



The Devil Within (The Devil's Obsession Trilogy #2)

Author: *LO Gold*

Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: Olivia

Do you know how to file a missing persons report? Do you actually have to wait a certain number of days? Can only a family member file the report? What happens if the police don't believe you; or worse, what if they don't care?

Unfortunately, I know the answers to all those questions.

My best friend went to work on Halloween and then disappeared into thin air. At the same time, strange things started happening to me. The feeling of eyes watching me is persistent. And the dreams—no, the nightmares that plague my unconscious mind have left me feeling completely out of control of my own life. I'm fairly certain I'm being haunted. Haunted by the same demon that stole my best friend from me.

The Demon

Sirens lure men to watery graves, enticing them to leave their journey and fall into the chaos of destructive desire. That's what she is to me. Olivia Lennox has completely consumed me with a destructive obsession. I'm obsessed with her. I need her as much as I need to breathe. And I will do anything to prove to her just how deeply my obsession runs.

She's mine. She just doesn't know it yet.

Total Pages (Source): 38

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

River by Bishop Briggs

Someone is watching me. I don't have any proof. I don't have any evidence. But I can feel them. Their presence hangs heavy throughout my life. I don't know who they are, but I can always tell when they've been in my space, rummaging through my things. I can almost smell them, like a ghost of a presence that haunts the empty rooms of my home. The lingering spice sends shivers down my spine every time I smell it.

I feel eyes watching me. All. The. Fucking. Time. When I'm washing dishes at my kitchen sink, I can sense them appraising me through the large kitchen window. But outside there's only darkness. I squint through the pelting rain, trying to discern shapes or movements that shouldn't be there, but it's always useless—there's never anyone looking back at me. Yet, the ghost of their gaze never leaves me, haunting me day and night. Even at work I feel the heat of their eyes upon me, and yet when I glance around, there is never a soul in sight. There's never anyone there, just shadows and empty air. I swear I've even woken up to a demon watching me in my sleep, but in the morning, it all just seems like a foolish dream.

I thought I caught them a few days ago as I was walking home. I could hear steps echoing my own, matching my pace as I hurried along. But every time I looked over my shoulder, I was alone—completely alone.

It's unnerving. The feeling of being seen, being stalked. Especially in your own home or at your work, the places you're supposed to feel safe. I'm really starting to wonder

if I'm being haunted.

But that's crazy, right?

Tonight is no different. I'm curled up on my couch, watching crappy reality TV, trying to relax. But I can't unwind. My frayed nerves cause my stomach to churn with unease as I down more overly sweet pink wine, trying to ignore the sensation of those ever present eyes boring into me. I take a hit off my vape next, hoping the combination of substances will do something to calm me down. The artificial strawberry flavor fills my mouth, tickling my taste buds. My lungs burn momentarily before the high hits my brain. My eyelids immediately sag with a heavy weight while my shoulders turn weightless, the tension I previously held there dissipating into nothingness. Logically, I know there's no one here but I can't shake the feeling of someone watching me. I need the drugs and alcohol to help me escape my own mind, if only for the moment. Maybe I am going fucking crazy.

Which is worse—haunted or crazy?

Picking up my phone from the coffee table, I dial the only person I can talk to about everything and nothing. She'll calm me down. Just hearing her sweet voice will soothe my soul. I hold it up to my ear and wait as it rings and rings and rings.

“Hey, it's Celeste! I can't come to the phone right now—”

I end the call without leaving a message. She's never around anymore. My best friend has been totally MIA since Halloween, and I have a sick feeling that something's not right. We fight sometimes, sure. And we get busy with our lives, but we've never gone this long without talking. Something is wrong.

The intrusive thoughts start to snake their way into my mind. Maybe my past has caught up with me. The monsters hidden deep within the recesses of my past might

finally be coming to collect. I knew it was only a matter of time until they'd want their payment, their pound of flesh. I just pray that my best friend didn't pay the price that should be mine to bear. I take another hit from my vape, letting the drugs take over my mind and calm my racing worries.

Everything is so out of control. I'm lost on what to do and who to go to. What would I even say to the cops?

"Help, my best friend won't return my calls and I feel like someone's watching me."

Yeah, I'm sure they'd take that case really seriously.

No, I'm in this alone and I know it. I'll have to figure it out on my own. I'm going to find Celeste, come clean about my past, and finally tell her the truth about everything . But first, I need to figure out who the fuck is following me and why.

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The Demon

Monster by Skillet

Have you ever been so absolutely obsessed with something that no matter what you do, you can't seem to get it off your mind? As if this thing has snaked its way into your very soul, persistently pushing its way past the periphery of your consciousness and residing at the forefront to nag at you? Everything and everyone just seems to remind you of that thing, right?

That's how I feel about her .

I'm obsessed with her. There's absolutely no doubt about that. Every waking thought I have seems to find its way back to her. Hell, even in my dreams I can't escape my little siren. She calls to me through the darkness of my mind, begging me to make her mine.

I watch her when she sleeps, when she eats, when she goes to work, when she comes home, and when she fucks. Every single soul who lands between her legs that isn't me, stokes the flames of my fury. Each and every tongue that tastes her sweetness is a tongue I want to rip off and shove down their own throat. These moments are maddening. But she's not ready for me. As much as I want her, need her , she doesn't know yet how much she also needs me. So I'll remain in the shadows of her life, watching and waiting. Her demon of darkness, stalking her silently.

My life has been derailed by her pink hair and pristine skin. I'm a man who likes to be in control and she makes me feel like I'm spinning out of control. She's

infuriating. She's consumed me completely. And if I don't find a way to have her soon, I might resort to desperate measures in order to rid myself of this compulsive need. Even now, when I should be focused on the hunt, my mind has drifted to her again. She's made herself at home in my head and is holding my subconscious prisoner.

Good thing I have a distraction tonight.

His pupils are blown wide. His breathing is rapid and irregular as he furiously whips his head around, seeking a threat he cannot see. The drugs coursing through his system skew his sense of reality, making it impossible for him to distinguish what's real and what isn't. I can see the fearful desperation painted across his face. It's so damn satisfying watching him sweat.

This fucker is a ghost of my past that I intend to make suffer. Unlucky for him, I'm wound extra tightly tonight, thanks to my sweet little siren.

A canopy of giant leaves casts shadows over the woods as I stalk my prey deeper into the darkness. It's cold and wet tonight—really fucking wet. I fucking hate Washington winters. But the soft and steady rain does mask the sound of my footsteps as I close in on him. He has no idea I'm here.

We picked up our buddy Marcus tonight out drinking. He was half under the table when we approached him. Fucking asshole didn't even recognize us. Yes, we have changed a lot since high school, but don't you think you'd remember the faces of those you tormented for years? We convinced him to leave with us and head to the next bar. No one even batted an eye when we helped the stumbling asshole out of the building and put him in our trunk. Had he been a woman, red flags would have been raised, but no one gives a fuck when you kidnap a dude. His once bulky and muscled physique has aged horribly. He's a fat fucking slob now with a beer belly and a receding blonde hairline. Star football player turned middle-aged prick with a comb-

over and beer-stained khakis. Time may not heal wounds, but it sure as shit took its toll on Marcus.

The Devil and I look like gods compared to this douchebag. We made sure to grow the fuck up after high school. We worked hard, became smarter, stronger, richer. Better . This friend group, all of whom are utter assholes, sat around in our same small Washington town, drinking and reliving their glory days of high school. Who the fuck wants to peak in high school?

After drugging him and dumping him in the woods, all we had to do was wait.

We gave him a head start, of course. We always give them a head start. It never matters though, they never escape our wrath.

The blade is heavy in my hand, begging to sink into this fucker's flesh. He owes me more than a pound of flesh for what he put me through, they all do. But tonight, I'll get a piece of my revenge. We will get the next piece of revenge. This means just as much to the Devil as it means to me. He's the closest thing I will ever have to a brother. He's been my best friend, my only true friend, for as long as I can remember. He's my partner in crime and my partner in revenge. And right now, he's my hunting partner.

The Devil is as equally well hidden as I am amongst the shadows. Yet, the slightest glint from the moonlight reflecting off the blade held in his hand tells me his location. We have our prey cornered.

"I know you're out there," Marcus mumbles as he slips and stumbles across the muddy ground. "I'm gonna fuck you guys up when I catch you!" His words are slow and slurred, the drugs in his system distorting all his sensory abilities.

He spins around frantically as his dilated pupils scan the looming lines of tall trees

around us for a threat that isn't there. He's worried about the demons of the night, and not the ones he knows. Stupid mistake Marcus. That's the thing about cocky bastards—they always assume that their time will never come. They're usually wrong though. The amount of times this asshole and his buddies have fed innocent women the same cocktail we shot into his veins tonight is deplorable. It's about time this shithead gets a taste of his own medicine.

“Come out you fucking cowards!” Our not-so-innocent victim cries out into the night, spinning in mindless circles, looking for a fight.

From across the clearing I can almost sense the smirk that is no doubt spreading across my friend's face beneath his mask. He's a scary son of a bitch when he wants to be. The sinister cock of his head, the demonic eyes of his devil mask reflecting the small bit of moonlight, is a sign I've come to recognize—one that is usually followed by blood.

“No cowards here, Marcus.” the Devil's deep voice ricochets off the thicket of trees surrounding us.

The lumbering oaf pivots to face my brother, his unfocused gaze filled with fury. He stumbles forward, tripping over mossy logs.

“How the fuck do you know my name?” he grumbles, slowly moving as if his limbs are encased in quicksand. Watching him try to fight the drugs pumping through his veins makes me think of his victims. How they must have tried with everything in them to ward him off, even as their strength depleted. The thought makes me mad, it makes me downright murderous. This motherfucker dies here tonight.

“Ouch, Marcus, that hurts,” I feign rejection as I step from the shadows. “Here I thought we were such good friends,” I say as he turns to face me, his thinning hair whipping wildly and sticking to his sweat-stained brow.

The dilation of his pupils suggest the drugs are fully coursing through his veins right now. His gaze is clouded and unfocused as he sways on his feet. This might be too easy.

“Admit what you’ve done and we will make your death quick.” the Devil seethes as he approaches our victim.

“Ad-admit what?” His speech slurring as the drugs reach peak potency.

I grind my molars in annoyance at his complete lack of awareness. He has no idea what he could’ve done? What someone would want him dead for? This fucking asshole is cocky in his inability to be caught, even as he faces his very own demons. The two of us are truly a sight to behold—a devil and demon come forth from the shadows, seeking a bloody revenge.

“Admit what you did to the women,” I growl as I grip the handle of my blade tighter.

“What women?” He smirks, laughing like this is some type of fucking game. “The ones I fucked? Trust me, they wanted it.”

With a quickness that is surprising even to me, the Devil has the giant of a man pinned with his arms behind his back and a blade to his throat. Our prey is too nervous to fight against my friend’s hold. He freezes, realizing he’s been caught.

“They can’t consent if they’re unconscious.” His low rumble is laced with an aggressive rage that I’ve only heard him use when it comes to her. Blood beads on the steel as the tip breaks through the skin of Marcus’ fat fucking throat causing our prey to whimper in fear.

Not so tough now.

“Look, man, it wasn’t my idea. Will—”

At the mention of that name, of his name, I see red. I can’t help myself. My blade sinks into his tender flesh, ripping and tearing his core before I even register what I’m doing. Marcus’ blood spills from his skin, splattering me as I stab him again and again.

“Fucking Will!” I roar as I pull back my blade and sink it into his rounded gut again.

Blood streams down my arms, mixing with the path of the steady rain to create streaks of red careening down my body. The Devil joins in, slicing his throat. Crimson sprays out of our victim’s neck. The smell of copper grows stronger as his open wounds gush in a rhythmic pattern to the final pumps of his dying heart.

“She wasn’t yours to touch! You fucking ruined her!” My best friend roars as his blade plunges in and out of our victims’ bloody and mutilated body over and over again.

When we’re both spent, we cease our attack. The only sound is our heavy breathing and the soft pitter-patter of the rain on the canopy above. Marcus stopped screaming and fighting a while ago. His vacant and horrified eyes stare up at the night sky. He’s definitely fucking dead.

“You go get the shovels; I’ll start cutting fingers and pulling teeth?” My best friend questions as he releases his hold on the meat sack that was Marcus.

“Yeah.” I nod, pulling the mask from my face so I can breathe. The cool rain is a relief against my heated skin as I turn and stalk off toward the service road where we left the car.

Three down, three to go.

There is— was —a group of six of them. Six monsters who have ruined countless lives. Six monsters we'll wipe from the face of this Earth. We might be headed to Hell, but we sure as shit will send these fuckers down into the fire pits of darkness before us. Marcus is the third we've taken care of and buried out in these woods. Three left. Brody and Will won't get off as easily as Marcus did. Kyle has been suspiciously absent lately, but we'll track him down, we always do.

As I walk back to the car with the cool night air biting my exposed face, I can't help but wonder what my girl is up to. I'm tempted to pull out my phone and search the cameras I have placed in her home and work to see where she is, but I know better than to use my phone at a murder scene. It's going to stay securely powered off until I get back home. She better be behaving. If I review the videos and see that she let another person touch her, there will be more than one body to bury tonight. Even the thought of someone else's fingers running across her beautiful flesh has my blood boiling. The urge to claim her is growing stronger and stronger with each passing day. She's an obsession that I can't seem to free myself from.

She is mine. She just doesn't know it yet.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

Daddy by Ramsey

“That’s it baby, ride my thick, fucking cock!” Erika shouts as her fingers twist into my hot pink curls.

Each punishing thrust of her hips rocks my entire body. My nipple piercings lightly catch on the rough fabric of the sheet beneath me with each pounding motion. The sensation is abrasive but fantastic. She has me bent over the edge of the bed while she fucks me with a thick, pink strap on from behind. Usually we play with a variety of toys but inevitably we always end up in this position. It’s part of her very unique fantasy. She pulls my hair, forcing my head off the mattress as she leans into me. The sting of my scalp is punishing in the best possible way.

“Does my little slut like that?” she whispers into my ear before fucking my ear canal with her tongue, synchronizing with the pace she’s fucking my pussy.

Her tits bounce against the skin of my back as she fucks me. Her stiff nipples scrape roughly against my sticky skin, the sensation drives me absolutely wild. With each pump, my clit digs into the stiff edge of the mattress as her grip on my hair tightens. The dildo she’s wearing pounds right against my G-spot at this angle. My body feels like it’s about to combust.

“Yes,” I manage to groan out between pants. “Yeah, baby fuck me like I’m your good little whore!”

Suddenly everything stops and she shoves me down onto the mattress. She completely untangles our two bodies.

Shit. I forgot again.

Her voice is cold and distant when she finally speaks. “You know the rules. That’s not what you call me.”

Erika is a good lay but she’s also fucking insane. If I was here on my own free will, I would have stopped agreeing to see her and playing her games long ago. The amount of rules this girl has about our ‘play time’ is extensive. It takes everything in me to remain submissive and sweet as my eyes ache to roll sky high. This girl is too fucking much. But I need to stay on her good side, which is why I’m here—attempting to play nice.

“I’m sorry, Daddy,” I croon while wiggling my ass at her. I really wish she’d just drop this and continue, but usually that’s not how this goes.

The sound of the slap registers before the pain. A sharp stinging sensation radiates across my backside where she spanked me.

“That’s right, I am your daddy, and maybe I need to teach you a lesson.”

I was so close to coming. I just want to finish. Now things are going to take a turn. I’d groan in frustration but I know that’ll only make what’s coming next ten times worse for me.

A second hard spank lands on the tender flesh of my ass, marking my other cheek. This time I can’t help but cry out. I’m a fan of impact play but she’s a true sadist and feeds off my pain more than my pleasure. I sometimes worry that she’s feeding solely on my misery; a leech who’s made her way into my life and won’t let go until she

ruins me.

I hear her walk across the room. I lie as still as I can as my body cools and goosebumps break out across my exposed flesh. I can hear her move things around but I don't dare raise my head to see what she's doing. My pulse skyrockets as my mind flips through possibilities of what she could be doing. I need to remember my rules right now.

"Crawl to me." Her cold voice slithers across the expanse of the room to me. It's a command, not a request, so my only choice is to obey. I fucking hate her, and yet, she owns me.

Slinking off the bed and onto all fours, I crawl across the floor until I reach her perfectly pedicured toes peeking out from her strappy, sparkling heels. That's the thing about Erika, she's obsessed with appearances, has been since we were kids. It's pretty hypocritical for someone who's a decaying piece of shit on the inside. But that's what her daddy dearest always preached—everything has to look perfect on the outside, even when the reality is a complete shit storm. I can't even really blame her for being so fucked up, we've been doing some seriously fucked up shit since we were kids. A lifetime of trauma is enough to turn anyone a little crazy. Whatever this relationship is between us, it's completely toxic. We've been told since we were kids to keep what we do together a secret. Now we keep our fucked up relationship secret for a very different reason.

Sitting back on my heels, I keep my head bowed in submission, waiting for her command. I know what comes next and it's never fun. A lump of anxiety begins to form in my chest.

"What did you do wrong?" she inquires in the same frigid tone.

"I called you baby." The words come out barely a whisper so my tone doesn't reveal

just how over this shit I really am.

“That’s right.” Her heeled foot sticks out to stroke my chest, the toe of her shoe rubbing the skin between my breasts. I close my eyes to avoid loosing it and telling her to fuck off. Between her regular bullshit, my stress about feeling like I’m being followed, being ghosted by my best friend, and the orgasm I was just denied, my patience is growing very thin. “And what are you supposed to refer to me as?”

“Daddy.” It’s all I’m allowed to call her when we’re messing around. It didn’t used to be that way, but a few years ago she kind of went off the deep end and now she has some perverse need to recreate some of the worst fucking pieces of her childhood.

Her foot falls back to the floor. “Look at me, little slut.”

I do as she demands and raise my eyes up. She’s completely naked, sitting in the cheap hotel desk chair with her legs spread wide. Her elbows rest on the arms of the chair as one hand twirls and plays with her fiery red locks. Her pale complexion looks washed out and sallow in the shoddy hotel lighting. Her makeup is thickly caked on her face but slightly smudged around her eyes. The dildo sticks straight up in the air towards her stomach. She’s fake as fuck but not unattractive, at least not on the outside.

“Open.”

“Erika,” I try to beg. “Please don’t. Can’t we just have a drink and relax a little and play around? Just be ourselves for once. Have a little fun?” I let my fingers skate across the skin of her inner thigh teasingly, trying to bait her into something else.

“Open your fucking mouth, little slut.”

With a resigned sigh, I open my mouth and stick out my tongue. A pleased smirk

spreads across her face as she raises her foot and leans back into the chair. Her dark eyes watch my face with piercing intensity as her hand snakes up her core to her breast. She pinches her own nipple harshly and lets out a low groan of pain and pleasure, her eyes never leaving mine. She lightly rests her foot on my face as she slips the heel of her shoe into my awaiting mouth.

“Suck,” she commands once she inserts her stiletto into my mouth. It tastes of plastic and dirt. It’s vile but I close my eyes and pretend I’m somewhere else while I hollow out my cheeks. I learned to just let my mind wander away while my body has to deal with reality a long time ago.

Clearly Erika’s not having any of that tonight. “Open your eyes,” she demands. “Look me in the eyes while you act like a good girl and suck for your daddy.” Her tone softens when I oblige and open my eyes, staring at her while I pretend to give her high heel a fucking blow job. Her long red fingernails scrape against the stiff peaks of her own breasts. “Such a good girl for your daddy. Now spread your knees; show me that pretty pussy. Rub your clit and show Daddy what a desperate slut you are for her.”

In terms of a punishment this could definitely be worse. She thinks she’s degrading me by doing this, but she should know I’m totally a slut for a little degradation. I willingly spread my knees and rub eager circles around my clit. I’m still desperate for a release. I don’t even care about the disgusting feeling of her fucking shoe against my tongue as I grind against my own hand. I feel my climax building as I moan and writhe on the floor at her feet.

Right as I’m about to fall over the edge to orgasmic bliss, Erika rips her heel from my mouth. The collision of her shoe against my face throws me backwards as she kicks me. Pain blooms across my entire face. I taste the metallic blood before my brain can even register what’s happening. A pained cry leaves my lips and tears well in my eyes.

What the fuck !

I'm covered in sweat and tears and now blood; I've had enough. Usually I do whatever I have to but she's taken it too far. Jumping to my feet I scramble across the room to collect my discarded clothes.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Erika shrieks from behind me, but I ignore her as I try to gather all my things. "Get back here and get back on your knees! This cock isn't going to suck itself you stupid whore!"

I don't even respond. I don't even turn to look at her. I hastily throw my clothes over my body and gather my purse. As soon as I'm at the door, my hand reaches out for the doorknob to get the fuck out of here.

"If you walk out that door I'll have to tell Daddy!" Erika screams, now desperate. "You don't want me telling my daddy what a bad girl you've been, do you? It'd be such a shame if he thought you weren't being cooperative anymore, wouldn't it? Your dad owes mine how much money now, exactly?"

Her words stop me in my tracks. I'm frozen; caught between my own sense of self preservation and fear of what will happen if I don't cooperate. She's right though. She fucking owns me.

"That's what I thought. Now get your ass back over here."

Still holding my hand against my bloodied face, I slowly walk back across the room to where she's seated. As I begin to lower myself back to my knees she tuts and stops me.

"No, I don't think so, naughty girl. Lower your pants," she says as one of her obnoxiously long, bright red, fake ass nails trails along the waistband of my jeans

with teasing strokes.

“What?”

“Lower your fucking pants.” She enunciates each word so that it drips with condescension.

Removing my blood soaked hand from my face, I unbutton my jeans and shove them down my legs again. The movement leaves long streaks of blood smeared across one of my thighs. I feel woozy and the world slightly tilts on its axis when I spot it. I try to blink until the world rights itself again but I’m quickly grabbed and shoved down. Erika’s talons grip my arm and pull me down across her lap. My legs are trapped at the knees by my jeans as I’m bent over her thighs with my ass high in the air.

“Daddy hates to punish her sweet girl but it seems you need to learn a lesson,” she croons then firmly brings her palm down against my ass.

The sharp sting of the spank makes me jerk forward before she rubs gentle circles across my offended flesh. It’s going to be a long fucking night.

The water in the basin below me is tinged pink with my own blood. My muscles throb and ache but the warm water against my face is comforting as I wash away the remnants of the disaster that just occurred.

Tonight was really fucking shitty. After Erika spanked me until my ass was numb, she fucked my pussy and ass back and forth until she eventually got bored with me. I didn’t finish once. She edged me the entire fucking time. I stayed curled up on the bed, unsatisfied and bleeding, while she sobbed uncontrollably and drank half a bottle of vodka; all while yelling derogatory comments at me. Her own self hatred is usually directed at me when she’s fucked up. I would like to be able to tell her to fuck off but I know exactly what that would get me, and it’s really not worth the trouble, so I just

had to sit there and bear it. Finally, she took a bunch of pills and passed out. I was able to sneak out once she was completely unconscious.

I'm sure I'm going to have some type of infection from her horrendous treatment of my lady bits. What I wouldn't give to just be done with Erika and her shit. The weight of all that bullshit constantly feels like it's about to pull me under. Part of me wants to let it consume me completely until I'm gone, but I can't.

Stepping out of the now lukewarm water, I wrap a fluffy, hot pink bathrobe around my naked form. I slowly pad across the cool tile floor of the bathroom, leaving darkened, damp footprints in my wake as I head into my bedroom. Grabbing my phone off my nightstand, I power it back on then check my messages.

A couple social media alerts, a few emails, and some messages fill my notifications. One message in particular catches my attention.

Halloween Hottie: 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.

Fuck . This man is too much.

I had let him and another man, whose name I've totally forgotten, fuck me together Halloween weekend and it was some of the best sex I've ever had. At least, I think that's what happened. I was pretty fucked up that night. Blurry images of demons and men mixed together to create an image of monstrous pleasure. All I'm truly sure about is that I finished again and again and again. My body remembers his touch, even if my mind doesn't really remember his face. Just reading his message has my pussy aching with desire. Every time I've made myself come since that night, it's been to thoughts of demons fucking me senseless. Fucked up, right?

That was a few weeks ago though, and without having heard from him, I took a risk and asked him out. His number had been left in my phone, whether I put it there or him, I'm really not sure. All I know is that I opened my phone and hovered over his contact one too many times. Finally I said fuck it and sent him a text asking him out.

I know there's no way this will end well. I know there's no way this will be anything but a couple quick fucks before I have to push him away, just like everyone else. But I can't help myself. There's something about him, about this situation, that calls to some beaten and broken part of my soul. And I know that if I don't at least try to see him again, I'll always wonder what if. I'm a big believer in fate and karma; there's just something about this situation that makes me feel like the universe sent him to cross my path for some unknown reason. Maybe his epic cock is my reward for all the shit the universe has thrown at me in my short life. Or maybe it's the dread of being watched. I know I'll be safe if I'm with someone else. Stalkers don't attack you while you're fucking someone else, right ?

Fuck, this is probably a really bad idea. I'm inviting all my fucked up chaos into his life, and he seems so nice . But I can't seem to help myself from typing out a response and pushing send.

Me: It's a date! I'll see you next weekend.

I'm convinced it's because Erika fucked with me all night. She teased me but never let me finish, and I can't help the needy throb in my cunt. She's begging to be taken care of. Begging me to imagine all the things my mystery man will do to me on our date and give myself the release I was denied tonight. Who am I to refuse her?

Going to my nightstand, I grab my rabbit out of the top drawer. It's pink, veiny, and does exactly what I need it to. Flopping down on top of my mess of a bed, I rest my head against my pillows and pull open my robe. The cool air in my room hits my naked body and immediately causes my nipples to harden. I close my eyes and

imagine a tall, dark, and handsome man on top of me. His eyes roam possessively over me with hunger. I let my hand trail up my center to my breasts, imagining it's his. I roll my nipple between my thumb and forefinger before flicking the piercing a few times. My hips raise up in desperation as my pussy throbs deeper with desire.

"Please," I moan in a breathy whimper, still imagining my man is here to take care of me. "I need you. Please, fuck me."

I grab the toy sitting next to me and use one hand to turn it on, the other hand is still toying with my tits. My rabbit hums to life immediately and my pussy dampens from the noise. I giggle to myself that I've conditioned my kitty to weep at just the sound of vibration. My giggles turn to loud moans as I bring the vibrator to my lips. My clit immediately twitches in response to the pulsations. I picture a tall and dark haired man holding me down with one hand on my throat, the other pumping in and out of me savagely. I let the toy sink inside me, causing my hips to jerk up. I imagine it's his cock fucking me savagely as he looks down at me with desire swirling like fire in his eyes.

