she knows it's morally questionable.

Standing up, I make my way towards the drawer and take out the collar and leash that I had brought along for her.

The thin, black collar has a lock on it, making it impossible to remove without the key.

It's perfect for my pet.

Her eyes lock onto the collar as I walk back towards her, and her mouth opens in surprise at the sight.

Without uttering a single word, I place it around her neck and secure the leash to it.

There's enough length for me to sit back while keeping it between my fingers.

"People will die before they have the time to utter a single word to you about it. You want to know why?" She nods eagerly. "Because you're the fucking Printsessa Mikhailov Bratvy? 2 . And soon, you'll be the Koroleva? 3 among them. You have an entire empire at your feet, and neither me, Nikolai, or The Blackthorns will allow anything to happen to you."

"The Blackthorns?" she asks, confused.

And I don't blame her. She doesn't fully grasp the significance of being chosen by a Blackthorn boy, and now she finds herself chosen by two.

"Zayka. From the moment we chose you as our prey, you have had their undivided protection."

As she listens to me, she swallows audibly and tries to absorb every word.

"Now that's out of the way... Come here, pet. Crawl to me."

I raise myself slightly to tug down my shorts, feeling the leash still securely in my hand as I observe her licking her lips, torn between giving in or resisting.

With my hand wrapped around my cock, I stroke it slowly, feeling the intensity build. I tighten my grip on the leash, giving it a hard tug, causing her body to jolt forward with a mix of pleasure and surprise.

"I think I gave you an order."

She gives an embarrassed glance at Saint before slowly rising to her feet and gracefully sinking to her knees.

My cock hardens as I watch her tits bounce with each crawl, her ass fully on display for my brother to see.

I give the leash a firm tug, causing her to abruptly move forward and her cheek to almost collide with my knees.

"Tsk." I click my tongue disapprovingly, feeling the slight pressure as it meets the roof of my mouth. "Next time, you better be faster."

Her body is inches away from my dick, and fuck if I don't want to take her right now.

While still holding the leash, I pinch her nipple, eliciting a moan from her, while my other hand maintains a steady rhythm on my shaft.

“You have no idea how long I've been waiting to fuck you. No idea how long I've been fantasising about seeing you crawl for me and not behind a screen.” As I run my fingers through her hair, I clutch a handful, causing her to let out a groan. “I'm going to destroy your mouth, and then, I'll do the same with your cunt.” I smirk. “I know you're sore, but it'll only get worse once I'm done with you. Now, you're going to take everything I give you while Saint watches you being used like the fucktoy you are.”

She opens her mouth, likely ready to object, but I seize the chance to firmly press her head down and lodge my shaft deep in her throat with force.

Her cough and gag vibrate around me, prompting me to keep my hands on her head and forcing her to keep me deep.

“Fuuuuck,” I grunt. “Your mouth was made to get fucked.” I release her head for a second, allowing her to catch her breath, but thrust back into her wet mouth. She keeps coughing, but it only adds fuel to my hunger.

I fuck my sister's mouth as if I had no tomorrow, my veins pulsating with each thrust.

“Eyes on me,” I order.

Saint kneels behind her, his hands pushing mine aside as his own take their place.

“You're so good for him, Kukla? 4 . Look how well you take him.” His hands apply pressure on her head, forcing her to take me deeper. “Look how well you let him use

you.”

He bobs her head faster, making me groan each time my cock touches the back of her throat.

Droplets of saliva fall onto my legs as she attempts to lean on them for support. I give a hard pull on the leash, signalling her to keep her hands behind her back, and she complies instantly.

Watching her, I can feel the heat coursing through my body while her tear-filled baby-blue eyes captivate me.

“Do you like that? Do you like your brother’s cock lodged deep in your throat?” She lets out an audible moan in response to my words while Saint guides her hand to firmly grasp my balls.

My body trembles as a low growl reverberates within me, intensifying the indescribable sensation. She continues to grip tightly as I raise my hips, urging her to take me deeper.

Fuck. I’m going to come in her mouth if she keeps doing that.

Her tears roll down her face, and I instinctively use my thumb to wipe them away. I bring it to my mouth, tasting the saltiness, all the while never breaking our locked eyes.

“Mmmm. I could spend days watching the tears falling down your face.”

I thrust forcefully into her mouth, making sure she feels every inch, before gripping her hair and pulling her away from me, eliciting a moan and a cough from her.

“Craving for more, pet?” I raise my brow at her with a smirk. With tears staining her cheeks, I press my hand against her mouth, feeling the resistance as I force it open and spit into her mouth. “Swallow.” She tries to resist, but I firmly shut her mouth, making her unwillingly take it. “You’ll take everything I give to you.” With a satisfied smile, I watch as she swallows, her throat contracting. “Look at you, begging without a word.”

I abruptly stand up, causing both her and my brother to lose their balance, before tightly gripping the leash and urging her to stand.

The tightness around her throat intensifies her cough, but I quickly push her onto the sofa, causing her to stumble and land on her knees. I then deliver a forceful slap to her ass, the impact resonating through my hand.

She gasps in surprise, but I don’t give her a chance to react as I forcefully thrust into her.

”Fuck!” She’s incredibly tight, making it feel like there is barely any room for movement as I try to fully enter her. I could tell her to breathe and that her body would adapt to my size, but I want her to feel me. I want her to feel the bruises I’ll leave internally. I groan as I move at a frantic pace, my muscles aching with each thrust. “You’re fucking soaked. I knew you’d like to be our toy.”

