



# Sons of Hellfire (Hellfire Society #1)

**Author:** *N. Owens*

**Category:** Romance

**Description:** Everything was going fine until it wasn't.

Now Im a mind your own business kinda girl but watching a beast of a man try to kidnap a small defenseless woman is crossing that line of not caring.

Mainly because I know what it feels like to not be able to fight back.

So I do something stupid and step in.

We fight, I get knocked out and sometime later Im waking up in the truck of a car.

Then Im told I have to fight. To survive or die in what they call the hellfire trials.

If I survive, I walk out with my life and a shit ton of cash.

Sounds easy I've been surviving my whole life.

But when Im cornered, and death comes pounding on my door they show up.

So, if they want crazy, Ill show them crazy.

Sons of Hellfire is book one of the Hellfire Society series. This is a why choose/reverse harem romance, meaning the FMC does not have to choose a single love interest in the series. This book will end on a cliffhanger. Please read the author note at the beginning of the book for a detailed trigger warning or check out author website.

**Total Pages (Source):** 21

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

one

Ali

Holding myself stock still against the cold wooden basement door, I listen; my ears straining to hear any type of movement beyond.

Any small sound, and I would force myself to hold it.

Am I about to pee my pants? Yes, but I don't think I could take another beating tonight if I'm caught.

The one from earlier already took so much out of me that just climbing these damn stairs to the door made me want to cry.

See, my parents are assholes. Always have been since the day they found out I didn't have a dick between my legs.

Apparently, having a vagina meant I was of little worth to them.

So, I was raised as the maid, to never be seen or heard unless I was called upon.

Honestly, most of the time it was easy avoiding everyone.

Well, it was...until my parents started to teach my half-brother how to be cruel to me.

Every chance he gets, he makes sure to exude his power over me.

My half-brother and I are only a month apart in age.

He is older and the beloved son of the Black family.

While I am the bastard daughter of Richard Black.

An impressive title, all thanks to my man-whore of a father.

While his wife, my stepmother, was just finding out she was pregnant with the heir to the Black family, my father was off fucking some stripper in the back room of a gentlemen's club.

Then, surprise, nine months later, I was born. To add the cherry on top of this shitty childhood cupcake, my mother, said stripper, left me on his doorstep with a note that said, "Thanks for a good fuck, she's yours."

Mommy issues? Check. Okay, so it didn't actually say that, but pretty damn close. For some bizarre reason, my stepmother, Miranda Black, thought having a daughter she didn't have to go through labor pains with might be fun. Plus, Ethan and I could grow up together. Best buds for life. Sike.

Of course, all this occurred after a DNA test.

The first few years weren't horrible. I remember some good times? like eating cake for my 5th birthday.

Going to movies with friends and playing with dolls in an actual bedroom when I was eight.

But then I started to grow up, and Miranda saw more and more of my mother while looking at me.

It was around my ninth birthday that everything shifted.

Now, it's seven years later, and I'm nothing more than a house slave.

I was lucky they still allowed me to go to school.

Without that, I might think about ending my life.

The beatings, belittling, and the new and unique punishments that occur daily, it's a lot to want to stay strong.

I haven't eaten in two days because Miranda thinks I gained some weight and I could lose a few pounds.

Body image issues? Check that box too. I'm lucky she allows water at this point.

School is the only time I feel free. That I can feel like I actually have a chance at a decent life when I turn eighteen and finally leave this place.

It gives me hope that I can be more than a housemaid and the bastard child of Richard Black.

After a few long and painful minutes of waiting and not hearing a thing, I place my hand on the knob, take a deep breath, and push the door open.

I wait another few seconds before I can't bear it anymore.

I slip out of my "room," closing the door softly with a click.

Turning, I move on tiptoes to the bathroom down the hall.

The staff's bathroom. Every step sends painful jolts up my legs, but I bite my lip until I taste blood to not cry out.

I freeze when I can hear soft whispers come from the kitchen to my right, but my need to relieve myself right now is stronger.

I rush past the door that leads to the kitchen and finally reach the bathroom.

Rushing in, I quickly shut the door and race to the toilet to pee.

The relief is instant, and I almost sigh out loud before catching myself.

No telling who was in the kitchen, and I don't want to risk it being Miranda or Ethan.

Luckily my "father," more like sperm donor, doesn't partake in the physical abuse.

But it's not like he stops it either. No, he likes the mental warfare part of my torture.

Always comparing me to Ethan or parading him around like he shits gold or something.

I know I shouldn't let it bother me, but it still hurts that I'm his daughter and yet still just the bastard daughter he never wanted.

He's even told me that it would have been different if I didn't look like my mother with dark hair and bright green eyes, or even if I had a dick.

The little girl in me still wishes her daddy would love her and treat her like a princess.

I roll my eyes at that. I don't think I was ever going to be a princess. No, I think I'm more of a warrior than that.

I finish up my business before washing my hands.

I really wish it was one of my shower days, but I'm only allowed to shower on Mondays and Fridays.

It's Wednesday. Fucking Wednesdays. Knowing I'm only prolonging my chances of getting caught, I quickly clean the wet counter to make sure no one can tell I was here and head for the door.

Creeping open the door, I peek out. The coast is clear as I make my exit.

Staying against the wall and pretending I'm invisible, I make my way back to my room.

Or the basement that is a dirt floor and only has a cot and a small dresser for a few of my belongings. Oh, the joys of being a bastard.

I am just about to pass the kitchen door when voices catch my attention.

I'm not sure what time it is, but I know it's late because it's dark outside of my tiny basement window.

Knowing this could cost me, but also being the curious cat that I am, I pause my movements.

The voices grow louder as I switch sides of the hall and step closer to the closed door.

"She needs to go, Richard." Miranda demands, her voice reminding me of nails on a

chalkboard. Something screechy and birdlike.

“I know, sweetheart, and I think I found someone to take her.” My father placates. I frown at that. Who is she, and who is going to take her? I have a feeling I already know one of those answers. Miranda’s hatred for me lately is reaching an all-time high.

“Who?” she asks. This time her voice sounds more excited, and an icy fear skates down my spine.

“Well, that’s the thing. I don’t know who, but they are willing to pay good money.

I warned them about her attitude problem, and they said that makes her all that more wanted.

Honestly, all they wanted to know was if she was a virgin.

They didn’t even ask to see a picture of her.

If we can do a business deal with these guys, they could lead us to more business down the road.

” My father sounds excited about this aspect, but I’m now frozen on the spot by his words.

Pay good money for her?

Wanted to know if she was a virgin?

Didn’t want to see a picture?

NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO.

No, they can't be talking about what I think they are talking about.

That's stuff you hear about in books or TV shows.

It doesn't happen in real life. But even that thought sounds like a lie, because it does happen.

You hear horror stories of women barely surviving being abducted on the street.

So, it must be true; people will sell their own flesh and blood for a little bit of cash .

“Well, that's good. I haven't been able to get her to lose any weight.

So, she won't be pretty to look at, but I doubt that's what they care about.

When do they come to collect her?” Miranda asks so casually.

Does she really care so little about me?

The little girl she helped raise. Does my appearance really matter that much?

It's not my fault my sperm donor couldn't keep his dick in his pants.

Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if there were other so-called bastards out there.

It's also not my fault I look like a woman I've never known, one who dropped me off at a doorstep like I didn't matter to her.

But I suppose I didn't actually matter to her.



“Next week. They say they will come at night, something about less of a fight if surprised.” I can practically see his nonchalant shoulder shrug from here. I know this man has never been the fatherly type toward me, but they are talking about selling a human being. His own daughter nonetheless.

“Perfect. I can’t wait to get rid of that damn mutt.” Miranda adds, her voice now on the move.

Panic hits me like an arrow to the heart as I turn and rush back to my room.

My legs scream as I almost throw myself down the stairs.

I catch myself before I trip, but maybe tripping and falling will be a better fate than the one to come.

When I hit the landing, I make a beeline to my cot they call a bed.

I take a seat, my mind running a mile a minute.

I know Miranda and Ethan hate me, and my father is indifferent, but so much so that they are willing to sell me? Like a lamb to slaughter.

I have to run. There’s no other option. I have a little money saved up from odd jobs here and there, but not enough to live off of.

What choice do I have? Leave and take my chances or stay and be sold like cattle.

Probably worse than cattle because I don’t think farmers care if their cows are virgins.

I have to leave. Tonight. My “family” won’t even notice until they want something

from me.

So, leaving tonight will give me the best chance of disappearing.

With my mind made up and no other options, I quickly down some pain meds from my bedside box nightstand before quickly heading to my beat- down dresser.

Grabbing my backpack, I dump the contents and start shoving clothes inside.

I don't even care what I pack at this point.

Once I'm packed and I grab the last few things, like my money, ID, brush, toothbrush, and extra tampons, I take a seat on my bed.

I need to think this through. If they are still up, they might catch me if I try to leave now.

No, I need to wait until everyone is asleep.

That way, they won't know when I left. Maybe even grab a few snacks for the road.

Yes. Now I have a plan. I'll head east, away from California.

I just need to take it one day at a time.

I'm strong. I've survived daily beatings, bullying, and more. I can survive this too. Once I'm out on my own, I will never be a sad little girl again. I'll be a fighter and make my mark on this world with a big middle finger to anyone who gets in my way.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

two

Ali

“Ali, you’re up in five.” Shane calls from the locker room door.

Jab. Cross. Uppercut. Pausing my combination, I look in his direction, giving him a nod that I heard him.

I watch as he gives my body a once-over before heading back out to the ring, making me roll my eyes.

Men are disgusting. Shane’s an alright guy and would be attractive to me if it wasn’t for his, sometimes, slimy personality.

But Shane is also the all-American boy-next-door type and complains when his shoes get dirty.

He’s basically a real-life Ken doll. No, I need a man who can get down and dirty and make me crazy.

Which is harder than I thought it would be.

I mean, I know a few guys who are good fucks, but not the long-term fuck buddy type.

Shane knows better than to go any further than looking at me. I’m one of his cash

cows, after all.

I do a few more stretches, making sure I'm nice and loose for my next fight, remembering when I met Shane a few years ago at the gym his dad owns.

I was taking some self-defense classes, and he noticed I would continue to train even after class ended.

If I wasn't at the club working, I was sleeping or at the gym.

Six years ago I promised myself that I would never be someone else's punching bag.

I was also afraid that whoever tried to buy me might try to look for me still, but that feeling has lessened over the years.

One night, I was working out late and overheard Shane talking with a few of his gym rat buddies that he knew of some underground fight rings that were looking for new fighters.

I knew I wanted in the moment I heard him talk about the fights.

They were no hold, all-out brawls. What better way to practice my skills than fighting in real life?

At first, Shane thought I was joking. I was only nineteen at the time, and because of my short size, I was still very curvy.

Even with all the working out, I had some cushion for the pushing.

But I loved my body, even with all the little scars that marred it.

Those were easy enough to cover with tattoos.

When he and his friends laughed in my face, I called him out.

Telling him I could take down any one of them in minutes.

He must have seen my determination because he finally agreed to let me tag along, mumbling about how it was gonna be my funeral.

That night was my first fight. I lost, but I was hooked like an addict, and it only pushed me to be better.

Now it's three years later, and I've been undefeated for the past few months.

I only fight once a week, but the number of grown-ass men who want to get in the ring to try to defeat little ole me is laughable.

A large portion respect me and my skill.

They are the ones that have helped me hone my skills over the last few years.

This underground fight club is like a twisted, bloodthirsty family to me.

I take a long, deep breath, ignoring the scent of old socks and sweaty balls.

Closing my eyes, I find my center. That part of me that perks up with excitement every time I walk into the gym, ready to throw hands and spill some blood.

It's also the part of me that holds my past. It's what sparks the little monster part of me.

Two knocks sound on the metal locker room door, and my eyes snap up.

Shane swings the door open and gives me a wink. “Go time,” he says.

I pull off my loose-fitting tank top and toss it on top of my gym bag, leaving me in my hot pink sports bra and matching booty shorts.

I learned early on that men will try to tangle you up in your baggy clothes.

My long, black and colorful pink hair is braided down my back to keep it out of my face.

With one last stretch of my neck, I’m heading towards the small cheering crowd gathered around a boxing ring.

I’m bouncing on my toes as we head there, the announcer riling up the onlookers for the next fight.

“Ladies and gentlemen, it’s that time of week where our reigning champ takes on her next victim.

” He lets out a fake cough. “I mean challenger.” The crowd laughs at his joke, but I stay focused on the ring.

I never know who I’ll be fighting until I’m actually in the fighting ring, so I never know if it will be an actual fight or a one-punch chump.

Shane lends me a hand up and into the ring as the announcer continues on.

“And here she is, folks, the queen of the underground, the Black Widow!” The crowd cheers, and it takes everything in me not to roll my eyes at the name.

I didn't choose it. Honestly, I don't know who did.

One day someone made a joke that I basically suck these men dry of their manhood because they couldn't beat a tiny thing like me.

Then poof, I was being called the Black Widow.

I think it's a stupid name, but whatever; I couldn't care less what they call me.

I'm here to fight. That's all that I want to do.

"Her challenger tonight comes from up north. Heard about our reigning queen and thought he could be the one to bring her down." There's a few boos and a few cheers as a large 6-foot-something man with arms the size of tree trunks climbs into the ring.

"Doom!" I snort at the name as "Doom" spins around the ring, holding his fists in the air as he flexes.

Compensating much? I mean, don't men do that when they have small dicks?

I shrug to myself as I take in the rest of him.

Doom has dark hair and shit brown eyes that highlight his bushy caterpillar brows.

It's obvious this guy skips leg days often because his arms are twice the size of his legs.

If I had to, I'd guess this guy has taken roids a time or two.

My perusal is interrupted by the announcer speaking again.

“Can Doom bring our champ to heel? Or will the Black Widow strike again? Make your bets now.” He looks between the two of us.

“Fighters at the ready.” We both step up to the center of the ring, Doom snarling like a rabid dog. Like that might intimidate me.

“Rules. There are no rules.” The announcer says. I should probably learn his name since he’s been here for a month now, but the places and “ringmasters” are always changing. It’s hard to keep up.

“All I ask is to stay away from my face. I’ve got work later.” I say, looking up at Doom, who just glares. “Do that and I’ll stay away from your junk.” The announcer guy flinches but doesn’t say a word, but neither does Doom. I shrug, turning away, but that’s when Doom the asshole speaks.

“It’s going to be hard to stay away from my junk when you’ll be riding my cock later.

” I freeze, and it’s like the entire room freezes as well.

Everyone is waiting with bated breath to see how I’ll react.

See, everyone here knows my face is off-limits.

I can hide any mark on my body for work, but not on my face.

So, most men agree to stay away from my face as long as I don’t take any purposeful cock shots.

Most men enjoy having a working dick when we’re done.

Turning slightly, I glance over my shoulder. “You’ve been warned. It will be your



funeral.” Doom lets out a sinister chuckle at my words, but to be fair, I am warning him, so if he doesn’t listen, it won’t be my fault he can’t have demon spawn in the future.

Minutes later, the betting closes. “Fighters ready?” The announcer asks, now standing on the outside of the ring. Both I and Doom nod. We fight until someone taps out or is unable to tap, period. “Fight!” he yells, and the crowd’s cheers fade away. This is where I feel free.

We begin to circle each other, both waiting, watching the other for any weakness.

It takes him a single circle around the ring before he loses patience and charges forward.

His body is bent like he thinks he can tackle me, but because he is a big guy, his momentum carries him, so I jump out of the way at the last second before throwing my elbow down on his kidney.

He lets out a grunt as he hits the side ropes before spinning and letting out a snarl, but I’m already shifting back with fists at the ready.

I throw him a little smirk to taunt him, and it gets me what I want.

He charges forward again, this time swinging, but I duck and dodge, throwing my own punches into his stomach.

I roll out of the way as he tries to knee me in the stomach.

Doom lets out a roar of rage before his eyes narrow on me.

Honestly, I’m barely panting at this point.

“Fucking bitch!” Doom yells before charging like a bull once again.

I’m about to jump out of the way to dodge his swinging fist, but I miscalculated his arm's length. His fist hits my left shoulder, pain cascading down my arm as I’m thrown off balance.

The punch hurt like a bitch, but it’s still not the worst I’ve ever felt.

Before I can reorient myself, Doom is there, throwing another punch to my stomach.

I grunt out in pain before I’m suddenly flying through the air.

Pain radiating through my face and head.

What the fuck! I’m a bit dazed as I climb to my feet, hand coming up to the side of my face.

It’s tender. Tender like this fucking asshole just punched me in the side of the face.

Doom is chuckling as he comes towards me.

“Oops. I broke your rule. If you’re a good girl and tap out now, I’ll still let you suck my cock.

And if you beg, I might even get you off too.

” He sneers at me, but the damage has been done.

His words hit their mark, but not in the way he might have wanted.

Doom leans down to grab me, probably to haul me up into a headlock or something,

but that's when I move.

My arm snaps out, and my hand wraps around a semi-hard cock and balls.

Doom lets out a curse and tries to jerk away, but it's too late.

I already have a grip. Then, while he's in a stunned, painful state, I go for his face.

Punch. Punch. Punch. He grunts and groans, trying to block my fist, but every time he attempts to move, I tighten my grip around his family jewels.

I don't know how long we stay like that, but at some point he passes out, then arms wrap around my chest, pulling me off the fucker, Doom.

"Fuck, Ali. I don't think the asshole will be having kids anytime soon.

" Shane hisses next to me. The room finally comes back to me, and I glance down.

Doom lies unconscious in the middle of the ring, face bloody and bruised.

My eyes shift to his junk area, and I frown.

Whoops. Blood is trailing down Doom's leg as someone rushes in with some smelling salt.

I check my hands to make sure I didn't get too bloody.

Luckily my hands were wrapped, so most of the blood is on the wrap.

Which means I now need new wraps since blood stains.

The announcer steps up and grabs my hand, raising it into the air.

“All hail the queen.” I snort at his words as the crowd’s cheers go wild.

Bloodthirsty fuckers, the lot of them. To me, he whispers.

“Your cut is already in your locker.” That was all I needed to know.

I give him a nod before I glance over at Doom.

Some guys have him awake, handing him ice for his junk.

Hopefully, I didn’t do too much damage, but I did warn him.

But it’s his own damn fault this happened .

I know for a fact my face is going to bruise.

Which means my boss will be pissed. Bruised girls can’t work.

Even if I’m not one of the girls on stage and only behind the bar.

Customers want eye candy, and bruises aren’t pretty.

I can hear his annoying, nasally voice already.

Which means I need to work my ass off tonight, since he will send me home. Let’s hope it won’t be too noticeable.

Not wanting to stick around for a round two, since men start acting like bigger assholes when they get their ass beat by me, I head for the locker room.

Shane follows, asking if I'm alright, but my head is throbbing too much to answer.

People around us congratulate me as I pass, joking by repeating the announcers' words.

"All hail the queen." I pay them no mind as I push through the metal door and make a beeline to my bag.

Quickly grabbing some pain medication, I swallow it down with a gulp of water.

I need them to kick in, or I won't survive my bartending shift at the club tonight.

I slump against the lockers, still ignoring Shane, but he's used to it, as I unwrap my hands.

Flexing my hands a couple of times, I make sure nothing is broken.

The fucker had a hard head. "Alright, well, I'm going to go collect my paycheck.

Thanks again. I always make the most when I bet on you.

" I look up, giving Shane a dry look. He chuckles, then winks.

"All hail queen Ali." And then he's gone, and I'm finally alone.

I finally let out a breath. I give myself a few minutes to just relax, letting the pain meds work.

My silence is interrupted when my phone goes off.

A text message. Knowing it's probably my boss because I don't have friends or a life

for that matter, I grab the device from the side pouch of my gym bag. Sure enough, it's Dickhead.

Dickhead: Need you at work. Now. Becka is sick.

I roll my eyes in distaste. Becka is a bitch who could get away with murder because she fucks the boss.

She used to dance full time, but now she bartends with me on most days.

If you ask me, I think she's pregnant. Knocked up by Dickhead himself.

Strippers tend to keep a slim body, but Becka has been gaining some weight.

I would ask, but honestly, I don't care that much.

Me: Be there in 30.

After tossing my phone back into my bag, I quickly grab my work clothes.

I don't have time for a full shower, so I just use a washcloth and soap before dressing in my too-short black jean shorts and AC/DC cut-off crop top.

Skipping the hair styling, I focus on applying makeup to disguise the dark mark now forming by my right ear.

I'll feel it tomorrow, but I'm thinking if I wear my hair down, no one will notice it.

I have fifteen minutes to get to the club by the time I'm done.

Good thing I have a lead foot. Grabbing my money from the locker I usually use, I

shove that to the bottom of my bag and head for my car.

I'm definitely going to need an energy drink because it is going to be a long-ass night.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

three

Al i

W hen I arrived a while ago, the club was just starting to get busy for Friday night.

Since it's usually me and Becka working the bar, I realize that dickhead Jason didn't call in anyone else to help.

Which makes absolutely no sense since everyone knows Friday and Saturday are our busiest days.

So, for the last few hours, I've been running back and forth across the bar, making drinks for the girls to serve on the floor and for the gentlemen who like to sit at the bar.

The moment I get a chance, I need to ask one of the waitresses to cover the bar so I can run to the bathroom.

I desperately need to pee, and my pain meds wore off a bit ago, and I'm starting to feel my earlier therapy session, the fight.

There's a small lull in orders, and I take that minute to grab some water.

Downing the bottle, I take in the club. Jason, the boss, AKA the Dickhead, opened this place like ten years ago.



I've worked here for only two, but the place never changes much.

All the furniture around the place is done up in faux black leather, with silver accents.

There's a few U-shaped booths set along two walls, giving each a sense of privacy.

But the room is mostly filled with small tables and armchairs that all face a single wide catwalk stage.

Three poles line the center walk for the girls who dance to work the whole stage.

A small DJ booth sits off to the side, almost hidden by the large black velvet drape curtain that leads to the girl's locker room.

The bar is set against the wall across from the booths.

Thankfully, it's only half the size of the wall, or my calves would be killing me daily.

The lighting in this delightful place is low and always pointed towards the stage.

It's the smell I always have to prepare myself for.

Cigar smoke, alcohol, cheap perfume from the girls, and cologne that reeks of desperation.

The further you head in, the more it smells like sex.

Jason wanted to make sure private rooms were available for well-paying clients.

It wouldn't be called the Sin Den if debauchery wasn't in its midst. Yeah, Dickhead named this place the Sin Den. How original.

With my mini break over, I head back to serving assholes drinks. Most of them are dirtbags cheating on their wives. I don't know how many times I've watched a man slip off his ring and pocket it before hitting on me or one of the girls. It's disgusting really, but to each their own.

It's 1 am when I have to beg Candy to watch the bar so I can finally pee.

Most of these women are decent, but tonight, with only me serving, it is taking me more time to get them their orders.

Which makes them think they are losing out on tips, and that is how we really make our money.

So, I told her I would give her a hundred bucks. Money talks.

I rush to the bathroom in the girl's locker room, quickly doing my business and feeling the instant relief on my bladder.

Washing up, I realize I had left my pain meds in my car.

Ugh. I head to the back of the club, my body protesting with every step as I go.

Pushing open the back exit, I sigh as the cool night air hits my heated flesh.

You never realize how hot the club gets, but I also think Jason does it on purpose.