"Harder. More," I moan into the dark emptiness of my room.

All of a sudden the image behind my eyes shifts. It's no longer a man holding me down; it's my best friend. Celeste's soft, dark locks tease my hardened nipples as she leans down over me to kiss my neck and chest. Her lips are soft and warm and so very sweet. I love when she kisses me, it's like all the pain I've ever felt just melts away. She feathers light and soft kisses against my skin, whispering words of praise and admiration in between.

"You're taking him so good baby," she croons in my ear before sucking my lobe into her mouth.

Shit. My eyes spring open. I'm so close. My hips buck up as I desperately chase my

release. I close my eyes again, willing myself back into my fantasy.

Behind Celeste, a demon of darkness looks down on us as his massive cock pounds into me. His thick, long shaft pumps into my tight cunt at a punishing pace. Celeste is bent over in front of him while I lay below both of them. He holds the back of my knee in one hand and with his other, he fingers Celeste's tight little hole. Fucking both of us at once. He hits a sweet spot inside her that causes her to moan around my nipple. That image throws me over the edge.

I shout out into the darkness of my empty bedroom as I come. My entire body goes rigid as my pussy clamps down on the toy. Wave after wave of pleasured contraction surges through my entire core.

“Fuck! Fuck Fuck!” I yell as I come undone from my own fucked up fantasy.

When I finally settle down and my heart rate returns to normal, a pit forms in my stomach. I'm not with a monstrous man. I am not with Celeste. I'm fucking myself with a stupid fucking toy after being abused and used all night. I'm alone. All fucking alone with my demons and monsters.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

The Demon

One For the Money by Escape the Fate

Some might call this stalking, I like to think of it as research. Stalking sounds malicious, and my intent is certainly not malicious—not really at least. I’m a patient man. A man who knows what he wants and always finds a way to get it. I’ve never shied away from a little hard work to get things I want. And right now, I want her.

My siren.

Olivia Lennox, twenty-seven. Born in a small town about thirty minutes from here called Marysville. Moved to Bellingham at the age of eighteen to attend college. Changed majors a number of times before dropping out and working a series of random jobs before settling on becoming a piercing artist. Her professional social media accounts highlight her talent for piercing ... sensitive areas of the body. The thought of her beautiful little fingers touching any other man’s dick makes my blood boil. Several times as I’ve sat outside her work, discreetly looking through the windows, I’ve been tempted to barge in and demand I get to sit and watch. But that would probably cause some strain in our relationship. And right now my goal is to convince her that she needs me, not scare her away. No, I don’t want her scared of me. At least not yet.

I know all the facts about her. Her address, her phone number, her family history. Luckily my best friend is a tech genius, and was even able to secure her medical records for me. But none of that is going to help me figure out how to instill myself into her life in such an intense way that she needs me.

Which is why I find myself here, in her bedroom while she's at work, searching for anything that will tell me more about my beautiful siren. She doesn't keep a diary or journal, that'd be too easy.

Her dresser is topped with pictures. Many of them are of her and an older man who I'm assuming is her father. There's also several pictures of her laughing and smiling with a dark haired beauty. A pang of guilt hits me like a fucking truck as I look at the pictures of Olivia and Celeste. At the same time, my cock thickens in my pants at the thought of them together.

Fuck . I'm here to learn about my girl, not jack off to pictures of her.

Moving away from my distraction, I wander into her walk-in closet. Her clothes are mostly skimpy and black. The black I don't mind, but the skimpiness is a problem I'll have to remedy. I can't really fault her though, she doesn't know she's truly mine yet. But I can't have others looking at what's mine and thinking it's available for the taking. She can dress like a slut all she wants, as long as I'm there to appreciate it. I pull out a small little dress from the confines of the rack. It seems to be essentially a corset that laces up the front and tiny little scraps of poofy shit on the bottom. An image flashes across my mind of her in this dress, tied down, vulnerable and scared, mascara streaked tears running down her face, writhing and begging for mercy beneath me.

Fuck me. Now I'm really hard.

A peek of pink catches my eye. It's hanging out of the side of the hamper. As I move closer to examine it, I realize it's a pair of her underwear. Skimpy, lace, hot pink panties. Goddamn, this girl will be my complete and utter undoing . Lifting them to my nose, I inhale deeply. Her scent is sweet and earthy, reminding me of tea. My tongue darts out, licking a path right along the seam where her wet little pussy sat. I can still taste her lingering on the fabric. She tastes like fucking honey and lavender; I

can hardly contain my guttural moan of pleasure as her taste spreads across my entire mouth. Her smell, her scent, and her presence are overwhelming me, making it impossible to concentrate. Like a drug within my blood, my desire for her flows through my veins viciously.

I can't ignore my raging hard on any longer as it tents my dark slacks. I flick the button and pull the zipper down with one hand; my other hand continues to hold her worn underwear flush against my face. My cock springs readily from its confines as I shove down my pants and briefs. My length is rock fucking hard for this girl and she's not even in the same room as me. With one last deep inhale of her sweet scent, I drag the hot pink scrap of lace down my face and wrap it around my dick. Just the thought of her underwear touching me has me desperate and fucking feral. A growl rumbles in my throat as I start to lazily stroke myself. Flexing my grip as I increase my speed, I can't help but think about her tight cunt wrapped around me as she moans my name.

My cock throbs in desperation, eager for release. But the sudden sound of footsteps causes me to stop. I peek through the crack in the closet door just in time to see my beautiful siren enter the room. Shit. If she catches me jacking off with her underwear in her closet I'm pretty sure she'll freak out. Then I'll have to resort to other measures of making her mine, and I really don't want to have to do that. Not this time around.

I catch a glimpse of her walking past before the sound of running water reaches my ears. She must be in her bathroom getting ready to bathe. Now would be a really good time to go. I should leave. I need to leave. I need to go now. But I don't. I sit silently, waiting.

A while later I see her form return to her room wearing a fluffy pink bathrobe. I'm desperate to rush in there, rip the robe off her, and use the tie to secure her to her own bed while I fuck her. If only I had my mask with me, but I need to show restraint. I'm here to do research and learn, not to fuck her. That will come later.

My phone vibrates in my pocket but I don't dare check it. I need to be as still and silent as possible. I will myself to remain like a statue; granted I would make a weird ass fucking statue with my cock in hand that's still wrapped in a pair of dirty women's underwear. God, I hope she doesn't open her closet and find me in here like this.

I can only see part of her room through the slit in the closet door but I have a good view of her bed. Her back is to me and she's looking for something in her nightstand. I can't tell what it is she pulled out but once satisfied, she closes the drawer and jumps up onto her unmade bed. Once she's splayed out on the bed with her head resting up against her pillows she pulls open her robe. My dick twitches in my hand at the sight of her beautiful naked body splayed out. She's fucking flawless. She's short and skinny but with fantastic tits and glowing skin. I want to sink my teeth into every inch of her flesh, completely consuming her. She'd look so pretty covered in my marks.

Her nipples harden in response to the cool night air. She closes her eyes as her hand roams up her flat stomach to her full breasts. She rolls her nipple between her thumb and forefinger before flicking it a few times. The piercing glints in the small bit of light emanating from her bathroom.

"Please," she moans. "I need you. Please, fuck me."

What little restraint I had left snaps at her plea. My hand begins to move against my shaft again. The lace of her underwear causes just enough friction to create the slight bite of pain I need. She's so fucking perfect; the way her hips rise in desperation as she pinches her pink little nipples is intoxicating. It's like she's putting on a show just for me.

She uses her other hand to grab something laying on the other side of her body. A low buzzing noise fills the room as she lifts up and turns on a huge, writhing, pink

vibrator. Stroking it along the outside of her folds, she teases herself, working herself up. I join her in her search for pleasure, pumping my cock harder.

Holy fucking shit. I must have died and gone to Heaven—there's no way this is real. But that's ridiculous, a demon like me would never be allowed through the Pearly Gates. The only heaven I'll ever get close to is the one between her thighs. She's too fucking perfect. My picture perfect little whore all spread out and fucking herself for me.

“Harder. More,” she moans as she pushes the toy inside her. I've never been so jealous of a piece of plastic in my life.

My breathing is erratic as I thrust my hips against my own hand. I can feel my balls tingle in anticipation as my release builds, but I force myself to slow. I can't come yet. I need her pleasure first. I won't get off unless she does, even if that means exposing myself and forcing my way into her pussy to bring her over the edge myself.

Suddenly, she shouts out into the darkness. Her body goes rigid and spasms as her orgasm hits. Her hips rise fully off the bed as she fucks herself furiously through her pleasure. I let my hand work harder, faster, chasing after her.

“Fuck! Fuck Fuck!” she yells out and I almost echo her as streams of hot, white cum erupt out of me and into the pink lace I hold in my hand.

I try to stay as quiet as I can while I come back down, bracing myself against the door jam with my free hand to hold myself up. Looking down, her underwear are completely covered in my release. However, I have a good idea of what I can do with the pile of cum currently soaking the pink lace in my hand.

I shove my softening dick back into my pants and wait. Eventually her breathing

evens out to a steady rhythm as she falls asleep. Now that she's out cold, I get to work.

Pulling out the first slutty little outfit I can find, one that she should be reserving for playtime with me, I dip my finger into the pile of cum in my other hand. I use my finger to paint a cum stained heart across her slutty little corset dress, marking her as mine. Then I move to the next slutty little shirt, using my cum to mark that one as well. I know it might be a tad possessive and immature to literally mark her clothes with my cum, but what can I say? I don't pretend to be a good man. I'm a man possessed with desire for his girl. I want my scent—my seed—dripping off her should any other man dare approach what belongs to me.

Once all her clothes that I find too revealing have been thoroughly marked, I carefully creep out of the closet door. I move quietly across the room to her dresser, stepping over various shoes and clothing items that have been thrown across the floor as I go. As softly as I can, I open the top middle drawer, the one I know holds her undergarments. As I tuck the underwear from my hand back into the drawer, I can't help the smile that creeps across my face at the idea of my cum sitting tightly against her sweet little pussy all day long without her even knowing.

Before I leave her room, I turn back and whisper, "Goodnight my sexy siren, sweet dreams."

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

Me all my clothes were stained. Almost every single fucking thing I owned had some sort of white shit on it. I finally settled on a cute but simple black tee shirt dress and cardigan, with my signature combat boots of course. The dress was one of my few clothing items that appeared to be somewhat clean.

It must be my damn washing machine. I called my landlord and asked him to come take a look at it, but who knows how long that will take. My landlord is old and kind but not overly efficient. He is giving me a damn steal on the rent though, so I really can't complain. This town is a contradiction. It's supposed to be a liberal, Pacific Northwest town, full of equality and compassion. The reality is, there's the rich part of town with sleek modern houses right on the water and the poor part of town with old and rundown homes in desperate need of maintenance. I live in one of those houses. A cute little rambler in the Lettered Streets neighborhood. It's in desperate need of a paint job and a new roof, and the laminate countertops are far from luxurious, but the rent is low enough that I'm able to live on my own while still helping my dad with his bills, so I'm not complaining.

I slip my arms out of the sleeves of my raincoat once inside. Glancing around, I note that the shop is fairly busy considering the time of day. Chris and two other artists are currently working on pieces while a few straggling customers look through the glass jewelry case next to my station in the back. Piercing is by no means a steady income, but the shop I work at stays busy enough that I'm able to make sure all my bills are paid. Plus, the manager, Paul, knows I'm desperate and will throw me some front desk work if it ends up being slower than normal. Paul and his partner Chris, the burly tattoo artist, run the shop together. If they weren't both scary as fuck bikers,

they'd be a real cutesy couple.

I reach my station in the back and run my fingers across the cold steel laid out before me. There's something so soothing about piercing. The snap of skin beneath my fingers is cathartic to me. I was one of those losers who was never really good at anything other than getting high and partying in high school. In college I struggled to care enough to even attend classes. But I was always good with people, particularly reading people. When I was in my freshmen year of college, one of the girls in our hall was freaking the fuck out. Like full on panic attack. No one could calm her down. I pulled one of the safety pins out of my bag and used it to stab the heel of her foot. It wasn't enough to hurt her long term, but the sharp sting of pain was enough to pull her mind out of whatever fucked up place it was stuck in. She immediately came back down to reality and her panic attack ebbed. I realized right then and there the power of pain. Not just in a negative way. Pain has the unique ability to bring you down and yet, it can also center you in the now. Pain is power, you just have to know how to use it. And I do use it. Frequently. I'm a pain addict. In work, in my relationships, in all sexual encounters—I crave the pain.

It's fucked up, but aren't we all a little fucked up?

Today, I only have a handful of appointments booked. It's a week night so I don't anticipate a lot of walk-ins but you never know. My first appointment is some nineteen year old who wants her eyebrow pierced, then I have a quick and easy cartilage piercing, and I'll finish with a grand finale—a Prince Albert. I'm the best piercer in town, and the only one who's truly capable when it comes to sensitive piercings. It took me a long time, a fuck ton of studying, several apprenticeships, and a lot of practice, but I now consider myself an expert at piercing even the most intimate parts of the human body. A Prince Albert is tricky, not the trickiest, but it will still take a bit longer to complete. Jacob's Ladder is my favorite to complete on a male. Those who are able to make it through all the piercings in a single sitting are true fucking champions. I've had more than one of those clients turn into a hook-up. I

love a partner who's good with pain.

I pull my phone from my bag since I have a few minutes before my first appointment. With my wardrobe woes, I was worried I was going to be late, so I let out a sigh of relief. I open up my notifications. I have several text messages, all of them confirming my worst fear—no one has heard a word from Celeste since Halloween. Earlier today I swung by Celeste's house to try to finally talk to her. My stomach dropped and my pulse skyrocketed when I realized that every single light was off, everything was locked up, and her Halloween decorations were still up. It's as if she went out on Halloween night and vanished. Scrolling back through my phone I realized she hasn't texted me or called me since Halloween either. I texted everyone I could think of who knows her and asked if they've heard from her. Most have responded already. No one has heard anything since Halloween. Something is seriously wrong. My best friend isn't ghosting me—she's missing.

The realization is terrifying. I'm tempted to leave immediately but what would I even do? Do I go to the police? I don't have any evidence that she's missing, besides her not texting me back. I know my best friend is in trouble, but I have no fucking clue how to help. It's infuriating. If I keep my fingers busy, my mind can't wander to what ifs, so I start setting up for the day. I clean my gear, check my supplies, restock low items, and hum along to the Sleep Token song blasting through the studio. I always make sure to arrive with more than enough time to set up. Even with my clothing mishap today I made sure to leave time to adequately prepare. No one wants a rushed piercing.

“Hey, Pink.” Chris' low timbre shakes me from my routine. I jump and clutch my hand to my chest which causes him to laugh at me. “Damn girl, a little jumpy are we?”

After everything going on lately, damn fucking right I'm jumpy.

“Can I help you?” I spin to face him. His huge frame fills up the entire entryway to my station. He’s a giant of a man—tall and wide. With a full beard and long dark hair, he’s essentially a bear of a man.

“Well, well,” he teases as he casually leans a shoulder against the wall. “Aren’t we feisty today? What’s wrong? Haven’t gotten laid lately?”

“I could go for a fuck.” I take a step toward him, letting a finger slowly peruse his broad chest. “Are you offering?”

He glares down at me. His darkened eyes intensely plastered to mine. Our gazes stay locked on one another, each challenging the other to back down, before he bursts out in a full bellied laugh. His deep chuckle is warm and comforting. I can’t help but laugh along with him.

“You’re about a foot too short, fifty pounds too light, and thoroughly lacking in the dick department, Pink. But, nice try,” he jokes as he lightly pats my shoulder.

“Worth a try,” I quip at him over my shoulder as I turn back to my work. Busy fingers keep the mind from wandering too far, I remind myself.

“I’m fairly certain I’m not your type either.”

“Hey,” I snip at him as I debate which gauge of needle I’ll need for a petite girl’s eyebrow. “I’ve been known to bag a big old bear of a man on occasion.”

“Well, Pink, this bear is most certainly taken. But we are going out tonight after we close up shop. You want to come?”

Part of me wants to tell him no. Something is definitely going on with Celeste. I want more than anything to go to her house, yet again, and try to break in to see if I can

find any clues. But part of me is also afraid to be alone. What if my stalker comes for me?

“Sure.” I offer Chris a warm smile over my shoulder. “Thanks.”

“Liv! Your appointment is here,” Paul hollers from the front of the shop.

“We’ll head out right after close then,” Chris calls as he steps away and heads back to his station across the shop.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

ecstasy (slowed) by SUICIDAL-IDOL

The Jager is packed tonight. People are sandwiched together, grinding against one another beneath the flashing strobes in a sea of sinful pleasure. I'm already four drinks deep and the alcohol has settled into my core, warming me from my center out to my limbs. I love the feeling of being fucked up. It doesn't matter if it's liquor, drugs, or sex—the feeling of lightness, even just temporary freedom from the weight of reality, is an addiction I don't want to be rid of.

I reach in my pocket to check my phone. No new notifications. The sting of disappointment is immediate. I texted Celeste before leaving the shop to come out with me tonight. She's usually down for a good time. We met in college and instantly hit it off. We've been best friends ever since. There's just something so vulnerable about her. She keeps everyone at a distance, and yet she hates to be alone. She makes me feel seen in a way that no one else ever has. She accepts me no matter what fucked up shit I do. She never judges me and never leaves me to clean up my own messes like everyone else does. My text was a last, pitiful attempt to see if she'd respond. But deep down I knew she wouldn't. If I want to see her again then I'm going to have to fucking find her.

“Pink,” Chris hollers over the crowd. “Paul and I are going to head out. You need a ride home?”

I contemplate taking him up on his offer but the thought of returning to my cold and empty house sounds very unappealing. I know that if I go home I'll just be a fucking

mess of nerves. I'd rather stay here, get fucked up, and dance away some of my anxious energy.

"I think I'll stay. I'm good to get myself home," I yell back at him over the thumping bass.

He slings his arm around Paul and plants a soft kiss against his partner's forehead.

"Catch you tomorrow then!" they call back toward me as they wave and make their way through the sea of people.

I dance for a few more songs, letting the pounding of the music travel through my flesh as I sway along with the beat. Eventually, I feel the need for more liquid chaos. Leaving the crowd, I make my way toward the bar. I've probably already had enough tonight. I'm on drink number ... four? Maybe five. Shit, I lost count, honestly. But I just feel light—free. And I'm not ready for that feeling to end just yet. My limbs sway and twist in time to the beat thumping out of the speakers as I wander through the crowd. It's as if I'm one with the song. We're all one as we move in time together. It's nice to be anonymous, no one, and yet part of the sea of bodies.

As I make my way off the dance floor, I fold my arms atop the sticky bar top. All the bartenders are busy so I lean forward, pushing out my breasts, hoping to get their attention. My phone buzzes in my pocket. My breath hitches as hope swirls in my stomach. It could be her. Slipping my phone from my pocket, I stare down hopefully at the screen.

Halloween Hottie: Hey, you never returned my text the other night. Hope I didn't scare you off. I'm excited for our date.

I sigh and can't stop my eyes from rolling into my head. That was not the text I was hoping for. I should be excited. He's nice and hot. But he's not her. I can't help the

disappointment I feel that it's not Celeste. What the fuck is wrong with me? I should be thrilled that this hot ass lawyer is excited to take me out, but instead I'm moping about my friend who won't text me back.

"What can I get you?" The bartender pulls my attention away from my phone as I pocket my device and look up.

In front of me is a very attractive woman. She's tall and curvaceous with full lips. Her loose black curls frame her heart shaped face and her dark complexion seems to glow in the lights above the bar. Her white V-neck shows off a pair of fantastic fucking tits. Fuck, she's hot as hell . She's exactly what I need to get my mind off Celeste and my stalker. Things have been a bit intense lately, but tonight I'm fucked up and ready to escape the shithole that is my life—if only for a night. A sexy distraction is exactly what I'm looking for. Maybe I can even go back to her place and avoid the nightmares that leave me breathless and exhausted.

"I'll take a vodka lemonade, please," I say, flashing her the sexiest smile I can muster.

Her ebony eyes sparkle as she assesses me, her gaze wandering from my face down to my cleavage. I feel my nipples tighten under her hungry stare.

"Put it on my tab!" An abrasive slur comes from beside me as a heavy arm slings across my shoulder. The putrid smell of sour beer and terrible body spray assaults my senses.

My beautiful bartender gives me an annoyed look before turning and wandering towards the service well. Damn it. I spin my stool violently towards the drunk asshole who just pussy blocked me, ready to give him a piece of my mind, when a chill creeps up my spine.

The feeling of eyes on me strikes me suddenly. My stalker is here. I don't know how I know, but I do. He's here and he's watching me.

I shove the heavy arm of the hairy buffoon off of me and slide off my barstool. Before me is a darkened dance floor with a blueish strobe occasionally illuminating the writhing forms of dancing couples. The bass thumps in time to the erratic beating of my pounding heart. I scan the crowd, looking for evil hiding in plain sight. Women and men gyrate against each other, each flashing strobe like a blink that shows their movements in stop-frame. I can feel the dark presence that's been plaguing me for weeks wrap around me, squeezing the breath from my lungs.

And then I spot him. I don't know how I know, but I know he's the one who's been following me. His tall and muscular form stands opposite from me across the sea of sweaty bodies. His arms are folded across his chest as he stands completely still. I can't see his face as his hood casts a shadow across his entire face, but I feel his heated gaze locked on me. He's watching me. My breath hitches in my throat and my lungs burn. I can't breathe. I can't move. I'm completely under his spell as he holds me captive with his mere presence.

Then the strobe flashes again, and he's gone.

I blink rapidly, trying to get my eyes to focus. I scan the crowd, looking for a devil in a sea of unsuspecting victims. He's not here. What the fuck? He was right there. I saw him. I know I saw him. I know it was him.

My feet move on their own accord, pulling me toward the dance floor. I'm not letting him get away. I'm going to confront him and ask him what the fuck he's doing and why he's following me. And most importantly, if he knows where Celeste is.

I barely take two steps before I'm halted in my tracks. A large hand circles my upper arm and roughly pulls me backwards. My back hits his paunchy front as he drags me

closer.

“Hey baby, I just bought you a drink. Where do you think you’re going?”

I try my best to shrug off the barstool buffoon but his digits dig into my flesh. That’ll definitely leave a mark.

Oh, he’s one of those assholes. I’m so not in the mood.

“Fuck off,” I snarl as I jam my elbow backwards into his gut.

He groans in pain as he releases me. I don’t miss a beat. I storm off after the mystery man, leaving the drunk, former frat boy behind me to lick his wounds.

Swimming through a sea of sweaty forms, I desperately try to move through the crowd. People are drunk, or high, or both as they move to the music, oblivious to my desperation. I can’t let him get away. I shove and yell as I make my way across the expansive dance floor. When I reach the other side I scan my surroundings, trying to figure out where he could have gone. I would have seen him enter the crowd, or move to the door. It’s like he’s disappeared.

Maybe I really am starting to lose my mind.

Then I notice a small, darkened hallway in the back corner. It’s so dark I can’t see at all down the empty space even with the flashing lights above. A sign signals that the bathrooms are down that hallway. Who the fuck decided bar bathrooms should always be in some shitty, dark, hidden area? I guess those who like to prey on others in the cover of the dark. But I’m not a victim, I’m the fucking predator.

Throwing caution to the wind, I stomp into the shadows. I’m determined to confront the demon that’s been haunting me.

The hallway is dark and smells of piss and other bodily fluids. I can barely see in front of my face as the lights from the dance floor fade into the background completely. I move further back into the darkness and fingers abruptly wrap around my upper arm. I'm shoved to the left, my front hitting the cold brick wall as a firm figure presses up against my back.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" His stale beer breath makes my stomach roll in disgust as he leans down into me. "I said, I wanted to buy you a drink."

The drunken asshole from the bar grinds his pitiful cock against my ass as he tightens his grip on my arm. I hiss in pain at his aggressive touch. I was so focused on my stalker that I didn't notice this fucker following me. And now I'm alone with a very different type of monster. His free hand moves dangerously high up the back of my thigh, skimming the bottom of my dress. I squirm and try to fight against his assault but he holds me tightly. My chest begins to constrict as memories of feeling helpless flood through me. Panic and a sudden urge to fight simultaneously take over me. I scratch and claw at his hand but he's stronger than me. He pins both of my hands in one of his meaty paws. His fat fingers, his disgusting breath, his scent, his aggression, are all assaulting and overwhelming me. My fight or flight response is kicking into overdrive.

"Get the fuck off of me, you drunken asshole!" I shriek, hoping and praying that someone—anyone—will hear me as I desperately fight against his hold.

"Come on baby," his fingers slide against the hem of my underwear, threatening to attack where I least want them, "you look like you're down for a good time." His thick, sweaty digits slip beneath the fabric and I feel bile rise in my throat. "You're clearly asking for a good fucking dressed like that and dancing around like a desperate little slut."

A tear slips from the corner of my eye, streaking down the expanse of my heated cheek as his finger rubs against my folds. I desperately try to buck him off but he's so much bigger and heavier than I am. I feel the suffocating weight of anxiety crushing my chest as helplessness sets in. I promised myself I'd never be weak enough to be a victim again after what happened when I was younger. I'm not giving up now. If he thinks I'll give in without a fucking fight, he's got another thing coming.

"Fuck off!" I manage to grit out between my clenched teeth. I squeeze my eyes shut and ready my head to swing backwards, hoping I can hit him hard enough to get away.

But then, just as suddenly as he grabbed me, his weight disappears. I suck in a desperate breath, air finally filling my lungs. A sudden crash slams into the wall next to me causing me to jump. I'm terrified, confused, and hurt. I take another deep breath and slowly peel my eyes open.

Next to me is my assailant, his body pinned against the brick wall. His eyes are bugging out of his head and his mouth is flailing uselessly open and shut. Around his throat a large hand squeezes tightly. Long, thick, strong fingers hold him in a bruising grip against the wall right next to my face. My attacker looks terrified.

"You do not talk to her that way." A deep and distorted voice rumbles from behind us. My front is still pressed against the bricks with my head turned to the side, so I'm unable to see the form holding the drunken asshole captive. But I don't need to see him. I know it's him .

Slowly turning my head to look, I'm met with the face of a demon. The hood of his sweatshirt has been thrown back revealing a monstrous facade. His black and gold mask hides his face from me but I can feel his rage radiating off him in waves. A dark god of revenge and ruin holds my attacker against the wall, squeezing the life out of him. Is he protecting me?