“Sin,” she cries out in pain and pleasure. “Oh. My. God.”

“I think you meant Oh. My. Sinners,” I correct.

Her fingers grip the sofa so tightly that they turn pale, while the distinct red mark from the collar stands out on her neck.

And what a fucking view.

Overwhelmed by my urge to leave my mark, I sink my teeth into her shoulder with such force that she lets out a howl of pain.

“Your screams are like music to my ears.”

With my hand gripping her ass, the sound of the TV pierces through the air, making me instinctively turn my head to look.

Dirty fucker.

Without warning, I abruptly detach myself from her comforting warmth and forcefully twist her by the hair, making her face the TV.

“Look how good you got fucked.”

Her eyes widen in shock as she sees herself on the screen, the realisation of what Saint had done while she was completely unaware.

On the screen, Saint gently runs his fingers through her hair as he slowly enters her mouth.

“Look how fucking perfect you’re taking me.” Saint grins.

“Even asleep, you’re craving for our dicks,” I whisper into her ear before thrusting back into her. “Ahhhh. And you like that, don’t you, Zayka? You’re fucking drenched. Dripping all over my cock.”

Saint leans closer, his hand gently caressing the curve of her breast, and as he twists her nipples, she tightens around me with a moan, sending waves of pleasure through both of us.

“Did you like that, Zayka? Getting fucked while you were passed out? Not knowing what was happening while he used your body as his personal fucktoy?”

With each word, she contracts even more tightly.

Yeah, she liked it all right.

“Words, pet. I asked you a question?” My thrusts are strong and deep, leaving her no time to take a breath.

“I- Yes,” she cries out.

I pull out once more, taking her with me as I settle onto the sofa, positioning her on top of me.

“You’re going to ride me like the perfect slut you are for us while you keep your eyes locked on the TV.”

She nods as she slowly lowers herself onto me, savouring every inch of my hardness.

Instinctively, my hand tightly grips her hips as I thrust forcefully, the rhythmic impact of my balls against her ass intensifying with each motion.

The room is a chaotic blend of her moans, the wetness of our movements, and my deep groans.

She feels so fucking good wrapped around me, as if her sinful body was made for us. Made for her brothers to fuck her.

Her moans echo around us, her attention locked on the screen as Saint penetrates her, her body tightly wrapped in the soft glow of the fairy lights.

“Are you going to come a first time for me, pet?” I pull on the leash, redirecting her attention towards me. With her mouth forming a perfect “O,” a piercing scream escapes her lips, and I can’t ignore the warm drip of saliva on my legs.

I look up and find Saint smirking, his fingers sliding into her ass.

“Full, baby sis?” He chuckles.

“W-what are you doing?” she struggles to speak with the pressure of his fingers.

I tightly grip her collar, pulling her closer, and feel the weight of her body leaning against mine.

“He’s getting you ready,” I groan as I push into her.

My teeth pierce the delicate flesh of her neck, eliciting a sharp cry from her, and I can’t help but feel a twisted sense of satisfaction as a red welt starts to emerge.

“Fuck. Ahh. R-ready for what?”

“Ready for me to take your ass.”

“W-what? No. You can’t.”

A low chuckle leaves my lips as I grip her hair to lock her in place.

“Yes, I can, and I will. You’re going to take the both of us at the same time while you keep your eyes on the TV, watching how fucking good he fucked you right after taking your virginity.”

Saint spits on his hand before stroking his shaft and glances at me with a smirk.

He had her cunt first, but her ass belongs to me.

I bring her head closer and crash my lips on hers, biting and sucking while she contracts around me.

“You’re going to come for me first, pet,” I whisper against her lips. “Squirt on me. Let me feel how fucking good you like my cock before I take your ass.”

I slap her breast, feeling the clash of my rings against her nipple, while Saint spansks her ass and keeps his fingers inside her with a firm grip.

That’s all she needed to shatter around me.

Her piercing shriek echoes through the air as her warm liquid splashes onto me, exploding like a time bomb hungry for more.

Fuuuuck. I never thought my little sister would be the squirting type of girl, but fuck me if I don’t love it.

“You’re squeezing my fingers,” grunts Saint. “Keep doing that, and I’ll be the one taking your ass.”

Not a fucking chance.

“That’s it. Such a dirty slut for me,” I groan as she keeps coming. “You were made for this kind of sin.”

Her head droops onto my shoulder, her body trembling, but I’m only just beginning with her.

Saint sits next to me, his clothes already off, and glances at me with a grin.

Without any notice, I lift Harper from me, eliciting a howl of surprise from her, and settle her on Saint's lap.

"Slowly," I grunt as I see her take Saint's cock inch by inch. "That's it. Take him fully."

I strip off my remaining clothes and eagerly position myself on the sofa, ensuring that my erection is within her reach.

"Spit on it, baby. Get me ready for your ass."

With a moan, her head tilts backwards, her hand slowly lifting towards her mouth.

"Nyet? 5 ," I shove her hand. "Spit directly on my cock."

Her hands tightly clutch Saint's shoulders as he forcefully makes her bounce on him before she tilts her head and spits on my shaft.

"That's it. Get me soaked and ready for you," I moan, my hand gliding over it a few times before she adds another generous amount of saliva.

I position myself behind her, and as Saint slows down his thrust, I press against her back, causing her to lean into his torso.

"Ready for me?" I spread her ass cheeks apart, spitting on her tight hole, making sure to apply a generous amount of saliva before spreading it.

