



The Devil in Disguise

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Description: Garrett

Unhinged. Obsessive. Possessive. Stalker. The words others would probably use to describe me.

But I'm not. I'm not unhinged. I'm not crazy.

Obsessive? Possessive? Very much so. But what's love if not a burning obsession for another? I'm absolutely obsessed with her and even though she doesn't know it yet, we're meant to be.

And after this she'll be mine and everything that's wrong will be right.

Celeste

Girls like me don't live fairy tale lives with happily ever afters. I've learned to be aware, to be cautious, to keep everyone at a safe distance.

But what if things are more fun in the darkness? When a masked stranger shows up in my life and turns it upside down I decide that maybe it's time I throw caution to the wind and let myself free fall into the unknown. But is sinning with the Devil really a good idea or will he drag me down to Hell?

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GARETT

Unhinged. Obsessive. Possessive. Stalker. The words others would probably use to describe me if they knew how I spend my nights. If they could see me crouching outside her window, watching the soft rise and fall of her chest as she peacefully sleeps. Or if they knew just how many times before this I've let myself in through her window so I could smell the soft floral scent of the lotion she puts on before bed. If they knew how much time I spend watching her, how often I think of her, and how completely consumed I am by my desire for her. They'd call me a stalker and a creep.

But I'm not. I'm not unhinged. I'm not crazy. I'm very much sane.

Obsessive? Possessive? Very much so. But what's love if not a burning obsession for another? I'm absolutely enraptured by her and even though she doesn't know it yet, she's meant to be mine. She's the Persephone to my Hades. She's the other half of my fucking soul. So yeah, I'm possessive over her.

She'll get it. She'll understand. After this, she'll be mine and everything that's wrong will be right. I've finally put my plan in motion and now everything will align and we can be together. I've waited long enough.

I've been watching her for a long time. Too long. Tonight I intend to take what should belong to me. I don't just want to fuck her, I want to completely consume her until there's nothing left of her that isn't mine. I want to skin her with my damn tongue and savor every second I get to taste her delicious flesh. See? Totally sane thoughts, right?

It's fucking cold out here. Apparently all the basic white girls love fall, but it's a bitch for us stalkers. I much prefer the warmer weather when it comes to sitting outside someone's window late into the night. Maybe once this is all over I'll take her and we will leave this place. Maybe we will move somewhere warm. As it is, I've been out here, freezing my balls off for over an hour now, and my patience is growing thin. My girl stayed up late reading tonight and as such, I've been stuck out here for what feels like ages. I watched as she drained all of the wine in her glass while she read, making sure she swallowed every last drop. In my head, I praised her for being a good girl and drinking it all down. I wouldn't want her to not get enough of the sleeping pills I crushed up and put into the wine. It'd be a shame if she woke up and freaked the fuck out during what I have planned for us.

This balaclava is starting to irritate the skin on my face and neck, but I resist the urge to scratch at it. Instead, I shift from my crouching position to stand and peer into her window for what feels like the millionth time tonight.

The house is completely dark and silent on the other side of the window pane. The moonlight streams across my girl's face, bathing her in an ethereal glow. She's the fucking goddess of the moon, my sleeping beauty.

My fingers are shaking in eager anticipation as I slowly begin to lift the window, careful not to make a sound. I look around swiftly, one last time, making sure no nosey neighbor is watching, before slipping through the window and into her room.

This is far from the first time I've been in her room. Hell, this isn't even the first time I've snuck in to watch her sleep. But knowing what I'm about to do to her has my pulse skyrocketing. My fingers involuntarily twitch as I approach her bed. The sweet scent of her lotion reaches my nose as I stand above her. Tonight I don't just have to watch. My cock jumps at the thought.

Her hair is splayed out across the pillow, the moonlight making it glow like a halo.

She's beautiful and—after this plan comes to fruition—mine. Her chest rises and falls in a slow and steady rhythm that tells me she's in a deep sleep. But still, I'm hesitant. I reach a shaking finger out to graze the soft skin of her cheek. Her skin is so pure, like fresh snow. She doesn't move at all, completely unconscious and ready for me.

Fucking hell, I've needed this for so long! I am not a good man. Some might even call me a monster. But everything I've done has been for her. She's my only light in this shit hole of a world. Without her, everything I am and everything I've done would be for nothing. I need her as much as I need the air that fills my lungs.

Feeling slightly braver, I begin to pull the blanket slowly down her body, revealing more of her sleeping form to me. She's wearing a soft oversized tee shirt and lilac cotton panties.

Fuck.

My cock hardens instantly at the sight of those delicate little panties and the knowledge that they will be absolutely destroyed by the time I'm done with her tonight. Unzipping my fly, I allow my thickening dick a little room to breath.

Slowly, I let my knee land on the end of her bed. My added weight causes her mattress to shift slightly, but she doesn't stir. I crawl up the bed and position myself directly in between her legs. Grabbing right above each knee, I spread her thighs open further so I can settle my large frame between them. I've never been this close to her pussy before. The anticipation has my cock throbbing almost painfully with desire.

After ripping the wool mask from my face and letting it fall to the floor, I allow my hands to trail up her body, moving from her knees, up her thighs, and across the curvature of her hips. She doesn't stir the entire time, completely knocked out and at my mercy. Even as I let my hands cup her full and tender breasts, she doesn't wake. I trace soft circles around her nipples through the fabric of her cotton shirt until the

small buds are firmly standing, then lift the hem of her shirt up and over her breasts, unable to help myself with the need to see her tits. They're perfect, just like the rest of her. Two rosy buds sit perfectly atop the creamy mounds of her breasts, just begging to be played with. And who am I to deny them?

Bending down, I stick out my tongue to flick the soft pink bud back and forth, causing it to harden further. The primal beast in me is aching to sink my teeth into the delicate flesh of her chest, covering her in bite marks, but I hold myself back. Instead, I trail a line of kisses from the stiff peak of one breast, to the other. Sucking her second tit into my mouth, I suck and flick against her tender flesh. Finally satisfied that I've thoroughly stimulated both of her beautiful breasts, I trail kisses down her body.

I lower my face down between her thick thighs and inhale her scent. My sleeping goddess smells fucking heavenly. If I wasn't already addicted to her, I would be now. Slipping a single finger in the side of her underwear, I delicately pull them to the side, revealing her completely to me. Her pussy is already slick with need from me playing with her tits. Her wet, pink lips are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

A feral growl leaves my chest as I admire her. "This is the prettiest fucking pussy I've ever seen. Let me taste you, my sleeping beauty?"

She hasn't moved or shown any sign of waking thus far, but I'm still careful. I watch her face closely as I stick out my tongue and trail it through her wetness. She doesn't stir in the slightest, which is good because I can't stop the needy sounds of pleasure that radiate out of me as her taste coats my tongue. She tastes like honey. A brief sigh is the only sign she gives to suggest even a small part of her consciousness is aware of the pleasure I'm about to give her.

Adjusting myself to get more comfortable, I graze the folds of her sweet, warm pussy again with my tongue until I reach her sensitive nub at the top. I can feel her body

reacting, her pussy getting wetter, as I suck her clit into my mouth. Even unconscious, her body is so responsive to me. She's made to be mine. I run one finger through the wetness building between her thighs while my tongue continues its work on her clit. Carefully, I push my moistened finger into her warmth.

Fuck, she's tight!

My good girl greedily accepts my finger into her cunt. I begin pumping in and out of her rhythmically, watching her face contort slightly in her sleep. The pills are keeping her entirely unconscious and her body relaxed. However, when I add another finger, her pretty pussy contracts. I can feel her orgasm building. The urge to please my girl is absolutely unbearable. Curling my fingers to reach the perfect spot, and returning my mouth to her clit, I feast upon her unknowing desire. I pump into her harder and faster until I feel all her muscles contract around me as her orgasm hits. Refusing to waste a drop of her pleasure, I lap up all the cum that her perfect little pussy gives me.

Once her muscles stop contracting and the orgasm passes, I remove my fingers from inside her. Sitting back up against my heels, I look down at my sleeping beauty. She's a vision and my cock is begging to enter her. But this isn't about my pleasure, it's about hers. Tonight is for me to learn her body and what it wants from me so that I'll be able to give her exactly what she craves when she eventually gives herself over to me—body and soul.

Removing myself from her bed, I tuck my rock solid erection back into my pants before straightening my clothes. I won't allow myself to use her body for my own pleasure, but I know I'll be using my hand to alleviate some of this sexual frustration when I get back home. Probably while watching through the footage of my visit that I recorded on the cameras I have hidden throughout her room. Her cute purple panties darken as her leftover arousal stains the fabric, making me smile in smug satisfaction. I give her beautiful tits one final glance before righting her shirt and pulling the

blanket back up. She slept through the entire thing and will wake none the wiser that I brought her to orgasm.

Leaning down, I place a chaste kiss on her forehead.

“I’ll be back soon, sleeping beauty.”

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CELESTE

I think someone's been following me. Obviously, I can't prove it, but little things seem off. The necklace I left on my nightstand is now on the floor. The clothes in my closet aren't in the right order. The driver's seat in my car is slightly further back than I usually have it. The coffee mug on my desk at work is slightly to the left of where it was when I last put it down. Either someone is stalking me and messing with my things, or I'm going crazy. And the latter is entirely possible at this point.

I stare at the giant mess that is my desk and sigh. Maybe I didn't leave the coffee mug where I thought I did; my life is such a damn mess right now that it's really anyone's guess. The extreme chaos in front of me is like a giant metaphor for my life currently.

My desk is a mess and so am I. I really need to grade all these papers, finish lesson plans for Monday, make copies, and clean my desk before I leave for the weekend. I'll make a to-do list. People do that to help them get organized right?

"Hey girl," Catie says from behind me. Her sudden appearance in my classroom startles me, making me jump.

I spin to face my friend and am immediately disappointed to see she brought someone with her. My face falls when I see the uptight ginger next to Catie. I don't even try to hide it.

"Hey, Catie. Ali," I say with a curt nod. "What's up?"

"Hi, Celeste. We were just wondering if you were willing to stay late after school

today to help us set up the haunted house for the students?” Ali’s voice is annoyingly sweet, same as her. She’s one of those goody two shoes type of girls that always gets whatever she wants all while she effortlessly floats through life. Prince fucking Charming would absolutely climb a fucking tower and slay a dragon to win her sweet and innocent heart.

Girls like me don’t have a knight in shining armor coming to save us. We don’t float through life waiting for Prince Charming to sweep us off to happily ever after. No, girls like me are called cold and bitchy, but really, cautious would be a better description. Girls like me learned to stay alert, stay cautious, stay distant long ago. After all, no one can hurt you if you don’t let them in. Usually I’m more aware of every detail of what’s happening in my life, but lately everything just feels off.

“Oh, is that tonight?” I ask while spinning around to face my desk, busying myself with tidying piles of paper.

“Yes, it’s the weekend before Halloween so our leadership kids are putting on the haunted house. We agreed to split some of the proceeds with your business kids since they did some of the marketing, remember?” Ali’s tone shifts to slightly annoyed as she reminds me of the plan. Good, I want to annoy Little Miss Priss.

I remember, and I know the plan, but there’s absolutely not a fucking chance in hell that I want to stay late on a Friday to set up some stupid haunted house run by Ali, who’s idea of scary is probably along the lines of fucking Casper the Friendly Ghost. I love teaching business and I like the kids, but I also enjoy my Friday nights out, and Halloween just happens to be my favorite holiday. I have no intention of spending tonight with Ali and a bunch of kids. Tonight is for getting drunk and slutty.

“Shoot,” I say with as much fake regret as I can muster, “I totally forgot and made plans with my family after school today! I’m so sorry ladies!”

“Oh girl, don’t worry about it!” Catie’s response is sincere which is what I like about her. She’s never fake. She just is what she is. I can respect that.

“You promised you’d help.” Ali sounds irritated. Good. She irritates me frequently. Payback’s a bitch.

“Sorry.” I shrug nonchalantly, letting her know just how little I actually care.

Before she can rebut, the bell rings and students start filing in. Catie and Ali are forced to turn out of my doorway and leave before the beginning of first period. I take a deep breath and release it slowly, trying to prepare myself to start this day.

The fall wind whips my dark hair around my face as I get out of my car. It’s fucking freezing today but at least it’s not raining, a rarity for the Pacific Northwest. Pushing the button on the fob to lock the door, I pick up my pace and hurry towards the door of the coffee shop. My best friend, Olivia, and I grab coffee at the same shop every Friday afternoon to make sure we stay caught up, even when things are crazy busy. Today we’re scheming our plans for our costumes for tonight. Halloween is next Wednesday, so every place downtown is doing something big for the holiday this weekend. It’s going to be a long night of mayhem, so I could absolutely use the caffeine.

Pulling open the glass door of the small coffee shop, I’m immediately blasted by the warm air from inside. Spiderwebs and orange pumpkins are strung around the shop to make it look festive. I’ve loved Halloween since I was a kid. A holiday all about being away from family and pretending you’re someone else is exactly my kind of fun.

I make my way up to the counter and order my usual flat white. I’m tempted to get something festive and pumpkin-spiced but I’m a creature of habit. Anything outside of the normal routine causes a slight spike in my anxiety. And even the slightest spike

in my anxiety can send me spiraling. The hipster behind the counter takes my order with a cool disinterest that's typical of the people in this town. Having grown up in the Midwest, I was originally shocked by the "Seattle Freeze" that plagues the people here, but it turns out I fit in well with the cold aloofness. If you leave people alone, they leave you alone, and that vibe works for me. Moving down to the end of the raw edge wood counter to wait for my drink, I scan the crowded tables, looking for Olivia.

I spot her signature hot pink curls at a table in the center of the shop. She appears to be engrossed with her phone. However, I don't really register what she's doing, as my eyes catch on the man sitting at the table across from her. He's huge—definitely taller than six feet with shoulders as wide as I am tall. His well defined arms are covered in an intricate canvas of swirling black ink that trails all the way from his hands and up into the cover of his fitted black tee shirt. His thick black hair is messily thrown across his face, covering his eyes as he stares down at the screen in front of him. He's fucking gorgeous. Seriously, he must be the hottest man I've ever seen. I quickly scan his hands for a ring, but there's none. Fantastic.

My therapist once told me that I use sex as a coping mechanism. I believe they said something like, I look for the male validation I never received as a child through sexual promiscuity. I'm fairly certain I'm just a woman who enjoys sex without strings attached.

My eyes trace a path from the man's hand, up his toned arms, and across his massive shoulders to his face. My eyes lock on his.

Shit.

He's staring straight back at me with an eyebrow cocked, clearly noticing that I was checking him out. His eyes are the deepest blue, like the sea during a storm. And they're locked on me. Oh. My. God. I literally just devoured this man with my eyes

and he absolutely noticed. I can feel my cheeks heat with embarrassment.

“Celeste,” the barista behind me calls out to signal that my drink is ready.

Happy to be saved from my embarrassment, I turn and grab my drink, flashing the barista a stiff smile. Moving through the crowded rows of chairs and small tables filled with patrons, I keep my eyes fixed on the ground, willing myself not to look at the handsome stranger again. He’s probably gone back to his work anyway. I finally slide into the seat across from Olivia. I swear I can feel his eyes appraising me from behind but I won’t let myself look, instead focusing all my energy on my friend across from me. I might have started out looking like a desperate slut, but generally I try to play hard to get. Most men like the chase.

“Hey, Liv.” I try to sound smooth and sultry just in case he happens to be listening, causing my friend to give me a look from across the table.

“So what’s the plan for tonight?” Olivia is straight to the point always, no time for bullshit. It’s why I love her. “We headed to my place to get ready and then downtown?”

We always go out for Halloween. It’s my favorite holiday and she’s my favorite human so I’m always down to go out with her and get crazy. Liv is a wildcard. She’s been my best friend since college. Her loud, outgoing attitude is a perfect complement to my more reserved nature. She’s my other half. Whenever I even think about her, it’s like my heart swells slightly. Honestly, sometimes I think she’s the only person that really even cares about me. If I were to go missing, like those young women you see on TV, I’m not sure there’d be anyone other than Liv who’d even bother to report it to the cops. Usually the two of us do some type of themed costume for Halloween, although we do prioritize sexiness over creativity.

“Well, the Jager is doing that themed Heaven and Hell silent rave. Is that what we

want to do?” I ask her as I sip my drink, the warm liquid spreading through me.

Each bar downtown is doing its own themed party tonight and we’ve been going back and forth for weeks trying to decide which one we want to go to first. Liv desperately wanted to go to a haunted corn maze this year but I’ve been trying to convince her to go barhopping instead. The thought of being chased through a maze I can’t escape causes my chest to tighten uncomfortably. I have a need to be in control. I’m sure my therapist has thoughts about that too.

“Girl I’m so down!” Liv says before taking another sip of her sugary blended coffee drink. “We can totally throw together some super slutty angel outfits! That white corset top you have will be absolutely perfect!”

She’s right. That top makes my tits look fucking fabulous. I’ll have to figure out how to pull off the angel look with headphones for the silent rave but I think it will all come together.

I raise my mug to hers in mock cheers. “It’s gonna be a fucking good night. I can feel it!”

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GARETT

S talking is not for the impatient. I've been sitting at this fucking coffee shop for what feels like ages, waiting for this girl to arrive. Every Friday she has coffee with her friend right after school, at exactly four thirty. It's their weekend routine—caffeinate before going out. It's currently quarter after five. My ass is starting to go numb from sitting for so long. People have been coming and going with excitement for the fall holiday, apparent in their eccentric outfits and obsession for pumpkin-spiced shit all afternoon, but so far none of them have been the one I'm waiting for. She's late and I'm annoyed.

Her colorful best friend has been waiting for a while too, sipping some sugary shit and swiping on a dating app. Her hot pink hair is obnoxious. She's barely looked up from her phone. Too bad she's not my target. She's so glued to her phone, she'd probably be completely oblivious even if I walked right up to her and kidnapped her off the street in broad daylight. However, she's not the one I'm here for.

I'm not happy about this plan. My blood boils at the thought of my goddess, my beauty, my soulmate, ever finding out about the way this is going down, but I've been left with very few choices. The plan is already in motion and I have no choice but to continue.

The chime above the door goes off, pulling my attention. A parade of teens in slutty costumes files through the door and I sigh in annoyance, until I see the petite woman with dark hair sneaking in behind them. There she finally is. My girl strolls into the shop, her dark locks swirling around her face. Her pale skin is slightly reddened from the chill of the cold fall air. The knowledge that her pale flesh can turn such a

delicious shade of red has a feral part of me growling in vicious delight. Her lips are painted red, and I can't help but be hypnotized by the entire appearance she has cultivated. I'm like a bull and she's the damn red flag being waved in my face. I watch carefully, trying to appear nonchalant as she orders her drink and moves to the end of the counter. Her jeans hug the plump cheeks of her ass tightly. I wonder if she really wore those to school today.

She spins and begins to survey the room, most likely looking for the bright-haired bimbo that I've purposefully positioned myself near. As she turns, I see the douchebag who took her order check out her ass. A possessive urge to slam his fucking face against the counter before sticking the steam wand into his eyeball and turning it on full blast until his eyeball bursts, crosses my mind. No one is getting in the way of what and who I want, especially not some shit-stain barista bitch. But I swallow down my anger. This is not the time or place for violence.

It took her long enough to show up today. I've been sitting here, waiting for her, at her favorite coffee shop, for what feels like hours. The thing about this girl is that she's a creature of habit, making it very easy for me to figure out the perfect opportunity for us to "accidentally meet." And I've tried. I've been trying to get her attention for ages. But the other thing about this girl is that she's not dumb. At first, I figured she'd be easy prey, but I've learned that's not the case. She's very difficult to get close to and has managed to evade all the traps I've laid for her. She keeps everyone, including her few friends at a distance, never getting close enough to anyone for them to truly see her. It must be some type of defense mechanism. But the plan requires me to get close, so I've resorted to desperate measures. And her favorite holiday seemed like the perfect time to lure her into my web of deceit. I'm hoping it works to my advantage.

Her eyes lock onto her friend before wandering towards me. I purposely look away, not wanting her to know that I'm aware she's checking me out. I can feel her hazel eyes on me. I let her look for a minute before shifting my line of sight to match hers.

She's staring at my left hand.

No, baby, I'm not married but I'm definitely taken.

She lets her eyes roam across my body, taking in every inch of muscle I've worked hard to perfect. Her heated gaze trained over my body makes my cock swell slightly. And then her eyes meet mine.

Fuck, she's hot.

This would be much easier if she wasn't, but at least this way it'll be more fun. I still don't love that I have to do this but that's her weakness—she's desperate for dick. If I want to get close to her, I'm going to have to give her the one thing she's willing to let her guard down to get.

When she notices that I've caught her, she immediately diverts her eyes. A heated blush stains her cheeks and it's absolutely fucking delicious. I'm starting to wonder if I might have some kind of kink for seeing this girl's pale flesh streaked red. Is that even a thing? She carefully picks her way through the crowded cafe, making sure to keep her beautiful eyes down.

My girl is curious but likes to maintain an appearance of innocence. Interesting.