“It’s you,” I manage to whisper, pulling his attention to me. His head snaps in my direction even as he holds the other man firmly in his grip. “You’ve been following me?”

He doesn’t respond. He doesn’t need to. I know it was him. He cocks his head to the side, assessing me.

“Do you know where Celeste is?” I ask as fresh tears prick the back of my eyes.

He conveys nothing. He simply stares at me, refusing to answer any of my questions. White hot anger boils up inside me.

“Why?” I ask as I bring my eyes back to the fucker pinned against the wall. His skin is starting to turn blue from lack of oxygen. His legs kick wildly and his fingers claw at the hand wrapped around his throat, but it’s no use, he’s trapped.

“He touched what’s mine.” The demon’s distorted voice slithers out from behind the mask, wrapping itself around me and causing a shiver to run up my spine. I know he’s a bad man, but in this moment, he’s my savior.

Movement draws my attention back to my demon. When I look back he’s pulling something from his coat. He holds it out to me, the steel blade glinting in the low light of the hallway. A knife.

“This revenge is yours, my siren. Take back your power and show him you’re not to be messed with.”

I stare at the grotesque mask. It’s black and sinister with a long golden tongue slithering out like a serpent from the mouth. The sight of that tongue makes me clench my thighs and pull my bottom lip between my teeth. I know this man is dangerous and a stalker, but fuck , there’s something menacing and salacious about

him that makes me weak.

A growl emanates from his chest as he watches me. “I sense your pussy dripping for me, love. But now is not the time. When I claim you, and trust me I will claim you, it will not be with some drunken asshole watching from the sidelines.”

His words leave me as terrified as they do turned on, but he’s right. Reaching out my hand, I let my trembling fingers wrap around the black handle of the small hunting knife.

“I don’t want to kill him,” I whisper as I turn the knife over in my hand. “Just hurt him.”

“Such a violent little thing you are, my sexy siren,” my masked man coos as his hand reaches up to tuck a lock of fallen hair behind my ear before moving to point to the side of my assailant’s paunchy stomach. “Stab him here, not too deeply, and drag the blade only a few inches forward,” he instructs as he points with his free hand. “As long as your cut remains shallow, it’ll hurt like a bitch but won’t kill him.”

I push off from the bricks and fully turn to my attacker. The man who had me helpless and at his mercy a minute ago is now frightened and flailing against the punishing hold containing him. His eyes are full of fear, begging me for mercy—mercy he didn’t show me moments ago as he tried to assault me. I’ve been helpless and terrified before at the hands of a monster. I have no doubt that even if it wasn’t me, this creep would have been someone else’s worst nightmare tonight—a monster hiding in plain sight. I’m ready to show him what he gets when he preys on women.

I shove the knife into his stomach right where my demon instructed. Blood spews from the wound, coating my hand. But I don’t stop. I drag the blade through his flesh. It’s more difficult than I thought it’d be, the skin providing resistance and snapping

against the serrated edge of the blade. When I look up, the man's face is contorted into grotesque pain and horror. His mouth opens in a silent scream as his windpipe is still held firmly closed. A single tear falls down his face, getting lost in his stubble.

Good; now he knows how it feels to be powerless.

I pull the blade from his flesh and loosen my grip. As it clatters to the ground, blood splatters my shoes and the floor. My demon pulls the man closer, so close their noses touch as he growls, "You ever come near my girl again, and I will gut you like a fucking pig." His mask must have a voice distorter in it because it sounds inhuman as he finishes threatening the man that I just stabbed. "Understand me, asshole?"

The other man sobs and nods frantically as a pool of blood begins to form beneath his feet while I watch in shocked horror. Suddenly, he's thrown backwards. His head bounces off the wall as he slides down it then crumples to the floor in an unconscious heap.

The noise and violence seems to shake me out of whatever trance I've been in. I realize what I've just done, what I've allowed to happen, and who I'm left alone with. My masked monster turns to me slowly. Laughing at the violence we've just perpetrated. Before he can reach out to grab me, I run. The sound of my frantic footsteps echo off the walls as I flee down the hallway as quickly as I can.

As I reach the end of the hallway, almost back to safety, I hear him call out from behind me, "I'll be seeing you soon, my sweet siren."

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

Bad by Royal Deluxe

The rain is really starting to come down now. The fucking humidity better not mess up my hair. I run my hands anxiously over my soft hot pink curls to smooth them down. I spent a long time, probably too long, getting ready for tonight. I made sure to shower very thoroughly and shave from top to bottom. I am smooth and slick and ready for him should this date go well tonight. It's been far too long since I've had a real nice cock spoiling my pussy. I thought I'd get laid the other night after the club but my stalker showed up and put a damper on that plan. He seems to be ruining a lot of my nights lately. Maybe that's his plan—slowly drive me insane by spoiling all my fun.

I'm not letting him ruin tonight though. Not a fucking chance.

It took hours to do my hair and makeup. Then I tried on an unreasonable number of outfits. I decided on the tightest little black dress I could find. Thankfully, none of my clothes have had the same stains as last week. It must have been something weird with my washing machine that my landlord was able to fix when he came and checked it out.

I'm usually never this nervous for dates. Well, I also don't usually go out on a lot of nice dates. I usually meet my partners at the tattoo shop, or one of the surrounding bars, then enjoy a few drinks and a quick fuck before never seeing them again. I mean, that is originally how I met Luke too, but there's just something about this guy. He's smooth, smart, and slightly uptight. I want to ruffle his feathers and ride his

cock. And, for the first time in a long time, I found myself thinking about him after we hooked up. I'm terrified that I might actually really like him.

But in the back of my mind I can't stop thinking about my masked savior—stalker, wherever the hell he is. I can't quite figure out what to make of what happened the other night. I should have been terrified of him, he's my literal stalker, and I'm fairly certain he knows where Celeste is. I can't shake the feeling that this is all somehow connected. In some sort of delusional state of hopefulness, I texted Celeste earlier telling her I was going on a date with the man I met on Halloween. She'd seemed jealous when I told her about him before she ghosted me, or disappeared, or whatever the fuck is going on. I was hopeful that if this was just some big misunderstanding and she'd be jealous enough when she learned I was seeing him again that she'd finally stop ignoring me. It didn't work. She didn't respond.

I've replayed the other night in my head over and over again for the past few days, trying to figure out what it all means. I let that monster guide me as I slashed someone wide open. I literally stabbed someone and left them a bleeding mess outside a bar bathroom while my panties were soaked through thinking about my stalker. What is wrong with me? This is all so fucked up. That's why I need tonight to go well. I need a nice night with a nice guy to take my mind off everything.

The wind whips around my exposed legs and sends a shiver through my entire body. I probably should have worn a jacket. Right as I'm debating turning around to get one, a bright red sports car comes flying down the street, stopping in front of my house.

The driver's side door swings open and the most attractive man I have ever seen steps out. He's tall and muscular but not in a bulky way. He's lean but definitely looks strong enough to throw me around in the way I like. He's dressed in black slacks and a black button down. The sleeves of the button down are rolled up, exposing his corded forearms and the expensive looking watch glimmering on his wrist. It draws the attention to his large hands. Those fucking hands. It's probably weird as hell to be

attracted to a man's hands but I'm desperate to see how his hands feel wrapped around my throat.

A vision of being naked and pinned against the wall with his large hands wrapped around my throat flashes across my mind and I feel my pussy dampen beneath my panties. What I wouldn't give to be able to be outside myself, watching him wrap his hands around my throat while his cock pounds into me at a punishing pace. My tight little pussy stretched around his thick length. Fuck , that'd be hot.

As Luke approaches me on my porch with an umbrella shielding him from the rain, his heated gaze devours me, leaving me squirming and clenching my thighs. He has on mirrored sunglasses so I can't actually see his eyes but I can sense him slowly taking in all of me. The bandeau dress I'm wearing is tight and short, not completely whorish, but it shows enough that I figured it would grab his attention. I can't help but squirm under his assessment. He's hot, successful, and smart. He's a real fucking catch.

"You look almost too good to take out. I'm half tempted to take you inside and skip dinner." His voice is deeply masculine and flows like smooth smoke rolling across the warmed ground.

"I believe you promised me a nice dinner first." I do my best to sound sultry, trying to hide just how deeply unnerved I am.

He comes to a stop at the bottom of my steps, the rain rolling in thick rivulets down the black umbrella he carries. It hides the top half of his face from me at this angle, but I can see his smirk. His tongue slides across his canines, reminding me of a predator assessing its prey.

This man is delicious. And I can't fucking get enough of him. I'm usually a dine and dash type of girl when it comes to guys. I love a good dick but usually there's an

asshole attached to it that I eagerly run away from, but something about this man seems nice and responsible. The type of guy that I should want to date.

Holding out a hand to me, he beckons me to him. “We better get going then.”

Graciously, I allow him to guide me down the steps and walkway as he holds the umbrella above me. Who is this guy? I didn’t think actual gentlemen still existed in this world. Opening the passenger door to his flashy red Audi, he takes my hand to guide me in before rounding the car and sliding into the driver’s seat.

“Nice car,” I tell him as the loud engine purrs to life. I don’t know anything about cars other than how to use mine to get from point A to point B, but even I can tell that this car seems expensive. The smell of fine leather hangs in the air, a reminder that this man is not your average hook up type.

“I grew up dirt poor. Like barely enough money to survive—poor. I always promised myself that when I grew up I’d make enough money to buy myself a stupid expensive car. I know it sounds silly,” he maneuvers the car effortlessly out of my neighborhood and towards downtown, “but when I bought this car, it felt like a promise I had to keep. Like I could look back and let that poor, hungry little kid know that he didn’t need to worry anymore.”

His words hit me like a freight train. Not only am I shocked that he’d be so open on a first date, but that he can talk about shitty things with such openness; not many people are that self assured. I realize I’m just sitting and staring at him as he awkwardly flicks his face back and forth between me and the road. His sunglasses still cover his eyes but I can sense the discomfort leaking out of him and tainting the vibe.

“Shit. Sorry. Maybe that was an overshare for a first date.” A slight blush creeps up under the collar of his pristine black shirt.

“No! Shit,” I stumble over my words, trying to make up for my momentary brain glitch. “I’m sorry. I’m just not used to people being so open and vulnerable.” I reach out for his free hand which is resting on the center console and lace my fingers with his, offering a reassuring squeeze. “It’s nice. I grew up with just my dad. And, he’s great, don’t get me wrong, but things weren’t always easy. I know what it’s like to just want to grow up and be able to do better.”

Bringing our intertwined hands to his lips, Luke presses a sweet kiss to my fingers. “Two broken souls looking for a brighter tomorrow, huh?”

I can’t help the smile that pulls at the corner of my lips. “Yeah, something like that I guess.”

Something about his words causes a small discomfort to curl around my core, but I’m not quite sure what it is. On the surface, his words are sweet. I’m probably just so used to dating assholes.

We zip through the rest of the drive making comfortable small talk. We talk about his job as a lawyer, about how he lives outside of town, and that he likes hunting in his free time. The last part about hunting makes me slightly uncomfortable. I’m not really a hanging dead animal heads on the walls as artwork, kind of girl. It’s the eyes I think. The black, unseeing, unblinking pits of empty darkness, freak me the fuck out. Hopefully he doesn’t have a bunch in his house.

He parks close to the restaurant and we walk side by side to the building. He doesn’t slink his fingers into mine or throw a possessive arm around me, he just walks next to me—keeping a respectable distance. It’s nice.

He brought me to a charming little Italian restaurant downtown. It seems nice but not overly pretentious and it smells fucking amazing. Pulling on the large bronzed door handle, he ushers me in with his hand on the small of my back. The touch is small but

enough to send tingles skittering across my flesh.

The hostess leads us to a cute little round table in a darkened back corner. There's a candle and a small vase with a rose on top of the crisp white table cloth. We get settled in our seats and wait for our server while making small talk.

"So, what is it you do for a living then?" my date asks as we sip iced water and peruse the menu.

"I work at a tattoo shop. I'm the piercing girl."

His eyes snap to mine immediately. A hint of amusement dances in them. I can't read him exactly. I know men like this, like him, have probably never stepped foot in a place like where I work, but he doesn't seem judgmental. If anything, he looks excited.

"Really? You put holes in people for a living?" he says through a smirk.

I can't help but laugh at that. He's cute. A witty response is right on the tip of my tongue but at that exact moment our waitress comes to the table. She's skinny, tanned, and blonde with legs that are longer than I am tall and a skirt that barely covers her tight bubble butt. She introduces herself, never once bothering to look in my direction. Instead, she eye fucks my date.

Bitch.

I'm not really an insecure girl but sometimes you just feel small, you know? Like other people are bigger and brighter than you. Her vibe immediately makes me uncomfortable.

I look down at my lap to avoid watching them flirt. Absentmindedly, I pick the skin

on the corners of my nails. I used to pick them so much they'd bleed until I had ugly, bloody fingers. Fingers no one would want touch. I've gotten past that though ... most of the time.

"I'm usually a fan of red, but I'm just here to impress you, Flower, so what do you want?" I look up from my lap to see Luke's eyes staring straight at me, completely ignoring our waitress.

"What?" I was so lost in my own mind that I have no idea what he's talking about.

"The girl asked if we want wine." His eyes never leave mine. He's completely focused on me and only me. "So what do you want, red or white?"

I glance up to see our waitress is not amused by my date calling her a girl and essentially ignoring her advances. I can't help the smile that pulls at my lips.

"I like red," I state with a smirk.

I don't really. I'm not much of a wine drinker, honestly. I'm more of a vodka Red Bull type of girl, but this doesn't seem like that type of place.

"Merlot it is then," he says, dismissing our waitress without so much as a glance in her direction. He returns my smile. Butterflies erupt in my core, and I clear my throat to try and settle my nerves.

Once little miss priss returns with the wine and takes our orders quickly before scurrying away, he places his elbows on the crisp white linen covering the table. His fingers steepled with his chin resting on his hands. His eyes scan my face slowly, as if he's looking for something. His irises are so dark they almost blend with his pupils, giving the impression that his eyes are endless seas of darkness.

“Flower?” I finally ask him.

“You don’t like it?” he questions while sipping the wine from his glass and finally pulling his gaze from me.

“I do. But why?”

He seems to think for a moment; his dark eyes look at me with such intensity that I swear he’s staring into my soul.

“You’re sweet, colorful, and pretty.”

That’s ... fucking shallow .

“But I get the feeling you also have thorns.”

It’s cheesy as hell but he’s not wrong. I have no idea how this man got a read on me so quickly. He must be good at assessing people. Good to know .

“I like it.” I take another sip of wine. “And I like you.”

A bright smile spreads across his face again and my stomach flips at his simple gesture. Damn, at this point I’m going to be a whore for a simple grin from this man.

“I like you too, Flower. In fact, this is the first date I’ve been on in, oh, I don’t even know how long.”

“More of a fuck ‘em and leave ‘em kind of guy?” I quip.

He shrugs noncommittally. “Something like that.”

The waitress brings out my angel hair pasta and his veal parmigiana, making sure to bend all the way over and flash her goods in my date's face as she does. I can't help the eye roll I send her way. I'm over her shit. Luckily, when Luke catches my sass he simply smirks at me. Thank god he doesn't seem to mind a girl with a little sass.

I swirl my pasta on my fork and take a large bite. I'm starving. The lemon sauce is heavenly and a satisfied moan escapes my mouth.

"If you keep making noises like that, Flower, we will have to take our food to go," he whispers barely loud enough for me to hear.

Heat immediately rises in my cheeks. When I look up again, expecting to see him giving me a heated glare, I'm instead met with his face buried in his phone. His eyes zip back and forth, taking in something on the screen. He's clearly displeased by whatever he sees, his face pulls into a scowl. The mask falls and the man underneath is finally sitting across from me. His cold, hard scowl glaring down at the screen.

That's fucking rude.

Clearing my throat, I try to bring his attention back to our date. "So you get to call me Flower. What do I get to call you then?"

His eyes slowly drag from whatever is seemingly more important and up to meet mine. "Sorry, what?"

"Nevermind," I mumble as I shove more pasta into my mouth.

We continue our dinner in a comfortable yet slightly tense silence. It's not that anything is wrong or unpleasant. I probably shouldn't be so upset that he was on his phone. He's a successful lawyer. They're busy, but things are now just off, and I can't quite place my finger on what my hesitancy is. The mood has clearly shifted

and I'm not sure why. We both pick at our meals, taking small bites and occasionally making polite small talk before the waitress comes back to box up our food.

"And will you be needing anything else this evening, sir?" she asks my date, giving me her back and completely ignoring my presence. "My number maybe? I get off in an hour and could use a drink."

The fucking nerve of this bitch.

"Jessica, is it?" Luke's deep timbre asks with a hint of amusement.

"Yes, sir," she croons as her lithe fingers dance up the seam of his button down and her long blonde hair cascades around his shoulders.

"What I need from you is an apology." My eyes shoot straight up at Luke's words only to be met with his heated gaze watching me. His dark eyes bore into me with a fire I haven't seen so far tonight. "You were exceptionally rude to my beautiful date. So you can either apologize to her and get the fuck out of my sight, or I can speak to your manager, who happens to be a good friend of mine, and inform him about your abysmal customer service abilities."

I can't stop the snort from leaving my mouth at his remark. Did he really just fucking say that to her? A small smirk pulls at the corner of his lips. Bleach-blond bimbo Barbie turns slowly to face me, looking thoroughly disgusted. She refuses to make eye contact as I lean back in my chair, crossing my arms and looking thoroughly smug.

"Well?" I ask her. "I'm waiting for my apology."

"Sorry," she quickly mumbles before flipping her hair over her shoulder and storming off towards the kitchen.

Giggles bubble from my chest. I'm not usually one to laugh at another's pain, but she fucking deserved that. Luke joins me, his face lighting up as he laughs.

"Let's get out of here. What do you say?" he asks, pushing back from the table.

"I'd like that," I say as I stand.

He leads me out of the restaurant and back to his car. This time his hand never leaves my lower back. His warm fingers against me feel safe and comforting. After guiding me into the low seat of his Audi, he leans across me to buckle my seat belt.

"I can manage myself," I snark at him as he straightens.

He leans one arm across the open door of the car and looks down at me. "I know. But I want to take care of you, Flower. I get the sense that you don't really have anyone taking care of you, maybe that needs to change."

His words are sweet, but as they settle in, there's something unnerving about them. He barely knows me at all, how the hell has he pegged me so well and so quickly?

We cruise back through town as pop punk blasts from his speakers. Not the genre I would have guessed for a man like him. He's a contradiction. On the one hand he's so polite and put together. But on the other hand, there's a side of him that seems to be holding back. I'm curious about what lies beneath the smooth exterior he so readily portrays to the outside world.

As we come to a stop in front of my house, I unclip my seatbelt and pause. I'm about to ask him if he would like to come in when my phone buzzes within my purse. I'm tempted to ignore it but something tells me I need to check it. Opening my bag and grabbing my phone out I see a message flash across the screen.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: If you want to know where Celeste is, you'll be my good girl and do as I say.

"I have to go. Emergency. Sorry," I mumble to Luke before stumbling out of the car. I slam the door before he can even respond. Running to my door, I close and lock it before staring down at the illuminated screen. After taking a few deep breaths, I calm my nerves enough to type out a response.

Me: What do you want?

The reply comes back almost instantly and my stomach sinks.

UNKNOWN NUMBER: YOU.

I close my eyes and take another deep breath. The phone vibrates in my hand, signaling another message coming in. When I look down I see that the unknown number has attached a media message. Staring back at me from my screen is me. He sent me a picture of myself standing outside my door earlier this evening. It's very clear now—whoever this is, they've definitely been stalking me.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

People I Don't Like by UPSAHL

I stare at my phone for what feels like the millionth time today, willing it to go off. I go through everything in my head one last time. I haven't heard from my best friend, Celeste, in weeks. I've been to her house but no one appears to be home. She won't return my calls or texts, they're just left on read. I talked to her the weekend before Halloween, and everything seemed fine. But now it's like she's vanished into thin air. On top of that, I've had a masked man following me and strange cryptic text messages coming from an unknown number. Everything is so out of control.

And, if I'm really honest with myself, the way I'm feeling is not how someone should feel if they hadn't heard from a friend for a few weeks. The way I feel about Celeste is complicated. If I was a normal, happy woman, without all this shitty baggage, I would've made her mine a long time ago. I know she thinks we just fool around occasionally, but the way I feel about her is unlike anything I've ever felt before. She's so scared and soft; I just want to take all of her pain away. But I can't put her in Erika's line of fire. If she even knew I felt a fraction of what I do for Celeste, there would be hell to pay. So I'd put us in the friends with benefits category but now with her missing, all the feelings I've buried deep down are bubbling to the surface.

I've barely slept lately, too freaked out about what it all means. Does my stalker have Celeste? What does he want with me? I have no idea what to do or who to turn to.

So, that leaves me here. Fucking confused and hurt. I've been trying to decide if I should leave it alone, or pry because she's my best friend and she might need my

help, even if she doesn't want it. I decided on the latter, which is why I'm sitting in front of a fucking high school, debating about going in to make sure Celeste has shown up to work. I can't fathom how she tolerates being a teacher. My time in high school was a haze. I jumped from party to party, substance to substance, desperately trying to figure myself out. I was confused about who I was, and while I was popular enough, internally I was a mess. Once I graduated, I got the hell out of there and never looked back. Even the thought of entering a completely different high school in a different town, miles away, as a grown fucking adult, has my anxiety sky rocketing.

"For Celeste," I tell myself as I swing the door open to my old, blue pickup truck and hop down to the ground.

It's a cool but dry day. I don't remember the last time we had a sunny day but at least the rain has taken a short break. I yank on the cuffs of my light blue sweater pulling them over my hands to stop myself from digging my nails into my palms. I tried to look put together in order to come here today. I pulled back my hot pink curls and did minimal make up. I also picked an outfit that covered up as much of my tattooed skin as possible.

The building in front of me is large, white, and imposing. It looms over the grass and trees surrounding the walkway up to the main entrance. The glass double doors are outlined in red paint and locked when I try to enter. I look around, confused and concerned. Aren't public schools supposed to be open to the public? A small speaker box to the left of the door suddenly flashes red and an annoyed, nasally voice emanates from it.

"Hello ma'am. May I help you?"

Ma'am? Seriously? I'm not that damn old. And since when do high schools have such top notch security systems?

I push the button next to the speaker and awkwardly duck my head back and forth, trying to figure out how close I need to be to this little speaker thing. “Um, hi. I’m here to check on my friend.”

“I’m sorry ma’am, but we do not let visitors into the school without a prearranged appointment and visitor pass.”

My annoyance is simmering but I try to keep my tone even and calm.

“No, I’m sorry, I think you misunderstood. I’m a friend of one of the teachers here and she hasn’t returned my calls for a few weeks, so I just wanted to check and make sure she’s been to work and everything’s okay.”

There’s a long pause. So long that I almost push the button again to make sure the lady is still there. As I’m reaching out my hand again, the speaker box suddenly crackles but this time a man is speaking.

“What’s your friend’s name?” He sounds serious and slightly concerned. Something about the tone of his voice makes me nervous.

“Celeste Briggs.”

The light on the speaker box suddenly turns green and I hear the locks on the doors disengage. Taking it as a sign to enter, I pull the fire engine red handle and am hit by a blast of warm air as I enter the school. The front area is large and open with clouded light streaming in through the windows ahead. A middle aged man in a blue shirt, plaid tie, and brown slacks stands right inside the main doors. He’s clearly waiting for me.

As I approach, he outstretches his hand for me to shake and introduces himself, “Hello I’m Erik Andersen, the principal here. Will you please join me in my office

and we can discuss this?”

I nod in agreement before following him through another set of locked glass doors which lead into what I assume is the main office. His brown loafers squeak against the linoleum floors as he leads me through. He nods to the woman at the front desk who looks me up and down, appraising me. Judgmental bitch . Following him further through the open area, we land at a small office with a few high windows, a cluttered desk, and a few chairs. It’s a mess which tells me he’s probably not the most conscientious of individuals. He sits in the faded office chair behind the desk and gestures for me to sit in one of the small wooden ones across from him. The chair is hard and uncomfortable—uninviting.

He pulls out a notepad and file folder then takes a deep breath before addressing me. “So, ma’am, what did you say your name was?”

This ma’am shit is really starting to get on my nerves, but my fear and interest have peaked; I’m desperate to see what he has to say. He wouldn’t call me in here if everything was fine, would he? My stomach rolls uncomfortably as I realize that he probably thinks I’m crazy. I mean I am covered in tattoos and piercings, with hot pink hair, sitting in the principal’s office and asking about my long lost BFF. Totally normal Tuesday, right?

“I didn’t. But it’s Olivia Lennox. I’m a friend of Celeste’s.”

He writes something down on the pad of paper and nods in agreement. “And you said you haven’t been able to reach her?”

“No,” I reply, shifting in my seat.

Something about this is off. Why the hell is this guy interrogating me? Why won’t he just tell me anything?

“And when exactly was the last time you did have any contact with her?” he asks, oblivious to the heated anger simmering beneath my skin with every question he poses.

“Look, Mr. Andersen, is Celeste here? Like, no offense or anything, but I’m not sure why we’re playing twenty fucking questions instead of you just telling me if she’s here or not.”

He looks up at me, clearly startled. For a man who works with teenagers, he looks shockingly taken aback by someone cursing and yelling at him. He recovers quickly though. Slicking back his chestnut hair and exhaling a long breath, he brings his eyes up to meet mine. There’s sadness and something akin to pity written across his face and my stomach fucking drops.

“Ms. Briggs hasn’t shown up for work in weeks, I’m afraid. She’s been a no call, no show every single day since Halloween. We tried calling her emergency contact listed but the number was disconnected. One of the other teachers, Catie Mills, went to her house but no one appeared to be there. Even her Halloween decorations were still up.” I noticed all these things too when I went to her house, they worried me too. “We finally decided it was best to call the police and file a missing persons report. They’ve opened an investigation into her disappearance.”

The world tilts on its axis and it feels as though I’m falling. I open my mouth to speak but no words come out. She’s gone? She can’t be gone. She wouldn’t leave me. Right?

It takes me a moment to process that Mr. Andersen is leaning across the desk handing me something. All the blood has rushed to my ears and all I can hear is the pounding of my own heart. I think I’m going to be sick. I swallow several times, trying to will my body to calm down.

“Here,” he’s talking again about the card he’s trying to hand me I think. “The investigator handling her case will want to talk to you as soon as possible.”