"No?" she gasps when she feels my tip teasing her hole.

Saint and I can't help but let out a guttural laugh, amused by the uncertainty in her answer.

“You’ll be fine,” he tries to reassure her.

“I don’t think I’ll—” Her voice is abruptly silenced as I forcefully thrust inside her, leaving her no time to recover her breath.

Fuck. Me.

She’s so tight that I doubt I’ll be able to hold on for much longer.

As Saint and I thrust simultaneously, my hands firmly grasp her hips, trapping her body between us. The glow of the Christmas lights still illuminates the room, casting a soft glow on the image on the TV.

“You look so good full of us, Kukla,” Saint groans as his thrusts become harder. “I can’t wait to see your belly grow with our child.”

“W-what? You want me pregnant?” she breathes out.

“Fuck yeah. Imagine us worshipping your growing belly while taking care of this pussy of yours. Would you like that?”

I have to say, picturing her nurturing our legacy is an incredibly thrilling image.

“I...”

“Maybe you already are,” he continues while I make sure her eyes stay glued to the TV screen by blocking her head.

“I wouldn’t be surprised,” I whisper in her ear. “Look how hard he shot his load into your cunt.”

“I...Shit. I need...”

“What do you need, pet?” I can feel my thighs ablaze, the heat intensifying as I push my cock deeper. “Do you need to come?”

“Please,” she sobs, her hands gripping Saint’s shoulders so tightly that they turn white.

“Do you understand who you belong to? Do you understand that there’s no way out for you but to embrace hell with us?” I growl as I feel my orgasm reaching its peak.

“Y-Yes,” she cries out, her voice trembling with the effort to hold back her own release.

“Good. Then come for us, Zayka. Show us how much you love us.”

Her body begins to quiver uncontrollably while she leans on Saint, and I can feel him convulsing inside her.

Fucking hell.

Their sounds surround me until I can’t take it anymore.

Pulling out of her warmth, I stand on the sofa and stroke my shaft a few times before coming all over her face.

“Open up, baby sis, and take all of him,” murmurs Saint, stroking her hair.

The intensity of my orgasm is so overwhelming that I’m momentarily blinded by a burst of white dots.

It's an indescribable state of bliss as I observe her visage being coated with my cum.

Fucking Christ!

My breath is laboured as I watch Saint gathering my cum with his fingers and sliding them into her mouth.

While I'm usually the one doing it, observing my twin doing it for me is really satisfying.

"Fucking perfect," I murmur as I kiss the top of her head.

1 ? Little Bunny (ZAY - ka)

2 ? Bratva Princess

3 ? Queen

4 ? Doll (KOOK - la)

5 ? No

14

HARPER

Settling onto the sofa, I wrap myself in a soft blanket, the TV screen casting a warm glow as a Christmas Hallmark movie plays, the house still and quiet around me.

This rule of being naked 24/7 just sucks.

Despite the snow outside, the temperature inside is pretty warm. The boys ensured the fireplace was lit and controlled, allowing just enough warmth to fill the air. But, still. Being naked all the time is just a pain.

I sigh.

After spending the entire night contemplating what had happened, I finally reached a point where I accepted and embraced it.

I know it's not conventional, but I also know my brothers will never let go of me. They made it clear.

What I fear is our parents' reaction.

At a certain moment, the boys will find out about their father's actions, and I'm anxious about their possible reactions.

Who am I kidding? I know how they'll react. Their only answer will be to end his

life.

I'm completely engrossed in the movie, especially when the woman unexpectedly encounters her teenage lover as Sin materialises.

"Have you eaten?"

I groan. "Sin, you're literally in front of the TV."

"And I asked you a question," he repeats, his arms folded firmly across his chest, revealing his impressive biceps.

Damn. Why do I want to lick every inch of his body?

I clear my throat, but from the smirk he's giving me, he knows where my mind went.

"Yes. I had something."

"When?"

What is it with him and his question?

"I don't know. This morning?"

He growls before leaving the room.

Good.

As I refocus on the movie, the warm glow of the Christmas tree fills the room, creating a cosy atmosphere just before he returns with a plate in his hand.

“Eat.”

“I—”

“It’s 3 p.m., Zayka? 1 . If your last meal was for breakfast, it means your stomach has been empty for 6 hours, so eat.”

I raise my brow at him. “Is it my Master’s order or my brother’s assholeness?”

“If taking care of you makes me an asshole, so be it.”

That makes me shut my mouth.

This is not the Sinkler I know.

“Scoot over.”

My eyebrows furrow in confusion as if he has two heads instead of one, but I scoot over to give him some space to sit beside me.

“Come here,” he whispers, sliding his arm around my waist, drawing me closer until our bodies are pressed together. “Better.”

“Who are you, and what have you done to my brother?”

He lets out a soft chuckle. “I’m not that bad, Zayka.”

“Mmm, yes, you are.”

“Fair. Let’s just say I had to do what needed to be done.”

“For me to hate you?” That doesn’t make any sense.

“Nyet? 2 . For me to wait until The Claiming Hunt.” He stops for a second, creating a suspenseful pause. Just when I think he won’t elaborate, he surprises me by continuing. “You know the importance of it. Once a prey is claimed, marriage pales in comparison. If we had claimed you earlier, the statement wouldn’t have had the same level of strength as it does now.”

Bile rises within me, a sour taste filling my mouth. Was their intention to send a message to the other males in Blackthorn? Stating that their little sister was out of their twisted game?