She sits with her friend and they chat for a while. I pretend to work on some shit on my computer. Really my screen is just trained on all the cameras I have set up. Before she arrived, I'd been looking through all of them trying to figure out where she could possibly be and why she was late. I keep pretending to work, despite the distraction of her friend with the shockingly bright pink hair who is clearly trying to get my attention. She's biting her bottom lip and trying to look seductive currently. She's not an unattractive girl. Her pink hair and bubbly nature are annoying but her face isn't bad to look at. If I wasn't already a taken man I might indulge my curiosity about her,

but I'm here for one reason and one reason only—the raven-haired girl sitting across from her.

“Well, the Jager is doing that themed Heaven and Hell silent rave. Is that what we want to do?” my girl asks her friend.

A Heaven and Hell theme, huh? I can definitely work with that. Maybe my little angel is looking to be corrupted.

Pulling out my phone from my pocket, I pull up my message thread with Luke and type out a quick text.

Hey man, we're going out tonight. You still have those masks we used to scare the shit out of Wyatt?

Luke has been my best friend since high school. We were both losers then. I compensated by making sure I'm fucking ripped and he compensated by becoming the youngest lawyer to make partner at his firm. If only the bitches from high school could see us now, right? But good things come to those who wait.

He's my literal partner in crime and the only one who knows the full extent of the plan. He needs this plan to work almost as much as I do. A few months ago we used a couple of masks to scare the shit out of one of the men on our list of names after drugging him. It made it much more fun to hunt him while he was hallucinating and freaking the fuck out. Halloween is the perfect excuse to pull the masks back out again.

“Girl, I'm so down!” pink-haired bimbo shouts while clapping her hands together in giddy delight. “We can totally throw together some super slutty angel outfits! That white corset top you have will be absolutely perfect!”

I can't see the face of the raven-haired beauty in front of me, she sat and gave me her back of course, but I'm desperate to know if she'll agree. I'd probably cut off a finger, possibly even a few of them, to see her in a tight little corset top. She'll look amazing dressed up as a chaste little angel. My dirty girl in disguise. My cock twitches at the thought. The plan was originally to bump into her here and introduce myself, but it seems like my girl just presented me with a much better option.

She must agree with her friend because they raise their mugs in mock cheers. "It's gonna be a fucking good night. I can feel it!"

Oh, if she only knew how good I'm going to make this night for her.

The door opens as someone enters the coffee shop, causing a breeze to waft through the store, and I catch a whiff of my girl's perfume. It's sweet, but musky. Floral but with a darkness underneath, just like her. Fuck, it's delicious. I can't help but imagine licking up her throat to taste her. Feeling her writhe beneath me as I lick and suck and bite the column of her neck until she's a mess of desire beneath me. Her plump breasts pushed against the hard wall of my chest, begging to be teased and tortured.

I know she's a means to an end and that I have a job to do, but that doesn't mean I can't play a little with her first. Because, well, she's fucking hot as hell. The girl is tall and lean and has an incredible rack. Even in the button down she wore to work today, you can tell underneath she's got big, beautiful breasts. Her dark hair is shiny and looks so soft that I'm tempted to reach out and twirl one of her soft curls around my hand right now and pull. I know enough about her from all my surveillance to know she'd thoroughly enjoy me pulling her hair to get her into whatever position I wanted.

Fuck, I made myself hard imagining all the things I'm going to do to my little angel. I covertly adjust myself underneath the table, trying to get a little relief against the tight confines of my zipper. The things I intend to do to this girl are downright dirty and I

know she will love every fucking second of it. That's the entire point.

Celeste is not a trusting nor warm person. I've been watching her for a while now and if there's one thing I've learned about her, it's that she's cautious. She keeps people at a distance and has very few that she's close to. But she's also curious and that's going to be the way I get to her. Curiosity killed the cat after all.

Luke responds, causing my phone to vibrate in my hand and pulling me out of my thoughts.

Yeah man, I still have them. What do you have in mind for tonight?

My girl suddenly stands, giving me a perfect view of her plump, round ass in those ridiculous jeans. Oh my sweet girl, the things I intend to do to that ass. I can see now why Mr. Barista Bitch couldn't stop himself from staring, but he and everyone else need to learn that she's mine now.

Both girls deposit their empty mugs in a bus tub by the door. They talk and smile as they walk to the door, but at the last moment, before my raven-haired angel follows her friend out the door, she turns and our eyes lock. Her hazel eyes are filled with a dark need that I know all too well.

Oh, sweet angel, you have no idea what you're in for tonight.

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CELESTE

The E is finally kicking in and I'm starting to feel good. Really fucking good actually. It's like the music pumping through my headphones is going straight into my nervous system and lighting up every single neural connection throughout my body. I can feel the electric spark thrumming through me in time with the beat of the bass. I fucking love this feeling.

Our ride share dropped us off at the club, the Jager, about twenty minutes ago and if it wasn't for the drugs and alcohol in my system, I'd definitely be feeling claustrophobic in here already. It's packed tonight with a variety of Heaven and Hell themed patrons in costume. The bar is twenty-one and up only, and close enough to the college that it's mostly just twenty something's crowding the dance floor and slinging back shots at the bar. I can be completely free without worrying about a nosey student or parent catching me tonight.

The room is completely silent except for the sounds of clothing brushing up against each other while couples grind and heels clicking on the floor. That is, until you put on your headphones and connect to the wireless DJ booth. Then the music pounds into your ears in rhythm with the flashing strobe lights. It's dark and smoky in the club, creating a perfect atmosphere for dancing and debauchery. Halloween decorations cover the walls in a gruesome display of blood and horror. The large bar situated against one wall is covered in caution tape and all the staff are wearing *Scream* masks. Everyone in here is in some type of fiendish costume; a writhing sea of saints and sinners surrounds me. It's fucking awesome.

Liv's hands are snaked around my hips, pushing and pulling me to move in rhythm

with her. She's dressed in red and black with a striking smoky eye—a slutty devil costume. And I'm in my white lace corset with a white satin miniskirt to go with it. My makeup is soft and glittery. I finished off my innocent look with a light pink gloss. We're our own slutty version of Heaven and Hell tonight. We got ready and pregamed at her house before heading out. I probably had more shots than I should have before even leaving her house, but whatever, it's my favorite holiday and we're still young and fun.

I've scanned the room several times and we're arguably the hottest girls here tonight. I've already caught several men eyeing us as we move across the room, so there should be absolutely no reason why we'd be going home alone. A smirk pulls at my lips as I think about how my therapist would tell me that I'm seeking out male attention to fill a void or some shit. They might even be right. I am screwed up. A shitty childhood will do that to a person, but there's worse coping mechanisms than sex with hot men.

I feel a slight twinge of guilt that I blew off Miss Goodie Two Shoes and her fucking kid's haunted house shit she wanted me to stay and help set up. But tonight is going to be amazing. I can feel it.

We sway together to the song flowing through our headphones. Liv's nails dig into the flesh of my hips through my skirt, pulling me back against her. I rub my ass against her, grinding on her. E makes Liv exceptionally horny, and while she usually turns her sexual energy towards the closest dick she can find, we've occasionally messed around together. My grinding is clearly pushing her over the edge because her hands begin to slowly move down my sides as her mouth finds my neck. She licks and sucks and nips at my neck, making me moan. Good thing no one can hear me. That's the thing about a silent rave, everyone's lost in their own world. I close my eyes and let the music and sensation of Liv's touch wash over me, until my headphone is ripped from my ear.

“Babe, your ass is driving me crazy here,” Liv practically moans into my now open ear. “Please.”

I smirk, knowing exactly how crazy I’m driving her. She’s begging for me and I’m so fucked up myself that I’m more than happy to grant her request.

“Yeah, girl. I need some relief too. But you have to take care of me first. It’s my turn anyway.” I’m almost whispering into her mouth our faces are so close.

She nods her head in silent agreement before I crash my lips against hers, savoring her soft and full lips. I always forget how much better girls are at kissing than men. Men usually just try to take quickly and aggressively before sticking their dick inside you. But girls are soft and affectionate. They take their time exploring. And that’s exactly what Liv’s doing as her tongue twists in rhythm with mine. One of her hands continues to snake down my body until she reaches the hem of my skirt and finds her way underneath. Her fingers quickly sneak beneath my thong and spread open my folds. Using two fingers to keep me wide open for her, she runs her middle finger down my length.

“Fuck, babe, you’re fucking soaked!” she groans against the shell of my ear as her finger begins to lightly circle my clit.

A moan slips past my lips as my friend starts stroking just the right spot. Everything inside me feels like it’s pulsating with pleasure and a part of me knows that it’s the E doing its thing, but it’s also the music still thrumming in my remaining headphone, the lights strobing in through my blown out pupils, the heat of all the bodies in the room, the smell of sin and sweat mixing together. I’m totally overstimulated but in the best possible way. The drugs in my system are helping me relax as I let go and give myself over to pleasure.

Suddenly, Liv’s hand is no longer on me, leaving me wet and wanting. I open my

eyes to see what's going on and realize someone's joined us. Liv is still behind me but in front of me is some guy I've never seen before. He's not very tall but attractive enough, with slicked-back dirty blond hair.

"You're really fucking hot."

Wow, what a line dude.

I register the words he's saying and the feeling of his hand on my hip but it all feels far away, like I'm watching it happen to someone else. I cock my head, unable to get my brain and mouth to fully cooperate together.

Liv's fingers are no longer beneath my skirt because they're currently in his hand. He pulls them up to his face, sticks out his tongue and licks them, his eyes never leaving mine. Behind me, Liv moans and grinds her pussy into my ass. He's sucking her finger clean while his green eyes bore into me and Liv grinds into me from behind.

Well fuck, this is kinda' hot.

"Mmm. You taste as good as you look, sexy girl." His voice is not as deep or rough as I'd like, but no one's perfect, right?

"Let me try," Liv says before pouncing on him. She pushes her lips eagerly against his.

Both of their hands are roaming over every inch of me, touching and teasing, as we all grind together, their lips locked together over my shoulder. Breaking apart, Liv sucks in a deep breath before moving her mouth back to mine. Her tongue sweeps through my mouth with such need and desire that I might lose myself completely. But then I'm pulled away from her as one mouth is replaced by another. His tongue is bigger, stronger, and attacks my mouth fiercely.

“That’s it, babe. Take both of us like a good girl,” Liv whispers in my ear as her hand returns beneath my skirt.

I shriek as she shoves a finger inside me and begins pumping in and out, but the noise is swallowed up by the man in front of me. We’re a grinding mess of fingers and tongues and fluids and I know I should care that we’re in the middle of a crowded club but I don’t. I totally give in and let myself enjoy this pleasure. Sober me will worry about the consequences tomorrow.

Mr. Stranger has both of his hands on my hips, guiding me as I grind against Liv’s hand. My eyes close and my head falls back against Liv’s shoulder. Heat starts to build in my core and it feels so good.

“Is she wet?” he asks Liv, an almost desperate plea in his voice.

“Why don’t you join me in here and find out for yourself?”

I suddenly tense at her words. Sure, I’ve had more than one finger inside me before but never two different people’s fingers. Double penetration in public might be a little too much, even in my fucked up state. But before I have time to think about it too much, Liv’s mouth returns to my neck, kissing me in the exact spot that she knows turns me into Jello.

“Relax babe,” she coos in between kisses on my neck, “let us make you feel good.”

I can’t help but give in as the man in front of me releases one of his hands from my hip and slowly trails it down my body. He quickly slips it beneath the hem of my skirt and slides one digit under my thong. He circles my clit roughly, the sensation making my hips buck. Between Liv’s finger inside me, his on my clit, both of their other hands roaming my body, it’s almost too much. Yet, it’s also not enough.

“Please,” I groan as I desperately grind into their hands, trying to chase my imminent release.

“Such a needy slut,” he growls before roughly shoving his finger inside me alongside the one already pumping me towards climax.

“Holy shit!” I nearly scream as they both continue to pump their fingers in and out of me in an alternating rhythm, not giving my most sensitive nerves a second between pleasured strokes.

My eyes shoot open and when they do, I watch as Liv and Mr. Stranger make out again over my shoulder. Their tongues seem to be twisting against each other in the same rhythm that their fingers are pumping into me. Every sensation is heightened by the ecstasy and the fact that we’re doing this in public and I know I can’t last much longer.

“Please,” I moan as I furiously grind against them. My climax is just within reach and I’m about to topple over the edge.

“Come for us babe,” Liv whispers in my ear before her tongue traces a path along the outer shell of my ear. Mr. Stranger’s mouth sucks roughly against the exposed column of my neck. Both their fingers pump in and out of me at an almost painful, yet entirely pleasurable pace.

The boiling pleasure crescendos and I come harder than I ever have. My whole body goes rigid as wave upon wave of pleasure shoots through me. I grab onto Mr. Stranger’s arm to hold myself up as I crash into bliss.

I come back down slowly, their fingers continuing to move to coax every last wave of pleasure out of me. Slowly, still holding on to the man—whose name I don’t even know—for support, I open my eyes. My lids are heavy as my body still reels from my

release, but when I finally look up I lock eyes with someone across the room.

The Devil is watching me.

GARETT

I watch as her face contorts into pure ecstasy. Her climax clearly hitting its peak. She's absolutely breathtaking. Her raven locks fall down her back in a shimmering waterfall. Her makeup is soft and shimmery, highlighting the natural contours of her face. Her white little outfit manages to be both sexy and innocent looking. She's flushed and her mouth is slightly agape as she moans through the orgasm. She's stunning.

But I know it's all a lie. She's not a sweet and innocent little angel. No, she's a fucking slut who just let some random man finger her while her best friend helped. I knew my girl was open with her sexuality, but letting two different people finger fuck her in a crowded bar is bold, even for her. She needs to learn that she belongs to me. Her pleasure, her pain, her tears, her blood are all fucking mine. And tonight I intend to show her just how possessive I can be when it comes to things that are mine.

In all honesty, that little show they just put on was fucking hot. Watching her writhe and squirm while pleasure coursed through her made my cock stiffen in my pants. If I wasn't so fucking angry at her for letting another man touch her, I'd be really turned on. And of course, he's not just any other man and that really fucking boils my blood. But now's not the time or place. He will get what's coming to him when it's the right time. For now, my focus is on ruining my sweet little angel.

"Fuck, man," Luke whispers towards me. "That's who we're here for?" He inclines his head towards the spectacle in front of us.

"Yeah." My jaw is so tight it feels like it might snap. "The angel is mine. I'd tell you

to take the one dressed as a devil, but it looks like she might have found something else to entertain her tonight already.” I share a knowing look with my best friend. We agreed on this plan. Now we each have to play our parts.

“Oh, I definitely don’t mind sharing.” I see him wink through the darkened eye hole of the mask he’s wearing. “This is gonna’ be fun.”

“Just don’t forget, we need his phone. Have all the fun you want as long as you’re able to take his cell without noticing.”

“Yeah, yeah. I know.” Luke waves me off as he prowls towards his prey. The pink-haired bimbo might actually be able to give my best friend a run for his money.

We both are dressed in casual black jeans and long sleeve tee shirts, mine clinging tightly to the muscles and tattooed skin of my arms. Luke is leaner than I am and has that clean cut look to him since he works at a law firm. However, lurking behind his professional facade is a true demon of debauchery and lust. He definitely means it when he says he’d be open to entertaining Celeste’s little friend and her new boy toy. Not that I’m judging, but Luke will happily stick his dick anywhere he can. I, however, reserve my dirty thoughts for only women. Well, one woman in particular. I am wearing the mask of a devil, red and sinister with black mesh over the eyes. Luke wears a demon mask. His is black and gold, with a long fake tongue curling out of the mouth. We look like sin incarnate, a perfect way to hide our true monstrosity. Usually I hate the whole dressing up holiday deal but I could get on board with these Halloween costumes. Maybe that’s the appeal—you get to show the truths of what you normally have to hide. I’ll gladly show my little angel what a devil I truly am.

The club is hot and crowded, the room is a fake blood-covered mess of grinding forms. However, I’m here for one reason and one reason alone: the little angel currently coming down from her orgasm in front of me. I watch as her chest begins to rise and fall at a more steady pattern, her delicious tits heaving in her tight corset top.

I can't wait to sink my teeth into the delicate flesh she has prominently displayed. I'm desperate to see her bloody and bruised beneath me. When her eyes open, they lock onto mine immediately, as though the Fates have connected an invisible string between us, drawing her to me. I see her eyebrows shoot up in surprise as she realizes that I just watched her get finger fucked in public. Her cheeks flush with slight embarrassment.

Silly girl, I'll be seeing far more than that by the time I'm done with you.

The energy between us is electric. I know she can feel it, just as I can. Her friend and their new boy toy continue to make out with each other, grinding their bodies against hers. Luke snakes in behind the friend, pulling her against him and grinding into her ass. But my little angel is frozen, completely entranced by me. She's clearly caught in my web. I tilt my head to the side slightly as I study her and I swear I can see her body shiver in anticipation from here.

Hastily, she disentangles herself from the others and spins away, breaking our eye contact. The sudden loss twists something painful in my chest as the urge to pursue her pushes my feet to move. As I pass her friend, who is now completely entangled between the blond-haired fucker who is at the very top of my "To Torture and Kill List" and my best friend, I notice Luke lift his mask and lick up the entire column of her neck. Her head falls back in a moan and her pink curls cascade across her shoulders. When he catches me watching, my friend winks at me before sinking his teeth roughly into her tender flesh. She shrieks and tries to pull away but he's already ensnared her.

My little angel has disappeared among the crowd of writhing bodies. But she can't hide for long. I will find her and I fully intend on punishing her for running from me when I do. She needs to learn that she's mine, from now until the moment she takes her very last breath.

A flash of shimmering white catches my eye up ahead.

Caught you, angel.

I shove my way through the crowd until she's finally back in my sight. She seems to be on a path towards a darkened back hallway. A red neon sign above lets me know she's headed towards the bathroom.

Perfect.

Right as she turns the corner, moving out of the chaos of the main bar area, and into the shadows of the secluded hallway, I reach my hand out to grab her. My fingers curl around her delicate neck. It's so small, so breakable. Shoving her up against the wall, I turn her to face me and use my hand on her throat to keep her pinned in place. Her eyes widen in terror and her pulse beats erratically underneath her pale flesh. Fuck, the terror in her eyes has my cock jerking to attention, begging to be unleashed on the heavenly creature cowering beneath me.

"Wh—what do you want?" she manages to choke out. A scared little sigh escapes her parted lips. It's absolutely delectable.

Leaning down until I'm pressed right up against her, I whisper into her ear, "You, my little angel."

I grind against her, letting her feel my obvious erection. She shivers against me and I savor the fear and need warring within her.

"I'll scream," she whispers, barely making an attempt to sound convincing. Her nails dig into the skin of my shoulders, letting me know she wants this even as her words say otherwise.

“You absolutely will be screaming, lovely girl. You’ll be screaming out for the Devil as you come right here in this hallway.”

Her breath hitches at my insinuation, her heaving tits rubbing up against my chest. I grind my cock against her again, eliciting a moan from her.

“No one will be able to hear you scream. They all have their headphones in. You can fight me all you want, but no one is coming to save you. Tonight my sweet little angel, you belong to the Devil.” I emphasize my point with a slight squeeze to her throat.

I know the Devil references are a little on point with my mask and all but I can’t resist. Here I am, dressed as the Devil, pinning a sweet little angel to the wall in a shitty club. And it’s Halloween weekend. It’s all just too perfect. I can’t help but lean into it. We’re here to play a game, so I might as well play my part well. Unfortunately for my little angel, she’s the pawn that is going to help me win this game.

I move my hand from her neck, letting it trail down her body until I reach her hip. I dig my fingers into the soft flesh, holding her firmly against the wall. With my other hand, I reach into my pocket and pull out my knife. I bring it in front of her face and watch as fear permeates through her when I release the switchblade. The shimmering steel glints in the sliver of light coming down the hallway from the main room of the club. Her eyes widen as she takes in the threat in front of her. My cock jerks in my pants. Her terror is absolutely intoxicating.

She tries to push away and get out of my reach but I slam her back against the wall, pointing the blade at her chest. Her tits heave as her fear makes her breathing heavy. I want to cut every piece of clothing from her body and fuck her loudly in this hallway, but I need her begging for my cock before I give it to her.

“Where do you think you’re going, angel?” I coo as I bring the tip of my blade to the

surface of her top. I scratch the blade lightly against her skin, not enough to make her bleed, but enough to irritate the skin. Goosebumps ripple across her skin as my blade traces a taunting path across her pale flesh.

“Please,” she begs as her eyes track the slow path my knife is making across her snow white skin. “Please let me go. I won’t tell anyone. I’ll just leave. I promise. Just please don’t hurt me.”

We both watch as the blade scrapes back and forth across her skin, leaving bright red marks all across her beautiful, soft breasts. I was right, she looks stunning covered in my red marks. The sight is heavenly. I keep my knife trailing against her chest while my other hand sneaks below her skirt. Pressing a single finger against her, I begin to rub the outside of her pussy lips.

“Don’t lie to me, sweetheart. You’re soaking through your fucking panties. I think you’re turned on by the fear.” I lean in as close as I can to the shell of her ear. “I think you want me to make it hurt.”

I can feel her pussy clench at my words, and I know I have her. Removing myself from her, I spin her around. Her hands fly out to brace herself against the wall. I lift her skirt over her ass. It’s plump and juicy. I want to sink my teeth into her ass and cover it in my bite marks.

“Hey!” she protests as she attempts to pull her skirt back down, but I shove her hands back against the wall.