I can’t speak. The pounding in my head is now relentless. I simply nod and take the card from his hand, stashing it in my purse. I somehow manage to make my legs lift me from the chair and carry me out of his office, through the front doors, and out of the school. Once I’m safely back in my car, I let the fear and panic wash over me. Warm tears stream down my cheeks, cooling as they hit the cold fall air. I sit there thinking for what feels like hours.

I don’t know what’s going to happen next but I do know that my best friend—no, more than just my fucking friend, is gone. She’s not just disappeared. Someone has been reading the texts I sent her. Someone has her phone. Someone has her, and I’m going to find them.

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Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

The Demon

Bad Decisions by BOBI ANDONOV

I might have pushed her too far this time. She seems to be spiraling out of control. The plan was always to convince her that she needed me, but I think I might have created too much chaos in her life. My little siren seems to be struggling. Her drinking and drug use have become more frequent and more intense. Which is how I ended up staring down at her passed out form on her couch.

Even fucked up to the point of near unconsciousness, she's a damn vision. My sweet siren's painful pleas call to me across time and space. Her soul screams for me to soothe her, and I will always come when she needs me. Soon she'll be desperate for me to take control, to fix everything for her, and be her perfect master. She just doesn't know yet how badly she needs to let go and allow someone else to be in control. My sweet, pink-haired beauty, needs to learn to give up control.

I will teach her. She may need some extra training once she's mine, but she will get there. And then she'll see how good it will be when she's mine. When they're both mine. Together, we will all be complete.

After coming back from the high school, I watched as she frantically wandered the house. Her lithe form paced up and down her well-worn wooden floors as she panicked about the reality of the situation—the reality that her friend is gone. At least, that's what she thinks. My sweet little siren has no idea that I have a surprise for her. When she's ready I will give her the perfect gift—the gift that I've been working tirelessly to perfect.

Eventually her panicked pacing spiraled into a self destructive drug and alcohol binge. She's really fucked up, so fucked up in fact that she's almost out cold. But I'd never let her harm herself. If I thought she was going to consume enough to do any real damage, I would've barged in and stopped her. No one hurts my girl, not even herself—no one except me that is.

Which brings me to my current predicament, what to do with my incapacitated little love. A good man would make sure she's safe and tuck her into bed. Maybe leave her some pain killers and water on her nightstand. Maybe even leave her a red rose as a sweet gesture. That would be what a good man would do; the kind of man she deserves.

But unfortunately for her, I'm not a good man.

It might be wrong of me, but as I lift her unconscious form and situate it over my shoulder, my cock twitches in my slacks. She mumbles incoherent nonsense as I carry her toward her bedroom. She flinches as I swat her thick ass that's pressed up against my face just begging for punishment. Such a responsive little thing, even as she lays almost unconscious in my arms. We're going to have so much fun tonight.

Her house is small, far too small for the large family we're going to have. I'll need to move her out of here and into my much larger and safer house soon. But for now, the few short steps from her living room to bedroom is a blessing. I use my foot to kick open her door, holding her tightly against me. She feels so good in my arms like her body was created to be mine. I let one of my hands caress the curve of her supple ass, stroking her flesh tenderly through her yoga pants. She's so fucking perfect. Every inch of her is so utterly consumable. From the moment I saw her, I knew she would be mine. Call it fate, or destiny, or whatever the fuck you want, but Olivia Lennox is mine and she always will be. I have never felt so consumed with possessive desire for another person, not until her. And tonight, I've had enough of watching; I'm ready to play.

Throwing her off my shoulder, I let her form fall onto the soft mattress of her bed. Her beautiful breasts bounce as she lands, causing my cock to harden further. Everything about her is perfection—from her vibrant hair, her olive skin, her green eyes that shine like fucking jewels, her perfectly perky tits, and that ass. Fuck me. That ass is the kind of thing created by some cruel deity to drive men absolutely feral. It's the type of ass that could bring men to their knees. And for my siren, I would gladly get on my knees. I want to sink my teeth into the flesh of that plump fucking ass and bite it so hard that it leaves a perfect, bloodied, impression on her skin. The need to mark her tender flesh as mine is so fucking strong that it almost hurts.

I flip her onto her stomach, making sure her head is turned to the side so she can breathe. Then I yank her yoga pants down her legs, exposing her to me. Her tanned skin seems to glow in the low light. She's so perfect and pristine. I can't wait to ruin her. The pants pool around her knees and without any underwear on, she lays bare beneath me. Swiftly, I bring my hand down on her ass. The sharp crack of my hand against her skin echoes off the walls around us. She jerks but does not wake. I smack her ass again and again, leaving a perfect reddened handprint on her backside. My handprint. Mine .

“You like that, sweet siren?” I growl as I massage the heated flesh in my palm.

She moans and whines but she's still so far gone. My perfect passed out play thing. The sight of my reddened mark across her skin has my cock throbbing with need and tenting my pants. The way she moans makes me think her subconscious might be enjoying this just as much as I am. I slightly open her legs and slip a finger between her folds, skimming the length of her pussy so very gently. She's fucking soaked. Her body knows exactly what she needs, even if her conscious mind doesn't.

“So fucking wet for me, love.” I bring my fingers back to her pussy, sliding between her legs. She moans and grinds against the bed like my perfect little slut. “You want me to touch you baby? Want the monster hiding in your closet to make you come?” I

croon as I lightly caress her clit with my fingers.

I move backwards until I find her tight entrance. My fingers are coated in her arousal but she's still so fucking tight as I slowly slide inside her. Fuck , she feels so damn good. Her warm walls hug my fingers and I push the two digits deeper and deeper at an agonizing pace. "So fucking tight, baby. But this pretty pussy is going to love getting stretched out by my cock, isn't it?"

She moans in response, not truly aware of what's happening but her body continues to react to my touch. Her soul recognizes mine deep within and craves this just as much as I do. The way her pussy pulses against my fingers tells me all I need to know. I find that sweet little bundle of nerves inside her and rub the pads of my fingers against it, causing her body to jerk and writhe with need. She's so close already, I can feel her walls pulsing against me. But I won't let her come—not yet.

I remove my fingers slowly, and a small whine leaves her lips as her body sinks back down onto the mattress. I bring the digits to my mouth underneath the mask I'm wearing in order to taste her. I can't help the moan that escapes me as I taste her sweet lavender and honey. I missed the taste of my girl. I need more of her. Soon there won't be a single day where my tongue won't be covered in her intoxicating flavor—once she's finally mine. I undo my belt and lower my zipper, letting my hard cock spring free. I kick off my pants and slip my shirt over my head, being careful of my mask.

I pull open the top drawer of her nightstand finding everything I need. I grab each item one by one and lay them out on her bed. My cock weeps as I look at everything all set up and laid out for us to play together. Part of me wishes she was fully conscious for this, but I know her mind is not yet ready to accept all that I have in store for her. She will fight me. That's the thing about my girl—she's a fucking firecracker. It's one of the reasons she's so intoxicating. Her attitude is part of what I love about her. I will have to break down her walls though. Once she sees what I have

planned for her, the lengths I have gone to for her, she'll realize just how perfect we're going to be together.

"You're delicious," I croon as I lift her and undress her fully.

It takes a bit of effort but I position us so that we're together on her bed. I'm on my knees, with her thighs draped open over my legs. Her back rests against my front with her head lulled on my shoulder. Her breaths are heavy and even, her lids fluttering slightly. In front of us on the floor rests her full length mirror. This way I can hold her up, play with her, and watch it all. It's perfect.

I bring my hand up to one of her beautiful breasts and knead the tender flesh. She's made for me; her tit fits perfectly in my hand. She whines as I pull on her sensitive nipple until it's hard and erect. Reaching down next to us, I grab one end of the nipple clamps and open the clamp. As I bring the metal to her hardened nub, my cock throbs in anticipation. I watch our reflection with rapt attention as I let the ends of the clamp tighten on her skin. Once it pinches her sensitive flesh she groans and her entire body jerks. She faintly moves back towards consciousness while her head flails back and forth on my shoulder. I move to the other side next, rolling and teasing her nipple until it's hard enough for the second clamp of the set. This time when I bring the metal down to pinch her breast she mewls and her eyes open slightly.

"There she is," I whisper through the voice distorter in my mask as her heavy lids open enough for her to take in my monstrous form holding her naked body. Her eyebrows furrow as her fuzzy mind tries to make sense of what's going on. She's too fucked up to truly realize, but I don't give her a chance anyway.

Setting my hand on the next item laid out for us, I flip the switch on it and the room fills with the soft sound of buzzing. As I bring the pink toy up in front of her, I watch it grind and vibrate.

“I watched you, you know?” I tell her as I guide the vibrating rabbit toy to the outside of her pussy lips and let it lightly graze against her folds. “While you used this on yourself. I couldn’t stop myself from jacking off while I watched you come. Your pleasure is intoxicating, my sweet siren.”

I tilt her head forward with my free hand, making sure she can see the mirror as I stroke the vibrator against her clit. She moans and writhes against the toy, needing more than I’m willing to give her.

“Eyes open, princess. I need you to watch yourself as you come undone for your demon,” I croon as I shove the toy inside her with a harsh thrust.

She cries out as her body jumps from the intrusion. I don’t give her a moment to adjust. I shove the pink vibrator in and out of her, letting the curved end hit her walls exactly where she needs it. Her heavy lids open slightly as she looks in the mirror, watching her pussy greedily take the toy. Interesting . Her breaths come out in desperate little pants as she careens closer to the edge of ecstasy.

“You like watching yourself, don’t you?” I ask as her blown out pupils focus solely on where the pink silicone is sliding in and out of her pretty pussy. “You’re such a desperate little slut for your own pleasure, aren’t you baby?”

She mumbles something unintelligible while she desperately grinds against my lap. My cock is hard as steel against the soft flesh of her reddened ass. It eagerly pulses, anticipating sinking into her tight hole—any of them, all of them. Fuck, I’d take her hand at this point. I’m absolutely desperate for her. But I won’t fuck her, not when she’s this out of it. No, when I fuck her, I want her completely conscious and aware of the pleasure I’m pulling from her body with my cock. I want her to beg for it like the good girl I know she’ll be for me.

“You want to come for me, baby girl?” I ask as I move the vibrator in and out of her

tightness at a punishing pace. “Be my good girl and show me how good it feels.” I give the chain connecting the nipple clamps a sharp pull with my other hand.

That sends my girl over the edge. She cries out and throws her head back against my shoulder as she comes—hard. Her entire body throbs with pleasure as she comes for me. Her cum leaks from her pussy, drenching the toy and my hand.

“Good girl,” I praise her as she begins to come down.

I slowly remove the toy from her body, turn it off, and throw it down on the bed. Moving her off my lap, I lay her down on the mattress. She lets out several, sweet, little, satisfied noises that let me know just how hard she came. Tonight was supposed to be about her pleasure, but I can’t avoid my hardened length throbbing uncomfortably as I run my hand along the silken skin. My cock jumps in my hand at the slight touch. I’m already leaking precum from playing with my girl.

Placing my knees on the bed, I straddle her satisfied and sated form. She’s passed back out, completely exhausted from the intense orgasm I just pulled from her. I use my thumb to spread the precum from the tip down my length. Pumping myself with my fist, I stare down at the infuriatingly addictive woman beneath me. I wish I could let her go. It’d be so much easier to not be this obsessed with her. But I can’t help myself. Every waking thought in my head seems to find its way back to her. She’s slithered her way into my soul and I can’t seem to dampen the intense flame of desire I have for her. Her beautiful breasts sway as I shake the bed with my movements, pumping my cock in desperation. Her nipples are still tightly clamped and held together with a chain; the sight of her chained and unconscious beneath me, at my mercy, is maddening.

“Fuck!” I scream out into the silence of her empty room as I roughly fuck myself with my fist. Leaning back, my balls tighten and I explode. White hot ropes of cum shoot across her tanned skin. Wave after wave of pleasure rolls through my body as I

mark her chest and breasts with my release.

When I finally finish I collapse to my elbows, holding myself above her and sucking in deep breaths. I'm shaking from how hard I just came. This girl will be my complete and utter undoing. I lean down slightly and bring the mask against her face, wishing I could pepper her pristine flesh with kisses from my lips.

Once recovered, I rise back up to stand. I retrieve my clothes and tuck myself back into my slacks as I stare down at my sleeping siren. She's a vision. I hate to leave her but I need to get back to our pet. I remove the nipple clamps and make sure to drape a blanket over her unconscious figure so she doesn't get too cold. Before leaving, I pull my mask up ever so slightly, just enough to expose my lips. I place a soft kiss against her temple as I whisper to her without the voice distorter for once, "See you soon, my good girl."

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

The Sound of Silence by Disturbed

Waking up this morning was ... jarring. I remember drinking and downing some pills last night after learning Celeste was actually missing. But after that things got fuzzy. I have unclear memories of dreams about demons and monsters. I must have somehow got myself really worked up because I woke up sore between my thighs. My breasts ached too, and next to me were my nipple clamps and my vibrator. At first, I thought I'd drunkenly fucked myself to thoughts of masked men. Until I sat up and felt the sensation of something dried and flaky sticking to my skin.

Panic raced through my entire being as I sat up and stared into the full length mirror at the bottom of my bed. I was covered in cum. There's no other explanation for the streaks of peeling whiteness painted across my chest and stomach. Flashes of watching myself in the mirror while a monster held me tight as he fucked me with my own toy ran across my mind.

Bile rises in my throat realizing that he had been here while I slept. He had touched me, made me come, then covered me in his release. I scrubbed my skin raw in the shower until it was red. I needed to get the scent of him off of me. I had thought maybe my stalker was secretly just looking out for me after what happened in the club. But knowing that he broke in here, that he took advantage of me while I was passed out ... it's terrifying. I can't decide if I'm more scared or infuriated, the two emotions warring for control of me. This man, this monster, has fucked with me for the last time. The next time I see him, I'll be using a knife to stab him in the goddamned gut, not letting him convince me to use it on someone else. I was dumb

and foolish to think he was anything other than a predator.

I step out of the shower and use my palm to wipe the steam off the mirror. Assessing my reflection, I look tired. The stress of all this is starting to take its toll on me. When I enter my bedroom again, his scent still lingers. It's expensive. He smells like spice and vanilla. If I weren't so damn mad, I'd find it alluring. But as is, I need the memory of him and his touch out of here. Throwing on some yoga pants and an oversized tee, I pull all the bedding off my bed and run it to the washing machine. I make sure to put in plenty of lavender scented detergent to try to rid the fabric of his memory. My mind knows he's evil but my body apparently didn't get the memo last night as I came all over him and my bedding. Heat flushes my cheeks at the hazy memory of our encounter.

I have a brief flash of his lips on me and his voice in my ear. Not the distorted, electronic voice that he usually uses, but his real voice. He said something to me without the mask, I'm sure of it. And the voice is familiar; it pulls at the thread of a memory, but I can't quite place it. A shiver runs up my spine at the thought that he might be someone I know, someone in my life. What if my stalker isn't a stranger at all?

I don't have time to think too long about it because it's Wednesday, which means I need to get moving if I don't want to be late. I quickly return to my ensuite bathroom where I apply a thin layer of makeup, far less than my normal full face, pull my hair up in a messy bun, and brush my teeth. As I spit in the sink, the sound of my phone vibrating against the countertop pulls my attention. I scan the surface of the vanity top for the buzzing device, but don't see it among the mess of products I have littered around. I really should attempt to be a cleaner, neater person. Lifting up a washcloth that I used to wash my face, I locate my cell. I can't help the flutter of hope that blossoms in my chest. Maybe it's Celeste and this has all been one big misunderstanding. However, when I pull up my messages my heart sinks with disappointment.

Halloween Hottie: Hey I had a great time the other night. When can I see you again?

I can't help but feel annoyed at his message. Luke is nice and put together, and I had a good time on our date, but he's really not the one I was hoping would text me. If I was a different girl, one who was less chaotic without a masked psycho stalker and a missing best friend, he'd be the perfect guy. But I can't bring this chaos, this danger, into his life. He's the type of guy that lives in a nice house surrounded by a white picket fence with his beautiful, always-put-together housewife that wears cashmere cardigans and shit. He doesn't need a hot mess like me in his life. I close the messages without bothering to respond. I don't love leaving him on read, but I also don't think there's much left to say. I'm not the type of girl a guy like him should be with, and while we might have had some fun hooking up, he deserves better than my fiery chaos.

Returning to my room, I throw on some jeans and a simple flannel button down before slipping my toes into my signature combat boots. I walk back toward the front of my house, searching through the mess on my entry way table for my keys. Finally locating them in the kitchen, I make sure to securely lock and deadbolt my door before leaving.

Driving south to this small town through the rain is almost soothing. The radio in my old truck has been on the fritz so I drive in comfortable silence; the sound of the rain on the hood of the cab is soothing to my heated soul. I take the time to center myself. I don't want him to sense that something is wrong when I get there. The looming pines line the road leading to the casino. Unease coils tighter and tighter in the pit of my stomach the closer I get to the sprawling building ahead. You would think that after all this time, I'd be desensitized to the dread that this place elicits in my gut, yet I can't help the anxiety spiral that's currently forming in my core.

Put on a smile, Liv. Just put on a smile and get through it .

The lot is mostly empty. Not many people come to the casino in the afternoon on a random weekday. I park right up front, close enough that I won't have to run through the rain for long to get inside the building. As much as I love the cool, damp climate of the Pacific Northwest, I absolutely hate what the humid air does to my hair. I've never found a frizz taming product that was able to withstand this climate. I guess it doesn't really matter here though, it's not like I need to impress anyone where I'm headed. I slip the hood of my slick raincoat over my curls as I slide from my seat and out into the rain.

In a few short steps, I'm pulling open one of the heavy glass doors of the casino. The stench of stale cigarettes immediately hits my nose, pulling an discomforting unease from the depths of my unconscious. The smell has almost become a learned stimuli in my life—nothing good has ever come from entering this building. If I could leave here and never come back, I would gladly never tread across this worn down, faded floral carpet again in my lifetime. The once vibrant red flowers have now turned a sad shade of worn down brown. Sadly, I'm bound to this wretched place, to this prison, with a chain that seems to be unbreakable.

Entering the small and run-down bar I immediately spot the bald head and slumped shoulders of the man sitting at the far side of the room. I take a deep breath to steady myself before weaving through the sticky and uneven high top tables that litter the main area. There's practically no one here on a weekday in the early afternoon; just a few sad souls, wasting away what remains of their meaningless lives in this hellhole. Stepping up to the bar and plopping down on a barstool, I turn to face one of those sad and empty souls.

"Hey, dad." I try my best to sound cheery, as always, despite the disgust coiling through my entire being.

"Hey there, peanut," he replies without even taking his eyes off the old televisions hanging behind the bar. The screens flash scores and statistics of various sports

games and horse races.

“Dad,” my tone comes out more clipped than I mean it to. “How much have you lost this week already? Maybe we could just call it good for the day and go get lunch somewhere? My treat,” I offer.

My dad has always been a great dad—loving, caring, kind, and the only parent I’ve had since my mother left when I was a baby. But he is also a gambling addict. All the years spent barely eating enough boxed macaroni and cheese to fill the empty pains of hunger in your stomach because your soul caregiver gambled away all their money turned me into the independent adult I am today. In a roundabout way, his faults made me stronger, smarter, and more capable. I never take a single dollar for granted, nor have I ever relied on anyone other than myself to take care of me. I’m as strong of a woman as I am precisely because I had to be. Yeah, it sucked pawning my mother’s engagement ring as a teenager to make sure I could buy books for school and food to survive, but it made me capable. I just wish the addiction hadn’t come with the other consequences, the ones I’ve been trying to run from my entire adult life.

“Yeah baby, we can go get lunch, let me just see the end of this one race,” he says with a gentle pat to my knee.

The bartender, a rough looking man named Jim with a heart of gold, slides me a beer across the bartop. He knows just as I do that I won’t be leaving here anytime soon, and neither will my dad. “You need anything else, Bill?” he asks.

Jim is part of the tribe that owns this land. He technically takes a share of all the profits this place makes, same as every other member of the Nation that owns this land. He’s worked here for years and he doesn’t seem to relish in the more unsavory side of things like some of the other employees here do. He is genuinely a kind guy, just trying to get by like the rest of us. I’ve come to know him well, chit-chatting here

and there every Wednesday for the last decade of coming to this place. He was even nice enough to let me sit at the bar and keep an eye on my dad before I was legally allowed inside.

“Yeah, I’ll put another twenty on Steeley Shoes to win the next race.” My dad’s already forgotten his promise to leave and get lunch. I lean back in my seat and let a sigh slip past my lips. I take a long swig from my beer. The cool bubbles tickle my throat as they slide down. If I have to be here at least I can get a little afternoon buzz going. “How are things going at work, peanut?”

“Oh you know,” I begin as I pick the corner of the label from the bottle. “Same old, same old. I’ve been getting some extra hours working the front desk so I’ll have a little more to give you this month.”

“Oh, little one, you don’t have to do that. I’ve got it covered. Don’t worry about your old man.”

If only he knew just how untrue that statement is. If he knew the price I’ve already paid for his addiction, maybe he’d be willing to stop.

The scrape of sharp plastic nails across my shoulders makes my skin crawl and bile rise in my throat. Her sickly sweet perfume wraps around me, constricting me and stealing the air from my lungs. Tears prick the back of my eyes as I slam them shut. I won’t give her the pleasure of seeing me break down. She deserves nothing from me, not even my pain.

“Hey, Erika!” my dad welcomes our very unwelcome guest. If only he knew exactly what kind of monsters he had allowed into our lives. “You want to sit with us? We were just about to watch this next race.”

“Thank you so much Mr. Lennox, but Olivia and I have some girl stuff to discuss.”

Her talons sink into my shoulder, pinching my skin painfully. “Don’t we Liv?”

“Can I grab you a drink, Miss Linnormir?” Jim asks Erika politely.

Erika’s father owns the casino. He is not part of the tribe, taking from them just as much as he takes from others. He’s one of the wealthiest men in this part of the state. This is one of several less than upstanding establishments he owns. He is one of the most evil men who has ever existed. Other children fear the monster under their bed—he was my nightmare. Stefan Linnormir is a true devil.

“No thank you, Jim.” Erika’s sweet tone is filled with condescension. I hate her so deeply, with every single bit of my soul.

I slide off the barstool as she slips her fingers around my upper arm. With a bruising grip on my flesh, she pulls me toward a booth in the back corner. I had hoped to slip in unnoticed, spend the afternoon with my father, maybe convince him not to blow his entire check here today, and leave. Unlucky me, I guess.

“We need to talk, babe,” she croons as she crosses her legs, letting her thigh brush up against mine.

Her pointed nails slide up and down against my upper arm. I loathe the feeling of her nails against my skin.

“Your dad has racked up quite a debt again,” she purrs as she nuzzles up against me, her hand sliding down underneath the table to find the waistband of my pants.

“How much does he owe this time?” I dread the answer. I’m praying it’s not too much. I have a bit saved up; I might be able to pay my way out of this one.

“Fifteen grand.” Her hand slides beneath the waistline of my pants as I choke on my

own breath. That's way more than I have saved up.

"I don't have that much Erika and you know it. What's Daddy going to make me do this time?" I can feel the anxious disgust rising throughout my entire core as I ask. With hesitation I continue, "Do I just have to service just you this time, or your daddy too?"

Erika laughs as her talons trail along my folds. I'm dry as a fucking desert. My pussy has absolutely no interest in this psycho bitch and her fucking games. In all fairness to her, some of it's not her fault. Her father is an evil son of a bitch that abused her—abused both of us when we were young. No kid should have been through what we went through. The difference is, I turned my pain into strength and resilience where Erika let the pain fester inside her, turning her evil from the inside out.

"Daddy isn't involved this time." My head snaps to hers. I eye her inquisitively but she continues to grin back at me like a cat that got the fucking cream. Her father has always run the books here. The casino makes good money, but the illegal side of things is where he really gets to take advantage of people and gouge them for everything they have. If he's not who my dad owes money to then what the fuck is going on here?

As if summoned from my nightmares, a man waltzes into the bar. Cloaked in sin and seduction, he walks as if floating on the flames of Hell. His dark suit is perfectly cut to his body. With slicked back dirty-blond hair and eyes as dark as the depths of night, he's a seductive monster. Chills run up my spine as his onyx irises lock on me and a slow smirk pulls at the corner of his lips.

Approaching our table, he stands above us as he assesses me. Something about him sets every instinct of mine into panic mode. I have absolutely no doubt that he's dangerous. The sooner I can be away from him the better.

“Will, sit with us!” Erika whines in her annoyingly immature voice she uses with her daddy. The man seems unfazed as he drops to the seat across from me, his eyes never leaving mine. “Liv, my love, meet Will. He’s taking over some of Daddy’s duties.”

“Your father owes us a good chunk of money, Liv.” Will’s eyes assess me with a predatory fierceness that chills me to my marrow.

“We were just discussing her options to help pay back the debt.” Erika giggles as her fingers slide against my folds again, inviting me to play a game that I have no interest in participating in with these horrible humans.

“So let me guess,” I begin as I refuse to break eye contact with the man across from me. “I have to let him fuck me while I eat you out, Erika? Or let you both take turns fucking me?” There’s venom dripping from every single word out of my mouth but it doesn’t seem to bother either of them. “What are your demands this time?”

“Things are going to be run a little differently around here now. This is a business, after all. So, we want our money back, not a quick fuck.” Will leans across the table, his presence like a suffocating smoke swirling around me and stealing the air from my lungs. “All you have to do is let us film our time together, we sell the video, and the debt is cleared.”

My mouth falls open and I gape at him, completely unable to speak.

“If that’s not agreeable, we can always offer you a little something to be less camera shy,” Erika says as she places a small pink pill in front of my face on her finger. “It’ll make you feel sleepy. You’ll take a little nap, and when you wake up you’ll be debt free and you won’t remember a thing, babe.”

I shove her away from me as I glare between the two of them. “You want me to agree to be drugged so you can assault me, film it, and sell it?” I struggle to keep my voice

quite enough as to not alert anyone around us. “Are you two out of your fucking minds?”

Will’s hand darts out quicker than I can react, snaking around my wrist. He holds me in a painfully tight grip. I wince as he pulls on my arm, dragging my upper body across the table toward him. Tears well in my eyes and I dare a quick glance at my dad. He’s oblivious; his focus is completely on the races on the television screens in front of him.

“I will get the money that I’m owed, Olivia.” The irises of his eyes are rimmed with rage. “One way or another.”

“Get the fuck off of me,” I demand in a low and even tone.

He immediately relents, releasing his fingers from my wrist and holding his hands up in surrender.

I rise to stand from the table. “I’ll get you your fucking money, but I’m not doing that.” I state far more boldly than I feel.