If we get hot, we take off more clothes, making the clients happier.

I'm parked around the side of the building and turn to head in that direction when I hear a sudden yelp.

“Help!” a feminine voice yells. “Help! Someone he-“ Her words are cut off by the telltale sign of flesh hitting flesh. A sound I know too well. A slap.

A masculine voice speaks up next. “Shut up, bitch.”

“Will you just grab her and let’s go before anyone sees us?” A new and unfamiliar voice says next.

A whimper sounds next, and then I’m moving in the opposite direction of my car and towards the other end of the building.

The pain I was just feeling is fading as adrenaline takes its place.

I round the corner in time to spot two beefy men trying to grab Mercedes, another dancer, as she kicks and thrashes against their grabby hands.

One of the fuckers has one of his meaty paws against her mouth, preventing her from making any more cries for help.

“Why don’t you let the girl go?” I call out, and the big fuckers freeze. Mercedes’s eyes go wide, a desperate plea to help her, save her. But I don’t linger on her. I take in the men, looking for any weakness that might help take them down faster if this leads to a fight.

The one who was grabbing at her feet drops her and turns towards me.

“Why don’t you mind your own business, sweetheart?”

This doesn’t concern you.” He smirks at me like I might actually listen and run away, my tail tucked between my legs.

So, I do something I know will piss him off.

I cross my arms over my chest, pop my hip to the side, and cock a brow. Giving them all my attitude.

“Make me.” I grin. It’s not sweet; no it’s more feral, all teeth and attitude. The men’s eyebrows shoot up in surprise.

“Excuse me, bitch.” The other one still holding Mercedes drops her next, then looks at his friend.

“I think this one might be better.” His grin is sinister.

I can feel the malice coming off both of them in waves.

From the corner of my eye, I watch as Mercedes makes a run for it behind them, the men still focused on me.

At least she got away. I think through my options next.

I know on any other day I could probably take both these guys and make it out with a few bruises.

But I’ve already been in a fight today, one where I was clocked in the head.

My body still hurts and hasn’t had nearly enough time to heal, but I don’t think I’m going to have a choice.

I just let their intended prey get away, and the way these two guys are looking at me, they aren’t happy about it.

I consider running, but I already know that would be a bad idea.

They would be like wolves on the hunt. So I do the only thing I know how to do.

Stand my ground. I get into a relaxed position.

Not wanting them to know I can fight and will.

The first asshole chuckles. "I like this one." He licks his lips.

"We are going to enjoy watching you break." I glare at his words.

Without a word to each other, both men charge, hands out to grab, but I duck out of the first guy's hold.

I spin to throw a punch, but asshole number two moves faster than I thought he could, wrapping his tree trunk arms around my chest and pinning my arms. Asshole number one moves in, but I lean back and kick up.

My booted foot connecting with the man's face.

I hear a crunch of bone, followed by curses.

I grin as the fucker looks up and blood is rushing from his nose.

"You fucking cunt." He roars, throwing out his fist and connecting with my stomach. I grunt out in pain, but asshole two tightens his grip around me, and my lungs constrict. The fucker is trying to crush me.

"I'm going to kill you." I snarl, my anger at not being able to move, getting the best of me. Throwing my head back, I try to headbutt the fucker, but he moves out of the

way avoiding the hit.

“Can’t wait.” Asshole one says in front of me.

As if it was in slow motion, I watch as asshole one reaches into his pocket and grabs a syringe.

My heart skips a beat, genuine fear taking over.

He raises the device, a smirk on his ugly face.

“Nighty night.” Then I’m being stabbed in the neck.

My head suddenly spins as the asshole holding me releases me.

I fall to the ground, the thump of my body loud and echoing in my head.

“She’s going to make a great addition to the games.” Is the last thing I hear as my world fades to black.

FUCK. MY. LIFE.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

four

Cash

“This is important, you little shit. This needs to be our family’s year. It’s time that the Grants take charge and lead the Hellfire Society into a new reign. I have big plans for us, and I need you to focus. The trial is a week away.” He hisses, spit flying at me as his annoyance rises.

It takes everything in me not to push his buttons more by smirking.

“I know, Father, but what else can I do? In the last five years, I’ve dedicated myself to training.

I’m ready.” I tell him because it’s true.

The man himself, my father, has been training me since I was a kid.

Now at twenty-five, I’m old enough to run the trials.

My father comes from a line of Grant men who have all proven their worth through the Hellfire Trials, a secret society of men from three very powerful families that run a bunch of shady shit.

You have the Grants, my family, who run the finances.

We clean the dirty money the other two make.

The Parkers run the guns and drugs in and out of California.

They have a network of smaller fish that do their bidding.

Lastly, the Castros. They run the skins.

With clubs up and down, California and Nevada.

Whoever said sex is money was a smart man. Together we make the Hellfire Society.

“What else can you do? You can take this seriously. You know as well as I do that the other two families will play just as dirty to claim the title as head. The Castros need to be taken down a peg. Both families do.” I open my mouth to ask why now, but he just continues on.

“I know you are friends with those two boys of theirs, but I can guarantee that their fathers are telling them the same thing. There is no such thing as friends in this world. Someone will always be out to take what you have. I need to know that you will be able to make the hard decisions during the trials. They are not your friends, Cash; they will be in it to win just like you. On top of them, you will have to deal with all the other volunteers that enter. I’ve already told you, in order to take your place in the Grant family empire or even the Hellfire empire, you will need to strike first.”

I take in his words when he finishes his rant.

Trying to fully comprehend what he is saying.

He’s right that me, Riot Parker, and Arsen Castro have all been best friends.

Our fathers would have us train together, our mother’s best friends, but now he is asking me to take out my best friends. My brothers. This doesn’t feel right.



“Is something going on that I don’t know about?” I ask, keeping my face neutral. Showing emotions to my father is like baiting a shark to bite. He scoffs like I’m a child asking a stupid question.

“Something is at play. Rumors have spread that one of us is trying to push the other two out. Which, I’ll be the first to admit that I’ve thought about it a time or two, but the three families work.

If one falls, the other two can pick up the slack.

I’ve been friends with Henry and William long before you three were born, and it hasn’t always been smooth business, but I also wouldn’t put it past them.

Taking out the heir of another family is fair game in the trials.

No one would bat an eye, and rules state; no repercussions can come from it.

So, watch your back around your friends .

” He spits the word friends like he hasn’t watched Riot and Arsen grow up alongside me.

“Remember—keep your friends close but your enemies closer.” He says this all matter-of-factly.

But something doesn’t sit right with me.

The way he is pushing this is like I should kill first, ask questions later.

It’s wrong.

All wrong .

I don't voice it. I know better, but it makes me sick to think that what my father is saying has any merit. I need to speak with Riot and Arsen. We have a bond beyond all others. We don't lie to each other.

"Is that all, Father?" I ask, leaning forward to stand. I stare at him as he stares at me, searching, but I give nothing away. He nods his head to the door, a clear dismissal, as he picks up his phone and makes a call, all while watching me leave.

This man, James Grant, my father, is playing a dangerous game. Now I need to figure out what it is and how to win.

The moment I leave my father's office, I'm pulling out my phone.

ME: Meet up?

ARSEN: I'm there. Where?

RIOT: Give me 5 in the middle of something.

RIOT: \*picture of Riot balls deep in some chick from behind\*

ME: Seriously, Riot?

ARSEN: Hey, is that Layla from the club?

RIOT: No idea, shitty in bed.

ME: Finish already!

ARSEN: How's the blow job game?

RIOT: 2/10 wouldn't recommend, no suction at all.

ARSEN: Damn.

ME: Don't encourage him, Arsen. I'm headed to yours.

ME: Just had an interesting conversation with James.

ARSEN: Kay

RIOT: On my way.

I shake my head at my brothers' antics as I head for my car.

The one thing our grandfathers did right was move all three families into one close area.

We have a bit of land between us all, but we have always been close enough to ride our bikes to one another growing up.

So, it only takes a ten-minute cruise down the road when I'm pulling up to Arsen's place.

The man himself is already waiting on the steps as I pull in to park.

Exiting my vehicle, I make my way to the house.

Arsen Castro has been one of my best friends since we were babies.

I was born a year earlier than both him and Riot.

Arsen is 6 feet something, has dark brown hair tipped in red, and has eyes the color of storm clouds.

He's wearing his signature leather jacket, his lighter in hand as he flips it open and closed.

A nervous habit he picked up a few years ago.

The guy is a pyromaniac, and it's laughable because of his namesake.

Our parents must have had a funny bone somewhere when they named us.

My father named me Cash because he likes money.

Ironic really. Arsen is addicted to setting things on fire.

Need a body burnt. He's your man. Riot is simply crazy.

It's the only way to describe him. The guy should be in a psych ward.

He doesn't give a fuck what is happening.

He would jump off a building for fun if you dared him.

I swear he has death on his side because he's escaped the clutches of the grim reaper multiple times .

Speaking of the devil, the man himself comes speeding in on his bike, gravel spitting everywhere as he does a donut before pulling up next to my car and parking. The

bastard isn't even wearing a fucking helmet.

"Damn. I thought I was going to beat you here." He grins, eyes wide, as he jogs towards us.

"Almost did. I just got here." I tell him. Nodding my head toward the house, I know this conversation is best had in Arsen's room with a signal jammer in place.

"Hold up. I was out here for another reason. A new volunteer is coming in, and William wanted me to make sure they got her." He rolls his eyes as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone.

His phone must have been on silent because I didn't hear it ring as he answered the call.

"Yes. Alright. Yeah, pull around back. I'll meet you there.

"Arsen lets out a sigh. "Apparently, there was an issue with the pickup." He shrugs before heading down the porch and veering off to the side.

"What kind of issue?" I ask, following behind. Riot tags along, whistling some tone I don't know.

"No idea, but it couldn't be that bad if they brought whoever they were supposed to pick up," he calls back. It's dark out, but there's enough moonlight as we trail along the side of the house, Arsen flipping his lighter open and closed.

A car is pulling up to the back garage right as we round the corner. Two big dudes exit the vehicle, one holding a cloth to his face, the other looking annoyed. "What happened?" Arsen snaps, frowning as we approach the men now standing at the trunk of the SUV.

“We went to grab the bitch your dad told us to get, but she started screaming.” The one not holding a bloody rag to his face shrugs.

“You know the rules. It’s our asses if we don’t bring a “volunteer” back.

” I almost snort at that. We all know that most of the people in the trials didn’t volunteer for shit.

They typically owe one of the families’ money and are forced to play.

Some do join for the bloodsport part of it or to prove to the families you are worthy of doing business with us.

“Her screaming caught some other chick’s attention.

We told her to get lost, but man, does she have some balls.

We decided she would be more fun in the games with her sassy mouth, but we didn’t expect her to fight back when we tried to grab her.

” Riot perks up at this. “She booted Mike here in the face. Broke his fucking nose before we could dose her.” The guy holding his face still grumbles under his breath as he glares at the trunk .

“Well, let’s meet this little beastie.” Riot all but bounces on his toes, eyes gleaming with excitement. Psycho.

The non-bloody guy pulls out keys from his pocket as he looks up at the three of us.

“You might want to take a step back.” I roll my eyes but step back, as do the other two.

Finally, the guy, not Mike, hits a button, and the trunk opens automatically.

When I don't hear any crying, screaming, or begging, I frown.

The guy steps forward, reaching for whoever is laying in there.

"Guess she's still drug-" Before he can finish his sentence, a whirlwind of movement flies from the back and tackles the man to the ground.

Both go flying into the gravel. I try to take in the scene, but the next thing I know, Mike is kicking the woman attacking his friend in the side of the head, and she goes flying to the ground a few feet away, unmoving.

What the fuck just happened, and who the fuck is this chick?

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

five

Riot

I think I' m in love. Is this what it feels like when people say love at first sight?

I watch as the little beastie flies out of the back of the SUV.

Fists swinging into this dude's face. The force of her impact sends them both flying back, but the tiny little slip of a woman doesn't slow her assault.

No, she almost doubles it as she straddles the big guy, a man twice her size.

I feel like my heart is going to beat out of my chest, and my dick might explode if I can't have this woman.

Just as I'm about to swoop in and ask this woman to marry me, the second guy, Mike, rushes forward and slams his foot against my future wife's head. She goes soaring to the side, her limp body hitting the gravel and sliding to a stop. Oh, Mike has a death wish .

Cash must see my intent to murder this fucker because an arm reaches out to stop my step forward. My eyes snap to his, the anger I was feeling towards Mike now shifting to Cash. How dare he stop me from killing my prey. "Not now. Play it smart." I narrow my eyes, debating my options.

On one hand, I'll feel better killing Mike for hurting my little beastie.



On the other hand, if I kill Mike here and now, Arsen's father will be pissed. He'll call my father, and then I'll get a longgggg speech about the Parker name being one of cunning skills and not having to get your hands dirty. Blah blah blah.

"Fine." I grind out. Turning my disdain back towards Mike, who is helping his useless friend up. The friend is now holding his face, blood gushing from his nose. I grin at that. My little beastie packs a punch.

"Fucking feral bitch." He curses, turning in the direction of my unconscious woman. Then he signs his own death warrant. He suddenly charges before sending his foot into her stomach. She groans out in pain but is still out cold.

Before either Cash or Arsen can stop me, I duck under Cash's arm and rush forward.

I might be big, a beast as some say, but I'm fast. Before either of the fuckers can process what is going on, my knife is out and gliding across both their necks.

A gurgling sound can be heard half a second before two loud thumps of bodies hitting the ground follow.

I smile; looks like I chose option two. What's a little speech about not killing the help, anyway?

Cash lets out an annoyed sigh, and Arsen lets out a curse, but I ignore them as my eyes land on my future wife.

I crouch down, my eyes traveling over her still body as I reach forward, pushing a lock of loose hair out of her face.

My finger caresses her soft skin, and I know I'm a goner.

The little beastie is gorgeous. Long black hair that fades to pink is braided back.

She appears on the shorter side, but I'm 6'6", so that's not a surprise.

She's dressed in a loose AC/DC crop top.

The fabric shifted up to show the edge of a black lacy bra.

Jean shorts and ankle-high combat boots adorn her bottom half, but it's the tattoos that cover her body that catch my attention.

Her skin is decorated in shades of black, each piece separate but somehow still tied to the next.

She's a work of art, and I want to keep her.

My eyes drift back up but pause when I notice her skin doesn't appear smooth under all that ink.

Reaching forward, I run my hand down her side, the skin raised, like it's been scarred.

Something akin to pure rage sinks beneath my skin.

Who would dare hurt a creature such as her?

No matter, I will get her to tell me, and I will hunt them down and bring their heads as a wedding gift.

I nod to myself, liking that idea as my eyes return to her face.

She's frowning now, her pouty lips swollen with a slight cut. I don't like that. Seeing her blood.

"I want to keep her." I say, my words a finality in my mind.

"You can't keep her, Riot. She's not a pet." Cash calls back, and I can practically see him roll his eyes in my mind. "Plus, she's already been tagged as a volunteer." His added words don't make me feel any better.

I don't want her in the trials. They are dangerous, and my future wife shouldn't have to kill someone to survive.

She should only have to kill for fun. Like I could take her on a murder date.

We could go have dinner, watch a movie, hunt someone, and then after killing together, we could go get ice cream.

I wonder if she likes ice cream and scary movies.

I can hear the guys loading the now dead bodies into the trunk of the SUV. I should probably help since they are my bodies, but my beastie has all my attention .

"Riot, can you carry your new pet inside and place her in one of the cells?" Arsen asks, and I growl out.

How dare he want her in a cell? Does he not realize who she is?

My future wife. The mother of my children.

"Riot, if she's not in a cell, our fathers will get involved.

Do you really want her to catch their attention?

We already have to explain why these two are dead.

We can blame her, and they will leave her alone.

You know they want a bloody show, but if they found out you did it because of her...

” He doesn’t need to finish his sentence to get his point across.

My father is a twisted, sick fuck, and he would use her to hurt me if he thought I cared.

No, Cash and Arsen are right. The trials start in a week.

I’ll be able to see her again and keep her safe.

I can wait a week. Maybe. Probably. I pull out my phone and take a few quick pictures.

Something for my spank bank because I would never cheat on my wife for a cheap piece of ass.

Then, with as much tender care as I can manage, I tuck my arms under her body and lift.

I take us in the direction of the garage; Arsen follows behind, opening doors as we go, before we reach a set of stairs that lead underground.

The temperature shifts, as does my irritation that I am forced to leave her here .

“Place her in this one.” Arsen says, leading us to the back of the room.

There are a few caged cells lining each side of the wall.

A few men and women are already filling them.

Her cell has a small cot against the wall that I softly set her down on before glaring at my brother.

“She will be taken care of. I promise.” He assures me.

I give him a nod before leaning forward and kiss my woman on the forehead.

“I’ll see you soon, my little beastie.”

The guys still made me get rid of the bodies, which was annoying, but whatever.

It gave me a few minutes to jerk off to my future wife.

I don’t even know who this woman is, but I want her.

No, I need her like the air I breathe. I’ve never believed in fate before, but that’s exactly what this is.

Who would have thought the first year I get to attend the Hellfire Trials this woman shows up?

A small raging fire that makes me want to burn alive just to feel her fury.

Oh, I bet she is a wildcat in bed. Just the thought causes my dick to get hard again.

This is going to be the longest week of my life .

When I finally get back to Arsen's house, I make my way to his bedroom.

He and Cash are lounging across his living space, playing a video game as I walk in.

"It's done." I call out, heading for the open pizza box on the coffee table.

I grab the beer that's waiting for me and plop down next to Cash.

He nods in acknowledgement but stays focused on the racing game they are playing.

They finish the round quickly, and the moment it's over, Arsen pulls out a signal jammer and turns it on. A heavy feeling settles over us all. None of us really want to play in these stupid Hellfire Trials, but none of us really have a choice.

"Have any of your fathers brought up the trial next week?" Cash asks, examining us carefully. I don't know why he bothers; none of us would lie to each other. Even if we tried, one of us would know; we've grown up together and are thick as thieves.

I nod, and from the corner of my eye, I see Arsen nod as well.

"Is it just me, or does it seem like our sperm donors are playing a game of their own? James tried to imply that both your families are rumored to plan a takeover of sorts. He told me that if I had a chance, I should take you both out at the trials. Spouting his usual bullshit that the Grants should have more power, but that he would never make a move himself." I burst out laughing at his words.

Cash's eyebrows shoot up at my outburst.

"Were we in the same conversations?" I scoff, remembering my own sperm donor's

words.

“They want to run us out of our own empire. If they don’t have heirs, they can’t rule.

But yeah, my father wasn’t as sneaky with his words.

Good ole Henry told me I should take you both out first, before you could take me out. ” I let out another chuckle.

“Mine was along the same lines.” Arsen adds with a thoughtful frown.

Cash hums in response. “It seems our sperm donors have all pitted us against each other. But why? What is their end game?” I shrug at his questions, not that I think he wants an actual answer from me. So, I reach forward to grab another slice of pizza, then take another sip of my beer.

“The real question is, should we play their game?” And will I have time to play with my little beastie?

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

six

Arsen

It's the night before the Hellfire Trials begin, and I'm not looking forward to them.

Like the last time we had the games, five years ago, my father has a lavish dinner spread prepared.

I roll my eyes at it all as I enter the dining room.

"Ah, Son. So nice of you to join us." I grunt in response before taking my seat next to my father.

Servers begin to drop off plates, and we all begin to eat in silence. I don't bother with manners as I scarf down my plate quickly, wanting the fastest escape possible. Right as I'm taking my last bite, ready to make an excuse of wanting extra sleep for tomorrow, my father speaks.

"Arsen." I sit up at his tone. It's his usual bored, annoyed tone but with something else.

Excitement? "I need you to visit one of our guests." I frown at that.

"The feral girl. Take her a plate and the outfit." He nods to the end of the table where a simple black box sits.



“I’ve bought her as a proxy and need her at full strength for the games.” A smirk tilts up his lips.

I narrow my eyes at him. The same feral girl that Riot has been obsessing over all week.

He even went as far as filling out a marriage certificate that only needs her name and signature.

The man is insane. He doesn’t know anything about her, not even her name, and he is already planning to marry her.

She hasn’t said a single word to anyone since she woke up.

My family may be the ones to find “volunteers,” but we aren’t fully monsters.

They get fed three times a day to keep up their strength.

Knowing that it would be pointless to deny him, I simply nod and turn for the door.

I swipe the box as I pass and head straight for the garage.

I think about messaging Riot or Cash but decide against it.

If Riot knew I was about to go see his wife, he would race over here for a glimpse of his own.

The asshole is already in a shit mood, complaining all week that he hasn’t been able to see his woman.

He’s had to resort to staring at the picture he took of her on his phone.

The cool late October air hits my face as I step outside.

The feeling makes my mind wander to tomorrow and the start of the three-day trials.

Honestly, Cash, Riot, and I think the trials are ridiculous.

It is basically a bloodbath of epic proportions.

Volunteers are promised a big payday if they can survive three days in an undisclosed location.

The only ones who know are the ones who run it, and this year it's our fathers.

So, there is no telling what they could be planning.

The Hellfire Trials, to our families, are a test. The game is filled with killers or desperate enough people that will kill, along with weapons and minimal supplies.

So, it's a fight to survive. You're deemed worthy to carry the family name only if you can survive the trials.

I have no idea what our families were thinking, but the three of us think it's outdated.

We plan to change the trails and the complete business dynamic entirely.

Move our families into a more legal means of business.

We aren't greedy old fuckers who think a game of bloody hide-and-seek survival is a test of a man's or woman's worth.

I reach the back garage in no time. My mind still floats in thoughts of what the next

few days might bring.

Entering the code, I make my way down the stairs to where volunteers are held.

I pass the on-duty guard as I move down the hall, noticing a few other people who seem to know the deal resting.

Boxes and empty plates line the floor outside of cage doors.

No doubt their costumes. Whoever thought to have the trials right before Halloween must have had a sense of humor.

Every trial, volunteers and everyone alike are forced to dress up.

One of the rules is if you remove your mask, you forfeit your right to a big payday.

It's stupid, but it also makes it funnier for the audience to watch, since they usually have live camera feeds in the arena.

Just as I'm passing the guard, he speaks. The only reason we have a guard is so he can allow them to use the restroom. "She is still refusing to speak and is refusing tonight's dinner." I grunt in acknowledgment and head straight for her.

Just like the others, I haven't seen the feral woman since she arrived.

So, I'm a bit curious about her. As I reach her cell, I spot her sitting against the wall, cross-legged, on her cot.

Her eyes are closed and her breathing is steady, making me think she might be sleeping.

I frown, ready to just set her box down like all the others, when her eyes slowly open, not looking surprised someone is watching her.

She cocks a brow in question, looking annoyed, and I have to force myself not to snort.

“Good evening.” I say, probably sounding like a prick and looking like one too, dressed in an expensive shirt and slacks from dinner.

“I’ve brought your outfit for tomorrow.” I add, holding up the box like it’s a present.

She tilts her head, a questioning look crossing her features.

I take a second to take her in. She has a fading bruise on the side of her face, and she looks like she’s rolled around in dirt a few times, but I know my father allows everyone a shower before the trial.

He wants everyone to look their best for his sick little show.

And clean skin shows fresh blood better.

When she continues to stare at me, I try a different approach .

“I can answer any questions you might have.” I say, setting the box down.