Pushing my front to her back, I grind my rock hard erection against her ass, pulling a moan from her plush little lips. “Be a good girl for me and I’ll let you come, angel. That’s what you want right? To be my perfect little angel, and let the Devil make you feel good?”

She hesitates for a moment. But just one moment before she resigns herself to her fate.

“Yes,” she whispers as her ass grinds against me again, seeking some type of friction.

I move my hands around to the front of her and slip my knife underneath the front of her white little thong. Her breath hitches slightly when she feels the cold metal against her skin, but when I pull the blade through the fabric, cutting the small scrap of lace from her, she moans in satisfaction. I grab the ruined underwear and shove them in my pocket. They’ll come in handy later.

Moving to crouch behind her, I let my hands trail down her thick thighs, pulling them open for me. Using my fingers, I open her soft folds and expose her perfect pink pussy. I can see how wet and engorged she is even in the low light of the small alcove we’re hiding in.

“You want me to touch you, angel?”

“Yes, please,” she moans as she desperately humps at the air.

I smack her pussy suddenly. She cries out and turns her head to glare at me over her shoulder. Good. I want her anger just as badly as I want her pleasure.

“I would have touched you, but you let someone else touch you first. Dirty sluts don’t deserve rewards, do they?”

“N-no.”

“What do dirty sluts deserve, angel?”

“I-I don’t know.” She’s a stuttering mess. I know I confused her by working her up

and now pulling back. But this girl needs to learn who the fuck she belongs to. I smack her pussy again, this time harder. The sound of my palm hitting her slick flesh bounces off the walls around us. She cries out in pain but doesn't move.

“Let's try that again. What do dirty sluts like you deserve?”

“Punishment?”

I rub my fingers softly against her clit when she answers correctly. Her head falls back and she moans in pleasure, her hips rocking as I caress her engorged bud. She's so wet and needy for me. It's perfection.

“That's right, angel,” I praise as I continue to rub her clit. With her head thrown back and her eyes closed in pleasure she doesn't even notice me bring my knife back up.

Her scream is loud enough to wake the dead. But no one will hear her with their headphones in and the music blaring into their ears. I pull the knife out a little, then drive the handle back into her tight cunt.

“If you would have been a good girl and waited for me, I would have let you come on my face and fingers. But you let some fucking stranger touch you, so now you'll come on my knife and lick it clean for me.”

She moans and begins to relax as I continue to move the knife in and out of her. I'm careful not to let the blade nick either of us. I don't want her blood, not yet at least. Her pale complexion turns pink as the pleasure I'm providing her heats her core. Perspiration clings to her chest. She's a vision and I can't fucking pull my eyes away from her. Moving my other hand back to her clit, I rub circles again. When I begin to fuck her with my knife in time with small little pinches to her sensitive nub, all her reservations melt away. She lets the pleasure totally consume her as she rocks her hips.

“Oh my God. Oh my God!” she moans as her pleasure builds.

“There’s no God here baby, just the Devil. Now show me how you look when you sin, angel.”

“Fuck!” she yells as I up the pace. Her hips begin jerking uncontrollably as her release nears. “Don’t stop! I’m gonna’ come!”

“I won’t stop, baby. Show me what a good little slut you can be and come all over my knife in this dirty hallway where anyone could see you.”

She falls over the edge. Her face contorts and all her muscles freeze up as her pussy contracts around the foreign object inside her. Her pleasure is completely intoxicating. I fuck her through each wave of her release. When her climax finally ends, she lets out a satisfied sigh and slumps her forehead against the wall.

Without removing the knife, I stand behind her.

“You didn’t think we were done yet, did you, angel?” She turns her head to look at me, confusion obvious on her face. “We’re just getting started.”

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Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 4:02 pm

CELESTE

I 'm not sure if it's the drugs that are still in my system or the fact that I just let a masked stranger fuck me in public with a knife, but I've never come this hard before. When the pulsing in my pussy finally starts to subside, I sigh and place my forehead against the wall, letting the cool brick surface help to ground me back in reality. I'm sure this place is gross and grimy but I don't even care.

Fuck! That was intense!

When I go to move and realize he's left the knife handle inside me, I tense. Then, I freeze entirely. What the fuck? I turn ever so carefully to look at him in confusion, but staring back at me is empty blackness. I can't see any of his face or eyes through the mask. It's fucking terrifying.

"We're just getting started, angel," he growls as he steps towards me.

His hands go to my throat. He pulls me away from the wall, spins me towards him, then shoves me back again. He pins me in place with one hand uncomfortably tight around my throat, moving his other hand to his belt and he starts to undo his pants. I just came down from my second orgasm of the night, but I already feel my pussy dampen at the thought of his cock. I swallow, which is painful as he holds my throat tightly in his large, strong hand. This man must be lust incarnate because despite all the warning bells going off in my head, when he pulls out his long, thick length my mouth and pussy both immediately start to water. He's huge, his large fingers barely wrapping around his wide girth, and all I can think is that I'm desperate for him to fill me with it.

“You’re not done with your punishment, angel,” he says as he strokes himself. “Get on your knees.”

He continues to pump himself with his hand, and as he does his cock stands at attention. I notice something catch the light.

Oh God, he’s pierced.

I’ve never been with a man with a pierced dick before. I have no idea how it’ll feel. Will it rub against me uncomfortably or will it feel good? Fuck, I’m desperate to find out.

I’m so transfixed by his pierced cock, I don’t even register that he commanded me to do something. It’s not until his hand tightens further around my throat, cutting off my airway, that I even realize I’ve upset him. My lungs burn but at the same time, my pussy is dripping down the knife still shoved inside. Clearly there’s something about his depravity that calls to a dark part of me.

“Are you disobeying me, angel? Do I need to teach you a lesson about what happens to girls who disobey their Masters?” he snarls as I gasp and sputter for air.

“No!” I manage to squeak out.

“Then get on your fucking knees. Now!”

He releases his hold on my throat, allowing me to breathe. I greedily suck in air, gasping and sputtering as my aching lungs inflate. My mind is reeling, trying to figure out who this man is and why he’s calling himself my Master. He doesn’t fucking own me.

As if he can hear my thoughts, his hand snakes into my hair, pulling tightly. The sting

is painful and I wince. He uses his hold on my hair to push me down to my knees. As I kneel down a sudden pain causes me to jolt. He takes the opportunity to shove his thick length into my open mouth. I gag at the intrusion and go to pull away, but again I'm met with a horrible realization. Panic hits me as I understand the position he's trapped me in.

"That's right, my sweet angel, my knife is still firmly stuck in that tight little cunt. If you dare pull away from me, you'll end up shifting it and you could slice yourself wide open. The only thing I want destroying your pretty little pussy is my cock. So be a good little slut and take me deep down your throat." His voice is laced with pleasure and lust. He's clearly enjoying this fucked up and sadistic trap he's ensnared me in. And based on the slickness dripping down the inside of my thighs, so am I.

He shoves his cock back down my throat, using a firm grip on my hair to hold me in place. His piercing scrapes against my throat and I go to pull away, but the fear of slicing myself into ribbons if I pull too far stops me. I'm completely helpless. My only choice is to lean forward and let him fuck my throat.

"Relax, angel. Breathe through your nose nice and deep, then take me deep down your throat like my good little whore." His free hand cups my face, his thumb smearing my tears across my face.

He shoves his cock further down my throat and I push down the gag. Tears and drool stream down my face. I should be terrified of this monster who's using me for his pleasure, but as he throws his head back and groans in ecstasy, I can't help the involuntary jolt of need that warms my center. My pussy throbs, pulsing around the knife handle still shoved deep inside me. Each of his pumps causes the metal of his pierced cock to grind against the back of my throat, probably leaving a bruise.

I shouldn't be enjoying this. I should pull the knife out from inside me, stab him, and run. But I don't. Instead, I hum in satisfaction, enjoying being used and abused by the

Devil himself.

“Fuck baby, yeah,” he moans as his cock swells to an unreasonable size and pulses in my throat. I can tell he’s close. “Just like that, sweet angel. I’m gonna’ come down your throat and you’re going to swallow every last drop like a good girl, right?”

I hum in agreement and that seems to send him over the edge. With a feral growl, he shoots down my throat. I cough and splutter but manage to swallow it down. Slowly, he pulls himself from me, but as he reaches my mouth I suck the head of his cock, letting my tongue flick the piercing, before releasing him with a loud pop.

His hand shoots out and grabs my face. He holds my cheeks so tightly that it hurts. I can feel the bruise forming on my face already.

“Open,” he demands. Again, I’m completely helpless against him. He’s in control and I have no choice but to give him exactly what he wants. “Good girl,” he praises as I stick out my tongue, showing him that I swallowed all of his salty cum.

Bending down in front of me again he reaches out and slowly pulls the knife out of my pussy. I clench at the sudden loss. What the fuck is wrong with my masochistic vagina? It’s seriously regretting the loss of a knife? I might be more fucked up than I thought.

The sharp blade catches the light as he brings the still open knife up, holding it right between our faces. My heart rate spikes again as my devil holds a knife between us. But then, with his free hand, he hooks his fingers underneath his mask and pulls it up, just barely exposing his chiseled jaw and full lips to me. His tongue darts out to lick the knife handle.

He moans as his tongue returns to his mouth. “You taste heavenly, angel,” he purrs as he licks his lips.

He holds the handle towards me, angling the blade towards himself. Again, I should shove it into his chest and run. This man is undoubtedly evil and deranged. But I don't. I clearly have zero sense of self preservation because instead of fighting off this monster, I open my mouth and wrap my lips around the knife handle. I let my tongue explore the rough textures of the knife while I lick up all traces of my sinful release.

“Good fucking girl,” he praises and his words warm something in my chest that I didn't know existed. “Now let's get you home, angel. Your friend left you so she could go have both her holes filled with cum, so I'll be driving you home.”

I have no idea how he knows that Liv's my ride, or that she left me to go have kinky sex, but I honestly don't care. At this point, I'd probably let him lead me to the pits of Hell.

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Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 4:02 pm

CELESTE

Leaning my back against my front door, I let out a sigh of relief to be home. I close my eyes and focus on my breath. In for four, out for five, in for four, out for five. It's some trick I picked up from someone along the way to help with my anxiety. I've dealt with anxiety and panic most of my life, ever since I was a kid. A string of various shrinks tried to "fix me" but I was too much of a lost cause. I'm too damaged to ever be normal. I did pick up some useful tips along the way though, like the breathing exercise or focusing my attention on my physical being.

I focus on the feeling of my feet on the ground, willing myself back down to Earth. I'm not really anxious right now, more like post-overstimulated. Is that even a fucking thing? The drugs and alcohol and high from multiple orgasms are all wearing off and I'm starting to crash. I need to ground myself back in the here and now after everything that has happened tonight.

The masked man silently grabbed my hand and led me to his car. Red warning lights had gone off in my head, cautioning me not to go with a masked stranger, but weirdly, I'd felt like I could trust him. I mean, I'd probably regret it when I ended up murdered on the side of the highway, but you only live once, right? He led me to a blacked out Dodge Charger with windows tinted as dark as the black paint. It's a sexy ass car. He drove me home without saying a word, music blaring from the speakers throughout the car. I'd simply rolled the window down and let the cool fall air whip my hair around my face while he drove. The flickering lights of fading jack-o'-lanterns flashed by as we passed through the streets filled with sweet little suburban homes.

When we arrived at my house, he pulled up to the curb and stopped the car. The car sat idling as he sat stoically, staring straight ahead into the darkness of the night. I'd awkwardly thanked him before exiting the car. I mean, what do you say to a masked stranger whose name you don't even know, but who you let fuck you with a knife in the back of a seedy club? Nothing, apparently. And apparently, he says nothing back.

I'm not sure if I expected some movie moment where he ran after me and kissed me in the rain or what, but this isn't a fairytale. I walked swiftly through the dark night up the walkway to my door alone, turned off the switches to my electric jack-o'-lanterns on my porch, and entered my house. Alone.

Sliding my phone out of my top, I pull up my text thread with Liv. My devil had been right—Liv had totally abandoned me. I love her to death but sometimes she can be a bit selfish. She'd sent me a quick text letting me know that she was taking the guy from the dance floor plus some other random guy back to her house for a "private after-party." That's her code for pulling out the handcuffs and riding crops for some seriously kinky shit. Not that I'm judging. Hell, I've let her use the crop on me before and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Liv is a switch and she gives as good as she gets. I send off a quick text back to her.

Hope you're having fun with your two mystery men! Call me when they leave!

Feeling slightly better, I push off the door and walk into the living room, kicking off my heels as I go. My house is old and small but it's enough for just me. I bought it cheap when some old lady's husband died and she couldn't afford the mortgage anymore. Her loss was my gain. I have it sparsely furnished with neutral tones. There's no photos or knick-knacks lining the shelves and walls. It's bland and impersonal, as if anyone could live here, and if I left, no one would even know I'd been. It's a habit of bouncing from place to place—the less you have, the less you have to leave behind.

When I make it to the front window, I peer out the curtains. The houses on my street are aglow with lights from hollowed out pumpkins and flashing decorations. Despite the festive decor, the street is quiet and empty. Except for the black Charger still parked out front, idling aimlessly outside.

Is he waiting there for a reason? Was he expecting me to invite him in?

Not knowing what else to do, I raise my hand and wave. The sound of tires squealing against the pavement rips through the silence of my quiet little street. He leaves like a bat out of Hell. Was he waiting for me to get inside, making sure I got home safely? That's kinda sweet for a man disguised as a devil.

Making my way to the back of my house, I enter the small primary bedroom and start my nighttime routine. I'm terrified of getting old. I'm going to make an ugly ass old lady so I make sure to follow a strict skin care routine in order to avoid premature wrinkles. I wash, cleanse, tone, treat, and moisturize my skin. After brushing my hair, I throw it up in a messy bun and slip into my pajamas.

I pull back my duvet and crawl into bed. My pussy aches in a very satisfying way as I reposition myself in the bed. Thinking back through the night, I can't help but smile. This has definitely been one of my top five Halloween celebrations for sure.

Suddenly I shoot up, sitting rigidly in bed. Panic rips through me, strangling my heart and bringing the all too familiar sensation of an anxiety attack through my body. I'm completely frozen in fear as I realize that the masked man drove me home tonight, but I never told him where I live.

Three sharp raps pull me back towards consciousness. I barely slept at all last night. I was too consumed with running back through my mind trying to figure out how the Devil knows where I live. What if he's someone I know? What if he's a stalker or a serial killer or some shit? Finally, I drifted off into a restless sleep full of images of

devils and demons and blood. Now, as I'm pulled away from my fitful rest, a sense of foreboding lingers.

Another set of loud bangs rings out through the silence. It's knocking. Someone's knocking at my door. Groaning as my head pounds uncontrollably, I roll over.

"Fuck!" I just want to sleep off my hangover and ensuing panic. Unfortunately, the banging on my door continues and rest does not seem likely.

Padding down my hallway, I rub the sleep out of my eyes. Everything within me seems to be pulsating with exhaustion. I'm desperately dehydrated.

Swinging open my door, the sunlight hits my eyelids with a force strong enough to make me flinch. I raise my hand to shield my eyes as Liv breezes past me into my house.

"Bitch, took you long enough. I've been out there pounding on the door forever," she says as she crosses into the living room and puts down the paper cups and bag she's holding onto the coffee table. "It's almost eleven. Are you seriously still asleep? Wait, how late did you stay up partying?" She wiggles her eyebrows at me, the piercing in her left one glinting in the late morning light.

"I got dropped off shortly after you ditched me." I collapse into the comfy chair across from her with a sigh.

Liv gives me a look before leaning across the table to grab one of the paper coffee cups and hand it to me. As she leans forward, her shirt pulls down, exposing the flesh of her tits spilling out of her hot pink bra. Something in my core twinges as I see she's completely covered in hickies and bite marks.

"Looks like you had some fun last night." I give a pointed glance at her tits as she sits

back on the couch, taking a long swig of her own coffee. She got me some sugary pumpkin shit and I hold back a frown as the sweetness churns my already upset stomach.

She gives me a sly smirk. “Brody—the man who finger fucked you on the dance floor—was kinda’a dud. But Luke, the guy I met after you ran off and disappeared, was fucking incredible!” She’s practically gushing and has a huge smile on her face. “He’s a pleasure Dom!”

“I have no idea what the hell you’re talking about.” I’m too hungover and tired to care about her sex-capades currently. And if I’m honest, I’m a bit annoyed that she ditched me last night to run off with random men. But that’s Liv.

“Girl, it’s amazing! He was like, all about pleasuring me. He totally bossed me around, had me on my fucking knees for him, but it was about me the entire time. He even was commanding Brody around, forcing him to pleasure me again and again and again—”

“Okay, I get it! He made you come several times.”

“No, you don’t get it, babe. Brody drove us all back to my house and the entire drive there Luke had his mouth all over me, teasing me and driving me wild. He would finger fuck me until I was on the edge of coming and then pull away. I was a dripping mess by the time we got to my house.”

I squirm uncomfortably in my seat, feeling warmth pool between my thighs. I sip my coffee and avert my eyes to cover up how I’m reacting to her story. A man like that, willing to use you and abuse you, but for your own pleasure—sounds like some fucking make believe fairytale shit. That’s the kind of man that only exists in those smut books Liv is constantly reading. If they do exist, they’re certainly not interested in girls like me. Girls that are ruined.

“As soon as we got to my house he blindfolded and tied me up. He had me splayed across my bed, limbs tied to each post of my bed frame. Then babe, you won’t believe this.” Liv mock fans herself as if she’s working herself up reliving this. “He pulled out a knife and cut my clothes off of me.”

The mention of a knife has my pussy waking the fuck up and paying attention. It throbs at the memory of how hard I came the night before. Liv doesn’t seem to notice as she continues reliving her own sinful delights.

“He demanded Brody eat me out while he observed. Anytime he didn’t think Brody was pleasuring me enough, he punished him by making him bend over me and then spanking him. Hard. I could feel Brody’s cock pulse against me and his teeth sink into my skin every time Luke smacked his ass, and it was so fucking hot. Brody seemed like one of those uptight assholes who’s secretly some kind of freak, like if Luke wasn’t there he’d have been sucking on my toes or some shit. But the way Luke commanded him around, using him to pleasure me, it was so fucking hot.”

“Girl, how you find these people I will never understand.” I try to laugh off her story, deflecting in order to pretend like I’m the normal one. But I’m not. At least Liv got the names of the men she let fuck her.

“After I came on each of their faces, they took turns fucking my ass and pussy, using me as their dirty doll, until we all were spent.” Liv is totally lost in her thoughts, staring off into space. “It was the best sex I’ve ever had.”

“Fuck,” I groan as I squirm further in my seat.

Liv finally snaps out of wherever she’s been and really looks at me. Her expression changes quickly, heat pulsating in her eyes. A smirk spreads across her face as she crosses the room and straddles my lap. Her hands land on my shoulders for balance as she lowers herself onto me. My nipples stand at attention under my thin cotton tee

shirt as her chest brushes against mine.

Leaning into me, she kisses a line up the column of my neck. “Sorry, babe. Am I working you up?” She whispers against the shell of my ear before licking from lobe to tip. A shiver creeps down my spine. “Did you not find someone to bring home last night?” She brushes her chest against mine, making my nipples harden even further. She knows exactly what she’s doing to me as she rolls her pussy against my lap seductively.

She feels good. Pushing my hips up, I grind into her before pulling away.

“No,” I whisper. I push her back slightly and shake my head at her. As good as she feels, I’m not in the mood for her games today.

She smiles down at me before kissing me lightly. Disentangling herself from my lap, she moves back to the couch and picks up her phone. “There’s pastries in the bag,” she says casually as she scrolls through her phone.

The sudden loss of her has me practicing my breathing again. In and out and in and out. I attempt to calm myself.

Suddenly looking back up at me, Liv cocks her head and narrows her eyes at me. “So no luck finding a guy to fuck last night then?”

I open the white paper bag and pull out one of the flaky pastries. “No,” I mumble as I shove the sweet treat into my mouth.

I have no idea why I just lied to my best friend but I’m certain I don’t want her to know about my devil in disguise.

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GARETT

The air is cold and damp. It clings to me and sends a shiver down my shoulders and arms. The evening air smells like decaying pumpkins and impending rain. A group of giggling kids runs down the sidewalk in front of me, their colorful costumes on full display. I hate this holiday. If the roots of mayhem and mischief were still the main focus of celebration, I'd be all kinds of on board. But as it is, it's just a cold and wet evening where kids run around in ridiculous outfits demanding candy from strangers. Not my thing.

Once I finally claim my beauty, I'm taking her and getting the fuck out of here. Maybe we'll run away to somewhere tropical where it's always warm. The thought of her splayed out in nothing but a tiny bikini has my cock twitching in my pants.

I've spent the majority of the afternoon sitting in this parking lot. From my spot in the back row I have a perfect view of both Celeste's classroom windows and the front door of the school. Her classroom is currently one of the few with the windows still illuminated, most people having left at this point.

Lights in another classroom down the hallway grab my attention, the bright beam breaking through the darkening dusk and calling out to me. I dare a glance in that direction and my eyes lock on the figure of a woman inside. My heart rate skyrockets and my mouth goes dry. A pit forms in my stomach and it feels like snakes are constricting my insides. I know she's in there and it's taking everything inside me not to storm inside the building right now. My hand itches to grab my knife that's stored safely in my pocket.