“Suit yourself.” Will leans back in his seat, crossing his arms over his broad chest. “But just know, lovely, that I always get what I want.”

I swiftly spin on my heels, wanting to get as far away from them as I can. I rush from the table, weaving through the hightops and people as quickly as I can. I’m desperate to get out of here. My dad probably won’t even notice that I’ve left. He will gamble away the rest of the day on that exact same stool.

“Call me, babe!” Erika hollers behind me as I push on the doors and practically run from the building.

I quickly unlock my truck and slump into the seat as I throw the door closed behind me. The door slams with such force that the entire cab shakes. I let out a frustrated groan and lean my head against the steering wheel. Part of me wants to just drive. I could drive away, get the fuck out of here, and just be free.

My phone buzzes in my pocket. The feeling dragging me from my thoughts. Leaning back, I pull the device from my pocket and look down at the notifications.

UNKNOWN: If you want to see your friend again, you'll do exactly what I say.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

WONDERLAND by Neoni

The air is heavy with cold moisture. It's the type of cold that chills you to the bone and makes you feel as though the marrow deep within is frigid. Gray clouds block out the sun, leaving the world drenched in depths of stormy darkness. It could be early morning or evening. It's impossible to tell here in the winter sometimes when the seemingly endless stretches of clouded days roll through the Pacific Coast.

Checking my phone, I see it's five-thirty. The exact time my masked stranger told me to meet him here. Yesterday, he sent me coordinates and told me to meet him at this location at this specific time. I have no idea where he is or why he wants me here. But if it means getting more information about what happened to Celeste then I'm willing to play along with this game, whatever it is. Which is why I find myself standing in the middle of an abandoned Halloween carnival. It shuts down every year after Halloween and sits dead and decaying in an empty field until the next year. It's creepy as fuck right now. I'm not sure this will lead to any actual information, but it is for sure causing me to freeze my fucking ass off.

The rides are all off, silent, and unmoving. Dew dipped spider webs hang between the railings, leaving everything covered in a dark and shimmering glow. Once filled with loud music and bright lights is now devoid of life as if everyone here instantly vanished, leaving their ghosts to haunt the space. It's cold and creepy; why the fuck did he want me come here?

"Hello?" I shout into the empty nothingness surrounding me.

As I expected, no call returns my greeting. I pull my chunky black sweater around me tighter. My black combat boots sink into the muddy ground as I walk slowly and carefully through this graveyard of haunted joy. I dressed in a cute little black dress, black fishnets, and my boots with a sweater over the top to go into work for a few hours this afternoon, and I came straight here afterwards. I wasn't exactly sure what I would find out, but I sure as shit wasn't going to be caught running from a serial killer in heels. I would've dressed in something warmer if I'd known he'd leave me wandering through an abandoned carnival alone in the rain.

I chew on my bottom lip as I move cautiously around the ferris wheel. The unmoving eyes of the creepy carousel animals seem to watch me as I slowly wander through the desolate space. That's one of the main attractions they promote here—a creepy carousel with decaying animals that you ride on. It's grotesque and glorious in its own unique way. The other main attractions are the corn maze and pumpkin patch. But after this last Halloween when a man was found mutilated and murdered out there, I doubt they'll be promoting that section of the carnival next year. It's even more eerie to know I'm out here alone, meeting a stranger who claims to have information about my missing friend, at the sight of a brutal and mysterious murder. This is probably a really fucking bad idea.

As I continue to wander, I suddenly hear music off in the distance. It's faint but it's there. Maybe it's one of the rides? I know that seems silly; everything is closed down, but this whole thing is off already. This place is freaky as fuck and it's messing with my mind.

“Hello?” I yell out again into the darkness as I attempt to navigate toward the haunting sound of carnival music. I'm entranced, drawn toward the sound like a lamb willingly walking to their own slaughter. For Celeste though, I'd gladly walk toward Hell.

As I round the boundary of the looming ferris wheel, I find the source of the

music—the fun house. The lights are on and the music is blaring. The sinister clown face on the front beckons you inside, willing you to enter its mouth and be consumed by whatever lies within. Unease coils tightly in my core. My instincts tell me to run.

A buzzing in my pocket causes me to jump and a startled sigh leaves my parted lips. My eyes dart around in fear, making sure I'm truly alone before I reach in my pocket to retrieve my phone. A message notification glows on my screen.

UNKNOWN: Turn around.

As soon as I read the words I spin. Standing amongst the gray fog is a man. Tall and imposing, he looms in the shadowed darkness cast by the ferris wheel behind me. He's dressed in all black and I can't see his face because it's hidden behind a mask. It's the mask that makes me gasp and stumble backwards. His demonic appearance is horrifying, the sight sending tingles throughout my entire body. The mask is hideous; a black and gold demon with a long curving tongue protruding between sharp fangs. I know that demonic disguise—it's the same face that's been haunting me for months. My masked stalker has found me again. He cocks his head to the side as he appraises me. Goosebumps prickle across my skin as the hellish creature fixes his sights on me. Every cell in my system is on fire underneath his gaze.

He takes a slow step toward me. I can feel his presence like flames licking across my skin, even across the expanse of frigid evening air that separates us.

“Are you the one who messaged me?” I ask the demon in front of me. My words leave my lips as a soft, white whisper.

He doesn't answer me. He just takes another calculated step towards me. I take one back. It has to be him. Right?

“Run.” His voice slithers across the cold fog like a snake coiling its way around my

skin and constricting.

“What?” I ask in shock as I assess the man in front of me, trying to determine if he’s even real or if this is all a nightmare projecting pieces of my unconscious fears into reality.

“Run, little one,” his voice drips with ill intent as he stalks even closer, attempting to narrow the space between us while I scramble away in an effort to maintain my distance. “Because if I catch you, you’re mine.” He takes another step closer and laughs. “Mine to fuck. Mine to use. Mine to hurt. Mine to own.” With each word he steps closer, driving me closer and closer towards the fucking creepy ass fun house at my back. “All. Fucking. Mine.”

My heart pounds uncomfortably in my chest. Panic races through my veins as anxiety bubbles through my core and restricts my lungs. I need to know the truth about where my friend is, but at what price? Am I willing to play this fucked up game with the monster in order to save her?

Before I can think too much, my feet are moving on their own accord. My fight or flight instinct has clearly chosen flight. My boots sink into the soft mud of the ground as I run with everything in me. The cold rain whips my cheeks as I sprint toward the only shelter around—the funhouse. It’s probably a really bad fucking idea to hide in a house of horrors but what other choice do I have? If I don’t hide, he’ll catch me, and then I’m his.

The music and lights grow brighter and louder as I race toward the entrance. I can feel the demon behind me as his thunderous steps chase me down, getting closer and closer. Panic and desperation propel me up the ancient wooden steps and into the darkness beyond.

Inside, the haunting carnival music persists to blast through crackling speakers. The

gears and rusted machinery running the attraction groan to life. He must have turned on whatever fucked up shit is in here. Great . I just need to find the exit, make it out of here, and get the hell away from the madness this masked man has thrown into my life. It was a terrible mistake coming here. I played right into my stalkers plan, allowing myself to be the lamb up for slaughter.

I move further into the darkened hallway; smoke and shadows dance up the wooden walls that seem to be closing in on me. I know it's a perception trick but it's still creepy as fuck. Good thing I'm not claustrophobic. A sudden noise behind me makes me jump, propelling me forward. The hallway takes a sudden and sharp turn before opening into a large room bathed in eerie red light.

I stare back as hundreds of eyes scan my figure. The distorted forms and the scarlet lighting send a shiver running down my spine. I blink and the hundred reflections blink back at me. It's a hall of mirrors. He's run me straight into a creepy as fuck hall of mirrors.

Footsteps behind me catch my attention and send my heart rate reeling. My chest tightens as panic courses through my entire nervous system.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are, sweetheart.” His distorted voice sing-songs from behind me, bouncing off the walls around me.

My feet seem to move before my mind can process what I'm doing. I stick my hands out in front of me and enter the reflective maze beyond. I turn to the left and see my panic stricken face staring back at me from all angles. It's so disarming to come face to face with my own fear. Suddenly, a flash of black appears in the reflection. I move as quickly as I can, spinning to turn in the other direction as I wander further and further into the maze.

“I know you're in here, siren.” His voice sounds as if he's closing in. “Your fear calls

to me—it's the sweetest song I've ever heard."

His footsteps echo off the reflective walls, leaving me lost as to what direction the sound is coming from. My heart beats rapidly in my chest as I turn again, desperately trying to flee from the monster who's trap I've fallen straight into. I can feel the adrenaline pumping through my veins as it pushes me to keep fleeing. But as I round another corner I'm met with hundreds of horrific faces. The black pits of hellish fury stare back at me from each reflection of his mask.

"Caught you." His deep, distorted growl curls around me and sends goosebumps skittering across skin.

I start to move to the right but so do the reflections. He's everywhere and nowhere. The mirrors are playing tricks on my eyes and he's playing tricks on my mind. I spin on my heels and run to the left. His reflections disappear but the sound of his sinister laughter echoes behind me as I frantically flee. With my hands braced out in front of me I slam against wall after wall, crashing through the twisting and turning walls of mirrors.

I turn a final corner and freeze. I'm in an open room with mirrors on all sides. My wild and winded face reflects back at me as my eyes flick from mirror to mirror. I move toward the center of the room, spinning slowly as I take in my situation. I'm trapped—trapped in a room full of mirrors at the heart of a deserted fun house.

"Nowhere left to run love," he croons as he steps into the doorway, blocking my exit and sealing my fate.

For every step he takes toward me, I counter with my own step backwards. The monster before me is reflected in every mirror, giving the illusion that he's closing in on me from all sides. He's right—I'm trapped.

My back bumps into something hard and knocks the breath out of me. I take my eyes off him for just a moment, and a moment is all he needs. His hand shoots out and large fingers curl around my neck, cutting off my air supply like a python constricting its prey.

“Where were you yesterday?” he growls against my face.

“Wh—what?” I choke out.

“Where the fuck were you yesterday?”

I rack my brain, desperately trying to figure out what he’s talking about.

“Nowhere.” I gasp as his hand tightens further around my airway. “I went to visit my dad, that’s all.”

His grip releases just enough to let me suck in a desperate breath. We stare into each other’s eyes for a moment.

“I can feel your pulse racing, love. Are you frightened?” he finally asks as he cocks his head to the side. The black empty eyes of the mask seem to stare straight into my soul, and I can’t look away no matter how hard I try.

“Yes,” I manage to whisper against the right hand holding my throat.

“Good.” His free hand reaches into his coat, pulling out the same bloodied blade as before and holds it up in front of my eyes. It’s coated in the dried blood of the man I stabbed. “You should be.”

He brings the knife down the hem of my dress. I’m terrified he’s going to cut me, or fuck me with it, or something, but the sharp sound of fabric tearing pulls my attention

down to where he's cutting my dress. I begin to flail and fight him. I need to fight him. I need to get out of here.

He pushes me harder against the mirror behind me, clamping down on my air way further. I claw at his hand but it's no use. "I don't want to cut you, beautiful. So be a good girl and behave for me."

My fear of his blade is greater than the fear of being naked, so I stop flailing and let him cut the onyx fabric all the way up to my neckline. When my dress is finally sliced in two, he presses his body into mine. "Such a good fucking girl for me, aren't you?"

His large hand moves up to the base of my chin. He tilts my head to the side, bringing my eyes and attention to our reflection. I'm a mess; mascara and tears stain my cheeks, my hair is a wild mane of curls, and my dress is shredded to bits. And yet I can't deny there's something intoxicating about the vulnerability he's pulling from me. As a switch, I've been submissive before, but I've never been this truly out of control. Involuntarily, I roll my hips, seeking friction.

"That's it my love," the monster croons as he rubs his muscular thigh between my legs. "Your soul has called to me, asking me to create the chaos you crave. Show me how much you need this. Submit to me."

He's not wrong. I want this. Pleasure begins to curl low in my stomach as I shamelessly grind against this monstrous stalker, silently begging him. I'm willingly letting the flames of desire consume me. I know I should stop, but as I stare at our reflection, the truth is—I don't want to.

As suddenly as he pushed me against the wall, he pulls me away. My eyes snap back to the monstrous mask as he drags me by my throat to the center of the room. His muscular body is hard as steel against my exposed flesh. The smell of him is familiar.

He smells like some type of expensive cologne, a mixture of smoke and spice. It pulls on a thread of memory lost deep in the depths of my mind.

“When you come for me, it won’t be on my thigh, beautiful girl. I want to feel that pretty pussy of yours,” he growls before releasing my throat and using his hands to slide my sweater and ruined dress off my shoulders, leaving me in just my stockings.

He brings the knife back up, pointing the tip of the blade straight at my quaking chest. I tremble in fear and anticipation as my monster circles me. His blackened gaze rakes over my entire body. Heat licks my every nerve as my monster takes me all in. Once back behind me, he surprises me. A small gasp leaves my lips as he bends and falls to his knees.

I’m helpless as he pulls me down to the ground. I fall to my own knees with my back pressed to the firm wall of muscle of his chest as he positions me so my legs are spread across his thighs. Naked except for my fishnets, spread open for a demonic monster, with his arms snaked around me, and a knife held to my throat—I’m completely at his mercy. The stiff plastic of his mask rubs against me as he runs the nose up and down the length of my neck.

“Your desire smells so fucking delicious.” He uses two thick fingers to pull my stockings to the side, exposing my dripping core to him. “And it’s mine now. You are mine now, sweet siren.”

The Demon

Little Girl Gone by CHINCHILLA

The scent of her fear and arousal is absolutely addictive. Her seductive lavender and honey aroma wraps around me causing my dick to twitch behind my zipper. She's the sweetest thing I've ever smelled, and I'm not sure if once will be enough. She's so fucking perfect—vulnerable and needy on her knees for me.

“Please,” she whimpers as my right hand peruses her bare flesh while the left still holds my blade to her throat. “Just tell me if she's okay.”

I bring my hand to her perky breast, palming her flesh and groaning at how fucking good her skin feels against mine. “You want to know where your friend is, love?” I grind my thick cock against her ass as I whisper against the plastic of my mask. “Good girls get rewards. Maybe if you show me what a good fucking girl you can be for me, I'll reward you.”

She leans into my touch, seeking more of my hands, more of my cock. More of me. This all consuming desire between us might be our undoing, but I can't seem to pull my hand back from the flames—the burn is too good.

“Please,” she pants as I move my hand to her other breast, touching and teasing her.

“Do you want me to touch you?” I flick her pierced nipple with my thumb, eliciting a desperate moan from my little captive. “You want to be my dirty little slut and come for me?”

She nods her head eagerly as she rubs her luscious ass against my hard length through my pants. I place the stiffened pink peak of her tit between my finger and thumb and pinch down—hard. She shrieks loudly and squirms against me.

“Words, beautiful girl. I need your words.” I soothe the sting by lightly caressing her tender flesh with the tips of my fingers. “Use your words and beg me to make you come.”

“If I do, will you tell me where Celeste is?” She pants as my hands snake down her lithe form. Her skin is so pristine, so perfect. It’s the perfect canvas for my marks.

“If you show me what a good little whore you can be for me, I’ll tell you what you want to know, sweet siren.” My hand pauses right at the top of her barred pussy. I’m desperate to touch her. Desperate to sink into her tight cunt and paint her walls with my cum. But I won’t. Not until she gives in to me. I don’t just want her body—I want her submission. I want—need—her to agree to be mine.

“Why do you call me that?” she mumbles as she thrusts her hips out, begging me to touch her.

“Siren?” My restraint is waning as I will myself to be patient and wait for her to beg. My left hand slips slightly, the tip of the blade scraping her throat lightly. Blood beads on her pristine skin. Seeing her bleed for me makes me nearly feral. I’m desperate to lean down and lick the small trail of red dripping between her beautiful breasts, but I can’t. I can’t remove my mask. It’s too risky.

She nods, egging on my explanation and my blade.

“Sirens lure men to watery graves, enticing them to leave their journey, and fall into the chaos of destructive desire.” I bring the blade down to her core, causing her to suck in a shaking breath.

“Please,” she whispers. Her begging is so very sweet.

“That’s what you are—a siren whose song has lured me into a consuming and dangerous obsession.” Slipping the blade beneath the fabric covering her, I rip and slice until she’s completely exposed to me.

I bring the blade back up and use my free hand to skim my fingers across the pale blonde landing strip of hair that lays across her flesh leading straight to where she wants me most. “Now sing for me, my sweet girl. Beg me to touch you. Moan for me and show me what an eager slut you are for your demon.”

“Please,” she whines as my fingers lightly dust across the lips of her pussy. It’s not enough for her and I know it. “Please touch me. I want to feel you inside me. I need you,” my sweet siren begs.

The words slip from her lips so easily, so effortlessly, as if she knows this is our fate, that she’s meant to be mine.

Dipping a single finger between her folds, I stroke back and forth at a languid pace. “So fucking wet for me, aren’t you?”

Her breathy moans and needy mewls are enough to drive even a sane man mad. And when it comes to her, I’m certainly not sane. I’ve lost my fucking mind in pursuit of feeding this relentless obsession I have for her. I bring the tip of the blade to her chest and let the knife slice her skin. She sucks in a sharp breath that quickly turns into a moan as I push a single finger inside her. She writhes on my lap, riding my finger.

“Eyes up, siren,” I correct when her head falls back.

Her head immediately snaps forward, her eyes landing on the mirror in front of us. What a fucking sight she is—spread open, grinding on my lap while my finger sinks

in and out of her tight opening, her breast bloodied and leaving a trail of red running down her tanned stomach. But the most beautiful piece of her reflection is her eyes. Her emerald eyes are alight with flickering flames of desire as she watches herself.

“You like watching yourself, don’t you?” I growl into her ear as I add a second finger into her tight channel. “That’s why I brought you here, you know, so you could watch yourself fall apart for me from every angle.”

Her eyes scan the reflective surfaces around us, taking in my words. When she realizes that I’m right, that she can watch herself from all sides as she comes undone, her control snaps. Her pussy walls pulse against me. She’s already close—driven to the brink of pleasurable insanity by the fear and the perfect planned out scene I created just for her. I realized the other night that my girl is a slut for watching herself. It’s an unusual but very healthy kink that I am more than happy to help her unlock. And where better to do that than a fucking hall of mirrors.

She whines and moans some unintelligible agreement as she rides my fingers. I bring my other hand down, using the butt of the knife to lightly rub the sensitive bundle of nerves at the apex of her thighs.

“Fuck!” she cries out. Her eyes never leave her reflection as she gets off to the sight of me fucking her with my knife and fingers.

“Come for me, my love. Show us both how beautiful you are when you let go,” I command as I stuff her tight cunt with a third finger, finding her sensitive spot inside and rubbing frantically with the pads of my fingers.

“Yes!” she screams as she listens like a good girl and lets go. Her pussy clamps down hard on my fingers, almost painfully so, as her orgasm hits her. I keep using the handle of the knife to rub small circles across her needy nub; I’m determined to draw every ounce of pleasure from her body. She screams and her body goes rigid as wave

after wave of orgasmic bliss crashes through her.

I can't take my eyes off her reflection. She's always stunning but when she comes—fuck me—it's the most beautiful sight I've ever seen. She's my reckoning and eventually I will have to pay the price for this, but for now I will savor her pleasure as if it's my last fucking meal.

When she finally finishes, I slowly pull my drenched fingers from her and remove the bloodied knife. The urge to suck her release from my hand is so fucking strong. I want almost nothing more than to taste my girl, but I can't risk removing the mask.

"Oh my lord," she sighs as she slumps forward, breathing heavily.

"I'm no lord, baby." I stand to my full height, popping the button of my pants and pulling out my hard length. It sits stiff and dripping with need in front of her beautifully horrified face. "But you're welcome to praise my cock like the good little slut I know you are."

A shocked sigh leaves her mouth. The sound is so fucking sweet that my cock twitches in response. Right in her fucking face. Precum drips desperately from the tip. I fucking need her. I'm tired of waiting.

With my left hand firmly holding the knife to her throat, I bring my right hand to her head and sink my fingers into her vibrant locks. I pull her head back, extending the column of her neck so she can take me down her tight throat.

"Open up, siren. Let me in." My voice comes out desperate and needy but I can't help it, she drives me insane.

There's a flicker of defiance in her eyes, but as I dig the tip of the blade into the exposed flesh of her throat, she relents and opens for me. My feisty little brat is still

in there, but she's learning. Soon she'll be my perfect partner.

"Good girl," I praise before shoving my entire length inside her warmth.

She gags at the intrusion causing spit to drip from the corners of her mouth. She's a mess—bloodied and bruised with tears and spit streaming down her face. It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

I groan as the engorged head of my cock hits the back of her tight throat. "You feel so fucking good, lovely. I want to live inside your mouth." I snap my hips forward and thrust into the back of her throat again as her tongue grinds against the underside of my length in the most delicious way. "Would you like that? Being my sweet slut to use however I wanted, whenever I wanted?"

My girl moans around me. Clearly that idea excites her at some primal level.

Using my hand in her hair, I direct her head to the side slightly and let her watch as I fuck her face. "Look at you, what a good fucking cocksucker you are." She whines as her pupils expand, taking in the filthy sight. "You enjoy watching yourself swallow my thick fucking cock, don't you?" Her little fingers find their way to her exposed pussy. "That's it sweet siren, touch that pretty pink pussy to the image of yourself being used by your very own monster."

She groans, sending tingling vibrations across my cock. Fuck. It feels too fucking good. I pound into her with wild abandon, fucking her ruthlessly. Her fingers move quicker, dancing across her pussy furiously.

"Come for me," I demand with utter desperation laced in my tone.

Pleasure suddenly shoots through my entire being as my release hits me. My cock jerks as my cum empties into my girl and my eyes roll back into my head for just a

moment before crashing back to the mirror beside me. I can't stand to look away as I watch my beautiful nightmare on her knees with her face distorted in agonizing pleasure and my cum dripping down the sides of her face. She's truly a siren; she haunts my every waking moment, and yet no matter what I do my obsession only seems to deepen. She has me completely under her spell. Our combined ecstasy is a fucking vision. I want this moment imprinted on my damned soul for the remainder of my eternity.

Slowly pulling from her mouth, we stare at each other for a moment as our heavy breaths fill the space between us.

"You're a monster," she finally chokes out between pants.

I slide my thumb along her bottom lip and trace the curve of her plump pink skin.

"Yes my love, but I'm your monster."

"Where is Celeste?" she calls as I start backing up, leaving her a mess in a maze.

"Right where I left her." I can't help but smirk. It's technically not a lie—Celeste is where I last left her, at least as far as I'm aware. "She's safe and if you keep being a good girl, you might get to see her again."

Not waiting for her to reply, I turn the corner and leave her to think about what just happened. She's so close to being ready. Soon we can all finally be together.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

Nightmare by Halsey

“What exactly did the detective say?” Luke’s annoyance is palpable through the receiver.

I know it wasn’t exactly cool to call him after I ghosted him for days and had another man’s, a very dangerous man’s, dick in my mouth. But I panicked when I had a voicemail from Whatcom County Sheriff’s office asking me to report to their building on Friday at nine to speak to a detective. It’s currently Friday at eight, and I’m in full blown panic mode. Luke is the only lawyer I know, and I have no fucking clue if he’s even the type of lawyer that deals with this stuff, but I hope he might be able to help me.

“Not a lot.” I try to recall exactly what the detective said in the message. “Something about they’re opening a report and need statements—”

“A report or investigation?” he interrupts with a sharpness in his voice I haven’t heard from him before.

“I don’t remember,” I admit.

He sighs with annoyance. “I’m coming to pick you up. Be ready in ten—”

“No!” I interject. “I can handle this. I want to handle this.”

“You should always have a lawyer with you when being questioned. It’s just smart to have counsel with you whenever you speak to the police.”

“I’m not a suspect, Luke! I want to find Celeste more than anyone. I’m going to go there and demand they open an investigation, or search for her, or whatever the fuck they do. They just need to do something.” I’m pissed. Really fucking pissed . Celeste seems to have just vanished into thin air weeks ago and the world has just gone on without her as if nothing is amiss.

“Flower,” he soothes through the phone. “Of course you’re not a suspect. I wasn’t implying that. You just don’t want to get caught up in something you don’t understand. The law can be really complicated—”

I hang up before he has a chance to finish his condescending sentence. Nope, not dealing with that shit. I am smart, strong, and capable. I don’t need a man to explain shit to me. I got this. I turn off my phone and throw it in my purse before heading out the door. I’m going to storm down there and beg—no—demand that they trace her phone and send out a search party today.

The detective in front of me looks like something out of a bad TV show. He’s pudgy and balding with stains littering his wrinkled sports coat. He hasn’t even bothered to look up at me once, simply writing down my comments with an apathetic expression that tells me he’s not truly hearing me.

“So, do we make flyers or organize a search party or what?” I plead with him as he continues to scribble down nonsense on the paper.

“Ma’am, your friend is an adult.”

These fucking people and their fucking ma’am bullshit. I’m about ready to snap, but I take a deep breath and try to remain calm as I respond, “No, I’m aware, but she’s

missing and I'd really like to help in any way I can with the investigation."

"There is no investigation, ma'am. We're opening a report and gathering information, but adults are free to come and go as they please. Not texting your friend back isn't a crime." His tone is far from kind. It's both bored and rude.

I can feel my blood begin to boil. I went out of my way to put on one of my nicer outfits and look presentable so that they might take me seriously. The opaque tights are itchy against my skin and the ballet flats I'm wearing make me feel somehow meek.

"She hasn't shown up to work in weeks—" I start before the very bored detective in front of me interrupts me.

"People are allowed to quit their jobs, ma'am. There's no crime here so I can't really—"

"She didn't quit! Something bad happened to her!" The chair goes flying to the floor with a loud crash as I jump to my feet. I can feel eyes shift from around the crowded station to stare at me. Voices quiet down as nosy people watch my utter meltdown. I recognize that I'm making a scene but I can't help myself. "You're the police. It's literally your job to fucking help people, so help me find her."

My outburst has finally caught this asshole's attention enough to cause him to bring his eyes to meet mine. But the look he gives me isn't one of compassion or sympathy—no, he looks pissed.

"Ma'am, I am going to need you to sit down and calm down," he growls in a low tone laced with male condescension I know all too well. Fuck that shit.

"First, I am not a 'ma'am.' My name is Olivia, use it, asshole. Second, I recognize

that you're a lazy piece of shit, but I'm not leaving here until you agree to do your job and look into my friend who is not willingly gone, but who is in fact a missing person."