A part of me wants to peek inside, but another part couldn't care less.

It will be every man or woman for themselves once the game begins.

At my words, I see her vivid green eyes brighten before narrowing with suspicion.

Those eyes are going to bring Riot to his knees.

I almost want to taunt him with that, but pressing his buttons is a delicate process.

The bastard goes from zero to a hundred without warning, the lunatic.

“Wh-“ She clears her throat. “Why am I here?” She asks, and my dick twitches at her low, husky tone. Fuck. That’s not good.

“Well, the simple answer is you’ve been brought in to be a part of a game of sorts.

” Realizing there is no harm in telling her the truth since she has a 50/50 chance of surviving if she plays the game right, I continue.

“Tomorrow someone will come in, allow you to shower, and make sure you are dressed in whatever is in this box. You’ve been bet on as a proxy of sorts. ”

“So I was kidnapped to be a part of your guys’ sick, perverted ‘games’?” She hisses, and I chuckle. The sound humorless.

“Actually, yes. The game is one of life or death. You’ll be taken to somewhere where they will leave stashes of weapons and supplies for you.

But you won’t be the only one there. They want us to fight for our lives.

” I tell her. She watches me carefully, sizing me up or maybe trying to tell if I’m lying.

“Us?” she asks, and I smirk, happy she caught that.

“Yes, us. You might be the one in the physical cage, but that doesn’t mean others

have a choice about joining.

” The smirk drops as I get serious. “Look, all you have to do is survive three days against these people.” I nod my head to the side to indicate the others in cages.

“And more that are hired to make the games more interesting. These will be men and women who kill for a living. So just find somewhere to hide until the end.” She sends me a glare full of disgust.

“I can take care of myself.” Her tone is fierce, and I almost believe her, but women don’t last long in the trials.

“What’s your name?” I ask, curious. She eyes me again, this time with a look filled with her own curiosity and distrust. Smart girl.

“What’s yours?” She counters, and I grin. I like her.

“Arsen.” She lets out a snort, but when I say nothing else, she soberes .

“Seriously?” She cocks a brow and then mumbles something that sounds like, I thought my parents hated me, but I can’t be sure with how low it was. I give her a nod in answer. “Ali.” She finally says after a long minute of silence.

“Ali.” I repeat, nodding. Her names sound sweet coming off my tongue, and a crazy thought surges through my head.

What if she wasn’t just Riot’s? What if we were to share a woman?

The thought doesn’t even seem crazy the longer I think about it.

We could all share her. We’ve joked about it before, one woman for us to spoil.

Then we wouldn't have to worry about our girlfriends or wives getting along.

I can see a wildfire ablaze in her eyes, and I suddenly feel like a moth to her flame. I've always been attracted to fire, the beautiful flames in flickering colors of reds, oranges, and yellows drawing me into its warmth. The shining light within the pitch dark of my life.

Of course, you always have to worry about the fire burning you, but that's all the fun. Creating, reveling in something that is so chaotic and free that it could consume you at any second.

She is fire personified. I can see it, the will to burn everything around her if given the chance. I stand from my kneeled position and nod to the still full plate. "Eat. There is a good chance you won't have supplies for the next three days." Her glare turns sharper.

"I'm not a fucking dog." She snaps out. "I also don't take commands very well."

I grin but tilt my head down in acknowledgment.

"Sorry. I think you should eat. I can promise you, in the next three days, you are going to need every bit of strength you have to survive. The people who run them want a bloody show." She doesn't flinch at my words, which makes my lips tip up even higher.

"I like you, Ali. I hope we can be... allies in the coming days." She scoffs at my words, but I simply give her a small nod in understanding and turn to make my leave.

"Arsen." She calls after me, making me almost stumble at hearing my name coming from her sweet mouth and plump lips I tried not to focus on.

I don't turn, but she obviously doesn't care as she speaks again.

“Stay out of my way, and I won't have to cut off your balls or kill you.

” My dick pops up at her words as if she were whispering dirty nothings to me and not threatening to castrate me.

I almost let out a laugh of excitement but manage to hold it back.

My cheeks hurt from all the smiling I'm doing just thinking about this girl now .

Oh, this poor girl has no idea what she is walking into tomorrow. Having Riot obsessed with her was one thing, but now... now she has my attention. I have no doubt Cash will feel the same the moment he meets Ali, too.

My new little flame.



## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

seven

Ali

I stare after the gorgeous man named Arsen.

Honestly, it's kind of a fitting name. The guy was built under his dress shirt and slacks.

I tried to make my staring not super obvious while he stood outside my cage.

I figured he was just like every other asshole I've come across over the last week.

Talking about what they wanted to do to me or what was in store for me.

I've even overheard a few of them making bets on who might survive these so-called games.

They were betting that I would die in the first hour.

Jokes on them. This is what I've trained for.

The man, Arsen? with his good looks? was different.

He even explained what the fuck I'm even doing here.

I knew it wasn't going to be good the moment I awoke in a fucking cage.

The thought of being kidnapped for ransom was a joke.

No one cared enough to pay. Then realization hit: human or sex trafficking.

They did find me at the back of a strip club.

Whenever someone has asked for information, I've consistently refused to share.

Even though I wanted to reject meals, I knew it would be stupid to do so.

I really did need my strength, and refusing food could hurt me more.

Briefly, I entertained the idea of attacking the guard, but common sense prevailed, and I abandoned the thought.

I didn't know where I was, and making a run for it could lead me to getting caught, and since they switched out guards, there was no telling how many guys they had at the top of the stairs.

Then Arsen came along. I could tell he was tall when I first saw him.

With his dark brown hair tipped red, long on the top and shorter on the side.

His gunmetal gray eyes watched me with interest as I watched him back.

Then he explained the games. Telling me I would have to fight for my life.

I almost wanted to laugh in his face. I've been fighting for my life since I was born.

He mentioned how he would be in the games as well.

That made me pause. Thinking about why I had to be in a cage and he didn't, the only thing that came to mind was a game of cat and mouse.

He was entering the game to hunt, while we, the people in cages, were the mice.

The moment I could no longer see Arsen, I grabbed my plate.

I knew he was right, especially after hearing what I was about to endure.

I need all the energy I can get. Quickly I devour the food, not bothering with manners as I do.

Once I finish, I spot the black box that Arsen had brought with him.

He said it was what I had to wear tomorrow, and, being the stupid, curious cat that I am, I grab it.

The guard watches me from the corner, but I ignore him.

He's the shithead that bet I would be dead in the first hour. Asshole.

I take the box back to my nasty, threadbare cot and take a seat.

Taking a deep breath, I pull off the lid and set it next to me.

Black tissue paper greets me with a black envelope tucked just underneath.

I glare at it, not wanting to read it, but knowing I need to.

Grabbing the envelope, I rip up the glued flap and pull out the? would you guess it?

? black folded paper. Fancy print in a metallic gold greets me.

Welcome to the Hellfire Trials.

Tomorrow you will join us for fun and games, but first some rules to follow .

One: You must wear the outfit and mask provided to you. Masks must be worn at all times, or you will be disqualified.

Two: You must survive three full days in the arena. Survive or die are your only options.

Three: In order to qualify for monetary payout, you must kill at least once. But killing often increases your payout. The more you kill, the more you win.

Four: Once you enter the arena, there are no rules. Everything goes.

Weapons and supplies will be provided on a limited basis and will be first come, first serve.

Good Luck and Happy Hunting.

I have to read over the words a few times to really comprehend them because this is like some twisted version of the horror movie Saw.

I'm almost frozen in shock. Do these people really think it is fun and games?

My guess is they are sick, rich fucks who like seeing people destroy themselves.

They probably get off on it, thinking they are untouchable.

As I rip away the tissue paper, my annoyance and anger rises.

I'm not sure what I was expecting when they mentioned I would have to wear a special outfit.

I figured something like combat or camo, but that is not what greets me at all.

No, what I'm looking at is something the girls wear at the club.

I pinch the thin lace material between my fingers and lift.

It's black, another big surprise. Using both my hands, I hold up the offending piece.

It's a lacy top that looks a little small.

The cup of the top is a sheer material that I'm not sure will hide anything.

Two cross straps hang at the bottom like they will wrap around my stomach, and I cringe at the thought of having to run around basically naked.

The fuck are these people thinking? Moving on, I pick up a pair of black jean shorts that provide a momentary sense of ease, although minimal.

I'm pretty sure my ass will still hang out.

I add them to my dreadful pile and grab a pair of fishnets next.

At least it will give me some small coverage.

Last, a mask sits at the bottom, making me frown.

I pull it out and glare. It's a fucking half-face bunny mask with long ears. The fuck?

I find it ironic that they want me to resemble a bunny. Wolves hunt bunnies.

I don't see any shoes, so I'm assuming I can wear my boots I came with. Thank God for small mercies because these are my ass-kicking boots.

I feel like I've barely closed my eyes when the loud shrill of a speaker echoes off the walls, causing me to jerk awake, ready to fight. Then a voice speaks.

"Attention volunteers. This is your ten-minute warning. You have ten minutes to shower and be dressed in your chosen outfits before we leave. If you are not ready, you will forfeit your spot in the trials." Somehow, I don't think forfeit means you can just go home instead.

The speaker cuts out as two guards start making their way down the small hall, unlocking cages as they go.

Volunteers waste no time in hustling to the bathroom and shower areas, stripping off clothes as they go.

The sight is a bit bizarre, but who am I to judge when I know I'm about to have to do the same thing.

One of the guards makes it to my cage. It's the last one to be unlocked, and I reach down to grab the black box that holds my outfit and mask.

The guard is grinning down at me, a glimmer of excitement in his eye as I approach the now-unlocked cage door.

I sneer in his direction, knowing exactly what his thoughts probably are before he

even speaks. “After you, sweetheart.”

The guards watching us are both dressed in black tactical pants and a tight black t-shirt.

Both look like they could be in a gang or part of a militia group, tattoos covering their arms. I despise all of them and secretly hope they might be part of the “games” so I can kick their asses for being perverted douches.

By the time I reach the shower area, half of the other volunteers are already dressed.

So, I quickly start to undress. I force myself to stare straight ahead as I set my box down on a vacant chair.

I set my socks and boots next to it as well before stepping forward under the spray.

Icy cold water hits my flesh, causing me to yelp out.

The sound of chuckles following from behind me.

Biting my tongue, I quickly rinse, not bothering with any shampoo or soap.

It’s not like anyone will really care if I smell like a garbage can wherever we are going.

With nothing else to wash and hating the cold-ass water, I step back, not reaching for a towel.

Once again, I don’t care. I want to get this all over with.

Quickly, I dress. I can feel eyes watching me as I do, the creepy crawling feeling

skating up my bare skin, but I pay them no mind.

I need to stay focused. From what I read from the note in my box and what Arsen told me, I will be fighting for my life.

That's all that matters, me making it out alive.

Squeezing into the top was a feat since my boobs don't exactly fit the too-small-sized top.

Somehow, I think that was on purpose. Dickwads.

It wasn't like the top was going to hide anything, anyway.

The material covering my tits is a sheer lace.

Also, intentional. I pull up the fishnets next, sans underwear, because none were provided, and I'm not desperate enough to pull back on the ones I've been wearing.

Gross. Weeklong underwear is disgusting, and I need to make an appointment with my gyno doctor as soon as I make it out.

Also, maybe get tested for everything under the sun.

This place doesn't have housekeeping. One out of five stars.

Not recommended. I have to jump to get the jean shorts up over my ass; these, luckily, are my size.

Small mercies. Not knowing how much time I have left, I quickly put on my socks and lace up my combat boots.



I am so glad I wore these to work that night and not my regular Converse.

Finally, I pick up the thick black plastic bunny mask.

Looking up, I glance around to see everyone is already wearing theirs.

Everyone is wearing different masks and outfits.

The few women I spot aren't even as naked as I am.

Dressed in shorts or combat pants with crop tops or tanks.

None of them are wearing see-through clothes.

What. The. Fuck? Who did I piss off to get the short end of the stick?

I don't have much time to be angry as the guards start moving everyone towards the stairs.

Taking a deep breath to calm myself, because getting angry and lashing out won't do me any good right now, I place the bunny mask on.

Luckily, the strap that holds it to my head is thick and adjustable, so I tighten it and fix my wet hair in a high ponytail to help keep the mask on.

You know, because rule number one says to.

I mentally roll my eyes. I've never been good at following rules.

With all that done, I step forward, making sure I'm the last one in line.

If I'm going to be attacked, I want to see it coming.

The guards lead us up the stairs, my heart pounding in my chest with every step.

Every thought of what could be waiting for us floods my mind, and none of them are good.

But as we reach the landing, I see a large open room, men standing all around, dressed just like our guard escort.

A bad feeling creeps up my spine as I watch the man in front of me step forward.

Somewhere from the side of the doorway, just out of view, someone reaches forward, a needle in hand, and proceeds to stab the man.

Seconds later, he drops like dead weight.

Ahh, fuck. It's going to be the same shit from when I was kidnapped.

Two men step forward, grabbing the limp form and drag him out of view.

I start to panic. I don't want to be knocked out again .

Hesitating, I debate my options. One I could fight and hopefully make a run for it.

I'm fast, and these guys all look huge. So my size may give me an advantage.

Two, let them knock me out and hope they don't get handsy or something.

This feels like one of those movies where they knock out the person they are kidnapping so they can't scream or see where they are taking them.

My bet is it's exactly that, but I think I'll go with option three and meet in the middle.

Realistically, the odds of me escaping don't lean in my favor, so I'll accept I'm going to get knocked out, but I'm definitely going to put up a fight.

"Don't worry, baby, it's just a little pinch.

" The guy holding the needle says, glancing over my body and all the exposed skin.

"It looks like you like a little pain, anyway." I glare, wanting to cover my chest to protect it from the asshole's leering gaze.

Chuckles sound from a few of the guards standing around waiting for me to drop.

First off, he's right, a little pain never hurt someone, but I know he's referring to my tattoos that cover my body.

I barely have any room for new art, but that's not the point.

The point is the guy is being an obvious perv.

So I paint on a small, seductive smirk and nod my head coyly.

Stepping forward, I tilt my head, allowing him access to my neck, showing him I'm doing this the easy way.

His own lips tip up in an arrogant way, like he thinks he is so charming, so handsome, so irresistible.

Like he knew I would be submissive for him.

He steps forward, the hand with the needle coming up on one side while his other reaches for my chest. That's when I make my move, quick as lightning.

I bring my leg back and let loose. I swing it forward with force and grin like a damn madwoman when my foot connects with the asshole's balls.

It's him who drops like a sack of potatoes, crying out like a little bitch.

I laugh even harder when he reaches to cover his crotch but forgets he was holding a full needle of sedative.

The needle slides into his thigh right as the guard behind me rushes forward, arms wrapping around my chest and lifting me off the ground.

Suddenly, a sharp pain in my neck shatters my joy.

The fuckers got me. I laugh as men shout around the room.

But the haze of the sedative is starting to kick in.

"God damn it. Hold her still."

"Fucking crazy bitch."

"Hurry up and put her with the others. Take him too."

"Fuck, I think I'm changing my bet."

"This is going to be one hell of a trial."

"She really is fucking feral. "

Then it all fades to black, a grin still marring my face.

Take that, fuckers.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

eight

Cash

My father is an asshole. He really fucking is.

All for the fact that he likes to lord his power over people like he's some sort of fucking king.

He's not. The asshole gets off on power even against his own son.

To him, he is making me stronger, showing me tough love; to me, it's him being a dick and tasing me awake to tell me it's time for the trials. Prick.

I quickly dress. Not bothering to shower since I took one before I laid down.

The one thing about me and the others who willingly join the games is that we are allowed to pick our own outfits and masks.

I decided to go with a simple pair of blue jeans, a little loose to be able to move in, my black sneakers, and a black hoodie to match.

I also went with a pair of red wraps for my knuckles since I'm more of an up-close-and-personal fighter.

To finish off my look, I secure my faceless mask over my face and pull up my hood.

The mask is all black, with no identifying features except eye holes to see out of.

When I step out of my room, ready to get this show on the road, my father is waiting.

A sadistic yet approving smile appears on his face.

Red flags start waving in my mind, warning me that smile leads to unpleasant things.

But before I can figure out what, someone wraps an arm around my head, tilting it.

My immediate reaction is to fight, but the sting of pain in my neck that comes next makes me realize there's no use.

The last thing I hear is my father chuckling. "Night, night, son. Have fun."

The next time I wake, I'm being jostled by something moving beneath me.

A thump thump thump sounding at regular intervals beating in my ears.

God, I hate my father. My headache feels like I've been out drinking all night, but then I had to wake up after an hour's nap to go to work. This wasn't a part of the plan.

We were supposed to be able to walk in, to be alert.

I knew the volunteers got drugged, but that was for theirs and everyone else's safety.

To transport them and ensure they didn't run or try to attack before the "grand show".

Pushing myself up, I glance around. It appears to be a train car filled with people slumped over or, like me, just waking up.

I groan as I stretch my muscles. I'm sore, like they just threw me on the train like everyone else.

Assholes. I move to a sitting position, looking around for my brothers.

If they had to go through the same thing, they are going to be pissed, especially Riot.

The fuck might be crazy, but he is the definition of organized chaos.

Along with me and the others, there seems to be a few guards standing at the edges of the car watching us all.

Each clad in all black and each wearing an earpiece.

Knitted caps cover their faces as they watch as everyone wakes with frowns of confusion and panicked gazes bouncing around, trying to figure out what will happen next.

It's a long while before anything happens.

The train car has a small light above, giving us minimal light to see.

Most of us have moved so our backs are against the walls, not trusting anyone anymore, even if the trials haven't officially started yet.

As we wait to get where we are going, I take in all the masks and outfits around me.

I take stock of who looks like a possible threat and who is going to run and hide.

Knowing Arsen and Riot aren't in here with me means this isn't everyone who will be playing.



I spot a couple of big guys, but honestly, none of them are a big concern.

You know that saying—the bigger they are, the harder they fall.

A bit more time passes when I see the guards all nod to each other.

I tense my body in anticipation as one guard steps forward towards the locked side door, then without warning, he unlatches the lock and swings it open.

The train car was already a bit loud from the tracks underneath and the thin walls holding the even thinner roof up, but the moment the door opens, the wind swirls through, roaring a war cry.

A few people shift away, but I stay firm, waiting for them to make their move.

The guard who opened the door opens his mouth to yell.

“Either jump yourself or...” He trails off with a shrug before another guard grabs hold of one of the guys closest to the door and shoves him.

The guy stumbles forward, climbing to his feet.

He’s not the biggest guy in the room, but I’ve come to realize you should never underestimate someone’s size.

The guy is wearing a Jason mask with a tuxedo.

Odd choice, but I doubt he chose his outfit.

When the guy just stands there staring out the door, the guards get impatient, stepping forward and shoving him forward and out the door.

I crane my head to see where he went, but it's no use.

"Next." The guard yells. The train is still traveling at a steady pace but slow enough that jumping is a better option than being shoved.

One by one, the guards grab people, giving them half a second to decide before making the choice for them.

It's 50/50 with jumpers. There are a few more people left when I stand to get in position.

I know jumping could still cause injury, but a few years ago, Riot got really into parkour.

He would drag us along when he wanted to try a new trick and taught a few things along the way.

Like how to jump into a body roll without causing damage.

I'm shoved from behind, my feet stumbling forward.

"Move." I have to bite my tongue to not curse back.

I step forward, quickly calculating the jump in my head.

Then I do what Riot taught us. I take a running start.

It's not much of one since the train car isn't all that big, but I make do.

Right as my foot hits the edge, I shoot myself forward, throwing my momentum forward to ensure I don't hit the train by accident.

Right as I hit midair, I tuck my top half down, the move curling my body into a C shape.

I make sure my head is tucked even more into my chest as I make contact with the hard dirt ground.

The impact hurts but not nearly as bad as it could have.

I roll through the jump, but with the motion of the train and the angle of my jump, the landing isn't as perfect as I would have hoped for.

The moment I stop tumbling, I jump to my feet and take stock of myself.

A bit dirty, but otherwise fine. I'll probably feel it later, but that is a future me problem.

Second, I survey my surroundings. There were roughly twenty or so people with me, but there was no telling how many other train cars were full.

It's dark out, but the moon overhead gives me a bit of light.

I'm surrounded by dirt and flatland. The train is to my back and still rolling by.

It appears to be in a slight curved position, as I follow it with my eyes.

The moment my feet hit the ground, I knew it was time to play the Hellfire's Society twisted game of survival.

Once I know I'm steady on my feet, I look for the others who jumped before me.

With it being so dark out, I can only manage to see shadows moving about.

We aren't allowed weapons until we find them, so I have that to my advantage at the moment.

All the shadows seem to be moving in one direction, and as I turn in that direction, I spot even bigger dark objects. Buildings?

Not having any other options, I head in that direction. I keep my body coiled and ready to strike. If anyone were dumb enough to try to take me out hand to hand, well, they wouldn't get very far. I keep my eyes open, searching for Riot or Arsen. Together, we are an unstoppable force.

It takes me a while to reach what I thought were buildings.

I was right, in a sense. Old, run-down, and ruined buildings and shelters litter the area.

Some were nothing more than a pile of wood and bricks.

I keep to the shadows once I hit the old town's boundaries. There's no telling who could be around the corner and if they've already found weapons.

Skating the edges of some structures, I move along the outer edge of the town.

I start to mentally map out any good places to make possible camp, where others might hide, and where weapons and supplies could be stashed.

All the while keeping an eye out for my boys.

The town is a decent size but appears to be long abandoned, making it a perfect place for the trials.

When I finally hit the opposite end from where I entered, I hear the first scream of the night.

It rings out, echoing through the air. It's a woman's scream, not all too surprising.

The women who join the games tend not to last long.

Men see them as weaker prey who are usually easier to overpower.

Cries follow the sudden scream, begging and pleading for her life.

There's a low chuckle before the night quiets again, but that is how the game is played.

The strong survive, while the weak perish.

I don't hang around as I move on, needing to find the others.

Just as I'm rounding a corner, I stop in my tracks.

Coming face-first with a small bunny. I almost laugh at the little woman, just as stunned as I am.

She jumps back, raising her fists in the air as if ready to attack.

Slowly, I let my eyes drift over her. There is something familiar about her.

"Look, I don't want to hurt if I don't have to.

You go your way, and I'll go mine. Yeah?

” Her voice is a sexual tenor, the sound going straight to my cock and making it twitch.

I tilt my head, studying her. She stares right back, not even flinching.

I grin under my mask. Not that she can see it.

If she could, I’m sure she would be stepping away from me.

“Look, don’t be the creepy guy who tries to intimidate me just because I’m a woman.

I bet I could take you down faster than most of the assholes playing this stupid fucking game.

” Fuck, I want her to keep talking. When I don’t move out of her way, she shakes her head, her long hair flying forward.

Pink tips. This is that feral girl Riot, and now Arsen, haven’t shut up about.

Arsen called us last night, telling us about his interaction with her.

I’m pretty sure he only did it to get a rise out of Riot, but now I’m thinking he was on to something.

Slowly, I raise my hands, showing her I’m not a threat.

At least not at the moment. I open my mouth to tell her so when, out of nowhere, someone flashes out of the shadows and tackles the woman.

Ali. That’s what Arsen called her. I watch in fascination as the shadow and she go tumbling.