The figure moves across the room and the lights turn off, bathing her in darkness. I force my eyes away. Willing myself to calm down, I take several deep breaths in and out. I can't have any distractions. Tonight is important, critical even. I need everything to go according to plan.

Luke's red Audi flies into the spot next to mine, coming to a screeching halt.

Damn show-off.

"Hey man, happy Halloween! How's it going?" Luke opens the door and starts to slide into my passenger seat before noticing all the trash littering the black leather surface. "Dude, how long have you been sitting here?"

"None of your fucking business," I grumble as I swipe the trash off the seat and onto the floorboard.

Luke simply laughs. We've been friends long enough that he knows how to deal with me when I get in one of my moods, especially when it's related to her.

"You got the phone?" I question as I hold out my hand to him, my eyes still trained on the building in front of me.

He responds by slapping the iPhone into my awaiting palm. He must have come up for air, out of Celeste's friend's pussy, long enough to swipe this off its owner. Perfect. I swipe up on the screen and find it's not even password protected.

Fucking dipshit.

"Hope it wasn't too hard of a job for you to retrieve this asshat's phone." I wink at him. My mood is suddenly much brighter now that our plan is moving forward.

“Fuck man, your girl’s friend is one kinky bitch. I’d gladly drown in her pussy any day. She has a whole chest full of toys in her room and I barely got to use any of them. I have a feeling I’ll be adding her into my regular rotation.” He adjusts himself rather non-discreetly as he thinks about the little pink-haired bimbo. “Dude is still a complete fucking prick though. He only seemed interested in his own pleasure and not anyone else’s. I hate that selfish fucker even more, which I didn’t think was possible, but watching him try to just take from her had my blood boiling. He did really get in line when I started spanking him though.”

Interesting. I store away that nugget of information about our pal Brody for a later time. I think I have a very good idea about how I can use that. But for now, I need to focus on Celeste.

“And he really didn’t recognize you?” I question as I flip through the phone, looking for anything I can use. That part of the plan had been risky. If Brody had realized who he was then it could have ruined everything.

“Fucker was so focused on his own cock, I don’t think he looked at my face once.” Luke’s face turns suddenly serious. “That part of the plan is done now, right? I’m not interested in sharing her again with him.”

Usually Luke is not the possessive type. This whole situation is very interesting. But I need to focus. We have a plan for tonight and we have to stick to it.

Giving Luke a quick nod I turn my focus to the phone in my lap. I open Brody’s phone to the contacts, and I put Celeste’s number in his contacts under the name Hot Bitch From Jager. I then click the icon to send her a text.

Hey! I had a really great time with you and your cute friend the other night! Can I see you two, or even just you, again some time?

My angel responds almost immediately, which makes me irrationally angry. I glower at the illuminated window above us.

Sorry but who is this?

Brody. The guy from the dance floor at the Jager.

I see bubbles pop up, then disappear repeatedly. She better not respond that she wants to meet up with this fucker or I'll have to remind her exactly who she belongs to. He's already taken enough from me. He can't have her too. I was planning on taking it easy on her tonight, but if she's going to act like a little slut then I'll happily treat her like one.

The front door of the building opens, pulling my focus away from the phone in my hand, which I quickly shove into the center console. I hear Luke's breath hitch when he notices who's walking out of the building. I can see him appraising me out of the corner of my eye. He's no doubt wondering how I intend for this all to go down but he doesn't need to worry. I have it all worked out.

"You sure this is a good idea man?" His voice is laced with uncertainty. He needs to trust me. "You gonna' be able to actually go through with this?"

"Oh, I'm very sure. Now grab your mask. We have shit to fuck up."

From the shadows of the hallway outside Celeste's classroom, I have a perfect view of her round ass bending across her desk to reach something. My little angel is wearing a tight black pencil skirt that hugs her delicious curves. It's definitely not appropriate for a high school teacher. She paired it with an almost see-through satin button-down top. Is she dressed as a damn slut for Halloween? I wonder how many other men checked her out today? How many men looked at her sinful little body, fantasizing about what belongs to me? I squeeze my fists in anger at the thought.

She's been cleaning and organizing for some time now. The black, pointed witch's hat that she wore today is discarded on the floor by her purse. Her dark shimmery locks cascade down her back in soft curls. She repeatedly pushes her hair behind her ears as she works. She's frustrated and growing more and more frantic in her movements as time goes by. She reaches further as she attempts to grab a pen that's rolling away from her; the movement causes her skirt to hike up her thigh and exposes more of her flesh to me. Her skin is heavenly—it's pale and soft and just begging to be painted red. My cock takes notice of her exposed thighs and twitches in anticipation. I can smell her perfume from here. The combination of the floral and musk swirling together is intoxicating. The urge to barge into the room and pin her down to the desk while I lick every inch of her flesh is overwhelming. I've had her once already but the urge to take from her is completely consuming. This girl is trouble.

She turns to clean the whiteboard and I notice her thickly applied make-up. She has dark and shimmery shit on her eyes and brightly painted lips. They're as red as the Devil's dick and they would look fucking amazing wrapped around my cock. The image of her on her knees—make-up and cum running down her cheeks—flashes across my mind, causing my cock to swell further. She stretches up and down, cleaning her board and causing her luscious ass to jiggle. My hand twitches with the need to smack her round cheeks and watch the flesh ripple in response.

That's it, I've had enough watching. It's time to play.

Stepping out of the shadows and into the room, I make sure my mask is firmly in place.

“Happy Halloween, angel,” I croon in a sing-song voice.

She spins, causing her hair to whip across her face. Her lips part into a shocked expression and I'm desperate to shove my entire length into her open mouth. But I

need to show restraint. She sins so sweetly and I want to savor it. Her hazel eyes bulge in horror and it's intoxicating. I want to feast on every ounce of fear I can pull from her. Her fear, her pain, her tears—they are all mine tonight.

“Wha—what are you doing here?” she stammers as she backs into her desk, her plump ass cheeks hitting the edge of the wood.

Stalking towards her with my head cocked, I'm sure I must look absolutely terrifying, the Devil coming to collect his sacrificial lamb. I crowd her space, placing my hands on either side of the desk to cage her in. Leaning my head down to her neck I breathe in her scent—roses, and damp leaves, and something I can't quite place. I drag the hard plastic of my mask up and down, teasing the slender column of her neck. She shivers beneath me, causing me to grind my hips into her so she can feel exactly what she's doing to me.

“Has my angel been a naughty girl? This is a very slutty Halloween costume for a teacher to be wearing at school.” I let my hands run over the fabric of her skirt, caressing her hips and thighs. The urge to rip her skirt open and cover those pale, creamy, thick thighs in bite marks is maddening.

She shoves me suddenly, catching me off balance. I stumble backwards. She takes the opportunity to run towards the side door of the room, the one that connects to another classroom. The door swings wide open with a bang. Standing in the doorway is a figure dressed in all black, tall and opposing, with a black and gold demon mask covering their face.

“Boo!” he bellows at her, causing her to shriek. Luke is right on time.

Celeste whips her head between the two doors in the room, both now guarded by monsters from Hell. My angel looks absolutely terrified, like a fawn caught in a predator's trap. She's going to have to learn that her fear only serves to fuel the fire of

my desire.

I close the distance between us. I expect her to try to run, but she doesn't. She's frozen in terror. I wrap my hand around her delicate little neck and tilt her chin up, demanding her attention.

"You're going to be my sweet little angel and do exactly what I say, or I'll have to punish you," I tell her as I stroke my thumb along her plump red lips. They quiver beneath my touch.

I reach up with my free hand and push a stray strand of raven hair behind her ear. Her breathing is heavy and erratic, causing her chest to heave beneath the thin fabric of her top. The buttons look about ready to burst. Removing my hand from her neck, I place both hands on the neckline of her blouse before pulling it wide open. Buttons go flying and she screams.

"Scream all you want, angel. All it's doing is making me even harder for you."

Tears well in her beautiful hazel eyes as she stares up at my monstrosity. I take her all in and notice that with her shirt undone, her black lace bra is on full display.

"Such a slutty bra to wear to work. Was my little angel waiting for me to come and corrupt her today? Looking for a little Halloween mischief?" My fingers trace the outline of her bra in soft and teasing strokes. I see her nipples harden through the lace. "I'm happy to oblige." I bring my hand down swiftly on the top of her tits. The sharp slap turning her delicate and pale flesh a violently beautiful shade of red. It causes my cock to thicken in my pants.

"Stop it!" she yells as she attempts to hold her ruined shirt together. "I don't know who either of you are, or how you found me at work, but you need to go!"

“You didn’t seem to mind me being around the other night as you swallowed my dick.” I step into her again, cupping her cheek almost lovingly, as if we were sharing a tender moment.

She shoves me away again. “I mean it! You both need to leave or I’m calling the cops!”

Rage boils inside me that she’d dare threaten me. She clearly needs to be reminded who the fuck is in control here. I reach out and grab her wrist, hauling her towards me until her chest hits mine.

“You have the Devil standing in front of you, and you dare to tempt him?” I snarl down at her.

Without waiting for a response, I twist her arm behind her back. She lets out a sharp cry of anguish but I don’t stop. She had her chance and she chose to be a brat. Now I’m going to teach her a lesson.

“Take off your belt and help me over here,” I say to Luke over my shoulder as I walk Celeste to her desk.

With one hand still holding onto her restrained wrist, I swipe my other across the surface. Papers and pens go flying across the room.

“You motherfucker!” she snarls as she rages against me. It’s no use, I’m too big and too strong for her to get any leverage. I’m almost a foot taller than her, even in her heels. She can fight me all she wants. All she’s doing is wearing herself out. “I just spent hours cleaning that shit up!”

I place my feet between her legs and push on her arm, causing her to bend at the waist. Her top half slams against the hard surface of the desk. I grind my rock hard

erection into her squirming ass. I have her pinned down and at my mercy, but it's not enough. I need her further restrained in order to do what I truly want to her.

"Use your belt to tie down her other arm," I instruct Luke.

He moves in and she turns completely feral trying to avoid him. My angel can clearly tell we have sinister intentions but her struggle is pointless. She's completely overpowered. Grabbing her left wrist, he pulls her arm taut before securing her to one leg of the desk. With my free hand, I remove my own belt and pull her right arm just as tightly over the edge of the desk, securing her second wrist to the other desk leg.

"Please! Please, wait. I'll be good! I won't call the cops, I swear!" she whines and begs. But it's no use.

"You've earned your punishment, and now you'll take it," I whisper to her as I stand and appraise my work. She's tightly secured to the surface of the desk, spread wide for me, ready for my sin. Her skirt hikes higher and higher up her spread thighs every time she tries to free herself. I lick my lips and watch as she flails in panic. She's going to look fucking delicious with her skin painted red for me.

"Let me go!" she seethes as she attempts to loosen the binds holding her down.

"I don't know. Demon, what do you think?" I run my hand up and down on the soft flesh of her ass as I address Luke. My other hand reaches into my pocket, my fingers wrapping around the handle of my knife. "Has she been a good girl or does she need to be taught to behave like a proper little slut?"

"She definitely needs to be taught a lesson." Luke's eyes are assessing our captive with a hungry gaze that I'm not sure I've ever seen in him before.

Swiftly I bring my hand down fast on the soft flesh of her ass. She cries out in

response to me and grinds into the desk.

Interesting.

“Does my little slut like being spanked?” I ask as I gently caress her tender flesh.

“No!”

“Tsk, ts, ts, angel. Lying is a sin, you know.” I bring my hand down again swiftly, spanking her twice in quick succession. She screams and curses profanities at me.

“Maybe you need to reword the question,” Luke suggests as he cups her face and uses his thumb to smudge the make-up running down her pale cheeks. “Does being spanked make your pussy wet, sweetheart?”

I can't see her face fully from this angle but I can see her shake her head, refusing to acknowledge what a greedy little pain slut she truly is. The demonic grin splayed across the mask Luke has dawned is sinister and I can tell his gaze is focused solely on the feast of flesh spread out in front of us. My little angel is in for one hell of a night.

I pull the knife out of my pocket and let the blade flip out, then press the cold metal against the warm flesh of her inner thigh. She shrieks and flails when she realizes what's going on. Trying desperately to turn her head to see what I'm doing she pulls against the bindings, but she's tied down too tightly. Bringing the blade up to the slit in her skirt, I let it slide into the black fabric before pulling. The sound of clothing shredding fills the empty room. The ruined strips of her skirt pool around her hips as her exposed flesh is revealed.

“Oh, angel, you're wearing a matching set of lace lingerie? Did you wear them for me, hoping I'd show up and have my way with you again?” I snap her black lace

thong against her skin and grind into her from behind. She gasps as I push my hard length against her folds.

“Or did you wear this for someone else? Were you expecting someone else to come corrupt you tonight?” I punctuate my question with another smack to her ass. It’s turning a beautiful shade of pale rouge that calls to the animalistic demon inside me.

“No!” She screams her denial between sobs.

I lean my body over hers, my chest against her back. “I don’t like sharing what belongs to me, angel. You’ve clearly been a bad little slut.” I know it’s not fair to punish her for not rebuffing fake Brody, which was actually me anyway, but rational thought has long since left this game. “And tell me, angel, what do bad girls get?”

She sobs and shakes her head, snapping her eyes shut. I grab her jaw tightly and hold her so she’s forced to look at me as much as can from the awkward angle she restrained in. Tears are streaming down her face, her make-up ruined and smeared.

“I won’t ask again. What do bad girls get?”

“Punished,” she manages to choke out between sobs.

“That’s right. Now be a good girl and take your punishment and then we’ll let you pick which of your holes you want us to use, sweetness.” Luke addresses her almost tenderly. I can see her tense at his words. Something about that statement triggered her. Good, she should be nervous around us.

I stand back up and rip her desk drawers open again, rummaging through all the junk. It’s mostly trash and a plethora of battered school supplies. It appears as though my girl has a habit of chewing on her pens and pencils. That’s a sign of anxiety. Interesting. Finally, I find what I’m looking for.

“I’m going to give you ten hits, angel, and I want you to count them for me. For each one you don’t count out loud, you’ll earn one extra.” I explain as I run the flat edge of the metal ruler along her slightly pinkened cheeks.

Her ass has a warm glow to it from the several spansks I placed there, but it’s not enough. I want to see red staining her pristine flesh while her cunt drips down her thighs. I want to hear her beg and moan. Just the thought has me almost coming in my pants.

“Understand that, sweetheart?” Luke asks as he cups her face again with one hand. His other rubs his growing erection through his pants. A woman tied up and completely at our mercy is exactly what he likes—a fact I’m very aware of. There’s no way he won’t want to participate in everything I have planned for tonight after this. I will have to make sure to keep an eye on him though. I need this plan to go off without any issues. I can’t have him growing attached.

The sound of the metal cutting through the air is sharp—crisp almost. But the sound of it hitting her flesh is fucking heavenly. She lets out a gasp and squirms so hard the table shifts. The welt that blooms along her ass cheek is a thing of true depraved beauty. It’s pain and pleasure written into her flesh.

“One!” she bursts out immediately, surprising us both.

“Good girl,” I praise as I rub my palm softly against the pain I just caused her. She pushes back against my hand, eager for my touch. “Such a good girl for us, aren’t you?” I let my soft touch soothe some of the pain I just inflicted, letting her know I want her pleasure just as much as her pain.

I let the ruler fly down again twice in quick succession. Deep red patches bloom on my girl’s smooth skin.

Fuck. It's a fucking masterpiece.

"Two! Three!" she shrieks before sobbing.

"Look up," Luke growls at her, his pants now unzipped to make room for his very obvious erection. She obeys him immediately. "You are being such a good pain slut for us, aren't you?"

He strokes her cheek softly while I lay another strike against her with the ruler.

"Four!" Her cries are now throaty and desperate and absolutely delectable.

"Let's try this again." Luke crouches down in front of her face to speak to her. Usually I enjoy being completely in control but I'm curious where this is going so I allow him to take the lead and touch what belongs to me—for now. "Are you fucking wet for us right now, sweetheart?"

Yes, she fucking is. I can see the evidence of it soaking her tiny little thong. Slowly, with a choked sob, she nods her head in agreement. Luke nods as well before standing and handing me something. I stare down at the tiny black rubber object in my hand—a mini bullet vibrator. I can't help the smirk that spreads across my face. Luke's like some sort of sick fucking Boy Scout—always prepared for whatever shit we seem to get ourselves into.

"What do good girls get?" I ask her as I shove the tiny device swiftly between her folds, causing her to cry out and squirm.

"Re—rewards?" It's a question, not a statement. She's unsure of our intentions. Good, she should be. By the end of tonight, she'll be begging for Hell over another minute with me.

“That’s right,” I praise as I bring the ruler down against the very tops of her beautiful thick thighs, right at the same moment that Luke takes out his phone to turn on the vibrator.

Her shrieks and screams of pain and pleasure mingle into the most beautiful cacophony of sounds. The red marks across her ass and thighs are swollen and pulsating as I bend down and pull up my mask slightly to lick them. They’re warm against my tongue. Something within me snaps and I know that by the end of the night her pain will be my sweetest sin.

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Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 4:02 pm

CELESTE

I've willingly sold my soul to the Devil, and now he's come to collect. I should have pushed him away from the moment I first saw him, but there's something about this man, this monster, that I'm uncontrollably drawn to. I'm like a moth drawn to the flames of his desire. Now, I'm completely at his mercy as he takes me to the edge of control.

The new man that I don't know, the demon in front of me, pulls his phone from his pocket, his eyes never leaving mine beneath the cover of his mask. The intensity radiating off him is hypnotizing. His finger clicks something and soft vibration pulses across my tender and needy folds. Pleasure immediately spreads through me as the vibrator they stuck in my panties hums to life.

I'm almost completely consumed by the warring pain and pleasure coursing through every nerve in my body. The stinging sensation along my backside throbs in unison with each pulse buzzing through my clit. Sweat gathers along my skin and my heart pumps in a sporadic rhythm. It's too much and somehow not enough. I want—No, I need more.

The demon cocks his head as he watches me squirm and writhe in front of him. "Does that feel good, sweetness?" His voice is deep and smoky. Something about him is so seductively sinful, it makes me desperate to taste him.

The vibrator is almost at the spot I need it but not quite, every pulse is like a tease bringing me closer and closer to release but never getting me there. I so badly want to reach down and adjust it, but with my arms tied I'm helpless to the onslaught of

pleasurable torture.

“Please,” I beg them, but the needy voice that comes out of my mouth is one I don’t even recognize. I’m a desperate mess for these monstrous men.

Two sharp snaps to the already tenderized flesh of my backside distract my mind. It stings with a sharpness that makes me cry out. My hips automatically thrust into the edge of the desk I’m splayed out on and I can already feel the bruises it’ll leave. I’m going to be a mess of red and purple marks tomorrow, an image that sends warm tingles straight to my already soaked pussy.

“Five! Six!” I scream out as the pain melts into the sweetest pleasure.

“Such a good girl for us,” my devil praises before I feel his tongue slide across the tender flesh of my thighs again. He licks the lines of pain he carved into my skin, sending shockwaves of sensation through me. “Four more hits, angel, and then I’ll let you come.”

A low growl emanates from the man in front of me as he roughly grabs my face in his hand. His grip is bruisingly tight against my cheeks, forcing my lips into a hollow shape. “She’s been such a good girl for us already. Maybe she deserves a reward now,” he croons as his thumb skims across my lower lip.

“Yes. Please,” I moan as he pushes something on his phone and the vibrations increase. Every nerve ending in me is alive and I feel as if I’m on fire. I can’t stop myself from loudly crying out and grinding against the desk. “I want to come so badly. Please let me come and then I’ll do whatever you want,” I beg.

The intensity of the vibrations increase again and I’m so close to the edge, like I’m standing on a cliff, waiting to soar. My eyes roll back in my head as I moan unabashedly while rocking my hips in a desperate rhythm.

Suddenly, the vibrations stop, causing me to whimper at the loss.

“No!” the dark demon holding my face snarls, pinching my cheeks to the point of pain. My eyes snap to his immediately and all I see are pools of possessive darkness behind his mask. He leans down, still gripping my face in a punishing grasp. I can hear his rasped breath behind his mask. “You will always look me in the eyes as you come. I want to watch the moment you sink into pure lustful madness for me, sweetness.”

A sudden sting skirts across my backside, making me jump. The ruler’s sharp edges dig into my flesh and remind me that I’ve allowed myself to play with two very dangerous men. This is a game where I could get very, very hurt... but fuck, doesn’t that make it all the more fun?

“Maybe she needs to be reminded that we’re not just here for her pleasure.” Another smack from the ruler cracks against my skin. A delicious warmth spreads across my backside. The Devil behind me leans in close, his front pressed to my back before whispering in my ear, “You stopped counting, angel.”

Before I have a chance to call out that I’ve received smacks seven and eight, I feel his teeth sink into the tender flesh of my neck. The bite is hard and aggressive as he rips into the delicate flesh of where my neck and shoulder meet. I cry out in pain while struggling against the restraints binding me, but he’s pinned me down with his hips against the desk and my attempts to get away just force his teeth deeper into my flesh. He sucks and licks and bites my flesh, marking me as his. I can feel his rock solid cock grinding against my ass.

“Fuck! That’s fucking hot!” I look up to see the man in front of me is staring at my pained struggle with a look of pure lust in his eyes. He pulls his boxers down and lets his cock spring free. He is clearly very turned on based on the way his cock is already leaking from the tip. He starts fisting his hardened length with his free hand, still

holding my face with the other. His length is impressive; he's long and thick and just the sight makes my mouth water in desperate anticipation to taste him.