“You’re not a game,” he answers my silent question. “You’ve never been a game, and now, everyone knows it.” He cups my cheeks with tenderness, which is odd for him. “That will be the only time where you can say I’m sweet because I feel you need to understand. You need to understand how deep our obsession with you runs. Da? 3 , you’re our sister, but we’re not related by blood. Da, people will speak, and my knife will be waiting for them.” The gentle touch of his lips on the top of my head sends a rush of butterflies through my stomach.

“W-what about Dimitri?” My voice quivers with uncertainty as thoughts of him flood my mind. I hadn’t considered his reaction, but deep down, I know he will never back down on the engagement.

To him, I am like a prized possession, waiting to be showcased as he desires.

I have no idea of the arrangement between Iakov and the Popov, but knowing him, I’m sure it’s nothing good.

“Don’t worry about him. He’ll be handled,” he reassures me.

“Are you going to kill him?”

“Do you want to know?” He raises his brow.

I shake my head. I don’t want to know the details, but I have full trust in him to do what needs to be done.

“Alright. Now, tell me why you decided to sell your body on AccessMe.”

Surprisingly, his voice remains calm and devoid of any anger.

I see no reason to lie to him because he will inevitably find out the truth.

But he’s going to be pissed. Like really pissed.

“To pay off my student loan,” I breathe.

“What do you mean? I thought you went to another university because you had received a scholarship.”

“I lied.” I don’t dare to look at him.

I can sense the smoke coming out of his nostrils.

“You better explain yourself, and now,” he commands.

I sigh. “I didn’t want to be stuck years in a place where you were the kings on campus. So, I lied to Papa. Since he refused to let me study elsewhere, lying about it became the only option. I had to leave the house, but studying at Blackthorn wasn’t an option.”

The words tumbled out of my mouth without looking at him, but he's not having it.

He grips the collar still placed around my neck by the hook and forces me to face him.

"So, instead of coming to me or Saint, you decided to sell sex online?" Yeah, he's not happy at all, judging by the redness of his neck.

"I..."

"Do you hold such a low opinion of us that you would rather go down that path instead of simply asking for our help?"

Put it that way.

"Papa is?—"

He yanks on the collar with more force, causing me to gasp as he pushes me, our faces dangerously close.

"We. Are. Not. Our. Father," he articulates each word.

"You don't get to be mad at me," I spit out. "How the hell was I supposed to know? You didn't really show any affection those past few years."

"What did he do to you? What did he do for you to resent him and make you believe we are alike?" His hands clench on the hoop of the collar, giving me no way to escape.

"He did nothing." My words lack persuasion, and I can tell he senses it as well.

“Zayka,” he warns, and I know he means it.

Shit. How am I supposed to say it? I knew one of them would ask, eventually.

“He beat me.”

“There’s something else. What the fuck did our father do to you?” he rages.

Tears start to swell in my eyes, betraying my emotions.

He abruptly lets go of the collar and stands up, his anger evident as he spews a stream of Russian curses.

“He touched you, didn’t he? I should’ve known from the moment I picked you up nine months ago. I should’ve fucking known.”

“It’s not as bad as you think,” I try to soothe him, my tears dampening my cheeks.

“Is it not?”

I’ve witnessed Sin’s anger several times before, but this time, it’s far worse than anything I’ve ever seen. He appears like a raging madman, on the verge of reducing everything to ashes.

“He just cornered me once or twice.” Lies.

“Don’t fucking lie to me, Zayka,” he shouts, running his hands through his hair.

As he paces back and forth, I reach out and gently grasp his hands in mine.

“Please,” I sob. “It’s okay.”

With a forceful shake of his head, he kneels down in front of me. “Where did he touch you, baby?” His voice is low. “Tell me what he did to you.”

“He... He cornered me several times after school, but he only touched me twice.” I lift his hand to show him, feeling the soft brush of his fingers against my skin as it trails from my neck to my breast, then down to my stomach. “I kicked him in the balls before he could go further. Frustration consumed him, leading him to lash out and strike me. That’s why I needed to get out. I needed to break free of his control.”

A sense of relief washes over me as I finally tell him the truth, lifting the weight off my shoulders.

Leaning close, he brushes his lips against mine and whispers softly, “Thank you for telling me.”

“Sin?” My heart is in my throat. “What are you going to do?”

“You are mine. He put his hands on you. He touched you.”

Standing up suddenly, he quickly reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone, his hands fidgeting on it.

“Arkadi?”

Wait, I thought we had no phone connection.

“It’s time,” he continues. After waiting a few seconds, he nods and hangs up the phone.

“One, I thought we had no service. Two, it’s time for what?”

“I told you nobody will ever lay a finger on you.”

“Sin,” I stammer, my voice betraying my growing panic. “Please, don’t tell Saint.”

He shakes his head. “That’s not something I can do. You might know Saint and Nikolas, but you haven’t met Nikolai yet. Saint will ensure your protection, but Nikolai will make the world crawl on its knees, begging for your forgiveness, tearing their hearts from their chests.”

I gasp at his words. I believe him. I’m starting to uncover the person hiding behind Saint.

“What are you going to do?”

“He’s a dead man. There’s no other way, Zayka.” He kisses the top of my head. “Don’t think about it. You did the right thing by telling me. He had it coming from the moment I saw the bruises on your face.” He cups my chin. “Eat your sandwich first, and then I will put some clothes for you on your bed.”

Swallowing hard, I push aside the thought of Iakov’s death being my fault and gather the courage to ask. “Where are we going?”