I think about intervening, but that's not my style.

Plus, I want to see how feral this woman really is.

I step closer, watching as the scene unfolds.

The shadow, a small, thin man if I had to guess, wearing a clown outfit, manages to roll on top of Ali.

His hands coming up around her neck. I take another step forward, about to step in, a strange urge of possession suddenly coursing through my veins, but to my utter shock, Ali lifts her butt, sending the guy falling forward.

As he tosses himself back to gain his position again, Ali swings her legs up and over the dumb fuck's head.

She uses her legs to shove the clown guy back, his body landing in the dirt before Ali wastes no time, jumps on top of him, and starts pounding her fists into every inch of his body she can manage to reach. She strikes hard and fast.

The sight is beautiful, something to behold. I'm so turned on right now, my dick feels like it might explode. Arsen joked that once I met her, I would be a goner, too. I thought he was joking, trying to get a rise out of me as well. But the bastard wasn't wrong.

She doesn't stop her assault until the clown is covered in blood and unmoving.

Her chest rapidly rising and falling as she sucks in air, staring down at her handiwork.

Being the asshole I am, but also wanting her attention back on me, I start to slow clap.

Yeah, I'm an asshole. Her head immediately jerks in my direction, just realizing I'm a mere few feet away, and if my cock pressing against my jeans is anything to go by, enjoying the show.

"I see this cat has claws. Don't you, Ali Cat?" I watch her eyes widen at my words. I wanted her to know I knew who she was. Even if all I knew was her name. Slowly, she removes herself from the now dead fucker lying in the dirt. Her hands still curled into fists, breathing still ragged.

Her eyes slit into a harsh glare, and I've never wished I had light to see those eyes before, like I do now.

Even to see her body, which is obviously banging.

I might have to thank the asshole who chose her outfit and then kill him because now I know everyone she crosses paths with will get to see her like this.

I can see artwork lining most of her body, and I wish to inspect every inch of them, preferably with my tongue.

"Look, I'm not even supposed to be here.

So, I'm going to go that way, and you're going to...

" She shrugs, looking around. "I don't know.

Fuck off or something. Sound good?" She takes a step back and then another.

Every cell in my body is telling me to give chase, to not let her run away from me. It's crazy.



Is this what Riot feels about the woman? Is this the start of an obsession?

I keep my mouth shut as she continues to walk back slowly, eyes staying trained on me like she knows I'm a threat.

Good girl. Smart little Ali Cat. Knowing she can fend for herself for a little longer, I wait until she bolts into the shadows before turning and getting back to my search to try to find the other two.

Once we are together, we can come up with a plan, and then we hunt.

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*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

nine

Riot

Have you ever been on a mission to find someone that it almost felt like life or death?

Because right now, that's what it feels like.

The moment I jumped from the train, I had one thought: Ali.

Just thinking of her name and the last time I saw her sends electric shocks through my body.

This is how I know she is the love of my life; I get tingles.

Who the fuck gets tingles from thinking about someone?

Someone in love, that's who. It doesn't matter that she has no idea who I am or that I'm her husband now.

Grease enough pockets, and just about anything is possible, like marrying a woman that you only met while she was unconscious.

Worst-case scenario, I'll kidnap her and wait until Stockholm kicks in. I'll be the best damn husband she has ever had, and if she's had a husband before, well, then I'll just kill him. Problem solved. She will want or need for nothing.

As I wander through the abandoned ruins of some old town, my mind wanders back to yesterday's phone call with Arsen and Cash.

The bastard had to call just to gloat about knowing my girl's name first and having talked to her.

If I could have, I would've reached through the phone to strangle him.

Sadly, that only works in cartoons. The moment he said her name, Ali, I knew I was a goner.

Then the fucker had to describe her voice and looks.

The man sounded like he was the one obsessed with her, like some lovesick puppy.

I wanted to be mad at him, to pound my chest and growl, "mine" like some possessive beast, but Arsen and Cash are family.

Arsen even told Cash he wouldn't know what hit him once he met her, too.

The more I thought about it, the more I liked the idea of my brothers falling for my woman too.

It would mean she would be even more protected from threats because of our last names.

Our families have made many allies but twice as many enemies in the last few years.

Not a big surprise; it happens when power-hungry men try to move into others' territory .

I'm so lost in my thoughts and the hunt for my new bride that I don't hear the footsteps approaching until it's too late and they are right behind me.

Whirling around, I come face to face with three men.

I take them in quickly, assessing if they are an actual threat or just a warm-up for my muscles.

The one to the right is dressed like the guy off of *Scream*, weird dress cape thing and all.

The one in the middle is wearing some twisted fire engine red BDSM getup with a leather collar that reads BITCH and a matching leather eye mask.

I snort at that. Degradation kink much? The last one standing to the left is also in some type of black cape thing, an old plague doctor mask hiding his face.

None of them have any weapons, at least not from my view.

Slowly, I raise both my hands and keep the three assholes in view as they step forward.

"Look, guys, I need a warm-up before all the main festivities, but I'm actually in the middle of something.

" I frown behind my muzzle when they slowly break apart, moving to surround me.

Idiots. "I don't want to have to kill you three this early.

I'm really just looking for my wife. She's around here somewhere, probably scared and mad that I haven't found her yet.

I didn't realize she was so good at hide and seek.

" I shrug, like my explanation makes total sense.

When none of them say anything, my shoulders slump.

I really wanted to still be nice and clean before officially meeting Ali.

Now she's going to think I'm a monster covered in blood.

Oh well, the kidnapping idea is still on the table.

I'm still hoping I can get the guys to help me.

It wouldn't be the first time we kidnapped someone.

Just the first time, we didn't kill them after we got what we wanted.

I wouldn't be able to hurt a single hair on my little Ali's head.

Unless she wanted me to hurt her. Maybe she likes it rough and dirty.

Maybe she will get off on my violent tendencies.

I almost moan at the thought but realize I was distracted by thoughts of my woman because the three assholes moved.

A fist to my face hits my cheekbone, sending a zap of pain up my face and through my skull.

My brain rattles around for a second, giving someone else a chance to get a second

hit into my stomach.

It's a solid punch, causing me to bend over, air whooshing from my lungs.

An elbow to my back comes next, sending me to the ground, dirt and sand flying into my face.

Then I laugh. It's not a friendly laugh; no it's crazy, manic, the sound echoing into the night as I glance up at the three stooges now standing next to each other.

They must realize what is about to happen, what they broke the lock on, because they stand there frozen.

"You just had to go and fuck up." I lift myself up off the ground with my arms, my eyes focused on my new prey.

"You would have lived a lot longer if you had just walked away." I push myself to my knees next, stretching my muscles in anticipation.

"Now, if anything happens to my woman while I'm dealing with you three, I will hunt down every person you hold dear and put them through the most unimaginable things you can think of.

" I smile wide, all teeth behind my muzzle, as I get to my feet.

The three of them haven't said a single thing since showing themselves, but now they look at each other questionably.

Probably debating if they can take me or maybe thinking I'm crazy.

Three on one doesn't seem like a fair fight, but it's all fun and games to me.

I'm cracking my knuckles one second and then, without giving them a choice, I rush them.

They only stood a few feet in front of me, so I reach them in seconds, tackling two of them.

The plague doctor and the kinky fuck go down with me, and as soon as we hit the hard ground, I'm throwing punches.

I don't bother with holding back as blood splatters across my chest and arms. I aim for the face and throat, vulnerable spots, wanting to finish them faster.

The sooner this little party is over, the faster I can get to my Ali.

The third, Scream fucker, must finally shake off his shock because he jumps on my back in the next moment, arms coming around my neck, as he tries to get me in a chokehold.

He yanks me back, causing me to lose purchase as I tumble back with him, but I think it's too late for one of his friends.

From the glance I get, the plague doctor looks unmoving, but the kinky fucker is slowly climbing to his feet.

Damn. A whistle sounds through the air as a skeleton, and I think Frankenstein steps out between buildings.

"John, don't play with your food. Get the job done and let's move on.

" The skeleton mask says, making me glare in his direction.

So, this little posse had two more men waiting on the sidelines.

Scream, or John, I guess, grunts before tightening his grip on my neck.

Then kinky fucker sends his foot into my stomach.

I grunt out at the pinch of pain before I decide playtime is over.

I flip my body backwards, sending my feet and legs up over and behind John, before immediately reaching forward and gripping his head and twisting.

There's an audible snap in the night's silence before he slumps to the dirt. Two down, three to go .

Skeleton and Frankie step back, but the kinky fucker is just pissed and acting out of rage.

He doesn't think about his consequences as he rushes forward, a scream of anger releasing into the night.

I sidestep him, watching as he stumbles forward in his momentum and face plants into the ground. I turn to the newest two.

"So you wanna play next?" I ask casually, rolling my shoulders.

Skeleton and Frankie came prepared, each pulling out a weapon.

Skull face pulls out a knife, while Frankie pulls a long, thick chain link, almost from thin air.

"Whoa, where were you hiding that? Actually, don't tell me.



I don't wanna know." Like I'm in some type of Mortal Combat game, I hold out two fingers and flex them in, a 'bring it on' motion.

They growl out at my challenge or my words; Frankie may be sensitive about where he hides things; who knows.

I know if I decide to keep it, I may need to sanitize it, just in case.

Both men charge at once, Skeleton's knife raised and Frankie swinging his chain.

I hear a small shuffling behind me, letting me know kinky fuck is now up as well.

Fuck. Three to one, hand to hand, isn't so bad, but when two have weapons, it makes it a slight challenge.

Well, what's that thing kids say... oh yeah. YOLO .

A rush of exhilaration fills me as I clash with them, the impact of my fist meeting theirs, sending a surge of excitement through me.

I go for skeleton dude first, since a knife can do more damage if placed right.

I barely dodge his swipe as my arm comes up, pushing his up and away.

Turning, I kick out, hitting the kinky fuck who was turning to get me from behind.

Sorry, fucker, I'm not into backdoor play.

I knew there was a chance of getting hit with a chain, but lucky for me, the guy wielding it is thrown off by its weight, so instead of hitting my head, like I think he was aiming, he hits my lower right side.

It hurts, but not enough to slow me down.

We twirl around each other, me landing hits and kicks and them sort of but not really landing anything.

Kinky fuck finally jumps on my back like some deranged spider monkey, sending punches to my head.

They're weak hits, but still. I'm starting to feel uncomfortable with a dick only covered in red leather rubbing up against my back. Eww.

Honestly, this fight is getting a little boring now, and I'm missing out on precious time with my woman.

She's probably alone and scared, waiting for me to save her.

With that thought, I decide this game is over.

But before I can kill these fuckers and be done, I hear a loud feminine war cry.

Then kinky fuck is crying out, his weight disappearing.

I swing around to see what new hell had just arrived, only to freeze in my tracks.

There, a few feet away, is a woman dressed in a bunny mask, straddling kinky fucker while raining down her fist into his face.

Blood flies up, painting her already heavily tattooed body, but then I see her hair.

A dark black that fades to pink. Ali. My little beastie.

And there goes my dick swelling in satisfaction at the sight of our woman.

Why did I think she would hide away and wait for her prince charming, or in this case her very own psychopath? Tomayto, tomahto.

I'm so starstruck that I totally forgot about the other two.

Skeleton makes his move then but falls short, his blade only slicing up my upper arm.

That snaps me out of my haze. I turn and send my fist flying straight into his chest. I feel the crack rather than hear it.

He stumbles back, hand flying up to his chest, but the damage is done.

I'm almost positive I broke a piece of his rib cage off, and that piece is either cutting through his heart, veins, or lungs.

Either way, the more he moves, the more damage it will do.

I'm proven right when he rips off his mask and starts coughing up blood next, his knife falling to the ground, as he starts to choke on the amount of blood coming out.

Knowing he's taken care of, I move to Frankie.

I can't see his expression under his mask, but I see the twitch of his head as he looks to his friend, then back to me.

I'm sure the excited glint in my eye is giving away my thoughts.

Before he can process what just happened, I'm in front of him.

Gripping the chain and not thinking where it came from, I circle it around his neck twice before yanking it.

The metal tightens, squeezing the air from his throat.

He struggles, fingers reaching up in an attempt to free himself.

It's useless. His body slumps as the effect of air loss hits.

I finally release him once his body stops twitching.

Then I turn to my new bride. My little beastie. The love of my life. My feral girl. My Ali. The woman who is now holding a knife to my throat.

Fuck, if I don't bury myself in this woman in the next few minutes, I might die.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

ten

Ali

I just couldn't mind my own fucking business.

No, I had to have a bleeding heart in a sicko's fucking twisted game of killing.

Did I feel bad about killing the clown earlier?

A smidge, but he was the one who attacked me.

What was I supposed to do, let him kill me?

Nope, I don't think so. Then the big scary fucker with the faceless mask just watched.

Watched as I was getting assaulted by some freaky-as-fuck clown and said nothing.  
Can we say creep? CREEP.

Honestly, I probably should have killed the guy, but after the clown fuck, I didn't know how to feel.

Have I killed someone before? Yes. But that's what you get for grabbing a chick who is just minding her own business, walking home.

I reacted. Anyone would do the same if they were in my shoes.

I didn't feel bad, but I wasn't exactly ready.

When the faceless creep made no move to attack, I figured it was some fragile peace treaty and took the chance to walk away and regroup.

Then, not even ten minutes later, I stumble upon a group of masked assholes ganging up on a single guy with a muzzle.

I don't know why, but I just felt like I couldn't let them hurt him.

At least make it fair with a one-on-one or even a two-on-one, but a four-on-one?

Come on. We're all human beings, not mindless beasts.

When some kinky, costume-looking guy jumped on the muzzled man, I surged forward.

Reaching forward, I gripped the scantily clad man by the head and yanked.

He released his grip on the muzzle guy and fell to the dirt ground.

He grunted out at the impact before trying to jump up.

After the creepy fucker and clown encounter, I decided I couldn't afford to hesitate, so without thinking too hard, I jumped on the guy.

He reached up to grab at me, an ugly sneer on his lips, but I started pounding into his flesh.

It's him or me. It's him or me. It's him or me.

I tell myself over and over, knowing he could be like me, kidnapped and now just trying to survive, but I'm trying to survive too, and it's me or him.

I will choose myself every time. Blood splatters my skin, the liquid hot as it paints my body a vivid red.

Deep down, not deep enough, I almost get a spark of excitement.

For now, I'm gonna tell myself it's the adrenaline.

Yeah. That's it. My body's chemical response to this entire situation and not the small spark of joy I'm getting from ending someone's life. No, that would be crazy.

But then why am I smiling as I continue to punch this person over and over?

At this point, I don't think he is recognizable.

Oops. Maybe killing is like getting high...

you feel really good doing it before you crash and feel shitty afterwards.

Could that be why serial killers kill? They want that high. Food for thought later.

A cry of pain has me snapping my head behind me.

I watch as the muzzle guy stands there and watches the ghost face guy hold at his chest. I frown as the guy rips off his mask, blood pouring from his mouth.

Huh, wonder how he did that? Muzzle guy isn't holding a knife or anything, but I do spot one on the ground.

Slowly, I climb off the now, I think, dead guy; keeping my movements slow, I decide to slip away.

I did my good deed for the day. Now I need to find somewhere to hide out until daybreak.

Mr. Muzzle guy suddenly moves, causing me to freeze, but instead of coming after me, he is in front of Frankenstein.

Despite knowing it's my opportunity to escape, my focus is drawn back to a knife's glint on the ground, shining like a spotlight in the moonlight.

I would be better off with a weapon but need to move fast. Just because I helped this guy doesn't mean he will want to repay the favor by just letting me walk away.

Making the decision to go for the weapon and take my chances, I move.

Just as I reach the blade and I'm about to dart away into the shadows, Frankenstein drops to the ground a few feet away.

The thump of his body echoing off the decrepit buildings surrounding us. Shit.

What are the odds I could still make it? Doubtful. Fuck my life. Well, it's me or him.

Me. Or. Him.

I choose me.

I move, fast as lightning, and bring up the blade right as Mr. Muzzle slowly turns in my direction.



The blade sits right at the hollow of his throat as we take each other in, calculating our odds.

Mr. Muzzle is fucking hot. His bright green eyes light up as he takes me in.

Even with the muzzle covering his mouth, I can see him grinning.

I narrow my eyes at him. He has short, dark hair shaved on the side and a silver mohawk up the middle.

He's wearing a ripped-up white tank and dark gray sweatpants.

Why the grey sweatpants? Ugh. Some loosely tied black combat boots adorn his feet, and as I glance my eyes back up his body, I notice the monster bulge pressing against the cotton fabric of his pants. Fuckkkk... he's huge.

"You're even more beautiful awake than you are unconscious." Mr. Muzzle purrs, and my eyes jump back up to his. I frown, confused by his words.

"Do I know you?" I ask. This time I really look at him. Maybe he was one of the guys who kidnapped me? But even as I think that, I know it's not true.

"I'm your husband." He says all matter-of-factly. I also notice the man hasn't flinched once at the fact my knife is at his throat.

I snort at his words. "Last time I checked, I wasn't married." I lift my left hand and wiggle my ring finger. "See, no ring." I add.

He just hums before glancing behind me and nodding a little.

"How did it feel?" I frown. I know he can see it because my stupid bunny mask only

covers my eyes and forehead.

“Killing the kinky fucker? I bet you enjoyed it,” he adds.

I shrug in response; he doesn't need to know I'm soaked from this entire scene playing out.

Is something wrong with me? Probably. Okay, most definitely.

“You did, didn't you? If I were to reach my hand into your shorts, I bet you would be soaked.

Wouldn't you?” He steps forward, pressing his throat further into the blade.

A small droplet of blood forms, and something in me snaps. I take my own step back .

“What is your name?” I demand. My blade is still at his throat, but no longer drawing the red liquid.

“Riot.” Slowly, so I can see what he's doing, he raises his arms, hands coming up to land on my waist. I don't move. “The moment I saw you, I knew you were mine.” He says, fingers rubbing against my bare skin. I still don't move.

Why aren't I moving?

Slowly, his fingers catch on the edge of my jean shorts and, with practiced moves I don't want to think about, snap open the button. He glides his hands against my flesh, lower and lower, until his fingers are brushing my sensitive clit. Fuck.

Why am I letting this happen? Am I that sex-starved? When was the last time I got

some? I can almost hear the crickets chirping away at my thoughts. Damn, it's been a while. But why now? Why is my brain and body choosing now to scratch a damn itch?

I was so lost in my thoughts that I didn't realize Riot had moved.

His free hand grabs my hand with the knife, and then we are shuffling back.

My back slamming against an old barn wall.

He decides at that moment to shove three fingers inside me, and I couldn't hold back the moan that escaped if I wanted to.

The stretch followed by the pinch of pain is delicious.

I toss my head back, thumping on the wall.

He skims his masked cover nose up my throat, and I breathe him in.

Copper and something heady, it makes my head spin.

"See, I knew it. You're soaked. Is it for me?

Are you soaked for me, Ali?" My entire body stiffens.

How does he know my name? Before I can ask, he is pulling out and slamming back in.

Do I really care that he knows my name? That's a later me problem.

If there's a chance I might die in the next few days, then maybe I should take

advantage of this moment.

Fuck it. It's the little joys in life.

With that in mind, I drop the knife, reach forward, and tug down Riot's sweatpants.

Monster cock was the correct description.

He is massive. And pierced. Damn kryptonite.

Taking a wild guess, I reach forward and grip his cock in a tight hold.

Riot groans as a shudder runs through his body.

I grin in satisfaction. "Fuckkkk, baby. See, made for me." He thrusts his hips, his cock jerking in my hand.

"I would love to take my time to thoroughly fuck you into next week, but we don't have much time.

So I need you to hang on, baby." The next thing I know, it's his turn to rip down my jeans and spin me around.

My front gets pushed into the old wooden panels, and a thrill runs up my spine as Riot lines himself up.

This all feels so erotic, so forbidden, and yet so right.

With our last breath, Riot slams into me.

We both moan at the feeling, the sound filling the night.

He only allows us to enjoy the moment for half a second before he starts to thrust. The cold metal of his piercing that lines the bottom of his cock rubs against my insides.

The feeling is euphoric. “God, I was made for you. I fit so perfectly. Don’t I, little Beasty?”

” I nod rapidly, not really hearing his words, but agreeing wholeheartedly.

“Fuck, you’re perfect.” He adds as his pace picks up.

I feel like I’m going to explode as he fucks me into the wall. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” He says. Reaching forward between my legs, he finds my clit and pinches. The wave of the orgasm I’ve been cresting falls, and I go sailing over the edge. My entire body lights up with tingles.

I’ve never felt this during or after sex. Have I been doing it wrong?

Moments later, Riot is tumbling over the edge right after me. My core is flooding with hot liquid. I should be concerned we didn’t use protection, but I’m just not. Later Ali can figure this one out. Sorry, not sorry.

Riot slowly pulls out, and I quickly bend, pulling up my jeans.

This is not a time I want to be caught with my pants down.

Hoping he doesn’t notice, I also grab the knife I dropped, pressing it against the back of my arm and keeping it hidden.

Slowly I turn to find Riot, putting away his still wet dick.

I almost pout when I can no longer see it. Almost.

“Alright, Beastie, let’s go find my brothers.

I’m sure they are looking for me already.

” He nods his head in the direction of the shadows, but his words keep running around in my mind.

His brothers. Does he think I’m going to fuck his brothers too?

I mean, I’ve never been with more than one guy at a time.

I’ve thought about it a time or two. Porn stars look very satisfied with more than one, but this is the real world.

Well, it was until I was kidnapped and forced to play in somebody’s sick cat-and-mouse game.

That thought clears my sex-riddled brain.

Yeah, I’m not going anywhere with him. I give Riot a quick once-over, almost feeling bad for what I’m about to do.

Almost. With a quick and practiced move, I spin the knife so it’s back in my hand.

As he turns away to lead, I call out. “Sorry, I had a really good time. Sex was aaaamazing, but I’m better on my own.

” His head snaps to me, eyes coming up to meet mine at my words, but it’s too late; my blade is already swinging.

I aim for his tree trunk-looking thighs, and I hold back some, enough to break skin but not do too much damage.

I make the hard choice of leaving the knife behind, and once I make impact, I spin on my heel and take off.

“You can run, little Beastie, but you can’t hide.” I just hit the far shadows when he adds. “I’ll be coming for you, wife.” I smirk at his words as I dodge between builds.

What a strange nickname for a stranger you just met, fucked, and then stabbed you.

Men are weird.

What is wrong with me? I just fucked a stranger in a serious game of life or death. Best sex of my life, but still. Then I stab him in the leg and run off like the scared little bunny I’m dressed as. Ugh. Something is seriously wrong with me. None of this is okay.

After getting what I’m hoping is far enough away, I finally slow my pace.

I take in my new surroundings, listening for anyone else that could jump out from the shadows.

When all I hear is the wind blowing, I finally take my first real breath.

Leaning up against an old dead tree, I think about my next move.

The right thing to do would be to find somewhere that I could either reinforce or a hidey hole that can fit my small form.

With this being an old town, I doubt anywhere has a place that could hold up to

someone trying to get in.

So, hidey hole it is. I start my search, focusing on the building that might have gaps underneath its structure.

It takes me about another ten minutes, but I find a small building that looks old enough that a stiff wind could blow it over.

That might keep out anyone big, thinking the floor might not hold their weight, plus what big-ass dude is going to try to climb underneath this place?