The Devil removes his teeth from my flesh and begins licking and softly kissing the spot he just assaulted. I moan as his tongue continues to lick the column of my neck. The vibrator starts its assault on my tender and swollen pussy again. The sensations are completely overwhelming me with pleasure. Their hands and lips and tongues caress me as the vibrator finally shifts against my clit. I don't dare close my eyes as I fall over the edge into ecstasy. I scream out, not caring if anyone can hear me. My demon keeps his piercing gaze locked on mine as I climax and the intensity drives me that much further over the edge. My body goes rigid as I ride each wave of pleasure, letting their darkness drown me.

As I come down from my orgasm I feel the ruler lightly skimming against my tenderized ass. The cool metal soothes my heated skin. But I know I'm not done yet.

"Tell you what angel, you came so pretty for us that I think you've earned a choice. I'm going to give you two more spanks and if you take them like the good little pain whore we know you are, then we will let you pick the holes we fuck."

"Wh—what?" I manage to stammer as I try to decipher what he's talking about through my post-orgasmic haze.

Lightly and almost tenderly pushing the hair from my face, my devil kisses my temple. I realize he must have pushed his mask up and I'm desperate to turn and see his face, but he stays just out of my sight. "You have three holes to fuck, angel, but there's only two of us. So you can pick what two holes we get: your mouth, pussy, or ass." As he speaks, his palm trails across my ass, his thumb landing right on my puckered hole and rubbing soft circles around it.

"No!" I shriek as I desperately try to pull away. "Not my ass!"

My demon growls low in his chest again and I can hear his breathing turn to a pained rasp. “Have you ever been fucked in the ass before? Or does my sweet slut have a virgin hole for us to break in?”

I feel my cheeks flush at his words. I attempt to pull my face away from him but it’s no use. He grabs my chin and drags my eyes back to his.

“Don’t worry, angel. We will leave your ass alone, for now,” my devil reassures me as he strokes a slow path up and down each of my thighs. “But know I will claim every single one of your holes by the end of our games. You’re mine tonight.”

I think I catch something flash in the eyes of the man in front of me when he hears this—something dark and dangerous, something possessive. But as quickly as it’s there, it’s gone again.

I don’t have time to think about it too much as the ruler comes down twice more in quick succession. Before I even have time to let the pain sink in, my arms are being released and I’m being pulled backwards. I roll my wrists to release some of the tension from being tied down for so long.

“I can’t wait another fucking second to be inside your cunt,” the Devil roars as he rips my thong down my legs. The vibrator falls to the floor and is replaced by his rough, calloused fingers rubbing slow circles on my clit. “Tell me you want me, angel. Beg me to make you come. I want to hear the words leave this sweet, slutty mouth.”

“Please,” I whine as I shamelessly grind my pussy against his fingers and grab on to the edges of the desk. “I need your cock in me now! Please use me like the dirty slut I am.”

He cries out a loud growl as he swiftly sheaths his entire length inside me. He’s big and the stretch is painful at first. But as he begins to move, grinding into me, the pain

begins to swell into pleasure. I cling to the sides of the desk, holding on for dear life as he fucks me like a man possessed.

“Fuck, baby girl, you take me so damn well. Your pussy feels like fucking Heaven wrapped around my dick!” He groans as he moves his hips in just the right way that his piercing rubs against my walls, pulling a long moan from me.

Suddenly my other man is in front of me, holding my jaw and pulling my face to look towards him. I rock and grind against one cock as another is brought right up in front of my face.

“You chose to play with demons and now you’re going to sin for them, sweetness. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue.”

I greedily comply, desperate to please them both simultaneously. There’s something about the man in front of me that pulls me in, drawing me to him in a way I can’t explain. He lays his thick, rock hard cock against my tongue, rolling it back and forth. I try reaching forward to take him in my mouth but the punishing grip on my hips holds me tightly in place. They’re completely in control and all I can do is take it while they use me as they please.

I’ve never had two men at the same time before and the thought of being stuffed full of cocks on both ends has me absolutely desperate. I am a slut, allowing them to spit roast me in a fucking high school classroom. The thing is though, I love it. I’ve never felt so dirty and so absolutely free.

Suddenly, my demon rips his dick away from my tongue and smacks me in the face with it, smearing precum across my cheek.

I should be enraged. Feminists everywhere would be outraged. But I can’t seem to be anything other than excited. It’s so wrong but I can’t help how intensely I want them.

I decide to just fucking let go and enjoy the pleasure they seem intent on giving me.

So I open my mouth back up, stick out my tongue again, and offer him a breathy moan of satisfaction.

“Oh, fuck me, sweetness. Such a fucking good girl for me, aren’t you?” he praises as he lovingly strokes my cheek before tangling his fingers in my hair and pulling tight. Using his tight grip on my hair to control me, he swiftly shoves his thick length down my throat, making me gag and my eyes water. “My perfect good girl, taking both of us so well.” He punctuates each word with a thrust of his hips, digging the engorged head of his cock further and further into my throat.

“Oh man, she likes that. Keep praising her. It makes her pussy flutter,” the Devil grunts out while digging his fingers into my hips roughly as he fucks my pussy mercilessly.

Both men find a rhythm, fucking my front and back in tandem. I’m caught between them as they force themselves deeper and deeper inside me. When rough fingers find my clit again and rub aggressive circles, I know I won’t last much longer. I moan and pant around my demon’s cock with wild abandon.

“Yes, angel. Just like that, baby. Fuck your self on my cock and hand. Come apart for us and show us what a good little slut you are,” the Devil pants between gritted teeth as he fucks me harder and faster.

I can’t deny him. I come so hard around both their cocks that I see stars. Wave after wave of pleasure pulses through me. I feel my devil start to go over the edge with me. With an animalistic growl, he rips himself out of my pussy and I feel ropes of cum splatter across my back and ass.

“Fuck yeah, sweetness. Just like that!” my demon yells before ripping his cock out of

my mouth and fisting it. He chases our releases with his own, shooting cum all across my face and neck. It splatters off my desk and onto my chest as he pumps every last drop from his throbbing length.

I take several deep breaths as I come down. That was probably the hardest I've ever come, and I can still feel my pussy pulsing with radiating pleasure. Suddenly I'm flipped over onto my back. Splayed practically naked across my desk, covered in cum and bruises and welts, I'm sure I look a complete mess.

Both men stare down at me, their chests heaving with their heavy breathing. Their dark eyes roam over me behind their masks. I feel completely exposed.

Pushing some hair out of my face, my devil gently caresses my jaw and down my throat. "Fuck, look at you, sweet angel, so fucking beautiful covered in our cum and bruises."

CELESTE

N ight has officially set and groups of trick or treaters are swarming the streets while porch lights glow in the distance. This is not what I expected to be doing while avoiding heading home and dealing with kids in costumes ringing my doorbell all night long. I'm not sure I could have imagined a better way to spend Halloween night if I'm honest. Now all I need is to head home where I can make a themed cocktail and watch a horror flick to finish off the night right.

“Just follow us there. I know where we're going.” My devil huffs in frustration.

“You sure you don't want me to take her?” The dark brown eyes behind the demon mask slide to me for a moment, assessing me silently. I feel raw and exposed under his gaze. Of the two of them, he's definitely more intense, more unsettling. And it makes my slutty little clit pulse with desire. There's something about this man that calls to a part of me I'm not sure I truly understand.

After they'd fucked me to oblivion across my desk, both men had taken the time to help me clean up. My demon had run off to grab damp paper towels so I could get clean while my devil helped me up and checked on me. My clothes were ruined, having been torn and shredded. All that remained were my underwear. Without saying a word, my devil had removed his large, black hoodie and draped it over my cold and spent body. It was warm and smelled like him and was long enough to reach my knees. They then led me out of the school and placed me in the passenger seat of the same blacked out Dodge that the Devil drove me home in the other night. The passenger side door is still wide open, leaving me exposed to the disagreement the two of them seem to be having. I can't help but be curious about the men who have

chosen to corrupt me.

“I got her. You knew what this was when you agreed. Don’t fuck it up now,” the man in the Devil mask growls at his accomplice.

There’s a moment of unspoken tension between them. With the sun down and the rain picking up again, the night has turned cold. White wisps slither out of the distorted mouths of their masks, giving them a sinister look—two monsters ready to strike.

They’re both tall, definitely over six feet but built differently. My devil is muscular and imposing, with shoulders as wide as I am tall. He’s wearing a tightly fitted black tee shirt, black distressed jeans and well-worn Chucks. Normally, I wouldn’t be into that style—it screams living in a shit hole with multiple roommates and trying to get a garage band off the ground—but on him it kind of works.

The other man, my demon, is all sharp lines. He’s equally as tall but more defined with lean muscles. He’s wearing an expensive looking long-sleeve black tee shirt and well-tailored black pants with boots. His style is much more sophisticated and what I’d normally look for in a man. Usually men that dress well either have an overbearing wife, meaning they’re looking for a good time, or they can take care of themselves. Either way, they’re usually down to wine and dine me before fucking me fast without any strings attached. I have no interest in a relationship with some clingy sap.

The two predators spend a moment sizing each other up before the demon folds and turns to me. He walks with purpose towards the car door. I hold my head high, trying to appear more calm and confident than I’m actually feeling in his presence. There’s something about him that makes me needy and nervous. With one arm slung over the top of the car door, he leans down into me. He has me cornered and boxed in, completely hidden from the man behind us. Leaning further down, his other hand

slides up the smooth skin of my thigh, causing goosebumps to break out across my pale flesh. Cool drops of rain drip from the plastic of his mask and splatter across my lap, eliciting a shiver down my spine.

“Do not leave my sight when we get there, sweetness.” He’s barely whispering, his words clearly meant just for me. “I promise I’ll take care of you but you have to trust me, alright?”

I’m confused and exhausted and have no idea what he’s talking about. Guess I’m not heading home just yet. I nod in agreement, unsure exactly what I’m agreeing to but willing to find out.

The driver’s side door slams shut, making me jump and pulling me out of whatever trance I’d been lured into while staring into the swirling darkness of the demon’s eyes. He pulls back away from me but keeps his hand on top of the door, watching us while the other man starts up the car. Air instantly hits my exposed skin as the heat kicks on.

“I’ll follow you there. Don’t lose me.” The demon finally backs away from the car and closes the door, his eyes never leaving my face.

I turn to face forward and let out a breath I didn’t know I was holding in. The car backs out of the spot and swiftly takes off down the main road. My devil’s well-defined hands grip the steering wheel tightly and I lose myself staring at the swirling black ink tattooed along his arms. Something about the tattoos pulls at a loose thread of a memory. Something about him is so familiar and not for the first time I find myself wondering if this man, this monster is someone I know. I wonder to myself if he’s someone I’ve spoken to before, interacted with before.

How long has this man been moving along the periphery of my life and more importantly, why?

Sensing my eyes on him, he turns his head to glance at me quickly before returning his focus to the road. “You feeling alright? We weren’t too rough on you, were we?”

The Devil checking on me to make sure he didn’t hurt me during our kinky threesome... That’s a new one.

“Yeah, I’m good.” My voice comes out as barely a whisper. I’m exhausted and my body is completely spent after what we just did in that classroom. “Thank you for this by the way.” I hold up the sleeve of his black hoodie towards him and he grunts in acknowledgment.

“I couldn’t have you freezing to death now, could I? We’re not done playing yet.” I can almost hear the smirk spread across his face as his right hand falls on my thigh, his left still gripping the steering wheel. He caresses the tender spot on the inside of my thigh in a relaxing pattern.

“We’re not going to my house? I’m cold and tired and could use a change of clothes. Clearly.” I motion to my complete lack of pants.

“Not yet, angel.” His hand continues to trace comforting patterns along my leg, lulling me into a sense of calm. “I have more in store for you tonight. And you won’t need pants for what I have in mind.”

It takes me a minute to register what he just said. I assumed they’d be done with me. I figured we’d had our fun and now they’d dump me and ride off into the cool Halloween night to cause mayhem somewhere but clearly I’ve read this situation wrong. They have no intention of letting me go.

“I need to ask you...” I stumble over my words, trying to find the right way to phrase what I have to say. “You dropped me off the other night, but I didn’t give you my address.”

I pause, waiting for him to jump in and explain, which he doesn't. The silence hangs heavy between us as the air in the car seems to thicken. I wait a moment. Then another. And another until it becomes clear he's not going to offer up an explanation on his own.

Finally I break the uncomfortable silence. "So how did you know where I live?"

"I know pretty much everything there is to know about you, Celeste."

I cock my head at his use of my name. My real name. The name I haven't given him.

"What the fuck did you just call me?"

"What? Celeste?" His chuckle is cold and humorless. "I told you, angel, I know everything about you and you're going to play along and be a good little girl or I will have to take what I need from you." His hand bruisingly grabs at my thigh in a possessive hold. "I would hate to hurt you before our fun is over."

I'm unsettled by his words but deep down I'm also curious. I've already fallen down the rabbit hole. What choice do I have but to play along with their fucked up games?

"Do I at least get to know your name then? Fair is fair."

"There is no fair in life, angel."

His hand resumes its slow caress of my thighs, his tender touch beginning to hypnotize me into a sense of calm comfort. Clearly he's not going to answer any of my questions. This isn't that kind of game.

"Where are you taking me then?"

He doesn't answer, leaning forward to hit a button on the dash. Music streams through the speakers. The glow of flickering flames from inside the carved pumpkins flashes past the window as we speed out of town. Conversation over apparently. I lean back and close my eyes, letting the cold and damp air pull me further into exhaustion.

When I wake, I'm cold and alone. Everything is silent. Even the sound of the rain is absent. It's eerie and unsettling, forcing my heart rate to increase at an uncomfortable level. Silence makes me extremely uncomfortable. It takes me back to a time when calm always meant a storm was brewing. The anxiety begins bubbling up from my stomach and towards my chest, threatening to pull me under.

I practice my breathing exercises, desperate to ground myself. I'm still in his car. It smells distinctly like him. I hold onto that smell, letting it comfort me.

Calming down, I begin to look around and assess the situation. We're parked in the woods, it seems. There's nothing around but darkness and trees. Feeling around in the hoodie pocket, I notice my phone is missing. I have no idea what time it is but it must be late since it's so dark. We must have been parked here for a while.

Maybe he abandoned me to get rid of me? He wouldn't leave his car though, would he? He said he wasn't done with me so why the hell am I deserted in the fucking woods?

Cold and nervous, I decide that I better look around outside and see if I can find them. I push the car door wide open and throw myself out. My foot slides out from beneath me as it hits the slick surface of the rain-covered ground. I fall forward, my knee squelching in the thick mud underneath me. I have no shoes or socks and I'm only wearing an oversized black hoodie and my undergarments. The cold night air nips at all my exposed skin and every step is torturously slow as I barrel through the mud and slick moss on the forest floor. Twigs and bushes poke into me, shredding the

skin of my exposed legs until I'm raw and bloodied. It's damp and cold and I'm completely alone. Desperately seeking safety, I scan the forest around me, but all I see is darkness.

A sudden noise cracks across the silent night, causing me to jump. Coming from my left is the distinct sound of a twig snapping. I still completely, holding my breath and willing my ears to focus in on the sound. It's nothing. Probably just a fucking squirrel or some shit.

I scan my surroundings again, trying to gain any sense of where I could be or how I got here. Above me, the sky is pitch black with clouds obscuring the stars. Only the pale light of the obstructed moon breaks through the oppressive darkness. The only sound around me is the thundering of my heart in my chest. I need to make a plan and figure out how to get out of here. If I stay out here all night, I'll freeze to death.

I take a trembling step forward, before second guessing my path and turning. I'm surrounded by a vast and empty forest. The darkened trees are like the bars of a prison. Shadows shift and creep across the damp ground as I take another step forward.

And then, suddenly, I realize I'm not alone at all.

"There you are, sweetness," his voice whispers against the shell of my ear as his hand slithers around my center.

I jump and shriek at the demon's sudden reappearance as he wraps himself around my core, like a snake ready to constrict me before devouring me completely. In front of me, the form of the Devil slides from behind a tree. He cocks his head at me as the demon's hands roam across my hips and thighs, forcing me to rock and sway to an imaginary beat with him. He pulls my hips back against him and I feel his hard length pulse against my back.

“You looked so peaceful that we didn’t want to wake you just yet,” he purrs into my ear before using one hand to tilt my chin and turn my face towards his. His mask is half off, exposing his full lips and well-defined jawline. “Remember our promise. Don’t leave my sight,” he whispers against my lips right before crashing his mouth against mine.

His lips push against mine with the feral desperation of a man starved. His tongue pumps against my lips, begging for permission to enter me, and I willingly open for him. His tongue roams my mouth aggressively. Possessively. Our tongues twine together, writhing and twisting with heated desire. He’s a serpent in more ways than one. When he pulls back slightly, I notice he has left something on my tongue, something small and solid—a pill.

“Swallow like a good girl.” He smirks down at me.

I have no idea who this man is and what drugs he’s feeding me but I willingly swallow it down, eager to experience whatever they have to offer me.

His lips fall to the crook of my neck as he bites and sucks, no doubt leaving his own marks along my already tenderized skin. I lean my head back against his shoulder and allow him to ravage me. A shadow falls across my face as my devil finally decides to join us. I lick my lips and let my mouth fall open in a satisfied moan as I spot the hardened length inside his pants. Both men’s hands roam across my thighs and hips, gripping and pulling me as we all push and writhe against one another. The Devil lifts his mask slightly and lowers his head to the other side of my neck. Together, they lick and kiss and nip at my neck until I’m a panting mess of need. I’m completely helpless to the onslaught of sinful pleasure they’re raining down on me. A hand finds my breast through the thick fabric of my hoodie, rubbing desperate circles around my hardened bud.

“Please,” I groan as my clit throbs in eager anticipation of them taking turns on me.

“You want us to fuck you, baby girl?” the Devil asks me. “Well, we want to play a game. Do you want to be our good girl and let us play?”

“Yes!” I whine desperately. Whatever they want to do to me, as long as it involves them continuing to touch me, I’ll willingly agree.

“Good girl.” I’m rewarded with a hand sliding up my thighs and rubbing against my needy center through my soaked panties. I’m desperate for more. “You’re going to run and we’re going to chase you. Whoever gets to you first gets to fuck your tight little ass.”

I still immediately at his words and tense. Ass play was my line in the sand. I’ve never had anyone fuck me there before and I’m not sure that a threesome with two masked strangers in the middle of the woods is the place to start. Their hands still caress and roam all over my body, egging me to agree to their sinful game.

“Relax, baby girl. Play with us.” The demon’s hand slides underneath the hem of the sweatshirt. A finger runs along the length of my slit again, teasing me. “I’m going to catch you and fill this tight little ass with so much of my cum, you’ll be dripping me from you for days.”

His words send a shiver down my spine. What’s wrong with me? Why do his words make me pulse with desire?

“And what if I outrun you? What do I win?” I wiggle my hips, desperately trying to get some friction against my needy pussy that’s being torturously teased.

The Devil’s throaty laugh sends pleasurable tingles throughout me. He cocks his head, watching me through the dark holes of his mask.

“What is it you want as your prize, angel?”

I think for a minute, but my mind is starting to become hazy. His drugs worked their way into my system quickly. My muscles and mind are releasing their pent-up tension, allowing my whole being to lighten. I lean further against the man behind me, a sly smirk spreading across my face.

“Both of you. If I make it back to the car before you monsters can catch me, I want you both on your knees, feasting on my pussy like it’s your last meal. Then maybe I’ll let you fuck me.” A giggle rings out through the air. Oh, that’s me laughing.

I’m starting to soar. My head lolls to the side as the demon brings his face back down to mine. He feasts on my lips, his tongue pounding against mine in rhythm with his finger on my pussy.

“Deal,” the Devil whispers before licking a line up the column of my throat and biting the lobe of my ear, eliciting a small hiss of pain from me.

The demon pulls away from my mouth before pulling his mask back over his face securely. “We’ll give you a one-minute head start. After that, it’s game on.”

Before my mind can register what’s happening, my feet are carrying me across the forest floor. I run as fast as I can, letting the cool air whip my hair around my face. Part of me registers that I should be cold and wet and in pain and yet, I’m not. I take a running leap off a rock, letting myself fly through the air. I should be terrified that two masked men are hunting me through the woods, intent on fucking my ass in the cold mud, but instead I’m excited. I can’t remember the last time I just let go like this. Usually anxiety is perpetually curled around my insides, slowly constricting me. But not tonight. Right now I feel free as a fucking bird.

Off in the distance, howls and yelps sound. They’re coming for me. My pussy clenches in anticipation. I’m ready to play.

“Angel!” the Devil yells, sounding far off and to the right. “Come out, come out wherever you are!”

“Sweetness, the easier you make it for me to find you, the more pleasurable and less excruciating I’ll make it for you. The first time in the ass can be very painful if your partner doesn’t take care of you.” My demon sounds slightly closer and to the left. They’re trying to cut me off and catch me between them. “Come out and I’ll go easy on you. I’ll make it good for you, baby girl!”

Pushing forward, I smirk to myself. They want a chase, I’ll give them a fucking chase!