"That's it," Detective Asshole grumbles as he struggles to lift himself from his desk chair. "You need to leave right now, or else—"

A sudden presence next to me pulls my attention. Someone is standing at my shoulder right behind me.

"Carl, I got her," the woman next to me speaks to the detective before putting her hand on my shoulder and pulling me away. "Come with me, Olivia."

As soon as we turn and take three steps I throw her hand off my shoulder. But she persists, leading me to a desk on the other side of the room and motioning for me to sit. I fold my arms across my chest and give her my best fuck right off face.

"Fair enough," she laughs before sitting behind the desk in the worn office chair. "My name is Kaitlin Pierce. Please, sit." She motions again to the seat on the other side of her desk.

This woman seems nice enough. Her stringy blonde hair is not styled at all and she's wearing a terrible fitted suit but her warm brown eyes seem nice. She gives off the vibe of someone intelligent but caring. After another moment, I relent and sink into the sad office chair.

"Thank you, Olivia." Her voice is authoritative but kind. I think she might actually be alright, but I don't want to get my hopes up in this fucking place. "Tell me what's going on."

"My best friend, Celeste Briggs, is missing." I rush through the words, quick enough

that hopefully she won't be able to interrupt me. "I talked to her the weekend before Halloween and she was fine but she hasn't responded to me since. And she hasn't shown up to work since Halloween." Detective Pierce listens intently and nods along as I explain. "Her Halloween decorations are up, but it appears she hasn't been home and no one has heard from her. I think something bad happened to her."

This Pierce lady thinks for a moment before swirling her chair and typing away on her keyboard. I sit uncomfortably, pulling at the skin on the corners of my nail beds in anxiety. Phones ring in the background and the hum of hushed conversations fill the expansive room.

Suddenly, the woman swings back to face me, causing me to flinch slightly. "First, Olivia, let me just start by saying that I completely believe you." A small knot in my gut starts to unwind slightly. "And also, the other detective was right, adults are allowed to leave if they'd like. We can't investigate a crime if there's no evidence that one has occurred—"

I open my mouth to speak but Kaitlin holds up her hand to silence me. "However, I was able to open an official report, something it appears my colleague neglected to do. I am also going to do a wellness check today."

"What the fuck is a wellness check?"

She stares up at me with a slightly amused look in her eyes. She can clearly handle my shit, which is good because I'm done playing nice. Nice girls don't always finish first; sometimes when shit gets rough you gotta throw on your combat boots and get rough right back.

"I'm going to see if I can locate your friend, Olivia. I'll have a look around her house and see if anything looks suspicious. I promise you, if I find any evidence of foul play, I'll open an investigation immediately."

It's not exactly the going in guns-blazing approach I was hoping for but for now, it might be the best I'm going to get. And there's nothing to say that I can't continue to look for her myself. In fact, I think I know exactly where to start.

"And you'll keep me informed? You have my number with the other information?" I inquire before I stand.

"Of course, you have my word." The detective nods her head and I believe her. There's something sincere about her that makes me believe she'll keep her word. "Is there anything else you want to tell me about what's been going on?" she asks.

It's on the tip of my tongue to tell her about my stalker. She could probably help. They could stake out my house, and probably find him—but I don't.

"No, thank you, Detective." I hold out my hand and shake hers as I stand to leave.

Stepping outside and into the cool rain, I race to my truck. Once inside the cab, I pull my phone from inside my back pocket and turn it on. Five missed calls and ten text messages. Pulling up my messages I see they're all from Luke, and so are the phone calls. They range from apologizing to demanding I call him as soon as I can. What the hell is with this guy? Maybe Mr. Nice Guy isn't so nice after all. I hover over his contact information, debating what exactly to do next. Finally making a decision, my heart pounds as I type out my message, but I hit send quickly before I have time to second guess myself.

Me: Meet me?

UNKNOWN NUMBER: Name the time and place, sweet siren.

Olivia

Bad Guy by Falling in Reverse

The girl beneath me is visibly shaking. I hate it when they shake. Piercings are supposed to be fun and freeing. I don't want to feel like an asshole when I stick the needle in them; however, after how stressed I've been lately, stabbing holes into people is a bit of a relief.

"Take a big breath in for me," I coax her in the most soothing way I can. The sweet little nineteen year old on my table is clearly a good girl and follows my instructions without question. "Now breathe out." The air leaves her soft pouty pink lips and I feel a tingle between my thighs.

I checked, this sweet little thing is absolutely legal. Young—yes, but also totally legal. She's laid out on my table in just her low rise jeans and bra, exposing her soft, supple skin, and firm body to me. I'd have to be blind to not see how fucking hot she is. With her blonde waves, pale skin, and sweet little face, she's absolutely delectable. I bet she'd scream so pretty for me while I fucked her tight cunt with my tongue. She'd be such a responsive little thing too, I can tell. I need to focus though. First the piercing, then I can try to get this hot little piece of ass to ditch the loser waiting outside for her and come home with me.

"Okay, on the count of three, alright?" I ask as I pull the skin of her navel taught and line the thick needle up right through the top of her belly button. "Keep breathing for me beautiful, alright?"

Her cheeks slightly flush when I compliment her. Apparently this sweet little snack likes to be praised. Good to know.

“Alright,” her sweet whisper tickles my ear as I lean in closely, trying to block her view of the needle. I don’t need this girl passing out on me and she seems like the type who’d do just that.

I look up to make sure she’s fine and flash her a seductive smile. But when I look up it’s not her pretty face that grabs my attention. The dark black holes of his mask are staring straight at me. The grotesque golden tongue of his mask reflects the bright lights from the ceiling. I’m frozen under his heated gaze. There’s something about this monster that sets every piece of me on fire.

I pull my eyes from his and I scan the store. Everyone is going about their business as normal. Chris and Paul are shamelessly flirting up front, Casey is deep in the zone giving a tattoo, and countless customers are engrossed in their phones throughout the shop. How is no one disturbed by the very tall masked man looming in the middle of the shop, staring at me like I’m his next meal? Maybe he really is a demon sent here from the dark pits of Hell to haunt me for the sins of my past.

“Everything okay?” the client poised beneath me asks.

My demon slowly shakes his head no. He doesn’t need to tell me what he means. I know what he’s here for. The needle drops from my hand and hits the floor with an audible ping, but even that can’t pull my focus from the apparition of sin and secrets that has appeared before me.

“Hey, are you okay?” the girl whines as I stand to my full height, my eyes never leaving his.

“I’ll be right back,” I mumble and begin to walk past my table and out of my booth,

as if in a trance.

The demon spins on his heel, not even bothering to look if I'm following him as he slithers from the store. My feet move on their own accord, carrying me through the shop and past the various customers who seem completely oblivious to the chaos currently causing my life to crumble.

"Pink, you good?" Paul hollers as I walk past him toward the door.

"I'll be right back," I call back to him as I leave the shop and step outside.

The cold rain hits my heated skin, sending soothing rivulets skimming down my face and arms. It's freezing and the rain is coming down harder now. My breaths leave my mouth in puffs of white and goosebumps pebble across the surface of my skin. I take a minute to let the fresh air and cold rain soothe my seething soul before I wing my head around and look for my demon. He's nowhere to be seen. Stepping further out into the street, I scan the empty sidewalks. Everyone must have run inside one of the shops to get out of the cold, wet weather. I walk to the very edge of the shop and chance a glance down the alley that runs between our building and the next where we keep our trash cans.

Standing in the pouring rain, cloaked in shadows, is my demon. Like some type of dark devil his mere presence seems to suck all the light from the space and steal all the breath from my lungs. He's dangerous and approaching him would be a mistake, and yet I'm inexplicably drawn to him, as if fate demands I sacrifice myself before this monster and lay myself bare for him to take.

"Why are you doing this?" I shout as anger forces my feet to move closer to the danger that lurks ahead. "What do you want with me? We weren't supposed to meet until tomorrow and then you just show up at my work? What the fuck?"

Each step closer to him is one step closer to possible destruction, but I can't seem to stop myself. I'm sick of his games. I'm sick of the questions and the pain. I just want this all to end and for things to go back to how they were before.

When I get close enough to see his heaving chest, my anger-driven confidence begins to crumble and my steps falter. "Please, why are you doing this to me?"

He moves before I even have time to react. One moment we're standing facing one another, and the next he has me pinned to a wall with his hand around my throat. His fingers dig into the tender flesh of my neck in a bruising grip as he holds me tightly against the cold brick wall. I can't speak, I can barely breathe, but I can feel each erratic beat of my thundering pulse pumping against his fingers.

Apparently I never learn when it comes to him .

"You were thinking about touching that girl in there, weren't you?" he asks with anger eating up each word.

His fingers are so tightly wrapped around my windpipe, but I manage to breathe out a slight, "Yes."

"You are mine, my sweet siren. Body and soul—you belong to me. And I don't like others touching what is mine without my permission." The voice distorter covers some of the emotion but his tone still drips with anger as he speaks. "So tell me, my love, what do naughty girls get?"

Tears fall freely from the corners of my eyes, leaving warm paths down my cheeks as I gasp for air. I can't answer him; I'm only able to shake my head slightly as he holds me captive. My nails scratch at the fabric of his arm, trying desperately to get some relief, but it's no use—he has me in his clutches.

“Bad girls get punished, sweetheart.” He leans into me as he speaks, trailing the cold plastic of the mask along my flesh.

He lightens his grip just enough to let me breathe. His free hand trails along the flesh of my exposed thighs, sending tingles across my skin. I want to hate his touch but as his thick fingers skim higher and higher, I can’t help the need building in my core. I feel my pussy dampen as he teasingly strokes along the seam of my underwear. I should flinch from his touch, fight him off, and yet I can’t help the desperate urge to lean into him. No matter how much I hate him, I can’t deny how badly I want him.

“So needy for my touch, aren’t you lovely?” he croons as my hips move to seek out more of his touch. His fingers skim along the lips of my cunt, teasingly stroking me through my thong.

“Whose pussy is this?” His fingers dance so lightly across my sensitive center. I need more.

“Please,” I whine as my hips thrust up desperate for friction.

“You want me to touch you, my sweet siren?”

I nod my head yes as fresh tears spill down my face.

“Then...” his fingers move to grab the fabric of my thong. With a firm tug, he pulls at the flimsy fabric. I feel the lace give as it snaps and my thong rips clean on my body. The hot pink fabric falls to the damp ground. Cool air immediately hits my soaked center and the sensation sends me spiraling closer towards complete desperation. “Say...” he moves one thick finger to my clit, resting it right where I need it but not moving it at all. “You are mine.” His final words end with a feral growl that sends needy shivers shooting down my spine.

He holds me completely at his mercy with a possessive grip on my throat and a single digit lightly pressed against my throbbing clit. The cold rain is soaking through my clothes which is the only thing keeping me from combusting into an inferno of desperation. I blink to keep the rain out of my eyes and stare into the soulless depths of the masked man holding me captive. Do I sell my soul for this insanity? Do I give into my masked monster?

His grip loosens just enough to give me room to answer him. I suck in a deep breath before selling my soul to my devil. "Please. I'm yours. Only yours."

The growl that emanates from his chest is wild and uninhibited. His finger begins to move, rubbing my needy nub with such skill that I can't stop the moan slipping from my lips.

"So fucking wet for me, aren't you, lovely?" he moans as he adds a second finger to rub furious circles on my clit. "Such a good little slut for me."

His fingers feel so good. Pleasure begins to build in my core almost immediately. He's right—I'm absolutely desperate for him.

"Does my good girl need more?" His fingers leave my clit as he speaks, but before I can even miss the loss of them, they're inside me, pumping in and out at a vigorous pace. I cry out in agonized pleasure but no sound makes it past where his hand is wrapped around my throat.

"Who does this pussy belong to, siren?" he asks me as he continues to pound into me with his digits, the cold rain mixing with my heated wetness to create the most deliciously intense sensations. I groan as he curls his fingers and hits just the right spot inside me that has the entire world spinning.

His fingers suddenly rip from inside me. A sharp slap lands on my sensitive and

heated flesh. I shriek at the stinging pain until his fingers move back inside me and the pain turns to pleasure.

“I asked you, who does this pussy belong to?” he demands as he leans his head against mine; the plastic of his mask feels so cool against my heated skin.

“You,” I croak out as I ride his fingers. I’m so close to falling over the edge. I feel the waves of pleasure building up, ready to crash into bliss.

“That’s right, love. This pussy is mine.”

“More,” I groan as I throw my head back, letting the cold rain run down my heated cheeks.

“My little slut needs to be filled all the way?” he questions as he roughly shoves two more fingers inside me, pumping all four digits in and out of my dripping wet cunt mercilessly.

I cry out at the fullness but my screams turn to moans of wild pleasure as my body adjusts to being stuffed full of his thick digits.

Sliding his fifth and final digit inside me, he growls, “You’re gonna take my entire fucking fist like a good girl.”

Fuck . His tone is almost animalistic, as if he’s barely able to contain the pleasurable fury he’s ready to give me.

“Wait,” I beg as he shoves his five fingers inside me deeply, pushing slowly until all of his digits are knuckle deep. My nails dig into his shoulders as I cling to him. I’ve done a lot of things but this would be new and I’m not sure I can take it. “Won’t it hurt—”

“No more waiting, Liv,” he declares before curling his fingers into a tight fist inside of me. The pain is immediate as I’m stretched past what my pussy can take. “You’re mine.”

He begins pumping his fist inside of me, slow and careful at first, letting me adjust. As he slowly stretches me, my pussy begins to weep for him, and the pain and pleasure mix into the most potent form of ecstasy. It’s like my entire being is on fire, completely consumed with the burn that my monster is pulling from me. I’ll gladly burn in Hell with my demon if it feels this good.

“You need the pain don’t you?” he growls in my ear as he continues to punish my pussy. “I’ve seen your soul, my sweet siren. Your scars that you try to hide have called me to you, begging me to set you free.” His words crack the final piece of my resistance and I feel myself slip. I know it’s reckless to give into the chaotic frenzy he demands of me, but I can’t seem to deny him.

He tilts his head and watches intently as he fucks me at a punishing pace. “I wish you could see how pretty this pussy looks stretched around my entire fucking fist.” His words are filthy and degrading, but I can’t help how greedily my body responds to him. I feel my core tighten as my pleasure builds. “Be my good girl. Let go for me.”

“Yes!” I cry out as the wave of release builds to an unrestrained high. I want to let him drag me over the edge. “I’m yours,” I cry out into the rain as I let my masked stalker fist me in an alley behind my work. This is madness and yet I can’t deny how fucking free I feel.

And then it all stops. He extends his fingers and slowly pulls them from inside me. My pussy clenches between my drenched thighs, searching for his touch. I slump down against the wall as he completely releases me. My mouth falls open as I stand up and glare at the face of a monster. I gape at him, confused and frustrated as my impending orgasm slowly recedes.

“Next time you even think about looking at someone else, remember that you’re mine. And if you want to come, you’ll come to me.”

Horrors distorts my face into pure fury as realization hits me. He fucking tricked me. I played right into his fucking game ... again . Before I can even react, he lifts the mask ever so slightly and exposes his chiseled jaw covered in dark stubble. He sticks his fingers into his mouth, humming in pleasure as he sucks my arousal from his fingers.

“You taste fucking delicious.” He reaches out and pulls me tightly against his body. Before I know what’s happening, his lips are on mine. His mouth moves against my own in a possessive kiss that has me groaning into his mouth. He takes the opportunity to plunder my opened mouth with his tongue, claiming me with such desperate desire that I can do nothing but hold on and enjoy everything he’s willing to give me.

Pulling back from our kiss, he smirks before putting his mask back down and replacing his hellish facade. He steps back from me, his eyes roaming over my soaked and shaking form. “Remember, my sweet siren. You belong to me.”

And then he’s gone, leaving me alone once again. I’m confused and unsatisfied, standing alone in the rain with no fucking clue what to do next.

The Demon

Darkness by XVI

It physically pained me to leave her unsatisfied, but she needs to learn that there are rules. She's so very nearly ready, but she needs to understand that she belongs to me. She can no longer fuck whoever she pleases. She's moved from bed to bed, lover to lover, never letting any of them get too close to her. It's a form of defense—not letting anyone in. She thinks no one sees, no one notices. But I see her. I see her beauty and her strength, but I also see her pain. The only person that she's allowed past her defensive walls seems to be her one friend, the one she's all bent out of shape about and thinking I've kidnapped her or some shit. I definitely did not kidnap her friend, but for now the whole truth will remain my little secret.

I should not have entered her work. That broke the rules, and I really do not like to break the rules. The rules are there for a reason—they're meant to be followed. But when I saw her flirting with that girl, something in me snapped. She belongs to me. She is mine. She will understand when I show her all I have done and all I have risked for her. The life I have created for us will be perfect. She just needs to submit to me. Every angry encounter, every blood soaked second, every twisted moment of possessive insanity just further confirms that she is meant to be mine. Her broken soul sings out to me through the chaos of this world, begging me to claim her.

I hated leaving her desperately dripping. The taste of her sweet arousal on my tongue made me nearly feral with the need to sink into her tight cunt and claim her as mine. But she's not ready yet. Soon, she will be ready for the truth and everything will be perfect.

In the meantime, I need to keep an eye on her. Which is why I'm at this shitty fucking casino. This place is a fucking dump. She comes here routinely every week. Sometimes for a brief time while other days she is here the entire afternoon. This is the first time I've risked following her inside. My curiosity got the best of me. She told me at the hall of mirrors that she's here to see her father and my best friend mentioned something similar. But I need to know what she's doing in here. I need to see it with my own eyes.

I couldn't wear my mask inside this seedy rundown casino though. It would draw too many eyes. Most people are too fucking consumed by their own shitty selfishness to even truly see the world around them. They walk through life consumed with only their own whims and woes too stupid to notice the devils that walk among them. But a demonic black and gold mask might be a little hard for even the most moronic fools to not notice. So I opted for a pulled down ball cap and hoodie. I blend with the other anonymous nobodies slumped sadly on the stools littering this ill-lit bar.

"Can I grab you another beer, buddy?" the elder bartender asks as he approaches my table.

I keep my head bowed with my eyes on the grimy surface of the table. The sticky, linoleum, fake wood makes my skin crawl. Every inch of this place is covered in grime and grit and reeks of years of stale cigarette smoke. If it weren't for the soulful siren perched across the room, I would be out of here as quickly as possible.

"Sure," I grunt quietly at the bartender. I can't have her hear my voice and give myself away.

The bartender returns to his spot behind the bar, leaving me alone to stalk my prey. I'm seated at a table in the back of this shitty as fuck bar with a perfect angle to watch my girl. She's seated next to an older man whose eyes are glued intently to the televisions in front of him. Her head bobs and her pink curls light up the darkness of

this shithole as she talks animatedly. She's trying so desperately to get his attention. She craves his focus, if only for a moment. But he's so wrapped up in the basketball game in front of him, he barely seems to hear her. His fingers twitch nervously against the bartop at his elbows. It doesn't take an investigator to figure out he has money on this game. The problem is that my sweet siren seems determined to get him to care about her. My chest aches for her. No child should have to beg their parent for affection. It's fucked up. And if he wasn't her damn father I would pound his face into the bartop until it knocked some fucking sense into him.

This really is what has consumed my sweet siren's time apparently. She's been sneaking away from our little games, stealing hours here and there, to beg her daddy for love. Part of me is grateful to know she's been being a good girl for me and sneaking away just to see him. The other part of me is furious that she isn't the center of his fucking universe. Soon, she will have more affection than she'll know what to do with. My girl deserves to be loved, and I intend to show her just what a fucking queen she is. My fingers turn white around my near empty beer bottle as I watch the scene playing out in front of me.

"Hello, brother." A large, possessive hand lands on my shoulder, shaking me from my obsessive thoughts.

The voice of the man behind me is like nails on a fucking chalkboard. I knew it was a possibility to run into him here, but I assumed I'd spot him before he found me. I thought we were past the point where he'd be able to sneak up on me. His presence grates at some deep repressed anxiety, pulling the painful memories of my past back from the depths of my mind. My chest constricts and my pulse skyrockets as his fingers painfully dig into the skin of my shoulder. His expensive cologne wraps around my senses and darkens my sight until all I see is red. The smell is like a trigger, bringing me back to all the helpless moments from my teenage years—moments I thought I had left far behind me.

“Get your fucking fingers off me, Will,” I growl as I fight to keep myself in control. He likes it when I lose control; my madness feeds his own wild obsession with chaos and I’m not giving in to him.

He tuts as he rounds the table to face me. His heated gaze rakes across me and sets every inch of my skin on fire. He comes to a stop in front of me, completely blocking my view of my girl. He looks like he’s taken care of himself in the years since I’ve seen him. He’s lean but muscular with an expensive looking suit that’s tailored to fit him. His boyish blonde hair is now slicked back, giving more presence to his dark and intense stare. I have the urge to jump across the table and throttle him. But I won’t. I can’t.

“That’s no way to greet your brother after years of silence.” His tone is condescendingly slick. He’s always been a wolf hiding in sheep’s clothing. The perfect son, star athlete, good student, fun friend, but underneath lurks something evil.

“You’re not my fucking brother, Will. You’re a sick psycho who made my life a living Hell.” I stare at a spot on the table as I speak to him, focusing on breathing in through my nose and out through my mouth in order to maintain my composure.

“You were always a feisty little sub,” his hand reaches out to grab mine as he speaks to me. His touch makes bile rise in my throat. “It’s that fire that made your submission to me so much sweeter.” His finger grazes across the back of my hand.

I snap.

“I wasn’t your fucking sub, you sick fuck!” I growl as I shove him away.

Throwing my stool back, I stand. At my full height I’m now bigger than my former foster brother. I loom over him as he smirks in satisfaction. The wooden stool I was

sitting on falls to the floor with a loud bang. My breaths come in ragged pants as I clench and unclench my fist. I glance around the room, making sure I haven't drawn too much attention to us. My girl is still engrossed in her father, none the wiser to my presence.

I shift my gaze back to Will and immediately realize the mistake I've made. His line of sight has been drawn away from me. He's staring exactly where I was looking a moment ago—right at the pink-haired beauty across the room. My heart feels as though it will beat right out of my chest as I watch him look her up and down, hungrily assessing the way her shirt rides up as she leans over the bartop, exposing her beautifully tanned skin. Skin that is mine and mine alone to mark.

“Oh,” a satisfied smirk pulls at the corner of his mouth. “I see what has brought my baby brother out of hiding. I thought you might have come here for a little family reunion, but it seems you're more interested in that pretty little thing across the bar. She does look like a delicious snack.” His gaze flicks back to mine and I can see the lustful lurk that brightens his eyes.

“I have no idea what you're talking about, Will.” I lie, hoping that it will get him to leave her alone. The thought of this monster getting anywhere near my girl boils my blood.

“Then you won't be upset to know that she owes me a debt.” Will's eyes burn with desire as he speaks. He's a fucking spider, and I'm the fly caught in his web. With every word he speaks, I'm spun further and further into his trap. “Daddy dearest there owes me a lot of money, and his good little girl is going to be doing some work for me in order to pay it off.”

All the blood rushes to my ears and pounds on my brain as all the pieces fit together into a horrific realization. I clench my fists at my side, willing myself to not hit the man in front of me. Over my dead fucking body will she have anything to do with

Will.

He leans in closer and his smirk pulls wider, exposing his sharpened canines. “Don’t worry, brother. I’m sure you’ll be able to buy the video online once I get it all edited. You’ll love watching me pound into her tight little ass while she lays unconscious on my bed, won’t you?”

My fist collides with his face with a deafening crack. I can feel the bone and cartilage of his nose snap against my skin. Every ounce of rage I’ve been holding in since I was a teenager gets pounded into his fucking face.

“You stay the fuck away from her,” I growl as I pull him by the collar, bringing his bloodied face up to meet mine.

The asshole has the balls to still smirk at me. Blood drips from his nose, staining his teeth, and giving him a sinister look. “Don’t worry baby brother, if you’re a real good boy I’ll let you lick my cum out of her used up cunt when I’m done with her.”

Before I know what I’m doing, his head hits the wall with a loud crack as his skull collides with the brick behind him. His neatly styled hair comes undone and a stiff lock falls across his forehead. My fingers are wrapped around his throat, squeezing so tightly that I can feel his pulse pumping against my hand. His black eyes bulge slightly but the bloodied smile never leaves his face.

“You touch her,” I growl as my fingers flex to a bruising tightness around his windpipe. “And I will fucking kill you.”

Just as I’m about to snap his neck, lithe fingers gently wrap around my arm. My eyes flick to the soft pink manicured nails that are gently caressing my skin. Her tanned skin is warm and soft against my own heated flesh. My sweet siren’s touch is enough to bring me back to reality and out of my haze of fury. I turn my face to meet hers.

The concern swirling in her emerald irises drags my entire focus to her.

Her voice comes out as a soft whisper as she begs me, “Let him go, Luke.”

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Olivia

Looking at the Devil by Seibold, Neutopia, and Leslie Powell

The man in front of me is not the man I thought I knew. The rage radiating off him in waves is so unlike the calm and collected lawyer that I thought he was. In front of me is not the man I went on a date with. In front of me is the devil within.

“Let him go, Luke,” I plead as he holds Will tightly against the wall. His face contorts as he wars internally with my request.

I have no idea what happened between them. All I know is I was talking to my father one minute, and the next, the man I had gone on one date with had my blackmailer pinned to the wall of a bar. Like, what the actual fuck? However, when I stormed over I saw the look in Luke’s eyes. It wasn’t the typical drunken anger you see on the face of most douchebag alpha males. No, this was one of pained fury. I don’t know what’s going on but I do know that something here is very, very wrong.

His dark eyes swirl with obsessive rage as he stares down at me. I should be scared. This man is clearly unhinged. But there’s something about him that calls to me. It’s like my soul recognizes something in him that I can’t yet see.

“Flower?” he whispers as if seeing me for the first time.

“Yes.” I nod reassuringly as I slightly pull at his arm, asking him to let the other man go. Even though the asshole he currently has bloodied and beaten against a wall absolutely deserves to have the shit beat out of him. But now is not the time or place.

Luke releases Will who falls to his ass with a flop. I let out a soft sigh of relief. I have no idea what the issue is between them, but Luke doesn't need the type of trouble that Will could bring his way. The fight broke out while my father was in the bathroom. I need to get Luke and myself out of here before he gets back. None of us need any more trouble from Will.

"Luke," I plead as I pull him away. "Let's just go okay?"

He nods once, wrapping his arm around me tightly and letting me lead him toward the doorway. As we're about to exit, Will shouts at our backs, "Don't forget Olivia, you have until the end of the month."