Using my mind-over-matter trick, I tell myself there aren't any spiders or creepy crawly things trying to hide out with me.

Then I'm climbing in. It's dark. Like pitch black, but the dark never scared me.

I move until I hit the far wall, knowing that if anyone did look in my space, they wouldn't see anything but darkness.

Getting comfortable in the dirt, I wince as a couple of pebbles jab into my back.

I don't know how long I'll have to wait, but I read something about it taking three days to die of dehydration.

At best, I could survive the next few days of blood baths.

Worst case, I'll have to venture out and kill someone again.

Damn it. Why did I leave the fucking knife?



## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

eleven

Cash

It didn't take me long to find one of the guys after Ali ran off.

A part of me wanted to chase after her just for fun.

Doesn't she know running from a man like me is like giving catnip to a cat?

It's an unexplainable high. Addictive, really, but my priority was finding the guys and making a plan.

With our fathers whispering in all our ears and hinting at betrayal from each other, now is the time to maintain a strong front.

I was minding my own business, slinking in the shadows, when I heard the telltale sign of Arsen nearby.

The soft clicks of a lighter opening and closing.

Sure enough, I round the corner to see the man himself standing above a body, a calculating tilt to his head.

I would say eyes, but the man went with a gas mask as his choice of costume.

Along with his mask, he wears his favorite black leather jacket and gray cargo pants

and high-laced combat boots.

I know he notices me approach when I see his shoulders tense.

“A.” I call, and he relaxes, flicking on his lighter and letting it run.

I know what he is about to do, so I don’t even flinch when, after a minute, he slams the red-hot top into the skin of the dead man.

Branding him with his signature mark. From the looks of it, the man died from a broken neck.

The smell of burnt flesh makes my nose twitch, but it’s not the worst thing I’ve ever smelt.

“Where’s Riot?” Arsen asks after snapping his lighter closed and pocketing it. His voice is muffled, but I can still hear him.

I give him a shrug in response. “I’ve seen Ali.

” I say, and Arsen’s head snaps in my direction.

“She’s....” I think about the woman, the way she watched me, the way she told me to fuck off.

My lips tilt up in a smile at the thought.

I’m glad I’m wearing a mask right now, or Arsen would be able to read me loud and clear.

I’m interested. “Interesting.” I finally say.

“Watched her kill a clown. She can hold her own.” I add .

“Why didn’t you get her to stay with you?” he asks, accusing almost.

“Because she took off somewhere after she told me to fuck off. I’m not in the business of kidnapping women, unlike you and Riot.

” I say pointedly. Though it wouldn’t be a terrible idea, I’m just not as insane as Riot to actually go through with it.

No, I’m the charmer. When I’m ready for her attention, I’ll have it, but my way.

Arsen lets out a muffled snort. “That sounds like her. What is she wearing?” He asks, making me frown because he said he took her her outfit last night.

He must understand my confusion because he adds, “My father chose her outfit, and it was tucked away in a box. I wasn’t all that interested until I started talking to her.

” I smirk at that. Oh, he has no idea the sick fuck his father really is.

Actually, he does. I know he won’t be one bit surprised by his father’s outfit choice for her.

“It’s...” I have to think about my words again.

“Distracting.” I realize this woman has me so off-kilter.

Having to think about my words. Her outfit is not the only distracting thing.

My mind keeps drifting to the way she took and gave.

I knew she was crazy the moment I saw her fly out the back of the truck and attack Arsen's dad's men, but the games are a whole new experience for her.

At le ast I hope so, unless she gets kidnapped often to play in rich men's twisted games.

This is life or death, and she didn't hesitate to choose her life over the clown's.

I'm actually proud of her for that. Most women want a man to protect them, but Ali, she said, fuck that, hold my drink while I take care of this.

"Distracting?" He asks, and I just hum. I'm sure we will cross paths with her again, and he can see for himself how distracting she really is.

We're both quiet for a minute, and I can hear grunts and groans of pain echoing into the night.

I nod in the direction I was heading before I found Arsen.

"Let's go find Riot. Who knows what that psycho is getting himself into.

" Arsen gives me a nod, and we head off.

We continue to keep to the outside of the ruins of shattered buildings.

Everyone will think to move into town, thinking of supplies or places to hide.

It will just be one big bloodbath, and I know for a fact most of the supplies won't be delivered until tomorrow.

It's all a ploy. Tell everyone where food, weapons, and possible safety are, and

everyone will head in that direction.

Everyone will also realize you will need to fight for it all.

Limit the supplies, and war breaks out because everyone wants to survive and will fight or kill to have what someone else has. Survival of the fittest.

We only get ten minutes into our search for our psycho brother when we come across a newly planted graveyard.

There's five freshly dead men lying around a small open area.

Glancing at each, I make sure none are Riot, not that I thought any could be, but it looks like some volunteers have grouped up already.

I spot a Ghostface, a Frankenstein, a plague doctor, a skeleton, and some sort of submissive sex pet.

"About fucking time." I spin around at the words groaned out from behind me and see none other than Riot, sitting on the ground up against a crumbling wall.

I frown as I take him in. His faux mohawk is a mess.

He is splattered in blood, his tank ripped to shreds, sporting a black eye and... Is that a knife in his thigh?

"What the fuck happened to you?" I ask, heading for him. I lean down and inspect the actual knife sticking out from his thigh. "Why haven't you pulled this out yet?" He shrugs.

"The Ghostface, plague doctor, and the kinky fuck attacked me first. Then the other

two stepped in. I was able to take down Ghostface and plague guy but they tried to get the jump on me. Then my beastie came to my rescue. She attacked the freaky fuck, and I was able to take down the other two.” He sighs, all girly-like.

“Then I had the best sex of my life. Fuck, she was so tight and warm and wild. It was everything I wanted in a wife.” I roll my eyes at him, and once again I’m glad he can’t see my face because, honestly, I’m a bit jealous.

“That doesn’t explain how you got a knife in your thigh.” Arsen adds.

“Oh, yeah. She stabbed me.” He shrugs again, like that was obvious.

“She stabbed you,” I say. In all honesty, I shouldn’t have been surprised because she does give off a vibe of being a bit crazy.

“Yeah. Once we were done having the best sex ever, she grabbed the knife, said she was sorry, but had a really good time. She even said I was aaaamazing. Her words, not mine, then said she was better off alone before stabbing me. To be fair, she could have aimed for my chest or something.” I just stare at him.

Has he been knocked in the head one too many times?

How is he okay with his supposed wife stabbing him in the leg right after fucking?

Actually, it’s kind of kinky, though I think it’s supposed to go pain then pleasure, not pleasure then pain.

“Something is wrong with you, man.” Arsen says, shaking his head.

“Hold still.” Arsen grips the knife by the handle and yanks without giving Riot any time to prepare, not that he needed it.

Pretty sure the fuck gets off on the pain, hence the fact he is smiling like a madman behind his muzzle.

Blood starts to ooze out of the wound, but I notice it wasn't as deep as I thought and missed all the important arteries.

Without asking, I rip off the rest of his tank and tie it around his thigh tightly.

He sends me a glare when I tighten it just a bit extra.

"So where did your supposed wife run off to?" I ask, sitting back on my ass for a while. Here is as good a place as any to rest and figure out our plan.

He nods to behind Arsen. "She headed in that direction, but I'll find her. I always will."

"If you say so, psycho." I tell him before we all go quiet for a few.

I stare up at the dark night sky, watching as even darker clouds drift in front of the moon, hiding away the glow.

The silence finally becomes too much. "Okay, let's get moving.

I've skimmed the outer edge, and the town is a decent size.

Everything on the outskirts seems more in ruin or is a pile of crumbled bricks and wood.

We should start scouting the inner part and see what we can find.

Weapons, supplies, a temporary shelter for the night.

We also need to keep track of who might be grouping up.

” I pause, looking at both of them, even though they can’t really see my face.

“ I’m guessing you both were woken up in a similar way as me.

Drugged like everyone else?” I ask, and both men give me a single nod.

“Then our fathers are playing a different game than we thought. I have a feeling something more is happening in this year’s game, so we need to have each other’s back and stay alert at all times until we know what we are working with.

” My tone tells them I’m serious. We might have joined this trial willingly because it is a rite of passage into the family business, but I’ve had a bad feeling since the train.

Something I’ve learned is that my intuition is usually never wrong.

“Alright, we’re with you, Cash. Can you move Ri?” Arsen asks, and Riot snorts before standing and stretching.

“Let’s go. I have a feral little wife to hunt. And maybe eat.” If I know Riot, he is licking his lips, salivating over the thought of what Ali might taste like.

My dick grows hard as I think about it myself.

Fuck. With my dick rubbing against my jeans and the three of us united again, we head off into the night.

We are going to need to speak about this because I have a feeling Ali is something more than just the flavor of the week.



I think she could be more for all of us .

Riot's obsession. Arsen's fascination. My distraction. Yes, this woman could be dangerous if she knew what we all were feeling for her. Let's hope she never finds out.

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

twelve

Arsen

Finding a place to hunker down for the rest of the night was easy enough.

Most of the places still standing are centered around the main part of the town.

We could hear a few people shuffling around as we passed until we ended up at the far end of the town.

Choosing a place on the outskirts yet still semi-near was our best bet.

The building we finally chose seemed to be an old storage room that was roughly ten feet by ten feet.

The walls and windows were all intact, so that was a bonus.

Piles of trash and broken furniture littered the place as we set up camp for the night.

We didn't have much except for the clothes on our backs, but that was all we really needed.

We decided to take turns standing watch, rotating every hour or so.

Cash took first watch, then Riot, and then me.

Right as my watch was coming to an end, the sound of a loudspeaker sparked to life, the crackling sound startling the guys awake. Both jump up and are ready to attack, even half asleep. Then my father's voice echoes around the barren town.

“Congratulations to all who have survived the first part of the trials. Nearly one hundred volunteers entered the trials last night, and only eighty of you still survive, and the official clock hasn't even begun.

” I frown at his words. What does he mean by that?

“Ah yes, since we split you all up in groups and dropped you all off at different places and different times, it seemed only fair that day one began at sunup.” He chuckles, the sounds distorting for a second before he continues.

“As of thirty minutes ago, we had men placing stashes of weapons and supplies around town. So with that, the clock begins your seventy-two-hour countdown. Remember the rules. In order to win your prize, you must keep your mask on at all times. Must kill at least once, starting now. And of course, survive three days. With that, good luck. Only the strongest will survive.” The speaker cuts out before it's followed by sirens blaring.

I look at my brothers, knowing the real trials have begun .

“Guess our nap time is over.” I say, my voice sounding muffled by my gas mask. Riot's cheeks lift in a smile as he rubs his hands together.

“Finally. I need my woman riding my cock already, again.” I roll my eyes at him, not that he can see me do it. The lenses on my mask are slightly tinted, and this room only allows so much light through the windows against the back wall.

His words have my mind imagining Ali sitting in my lap, staring down at me with her

big green eyes.

My hands would roam up her body until I reached her breast, needing to squeeze, pinch, and tweak her nipples until I had her begging for me to just fuck her.

I would glide my lips across her skin, teasing her, until she shook with need.

Then and only then, when her pussy was dripping wet, crying for me to thrust into her, would I give her what she wanted.

I would thrust so deep into her that she would feel me for days.

If she was a good girl and behaved, I would even let her come first. Not that I think she knows how to behave.

I can picture Ali being a brat, just to spite me. And I would love every second of it.

I'm pulled from my daydream when Cash bumps me. "You good, bro?" I nod, turning to the door, reaching down, and readjust myself. I didn't even realize I was hard and ready to go. Damn, I almost feel like a teenage boy jerking off to porn because a real woman still scares me.

The part of town that we are situated at is still quiet, but I doubt anything is stashed near us.

One of us would have heard someone nearby if that was the case, so we start forward towards the more concentrated part of town.

We make our way behind and between buildings as we move closer, all of us keeping an eye out for any sudden attacks.

Everyone will be out and about looking for supplies after my father's lovely announcement.

All is fair in love and war after all, and my father just made it clear? it's every man for himself.

Just as we are passing another fully intact building, I hear a feminine yelp, a grunted curse, and a loud thunk.

I pause, listening harder. There, another feminine cry of pain.

The guys pause next to me, probably hearing it too.

Fuck. Without a word, I turn on my heel and head for the front of the building.

One thing me and the guys can't stand is harming a woman.

We understand that this is all one big death game and that some women in the trial wouldn't hesitate to kill any of us, but the three of us stand by our values. And women are off-limits to us.

I enter what looks like an old bank, the sounds of a struggle coming louder from the back area.

We head in that direction, me in the lead as we creep along.

I keep my steps quiet, wanting to get the jump on whoever might be inside.

When I reach a half-torn-off door, hanging on by a hinge, I pause, pressing my back to the wall.

The guys follow suit as we wait and listen.

“Stupid bitch. You shouldn’t have done that.” A male voice growls.

“Oh yeah, eat a dick.” A female voice, one that I know, chuckles back.

I can feel Riot tense beside me, but I place my hand out to stop him from moving forward.

Giving him a small shake of my head, I tap my ear twice, telling him to wait and listen.

His eyes narrow at me before he gives me a small nod in return.

“Look, you little cunt. We can either do this the easy way, and you can walk away alive, or the hard way, where you won’t leave this room at all.” Chuckles sound around the room, letting us know there are multiple threats inside.

There’s a soft thump followed by an even louder thump and a pained groan. “Fuck you and your tiny dick.” I smile at Ali’s words, picturing her kicking or punching the guy in said small dick.

“Hard way it is, we are going to enjoy this a lot more than you are.” There’s the sound of zippers undoing before a cry of pain and what sounds like a body hitting the floor.

Oh, hell no.

Before I can make a move, Riot is racing in, Cash and I on his heels.

I take in the scene before me and rage unlike anything I’ve ever felt courses through

my body.

Ali is lying on the floor, eyes half-lidded and barely conscious.

She's covered head to toe in dirt and small scraps.

Six men stand around the room, all with zippers or pants down, making it clear what they were all planning.

How dare they even think they were worthy of touching this woman?

How dare they think they could touch our woman?

Because that is what she is. We might not have talked about it yet, but it's an unspoken fact that she is ours now.

From the moment we saw her attacking a grown-ass man, we were interested.

Riot may have called first dibs, but the moment she told me she would cut off my balls, I knew I wanted her as well.

Not sure when Cash might have decided, but by the tension radiating off him, off all of us, it makes one thing very clear.

This woman, Ali, belongs to us, and threatening what's ours is a death wish.

"Who the fuck are you, and what do you want?" One of the fuckers asks, and I tilt my head down to Ali .

"Her." I say, plain and simple. The fucker grins under his black half mask, but it's his next words that seal his and his friend's fates.

What a stupid fucker.



thirteen

Riot

There's a moment in every man's life when he has to decide whether he wants to be a hero or a villain in his story.

The hero does good. He saves the day, helps old ladies cross the road, stops crime when he sees it, and says please and thank you.

The hero will find a woman worthy of his name, have a family of do-gooders and have picnics in the park.

He will work long, hard hours, probably complain about it, but knows he is a good, caring, and faithful man who provides for his family.

Then there is the villain. He does very bad things, but for what he thinks is a good reason.

Hell, sometimes he doesn't even need a reason.

He couldn't care less about the old lady but still helps her. He plans the crimes and hasn't said please or thank you in years, simply takes what he wants.

The villain is the man who will find a woman, place her on a pedestal, and worship the ground she walks on.

He will come home covered in blood just to show his wife he is keeping his family safe and provided for after a long day's work.

I'm a villain.

I've always known it. I was raised a heathen and told I could rule the world if I set it on fire myself.

See, I learned early on that people are afraid of crazy.

They act like it's contagious or something.

If you get too close to someone insane, you might catch it yourself.

It's not true. You can't catch crazy. No, if you get close enough, you end up dead.

I imagined a lot of things could have been happening when we heard a feminine yelp.

None of the things were good, which is why we came to check it out.

We all might not blink at cold-blooded killing, but harming a woman is crossing a line in our book.

Yes, even criminals like us can have a moral compass.

Arsen's family deals in skin and doesn't currently give women an option.

Which is why we want to officially take over.

We have an entire plan on how to rebuild the Hellfire Society.

Our fathers won't approve, but they won't be able to do anything once we take our rightful thrones.

Before rushing in, we waited to see what was really going on.

We can't go getting ahead of ourselves in the middle of death games.

For all we know, it could be a trap. What decent man, with actual balls, wouldn't rush to save a woman?

But then the voice that's haunted my dreams since last night spoke, and my entire body tensed, ready to rush in without a thought.

Arsen, being the rational one, had us wait, which is irritating but understandable. We don't know what we are up against.

Play it smart, Riot. Our wife could be in serious trouble if we don't play this right.

I tried to hold back, kinda. But when I heard one fucker threaten my woman, zippers undoing and the sound of someone being hit, there was no holding back. I was going to slaughter every single last one of them for even looking at my little beastie.

I race around Arsen and enter the doorway. I immediately count six men, all in an array of undress. One already has his limp dick hanging out.

You know, I thought nothing was possible of boiling my blood, getting me to the point of seeing a pure red angry haze.

I've always been the reckless, crazy one, yeah, but I've never been blacked out with rage.

But as I take in the scene before me, that is what I feel.

Like the fires of hell are surrounding me, but not burning me. No, giving me power.

Arsen and Cash come rushing in after me, and everyone is still. Them taking us in; us taking them in. Ali is lying on the floor, her body covered in grime and small smears of blood.

That better be someone else's blood.

All six men are wearing suits and what I think are president masks, if the top hat and Lincoln-looking beard is any clue. The George Washington-looking guy is the first one to speak.

“Who the fuck are you and what do you want?” he asks, turning to face the three of us and steps slightly in front of Ali, as if trying to hide her.

Arsen shifts next to me. “Her.” is all he says, and my fists clench in anticipation of what this fucker is going to say.

Honestly, even if he handed my wife over with no issues, he wouldn't be leaving this room alive.

None of them are, but it's Washington's next words that have every frayed fabric of my sanity snapping.

He chuckles, glancing down at Ali before straightening his posture towards us. “You can have a turn after me and my boys.”

The knife Ali stabbed me with earlier is out and flying through the air within seconds.

Its blade hits home, sliding through Washington's head like a hot knife through butter.

The moment the man's body slumps to the ground, chaos ensues.

The three of us have the advantage of not having our pants around our ankles, literally and figuratively.

Three of the soon-to-be-dead again presidents have weapons, but me and the guys are faster.

Fists collide as we disarm the weapon holders.

Arsen grabs a bat from one and starts swinging away.

Cash doesn't even bother using a weapon, diving headfirst into a fist-to-fist fight with two of them.

We force them to shift back, away from the unmoving Ali, still unconscious in the middle of the room.

I approach the one who already had his dick out.

He is scrambling to pull his pants up as I unwind my stolen chain and swing.

The non-semi clean chain wraps around Richard Nixon's head right before I yank him to me.

He stumbles forward before losing his balance and falling to the floor.

Being partly smart, he turns over to face me head-on, but that's where he makes his

mistake.

He never got his pants up in time, and his dick is still shriveled up in the wind.

Before he can process what I'm doing, my foot is up, and I'm stomping on his tiny micropenis.

Then, like music to my ears, he screams as I grind my booted foot into his groin.

I don't stop until I hear a small pop, and blood gushes under my boot.

Nixon has already passed out from the pain, pussy, so I step back and glance down in disgust.

I must have zoned out the rest of the room because when I finally turned, the last four presidents are dead again. Cash and Arsen are breathing heavily, but no worse for wear. Knowing the threat is now gone, my eyes snap to the whole reason we are here. Ali.

"Fuck, baby." I rush back to her, kneeling down and swiping the hair away from her mask and face.

My assessment of dirt was right. She is covered, like she might have slept in it.

She needs a bath. I wonder if she would let me join.

Maybe I could tell her I can wash her back.

I shake my head at those thoughts. I run my hands down her body, making sure she's not seriously injured.

The blood I noticed before is dried, and there are no obvious cuts, so I don't think it's her blood.

I frown when my hands run down her back and I can feel raised, rough marks.

Marks that feel familiar. The rage that was dissipating starts to simmer. Who the fuck did this to her?

I feel Cash and Arsen shift behind me. Probably making sure our guests stay dead and checking them and the room for supplies.

I shift Ali so that she's tucked in my arms, something softer than this hard, uneven floor.

Her head plops against my chest, and I see these assholes gave her a busted lip and bruised cheek.

If they weren't already dead, I would torture the ever-loving fuck out of them. Damn me and my impulsive choices.

"Alright, let's get her back to camp. I'm sure she will wake up swinging, so let's get her comfortable, and then two of us can go out for more supplies.

She might react better if only one of us is there when she wakes up.

" Cash says, stepping up to me. I cradle Ali tighter against my chest, letting him know I have her.

He gives me a nod before leaning down and grabbing the knife still stuck in Washington's head.

It releases with a slurp sound, but none of us bat an eye.

With everything gathered and ready to go, we make our way back to where we camped last night.

Glancing back down at my little beastie, I take her in.

She looks so serene right now. Nothing like the feral woman I first laid eyes on.

A thought occurs then. We finally caught the feral little thing.

That means she's mine. Ours. Leaning down, I press my lips to hers for a second.

I think I see her eyelids flutter, but she remains unconscious.

"Finders keepers, Ali." I tell her. Soon she will wake up and realize what that truly means.



*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

fourteen

Ali

“Finders keepers, Ali.” The words float through my mind like a boat in a storm, rocking back and forth.

Everything is fuzzy right now, but the first thing I noticed when I came to seconds ago was that I was being carried.

Not dragged, not thrown over someone’s shoulder like a sack of potatoes, but carried in a bridal hold as if whoever was holding me was being gentle.

I keep my body relaxed, eyes closed, as I try to figure out what happened and what is going on.

My body aches, but I did sleep on the ground in a pile of dirt.

And sleep is a loose term when I could hear bodies moving out and about throughout the night.

Even the gentle breeze of the wind would wake me.

The last thing I remembered was hearing the loudspeaker come on, someone telling us that the actual count was now beginning and that weapons and supplies had been spread throughout this new hellhole.

When the voice disappeared and the siren rang, I debated long and hard whether to venture out.

It was a risk, one I wasn't sure was worth it, but, in the end, needing supplies or at least some type of weapon won out.

Most of the contenders I'd seen hunting the shadows have all been decent sized men, and I'm confident in my skills, but I'm only one woman.

If I were the one who ran into the group of thugs last night instead of muzzle guy Riot, I wouldn't be standing here.

I have seen none of the other women I caught glimpses of in the cages and train, but they were probably doing the smart thing and hiding.

But I wasn't that type, so I pulled up my big girl, metaphorical panties and went out to search for something.

I was only a few minutes into my search when I saw a group of men heading in my direction.

After ducking into the nearest building, I kept my steps as quiet as possible, thinking I had moved fast enough.

Moving quickly to a back room, I prepared to wait out the passing group, only to realize I wasn't fast enough as I heard footsteps and chuckles coming through the wall.

Despite being outnumbered as they closed in on me, I was ready to go down fighting. Hopefully take one or two with me.

This was supposed to be every man or woman for themselves, but this is the second largest group I've come across since I was shoved off the damn moving train. Something wasn't adding up, or this "game" was rigged from the start.