I take off in a full-on sprint. If I can outrun them then I should be able to sneak between them and make it back out the way we came. The mud and wet leaves are slick beneath my feet and my toes scrape on rocks and sticks but I don’t feel the pain. Everything just feels good.

Glancing slightly to the left, I spot a figure running through the trees. The black and gold of the demon mask maintains a grotesque stillness as the monster underneath charges after me. It should scare me, but instead I feel my pussy dampen further at the horrifying sight.

He edges through the trees, closing the distance between us. I can hear his thundering feet and his deep breaths as he stalks closer and closer to his prey. I can see the gleaming metal of the car up ahead. If I can just make it a little further I can get there before him. He’s gaining on me, but I’m far enough ahead that I should be able to make it. I push through the ache and the exhaustion, willing my body to keep going.

And then it all comes crashing down. With enough force to completely knock the wind from my lungs, I’m tackled to the ground. Mud and decaying vegetation lodge themselves in my mouth, stifling the scream reverberating out of my core. The skin of

my knees and hands scrapes and tears as I skid across the rough terrain of the wooded floor. His large frame crushes me roughly into the ground with punishing force.

“Caught you, angel,” he whispers in my ear as the plastic nose of the devil mask caresses the tender spot behind my lobe.

All I manage is a soft moan of agony before I’m ripped off of the soft ground and pulled to my feet. My chest and diaphragm sting from the impact as I desperately try to take a deep breath.

“I’ll be claiming my prize now. Be a good girl and I won’t be too rough with you.”

“Please. No.” My protest is barely a whisper as my body and brain fight to regain composure and process what’s happening. But everything is hazy; the drugs and adrenaline coursing through my system are blurring everything.

Leaning against the rough bark of a nearby tree, trying to find my opening to escape, I watch as he pulls his tee shirt between his shoulder blades and rips it over his head, careful not to remove the mask in the process. I make a move to run past him, but he’s too fast. He steps in front of me, looming over me and caging me in. Gripping the soft cotton of his shirt between his hands, he pulls and rips until a strip of fabric comes free. Letting the rest of the ruined shirt fall among the scattered leaves, he moves closer to my shaking frame. I’ve never felt more fragile, more breakable than I do in this moment. Placing his hands on either side of my head, he boxes me in between his imposing form and the tree behind my back.

“Your fear is delicious, angel.” He leans in and smells me. “But I can barely sense it over the overpowering stench of your arousal.”

“What?”

“Your pussy is weeping for me right now isn’t it, my little slut? Does the fear— the pain —turn you on?”

One of his hands moves to run up the length of my thigh. He slides a slow and torturous path up my quivering flesh towards the bottom of the sweatshirt. The empty pits of darkness where his eyes should be never leave my face as his fingers dip between my legs and find the fabric of my underwear.

“You’re soaking for me, angel,” he whispers against the shell of my ear while tracing small circles against the lips of my pussy.

Removing his fingers from underneath the sweatshirt, he places both hands behind my head. The thin strip of fabric he ripped from his shirt dangles loosely in front of my face.

“No!” I shout, attempting to shove him away when I realize he intends on blindfolding me.

Stepping back slightly he appraises me before asking, “Have you been a good girl or a bad girl, angel?”

I pause trying to figure out the right answer. “A-A good girl.”

“That’s right.” He lovingly strokes hair out of my face, tucking it behind my ear. “And what do good girls get?”

“Rewards.”

“That’s right, sweet girl.” His praise causes my pussy to pulse in need. “Now let me give you your reward. Do you trust me?”

I know the answer should be no. I realize that I have no idea who this man is or what he wants with me. He drove me out to the woods and hunted me with another monstrous man, threatening to fuck me in the ass. The correct answer is no.

“Yes,” is what leaves my lips though.

Closing my eyes and leaning my face forward, I allow him to blindfold me. The fabric is thin but it's so dark already that I can't see much at all once he secures it on my head. Without my eyesight I feel vulnerable. I'm completely at his mercy, and while that should terrify me, instead I feel warmth and pleasure building in my core.

“Put out your hands in front of you, insides of your wrists together.”

When I comply, I hear the distinct sound of his belt buckle being undone. I can't help but suck my bottom lip between my teeth. I want this. I want him. I want this fucked up kinky mix of fear and fun. I don't remember the last time I felt this alive. Maybe it's whatever drugs they gave me, or the adrenaline coursing through me from the chase but whatever it is, it's completely intoxicating. And as he wraps his belt around my wrists, securing them to each other before pulling them up and tying them both to a tree branch above me, I feel like I'm fucking flying. I'm overflowing on a venomous concoction of lethal lust and poor fucking choices, and yet I'm totally free.

“Perfect,” he says as he lifts the sweatshirt up over my center, leaving it scrunched around my neck. The cool damp air stings my bare skin and I can feel my nipples harden against the rough lace of my bra.

I can't see. I can't move. I'm strung up, forced to stand on my tippy toes to alleviate the pressure on my tied wrists. My body is muddy and bloody. My only real piece of clothing is shoved up around my throat, leaving me completely nude besides my thin lace bralette and thong. My hair is a tangled mess and I'm sure my make-up is streaking down my face. I must look an absolute mess. How could anyone want me in

my current state?

“Beautiful,” he whispers as if sensing my thoughts.

“No,” I protest despite the shiver of pleasure that pulses towards my core from his praise. “I’m a mess.”

“Not yet, you’re not.” I hear a rustle as if he’s moving around but I can’t see a thing. “But you will be.”

His large hands grip my thighs. His fingers dig roughly into my tender skin. Another bruise he’ll no doubt leave on my flesh as a reminder of tonight. Lifting both thighs in the air, he places first one, then the other on his muscular shoulders.

“Stop! I’m too heavy!” I protest while trying to squirm away and return to the safety of the ground. I’m not huge but I’m also certainly not tiny.

“Shut the fuck up and take it like a good fucking girl,” he growls as he harshly pulls my thighs back down onto his shoulders. He’s obviously taken off the mask, his voice is clear and unfiltered. It’s like smooth whiskey to my ears. I’m desperate to take the blindfold off and see him, but I can’t with my hands tied. “The only noise I want to hear from you is moans of pleasure.”

My clit pulses with eager anticipation as his breath teases at my slit through my drenched thong. A single, large finger dips into my underwear and pulls them to the side. A shiver runs through me as the cool fall air hits my sensitive center.

“Fuck! That mask was a damn nuisance. You look and smell even better without anything between us.” Each word he says sends a warm gust of his breath sliding over me and making my clit throb with need. I shift, attempting to move closer to his mouth. “Such a needy fucking slut. You want me to lick you?”

“Yes!” I croak out between panted sighs. “Please, God, yes!”

“Oh, angel, haven’t you learned yet? God’s left you in the hands of the Devil tonight. I’m the only one here to hear your cries. And tonight you belong to me. Your blood.” He punctuates his words with a lick against my bleeding legs. “Your tears.” Lick. “Your pain.” Lick. “Your pleasure.” Lick. “All of it is mine tonight.” With each word he kisses and bites his way up my legs until he reaches the apex. “You belong to me now.”

With those last heated words, he dives in. His tongue licks the entirety of my pussy, from back to front before finding my needy bud at the top. He circles it rapidly and repeatedly with his strong tongue, forcing moans of pleasure from my mouth. My hands instinctively try to move to hold on to his head but I’m restrained, my hands tightly tied to the tree branch above me. I have no choice but to hold on with my thighs and let him ravage me.

“You taste so sweet, angel. My sweetest temptation,” he whispers, each word sending vibrations across my tender and needy core.

His lips surround my entire pussy as he sucks and rolls his tongue in a hypnotic rhythm. I feel warmth building in my center with every swipe of his tongue across me. My cries are loud and unfiltered, there’s no one out here to hear me moan so I egg him on with vigor. His hands move further back on my ass, pulling my cheeks apart. He continues his assault on my pussy as his fingers begin playing with the slit of my ass. Sensing his intentions, I tense immediately. However, he’s clearly not taking no for an answer tonight and when his teeth gently nibble on my needy nub I can’t help but relax and give in to him. The drugs they fed me are fully kicking in now, helping my body fall into whatever pleasure he’s willing to give me. He gently pushes the tip of a single finger into my puckered hole, teasing it in and out in perfect rhythm with his mouth on my cunt. It stings as he pushes further inside me but the pain only seems to spur on my impending release.

“There’s my good girl. Let me fuck both your holes, baby. Come all over my face and let me drink your pleasure.” His voice is broken and needy, mirroring my own desperation.

The drugs pumping through my veins only heighten every sensation, making each stroke of his tongue that much more intense. Completely letting go and diving into the stimulation of his rough touch, I begin grinding on him. His tongue dives into my soaking wet hole as his finger continues to plunge in and out of my ass. I fuck his face and finger with utter and complete desperation. With an earth-shattering scream, I dive over the edge. Waves and waves of pleasure crash over me as I come with excruciating ecstasy. My entire body goes rigid as my climax reaches its peak. He drinks up every moment of my release, moaning with pleasure as he takes everything I have to give.

When my climax finally recedes and my pussy stops pulsating, he withdraws from both my holes, allowing me a moment to come down from my high.

“Thank you,” I manage to whisper between heaving breaths.

“Oh, sweet angel.” He places a chaste kiss on the outside of my pussy lips. “You didn’t think that was it, did you? I’m not done playing with you yet.”

GARETT

She's strung up, blindfolded, and only in her skimpy underwear. She's physically exhausted and still coming down from her orgasm; she's completely vulnerable and it's fucking delicious. I lick my lips, savoring the remaining cum covering my face. She tastes like cotton fucking candy.

Still kneeling in front of her, I snake my hands down her soft thighs. Goosebumps erupt across her alabaster skin that seems to glow against the darkness of the night. The moon surrounds the raven locks around her head, bathing her in a halo of moonlight. The cuts and welts scoring her skin paint a vision of red across her pale flesh. She looks like an apparition, brought forth to drive me towards temptation. And here I am, worshiping the pussy of a false goddess.

I can't help but feel a bit guilty about this situation but I'm not a good man. I'm no one's Prince Charming. I'm a fucking monster.

I carefully remove her legs from my shoulders, gently placing her feet on the ground. She sways slightly as she tries to regain her balance. Then I rise to my full height and examine the scene in front of me. She's bound and bleeding, strung up and blindfolded, completely at my mercy. It's perfection. Slipping his phone out of my pocket, I snap a few photos of the incapacitated woman in front of me. I save them in a hidden private folder that I title with today's date. Then I open Google Maps, making sure location services are on and registering where we are. Satisfied that I've left enough of a trail, I lock the phone and return it safely to my pocket.

Turning my attention back to the woman in front of me, I swiftly remove the belt that

binds her wrists to the tree. She rubs at her raw wrists while leaning back against the tree. Her chest heaves as she tries to regain a steady rhythm of breath. She's taken a lot tonight but I'm not done with her yet. She's dazed and I'm sure exhausted, but that will just make everything easier later. For a second I feel a twinge of something uncomfortable at all I have put her through as well as what's to come, but I tell myself it has to be this way. I have to stick to the plan. There's no going back now.

Luke leans against a tree off to the side. The bulge in his pants is a clear indication that he's been here watching the show. His mask is off now but with his sharp features half hidden in shadow, he has an air of danger hanging around him. A demon with or without the mask. I'm worried about him. I've known him long enough to know that he's always scheming and I need this plan to go off without a hitch.

"Fuck, that was hot." Stepping out of the shadows, he stalks towards his awaiting prey. His voice causes her to jump, her fear making my already hardened cock twitch in my pants. "How's our girl taste?"

"Like fucking heaven."

Luke licks his lips and swallows deeply, clearly eager for his turn. His appetite for women is insatiable, always another, always more. But I've never seen him with such a possessive gleam in his eye before. His focus drifts down her form, landing on her tits. The cool night air has hardened Celeste's nipples to the point that they're noticeable even under the floral pattern of her black lace bra. They look uncomfortable. I should probably help them out.

Stepping into her, her attention is drawn back to me. She turns her covered eyes towards the sound of me closing in on her. I let a single finger tease along the line of her bra, caressing the soft skin of the tops of her perky tits. She lets out a soft breath as I taunt her tender flesh. Sliding a finger under the fabric, I swiftly pull down, exposing both breasts fully. Fuck! Her tits are magnificent, round and large with

perfect pink nipples begging to be bitten, but I just had my turn.

“Have a taste.” I step aside and let Luke’s imposing figure have at her.

He lowers his head and ravages her chest. He licks and nips and flicks, leaving bite marks and bruises all across her creamy skin. He paints her flesh like a perverse picture of domination and desire.

She moans and writhes against him. His tongue circles one of her stiff pink nubs again and again and again. He doesn’t relent until she’s moaning loudly and then he switches to the other. Watching him taste and tease her gorgeous tits is driving me insane.

“Enough!” I growl when I can’t take it anymore. Luke moves back with a satisfied smirk on his face.

“Please,” she moans as her delicate little fingers move to rub her needy cunt.

Pulling her hand away from herself and caressing her soft cheek with my fingers, I lean in to her and whisper, “You got your turn already, angel. Now it’s ours. Show us just how desperate you are for our cocks.” Her sharp intake of breath at my filthy words leaves me ravenous to sink my claws into her.

Nodding towards the ground, my friend gets the hint and shucks off his pants before laying on the earth next to us. He’s clearly enjoying playing with our girl as his cock is hard as steel and pointing straight to the sky. With a grunt, he pumps his throbbing cock a couple times with his hand, the head angry and red. My eyes trail up his body to his face where they lock onto his. He smirks, continuing to pump his dick into his fist while staring into my eyes. I can see the fiery cloud of lust swirling in his irises. My heart beats wildly in my chest with anticipation for what’s to come.

Tearing my eyes from Luke, I return to our little angel. Taking her hair and fisting it in one of my hands, I guide her towards me. She whimpers softly as I pull her by her raven locks. She holds onto my outstretched arm for balance as I guide her across the uneven terrain of the muddy ground.

“Legs wide, sweet girl,” I command as I move her further along. “That’s it, keep them far apart like that.”

I position her so that each of her feet is on either side of Luke’s outstretched legs, spread wide over top of his laying form. I wonder if he can see her pretty pink pussy soaking the fabric of her thong for us from the angle where he’s laying. I remove her bra and the hoodie, leaving her in just the tiny little scrap of lace she’s calling underwear. Her skin is prickled with goosebumps and turning mottled from the cold, but she doesn’t seem to mind.

“Now sink to your knees, baby.”

Biting her bottom lip between her teeth she hesitates. I can tell she’s nervous but she should know by now that she’s not in control here. The smack I land across her ass rings out through the silent night air. She shrieks and doubles over at the sudden pain. A bright red hand mark blooms across her already marked cheek. Filling with blood and lust, and lust for blood, my cock aches against the confines of my jeans at the sight.

“I said get on your fucking knees, angel,” I growl into her ear while using her hair to pull her back against my chest.

“Fine! Okay!” she shrieks.

A second slap rings out through the night. A second red hand print blooms across her other cheek.

“Try again.”

“Y-yes, sir,” she whimpers like the good submissive slut she is. Luke grunts in appreciation from below us.

Pulling her down gently with a slight tug on her hair, she willingly sinks to her knees for me. I follow her down to the ground, crouching next to where she’s now straddling Luke’s legs. When she bends low enough that she knocks into his shins, she jumps slightly before freezing entirely, blindly and submissively waiting for her next command.

“Good girl,” I praise as I pull her hair slightly, urging her forward. Her hands shoot out to catch herself before she falls, landing just above Luke’s knees. “Move your hands up his legs, angel, until you find his cock. Then I want you to replace his hand with your sweet little fingers and play with his cock like the desperate whore we know you are.”

She stretches out further, letting her long delicate fingers slide up Luke’s legs until she reaches the tops of his thighs. Luke has both arms behind his head, tilting his face up to watch the show. With her eyes still blindfolded, she blindly lets her hands slide up to the base of his cock. Her fingers stroke the underside of his length up and down slowly, eliciting a twitch from him. She sucks in a sharp breath as her fingers skim across his throbbing head. Clearly she’s intrigued with his impressive length.

“Does our new little pet want to play?” Luke asks as she strokes her fingers lightly up and down his shaft. He moans as she reaches the tip, letting her fingers draw small circles around his weeping crown.

“I think he likes your hands on him, angel. Wrap one around his length and pump him slowly up and down. Use your other hand to lightly circle his balls.” She immediately follows my instructions causing Luke’s head to fall back and a satisfied moan to

leave his lips.

“Yes, sweetness. Just like that.”

Celeste begins pumping him harder and rocking back and forth as Luke’s hips leave the ground to fuck her hands. They’re both panting and moaning into the cold night air. It’s fucking hot, but it’s not enough. I need more to satiate the monster in me.

Pulling her up and off by her hair, I rip her back up to kneeling for me. “Open your mouth, angel.”

Her tongue glides across her lower lip in a sensual path before she opens wide and sticks her tongue out. My eager little slut is such a delight to play with that I can’t help myself.

Leaning forward I place my lips right against hers, barely a whisper of a touch. “Taste the cum you left behind on my tongue, angel,” I demand before spitting into her open mouth. She holds the spit on her tongue, cradling it with delicate care.

I nearly lose my composure when she takes all that I gave her and swallows it down with a moan of delight. With a groan that emanates from somewhere deep in my core, I shove her face down, spearing her mouth on Luke’s erect cock.

“He’s going to fuck your face and you’re going to take everything he gives you like a good girl, understand?”

She mumbles unintelligible noises around Luke’s thick and throbbing cock. His face is filled with desperation as our eyes meet again. Without pulling my gaze from his heated stare, I pull on Celeste’s hair slowly, making her slide her sweet lips up his shaft. When she reaches the top, I pull her face off him, allowing her to suck in a breath before pressing her head back down. He moans as I push her to take more and

more of him. When she's nearly at the bottom she gags and involuntarily pulls away but I hold her steady, allowing her the time to adjust to the intrusion down her throat. While I hold her face steady, my hand firmly in her hair, Luke begins to fuck her face. Lifting his hips from the ground, he grinds deeper into her throat.

"Oh sweet girl, you're taking me so good." He moans in between rough thrusts into her face. "But you can take more can't you? Shift your weight to your left arm."

With his eyes still on mine he nods down to my crotch. A smirk pulls at the corners of my lips when I catch on to his plan. Still holding Celeste firmly with one hand, I use the other to undo my button and zipper on my pants. My throbbing cock springs free, precum dripping from the tip.

"Both your men need you, baby girl, so you're going to keep taking my cock down your throat while you take him in your hand. You're going to take care of both of us like a good little slut, right, sweetness?"

She holds out her hand and his moves on top of hers, guiding her towards me. He helps her wrap her little fingers around my thick shaft. The two of them caressing me between their warm palms is fucking perfection.

Fisting her hair for leverage, I push her head up and down Luke's dick, using her to fuck him. My pace matches his as he moves her hand up and down my shaft. My head falls back involuntarily and I let out a long groan as he pulls her hand against my angry, red head. It's all so good and so wrong. She's our dirty little doll to use and it's fucking delicious.

"Shit, angel, if you keep being such a good little fuck doll you're going to make us both come before anyone gets a chance to fuck this tight little ass!" I growl and I lift her mouth off Luke, causing us all to still. "Is that what you want? Trying to make us forget about fucking your ass by being a submissive little slut?"

“No,” our sweet girl mumbles in between sucking in deep breaths.

“Good. Because your deviant demon looks like he might go crazy if he doesn’t get to sink into your warm cunt right now.”

Luke licks his lips in anticipation, his eyes fixated on her heaving breasts that are covered in his marks. Something about the way he looks at her—the intensity of his stare—worries me. “Come on, pet. Come ride my dick. I can’t possibly wait any longer to be inside you.”

Helping her rise back up and shift forward, I line her up right above his awaiting member. As soon as she’s in place, he grabs her hips and shoves her down harshly, sinking all the way to the hilt. She shrieks at the sudden intrusion and throws her blindfolded eyes up towards the sky. After giving her a brief moment to adjust, he begins to fuck her roughly. His fingers dig into the soft flesh of her hips as he helps her bounce up and down on his dick. Her moans of pleasure mix with his feral grunts, filling the air with the sounds of sin. As I watch them I appreciate how fucking perfect they look together. Her softness against all his harshness is a magnificent dichotomy. Too bad he’s going to lose her.

“Fuck, baby girl, you feel so good! Such a tight little cunt.” His movements are punishing and aggressive. “Tell me how good my cock feels fucking your slutty slit! Tell me you love being my little cock whore!”

“Yes! Yes! I love being your little cock whore! Please, don’t stop!” She whines and moans as she bobs up and down on his length.

“Never, sweetness! You’re mine now and I’m going to spend every single day stuffing you full of my fucking cum.”

Sliding behind her, I shove her between the shoulder blades, forcing her to bend at

the waist. Her tits bounce wildly in Luke's face as he continues fucking her like a madman. Placing my hands over his on her hips, I pull her ass cheeks apart and spit between them, then use my fingers to spread it around before pushing lightly into her back hole with my fingers. My cock is desperate for release and I'm not sure I can be gentle with her. She mewls and rocks against me as I start finger fucking her ass. Once I think her hole is stretched just enough for me to slide in, I line the head of my cock up against her tight hole and push lightly into her. I watch as her muscles contract in anticipation of what I'm about to do.

"Wait! Wait! I'm not sure I'm ready," she tries to argue. Her argument falls on deaf ears though. I have no intention of stopping.