“It’s Christmas Eve. We’re going to church.” He smirks, his words lingering in the air as he gives me a final peck on the crown of my head and departs, leaving me alone with my sandwich and the glow of a Hallmark movie.

Church?

“It’s open. Why are you knocking?” I groan as I walk towards the door.

The boys left a while ago. I have no clue where they went, but they usually don’t

knock before coming into the cabin.

Thank god Sin gave me some clothes.

“Did you think I locked the door or?—”

My voice catches in my throat when I see who’s on the other side.

It’s not the boys.

“Dimitri? What are y?—”

I don’t have time to finish my sentence when his hand forcefully grabs my throat, making it hard for me to breathe.

“Did you really think I wouldn’t know where you were?” he sneers, his voice filled with venom. “You’re my fucking property, and what are you doing? You’re giving your pussy for your brothers to fuck?”

My airways constrict even more, causing panic to take over.

“T-They w-will b-e h-here s-soon,” I rasp.

“Are they now?” He laughs like a maniac. “I don’t see them anywhere right now!”

He forcefully shoves me inside and slams the door shut with his foot.

“You will face consequences for bringing shame upon me and my family.”

He swiftly pivots me around and strongly pins me against the door, causing my back to collide with a loud thud.

I desperately clutch his wrists, hoping to create some space to breathe, but my efforts are in vain as tears stream down my face and his hands trail down my body.

No, no, no. It can't be happening.

"I bet your pussy tastes sweet," he groans.

Don't panic. Breathe in and out, and then strike.

And that's what I do. While his hand gets closer to my pussy, I inhale through my nose and deliver a powerful blow to his groin, targeting his testicles.

He lets go of me while lashing out curses.

I cough, but I quickly suppress it before hurrying upstairs.

I know it's not the best idea, but I can lock myself inside, whereas if I run outside, he'll catch me in a second.

"HARPER! YOU'RE GOING TO FUCKING REGRET THAT!" he shouts while I manage to lock myself in my bedroom.

My heart racing, I hastily slide my drawers across the floor, wedging them against the door to prevent anyone from entering.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Even though there is no service, Sin somehow reached out to Arkadi with a phone call. Surely, there is a possibility that it may work, right?

Frantically reaching for my phone, I desperately attempt to call them, only to be met

with a disconnected tone every time.

Shit.

With my hands trembling, I nervously create a group chat and send them a message.

Group chat

SOS!!!!

Dimitri is here!

HELP!

I watch and watch, but the messages refuse to be sent, lingering in my outbox.

Fuck.

“Harper! You better open this fucking door!” Dimitri bangs on the door several times.

Wiping my tears away, I take a slow step back and hide myself in my wardrobe.

Sitting on the cold, hard floor, I curl up into a ball, clutching my knees tightly as Dimitri’s shouting echoes through the room.

With each angry bang, the wall quivers, mirroring his growing frustration.

If he gets inside, he’ll murder me.

My tears continue to flow as I choke back a sob.

“If you don’t open this fucking door, I’m going to fuck you and kill you!” he menaces.

My hands instinctively fly to my ears, desperate to drown out the piercing sounds of his shouting.

I don’t know how long has passed, but suddenly, the clear sound of glass shattering jolts me into high alert.

No, no, no.

In an instant, the wardrobe door swings open, causing me to let out a terrified scream.

Refusing to be caught off guard, I lash out with my fists and feet, the force of my strikes reverberating as the person makes their move.

“NO!” I scream before large hands land on my shoulder.

“Harper, it’s me. You’re safe.”

“NO!” I shout again.

“Kukla? 4 !”

“Saint?” Gradually, my breathing slows down as my vision returns to its usual state.

“That’s me, baby. Look at me. You’re safe,” he repeats.

“D-Dimitri.”

“Sin is taking care of him.”

“H-How did you know?” I swallow. “I tried to call and message, but the connection didn’t work.”

“The cameras.”

The cameras?

“What?”

“We installed cameras inside the cabin. We came back as fast as we could once we received the notification.”

I nod as he takes me in his arms.

His embrace is so tight that it feels like his arms have become a fortress around me.

I breathe in his scent, and my body relaxes immediately.

“You broke my window,” I accuse.

He lets out a low chuckle. “I did. I tried to call through the door, but you didn’t answer, and you locked it like a champ. I’m proud of you.” He breathes in my hair before speaking again. “Sin told me.” I tense at his words. “We’ll talk about it later.”

“Where is he?”

“Sin or Dimitri?”

“Both.”

“Downstairs. And no, before you ask, he’s not dead yet, but his time is running out.

First, we want the last thing he sees before dying to be you being a good girl for us.”

“You want to fuck me in front of him?” My eyes widen in shock.

“Something like that.” He grins.

1 ? Little Bunny (ZAY - ka)

2 ? No

3 ? Yes

4 ? Doll (KOOK - la)

15

SINKLER

He's fucking dead!

I knew it was a fucking bad idea to leave her alone while we went to buy our last present for her.

We should've never let her out of our sight. Especially after what she told me about our father.

And I should've given her the fucking router in case she needed to reach us.

I'm glad we installed the cameras because, without them, he would've probably killed her.

My eyes briefly meet Dimitri's, his face disfigured with a broken nose and a split eyebrow.

"See?" I bend down to meet his eyes, my knife gliding over his face. "You'll never learn your fucking place."

"Y-you h-have n-no right to her," he stutters as blood drips from his mouth. "S-she's mine by r-right."