When they saw I wasn't going to just back down and cower, they gave me a choice.

Suck their dicks and I can go free, or I can put up a fight, and they will choose my punishment.

I wanted to laugh at the absurdity of it all.

I was surrounded by six long-dead president-looking fuckers, telling me I either suck them off and live or fight, and they will take me anyway before probably killing me. Choices, choices.

One of the assholes grabbed me by my hair and yanked my head back, causing a yelp to leave my throat. On instinct, I spun around and punched him in the face. My knuckles throb, but when I hear a nice little crack, I grin.

"Stupid bitch. You shouldn't have done that." One of the jerks growls behind me. I spin in his direction, but with everyone's face covered, it's hard to tell who said it.

"Oh yeah, eat a dick." I say, more to them at large, but it lets me know who just spoke when said fuckface takes a step forward.

"Look, you little cunt. We can either do this the easy way, and you can walk away alive, or the hard way, where you won't leave this room at all.

" Chuckles sound around the room, and I swear my eye twitches in irritation when the asshole reaches down and grabs his junk.

Why are some men such pigs? No one would want to touch him with a ten-foot pole with that disgusting attitude.

Without much thought, I take a small step forward and send my foot flying, hitting the idiot right between the legs. “Fuck you and your tiny dick.” The small-dick man’s hands fly to cover his now bruised balls before he slams to his knees.

Another guy steps up before calling out, “Hard way it is. We are going to enjoy this a lot more than you are.” The sound of belt buckles and zippers undoing echoes around the wall, and a strike of fear shoots through my body.

I freeze, and that is exactly what this new fuckface was waiting for because the next thing I know, a fist is flying at my face, and I know I don’t have time to react.

Like a car hitting a wall at 100 MPH, I crash to the floor, my head hitting hard as I cry out in pain.

My vision instantly goes blurry as I see three new shadows enter the doorway.

My last thought before I accept the darkness is, this is going to hurt like a bitch .

N ow I’m being carried by some mystery person.

My body swaying with their every step. My face hurts more than childbirth; not that I would know, but I’ve heard rumors, and I’m beyond exhausted.

Would it be so bad to just die already? The only thing I can think is about to happen is they are moving me to a more secure area so they aren’t interrupted.

Honestly, this wouldn’t be happening to me right now if I had a dick and balls.

Maybe I can play off of that, tell them I'm actually a very pretty dude.

Even just the thought of that coming from my mouth is laughable.

My tits are 100% grade A natural. Plus, there is no way in hell I could tuck any type of dangling object between my legs with what I'm wearing.

"You can stop pretending you're asleep now.

" My body tenses involuntarily at the man's words.

Fuck, I'm so dead. Wait. His voice. "Open those pretty eyes for me, little beastie." I know that voice.

That's...that's... "Come on, wife, didn't you miss your husband?

" My eyes fly open, my body buckling in Riot's arms. I almost tumble out of them, but he catches me at the last second.

"Calm down, we're not going to hurt you.

" My eyes snap to his. My head swimming with confusion at his words. We're? Who is we?

Before I can ask, Riot lets out a chuckle and gently places me down onto the floor. I expect it to be hard and cold, but I'm surprised when I'm placed on a pile of worn, dirty blankets. My confusion only deepens as Riot steps away, and I have a chance to take in the room we're in.

Just like the rest of the town, it's a run-down mess, but the walls and window seem to be intact. Piles of trash and debris litter the floor but seem to have been swept to the

side. There's a small makeshift fire pit currently holding only red embers. That must have been nice last night.

Movement to my right has me snapping my head in that direction.

How could I be so stupid? Riot just said we, as in multiple people with him.

With the windows providing enough light to light up the room, I see three men standing against the wall.

All watching me like hawks; at least I think they are because I can only see Riot's eyes above his muzzle.

Next to him is a slightly taller man, whom I realize is the creepy fuck who just stood there and watched me get attacked by a killer clown last night.

Now with more light, I can see he is wearing simple blue jeans, a zip-up hoodie, and hand wraps like the ones I use when I fight.

His hoodie is still up, but his mask is better seen now.

It's an all-black, faceless mask; now it makes sense why he seemed so creepy before.

Not seeing someone's facial expression makes me nervous.

The last guy is the same size as Riot, wearing gray cargo pants and high-laced combat boots.

He is only wearing a black leather jacket that hides absolutely nothing about his lickable chest. Fuck no, Ali.

Crazy is not our type. He is rocking a gas mask that also covers his entire face, but something about this guy seems strangely familiar.

Also, what kind of bullshit is this that every man I've seen so far, other than the one guy that was humping Riot's back, has all been in tactical or appropriate fighting attire? While I'm over here looking like I'm about to go on stage to give them a show. Totally not fair.

"What am I doing here?" I glance around the room again, looking for anything I might be able to use as a weapon if these three turn out to be perverts.

Though that makes me disturbed since I did fuck one of them after killing someone.

Then I stabbed him in the leg and took off. Shit, he might be salty about that.

"We won't hurt you, Ali cat." I glare at the faceless man because Ali Cat, really? As if he senses my annoyance, he shrugs, throwing his hands up. "Kitty has claws." I can practically hear the grin in his tone, and I want to wipe it clean.

"We saved you, wife." Riot says next, taking a step towards me. I roll my eyes. Wife? This again?

"I'm not your wife." I grind out. Why do I always attract the crazy ones? Riot just nods his head, continuing to slowly get closer.

"Ri, man. I don't think she is ready to take on your full crazy just yet." The third guy says, and I know that voice too. Even muffled by the mask, I can tell that it is the asshole who brought me this stupid outfit in the first place, Arsen.

As Riot takes yet another casual step forward, I spot an opportunity of a lifetime.

I have one chance to pull this off. I lean away, making myself look small and afraid, unassuming.

This move causes Riot to pause right where I need him.

He turns to look back at his friends, trying to figure out why the sudden change, giving me my chance.

It's now or never. With Riot turned away, I surge forward, grabbing the knife tucked into Riot's sweats.

In three seconds flat, I'm up behind him, blade held to his throat, and turning to face the other two.

I'm not sure what I expected to happen next, but it wasn't Riot giving me a full-body shiver following a low sexual moan. The sound sending zaps of electricity to my core.

"See, I told you she was the perfect wife."



## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

fifteen

Ali

“ S top calling me that!” I growl, trying not to press the blade in deeper with my annoyance.

“But that’s what you are. My wife.” Riot says, hands held up in a non-threatening manner. “I can show you. I have the marriage certificate in my pocket.” I stiffen at that.

“Bullshit. I’ve never met you before last night, and I only met your other friend yesterday as well.

” I glance at the man in the gas mask. “Isn’t that right, Arsen?

” Fuck, I hope I’m right or I sound as crazy as Riot does right now.

The guy who I’m pretty sure is Arsen shrugs, but it’s the faceless asshole that speaks next.

“A kitty with claws and brains.” Ever so slowly, the man moves his hands up towards his face before removing his mask.

My breath almost catches in my throat. Holy shit, he’s gorgeous.

The man is a walking, talking wet dream with his dirty blonde hair that is short on the

side and longer on top.

He has icy blue eyes that seem to try to stare into my soul.

Then, for whatever reason, probably to tease and show off, he unzips his hoodie to show me his bare chest. His tatted, yummy, lickable bare chest that leads down to a six-pack and a cute little happy trail.

NO ALI. HE WATCHED YOU GET ATTACKED BY A KILLER CLOWN. NO TOXIC MEN ALLOWED!!!

Before my brain can catch up or I can say anything, Arsen removes his mask.

Of course, he looks just as good as he did the other night.

Except this version is more rugged and not refined in a dress shirt.

His chest bare, tattoos and abs on full display.

His hair falls forward, the chocolate brown red tip mess shifting into his light gray eyes as he grins over at me, white teeth on full display.

I glare back at him. He is still on my shit list for making me have to wear this uncomfortable outfit.

“Kitty?” he questions, eyeing his friend. “Nah, she’s a wildfire, aren’t you, Ali?” Then he winks. Who the fuck winks anymore?

“She’s my wife.” Riot sneers. Then he’s moving.

I must have been distracted or something because the next thing I know, Riot is

pushing my arm with the blade up while grabbing my other arm with it.

I want to fight back, but then he pushes me up against the wall with my arms above my head and his face next to my neck.

Riot takes a deep inhale before snarling.

He shifts so that one hand is holding both my arms, and with his other, he rips off his muzzle before shoving his face back into my neck to inhale again.

“Fuck, you smell so good.” A shiver races down my spine as my skin erupts out in goosebumps.

He lets out a low, deep moan before reaching down into his sweatpants.

The sound of crinkling paper can be heard before he places the folded-up paper at my chest and steps away.

On instinct, I grab the paper, but I keep my eyes trained on the beautiful bastard.

Because of course he is just as good-looking without his mask.

“Go ahead, Wife. Take a look.” The way Riot says wife sends a different kind of chill down my spine.

The uneasy, foreboding kind. With sweaty palms and numb fingers, I slowly unfold the slip of paper, keeping the three men in my peripheral.

When I finally get it untangled and flat, my eyes glide over the words.

Once. Twice. Three times for good measure because the words aren’t reading right.

This is indeed a marriage certificate saying that Ali Black is married to Riot Parker.

And there at the bottom is a scary similar signature to mine.

NO.

No, this can't be real.

I would have remembered marrying a crazy man. Right?

But the proof is in the ink, and this ink looks very convincing.

“How the hell is this possible?” I ask, still staring wide-eyed at this simple piece of paper. My voice comes out more shocked than anything.

Riot smiles with a shrug. “Anything is possible if you want it badly enough.” I frown at his obvious nonanswer.

“The moment I saw you, I knew you were mine, and I wanted you in every way possible. So, I found the right people to get the job done. I figured out your name with the help of my friend.” He nods to his right, Arsen.

“Then it was just greasing the right hands and voila, you're my legal wife.

” His smug smile lifts impossibly higher, as does my anger .

What is with some men thinking they can just snap their stupid fingers and things can just happen?

For half a second, I think about stabbing him again, but from the smirk he has aimed at me, I think he can see my thoughts.

Slowly, I take a deep breath, trying to give myself some type of calm.

I have bigger problems than a fake marriage certificate right now.

Because this has to be fake, but more importantly, this can't be legal.

Later Ali problem. I close my eyes to focus.

I need to figure out what my next move is.

A chunk of hair falls into my face, and I lift my hand to move it out of the way.

My fingers hit my stupid mask, and I frown.

Mask. Rule number one: must wear the outfit and mask provided to you.

Masks must be worn at all times, or you will be disqualified.

Then it dawns on me. The three of them just took off their masks.

I narrow my eyes at them as my thoughts shift through possible scenarios of who these guys are and what they want with me, but when everything and nothing comes to mind all at once, I finally decide to ask. "Who are you guys?"

I watch them all for any sign of attack, but all three seem relaxed.

As if they are trying to seem less threatening than they really are.

When everyone just stares at each other, I get annoyed, crumpling the "marriage certificate" as I throw it at Riot.

“Look, I don’t know what kind of twisted game you three are playing, but I’m not your wife.

” I point at Riot. “I currently want to follow through with cutting off your balls for making me wear this skimpy thing.” I shift my finger to Arsen.

“And you’re just a creepy asshole who let a crazy killer clown attack me.

” Last, I point at the good-looking jerk who still hasn’t told me his name but somehow knows mine.

“So, I’m going to need answers now, or I’m going to start stabbing. ”

I have to hold back my smirk when I watch Arsen cover his crotch. Riot grins like a psycho, and their friend crosses his arms over his chest with a glare.

“We’re in a dead zone for cameras.” I just blink at him.

Cameras? Of course they are recording this shitshow.

“Look, I’m Cash. And none of us are going to hurt you.

We actually saved your ass.” When I roll my eyes in response, I swear I see his eye twitch.

“You know what, fine; you want the truth?” I nod, crossing my own arms over my chest. Which I realized was a bad idea because that move only shoves up my already barely contained tits.

Three sets of eyes zero in on the move, but being the stubborn bitch I am right now, I don’t let them make me feel uncomfortable. No, I call them out .

“Yeah, I’m a woman with tits, moving on.”

Riot doesn’t even bother to look away or even seem embarrassed. The asshole just licks his lips like a dog staring at a dino bone. Arsen and Cash, on the other hand, shrug but avert their stares.

Cash clears his throat. “The three of us are here voluntarily. We,” he circles his finger to encompass them all.

“Come from the founding families that started this game. We call them the Hellfire Trials. Our families are part of the Hellfire Society. A society that runs part of the west coast and is growing daily. This game is put on to test the incoming leadership so they can prove they have what it takes to rule their family name.” I lift a brow in an unspoken question, or maybe surprise. I’m not sure yet.

“So, you three are the reasons I was kidnapped and thrown into this hellhole?” I question, my blade now raised and pointed at them in an unspoken threat. One that is taking every ounce of self-control to maintain.

“No, that would be our fathers’ doing. The ones we plan to take over for. We disagree with this game just as much as you do, but that is the way of our society.” Arsen says, once more shrugging like this is all no big deal and is just a minor inconvenience. Asshole .

“Why me?” I ask the question that has swirled through my mind since the beginning.

Cash steps forward, the soft light coming through the dirty window lighting up his handsome face even more. “It wasn’t supposed to be you, from what I understand, but you happened to be in the wrong place at the right time.”

“Lucky me.” I try to process all the information, what little they’ve given me, but I

can't seem to focus.

So many questions bounce around in my head, and when I try to figure out the right one to ask, it slips through my fingers.

I'm so exhausted. Not fully sleeping for the last week and then being thrown into a cat-and-mouse hunting game does that to a woman.

They must see it in me, the fatigue, the emotion and information overload, because Riot mumbles something under his breath before stepping forward.

"You've had a rough few days, Wife..."

"I'm not your wife. Stop calling me that." I grind out, pointing my knife back up at him.

Riot's cheek must be hurting like crazy because once more his smile only widens at my words.

"You are my wife, till death do us part, Ali. It will be easier if you just accept it, but because we jumped headfirst into our love story, I'll give you a break.

" I glare at him, debating where I should stab him next.

"As I was saying, you've had a rough few days.

Why don't you take a nap? Get some rest, and one of us will be on watch the entire time.

When you wake, we can talk more and go over a plan.



” He sounds reasonable, and a part of me wants to believe and trust him.

Even if he is a complete stranger...that I fucked on an adrenaline high.

Ugh. Now is not the time for that conversation either.

“Fine. But if any of you come near me, I will stab you, cut off your balls, and shove them down your throat to choke on.” All three of them wince at my threat. I want to laugh, but I have zero strength left. With no other choice but to trust them, I concede with a wary nod.

“Good. You can take my spot over there.” Riot points to the corner to my left and furthest from the window. I shuffle my way over before sliding my back down the wall, making sure to keep them all in view. The moment I’m off my feet, the tension in my shoulders releases.

I close my eyes, telling myself I won’t really sleep.

I can’t. Not when I’m in a room full of wolves and I’m literally dressed like a bunny right now.

Something warm, soft, and smelling of a woodsy musk and dirt covers me.

I try to open my eyes, but the warmth and feeling of safety consume me, thrusting me into the ever-loving embrace of sleep.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

sixteen

Cash

What the fuck are we doing, and how the hell has it come to this?

When Ali grabbed Riot's knife and held it at his throat, demanding answers, I didn't know if I should be pissed off or turned on.

The fire in her gaze as she stared us down made my cock twitch.

I got even harder when her eyes caressed my body once I removed my mask.

There was a spark of interest there before Arsen had to go and take her attention away.

All the while, Riot stood there grinning like a damn idiot.

The psycho he is probably got off on having her threaten him with a knife.

Then the psycho had to pull out his marriage certificate like that would make her feel better about being in a room with three complete strangers after getting attacked by a group of dead presidents.

On top of all that, she is still in the trials and only knows it's every man for himself, so why would we help her?

She didn't take the news that she was officially chained to a psychopath all that well, but Riot didn't seem deterred.

After explaining a bit about who we are, you could tell she had hit a point of pure exhaustion.

There's no telling where she slept last night or if she even did.

She needed to rest if she wasn't going to become a liability to us.

We still had two more days of this bullshit to survive, and we didn't need any deadweight holding us back.

Then again, I did watch her kill a crazy clown with no hesitation.

I'm still lost in my thoughts of this woman when I hear Riot tell her to rest. "As I was saying, you've had a rough few days.

Why don't you take a nap? Get some rest, and one of us will be on watch the entire time.

When you wake, we can talk more and go over a plan.

" I glance over at Arsen and see him just as entranced by this woman as I am.

She narrows her eyes at us before holding the knife in our direction.

"Fine. But if any of you come near me, I will stab you, cut off your balls, and shove them down your throat to choke on." All three of us wince at her words.

I have no doubt none of us would let her cut off another's balls.

There's a brotherhood here, but her threat still hits its mark.

I'm almost convinced she really might be perfect for us, especially Riot.

Riot's wince turns into a triumphant grin before nodding to the spot he claimed last night.

"Good. You can take my spot over there." Ali eyes it with a small ounce of suspicion, but without another word, she shifts her body and edges towards the corner.

She keeps her eyes trained on us the entire time, watching, waiting for one of us to make a move.

When she reaches the corner, she turns her back to the wall and slowly slides her body down.

The moment her ass hits the dirty floor, you can almost see the tension leave her body.

Her big green eyes disappear behind fluttering lashes as exhaustion finally claims its victim.

Without even thinking, I move forward, sliding my black zip-up hoodie off my shoulders, and gently move to cover Ali with a makeshift blanket.

A soft, almost inaudible sigh leaves her lips as she succumbs to sleep.

Quietly, I step back, not wanting to disturb her any.

I nod at the guys to move to the furthest corner to speak.

The sun beats in through the window, semi-high in the sky, letting me know it's midafternoon.

Glancing over my shoulder to make sure Ali is still asleep, I speak.

"I believe we've come to the point that a conversation is needed.

I think I can speak for all of us. Ali is special.

I would also like to throw my metaphorical hat into the ring.

"I eye Riot, knowing he is the one who called "dibs".

We might have always talked about sharing a woman more than just in the bedroom, but I don't think any of us thought we might find one worth sharing more with.

Riot smirks before shrugging his shoulders nonchalantly. This makes me cock a brow in a silent question. "I can share, but she was my wife first. And it's up to her if she wants you two assholes." Rolling my eyes, I look towards Arsen. His eyes are watching Ali.

"It might take her some getting used to, but I think she could get behind the idea. As long as this fool doesn't scare her away." He nods his head in Riot's direction, who only scoffs at the statement.

"So it's settled. We are all interested and intrigued by this one woman." Grunts of agreement sound. "Then we agree here and now that we make a pact. If Ali accepts us, she becomes all of ours but does not come between us."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind her coming between us." Riot smirks, licking his lips like he is imagining her naked and laid out among us, needing and wanting. Fuckkkkkkk...

Now the image is playing in my head, causing my dick to chub up and rub against my jeans.

Clearing my throat, I try to focus on anything but a naked Ali and continue.

“Agreed, that would make a beautiful sight, but that will be entirely up to her. Just because she already fucked you doesn’t mean she will want to again anytime soon.

I think she is a little pissed about the marriage certificate. ”

“Yeah man, why the fuck did you bring that anyway?” Arsen asks, eyes still glued to Ali.

“She needed to know the truth. That she is my wife and I am her husband.” He shrugs again, like that makes perfect sense.

“Plus, this is kinda like a bachelor party, isn’t it?

” I cock a brow in a ‘what the fuck dude’, question.

“What’s a little murder and mayhem after a perfect union of a fate destined couple? ”

Arsen and I let out matching snorts. “Yeah, try explaining that to her.” I tell him.

“Anyway. Since our supply run was cut short, the two of us should go out and see what we can find. Focus on food and water, but also look for a few more weapons.” I rub at my two-day-old scruff.

“Ali has the knife. I doubt she will give it up now. Riot, you have your chain. See what else you can find in case we need it. I’ll stay with Ali, and before you complain, Ri, we don’t know who all is left out there.

I think your crazy out there is better suited than staying here.

” Riot looks like he wants to argue but instead just glares at me and nods.

Arsen clasps him on the shoulder. “Come on, big guy. I’m sure if you bring back goodies for Ali, you can brag about how you are good at providing for her.” This makes him perk up, as a wicked glint enters his eye.

I nod to both. “Be safe. I’ll give you two hours before I’m coming for you.

” I tell them, meaning it. Our fathers might have hinted that it would be better to take each other out because of some rumors, but our brotherhood is thicker than blood.

I watch as they head for the old, barely hanging-on door, but before they fully exit, they both look back at the woman who is now the unspoken center of our world.

Riot glances at me, a clear, silent statement or threat. Take care of her.

“I will.” I tell him, and then they are gone, and I’m left alone with Ali.

I stand there just watching her chest rise and fall.

Hoping that if I stare at her long enough, I might get some type of answer on why we all feel drawn to her.

We don’t even know her, and yet we all just agreed we want her and will protect her.

The three of us have bigger problems to deal with than this feisty little woman with claws.

With nothing else left to do, I take my own seat across the room.

It will be dark soon, and we will need to start a small fire again.

We will also need to explain more to Ali once she wakes up.

Taking a deep breath, I close my eyes to rest. I won't sleep, but I need to conserve energy when I can.

Rest doesn't come as smoothly as I would like because my mind swirls with thoughts of Ali. This damn woman.

What are you doing to us, my little Ali cat?



## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:58 am*

seventeen

Riot

Arsen's and my little adventure bore great tidings.

I was a bit excited to come back and share all my goodies with my wife.

Maybe she would be so impressed we could go for a round two, or maybe a blow job.

When we stumbled across a decently hidden stash within the first hour, we debated about heading back then and there.

But with the four of us needing sustenance like food and water, we made the decision to keep looking.

The first stash had two water bottles, a single granola bar, and a taser gun.

It was an odd weapon, but hey, who am I to judge when I carried around a chain.

As we continued to search, we crossed paths with a small group of four men, all carrying backpacks.

Backpacks meant some supplies. Supplies we need and want.

So, with little thought, we had taken the men out, stolen their goods, and were headed back all within Cash's deadline.

Honestly, I didn't even break a sweat, which was a little sad. I was hoping these trials would be more of a challenge. But the only challenge so far has been convincing Ali that she's my wife.

By the time we got back to the building we claimed, the sun was starting to set. Entering the room, I hold up the backpacks, smiling wide, like a knight presenting the dragon's head he just slayed. "Daddy's home."

Arsen, who entered before me, spins on his heel and glares.

"Shut the fuck up, you idiot. Ali is still asleep." I frown, leaning to the side to look for myself.

Sure enough, there's my Ali, curled up into a ball on a ratty old blanket.

Cash's hoodie is being used as a cover and the knife she was holding earlier; she's cuddling it.

If I didn't know she was already perfect, I do now.

"Awww... She looks so cute." I whisper, but Cash snorting has me turning in his direction.

"Yeah, like a kitten. All cute and cuddly, but the moment you wake her, she will strike, and that kitty has sharp claws." I grin ear to ear at that because he isn't wrong. "How did you guys do?" he asks, nodding to our bags.

"Not bad, found one small stash, but the backpacks are from a small group we crossed paths with. We haven't checked them yet.

" Arsen replies, heading for where Cash is seated with the two bags he was carrying.

I waver for a second, wanting to head in Ali's direction, but Cash is probably right.