"You've had your trick, angel, and now it's time for my treat."

She takes a few deep breaths as I push into her from behind. The pressure is unbelievable and when the head of my cock begins to enter her tight hole, I feel her clench up, the wall of muscles denying me further access.

One of Luke's hands slips from under mine and moves to rub her clit. "Your pussy is fucking dripping all over me you're so wet. Your body clearly wants this so just relax, sweetness. Relax all the way and let him in. Focus on the feeling of my fingers and cock."

His words and fingers seem to do the trick. I feel all her muscles relax, giving me the opening I need to slide fully inside her. She screams as I stretch her to take me. It feels incredible, smooth and tight and warm. I could live in her fucking ass. Too bad it won't be around much longer.

"Good girl," Luke praises as he begins to move inside of her again. "Such a good girl taking both of us like our perfect little slut."

Moving my hips ever so slightly I pull in and out of her, fucking her ass slowly and carefully to let her adjust. It feels phenomenal and I know I won't be able to last long.

"Fuck, angel. Your ass is like heaven." I pick up my movements, fucking her deeper and faster. "Do you like being stuffed full of cocks?"

"Yes." Her voice is soft and breathy. She sounds completely overwhelmed and desperate.

"Fuck!" Luke groans as his pace picks up. "Sweetness, you're so full of cock that I can feel him through your walls!"

He's right. I can feel each ridge of his hardened length rubbing up against mine through her thin membrane. It's like I'm fucking them both simultaneously.

Her moans pick up again as we both fuck her with intense need. We're all close to the edge. When she begins to push back against me, willingly taking me into her smooth hole, my balls twitch. Desperate to bring her over the edge with me, I place my hand on top of Luke's, both of us rubbing her needy clit with desperation.

"Come for us, angel. Show us how pretty you look coming around both our cocks."

She becomes desperate, her hips grinding against both of us as we fuck her towards release. One, two, three more thrusts and she comes with a guttural shriek. Her entire body seems to go rigid. I nearly black out when she clenches around me. The pressure is almost too much. When I feel Luke's dick twitch and release warmth inside her through her thin walls, it sends me over the edge. I come with a feral growl. My teeth sink into the tender flesh of her shoulder as rope after rope of cum empties from my sack. Intense pleasure erupts through me as I feed her ass every last drop I have in me.

We all collapse into a heaving pile of bodies. Spent and covered in sweat and cum, I can't help but let a wicked smile spread across my face.

When I look down at both their satiated faces, looking as spent and satisfied as I feel, my stomach rolls with unease. What we have to do next is going to be really fucked up after what we just did, but I can't grow a conscience now. We've come too far in this plan. If we stopped now, then everything is damned. I've willingly manipulated and used this woman for my own gain, and I'm not sure there's any coming back from that. I have to remember that I'm doing this for her . I just hope Luke can remember what we're actually here for too. He seems to be growing attached to our prey, but we've come too far. There's no escape for Celeste now.

CELESTE

When I feel my ass and pussy simultaneously pumped full of warm cum from both men I almost fall again myself. With my eyesight gone and the drugs pumping through my veins, every touch is even more intense. Every nerve ending in my body feels as if it's being electrocuted. Wave after wave of pleasurable contraction rolls through my being. I'm completely stuffed full of both their release and the feeling is so filthy and fulfilling.

Both men cradle me carefully between their strong arms as I come back down. I gulp down several deep breaths and will my heart to settle. I don't need to be able to see to know we're a disgusting mess of sweat and mud and blood and cum. There's freedom in this filth though, something feral and animalistic about the way we just fucked and it's unlike anything I've ever experienced before.

"Are you both even real or is this just some fucked up fantasy?" I whisper as I lay my head against the chest of the man below me. He's hard and muscular and warm. I let my fingers trace across the ridges of his defined muscles aimlessly.

"Who says it can't be both, sweetness?" the demon beneath me whispers into my ear. "Let me be your dark fantasy. Say you'll be mine, baby girl, and let me be your monster."

The sudden sensation of cock being ripped out of my tight back hole has me shrieking in discomfort as the man behind me swiftly removes himself from our tangled fuck fest.

“That’s not what this fucking is, Luke, and you know it!” he roars from above us.

I can’t see what’s happening but the mood has changed. The man beneath me tenses. I feel myself tense as well, my instincts telling me that something is very wrong. The drugs are still in my system though, and I can’t tell if I’m really feeling this or if I’m starting to fall into drug-induced chaos. The lines between here and there are becoming more and more blurred as I try to focus on reality.

Suddenly a rough grip around my arm and a tug have me struggling to my knees. Cum drips down my thighs and I shiver at the contrast of pain and pleasure wracking through my body.

“Come on, man.” I think it’s the demon talking, the man called Luke, but he sounds far away. I guess he moved to stand. I need this blindfold off. Things are getting weird and I’m starting to panic. “We can find a different way.”

“There’s no fucking going back now, Luke! You agreed to this! Go get the shit from the car and let’s end this!”

“Agreed to what?” I ask. Well, maybe I ask. I can’t tell if I said that out loud or in my head. It doesn’t seem to matter either way because the men keep ignoring me and arguing.

“Garett, I agreed to help you with this before I knew we’d be fucking her repeatedly then just ending her! This is really fucked up man, even for us! I don’t think I can do it!”

Did he just say what I think he said? I try to squirm away but the hand wrapped around my arm holds me in a bruising grip.

“You know what’s at stake!” The one in the devil mask—Garett—is yelling now. His

voice is rough and desperate. His tone has my anxiety skyrocketing. I can feel the ball of panic forming uncomfortably in my stomach, pulling down on my diaphragm and making it difficult to breathe. “Remember what they did to us?”

Ripping the scrap of fabric off my eyes, I blink several times in order to attempt to refocus my vision. We’re deep in the woods. The full moon shines down from up high, leaving long shadows streaking across the forest floor. The axis of the earth seems to tilt suddenly, the shadows contorting and swaying in grotesque movements. The rational piece of my mind knows it’s just the drugs they gave me, but my irrational limbic system is shouting at me to run. If this is a fight or flight situation, I’m choosing flight. I blink several times, willing the world to return to normal.

Turning my eyes to the figures on either side of me, I’m shocked. Underneath the masks are true monsters, tall and imposing with creeping shadows hiding half their faces in distorted darkness. One is bulkier with black hair, piercing blue eyes, and swirling tattoos covering his chest and arms. My devil.

The other is taller but leaner. He’s clear of any ink but his dark hair and darker eyes give him the appearance of someone threatening. My dark demon. They’ve both pulled on their pants but are shirtless. I feel so small beneath them.

“I know you,” I say to the man with tattoos who’s staring down at me with something intangible and deadly swirling in his irises.

A devilish smirk pulls at the corners of his lips as he leans down and brushes a soft finger across my cheek. “That’s right, angel. I’ve been hunting you for quite some time, and now you’ve fallen right into my trap.”

“Why? Why are you doing this?”

“Revenge.”

I swear something straight from the pits of Hell swirls in his eyes as he looks down at me. His pointed canines glint in the moonlight, as if he's planning to consume me completely, ripping flesh from soul. Panic. That's the feeling currently constricting my chest as I fight to breathe. Tears prick the corner of my eyes.

"What have I ever done to you?" I ask as my voice shakes unsteadily. I look around to assess my options and realize the other man has gone. It's just the two of us here and I'm naked and high as a kite. There's no escape.

"It's not what you've done, but who you are. I'm not a good man, angel." He leans down and strokes along my cheek, the touch surprisingly tender as he wipes a tear off my face. "I'd do anything for my girl, and I mean anything. She's everything to me. I have lied and cheated and even killed for her. But right now, someone's keeping her from me. Someone who's a very bad man, someone who's hurt a lot of people. His fucking friends will get what's coming to them but I have something special in mind for him. And you, my dear," he pushes a loose strand of my hair behind my hair almost lovingly as he speaks, "are going to help me get my revenge and get my girl. So, as much fun as this has been, I need you out of the way. You're here to be my sacrificial lamb."

"I-I don't understand. I thought I was your girl?"

His sharp laugh cuts through the silence of the night. He throws his head back towards the sky and I swear serpents dance from his open mouth, but that must be the drugs, right?

"I never pretended to care for you, angel. I'm not a hero and you're certainly not a perfect little princess. I'm a bad man and you're a fucking dumb bitch who fell for a monster. I'm here for one thing and one thing only: destruction. " His dark eyes find mine and fire erupts from within the darkness. "Now run."

“I don’t understand,” I mutter while attempting to stand. My legs are shaky and unsteady. My bare toes sink into the muddy earth beneath us, pulling me deeper into the ground as if the forest knows my fate has always been to end up here.

“Then let me make it exceptionally clear: you’re going to run and if I catch you, I will kill you.” He turns and walks towards a tree off to the side of the clearing we’re in. “If Luke catches you, he will kill you.” From behind the tree he pulls something off the ground and into his hand, but he’s far away and I can’t quite make out what it is in the darkness. I’m entirely focused on the thing in his hand as he approaches me again. “I’m a bad man but not an unfair one. I always give my victims an opportunity to save themselves. You’ve been running from everyone your whole life, so let’s see how good you are at it. The only way you’re getting out of here alive is if you manage to outrun us and disappear into the night.”

When he gets close enough I am able to make out what he’s holding and fear like I’ve never known rips through my entire nervous system. He’s loading a crossbow.

“If I catch you, I’ll pierce your eager little heart with an arrow. This isn’t a game. You need to understand that. I’d do anything to make her love me, even if that means sacrificing your life.”

I begin to back away, stumbling over tree roots and rocks. He cocks his head and watches me, amusement in his eyes.

“Fly for your life, angel.”

I turn and run.

His chilling laughter rings through the night air behind me as I move as fast as my feet will carry me. I don’t look back. My soles scrape against the rough terrain but I don’t feel it. The drugs are distorting everything, including my sense of pain and

discomfort. Branches scrape and pull at my skin, but I don't stop. I pump my arms widely, willing myself to just get away from the monster at my back. I run until my lungs feel like they'll explode if I take another step. Only then do I slow.

The sole sound I can hear is that of my own rapid breathing. My heart beats wildly and erratically against my ribcage. Everything is dark and unfamiliar. I realize I have no sense of direction. I could be running deeper into the woods or closer to the road and safety, but I have no idea. I don't even know where they've taken me.

My breathing is still ragged as I try to formulate a plan, harsh pants leaving my lips in white whispers. I spin and spin in circles, my dark and damp hair whipping me in the face as I turn. I'm absolutely lost and alone.

I try to remember the last time that I talked to anyone. Did I text Liv after school or did I just mean to? Did anyone see me leaving with two masked men? I'm fairly certain the school was empty when we left but I can't remember. How long will it be before someone even notices that I'm gone? Everything is so hazy. I'm as lost within my mind as I am in the woods.

A snap of a twig off to the right causes me to jerk my head in that direction. My heart beats with such intensity that I fear it will burst out of my chest. I hold my breath, too nervous to make any sound. All I hear is silence. The emptiness of my surroundings feels like a black hole I've fallen into with nothing to tether me back to reality. I'm floating through chaos and that's fucking terrifying.

I hear it before I see it, before I sense it. The low whistle of the arrow as it cuts through the cold night air hits my ear. I freeze in complete panic. The thud of the arrow landing in the tree just a few feet from me causes me to jump. My feet move on their own accord, running towards or away from my hunter, I don't know. An animalistic need to flee takes complete control of my mind. My lungs burn desperately but I can't stop. I won't stop. For the first time in a long time, I'm

desperate to survive, desperate for one more day.

And then I'm caught.

Large, muscular arms wrap around my torso, lifting me off the ground. If these fuckers think I'm going down without a fight though, they've got another thing coming to them. I flail, kicking my legs and twisting wildly against his hold. I break my nails down to the bed trying to claw and scratch at any skin I can get to. I shriek like the caged animal that I am.

"Fuck! Stop! Stop already!" His hold tightens as I continue to fight. "It's me! Stop, sweetness!"

Something about that pet name triggers an unconscious calming mechanism and I still. Slowly, he places my feet back down on the ground. My heart is still beating at a rapid rate but I take several deep breaths in and out, counting in my head to regulate and ground myself. Luke doesn't let go, his arms still snaked around me, rubbing soothing circles across my naked flesh.

"Shh. It's okay, everything's okay. I got you now. Just breathe with me okay?"

One of his large hands lands on my chest, right above my heart. He applies light pressure in a steady rhythm. His touch is strong and authoritative but comforting. I've never had anyone touch me like this before, like they're forcing my anxiety out of my chest. It's strangely soothing.

I think the drugs are finally starting to wear off. That or the adrenaline is leaving my system. Either way, I'm coming down hard. I realize how cold it is out and goosebumps break out across my skin. A shiver runs down my spine.

"Please don't kill me," I whisper into the night.

He spins me swiftly until I'm facing him. His hands move to cup my face. I'm immediately drawn into the depths of his eyes. They're so dark they almost seem to be nothing more than a shining reflection of the world around us. A small crease forms on his brow, as if he's worried.

"You're mine, sweetness. Your pleasure, your pain, your fear, your submission is all mine. And I take good care of what's mine." His lips capture mine in a desperate kiss. I gasp at his sudden assault, allowing him the opportunity to sink his tongue into my open mouth. His tongue pushes against my in a possessive fury. His teeth pull and tear at my bottom lip. The metallic taste of my own blood is smeared across my palette by his tongue.

And then another arrow whizzes past my head, hitting the tree beyond us with a deafening thud. Splinters of wood fly through the air and I scream. The moment turns from passionate to panicked in the blink of an eye. I spin to face my hunter, but Luke's arms hold firm around me.

"Luke, you knew what she was from the start." The Devil approaches us with evil in his eyes and a crossbow in his hands.

"I know that was the plan, but I have a new one." Luke pulls me back tightly against him, my back flush against his muscular chest. His tone is sure and calm. "You're going to give her to me."

The other man's loud laughter echoes off the trees surrounding us. It's an evil laugh, one full of menace. My body longs to flee again but I'm stuck, held in place and restrained. One of my demon's arms stays firmly planted across my chest, his hand splayed against my heart. The other arm begins to roam slowly down my shivering form.

"She's not yours to keep, Luke. We need her dead for the rest of this plan to work.

You know that.”

“No.” His hand roams lower, skating across my stomach and then downward still until his large fingers cup my tender pussy. I gasp at the sudden sensitive touch. “You need her gone, not dead.”

Thick fingers push apart my lips and slip into my slit. I attempt to turn my head to look at him because like seriously, what the fuck? But he pulls me tighter against him, preventing any movement.

The Devil seems to consider his options, his eyes narrowing slightly. The intensity of his stare makes me squirm but as I do, large fingers land on my clit. My demon begins to rub small and delicate circles against my sensitive nub and I moan involuntarily in pleasure, even as my mind tells me how very wrong this all is. I should fight. I should run. I should get far, far away from these terrible men. But I don’t. Instead, I open my thighs slightly, allowing him better access.

The Devil’s eyes flash down towards where my demon is touching me. Licking his lips, he smirks as he watches me writhe against another man’s hand, while he points an arrow at my chest and threatens to kill me. A mixture of their cum and my current arousal leaks down my thighs, mingling with my blood. A fire lights in the eyes of the man in front of me.

“She does seem to be desperate for your cock, brother. It would be a shame to waste such a submissive little slut.” His filthy words cause my skin to burn with desire. I want more of this madness, even though it might kill me. “What’s this plan then? How can she be gone and not dead?”

Without warning, one thick finger is shoved inside me. I gasp at the sudden intrusion but when he starts pumping in and out of me the pain melts into a warm pleasure rolling through my core. This is so wrong. I’m caught between life and death,

literally. The man in front of me is furiously trying to kill me and the man behind me is furiously trying to make me come. I'm completely at their mercy.

"Let me keep her. Let me take her and make her my good little pet." He adds a second digit and curls them. His fingers gently caress my walls, begging me to fall over the edge for him. "She'll be a good little girl for me, won't you, sweetness?" His tongue licks a wicked path up my neck and around the shell of my ear, eliciting even more pleasure from me.

I can't seem to find the words to answer him. Everything is too much and my mind is a mess. These men make me feel scared and threatened and confused. And yet, they also make me feel special and desired and alive.

When I don't respond, his other hand snakes through my hair and pulls my head back sharply. Pain radiates across my scalp. "You will answer your Master when I address you. Is that clear, pet?" His tone is harsh but needy like he can't stop himself from wanting to possess every last shred of me.

My eyes swing up to meet the swirling seas of the Devil's eyes as he watches me. I can feel my orgasm building and I move my hips to meet my demon's punishing pace as he pounds his fingers into my pussy.

"Yes, Master," I manage to choke out.

His hand releases my hair and I let out a contented sigh. Slowly his fingers glide down my head before sliding around my neck, holding me tightly, but not tight enough to cut off my air.

A spark lights in the Devil's eyes and before I can even register what has happened, he closes the gap between us, standing flush against my writhing body. His hand finds the other side of my neck and his fingers wrap around the thin column and clasp

onto Luke's. Together they squeeze tightly enough to begin to cut off my air without causing me too much pain. I'm sandwiched between two men who can't seem to decide if they want to kill me, fuck me, or both.

The Devil in front of me leans down and whispers in my ear, "You never answered him, Celeste. You're either dead for my desires or a slave to his. What's it going to be, angel?"

Both men are waiting for my answer but there's no question in my mind. I've been running my entire life. Running from my past, running from anyone who dared get too close, running from the fear and the pain. But I'm done running, I'm willing to just let go.

"I want to be a good little pet for my Master," I manage to speak between moans as my demon's fingers curl against the bundle of nerves inside me. The fingers around my throat squeeze a little more, almost cutting off all my air. I'm so close to finishing. "Please, I'll do whatever you want. I'll be your good girl and do whatever you ask of me. I'm ready to submit."

His nostrils flare as his hand squeezes tighter and he leans into me. His eyes drift down to the thick fingers pumping in and out of my soaking slit. "That's it brother, keep fucking your filthy little slut. I want to watch her eyes as she falls from your ecstasy into my darkness. Our own little fallen angel coming all over your hand while she passes out."

My demon's thumb finds my clit and he rubs small circles furiously over the desperate bundle of nerves. The combined sensation of both men's hands on me is enough to push me over the edge. I attempt to cry out as my orgasm tears through me, the fear from almost being killed making everything that much more intense, but my voice is barely audible as together they continue to squeeze. Small dots begin to cloud my vision as my air is completely cut off. Each wave of my orgasm pulses

through my pussy in rhythm with the blood pumping in my ears as my body begins to shut down from lack of oxygen. My willingness to let go, to give in completely and give up all control allows me to unleash and feel every wave of pleasure as it crashes through me. My muscles want to fight, they want to claw at their hands until I can suck in air, but I stop myself. I let myself give in to them.

“Good choice, sweetness.”

My new Master places a chaste kiss on my brow before everything goes dark.

GARETT

Unhinged. Obsessive. Stalker. Unfaithful. Manipulative. Murderous. The words others would probably use to describe me if they knew how I'd spent my last several nights. If they could see me now, crouching outside her window, watching the soft rise and fall of her chest as she peacefully sleeps, they'd know that Celeste meant nothing to me. If they could just listen and hear my plan, they'd understand. They'd know that I've done all of this—sacrificed myself and others for my goddess, my beauty.

I might be crazy. I might be obsessive and possessive and manipulative, but if I am, it's love that made me this way. After all, what's love if not a burning obsession for another? I'm absolutely obsessed with her. She doesn't know it yet but everything I've done, I've done for her. And I will continue to be exactly what she doesn't know she needs. I have no problem lurking in the shadows and letting out the devil within if it means saving her.

I grew up small and poor. My home life was shitty. In a tight knit town like this, that meant I was bullied, mercilessly. I was a poor kid raised by a struggling single mom, I was an easy target for shit heads. That's how Luke and I became friends. We were always both the outsiders, the ones who were being picked on and abused. Brody and his crew of cronies were the main perpetrators. They were all from wealthy families who had given them every opportunity in the world to succeed at everything in life. They took their privilege and wealth and turned it into a sadistic need to build themselves up by bringing others down.

By the time we got to high school, it had gotten so bad that we couldn't take it

anymore. We had made a plan. A plan to make everyone pay. A plan to make all the bullies and their preppy little friends, the teachers that turned a blind eye, the principals that acted as if these assholes were God's gift to the school, and everyone else in that fucking hell hole pay. Everyone would regret every single insult they'd slung or punch they'd thrown at us. We'd had the guns purchased and ready to bring to school the next day when I saw it—the video of my beauty. What they did to her in that video that was being shared around the school was unbearable. It broke something in me to watch her helplessly at their mercy. I knew she needed me more than I needed my revenge. She needed a savior, a protector, a hero. I couldn't go through with our plan of annihilation anymore, because it would mean I couldn't be those things for her and I was desperate to be her everything.

Ever since, I've devoted my life to my beauty. Even when I moved away, she was my every thought. Every single thing I have done has been for her. And yet, she's never once noticed me. I've lived on the periphery of her life for a long time. Too long. And I've failed her, more than once.