"Mmhmm. That's what you don't understand, little boy. She's been ours from the

moment she entered our home.”

“Y-you f-fucking t-twisted. She’s your s-sister.”

The sound of the cracking stairs interrupted my train of thought, causing my words to slip away from my mind.

She’s fine. No marks or bruises.

Harper looks visibly shaken, her hands trembling slightly, as Saint gives me a nod.

“Come here, pet.” She closes her step, and I open my arm before kissing the crown of her head.

“I’m okay,” she tries to reassure me, but the fucker scared her and tried to get to her. He’ll die whether she’s okay or not. And she’s aware of it.

“Our dear friend Dimitri said we were twisted. Let’s show him how really fucked up we are.”

I separate myself from her and forcefully plunge the knife into his leg, causing him to let out a piercing scream of agony.

Overwhelmed by the sight before her, she gasps and attempts to look away, only to be stopped by Saint.

Dimitri winces in pain as his eyes flutter, his head tilting backwards.

“Pet, show him what he’ll never get the chance to touch.”

She looks at me with confusion but quickly understands when Saint tugs off the strap

of her dress. He whispers softly in her ear, causing her to hesitate before slowly undoing one strap after another until the dress finally slips off her body and lands on the floor.

Fuck. My cock twitches at the sight of her naked body.

Saint pushes her slowly towards me.

“You’re going to be good for your Master, aren’t you?” I whisper against her lips. “You’re going to ride this knife as if you were riding our cocks. Show him what he’ll never have. Show him what belongs to us. Show him how fucking beautiful you are when you come for us.”

I gently cup her warmth, trailing my fingers along her skin, before applying pressure to her sensitive spot. The most beautiful sound escapes her lips as she moans for me.

“Are you ready?” I tug on her collar, forcing her to get closer.

“Y-yes, Master.”

Those fucking words make me want to take her right now.

With Saint’s guidance, she manages to ride the knife’s handle while Dimitri fights to keep his eyes focused amidst the excruciating pain.

Good, this pain is nothing compared to the agony he will experience later.

“You better watch, Dimitri. That will be the only time where you see her naked and so close to your dick,” I warn.

“I... Y-you,” he stammers, his voice choked with pain as my pet rides the knife, her

ass going up and down with Saint's help, causing the agony to intensify.

"Such a good girl for us," Saint coos. "You're making me so hard right now."

"I... Fuck," she cries out as my twin twists her nipple.

I'm fascinated by the way her ass moves up and down, riding the knife as if she was fucking us.

"Still twisted?" I taunt Dimitri, opening my slacks and pulling out my cock. "Wait until you see her gobbling up our load like it's the best thing she's ever tasted."

"Y-you're all f-fucked up," he spits out while I sense her close to orgasm.

"Show him, pet. Show him what "fucked up" really means, and come on the fucking knife."

"Sin... Master... Fuck."

My eyes never waver from Dimitri as I bite the crook of her neck while Saint simultaneously pinches her clit.

Her cries are raw as she comes hard, her body trembling while she squirts all over the knife and Dimitri's leg.

"Good fucking whore, coming for us like that." I lick her cheek, feeling her ragged breath against my face as I lift her off the knife.

"Get on your knees for us, baby. Show him how well you swallow both our cum," Saint almost whispers as he pulls out his dick out of his jeans.

She drops to her knees, and I pry her mouth open while jerking off in front of her face.

“There’s nothing pure left in you, is there?”

She shakes her head, which makes me crack a smile.

A masterpiece of chaos and desire.

Pure sin wrapped in beauty.

“See what you could have had?” I tell her as I motion towards Dimitri, who is still drowsy but manages to keep his gaze locked on us. “A pathetic, boring life with him. But no, you choose to dance with sinners instead. You’re tainted by us.” My hand moves faster on my cock, and Saint does the same with a groan. “Unholy is what we do the best. Open your mouth, little sister, and let us absolve your sins with our forbidden cum.”

She moans at my words and sticks out her tongue.

Fuuuuuck! Seeing her like that is all I need to come.

The movements of my hands become faster and more urgent, causing my hips to jolt forward, and my body responds with heightened pleasure as my orgasm reaches its climax.

“Shiiiiit!” Saint growls as we both cover her face with our cum.

I try to catch my breath, my vision blurring, but I’m captivated by the mesmerising sight before me.

Our little sister's face is coated with our cum, slowly dripping down her neck, finding its way between her breasts.

Letting out a loud growl, I lower myself and spit in her mouth, feeling a rush of possessiveness as I smear our fluids, gathering some to feed her.

But she doesn't let go of my fingers.

No. Instead, she locks eyes with me, a mischievous twinkle in her gaze, her tongue teasingly swirling around them.

"Pet," I warn, feeling my cock harden again. "If you don't stop right now, I'm going to make sure you can't walk for a while."

"Is that a promise?" She smirks.

Well, well, well. Little Harper Anastasia Mikhailov has become sassy.

"You can bet on it."

"You're all fucking disgusting." We all turn our heads to face Dimitri. I forgot he was here for a second.

"C'mon, baby. Let's get you cleaned up while Sin takes care of him."

As they go upstairs, my eyes track their movement while Harper hesitates, glancing back at me for reassurance.

I give her a slight nod, and she seems satisfied as she turns and heads upstairs.

Zippering up my slacks quickly, I turn to face Dimitri.

“I hope you enjoyed the show.”

“Your father will never let that slide,” he spits out.

I bring my hands to my heart, a look of disbelief on my face as I exclaim, “Oh no!” A laugh slips from my lips. “It’s a shame he won’t live long enough to witness it.”