Waking her could end badly for me, and I don't think another stab wound will help our relationship any.

With that wise decision made, I move towards the guys before we start to take inventory.

Hours later, and I'm midway through my lookout shift.

Ali is still passed out across the room, only tossing and turning here and there.

Cash and Arsen are napping as well while I take post near the window.

The fire in the middle of the room burns with low flames and embers.

Enough to give off some warmth in the enclosed space, but not enough light to give away our positions.

We barred the door with an old metal chair we found in one of the other rooms, but with the entire town wasting away, it wouldn't take more than a strong wind to knock over the actual door.

Add in the grime build up on the windows; not much of the firelight can be seen, regardless.

The sun sits just past the horizon, the early morning light flickering over the far-off hills.

As I'm scanning the outside area for movement, for like the millionth time, the crackling of a loudspeaker echoes around the town.

Cash, Arsen, and Ali all jump up, weapon or fists at the ready.

I tap my ear twice, then point to the window in a listen outside motion.

All three move closer as my father's voice comes through, a voice filled with cold excitement.

"Attention participants. Congratulations on surviving day one of the trials." There's the sound of clapping, only making me roll my eyes.

The drama. "The official kill count is roughly one hundred and forty-three. Very impressive. With that being said, we've decided to change the rules a bit.

" I frown, turning to look at my brothers in arms in confusion.

Did they know about a rule change? The rules have been set for generations.

"Moving forward, only five of you may leave the arena alive. Last night, instead of additional supplies being added, we've placed weapon caches around town.

The only catch is they are placed in chests with time locks on them.

" He lets out a chuckle, the sound crackling over the speakers and sounding more like white noise.

"You only have an hour to access them. But that's not all.

A surprise is roaming the town, so be quick.

Good luck, volunteers and remember that the last five standing will become rich beyond their dreams." He lets out another dark chuckle that is abruptly cut off when

the sound of sirens ring out.

The sound even sending chills down my back.

“What the fuck is all that about?” Ali says, her green eyes bouncing between the three of us in accusations.

“Believe it or not, we don’t have a clue. The rules to the trials haven’t changed since the original game. This makes little sense to any of us,” Arsen tells her, but she is already shaking her head in denial.

“You,” she points at Cash. “You said you three come from the twisted fucks that created this fucking hell. And you’re saying you had no idea that they were only going to let five of us walk out of here alive.

” Ali’s mask fell off sometime in her sleep, allowing us to get a full view of her perfect face.

And I can’t lie, a barefaced, angry-looking Ali is hot.

“We are telling you the truth. We didn’t know anyone was going to change the rules.

But it makes sense the more I think about it.

I’ve had my suspicions that our families are trying to pit us against each other.

Why? I have no idea. Our great-great-grandfathers started the Hellfire Society together.

It’s always been our families managing business together.

But lately, it's felt like something more has been going on," Cash explains, and I nod along.

He isn't wrong. The last time we talked, the night before the trials began, we realized all of our families had said something along the lines of rumors or suspicions they have that the other families are making moves against them.

But none of it makes sense. We are a triad business adventure.

Without one of us, the other two will fall.

No matter what contingency plans they have in place.

It only works if we all carry our weight equally.

"Well, maybe your fathers are assholes and want to get rid of you. It wouldn't be the first time a father sold out their own flesh and blood.

" A look passes over Ali's face, but before I can figure it out, it's gone.

I make a mental note to look into her past because the way she just spoke sounds like she knows from experience .

The room falls silent, and when I look up, expecting Cash or even Arsen to deny the claim, I realize none of us can say for certain. Does it make sense that our fathers would want to kill us off? No. We are the heirs to the Hellfire throne. Without us, there is no one to take over.

"Let's discuss this later. You heard your father, Ri.

We have less than an hour to find a weapon cache.

And who knows what surprises they left for us.

Remember, this trial was designed to test us more than anything.

” Cash says, moving to grab a backpack. Most of the backpacks had water, snacks, and a few first aid or survival items. We only found one other knife, but at least everyone has a weapon now.

Ali and Cash will both carry blades, Arsen has a baseball bat, and I have my chain.

“Wait!” Ali holds up her hands. “If these ‘games’ are to test the three of you, why the hell should I be seen with you all?” It’s a valid question on her part, but also a dumb one.

Does she really think I would let my wife wander around an area full of criminals and hunters alike?

Does she not remember what we saved her from just yesterday?

What could have happened to her if we hadn’t showed up?

I open my mouth to tell her all that, but Cash beats me to it.

“Listen here, Ali cat,” she sneers at his new nickname for her.

“If it wasn’t for us, you wouldn’t be here right now.

Those men yesterday weren’t going to just have some fun, get their dicks wet, and leave you.

No, not when it’s the last one standing.

One less person alive means a bigger payday for whoever is left.

Unlike those pieces of trash, we have morals.

Women and children are crossing the line.

” He steps forward into her space, and when she doesn’t step back, only squares her shoulders, I grin like a madman getting front-row seats to a once-in-a-lifetime show.

I wish I had popcorn. “I thought going slow was our best bet, letting you come to us, but I’ve changed my mind.

Let me make something perfectly clear to you.

” He glances over at Arsen and me with an unspoken question.

We both nod in agreement; this needs to happen.

Cash grins. “The three of us have decided that we all want you.” Ali’s head jerks back in surprise, maybe horror, but Cash continues on.

“You are legally married to Riot, remember? Which means there is no escaping us now. If you run, we will chase. If you hide, we will seek. You belong to us now, and if you want to make it out of here alive, you will behave. Then when we make it out of here; alive, you’ll be rewarded like a good girl.

” I watch Ali for her reaction to Cash’s blunt words, but she gives nothing else away except for the gasp of surprise moments ago.

After a tense minute or so, our feral woman grins.



“You’re going to regret this, but I’ll play.

For now.” I rub my hands together excitedly.

When Cash told her she was ours, I thought I would be jealous.

I called dibs first, after all, but it did the exact opposite.

I’m as hard as stone right now. Reaching down, I readjust myself, knowing we don’t have time for a quickie, not that our woman is in a giving mood anyway. We have caches to raid and men to kill.

“I call partners with my wife.” I say, my hand shooting into the air like I’m waiting for a teacher to acknowledge me.

Ali rolls her eyes but shrugs, mumbling an annoyed “Whatever.” Bending down, I grab the extra backpack and hand it over to our girl.

“There’s not much, but there’s some water and snacks to hold you over.

” For a long second, she just stares at me before grabbing the bag and giving me the most beautiful smile I’ve ever seen.

It’s like Cupid just shot an arrow through my black heart. Fuck, that smile is dangerous.

“Five minutes, then we head out.” Cash tells us, taking out his own water bottle.

From my peripheral, I see Ali making a face and mimicking Cash in a quiet tone.

The drink I just took shoots from my nose as I let out a laugh.

Coughing, I try to cover my laughter. The others ignore me, but Ali smirks before grabbing a granola bar and quickly scarfing it down.

Once we all had some type of nutrients and water, we geared up.

Without a word, we head out. Cash and Arsen move to the left while Ali and I take the right.

Twenty minutes later, we still haven't found a weapons cache or another living soul.

We turn the corner to an old library. Old books and torn-up loose pages spill from the front.

Broken glass litters the ground as we keep moving, but a sound from the next alleyway has me pausing.

Moving as one, and like we do this on the regular, we shift so that our backs are against the old building and listen.

Multiple footsteps are getting closer. A tap on my shoulder has me glancing back at Ali, who is grinning as she lowers herself to a kneel.

I frown in confusion before I spot a small mirror in her hand.

It was one of the items we found in the pack last night.

Slowly, she inches in front of me and places the mirror so that she can see around the corner.

Suddenly she jerks back, eyes wide as she stands, pulling out her blade as she drags me back until we are further from the alley.

“What is it?” I whisper .

“Trouble. Ten or so men, tactical and armed. I spotted a few guns, so they came to play. Is this the surprise your father mentioned? If so, I hate to think about what you get on holidays.” I snort. If only she knew.

“Guns are not permitted.” I say as if that fixes our problem.

“Oh really. Want to go tell them that?” She glances over back towards the alley. “We don’t have a choice. I have a feeling these guys are here to help downsize the pool, so what’s our move?” She has a point and is probably right. Slowly, my lips tick up in a grin.

“Well, only one thing to do.” In a flash, I reach forward, grabbing Ali’s face and smashing my lips to hers.

She is frozen for half a second before she is kissing me back with just as much ferocity.

Pulling away, I’m almost left breathless.

“Ready?” I ask as Ali’s lust-filled eyes focus.

She nods, a wickedly evil grin matching my own.

Before either of us moves, Ali speaks, her words stunning me before what I think is my heart skipping a beat. “I bet I can kill more of them than you.” The challenging twinkle in her eyes confirms everything I already thought. Ali is perfect for us.

“You’re on.”

eighteen

Cash

Well, there's no taking back the words I said to Ali.

I wasn't wrong when I told her she wouldn't be here without us.

We saved her from that group, and I have no doubts that she would have been killed after they all got what they wanted from her.

Then telling her she was now ours. I wanted to take it slow at first, give her some time to maybe wrap her head around us hinting at her being with the three of us, but that all flew out of the metaphorical window.

I don't even know what came over me. It was like I had to make it clear she was now ours, whether or not she liked it.

The woman drives me crazy, making me lose control of all my logical thoughts .

We still know little to nothing about this woman, yet here we are, staking our claim like a damn dog pissing on its territory.

I also wasn't lying when I said, "If you run, we will chase. If you hide, we will seek." Somehow, I know all three of us would hunt Ali down to the end of the earth if she decided to run, then proceed to drag her little ass back kicking and screaming with a smile on our faces.

A small part of me wants to see her try.

Having Riot obsessed is one thing, but now, all three of us.

Ha. We're basically an annoying splinter so embedded into her skin she will need to get us surgically removed. At least I would love to see her try.

When we split up at the entryway, Arsen and I head to the right. We keep to the shadows, a blade in my hand, while Arsen twirls his bat. Along the way, we check a couple of buildings, deciding if we cross paths with anyone else, it will be best to kill them now.

The rule change is a bit of a curveball for us. Not a single one of our fathers mentioned it. And that's odd for men who seem to be trying to pit us against each other. This makes me wonder what different kind of game they are playing.

We come across an open area, maybe an old town square, and pause. Glancing around the barren space, I take stock of the buildings and watch for any movement. When I see none, I turn to Arsen.

"What do you think?" I ask as he finishes his inspection.

"I don't know, man. Do you think it's odd that we haven't run into anyone yet?"

How many buildings have we searched and only found a few bodies?

"He shakes his head in thought, but he's right.

This town seemed like a decent size, but most of the structures are barely standing, others are just crumbling piles of bricks and wood, and we haven't found another living soul.

I knew it would thin out the most the first night, with everyone trying to find safety and supplies.

But to not cross anyone on day 2 just feels wrong.

“I think you’re right. Something more is going on here.

The sudden rule change and now the town being so quiet.

” My eyes dart around the area again. “Let’s move forward, get what we came for, and meet back with the others.

Maybe they’ll find something else.” I shrug my shoulders.

“Who knows, maybe all our missing people are on their side of town. I’m sure Riot and Ali are having a blast.” I roll my eyes at my own words.

“Regardless, keep your eyes open. I still have a bad feeling about all this. ”

Less than a minute after the words leave my mouth, a group of seven or so men turn a corner on the other side of the square. All dressed in head-to-toe black tactical gear and armed to the nines. “Fuck.” I whisper, stepping back and shoving Arsen with me.

“What the fuck is that shit?” Arsen murmurs, the sound distorted through his gas mask.

“Fuck. I don’t know, but that’s new and probably the surprise Henry mentioned.” I can hear the shuffling of feet off in the distance.

“I feel like we would have seen these guys if they were already in the games, right?” Arsen asks, shifting his bat in his grip, ready for an attack.

I nod. “Yeah, but their matching tactical gear and weapons are what give them away. Guns have never been permitted. They want the trials to be bloody and brutal; a gun is a quick and easy death. So I don’t think they entered with us.

” I frown. None of this makes sense. Slowly, I peek around the corner and spot the men standing there, talking quietly.

Which means they haven’t seen us yet. “Two options. Turn and head back, find the other two, and figure out a plan or do what we came here to do.” Arsen is quiet for a moment before he nods.

“When in Rome, right?” I snort .

“Option two, it is. Keep one alive. We need answers.” Another nod, and I do a quick stretch of my neck and arms before flexing my fists.

“Alright, let’s move until we can get behind them.

” We turn and weave behind buildings, keeping low and out of sight as we get into position.

Once there, I eye my brother standing opposite me.

“Don’t get shot.” I tell him before holding up five fingers to count down.

Five. I take a deep breath.

Four. I readjust the knife in my hand.

Three. A gunshot sounds in the distance. Fuck. Something is going down, and I have a feeling it involves Riot and Ali. We need to do this quickly.

“Now.” I say as I turn the corner and charge.

The seven men who were standing around are focused on the gunshot in the distance, giving us an upper hand.

With quick, quiet movements, I reach the first closest guy, grab his head, yank it back, and expose his throat.

My blade glides across like a knife through butter.

The man lets out a choking sound before I release him, and he slumps to the ground, a loud thump echoing through the open space.

The man Arsen had drops next, his neck broken with a hard, fast twist. The other five men turn at the sound, but Arsen and I are already moving.

I fling out my knife and send it soaring through the air and watch as it hits the next closest guy in the chest. It stuns him as he looks down at the hilt, then back at me, before stumbling back into one of his friends.

From the corner of my eye, I can see Arsen already swinging his bat, but I know he can take care of himself.

I rush forward as another guy, the one who was leading this ragtag team, pulls out his sidearm and starts shooting.

I nearly miss a bullet as I dive for the man with my blade.

His friend, who tried to catch him, is trying to shove him off, reaching for his own gun, but I’m faster.



I grab the now dead guy's thigh piece and send a couple of bullets down range blindly.

I hear a grunt of pain before I finally look up.

The gunshots paused, but only because the fucker is reloading.

Without much cover for him, he's a sitting duck.

I had a feeling that these guys were amateurs, not professionals.

Without hesitation, I quickly line up another shot, this time targeting the man's head.

I hit dead center and watch as he goes flying backwards from impact before going still.

The dumbfuck who tried to catch his friend is still struggling, and I almost want to laugh.

I hear a struggle coming from behind me as I reach down, gripping the skinny fucker by his collar and yank him up.

Disarming him, I place a gun at his head and wait.

When I shift to see what Arsen is up to, I see he took down two of the three men that were on his side.

Now he is wrestling with the last guy in the dirt, but Arsen has the upper hand as he straddles the fuck and starts to rain down punch after punch on the guy's face.

It reminds me a lot of my first encounter with my little Ali cat. The way she straddled

the killer clown and beat his face in. When she ran off afterwards, I checked to make sure he was dead, and the guy was unrecognizable. Who knew a little wisp of a thing like her could do such damage?

A few minutes later, and the guy under Arsen goes still, looking like a hot mess of blood and brain matter.

Arsen stands, turning towards me, and all I can see is blood.

“Think you might need a shower, A, you’re starting to look like Ri.

” I tell him, and he snorts. I shove the last guy forward.

“At least I was smart enough to leave one alive.” Swinging out my leg, I trip the guy and make him go flying forward, face first into the dirt.

“So, wanna do this the easy or hard way?” I ask him as Arsen joins me, attempting to wipe his lens clean of blood.

“I’m not telling you shit.” The guy spits out. Lifting my boot, I press it into his back. He lets out a yelp of pain as I twist my boot, applying more pressure, then suddenly, I stop, stepping back .

“Have it your way.” I shrug as I grip the fucker by his dirty brown hair and yank.

Lowering my lips to his ear, I tell him.

“But you’re going to wish you chose the easy way.

” Then Arsen is suddenly there, rope in his hands from one of the dead guys, no doubt.

We tie his hands behind his back before gathering a few of their weapons and other supplies.

With everything ready to go in our bags, I stand, grabbing the asshole and dragging him with me. “Let’s go find the others. I have a feeling the gunshots involved them.” Arsen nods, and we head out. This time keeping an eye out for any more little groups like the one we just crossed.

I think the game has officially changed. Too bad for whoever is on the opposing team. Nothing is going to get in our way because we play to win.

nineteen

Ali

“Will you stop moving?! I’m trying not to damage any more of you.” I slowly dig the tip of my blade in a little more as Riot lets out another pathetic whine.

“Fuck, woman. You try getting shot, then have someone who is already mad at you try digging out the fucking bullet. If I didn’t know better, I would say you are enjoying this,” Riot teases.

I smirk and shrug my shoulders as I dig a bit deeper. “You’re the idiot who got shot. Now stop being a baby, and you’ll get a lollipop or something after.” I joke, but from the corner of my eyes I see Riot’s cock twitch.

“How about a blowjob? That will make me feel a whole lot better.” I pause my movements and peek up at the bloody maniac.

The asshole is grinning ear to ear with a twinkle in his gray eyes.

“I did kill more than you. I think that should be my prize. We never did discuss the terms.” I continue to stare at him.

I’m still running on a bit of a high, and if the tingling between my thighs is anything to go by, I’m beyond turned on.

I really should talk to a therapist or something because I don’t think murder should be

such an aphrodisiac, but here we are. Plus, therapists are way too expensive. I'll take my chances, I guess.

"If you can keep quiet while I remove the bullet, then you can have a blowjob, even though you cheated. That last guy was mine, but you just had to go and shoot him." The asshole starts to nod his head with a grin.

"But if you make a single sound, you get nothing, and I'll find one of the others to play with.

"His eyes widen before glaring in challenge. "Deal?" I ask.

"Deal, but after my blowjob, I want to taste you." I shrug, not believing he will stay quiet anyway, and if he does, I suppose I still get something in return.

It's a win-win for me. He stays quiet, and I get a release after giving him a treat. He makes noise, and I'll have two other dicks to use as I please. I'll even let Riot watch. I doubt they will complain, plus if I'm going to die here, I would rather die in pure sexual bliss.

"Perfect. Now hold still." I say and dig the blade in.

I expect him to hiss in pain or something because I'm really not being gentle, but there is no way I can be with the bullet so deep in his thigh.

At least it's the same thigh I stabbed. When I finally feel the bullet, I almost sag in relief.

"Almost got it." My eyes glance up to Riot's, only to see that he is already staring at me. Are those hearts in his eyes?

With a small flick of the blade, the bullet pops out. “Got it.” I tell him, grinning like a madwoman. I can now add bullet removal to my list of random skills I’ve learned in my life.

“Finally.” My head snaps to Riot, but then he’s there, slamming his lips down on mine.

The kiss is fierce and consuming, and I don’t know what comes over me, but I’m suddenly starving as I jerk my head away; my hands reach out, grabbing the waistband of Riot’s sweats and tugging them down.

His cock springs free, thick, veiny, and already leaking for me.

The glint of his metal piercing at the tip shines at me as I swoop down and lick up the bead of pre-cum.

His taste explodes in my mouth, turning me from starving to ravenous.

“Oh, fuck.” Is a low curse above me as I grip Riot’s length and shift so that I’m positioned between his legs, then I get to work.

I lick, swirl my tongue, and suck as I go to town like Riot’s dick is my personal lollipop.

I can taste the copper of his blood that covered my hands and hints of the manly musk that is Riot as I get a new kind of high.

It’s like everything fades as the cool metal attached to the tip of his impressive cock hits the back of my throat, making me moan around him.

I hear some shuffling behind me, but I’m so lost in this feeling that I pay it no mind.

Plus, if we were in danger, I'm sure Riot would tell me.

Riot's groan of pleasure fuels me as I continue to bob up and down, hollowing my cheeks and relaxing my throat muscles to take him deeper.

Then I feel the telltale sign of a man getting close.

His muscles tense beneath me as I keep my speed, up and down, up and down.

Reaching up, I grip his balls in a light caress before slowly applying more pressure.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, God damn, wife. Fuckkkkk...." Thick, hot liquid hits the back of my throat, making me swallow.

I breathe through my nose so I don't gag as he comes and comes and comes.

Fuck. If getting pregnant by BJ was possible, I would be prego tenfold.

Once he is finally done, he slumps back, and I pull back, releasing him with a pop before licking my lips clean .

"Holy fuck, me next." My head snaps around to find Arsen and Cash standing there with another body's head pressed into the ground. I grin when I notice very obvious hard-ons straining against their pants.

Shrugging a shoulder, I stand. "I lost a bet, and I might have felt slightly bad that I had to dig out a bullet from this one's leg. Same leg I may or may not have stabbed earlier." I wipe the corner of my mouth and watch as both men follow the motion.

Cash shakes himself out of what our little stare-off is first. "I see you guys ran into the same surprise as us. Luckily, we left one alive to question. Let's grab what we can

and head back.

This one chose the hard way and doesn't want to answer our questions.

" He grabs the guy he was holding down with his boot up by the hair.

The man, dressed just like the assholes we took down, glares at us.

Turning, I start searching the men, finding a radio, a few more little knives, more magazines for the few guns they had, and a backpack full of food and drink.

Jackpot. Dumping everything back in my bag, I stand and wait for Riot to limp over.

At least he wrapped material around his wound to stop the bleeding.

"Ready?" Cash asks, and I nod .

It hits me then that I'm suddenly comfortable around these three.

Maybe I hit my head, or maybe fighting side by side with my supposed psycho husband made us bond.

Either way, I might be more comfortable around them now, but I can't fully trust them.

The first chance I get, I'm out. I'd rather play hide and seek with them than be a caged cat waiting for the dogs to attack.

"Let's go." I say, taking the first step back to our hidey hole.

It doesn't take long to get back. Arsen gets to making a fire in the small metal fire pit



while I start pulling out all the supplies we collected today. Riot and Cash take our new friend to the corner and set him down.

“So, this is your last chance to choose the easy way.” Cash says casually, crossing his arms over his chest. I noticed earlier that while he and Arsen went out together, it’s only Arsen who is covered in blood that is now slowly flaking off.

Well, we are all in luck; one of the assholes had a pack of baby wipes in his bag, but I call first dibs. Finders keepers and all that.

“I’m not telling you shit.” The guy growls out, flinging spit everywhere. Riot surges forward and punches the guy in the face, his head snapping to the side, and he yelps in pain.

“Are you sure?” He taunts.

“F-fuck you.” He mumbles out, blood dribbling from his lip. Ouch.

This is getting boring, and that fight wiped me out. I just want to eat and take a damn nap, which I doubt I’ll be able to do if this fuck doesn’t start talking. I let out a deep, tired sigh, making the guys turn towards me.

“Why don’t we just ask nicely?” I say, getting up and feeling all the minor aches I have in my body.

Ugh, I need a nice, hot, long bath. All the guys look at me like I’m the crazy one.

Ugh, men. I roll my eyes as I move over to the kid.

He looks young and nothing like some of the guys we had to go up against.

“Hi, what’s your name?” The kid glares at me. “Look, I’m trying to help you out here.” I try next.

“Kevin.” He grinds out.

“Good, Kevin. I’m going to be frank with you.

I doubt you want to be here any more than us.

Right?” He keeps his mouth shut. I blow out a breath and decide I’ll just have to be crazy like the rest of them.

Faster than he can track, I pull out one of the switchblades I found and point the tip to his crotch.

“Look, I’ve had a long-ass week. I was kidnapped, thrown into these sick games, forced to wear underwear while fighting for my life, and then found out that I have three psychopaths obsessed with me.