Heat sears my cheeks. I don't need anyone, certainly not a well-off professional like Luke, knowing about this. I have until the end of the month to find some way to raise all the money my father owes, or I'll be paying with my body. The thought sends a shiver down my spine. I'm desperate not to do that. I don't want him anywhere near me but I'm not sure where I'll get that kind of money.

Luke leads me outside swiftly with a possessive hand on my lower back. Before we leave, I shoot my dad a quick text to let him know that an emergency came up and I had to leave. He won't ask questions about my sudden departure, he never does. The drizzling rain hits my cheeks and cools my heated skin; the fresh air immediately soothes my soul. I know most people hate the cold, rainy winters here—but there is something absolutely refreshing about weather like this. Luke guides me to his bright red Audi parked in the corner of the lot. I don't know how I didn't notice the flashy vehicle when I came here, unless of course, he came here after me. Maybe he's been following me. The car opens with a pretentious beep as we approach. Luke opens the passenger door and uses his hand to guide me into the seat. I have to hold my dress down with my hand and contort uncomfortably to get into the bucket seat without flashing him. The smell of spice and smoke hits me immediately, confirming what I already knew. Once I'm settled, he leans in across me and fastens my seatbelt.

“I’m not a child; I can buckle myself in just fine,” I snark at him as he adjusts the strap to make sure it’s snugly across my chest.

“Just fucking let me take care of you, okay?” he snarls before closing the door and rounding the car.

The brat in me wants to undo the belt just to prove a point, but I won’t. Something is clearly eating at him, and I don’t think that right now is the time to push his buttons. Clearly Will said something, or did something, that truly upset him. He’s always so calm and composed, but this ... unhinged side of Luke is unsettling, and honestly a bit of a turn on. Crazy likes crazy, what can I say? Without another word, he revs the car and peels out of the parking lot.

I wait until we’re cruising on the interstate, far from the casino, before braving to say anything. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“No,” he states matter of factly, but fuck that.

“Too fucking bad, cause we’re going to talk about it. You want to get to know me? Fucking open up and stop acting like an asshole.”

His eyes fly to me in surprise before swiftly returning to the road. He lets out a long sigh and I’m convinced he’ll shut me out, but he surprises me. “Will, that guy in there, was my foster brother. My mom wasn’t well, and my dad was out of the picture, so I ended up in the system. Unfortunately for me, I ended up in Will’s home. His parents were nice enough, strict, but nice; but their son is a wolf in sheep’s clothing.”

I don’t disagree. He looks attractive, put together, and appears nice enough. But the things he asked of me, the way he wants to exploit me, is unthinkable.

“He didn’t just fuck with me,” Luke continues as his knuckles turn white on the wheel. “He and his cronies hurt girls at our school. Will was older, graduated before us, but he’d be home from college, come to the high school parties, put things in girls drinks, and have his pals all take turns on her.”

My stomach rolls at the thought. I know what he propositioned of me was bad, but to do it to girls. High school fucking girls. And to include others in his sick and twisted shit—I should have let Luke beat the shit out of him. And the way he won’t say exactly what Will did to him, he doesn’t need to say it, I can feel the scars that mark his soul. My heart aches for the memory of the young man sitting next to me.

“He filmed it, too.” Luke’s voice is barely a whisper now, so low I almost can’t hear it over the sound of the rain on the windshield. “He put the videos online. I don’t even know if all the girls know what he’s done, how he’s profiting off their assault. It’s—horrib—vil—”

“He’s a fucking asshole who deserves to have his cock ripped off and shoved down his fucking throat,” I finish for Luke.

“Yeah.” He nods in agreement. “He and the entire group of guys who helped him all deserve to get fucked up.”

“And those girls deserve justice,” I add and he nods again.

We sit for a moment in silence before I’m brave enough to tell him the truth. “He’s still doing it. He’s still filming women for money and putting the videos online. He propositioned me.”

We pull up next to a nice looking building. The brick facade is bright red against the gray northwest sky. The large windows are outlined in matte black, giving it a very modern vibe. Luke puts the car in park and turns off the engine before shifting to face

me.

“I won’t let him hurt you, Flower. I promise. Just stay the fuck away from him, okay? I’ll help you file a restraining order or whatever it is you need.” He takes my palm in his. His hands are large, warm, and strong. They feel reassuring wrapped around my own.

“I wish it were that easy Luke, I really do.”

And I mean it. I wish I had been born to a family without the weight of addiction constantly weighing us down. I would have loved to have had a childhood free of worries about money for food and making sure my only parent didn’t lose our house by gambling away the rent. I would have given anything to just be a carefree kid and to lessen the grip that addiction seems to hold on my father. But I’m not that girl. This is my cross to bear. We’ve been in tough situations before, and I’ve always figured a way out. I’ll figure a way out of this one too.

“Do you want to come up?” Luke asks as he motions to the building we’re parked in front of.

“Up? Like to your place?” I ask, glancing at the posh exterior behind us.

He chuckles before exiting the car and coming around to my side. As he opens my door, he holds out his hand to me. Willingly, I slip my hand into his and let him lead me inside.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Luke

if u think i'm pretty by Artemas

I watch from the corner of my eye as she takes in my living room once we step inside. I'm proud of this place; I worked hard to be able to afford a home of my own, and a nice one at that. But still, I feel the sudden urge to impress her. I feel like a foolish kid hoping the girl he has a crush on appreciates his appearance.

My townhouse is sleek and modern. I'm aware it's very masculine with the dark tones and sharp lines. Some would call it cold, I call it clean. I like things clean and neat.

Having my Flower in here, in my space, is both nerve-racking and fucking exhilarating. I've been watching so long and solely existing on the outskirts of her life. I'm so fucking sick of playing with her behind a mask. Having her here with her scent filling my space makes the blood rush to my cock. Thinking of her splayed out on my fucking bed and at my mercy, without the damn mask, has my cock aching against my zipper.

Her pink curls bounce as she moves her head up and down looking over everything. "It's nice in here," she finally states. "I like the windows."

She moves to stand in front of the two-story wide panes I had put in. You can catch a glimpse of the ocean from them if you look closely. Her curvaceous frame is silhouetted in the low light of the gray day outside. She's gorgeous. And mine. I'd remove both of Will's hands and shove them up his asshole before I let him touch

her. She's my perfect Flower. Mine to corrupt. Mine to play with. Mine to love.

Love . A word I thought myself completely incapable of until them. Liv and Celeste—my girls. Some would call this obsession, lust, or possessiveness. But for a monster like me, something forged from years of surviving pain, this is as close to love as I can get.

"I bought it specifically for the windows," I state as I come to stand directly beside her. "I grew up in a really shitty trailer, before going into the system obviously, and the windows were always covered with cardboard. It was important for me to have a place with big windows."

I look out at the street below while my mind wanders back to a time and place far away from here. Her slender fingers slip into mine, the warmth grounding me back to the here and now.

"A shitty yesterday only makes us stronger today, right?" she says with a soft squeeze of my hand. I look down at her and offer a sad smile. Tears rim her emerald eyes. She's so beautiful—my broken and beautiful siren.

"Enough of this heavy shit." She pulls her hand from mine and swiftly wipes the impending tears from her lower lids. "Point me to your booze."

A chuckle leaves my throat as I point her to the direction of my custom built-in bar. It used to be some type of alcove for when people had giant ass televisions that they needed to fit inside their walls. It was a stroke of genius to rework it into a built-in bar.

"Bourbon." The tone of her voice as she appraises my extensive collection makes my lips turn up into a small smirk. "I knew you were a good guy."

I turn back to the window, letting her fix our drinks while I run through the words in my head. It's time to tell her. She's ready to know the truth. She'll be pissed. Rightfully so. She will definitely be upset about Celeste. But it's time. She'll come around. If I can just get her to listen, she'll understand everything.

"Come on, drink with me." She plops down on my gray couch holding two glasses of amber liquid with one held out in my direction.

I join her on the couch, gladly accepting the drink and throwing back a healthy gulp. The liquor burns, stinging my throat as it slides down. But the burn quickly melts away and I'm left with the rich, smoky aftertaste that only a really good whiskey can provide. Liv follows suit and swallows down a very healthy drink of bourbon.

"What does Will want with you?" I ask as I balance my drink on my knee. She glances from the glass back at me before shooting back more of her own.

"You don't have any taxidermy," she states after a long pause.

"What?"

"You said you were a hunter but you don't have any trophies," she says as her eyes flit around my sleek and modern space.

"Don't avoid the question. How are you wrapped up with Will?" I ask her in a tone that leaves no room for debate.

She sighs and hangs her head before finally conceding. "He wants me to make one of his videos, or more like participate in one with his 'friend,' Erika, to pay off some debt."

My hand squeezes my glass so tightly I fear I might break it.

“Your debt?” I question but I already know the answer.

She hesitates for a moment before admitting, “My fathers. He’s had a gambling addiction for as long as I can remember. My mother left when I was younger and he went off the rails after that. His old bookie, the casino’s owner, Erika’s father, used to do stuff to me when I was a kid...”

She trails off, lost in the ghosts of her past. Her eyes go vacant as her mind travels to a place far off. Some of this I knew, some is new information. I didn’t know about the casino owner but his name just got added to my list.

“He did things to Erika too,” she continues in a whisper. She sounds so small and vulnerable. It makes me want to break shit, preferably this asshole’s neck. “And his favorite was making us do things to each other. It was fucked up, but I was used to it. Then Will took over some of the bookie shit and now he wants me to make fucking movies with him or some shit and I just—” she trails off as sobs rack her entire body.

I throw the rest of my drink back, place the glass down, and take her in my arms. I hold her tightly while she curls into me. The smell of her is so utterly intoxicating, lavender mixed with honey and something that is just uniquely her. She feels so small in my arms, but it’s like she was always meant to be here— to be mine .

A sudden wave of dizzying lightheadedness runs through me, sending the room spinning. I pull back slightly as I take a deep breath and try to calm myself. I must have raised my blood pressure so high that I’m making myself dizzy. I tilt her chin up to me, forcing her to meet my gaze. Even with makeup running down her cheeks, puffy face, and sorrow filling her normally bright eyes, she looks stunning.

“I won’t let anything happen to you, I promise,” I whisper against her plush lips before laying a soft kiss on her mouth.

She immediately leans into the kiss, deepening it, and slipping her tongue into my mouth. We both fight for dominance and moan into each other as our tongues tangle with one another. She's so warm and soft in my arms. My hands fall to her hips, squeezing possessively and pulling her into me. A soft squeal of delight leaves her lips and it has my cock throbbing to be unleashed from the confines of my slacks. I'm going to chain her to my bed, tell her the truth, then stuff her so full of my cum that it'll be leaking from her for days. Nothing, no one, will ever keep her from me again. She is mine .

She suddenly pulls back from me, biting her lower lip with her teeth and flashing me her most seductive eyes. Fuck me . This girl is trouble.

“Get me another drink?”

How could I deny her?

Standing from the couch, the world immediately shifts sideways. Everything is spinning. I raise my hand to my head, trying to hold myself steady. But it's no use—the world is still a swirling mess. Black dots spot my dizzying vision. I stumble forward, trying to maintain my balance but failing miserably. In my periphery, I can sense Liv stand and follow me, watching as I stagger across the floor. With the next step, my knees give out completely. I fall to the ground and catch myself with my hands before my head hits the hard wood below. I close my eyes and take several deep breaths, trying to tame the vertigo.

When I open my eyes again, all I can see is Liv's signature black platform combat boots in front of me. I try to raise my head to look at her, but it's no use—I'm too weak. With a firm kick to my chest, she flips me over. I land on my back, staring at my ceiling while blackness begins to take over the edges of my vision.

“Wha—what's going on?” I hear my own voice mumble but it sounds like I'm

underwater. Something is definitely wrong.

Liv's face suddenly appears in my limited field of vision. She's crouching over me. At least, I think she is. Everything is starting to get very hazy.

"You thought you were clever, didn't you?" Her voice is cold and calculating.

Why is she not helping me?

"You thought a mask and voice distorter would fool me?" She scoffs and my vision darkens further, the blackness threatening to pull me under completely.

Then it dawns on me— the fucking drink. She drugged me .

"Night, night, my demon."

That's the last thing I remember before everything goes black.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Luke

Seven Nation Army by SKALD

Halloween Night

She feels so fucking good. Her pussy continues to pulse around my softening cock as she rides out the last waves of her orgasm. Through the thin walls of her tight little cunt I can feel Garrett's cock pumping out the remainder of his release. The feeling of both of them coming with me is almost too much. I shouldn't be this fucking enraptured from the feeling of my best friend and the girl we're out here to murder coming against my cock, but fuck if it isn't one of the most wild experiences of my life.

He's been stalking Celeste for weeks, trying to find a way into her life. Halloween provided him with the perfect opportunity to put the plan into motion. He plans to bring her out here and use her for his revenge. I'm just supposed to be here for support but he doesn't know that I have plans of my own.

He might think we're out here to kill her, but he's got another thing coming. She's not his to use—she's mine, and I have no intention of letting him destroy her for his fucked up revenge scheme. I'm obsessed and if she dies tonight, any hope I have at winning over my obsession goes out the window. He might need her for his revenge scheme, but I need her more. As is, this whole plan is fucked up. Who wins over the girl of their dreams by fucking another girl, murdering her, and then framing someone else for the murder? He's my best friend and the closest thing I'll ever have to a brother, but his obsession has clouded his judgment. It's time I step in.

“Are you both even real or is this just some fucked up fantasy?” my girl whispers as she lays her blindfolded head against my chest and sighs. She’s so soft and sweet—my perfect good girl.

“Who says it can’t be both, Sweetness?” I whisper into her ear. “Let me be your dark fantasy. Say you’ll be mine, baby girl, and let me be your monster.”

I’m desperate for her to say yes, for her to give in and submit to me. I have plans and they all rely on her willingly being mine.

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

I feel my girl tense in my arms as she senses the change in energy. Garrett can be a scary motherfucker when he wants to be. He’s unpredictable, unhinged, and violent. But she has nothing to fear; we will all be walking out of here in one piece tonight.

With a rough grip around her arm, Garrett pulls Celeste to her feet, ripping her from my protective embrace. I can’t stop the feral growl from leaving my chest as I rise to stand opposite them, pulling up my pants as I do.

“Come on, man,” I try to reason with him. “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!” he roars and I can see my sweet girl visibly flinch. I don’t like that. “You know what’s at stake!” Garrett’s eyes are wild and full of violence. “Remember what they did to us?”

I don’t need him reminding me. Brody, Will, and their group tortured me and others for years. Their marks still scar my body and soul, wounds that will never fully heal. I want this revenge just as much as he does. They may not have been responsible for

the death of my family member, or the assault of the woman I love, like they did to Garrett, but I still carry the weight of their injuries. They deserve to die. They absolutely deserve to suffer. We will take everything from them. But unlike Garrett, I'm not willing to sacrifice Celeste in order to get my revenge.

My girl rips the blindfold from her face and the scrap of fabric falls to the damp ground beneath us. Her pupils are blown, her lips puffy and red, tears and makeup streaks run down her cheeks. And yet, she's still a fucking vision. My Angel of sin and seduction.

"I know you," she says to Garrett as she assesses us. I knew he'd been stalking her but I didn't think he'd let her see his face. That's definitely against the rules. I fucking hate it when he breaks the rules.

Garrett motions with his head for me to head out and get what we need. I really don't want to leave her alone with him, especially when he's in this type of mood, however I don't think I have a choice if this is going to work. I slink back into the shadows of the trees, letting him think I headed back to the car to get the things we need to make it look like a murder and body dump. There's no fucking way I'm headed back to the car though. I'm not letting my girl out of my sight.

"Why? Why are you doing this?" she asks with a shake in her voice. I can't tell if she's scared or sad. Probably both.

"Revenge."

"What have I ever done to you?" Her voice shakes unsteadily again. I know she's strong. She can handle this.

"It's not what you've done, but who you are. I'm not a good man, Angel." He leans down and strokes her cheek. "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, 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?" she chokes out and my chest flares with anger.

"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 . Now run."

She refuses to move. She stands on shaky legs like a lost little doe before a viscous predator.

"Let me make it exceptionally clear: you're going to run and if I catch you, I will kill you." He turns and walks toward a tree off to the side of the clearing, his back is to me and I start to move forward, preparing to grab my girl and run. "If Luke catches you, he will kill you." From behind the tree he pulls something off the ground and into his hand.

Fuck.

"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."

He approaches her again while loading the crossbow. I can physically feel my blood

pressure rising, the need to protect her overriding my normal sense of self-preservation.

“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.”

Then she runs. Shit , she’s out of my grasp now. Running desperately over the uneven terrain, I follow my girl. I watch as her plump little ass bounces as she flees. Something feral and animalistic inside of me likes her running from me. My cock thickens in my pants as I get closer and closer to her terrified form. I want to tackle her to the ground, pin her down, and sink my cock into her tight little pussy again. I want her covered in my marks and my cum so that she never again questions who she belongs to.

She comes to a screeching halt in the middle of an outcropping of giant pines. The air is so cold that it leaves her pretty pink lips in white wisps. She’s so scared, so vulnerable, so fucking perfect.

Slinking around the back of one of the ancient tree trunks, I circle my prey. From here, I can smell her fear. She smells like roses—floral with a hint of sweetness. The smell has my mouth watering at the thought of sinking my teeth into her pale flesh. She’s shivering and cowering; I just can’t help the smile that pulls at my lips as I creep up behind her.

I swiftly wrap my arms around her torso, encircling her in my embrace. She shrieks in fear and begins to flail. She kicks and scratches at me, but I hold tight. I’m not letting her get away.

“Fuck! Stop! Stop already!” I continue to hold tightly to her while whispering in her ear, willing her to calm down. “It’s me! Stop, Sweetness.”

That seems to do the trick. She stops fighting and allows herself to just be held. I place her feet lightly on the ground, making sure she remains in my grasp where I can protect her.

“Shh. It’s okay, everything’s okay. I got you now. Just breathe with me okay?” I whisper into her ear as I lay my palm flat against her chest. I push down and up lightly, helping to guide her breathing.

It’s a trick I learned in one of the group homes. I had anxiety attacks for a while when I was first removed from my mom’s care. I’d wake up from a nightmare in a full blown panic. One of the older kids there taught me that regulating your breathing physically would force your body to calm down. It’s how I’ve regulated my anxiety ever since.

“Please don’t kill me,” she finally whispers.

How could this beauty think I would want to harm her? Well, I do want her pain, but only when used to bring her pleasure. My girl seems to be a bit of a pain slut and I am more than happy to indulge her needs. Especially if those needs get me closer to my obsession. I know it might be fucked up to use one girl to win over a second, but I’m determined to have them both. My Sweetness and my Flower will both be mine, no matter what.

Spinning her swiftly, I move to cup her face between my palms. She scans my face, looking for something. I want to comfort her, but that’s not something I’m used to doing. I’m more of a fuck buddy than a boyfriend. But for her—for them—I will be whatever they need.

“You’re mine, Sweetness. Your pleasure, your pain, your fear, your submission is all mine. And I take good care of what’s mine.” I bring my lips to hers in a bruising kiss, hoping to convey all the things I don’t and can’t say with words. She gasps and I use

the opportunity to slip my tongue between her ruby lips. I plunder her mouth with a possessive fury.

Then another arrow whizzes past our heads, hitting the tree beyond us with a deafening thud. Splinters of wood fly through the air and she screams as she clings tightly to me. She spins instinctively but I hold her firmly against me.

“Luke, you knew what she was from the start.” Garrett approaches with the crossbow pointed directly at us.

“I know that was the plan, but I have a new one,” I inform him. “You’re going to give her to me.”

Garrett laughs. He shouldn’t laugh. I’m not fucking kidding. I hold my girl securely, refusing to back down. Her bare ass rubs against my already hardened cock and I can’t help but grind into her. I know that now is really not the time for this, but I can’t help the way my body reacts to her. There’s a pull between us that is undeniable. I want to crawl under her skin and wrap myself around her soul.

“She’s not yours to keep, Luke. We need her dead for the rest of this plan to work. You know that.”

“No,” I inform him as my hand moves down Celeste’s body to her needy little pussy, stroking her lightly. “You need her gone, not dead.”

I pull her flush against my body, letting her feel how hard she makes me even in the face of danger. Her pussy dampens and I can’t help myself. My need for her is fucking endless. I roughly slip two fingers in her tight little cunt, letting her walls throb around them. My fingers quickly drip with her arousal and the cum I just pumped into her tight pussy. She gaps and the desperate little sound is the only confirmation I need that she wants this.

Garett watches with rapt attention and his anger slowly melts as he watches my sweet little thing writhe on my fingers. She moans when I bring my thumb to her clit and flick the hardened nub. He licks his lips and smirks as he watches the show we're putting on for him.

"She does seem to be desperate for your cock, brother. It would be a shame to waste such a submissive little slut," my best friend croons as he watches me finger fuck our little captive. My own cum mixed with her leaking desire drips down my hand as I add a third finger and curve them against her bundle of nerves in her inner walls. "What's this plan then? How can she be gone and not dead?"

"Let me keep her. Let me take her and make her my good little pet," I suggest as I feel her walls flutter around me. My little slut is close already. "She'll be a good little girl for me, won't you, Sweetness?" I lick a path up her neck, tasting the potent mix of her fear and desire.

She moans but doesn't respond and that just won't do. My other hand snakes through her black hair and pulls her head back sharply. "You will answer your master when I address you. Is that clear, pet?"

She looks between myself and Garrett for a moment, assessing her options. I don't like her hesitancy. I need her submission.

"Yes, Sir," she manages to choke out between breathy moans.

I release her hair and bring my hand down to her neck. I'll have to get my pet a collar, but for now a hand necklace will have to do. I squeeze enough to leave a mark but not enough to choke her out completely. Her eyes bulge slightly in fear and fuck if that fear isn't the most exquisitely sinful thing I've ever seen. I want it all from this girl—her fear, her pleasure, her pain, her submission, her desire.

Garett steps up in front of us, bringing his hand up to her throat along with mine. We squeeze her throat together, dragging her to the brink of unconsciousness. His other hand moves to his zipper as he opens his pants and lets his hardened cock spring free. The piercing at the end glimmers in the moonlight. Our hands touch around Celeste's throat while he uses his other hand to fuck himself. Together, the three of us grunt and moan as we all chase our release. Garrett's eyes find mine and I can't stop myself from looking down, watching him fuck himself as we bring our little Angel to the brink of ecstasy.

Garett leans into her and whispers to her, "You never answered him, Celeste. You're either dead for my desires or captive to his. What's it going to be, Angel?"

"I want to be a good little pet for my master," she manages to answer between pleased moans as I grind my fingers against her G-spot, demanding her release. "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."

Garett's nostrils flare as he watches her give in. He looks back up to me as he squeezes tighter around her throat. "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."

I bring my thumb back to her clit and flick it furiously. I squeeze her throat dangerously tight as my girl falls over the edge, her entire body spasms as her pussy constricts around my fingers. She tries to cry out into the night but we're holding her throat too tightly. Garrett is the next to finish, an animalistic noise echoing off the trees around us as he fucks himself through his own release.

And then my girl goes limp, collapsing completely. I catch her before she falls to the ground. I pick her up in my arms and hold her against my chest protectively.

“She’s your problem now,” Garrett informs me as he tucks his spent cock back into his jeans and zips them up. “But no one can catch a glimpse of her. She has to completely disappear for this to work,” he warns me.

I nod in acknowledgment. I understand the plan. Celeste will disappear, we will frame Brody for her presumed murder, then Garrett will swoop in and steal Brody’s wife. Brody will spend the remainder of his days rotting in prison, having to know that the man he wronged is enjoying his wife. A fate worse than death—rotting away and watching the life you dreamed of stolen away by someone else. Brody doesn’t deserve a quick death after everything he has done.

What Garrett doesn’t know is that I have plans of my own. Plans that involve using Celeste and her disappearance to lure a sweet little pink-haired beauty into my trap. They may not be ready to admit that they need each other, but by the time this is over, they’ll both be mine. And they’ll both be each others. The three of us were meant to be. Garrett’s plan might be the work of an unhinged psycho, but it has led me to the two women who have claimed my every waking thought, so I can’t complain.

I lay a chaste kiss against Celeste’s forehead and begin to walk her back to the car. “Let’s get you home, Sweetness.”

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Celeste

Blood in the Cut by K. Flay

Two Weeks Later

Some would call this torture. Others might call it pleasure. I'm currently landing somewhere in the middle of the two—pleasurable torture. Is that a thing? I've been strapped to this bed all day. My ankles and wrist are bound to the bed posts, leaving me spread eagle. My head is covered by a leather hood, meaning I can't see a damn thing. Chained and left in darkness for most of the day—that is definitely tortuous.

But the buzzing between my thighs—that is pure pleasure. Master has been teasing me all day. I'm a dripping mess by this point. He left me chained up in nothing but this little leather strip covering my pussy with a vibrator tucked slightly inside of me. It's so close to where I need it, but not close enough to let me come. It's been a dizzyingly delicious torture all damn day as he turned the vibrations on and off, constantly driving me to the edge but never letting me fall over.

They stop again and I sigh, slumping down onto the bed. I'm spent. I am so desperate to come at this point I would do whatever he asked of me. He's got me right where he wants me.

For the past few weeks, I've been living as my master's perfect little pet. It's the freest I've ever felt. For the first time in a very, very long time I'm not plagued by a persistent and nagging anxiety. I usually wake up to Luke between my thighs, eating me out before we fuck and get dressed for our day. I make my master breakfast and

see him off to work, before heading to the in-home gym and working out. Then I get to spend my days reading or decorating our new home. He's given me his black card and free range to spend whatever I need turning this old house into our home. The only rule is that I can't be seen by the delivery drivers, but it's easy enough to hide out and pretend to be gone when they bring the deliveries. I always make sure to schedule them for when Luke will be home. Then my evenings are spent servicing Master and being his good little sub when he gets home from work. Each night, I curl up safe and loved in our giant king-sized bed. Whoever said captivity was a punishment, was clearly not living this type of captivity. Somewhere along the line my monster turned into my master, and I couldn't be happier.

I know that he'd do anything for me; he would give me the world if I asked for it. But being his submissive has allowed me the freedom I've been craving my entire life. It's as if the weight I've been carrying all my life is lifted from my shoulders every time I sink to my knees in dutiful submission. Apparently all I needed was a cage to help me find my freedom.