“Y-you can’t kill him. He’s the Pakhan? 1 .”

Is this supposed to make me change my mind?

“You know what?” I forcefully extract the knife from his leg, twisting it as I do, and let his scream fill the air around me. “I genuinely don’t give a shit about what you say, just as I don’t give a shit if the Blackthorn loses another member. Malric will probably be furious with me, but I’ll handle his anger.”

“Y-you’re not going to?—”

“I’m seeing your lips move,” I cut him, “but I hear nothing. All I know is that you’re interfering with the time I have with my girl. Actually, you completely fucked up the timing for the Christmas Eve church service. And I really wanted to fuck her in a church.”

He opens his mouth once more, but I’m done with him.

As my knife punctures his chest, I can hear the sickening sound of his ribs snapping beneath the force. With a twisted sense of satisfaction, I savour the sight of his mouth gasping for air, but no sound escaping.

“I’ll see you in hell, Popov,” I whisper in his ear, the words dripping with animosity, before swiftly retracting the knife and severing his throat.

I am transfixed for a few seconds, watching his blood steadily trickling down my hand just as Saint returns downstairs.

“Need a hand?” he asks.

“No, I’ll take care of it. How is she?”

“Shaken, but I tucked her in bed. She’ll probably fall asleep soon.”

Good.

“I’m just grabbing some snacks.” He goes towards the kitchen before turning back to face me. “Don’t be too long. She’s been calling for you.”

Well, if my girl is calling for me, I better be fast, then.

I remove the rope from Dimitri’s lifeless body, hoist him over my shoulder, and make my way out of the cabin.

1 ? Boss of a family in the Bratva (pa - KHAN)

Page 19

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:03 am

I've been awake for a few hours, trying to get everything ready for Christmas.

After yesterday's shit show, we wanted to do something for her today.

I instructed Saint to stay in bed with her while I arranged the last gifts under the tree and organised the table with the food he had prepared last night while she was asleep.

I'm not a sweet man. Growing up in the Bratva makes you that way.

But for her... I'll be a fucking sweet treat just to see the smile on her face.

As I put on the final touches, I glance at the glowing Christmas lights, ensuring they illuminate the room before heading back upstairs.

Halting in my steps, I find support against the door, my eyes fixed on the mesmerising sight in front of me.

"Saint. Please," she begs.

"What do you need, Kukla? 1 ?"

"Harder."

As she bounces on him, the fairy lights looped around her neck cast a soft glow against the darkness of her collar.

And fuck me if I don't love to see my collar snugly wrap around her neck. Never

once did she ask to remove it.

“Enjoying the show?” My twin smirks as he firmly grips her hips, his hands leaving faint marks on her skin as he intensifies her movements on top of him.

“Sinkler,” she moans, her head tilting back.

Fuck. There’s something about the way she says my name that triggers an automatic response, making me react without hesitation.

“What do you need, pet?”

“You. I need both of you.”

As I pull down my joggers and take my T-shirt off, I climb onto the bed, my throbbing cock now fully exposed in front of her.

“Then show me just how much you need me.”

Without any hesitation, she opens her mouth and engulfs me completely, leaving me with a sense of awe.

Despite her bouncing on Saint, she manages to take me deep with each motion, causing my cock to hit the back of her throat repeatedly.

“Fuck,” Saint groans. “She’s clenching around me as if she is trying to extract every drop of my cum.”

She lets go of my cock for a second, depriving me of her warmth to face him. “I thought you wanted me pregnant,” she taunts.

“Fuck!” he grunts, ready to lose it.

I know he's already imagining her with a swollen belly.

She turns back her head to take me back into her mouth, but I take a step back.

"You're right. We want you full of our seed."

I walk towards the bedside table and reach for the lube. Kneeling behind her, I open it and apply it to my shaft as Saint gradually eases his pace. I gently apply pressure on her back, heightening the intensity.

"Breathe and relax," I advise.

"You already took my ass," she pants, which makes me chuckle.

"Oh, but baby, I'm not gonna take your ass."

"What—" she stammers, her breath catching as she feels the pressure of my cock pushing against my brother's.

I could enter her with one forceful push, but I want to explore every inch slowly.

It's the first time she's taking us both into the same hole, and I want her to remember that we are claiming every aspect of her first time.

While her first kiss may not be ours, we possess all her other firsts.

She's belonged to us since we were 11 and will be until death do us part.

She's our fucking Koroleva? 2 , and no one will touch her ever again.

As I push further, her fingers dig into Saint's shoulder, turning almost white from the tight grip.

“Breathe, Zayka? 3 .”

I’m so hard that it’s excruciatingly painful.

“Easy to say when you’re not th—”

Her scream reverberates through the air as I push deeper, her slickness already coating my arousal while my twin’s pulsating dick presses against mine.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

The powerful sensation of our dicks sliding against each other as I enter her pussy completely is fucking unreal.

“Oh my god,” she cries out.

“Mother fucker,” Saint growls. “So fucking tight now.”

I second this.

“You want your pussy full of us?” My hands instinctively grab onto her nipples, eliciting a grunt from deep within me as I pull on them.

“Y-yes.”

“Da? 4 ? What about your cunt full of our cum? What do you think, Saint?”

“Fucking yes! That’s how you should be, Kukla. Always full of our cum. I won’t let a day go by without you being full of us. Without you growing our child.”

Fuuuck. She likes it. She wants it.