One of whom apparently married me without my knowledge.

I’ve been attacked by a crazy clown, dead presidents, and now I’m stuck with these guys.

So you’re going to tell me what we want to know, or I’m going to cut off your dick, cook it over the fire, then shove it down your fucking throat.

If you survive that, I’ll feed you your balls next, so on and so forth, until you either tell us or you die.

Doesn’t matter to me.” The man swallows as the men behind me groan.

“Fuck, wife. I love it when you threaten people.” I roll my eyes and jab my knife closer to Kevin’s junk.

“What will it be, Kevin?” I ask, my voice all sugary sweet and clearly fake.

“I-if I tell you what I know, you’ll let me live?” I glance over my shoulder to see the guys response to the question. They give nothing away.

Still looking at the guys, I tell Kevin the truth.

“I will let you live.” I toss a wink in Riot’s direction when his lips tip up in a grin.

It’s still weird seeing them without a mask on when everyone I’ve come across the last two days has been wearing them.

Turning back to Kevin, I give him a small smile.

“If you tell us, I’ll let you go.” I tell him.

“Okay.” Kevin takes a deep breath. “Your fathers hired us. I don’t know the entire story since I wasn’t the one they contacted, but some of the guys talked.

” He glances behind me at the guys. “We were told you three were our targets. We could take out anyone else, but you three were the main objective. That’s all I know.  
”

“How many of you are there?” Cash asks, crossing his arms over his chest again. His hoodie is unzipped and gives me the perfect view of his lickable abs. NOT NOW, ALL.

“Just the two teams to hunt you three, but there was a small team sent in to leave

charges.” Kevin adds, eyes flicking down to the blade still held at his fabric covered dick.

“Charges?” I ask.

“Explosive. If we couldn’t take you out with the teams, they had a backup plan to blow the place up.” He explains, beads of sweat have started to form on his forehead.

“Where?” Arsen asks. Is it wrong that I find him covered in someone else’s blood attractive? Yes, probably .

“I-I don’t know. It was a separate team. We were to keep you busy so they could place them. My guess is everywhere. It seemed like they wanted you taken out no matter what and paid big money to make it happen.” He hurries to say.

“Anything else we need to know?” I ask because honestly this guy seems like bottom level hired gun material. I’m surprised he knew what he did.

“That’s all, I swear.” I nod, glancing over my shoulder again with a raised brow in question. Cash nods in answer.

I pull back the blade, and Kevin lets out a relieved exhale. “Thank you, Kevin.” I say sincerely, reach around and cut the rope tying his hands behind his back. Slowly, he brings them forward and rubs at his reddened wrists.

“I’m free to go now?” He asks, and I nod, motioning to the door. He stands, eyeing the guys with suspicion. “T-thank you.” He says, shuffling to the side.

“Oh, Kevin,” I call out, stopping him halfway to the door.

His head snaps in my direction. “I said I would let you live.” His mouth turns down

in a frown, showing his confusion, but it's too late as Riot rushes forward, quickly wrapping his chain around Kevin's neck and tightens it.

Kevin struggles, clawing at the chain, but it's no use.

Within minutes, Kevin stops struggling before Riot lets his body drop to the floor.

The room goes quiet except for the crackling of the fire.

As the silence builds, it gets more awkward.

Moving to the bag that I was unpacking, I pull out a bag of mixed nuts and take a seat against the wall.

Seeing that the guys are all somewhere lost in their thoughts, I clear my throat to get their attention.

Time to figure out how the hell we plan to get out of this land mine now.

“So, you guys have daddy issues too?”

twenty

Arsen

A fter removing dear ole Kevin’s body, we all gathered around the fire.

Most of the bags and supplies we gathered today have snacks and plenty of water, so going back out isn’t necessary.

Plus, we have bigger problems to worry about, like our fathers sending a hit team to take us all out. What I don’t understand is, why?

“So what, we wait around to get blown up?” Ali asks, taking a drink from the flask we’ve been passing around.

Ali found it going through all the bags.

Thank God, because after everything Kevin told us, it was needed.

While Riot, Ali, and I all sit around the fire, Cash paces the space in front of us .

“No. That won’t happen. I’m just trying to process this unexpected news.

” He pauses his step, turning to face us.

“I knew our fathers were assholes, but to try and kill us off?” He shakes his head.

“Do we think Kevin could have been lying?” He frowns, and we all stay quiet, letting him think through what’s going on in his head.

“Wait,” Ali calls out, covering her mouth with her hand to finish chewing a piece of jerky. “Didn’t you say you three were heirs, that this—” she circles her finger around to encompass the town. “Was all to test you guys?” Now Ali is frowning.

“Yeah. It’s a tradition in our families. Dating back to our great-great-grandfathers. To prove you have what it takes to take over for your family.” I tell her, not quite sure where she is going with this.

She nods her head while taking another drink of whiskey. “So what usually happens when you survive this hellhole?”

“Our families throw a huge party to celebrate the beginning of the new transition. Then we have a year to officially take our seat as head of the family. Next Halloween would be the official handover with another party.” Cash tells her, and he has a look on his face like he might be catching onto Ali’s line of thoughts .

“What would happen if your fathers didn’t have heirs?” She asks, sitting up with an oh shit look.

“Then... then our fathers would continue to run the family.” I tell her, and before the words have even left my mouth, a light bulb flashes on, shining brightly on the issue at hand.

“So, if you were to die, let’s say in the rite of passage game, your fathers would remain in power.” Ali says, giving us all a sad smile. “And I thought I had a shit father. At least mine only wanted to sell me, not kill me off.”

We all freeze at her words, but it’s Riot who reacts first. “What did you say?” His

voice is low, icy. The voice of a man ready to hunt.

Ali rolls her eyes. “I had a shit childhood. My father and evil stepmother wanted to sell my virginity. I found out and ran at sixteen. Never looked back.” She stares into the fire, her green eyes turning amber in the reflection before finally looking up.

“Moving on. I think we have more important things to deal with right now. You know, like your fathers wanting you dead and are willing to blow up this place just to make it happen.”

Cash sighs. “Ali’s right.” Riot opens his mouth to speak, but Cash cuts him off. “Riot, drop it for now. You can’t do anything about it if you’re dead.” Riot glares at him but finally concedes. “I think I have an idea, but it’s a 50/50 chance we all end up dead anyway.”

Everyone is quiet as Cash explains his plan, and it’s not a bad one, all things considered.

Be seen on cameras throughout the town, but stay close enough to the edge that when the explosives do go off, we have time to run.

We need to cut it close so that it looks like we, one, didn’t know about them and two, make it seem like we were caught in the explosion.

One of the guy’s Cash and I took out had a map on them.

It looked like they were marking off buildings as they searched them looking for us.

We’re not 100% sure where all the cameras are, but we’ve seen a few and marked them down.



Knowing our best bet is splitting up, divide and conquer, and all that bullshit; we mark routes to take to be seen.

I don't like the idea of separating from Ali or my brothers, not after finding out our fathers are worse than the scum of the earth, but Cash is the logical one.

If he says this is our best plan of attack, then I trust him with my life.

H ours later, we're all seated around the fire.

The silence is thick enough to cut with a knife, but I think all of us are a bit lost in our own thoughts.

Processing the events and information of the day.

I watch them all, trying to figure out what to say, at least to Ali, who shouldn't even be here.

My eyes focus back on the fire, the flames flickering yellow, red, and orange.

They call to me, whispering sweet nothings like a lover's embrace.

Fire has always called to me. Reaching into my pocket, I grip my lighter tight.

Everything will work out.

It has too.

Ali's voice is the first to break the silence. Its tone is a husky caress that sends goosebumps over my skin. Who knew just a voice could make me feel something? "Do any of you have a bucket list?" The question is as random as they come.

“I’ve never thought about it before.” I tell her.

“Yes.” Riot says with a smirk.

“Yeah, a list of things I want to get done before I die,” Cash says, and we all snort.

“Does your list have anything fun on it? Because I get the feeling you’re the uptight one of the three of you.” Riot and I snort because Ali isn’t wrong. Cash is always the more serious one of us .

Cash simply rolls his eyes and shrugs. “Yes, but everyone’s definition of fun is different. Why do you bring it up?”

“Touche. And...” I don’t know if it’s the firelight playing tricks on my eyes, but I swear Ali’s cheeks flush. “Well, if this is going to be my last day to live...”

“You will be walking out of this place alive.” Riot growls, glaring at Ali like her words personally offend him.

Ali rolls her eyes. “Can I finish what I was going to say?” Cocking a brow, she waits for Riot to nod.

“As I was saying... If this is the last day I, or any of us, may be alive, I want to check one more thing off my bucket list.” She goes quiet as we all just stare at her, waiting for her to continue.

I won’t lie. I’m actually intrigued. “Multiple men.”

I glance at Cash and Riot, the latter now wearing a shit-eating grin. Are we hearing her right?

“What was that?” I ask because I don’t think I’m the only one who needs to hear that again.

“I want all of you to fuck me.” I almost choke on my own spit at her bluntness.

“Multiple men in bed at once is on my bucket list. It was one of those doubtful to ever happen but fun to dream things, but hey, why the hell not now?” The look she is giving us is dead serious.

Movement across the room catches my eye, and I’m not even surprised to see Riot laid back, grey sweats down and dick in hand.

“Ready when you are, wife.”

“Are you sure about this?” Cash asks, standing and moving to where Ali is seated. She nods. “Use your words, Kitten.” Her eyes flare with excitement, and my own cock stiffens in anticipation of her answer.

“Yes. You said I was all of yours, right?” She teases, as he kneels before her, a mischievous smirk playing on his lips as he reaches forward to grasp her chin.

“Then prove it.” Those three words coming from her sweet lips are all it took to break us.

Cash lunges forward, slamming his lips down on hers, the kiss instantly savage. A battle of wills.

“Fuckkkk... I thought I would be jealous of that, but that is hot.” Riot mumbles.

After a minute of Ali and Cash being lost in their kiss, clothes start getting removed.

It's like they are lost to the primal need to claim each other.

Reaching down, I undo my own jeans, letting my cock spring free before gripping it tightly.

"Hey, she said all of us, not just you, asshole." Riot calls out.

This causes them to finally pull away before Ali's eyes jerk to mine.

She nibbles on her lip before getting up on her knees and crawling towards me.

Within a few steps, she's in front of me.

"Hi. Need some help?" I frown before she leans forward and runs her tongue up my shaft in a slow, long, and wet lick.

I shiver at the feel before my resolve breaks as well.

With swift movements, I wrap an arm around her waist and lift her onto my lap.

Her shorts already came off, but her fishnet tights are still on.

Reaching between us, I grab the fabric between her legs and rip it.

They tear apart with ease, giving me full access to the pretty pink pussy already soaked with need.

"Fuck...brothers. Our woman is soaked and oh so pink and pretty." I say, running my hands up Ali's body until I reach her face.

I yank her down to mine. "My turn." Then I dive in, my lips meeting hers, our

tongues tangling.

She tastes like pure sin and sweetness as I get lost in the feel of her.

Her hips shift, her core rubbing against my cock.

I hear shuffling before additional hands reach for Ali, and I finally pull away, sucking in a breath of air.

“Ride me.” It’s not a question but a demanding need, and from the twinkle shining in Ali’s eyes, she’s just as excited.

Slowly, she lifts her hips, and my cock pops back up, already set at her entrance.

I don’t move, wanting her to make this choice.

At a torturous pace, she lowers her ass, my dick slipping in to her warmth, cocooning my cock.

We both let out moans of pleasure until she is fully seated.

“Oh god, you feel so good.” She rocks forward as Riot leans in for his own kiss, and Cash’s hands roam her body until they reach her rosy, pink, pebbled nipples.

She jumps, jerking away from Riot’s lips when Cash gives her a painful pinch, but it’s followed by another moan as she continues to ride me.

Her pussy is so tight, it squeezes my cock like an anaconda squeezing its prey. The feeling is divine.

“Can you handle more?” Cash asks, reaching between us and rubbing circles around

her swollen nub. Her body twitches at the feel, but she nods her head, doing an impressive rendition of a bobblehead. “Words.” He demands, pinching her nub this time.

“Yes. More. Please.” She begs, not once stopping her thrusts. I grip her hips, my fingers leaving bruises. The thought of leaving my mark on her making me possessive and not even sorry about it.

“Good girl.” He grins before shifting behind her. “Lean forward, Kitten.” She does as she is told, reaching out and grabbing Riot by the cock as he kneels in front of her. She gives him a few pumps, causing him to groan. “Ever had someone back here?” He asks .

Whatever he does makes her tense before shaking her head. “No.”

“You will one day, but not today.” Her eyebrows furrow before we both feel it.

Cash’s cock pressing against her core, next to mine.

She freezes. “Relax. We won’t hurt you. If it’s too much, we will stop.

Trust us.” Cash’s eyes met mine, and I nod, wrapping my arms around her upper back and pulling tighter against me, allowing him better access.

“Relax, baby. Let us take care of you,” I whisper.

Ali lets out a slow exhale before giving me a small nod.

Cash sees it and grins. Placing his hands on her hips, he slowly gets back into position, his tip pressing in.

Ever so slowly, he slides his cock into her core, rubbing up against mine.

I'm not gay, but holy fucking shit, does this feel amazing.

We've shared women before, but never the same hole.

Ali moans, feeling the stretch and embracing the pinch of pain.

Once he is fully seated, the look of pure bliss crosses Cash's face.

Same man, same.

We give her a moment to adjust before Cash slowly slides back and thrusts in.

He does this a few times before Ali fully relaxes.

"That's it, baby. Sit up. Your husband needs some attention.

" Riots says, gripping Ali's hair and lifting her head with a wicked smirk.

"Open up." Ali's green eyes are blown wide with lust, and she obeys, opening her mouth and allowing Riot's cock to slide in.

Cash and Riot move while I hold Ali steady.

We fuck our woman into two orgasms before Riot's speed changes, becoming jerky.

Then he is cursing up a storm as he comes down Ali's throat.

She takes it all, just like before, as Ri slumps back, breathing hard.

Cash continues his pace, and I can feel my own orgasm approaching. Ali is a mewling mess, clutching my shoulders as Cash thrusts and rocks her onto me. Moments later, his speed is changing too. Ali tenses, and I know she is close as her back arches.

“Fuck, that’s it, Kitten, squeeze us. Milk us.

Take what you need.” With Cash’s words, she does just that, tightening her muscles and sending Cash over the edge.

A second later, she leans down, her teeth sinking into my chest, I’m pretty sure drawing blood.

A burst of pain sparks across my nerves and sends me over the edge of pure oblivion.

I swear I see stars as I release myself into her core, painting her with my seed.

“Fuck.” Is echoed around the room as we all slump back, trying to catch our breaths.

This. This right here cements her to us.

That was the best sex of my life, and it just so happens to be the night before we could all possibly die.

The thought is sobering, but my body is still pulsing with pleasure.

I thought surviving this trial was something I wanted for my family.

We all want to see change in the Hellfire Society, and conquering the trials was the first step to that.



But as I lay here, knowing I could be dead by this time tomorrow, something has changed.

I don't want to just survive for my family, but now I need to survive for Ali.

Because there is no way in hell I could just walk away from this woman now. Not after this.

twenty-one

Riot

Is it possible to die from pure happiness?

It has to be a thing, right? Not only did I find the perfect woman for me, but I can take credit for finding the perfect woman for all of us now.

Was I surprised that sex with multiple men was on my wife's bucket list?

Maybe. Was I disappointed about it? Hell no.

That was the hottest sex I've ever been a part of.

The way we all just connected. Bonus that I got two blowjobs in one day.

Now it's early morning on day three, and I find it hard to want to get up.

A small part of me wants to be able to live in this moment.

The three of us and Ali. Yeah, we're abandoned in the middle of who the fuck knowsville and have men constantly trying to kill us, but at least we are together, away from the outside world and our "family" duties.

Just knowing that our fathers are actively trying to kill us, though, makes me a little stabby, but all that is easy enough to fix once we get out of here.

It's the not knowing for sure if we will make it out of here that is bugging me.

The little fuck, Kevin, told us what he knew; honestly, I think any man would when you have a woman holding a blade to your junk, but what if he didn't know everything?

What if they have more planned than just blowing up this place?

Ali shifts her body, her head cuddling up against my chest. I don't dare to breathe, nor move, knowing that if she knew what she was doing, she might try to stab me again.

I smile at the thought. For now, I just soak up all the warmth her little body gives me, even if my dick is straining to get back inside of her.

Shuffling sounds from above me, and I tense on reflex, but Cash pops into view the next second.

His eyes drift to the still half-naked woman lying against my chest like a cuddly kitten. "We need to get ready and go over the plan one more time." His voice is low, like he doesn't want to be the one to wake her, and I glare because I don't want to either .

Opening my mouth to tell her Cash says it's time. I'm saved by the bell. Literally. The now well-known static echoes off the ruined town, causing Ali to jerk up, her elbow slamming down on my hard-as-steel cock. I groan out, curling in on myself as pain erupts up into my stomach. "Fuck."

"Shit. I'm sorry." She rushes out, but then Arsen's father's voice sounds.

"Good morning, volunteers. You've officially made it to day three of the trials.

There are only a handful of you left, but we'll only have room for five of you on the train that leaves at midnight.

If you're not on it then, you forfeit." The way he says forfeit makes it clear he means your life.

"With that being said, the town is now..." he pauses for a second for the dramatic flair.

"Full of booby traps." His crackling laugh grinds on my nerves, and I can see Cash roll his eyes in annoyance.

"Let the final day begin." The staticky voice cuts off, only to be followed by the sirens alerting us to the next 24-hour clock.

The room is quiet for a minute before Ali breaks the silence.

"So, how much time do you think we really have? Because I really don't think they are going to wait until midnight. Especially after none of their henchmen reported back any of your deaths." Her brows rise expectantly .

"There's no telling, but I'm sure it will be sooner rather than later.

We need to head out and play hide and seek with a few cameras.

I doubt they have the "Grand Finale" rigged to go off all at once, so once the first one goes off, it will be a domino effect.

We won't have much time, and every second will count.

" Cash says, looking out the window. Arsen is across the firepit, packing up his bag, while Ali nibbles on a granola bar.

“Okay. Then what? We head for the tracks and hope we aren’t as far from society as we think?

We don’t have enough supplies to last any more days out here.

” It’s Ali’s turn to stand and stretch before heading over to Cash.

She glances out the window for a second before turning to face him.

“You said you were thinking of a plan. What is it?” She crosses her arms over her chest, her sheer lace covered tits popping up.

Since Cash is far from a saint, his eyes snap down with the move before he adjusts his stance.

Ha. I bet he is just as hard as me right now. Not even an elbow to the dick could hide my enjoyment of just being near Ali.

Cash lets out a deep sigh. “Our best bet is going to be to hide until our fathers send in a recovery team. Knowing them, they are going to want some type of proof. If we survive, they would know that we would know it was them. Bombing the arena is not and has never been a part of the trials.” He glances over at us.

“When everything starts going up in flames, we make a run for it. There are several hills and a rocky outcropping past the town. Run and make your way to them; hide out until we see any new movement. A cleanup team will travel either by train or truck. Either way, we overtake them and get the fuck out of here.” He explains, and honestly, it’s probably our best bet.

Ali is right; we won’t make it long out here, and knowing our fathers, that’s exactly why they chose this place.

If we don't die in the explosion, we die from dehydration.

"Alright. Eat what you can now. Pack everything else. And I shouldn't have to tell you to keep your packs on you at all times.

They won't send a team in until the fire dies down, and that could be hours.

We will have to stay out of sight that entire time.

" Arsen finally speaks, shoving his own protein bar down his throat.

With the plan set in motion, we get ready for the best acting of our lives.

Leaving our temporary safe haven was bittersweet. It's almost heartbreaking knowing it's going to get blown to shreds soon. We move as one through the quiet town.

The pain in my leg throbs as we make our way around buildings, purposely trying to be seen on cameras now.

I wasn't too mad about being stabbed by my wife, but being shot by some asshole is on the top of my list as irritating.

We've been walking around for close to an hour now, and I'm getting kind of bored.

We hoped we wouldn't have to deal with any more groups, but now I just want someone to play with.

To kill, not fuck, since my dick now belongs to only one woman.

"Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." I whisper-shout. Ali, who is walking her fine ass in front of me, snorts while the other two, who are used to my antics, just

shake their heads. “What? It’s too fucking quiet. It’s kind of creepy.”

“I agree with Riot. We’ve been walking around for a while and haven’t even heard anyone else.

What if your father was lying and there is no one else?

” Cash stumbles to a stop at Ali’s words.

“What if they said there were still people because they don’t know that we know their plan, meaning they wanted us out and about so they could see where we were?

” Her words hit us like a freight train to the gut.

Are we being played? Was this their plan?

As if my thoughts summoned the devil himself, there’s a faint beep, beep, beep .

“Run!” I yell, shoving Ali forward as we all take off.

Suddenly the building we had just stopped by explodes; debris of glass from windows, wood from walls, and dirt fly towards us.

The force causing me to stumble forward, my balance already uneven from my injured leg.

My ears ring as another building behind us goes up in smoke and flames.

Just like Cash predicted, it’s a domino effect, one after another.

The smell of smoke follows us as we make a run for it.

A few more buildings and then we will be clear.

I can almost see the end of the road when one of the already crumbling piles ahead of us goes off.

Reaching out, I grab Ali and throw her to the ground.

Cash and Arsen dive to the side as well.

Ali lets out a grunt of pain as I roll off her.

Glancing up to check on the guys, I see them rolling over as well.

Relief floods me too soon as a series of more explosions go off.

The boom deafening as the heat surrounding us threatens to burn us alive.

“Split up. We will meet you on the other side.” Cash yells, his voice almost fading into the roar of the flames. I nod and hope he can see me because thick black smoke drifts into my view.

“Fuck,” I cough, inhaling the ashy mist. “Ali, baby. We need to move now.” Reaching over, I grab her hand, tugging her back as we cough up our lungs, choking on the smoke as it surrounds us.

“Come on, baby, you can do it.” The smoke starts to thin as we jog away.

Ali’s grip on my hand is tight. The presence of her fear of potential death is clear, and that only makes me more pissed.

I don’t want to see her afraid. “Almost there.” I tell her, but then I’m suddenly yanked back.



Ali tumbles to the ground; her hand slips from mine as she lands, but her coughing lets me know she's not down for good.

Leaning down, I reach for her hand again, but right as our skin makes contact, the buildings we stopped between explode.

The force of the blast drowns out Ali's scream as I go flying in the opposite direction.

I land hard on the ground, my entire body crying out in pain as my exposed skin gets sliced open from the debris.

My vision blurs as sudden exhaustion floods my system.

Maybe I should take a nap?

No. Ali. Where is my wife?

She was with me, wasn't she?

Why does everything hurt?

A nap sounds really good right now .

Yeah. I need a nap.

I faintly hear someone screaming. My name, maybe? But I don't know why. My eyes flutter closed, and then suddenly the pain is gone. Yeah. I just need a nap.

I feel so warm; maybe I left the heater on.

What was I doing again?

Oh yeah. Taking a nice, long, restful nap.

In my last moments, I gazed up at my wife's dirt-smeared face, her eyes wide with an emotion I don't understand. But before I can process it, my eyes flutter shut. Then all there is darkness.