I remember the first time I watched Brody hit her. She looked so beautiful that day in a sweet and innocent little white dress. She'd done up her red hair into soft curls and her make-up looked perfect. She shined like the goddamn sun. My heart had threatened to burst from my fucking chest when I saw how lovely she looked. My jealousy was almost palpable as I watched her get into his car that evening. She should have been with me. She was always meant to be mine. After everything he'd done to her and to me, he didn't deserve a goddess like her. They'd gotten engaged recently though, causing my need to follow and watch her to grow to an almost constant obsession, as I desperately tried to see what she saw in someone who wasn't me. My beauty and her chosen beast had gone to a nice dinner, one where I'd sat two tables away and contemplated scooping his eyeballs out with my soup spoon the entire time. They'd gone back to her apartment, and I'd gone to the bar to drown my sorrows in liquor and pussy. If she didn't want me, maybe it was time to move on. It was stupid of me to think I could ever let her go though.

Later, after the girls I'd fucked the night before had gone, and I'd thoroughly drowned myself in drugs and drink, I'd decided to torture myself. I'd vowed to not, and yet still, I'd cued up the footage from the cameras I had hidden in her house. I watched as Ali and Brody had returned to her home. I watched as he attempted to touch her even as she pushed him away. I watched as he kissed her neck and put his fat fucking fingers all over my girl. I had gotten used to the rage at that point but I nearly lost my mind when I watched him backhand her across the face. I had to watch as she sobbed and cried on the floor. I had to watch as he crawled on top of her fragile form. I had to watch as he beat and raped the woman I loved.

Running to the bathroom, I'd emptied the contents of my stomach into the toilet until there was nothing left. It was the same shit I hadn't been able to stop before, happening all over again. I'd failed her yet again. The guilt and pain that washed over me was almost unbearable. I should have been there to help. I should have been watching the live feed and run to save her. I should have fucking been her white knight. But I wasn't and I didn't. I was a fucking screw up who wasn't there to help when the woman I loved was attacked. And that's the biggest regret of my entire miserable existence.

It was that moment that changed everything. When I watched him hit her, something deep within my psyche snapped and the devil inside me was unleashed. If I couldn't be her knight in shining armor then I'd be the monster lurking in the shadows of her life. I'm not a good man. I'm a manipulative, murderous beast. In that moment, Garrett ended and a new me was born—one who has spent the last several years hunting down and eliminating every last one of these fucks in Brody's little friend group, with Luke's help, of course. I've killed almost all of them. Only Brody and Kyle are left on my list. A quick death would be too kind for Brody though. He will be the final piece to fall. He must know I'm coming for him. He's gotten paranoid as all of his high school friends have started mysteriously disappearing one by one.

I've had to sit and watch as, night after night, month after month, year after year, he

pulled my beauty deeper and deeper into her own personal Hell. But the bell is tolling for Brody and the Devil is coming to collect.

And she'll get it. She'll understand. She'll forgive me. My plan is coming together perfectly. Pretty soon she'll be rid of that abusive piece of shit and I'll swoop in to do right by her this time around. I've waited long enough. I've sacrificed enough. Now, it's time she realizes that she's mine. She's always been mine. I've been obsessed with her since high school and it's about time she knows just how deep my obsession runs. I'm going to fix everything. I'm going to make it right. And then I'm going to spend the rest of my days worshiping my beauty like the fucking queen that she is.

It's been another long fucking night of sitting in the cold and watching her. The rain started about an hour ago, while my beauty sat in bed drinking her wine and reading. Her shit head husband went out tonight, of course. No doubt scouting out the local bars for some drunk and barely legal piece of ass he can manipulate into blowing him. I got over the burning rage I felt about the disrespect he shows his wife, the woman who I've spent the majority of my life worshiping from afar, long ago. His inability to be a faithful and caring husband allows me the time I need with my girl. She finished her wine—laced with sleeping pills—like the good girl she is, so that she'll be nice and compliant for me. I watched as she tucked herself in and turned off all the lights, waiting for the steady rise and fall of her chest that lets me know she's fast asleep and ready for me.

My fingers hook on the window and I slowly begin to lift, careful not to make a sound. You think she'd catch on at some point and start locking her windows. It makes me wonder if my girl secretly wants me to come play with her while she sleeps. I look around, one last time, making sure no nosey neighbor is watching, before slipping through the darkness of night and into her room.

Water drips off my soaking clothing onto the floor below me as I stand and watch her sleep. She's a true goddess with skin so pure she looks like a damn painting come to

life. Her fiery red locks are spread around her head and my fingers itch to feel the softness sliding across my skin. She's wearing an oversized tee shirt that's low enough to reveal just a hint of cleavage. My cock instantly thickens in my pants at the sight of my girl splayed out and ready for me. I've been away from her too long while dealing with Celeste. My beauty is the drug running through my veins and without her I'm nothing.

Once I'm sure she's completely knocked out, I get to work. Sliding her husband's stolen phone out of my pocket, I double check to make sure I cleared all the messages between his number and Celeste from the messaging app. Then I slide Brody's phone and the pair of Celeste's underwear that I cut from her body on the night we met, under the bed. Luke is a real champion for taking one for the team and agreeing to a three way with fuck-face Brody after the Jager. The plan wouldn't have been possible without this phone. I still can't believe he didn't recognize Luke's face. You think you'd remember the face of the person you put in the hospital, but I guess some of us are so self-absorbed that we don't even notice the Devil when he's standing right in front of us.

Rising back up to my full height, a satisfied smirk pulls at the corners of my lips. In the morning, Brody will find his now returned phone and think it's just been missing for a few days, none the wiser to the fact that soon the police will be able to pull his phone's data and see a string of conversations between him and the now missing, presumed murdered, Celeste. The escalation of the text conversation I wrote out on both their phones, the messages I sent back and forth between their phones to make it seem like they planned to to meet up for a kinky time in the woods, and the password protected folder I created on his phone full of pictures of Celeste blindfolded and tied up naked in the woods, should all be more than enough evidence to put him away for a very long time. The underwear will be a fun surprise for either his wife or the cops, whoever finds it first. Thanks to Luke and his obsession with my victim, there will be no body for the cops to find like I'd originally planned, but her DNA on the underwear in his bedroom plus the trail of breadcrumbs I created will lead detectives

to the ultimate conclusion that she must have been assaulted and then killed by a deranged psycho. Everything will point them to my pal Brody who will then end up spending a long time in prison while I care for his grieving wife, stuffing her full of my cum until she's pregnant with my child.

The thought of my goddess swollen and ripe with my child has my cock thickening with anticipation. I know she's currently on birth control, thanks to fuck-face Brody who's not ready for kids yet, but a guy can still fantasize, right? I would have tampered with her birth control a long time ago but he still occasionally crawls on top of her and forces his tiny little cock inside her, a fact that makes my fucking blood boil. But soon enough, my beauty will be all mine, and I'll keep her knocked up for as much of our future as she'll let me.

Shucking my wet clothes onto the floor, I pull back the covers and climb into bed with my girl. I prop up the pillows so I can comfortably sit with my head leaned against the headboard before pulling her into my lap. She's completely knocked out and hangs like a dead weight as I carefully place her between my legs with her head resting on my shoulder. Wrapping my arms around her in a tight embrace, I nuzzle my face into the crook of her neck. She smells like spring, fresh and sweet.

"I did it, baby girl." I lay chaste kisses along her neck and face as we talk. "I took care of everything for us. Pretty soon Brody will be gone, I'll take Celeste's job, and we can finally be together."

Celeste really was the perfect victim. She's a loner with no family and very few people to care about her disappearance. Her job as the high school business teacher is the perfect in for me to infiltrate my beauty's life. Next week I start my new job as Celeste's replacement, and I will finally get my chance to show my girl how perfect we are together while she's awake. Our late night rendezvous are coming to an end.

Her chest continues to rise and fall steadily and I see her nipples have hardened

beneath her shirt. Even unconscious, my girl's body responds to me with such need.

“Does my good little slut need me to take care of her tonight?” I ask as I let my fingers trace her nipples through her shirt until they become stiff peaks. “Are you eager for our plan to move forward so we can truly be together, sweetheart?”

Slowly pulling her shirt up, I expose her perky tits to me. Fuck, she's absolutely perfect. The sight has my cock standing at attention. Turning her head slightly against my shoulder so her face is looking at me, I let my lips caress hers. She tastes like sin and sadness and I can't get enough. But it's bittersweet. My tongue sweeps through her mouth, grinding into her with desperation that's never reciprocated. I'm tired of these one way late night sessions. I'm done being her sleeping secret. I want her to be mine and only mine. I crave her desire with every scrap of my sad soul.

My hand snakes down her sleeping form to the top of her cotton underwear. I tease her, running a finger just below the band while sucking and biting on her lips. She moans lightly in her sleep, giving me permission to go further. When I move my hand lower, letting my fingers slide across her pussy lips, I find her wet and waiting.

“So eager for me, my sweet little sleeping beauty,” I whisper against her lips as my finger runs soft circles against her tight little nub at the apex of her thighs.

Shifting her head slightly, I allow her face to fall against my shoulder so I can lick and suck her neck while playing with her pretty little pussy. Just because she's not conscious for it, doesn't mean she won't come for me.

Her breaths start to quicken and small moans leave her soft little lips, letting me know she's enjoying the pleasure I'm giving her. Leaving her clit, I slide down to her hole and shove a finger deep inside her. Her pussy clenches, desperately holding on to me.

“Don't worry, baby,” I whisper into her ear as I pump in and out of her slick hole.

“I’ll make sure my sleeping beauty is satisfied.”

My cock aches for some attention. It’s red and throbbing and leaking precum. Unable to resist, I grab her tiny little hand in mine and bring it to my dick. Using my hand to move hers, I let her caress my length up and down slowly.

“Fuck princess, you feel so good wrapped around me. So warm, and soft, and mine.”

Moving her hand to quicken her thrusts on my cock, I match the pace with my other hand, pumping in and out of her pussy. The sound of pants and moans and sin fills the emptiness of her dark bedroom.

“That’s it, fuck me with your hand. I’m going to fucking cover you with my cum and you’re going to lick it from your own fingers like a good little slut. So fucking desperate for my cum, sleeping beauty, aren’t you?”

I thrust into her hand at a punishing pace. Adding a second finger inside her, I grind the palm of my hand against her clit. I won’t allow myself to come until after she does. My princess always comes first.

“Come for me, beauty.” I pant desperately into her ear as I curl my fingers inside her.

Her walls contract and her hips lift involuntarily. My girl’s mouth falls open in pure, uncontrollable ecstasy. She’s a vision and I will never feel worthy enough to consume her pleasure, but I’m sure as shit going to spend the rest of my life trying.

“Good girl,” I praise while removing my hand from inside her. “Just like that baby. Fuck! Your hand feels incredible around my dick!”

My balls contract and heat shoots up my spine as my climax rips through me. I grunt as rope after rope of white cum splatters across my hand, my stomach, and the

bedding around us. Shit! I've done a lot of fucking lately but nothing compares to my girl. It's not just sex. It's our souls and fates further entwined as one.

It takes me several minutes to recover. Finally, my breathing returns to a normal rate and my body relaxes. I let go of my girl's hand and use my fingers to scoop up some of the spilled cum.

“We wouldn't want to waste this now would we, pretty girl?”

Using my cum covered fingers, I smear it across her face. Then I scoop up more and slide my hand back inside her underwear, smearing it all over her pussy. I want her to wake up with my cum on both sets of her lips. Satisfied with my painted princess, I gently lift her off me and place her back on her pillow, shifting her to face me. Then I lay my head on the other pillow and turn to face my girl. The pillow smells like fuck-face Brody, which annoys me endlessly, but I try to ignore it. I sit and stare at my love, my goddess, my girl. She's my past and my present and, as I lay here, I can clearly envision our future. I have no idea how long I remain wrapped in a fantasy.

And then I hear the door slam downstairs. Fuck-face is home, which is my cue to leave, for now. Soon he will be gone though, and she will be all mine.

LUKE

T oday was long. Too fucking long. I hadn't planned on working late but the negotiation I was in took way longer than expected. Fucking weird ass suburbanites and their insistence on negotiating who would get each of their house plants in the divorce. Who argues about house plants? If the husband—ex-husband—wasn't paying me a shit ton of money I would have shot both the idiots in their skulls rather than listen to them drone on and on about their fucking ferns. But the money was good, and he's a powerful man. It'll be good to have him in my corner.

"I'm home!" I shout as I close the front door behind me.

No one responds. Why would they? There's no one here to respond. I've been alone most of my life, having left the shit hole foster home I grew up in as soon as I was able to. But still, sometimes it occurs to me that it wouldn't be all bad to have someone to come home to.

Throwing my briefcase down on the granite island countertop. I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding in. There's a plate left on the center of the island, wrapped in Saran Wrap with warming instructions from my housekeeper. She's a saint of a woman and I'd be legitimately lost without her.

Walking to the fridge, I pull open the large stainless steel door with slightly more aggression than intended. I'm clearly worked up. I'll need to blow off some steam tonight. Grabbing a water bottle out of the fridge, I slam the door and lean against the cool, black countertop. The cold liquid sliding down my throat feels heavenly after the day I had.

I relax and slide my phone from my dress slacks. I haven't checked my phone much today besides monitoring the situation going on upstairs. I open the app on my phone and my screen flashes with the live feed of the cameras in the bedroom right above where I currently stand. I watch for a moment, then satisfied that everything is in order, I close the cameras and check my notifications. I have several text messages, mostly from my mom and Garrett, but one is unexpected.

A sly smile slides across my face as I open the message from my sweet little flower.

Hey! Look I know this is forward and all but I had a really great time on Halloween weekend. Would you wanna hang out again sometime?

Usually I'm very much opposed to a woman taking control but there's something about this girl that makes my insides churn. I rarely fuck the same pussy twice, but for her I'm willing to make an exception. More than just an exception, actually. I'd be fucking thrilled to let my hand slide through her pink tresses and guide her sweet little mouth to my cock. Just the thought of her on her knees for me has me half hard.

I'd love to. Name the date and time. This time I'm taking you out though. A girl like you deserves more than just a quick fuck.

I start to close out the conversation but I notice bubbles pop up almost instantly, informing me she's responding. My girl is eager. I fucking love that.

Alright, but can we squeeze that quick fuck in after dinner?

Dragging my fingers through my dark hair, I can't help but let out a small laugh. This girl is dangerous. I type and retype my response several times, worried it's not right.

What the hell is happening to me? When did I become concerned about texting the right thing to some chick I fucked once? I might be in some serious trouble with this girl. Especially when she finds out what I've done to her best friend. I know there's

no possible way for this to end well, and yet I can't seem to stop myself.

I have no intention of fucking you quickly. I intend to take you out for a nice dinner, show you that I can be a gentleman. Then I intend to eat your sweet pussy for dessert while you come on my face again and again.

Suddenly realizing I've been lost in my thoughts and too busy texting Olivia, I quickly flip back to the camera app. Fuck, I've been distracted too long. I open the other app and quickly shut everything off. Then I head upstairs.

Barreling up the stairs three at a time, I head to the level above. I know I'm being loud as I rush up the stairs. I'm purposely making noise. I want her to hear me coming. The thought of the fear and adrenaline rushing through her as she hears the monster coming for her has me fucking feral. I want her to be a complete mess tonight as I shred her apart. The closer I get, the more the anticipation sparks a need within me. I've had a long damn day and I know just the way to unwind and unleash my pent-up energy.

Throwing the door open, it bangs against the wall. The loud crash echoes through the room. Her head whips to the door, looking for the cause of the noise. She knows I'm here but she has no idea what's in store for her tonight.

I stand in the doorway, both hands braced against the frame. My chest heaves as I take in the sight in front of me. If she could see me she'd surely fear the beast prowling towards its prey.

Celeste is splayed out on the bed in the center of the room. Her wrists are bound together with leather cuffs, strapped to the top of the metal frame of the bed. Each of her ankles is also cuffed in leather and strapped to the bedpost, but they're splayed wide, exposing her delicious thighs that shake as they try to close. She's trying desperately to close her legs and gain some sense of control, but she won't be able to. I made sure she was secured tightly before I left for work earlier. If I could see her

eyes, I'm sure she'd be glaring at me, but currently they're hidden behind the leather hood she has on. Her tits are bare and open to the cool air of the room, her nipples pebbled and hardened with need. As much as her mouth claims resistance, her body always reveals just how needy my girl is for me.

"Have you been a good girl for me today, sweetness?" I ask as I stalk towards my precious prey. I can see her quivering as I approach. I remove the gag from her mouth, allowing her to answer me.

"Please," she begs as I gently run a single finger across the pale flesh of her stomach. Her skin immediately erupts with goosebumps.

"Do you want to come?" I taunt as I run my hand over the leather thong she has on—the only piece of clothing I've allowed her to wear today, besides the hood. "Have you not enjoyed the gifts I've been giving you?"

Earlier, I placed a remote-controlled vibrator in her pussy before I left. While I was in my stupid fucking negotiations all damn day, I kept an eye on her. Periodically, throughout the day I turned on the vibrator, watching her writhe and squirm on the bed, desperately chasing her release. Each time she appeared to be close, I turned the vibrations off, edging her into a state of delirium. At this point I'm fairly certain she'd be willing to do whatever I asked in order to come.

"I loved them, Master. But please, Sir, may I come now? Please?"

"So fucking needy, baby girl." I tsk at her while running my fingers up and down her thighs in a soft, hypnotic rhythm.

Swiftly I bring my hand down on the inside of her thigh. She screams at the sudden slap. A bright red hand print blooms on her pale skin and it immediately makes my cock thicken further in my pants.

“Unfortunately, I’ve had a very long day and I need you to help me out before I give you what you need. Can you do that for me, sweetness?”

“Yes,” she says with hesitation interlaced in her tone. Her lack of submission is unacceptable. I bring my hand down again, this time on her other thigh. She cries out in pain. Her screams are music to my fucking ears.

“I want to see you marked as mine, covered in red and bruises, and dripping with need for your master’s cock. Then and only then will I let you come. You can have my cock in your tight little pussy when you’ve earned it. Do you understand?” I ask as I softly caress the hand prints I’ve left on her thighs.

Since I brought her home last week, my need for her has only grown. I took a risk changing the plan and taking her from Garrett but I couldn’t let her slip through my fingers. He didn’t need her dead for his plan to work and I couldn’t let her go. I knew from the moment I first touched her that she was meant to be mine. There’s something about her that calls to a part of my dark and deviant soul.

“Please, Sir... use me however you need.”

I release her hands from their bindings as she sighs with relief. She rubs her wrists and twirls them in circles while I release her ankles. She stretches her legs, bending them up and down.

“Sit still, slut!” I demand and my perfect little girl readily complies.

My fingers slip underneath the leather strip covering her cunt. She’s completely drenched. Her warm folds pulse with need when I press further into her panties. She’s clearly desperate for release but my pet is here for my pleasure, and tonight I’m going to need her pain.

“You’re soaking wet for me, sweetness. Does my girl need her Master to make her

feel good?” I croon as I remove the vibrator and let my finger trace small circles against her clit. I make sure not to push down too intensely. I wouldn’t want her coming just yet.

“Please, Master,” she begs.

Removing myself from her, I pull away. The little brat dares to whine as I remove my hand from her slit. Growling at her bratty nature, I grab her by the hair and pull her to a sitting position. She flails and fights me slightly. I’m still working on training her to be a perfect sub. She’s my special project.

“Sit here and do not fucking move,” I snarl before I stalk across the room to the wall of tools and toys. My eyes peruse over my options before finding exactly what I need. Retrieving the items off the hook on the wall, I walk back over to my waiting and willing victim. “Maybe my pet needs a leash to remind her who she belongs to. What do you think?” I ask as I clasp the black leather collar around her throat, tightening it to an uncomfortable but not unsafe tightness.

“Yes, Master.” She tries to swallow deeply but my collar makes it difficult. My cock hardens further at the sight of her constricted throat.

I attach the clasp on the metal loops to the collar before letting the length of the leash fall with a clank. My girl jumps as the metal loudly bangs against the floor. Walking across the room, I drop my pants and kick them off before settling down in the black leather wingback chair. My hardened cock bobs in anticipation as I take in the sight before me. She sits on the edge of the bed, almost naked and completely exposed to me. Her knees spread wide, showing me the sides of her weeping cunt peeking out from her thong. The top half of her head is still covered in the black hood and her mouth is slightly opened. Those plump little lips look soft and plush, so ready to be filled with my cock. With a swift flick of my wrist, I pull on the leash, causing her throat to bob forward and her head to snap back slightly.

“Get on all fours like a good pet and crawl to your Master.” I wait anxiously to see how she’ll respond to my request. I know this is perverse and slightly sadistic but I don’t fucking care. She needs to learn that she’s here to do whatever I ask of her. She’s my captive and I can be a kind Master or a cruel one. It’s entirely up to her.

Without hesitation, my girl drops to all fours and begins crawling towards me. I catch her smirk slightly before she drops her head down in submission. Her ass sways seductively as she crosses the room towards me. That’s the thing about this girl. If I thought she wanted to be treated like a princess, I’d keep her in a golden fucking cage. She’d be mine to pamper and please. But she’s not that kind of girl. She wants to be owned and dominated in order to let go and get out of her own head, and I’m more than willing to give my sweetness exactly what she needs.

I pull the leash until she’s right in front of me then stop. She immediately sits back in her heels, her hooded head bowed in submission to me. Fuck! She’s going to be my perfect little slave. But I know this will all go down in flames. I’m starting to fall for two different women, and there’s no way I can keep them both. Monsters don’t get to live happily ever.