She squeezes around us so tightly that I'm already ready to explode.

"Oh my god. Please."

Saint grabs the fairy lights around her neck, their soft glow illuminating their embrace, as he brings her closer to lean against him. He playfully nips her lips before whispering against them, "You're so fucking good for us, Kukla. The perfect doll. You belong to us," he declares firmly, "and I'll make sure to show it every fucking day."

"I love you," she tells him before letting out a loud scream as my hand lands on her ass.

"Jealous much?" Saint's laughter fills the room as he intensifies his thrusts, causing me to groan louder while feeling the increased pressure of his cock against mine. "You shouldn't be, brother."

Wanker.

"I love you too, Kukla. But you better come and fast because I won't last long."

"I... I..."

Fuck, she's there, but she just needs a little push.

"Bite down and tug on her nipple," I instruct my twin as my thrusts become more intense. "Come for us, little prey. Come for the monsters you created."

As anticipated, it does the job, and she breaks apart between us. Her head snaps back as a piercing scream escapes her mouth. Adding to the intensity, my hand finds her clit, and I caress it in circular motions, applying some pressure, causing her to scream even louder. Her wetness intensifies as she contracts against our shaft, unleashing a

torrent of squirting unlike anything she has experienced before.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” Saint’s cock pounds against mine, his powerful growls echoing through the air, intensifying the pleasure until I reach my own climax.

“Happy,” thrust . “Fucking,” thrust . “Christmas.”

“You both did that for me?” Harper’s eyes darted back and forth between us and the Christmas tree, which was overflowing with presents, tears welling up in her eyes.

Seeing the happiness in her eyes makes everything worth it.

With a leap of excitement, she throws herself into Saint’s waiting arms, twirling and giggling in delight until she jumps into mine.

“Thank you,” she whispers against my lips.

“It’s nothing.”

“It is,” she insists as she slides out of my arms. She nibbles her lips, and I know she wants to add something. “People are not going to understand or accept it. And what are we going to say about Dimitri?”

“We already told you we will protect you, no matter what. Don’t worry about others. Nobody would dare to have the Mikhailov family as their enemies.”

And I’m not lying. We’re a powerful family.

Her tension seems to dissipate as she nods, and she tiptoes towards me until our lips meet again.

“I love you.”

My lips crack into a small smile.

I've been dying to hear those words.

"You're the ruin I'll never stop craving," I whisper against her lips. "I love you too, Zayka." I tap her ass with a smirk. "Now, go open your presents."

"But I didn't buy you anything," she argues.

I arch my brow and look at her from top to bottom.

For today, I allowed her to wear clothes, although the tiny pyjama shorts and tank top she's wearing make her appear almost naked.

"I just need a bow to put on you, and I have my present."

"Never satisfied." She giggles.

"With you? Never. Now, go open your presents."

My phone vibrates in my pocket as she runs towards the tree.

I wasn't lying when I said we don't have any connection; the router only works for one person, so I know who's calling.

"Arkadi? What is it?"

"Naslednik? 5 Sinkler. I need you and Naslednik Nikolai to be on a phone call. Alone." He knows he shouldn't be contacting us except if it's urgent.

"Nikolai!" The use of his name triggers an immediate tension in him. He kisses the top of Harps' head, murmurs something, and then heads towards me.

He follows me outside as I put the speaker on.

“You can speak.”

Arkadi sighs on the other side of the line. “Pakhan? 6 Iakov Mikhailov has been murdered.”

That makes us both tense. Who the fuck killed the old man before we could do it ourselves?

“Who?” Saint’s voice rages beside me.

“Matvei Cole.”

“Wait a minute.” I pinch the bridge of my nose. “Harper’s biological father killed our dad? What was the motive?”

A long second stretches by before he continues. “Doch Pakhana ? 7 is the reason. I guess they both had a deal regarding Doch Pakhana Harper.” He sighs again. “Russia sent me the surveillance camera footage. That’s how I recognised him.”

“Thank you, Arkadi.”

“Nasledniks, I regret to inform you that it is imperative for you to return immediately to assume your rightful position.”

We knew it would happen sooner rather than later.

“How is Chloe?” asks Saint.

“She’s shocked, but she’ll be fine. I’ll make sure to bring her back to the country, where I’ll provide her with the care she needs.”

“Thank you, Arkadi.” I glance at my twin, and he sighs. That wasn’t the plan.

“Nasledniks, enjoy Christmas, and I’ll be waiting for you once you come back.”

“Thank you, Arkadi. You too.”

We hang up and glance at each other.

“Well, I guess the asshole had it coming,” he groans.

Yeah, he did.

“Let’s enjoy today and not say anything to Pips. Her world is already turning upside down,” he suggests.

“Be ready to be called Nikolai now.” I grin.

“Shit,” he groans just as the door opens.

“Is everything okay?”

I glance at her baby blue eyes, filled with love and fuck; I love her.

“Have you opened your presents?” I raise my brow because I know she hasn’t.

“I was waiting for you to come back inside,” she says softly, her cheeks turning a shade of pink.

“You missed your chance, baby sis.” Saint smirks.

“Why?” Her gaze darts back and forth between us.

“Because it’s time for you to run, little prey!” I warn.

“Now?” Her eyes widen. “But it’s Christmas.”

“Exactly. And what better way to celebrate than with you being chased and fucked like you deserve?” I arch my brow as I see a sparkle of desire dancing in her eyes.

“Happy fucking Christmas to us,” Saint sings.

“Run, little prey.”

The end