The only person I'm really allowed to talk to, besides Luke, is his housekeeper—Mrs. Prichett. She's the nicest little old lady I've ever met. I am thoroughly enjoying having her teach me how to bake and cook. Who knew baking shit was so relaxing? I'm not sure there's been a day that I've truly missed my old life—well, besides Liv. I miss my best friend desperately. I wonder if she's noticed that I'm gone. She's a bit of a free spirit, always off doing her own thing. But I think by now she'd be wondering why I haven't texted her back, at least, I hope she would.

A loud bang pulls me from my thoughts. It sounds like the door crashing open. I swing my head in the direction of the noise, but I can't see a damn thing with this hood on. I don't need to see him to sense him though.

My master is home.

“Have you been a good girl for me today, Sweetness?” he asks. I can hear his footsteps approaching the bed.

My entire body is on fire with anticipation as he steps toward me. I am a desperate, aching mess for this man. He’s sin, sex, and sweetness all rolled into the most attractive of packages. My very own demon of delights here to drag me into the pleasures of Hell with him. For him, I’d gladly crawl on my knees through fire.

“Please,” I beg in a whiny tone that I can’t contain. His finger runs oh so lightly along the skin of my exposed stomach. I can feel my flesh pebbling just from his very light touch.

“Do you want to come?” he taunts as his finger travels further down, running over the leather strap covering my aching pussy. “Have you not enjoyed the gifts I’ve been giving you?”

“I loved them, Master.” I push my hips up, desperate for more of his touch. “But please, Sir, may I come now? Please?”

“So fucking needy, baby girl.” He tsks as he runs his hands over my exposed skin, driving me wild.

Suddenly, the sharp sting of a slap lands on my thigh. I scream out as my body registers the pain.

“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, Master,” I reply after a moment. I’m not quite sure what he means. We haven’t played this game before.

My hesitancy is unacceptable. I know this. I shouldn't have held back on my submission. Another sharp slap lands on my other thigh. I can't help the shriek of pain that leaves my lips.

"I want to see you marked as mine, covered in red and bruises, 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?" he asks me as he softly soothes the sting by rubbing his warm palms across my tender flesh.

"Please, Sir ... use me however you need," I say in my sweetest and most submissive voice.

He rewards me by releasing my wrists from their bindings. I let out a groan of satisfaction and rub my aching wrists. Next, he releases my ankles. I happily stretch. He's left me tied up before, but today was extra long. Something must have distracted him or kept him from me. I suddenly feel a bit self-conscious. But then his fingers find their way beneath the leather covering me, running up and down along my folds.

"You're soaking wet for me, Sweetness. Does my girl need her master to make her feel good?" he croons as he removes the vibrator and begins rubbing soft circles around my clit.

It feels so good but it's not enough. I need more.

"Please, Master," I beg him.

He pulls his hand back and I whine at the loss. I am so fucking desperate to come. He's been edging me all damn day. I'm aching. He grabs me and moves me to a sitting position. I try my best not to pull away or resist, but the sharp sting of another slap to my thighs has my body instinctively submitting to him.

“Sit here and do not fucking move,” he growls before I hear his steps moving across the room.

“Maybe my pet needs a leash to remind her who she belongs to. What do you think?” he asks as he comes back and clasps a stiff leather collar around my throat.

I thought the collars, the leashes, and all that shit, would be demeaning. I was so opposed at first. But I can’t deny how my body responds to them. The snug tightness around my throat makes me feel ... owned . Like I’m his precious pet. Over the past few weeks I’ve come to crave his possessive aggression. My pussy weeps as he clips a leash to the front, the sound of the metal eliciting a shiver down my spine.

“Yes, Master,” I agree as I spread my legs wide for him.

Perched on the edge of the bed, exposed, collared, and leashed, I’m sure I look like his ideal meal. I want to be his good girl. The praise he gives me when I do well for him sends pleasure tingles straight to my pussy. He jerks the leash, causing my throat to bob forward and my head to snap back slightly.

“Get on all fours like a good pet and crawl to your master,” he commands.

Fuck me . That deep and commanding tone of his does things to me.

Without hesitation, I drop to all fours and begin crawling toward where his voice came from. I can’t help the slight smirk that pulls at my lips as I imagine how I must look for him before I dutifully dip my head down in submission. My ass sways seductively as I cross the room toward my man.

He pulls the leash until I’m right in front of him, and then he stops. I immediately sit back on my heels as I’ve been taught. His approving hum makes my pussy throb with need.

Something soft and silky rubs against my lips as I sit completely still.

“Kiss it,” he demands as he continues to rub the soft crown of his cock against my mouth. I purse my lips, tenderly kissing and sucking on the very tip but not taking him fully into my mouth.

“Good fucking girl, Sweetness.” His deep timbre is so seductive as he slowly pulls away from me. “Stand and remove everything.”

I immediately comply as I stand for him and let the leather thong fall between my feet. I’m left completely bare besides my hood. I feel him move around me, his eyes raking over my exposed form. I can’t see him but I can feel his heated stare. He pulls on my collar, forcing me to move. We come to a stop and the hood is removed from my face. I blink rapidly, desperately trying to readjust to the bright light of the room. Before I can process what’s happening, my hands are pulled up and out. My wrists are strapped and secured to a large X with my face flush against the wall.

“Wait,” I plead as my sight adjusts and I register that he’s securing me to a St. Andrew’s Cross.

The sharp snap of his palm hitting the flesh of my ass has me crying out. The pain radiates outward, my skin searing with sharpness.

“No, pet. There is no waiting.” He moves to shackle my ankles in place while he speaks. “Be my good girl and take your punishment for your master.”

His words send tingles of anticipation skittering across my skin. I have learned that I don’t just like the pain, I crave it. I’ve always been anxious. The type of person that’s in their own head. But the pain helps me feel free. I was a cutter as a teenager and opened my own wrists just to release some of the pain that built up inside. The pain on the outside lessened the pain on the inside. I’ve always needed a release, and at

last I've found a way to get it without harming myself. And I have my very own demon to thank for that.

His footsteps recede as he walks across the room to the wall of toys. I can sense him perusing for the perfect tool to use on me. My pussy throbs at the thought. He's been teasing me all day and now the promise of pain has me wound so tightly that I'm a panting, writhing mess. His footsteps indicate his movement back toward me and I can't help the moan that escapes my throat.

"Such a needy little slut, aren't you?" he teases while running something gently across the lips of my dripping cunt. It's soft and buttery smooth like leather.

"Please, Master," I beg as my hips thrust on their own accord.

"Were you a good girl who obediently listened to her master? Or were you a bad pet?"

He continues teasing me with what I suspect is a crop. He runs it back and forth through my dripping desire without giving me enough to ease the ache.

"I-I was a naughty pet," I manage to choke out between breathy moans.

"And what do naughty girls get, Sweetness?"

He removes the leather riding crop from between my legs. I groan at the loss before a sharp sting lands harshly on my ass. The pain is immediate and intense but as the sharpness recedes, I'm left with blooming pleasure.

"I asked you a question," he demands as he rubs the crop lightly over my pussy again.

"Bad girls get punished, Sir."

“Yes they do. And you, my pet, have been a very bad fucking girl. Haven’t you?”

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Luke

Control by Halsey

She's a vision. Her pale and pristine flesh is beautifully blooming with streaks of red from my punishment. She takes the pain so fucking well. My perfect fucking pet .

I have her spread wide, splayed out and needy. Her tight little cunt is dripping down her thighs with unfulfilled pleasure. I know I've teased her all day, letting her come close to the edge of ecstasy without letting her fall over. She's a damn mess. And I can't get enough of it.

"Yes, Sir," she concedes as I pull back the riding crop again.

Her plump ass is incredible. It's round, thick, and oh so fuckable. But it's uneven—only one side is red. I should really remedy that situation. I let the crop whip forward through the air. It lands with a loud smack on her left cheek. Her hips reel forward as the pain registers. Her skin immediately reddens and the sight travels straight to my cock. I love seeing her wearing nothing but my marks.

"Thank you, Master," she moans as her hips desperately grind against the cross in front of her seeking friction. "May I please have another, Sir?"

Fuck me. This girl.

I let the crop fly twice more, hitting both beautiful cheeks. They bloom a stunning scarlet shade that has my cock thickening to an uncomfortable stiffness in the

confines of my pants. Her breathy moans, the sharp intakes of breath when the pain hits, her gyrating hips, her beautiful pale skin, and raven hair—it's all nearly too much for me to take. She's fucking stunning, and she's mine.

“Have you had enough yet, Sweetness?” I ask as I rub the smooth leather between her thighs. She's absolutely fucking drenched. I can see the slickness from her needy cunt covering the black material of the crop from here.

“Please, Sir. I need...”

“Say it. Use your words and tell me what you need, pet,” I demand, my voice low and rough with my own pent-up desire.

“Please fuck me, Sir.”

How could I say no to an ask like that?

I swiftly loosen her bonds and let her limbs fall free. She stumbles slightly, but I catch her, pulling her back to my front. She hisses as the sore skin of her tenderized backside meets the coarse material of my pants, but I don't let up.

I grind my hardened length into her ass. “Do you feel what you do to me?” I grit out as I rub my cock against the warm welts blooming on her skin, desperate to sink into her pretty pink pussy.

She moans and pushes backwards into me.

“Such a desperate slut for me, aren't you?” I ask as I spin her around by the leash still secured to the collar on her neck and throw her onto the bed.

Her plump ass bounces as she falls onto the bed. It's so red, so ripe. I can't wait any

longer to fuck her.

“On your back,” I command as I walk across the room, grab the bar, and begin prowling towards her.

My good girl complies readily and flips herself onto her back. She spreads her legs wide, exposing her sopping wet cunt to me. Her breasts look beautiful in the soft light of our playroom. They’re so pale and plump with perfect pink nipples dusting the tops. She still has a red ring on the left one—a bite mark I left the last time we played. It gives me great satisfaction to see my pet covered in my marks.

When I reach the end of the bed, I pull on her feet to make sure they’re spread widely with her feet flat on the bed. Then I place her slender ankles in the restraints of the spreader bar. I’m too worked up, too pent up tonight. I won’t have the patience to go slowly so that bar will make sure she stays wide open for me while I fiercely fuck her tight little cunt. I bring the metal leash up, wrapping it tightly around the bar until her legs are forced into the air to stop the collar from choking her. She gags slightly as fear makes her eyes bulge. But my pet doesn’t fight me as I bring her legs up above her hips. Now she’s spread wide and ready.

“Such a good girl,” I praise as I bring my fingers down lightly to her clit and strum slowly over her needy nub.

She mewls at the contact and arches her back. I know I’ve been edging her all day but I can’t help but revel in her needy desire. I thoroughly enjoy seeing her desperate for me.

“I am going to fuck you now,” I continue touching her while my other hand moves to my own waistband. “And you’re going to be a good girl and take everything I give you, aren’t you Sweetness?”

My thick cock hangs heavy and drips between my thighs as I pull on my pants, letting them fall all the way down my legs. Her weeping cunt is pulsing with need. Need for me. Mine . I can't possibly wait another second to be inside her.

“Yes!” she screams out as I shove my entire length inside her.

Entering her feels like fucking Heaven. Her walls tighten around my length, pulsing as I let her adjust to my size.

“So fucking tight,” I grit out.

Holding the bar with one hand, I start to pump into her mercilessly. She screams out as I fuck her with a feral need to stuff her cunt full of my cum. “Oh my god! Oh my god!”

I give her leash a sharp jerk, demanding her attention as I continue to drill into her fiercely. “There's no god involved in this. If you need someone to praise, it better be my fucking name on your lips.”

Angling my hips up, I hit that spot inside her that I know has her seeing fucking stars. But I don't slow down. I pound her pussy relentlessly. She tries to clamp her thighs together but the bar keeps her spread nice and wide for me.

“You want me to fill you with my cum, pet?” I feel my balls tighten as my orgasm looms. Her pussy flutters around my cock. She's close. But I won't come until she coats my length with her cream.

“Yes, Master. Please, I need—” she starts before I bring my hand back down to her clit and pinch it between my thumb and forefinger.

It pushes her over the edge. Her back bows and she shrieks in ecstasy as her release

hits her hard. Her pussy chokes my cock as wave after wave of pleasure washes over her. She's stunning with her pussy swollen and red, her cum coating my length, her skin flushed, and her raven locks stuck to her face. She's a vision.

Holding the spreader bar tightly to pull her even closer to me, I pump into her once more, twice, and then my release hits me like a tidal wave. Rope after rope of cum release from my hard length. It splatters her walls, filling her up to her womb. She will carry my child, maybe not today or tomorrow, but I will continue to fill her with my seed until she's round and ripe with us .

Our heaving breaths fill the room as we both come down from our high. Slowly, I pull myself from her. She winces at the loss, her pussy clenching and unclenching with the final waves of her orgasm. I watch as my release drips from her tight opening. Oh, that just won't do.

I bring two fingers down to her entrance, stuffing my cum back inside her. She whines as I fuck my seed back inside her. I'm sure she's sore but I don't give a fuck.

"No whining, Sweetness. Be a good pet and take all your master's cream."

She immediately complies as she relaxes and lets me shove my seed back inside her. Right where it fucking belongs.

"Good girl," I praise before releasing her legs from the spreader bar. I unclip the leash from her collar and let the chain fall to the floor.

Pulling her with me, I move to lay at the top of the bed. I drag the blankets over us and make sure her shivering form is completely covered. She curls up to my side, nuzzling her head against the warmth of my chest. I lay a soft kiss on her temple, savoring her sweet vanilla scent. The collar around her neck sparkles in the low light and I can't help the smirk that pulls at my lips. I'm one lucky motherfucker to have

such a perfect good girl.

Luke

Broken by The Devil Wears Prada

Her soft, even breaths whisper against the skin of my exposed chest. I'm not really the cuddling type of guy, but she looks so soft and sweet, I couldn't dream of moving her right now. She took so much for me, and took it so damn well—she deserves to be held. I've never wanted to treasure and care for another creature like this in my entire adulthood. It's ... new . Not bad necessarily, just different. My arm is curled around her, keeping her warmth snuggled up against me. Her leg is thrown over my own and her head rests peacefully against my chest. It's comfortable. Usually I have a to-do list running through my mind that keeps me constantly moving. But now, I'm completely calm and relaxed. I don't remember the last time I felt this at peace. It's nice.

The right side of my body is cold though. I'm acutely aware that we're missing a piece of our puzzle. My sweet siren belongs here with us. They're both mine and I won't rest until they're both here in my arms.

“Why me?” Her breathy whisper is barely audible.

“Why am I absolutely obsessed with pulling every ounce of pain and pleasure that I can from your sweet little body?” I ask teasingly as I grab a handful of her plump ass and squeeze.

She shrieks and slaps my chest playfully before snuggling back in against me. “Why did you and Garrett pick me to bring into the woods that night?”

I knew this question was coming. Ever since I decided to keep her, I knew I'd have to explain. You don't get kidnapped by two masked men, chased through the woods, almost murdered, and then kept as a captive without having questions. I'm just not sure I'm ready to give her all the answers she craves. Fear clutches around my heart, constricting tightly as I think about telling her everything. Will she be disgusted by me? Will she run?

I sigh a deep breath before I begin to carefully reveal some pieces of the puzzle. "Garett wasn't lying, we're out for revenge. There's some bad men out there who deserve to die. The plan was—is—to frame one of them for your disappearance."

She pauses for a moment in silence. I can practically hear the gears turning in her pretty little head. My girl's not dumb; I'm not going to lie to her, she'd know.

"Why not just kill them?" she asks finally.

"We have killed some. We hunted them down and slaughtered them like the fucking pigs they are. But Brody deserves worse than a quick death for what he's done. He deserves a lifetime of suffering. Plus, justice was never served for the life he took and the lives he's ruined. He deserves to spend a lifetime thinking about what he's taken from others while rotting away."

I feel my anger rising at the thought of what he's done, who he's hurt.

"Whose life did he take?" she asks me as she rubs soothing circles over my skin with her fingernails.

"You have to understand, Sweetness," I bring my fingers to her chin, pulling on it so she's forced to look at me. Her beautiful hazel eyes are flecked with gold that seem to shimmer in the low light. "I'm a bad man. I have lied. I have hurt. I have killed. But these men are monsters far worse than me."

She nods, acknowledging that she understands exactly who she's in bed with.

"My foster brother, Will, is a sick asshole. He's always gotten off on hurting people. And not in the consensual way that we share." She audibly gulps at my admission. She knows about my past, about my mom, and being put in foster care. I've let her have little pieces of the man beneath the mask. But the story that I'm about to share is one that only the Devil himself knows in its entirety.

"Will was horrible to me. The things he did to me will certainly earn him an eternity of suffering in the next life. When I was in high school, there was a group of guys led by Will." I take a deep breath, attempting to calm the anger that flares whenever I think about that time and those people. "They enjoyed drugging others, gang raping their victims, and filming it."

A soft gasp escapes her pretty red lips. My hands ball into fists.

"Garett's sister was just thirteen, barely a teenager at her first party when they set their sights on her. They put something in her drink then dragged her into a back room..." I trail off, too lost in the memories to speak the rest. The video was the most vile thing I'd ever seen.

"She was a fucking child." My voice is angry and aggressive when I finally continue. I expect her to flinch and shy away, but she grabs my hand, holding it and rubbing soft circles against my whitened fingers with her thumb. "Will was twenty, an adult."

"If it's filmed, why was he not arrested? Why are they not all in jail?" She sounds angry too.

"She shouldn't have been drinking, shouldn't have been at a party with older kids, shouldn't have been dressed that way, name an excuse and they gave it. Plus they never showed their faces, so they 'couldn't prove it was them' the police said."

My girl shoots straight up, glaring down at me. “That’s bullshit! She was a kid and they took advantage of her!” A tear rolls down her pristine, pale cheek.

I pull her back down to my chest, rubbing circles on her tensed back. “I know, Sweetness. But a rape kit was never done, there were no willing witnesses, and their victim was passed out for most of the crime. The only proof a crime was committed was a grainy video of some people where you couldn’t even see their faces. There wasn’t enough evidence for them to make any charges stick.”

Somehow holding her helps to keep the demons of my past at bay. I’m angry, fuck, I’m murderous with rage, but with her the darkness doesn’t seem so suffocating.

“They did it to others, too. Most were girls from our school or the others in town. I think they’re still doing it, too. The men we’ve dealt with so far have claimed they stopped, but we know that Will’s still making the videos and he sells them on the internet.” I try to be as vague as possible, she doesn’t need to know all the specifics, not yet anyway.

“And Garrett’s sister?” Her tone is softer now, as if she already knows what I’m going to say.

“She couldn’t live with what they’d done.” A silent sob racks through her body and she buries her head into my chest. I grab on to her and hold her tightly against me.

I can’t bring myself to explain all the details. It’s just too much. But we all know the details, they were reported pretty widely in the papers. Of course, no one mentioned what drove her to commit suicide, that little piece of information about the golden boys of the town got swept under the rug. Their families were wealthy and able to make all the allegations disappear. There was no justice—not until we took matters into our own hands. My girl’s sobs shake her entire body as she cries for a broken young girl she never even knew. She’s so caring and soft, it’s one of the things that

drew me to her. She pretends to be hard and tough, but when she cares, she cares deeply.

Eventually, her sobs cease and her breathing slows. We sit in a comfortable silence, curled against each other, finding strength and comfort in just each other's presence. She fits so perfectly against me, like she was fucking made for me.

When she finally speaks her voice is so small. "I get it. I get why you'd want revenge but..." she cuts herself off with a soft sigh.

"But what, lovely?"

Her tear-filled eyes find mine as she cranes her neck up to look at me. She's so fucking beautiful that it hurts. It physically pains me to look at the gorgeous creature in my bed and know that other men have had the privilege of seeing her naked and vulnerable beneath them. Maybe I should have her write down all the names of the men that have been inside her before me. Then I can hunt them down and castrate them. The idea makes me growl in delight. The thought of fucking her in the blood of her ex-lovers makes my cock twitch between us. She does look good covered in red.

"Why me?" she finally asks with a cock of her head.

I bring my hand up and gently push a lock of her raven hair behind her ear.

"You're the key to everything, Sweetness. Garrett needed you out of the way so he can get close to the girl he's been obsessed with since childhood. Your disappearance allows us to frame Brody, Will's second in command, for your apparent murder which will allow Garrett to get close to her."

Her eyes scan mine searching for more, but I won't give her anymore. I can't give her more information. Not yet.

Pulling her back down onto my chest and holding her tightly in my arms, I place a soft kiss on her temple. “That’s enough for now, sweet girl. Let’s get some rest.”

She doesn’t fight me. She’s such a good girl, so obedient. I lay with her, waiting for her breathing to even out into the soft and steady rhythm of sleep. But I can’t sleep. My mind is too full.

Revenge has driven me for most of my life. Everything I’ve done, every decision I’ve made, has been for revenge. But what if there’s something more important than revenge? I’m starting to wonder if these women that have wrapped their way around my heart and soul, constricting until I’m entirely consumed by them, are more important than my need for revenge.

Once I convince Liv to be with us, maybe I’ll just take my girls and leave. We could go somewhere warm. The thought of both my girls relaxing on the beach, wearing skimpy little swimsuits, makes my cock twitch underneath the sheets. Fuck, they’d both look so good laying out in the sand in very minimal clothing.

Maybe once this all is done we can be free. Maybe we could even be a family. Maybe even a monster like me can have a happily ever after.

Celeste

Panic Room by Au/Ra

A few weeks later

“Y ou need to make sure the dough stays cool, dear, or it won’t laminate and the layers won’t turn out,” the sweet old lady says as she folds up my mess of pastry neatly and shuts it back in the refrigerator.

Mrs. Prichett is a saint. She’s literally the nicest woman that I have ever talked to. I’m fairly certain she’s in her late sixties, even though we’ve never discussed her age. Her gray curls are always swept into a tidy bun on the top of her head, and her blue eyes sparkle with delight every time she sees me. It’s like having a grandmother, but one who’s not a fucking judgmental bitch that believes you need the lord’s law beaten into you.

“Okay, so refrigerate again, then roll out?” I confirm as I wash the pasty butter and flour goop from my fingers.

She plants a sweet kiss on my cheek. “Then put it in the tin, add the filling, and bake,” she confirms for what is probably the thousandth time.

I just don’t want to mess this up. I’ve never made a pie on my own before and despite myself, I really want to impress Luke. I know I don’t need to impress him, I’m his damn captive after all, but I want to impress him. When he looks at me with a certain glint in his eye and calls me his good girl ... well, it does things to my insides.

“Can I make you a cup of tea before you go?” I ask as I move to fill the kettle.

“That’d be lovely, dear,” my only friend says before sitting with an audible sigh.

I place tea bags inside two mugs and pour the boiling water over the top before bringing the saucers to the table. We sit in comfortable silence for a moment and enjoy the late morning light streaming in through the large windows. The house might be old and gothic but it still manages to get a good amount of natural light through the expansive windows. The branches of the mature trees that surround the house cast dancing shadows across the marble countertops. Living here is almost like living in an antique treehouse. I couldn’t have picked a better house if I’d tried.

“Can I ask you something?” I finally ask Mrs. Prichett.

“Of course, dear.” Her voice is warm and soothing. She reminds me of a librarian I had when I was in elementary school.

School was always a reprieve for me as a child; a calming place where I could be free from the oppressive darkness at home. It was a place where I could just be a carefree kid. And our school librarian, Mrs. Briggs, was always so kind to me. She’d let me stay late and read books after hours to avoid going home. I think she knew that I was trying to hide from my own household but she never said anything. She just left me in peace, allowing me to escape reality, even for a moment, in the pages of a book. That’s how Mrs. Prichett is—she’s not nosy but she understands what’s going on in this house. She’s kind and understanding without prying.

“You must know that something is off here...” I trail off, gauging her reaction but she gives me nothing. She simply stares down at her tea. “Why haven’t you offered to help me?” I finish on almost a whisper.

There’s a long pause. We both pull the steeping bags from the warm liquid and sip

our tea.

“Do you need help?” she finally asks.

I’m not sure how to respond.

“Listen, my dear,” her hand lands on top of mine, the warmth immediately comforting me. “Luke is like my son. I’ve been looking after him since he was a very young man. I know he’s not a saint. I’m not blind. But he’s not a bad man. Whatever he’s done, there must have been a good reason for it.”

Is there a good reason for me being here? Is everything he’s done to me justified? Is he a good man wearing the mask of a devil, or a devil disguised as a man?

“He kidnapped me,” I finally respond, not sure what else there is to say.

Her soft gaze searches mine for a moment before she smiles sweetly. “The door isn’t locked, dear. The only thing keeping you here is yourself.”

She’s not wrong. The doors have never been locked. I’m not chained and jailed. At least, not most days. The keys to the cars in the garage are hanging on a hook on the wall behind Mrs. Prichett’s head. I could easily run right now and never look back.

So why am I still here?

The truth is, the thought of leaving racks me with anxiety. I may not have come here of my own free will, but each day I spend here with Luke is better than the day before. This has become my home. I’m happy here.

He may wear the mask of a devil, but maybe Luke is my own fucked up brand of a knight in shining armor.

I am bored as fuck. Like most days, I woke up surrounded by warmth and comfort. Luke's hard body was wrapped around me, holding me possessively against him while we slept. He can never not be touching me while we're in bed—whether it's his arms wrapped around my core, his hand holding mine, his cock warming inside my pussy, he has to be touching me in some way always. At first it made me mildly anxious—this possessive obsession of his. But now, it's comforting. His woodsy scent and warmth makes me feel safe and secure. It's nice to wake up feeling good.

It's not something I'm used to, but I like it.

I've been thinking a lot about the conversation I had with Mrs. Prichett the other day. Do I love that Luke and his friend kidnapped me, used me, and then tried to murder me as some type of twisted revenge scheme? No. Do I enjoy living with Luke? Yes. Do I enjoy the freedom of not having to worry and plan and work every second of every day? Absolutely. Am I starting to fall for him? I'm still not sure.

Living here with him is like being on vacation all the time. There's no one that needs me or my time. I don't have to worry about bills or money. There's no anxiety racking through me daily about my overly religious parents showing up in my life to drag me back to the misogynistic hell I was raised in. I haven't had a single panic attack since coming here. The last time I was panic attack free for this long was when I was a kid. I feel lighter than I have in longer than I can remember. Something about submitting to my master, letting him own me—physically and mentally, has allowed me to escape the heavy weights of my constant worrying and anxiety. There was one day early on when I felt a panic attack looming, but Luke noticed and put me in my sub space, allowing him to take all the control and worry away from me. By the time he was done with me, I was too exhausted to have any suffocating anxiety left in my mind or body. He has set me free. Here, I am just his perfect little pet. And that suits me just fine.

The only thing I miss about my old life is Liv. I miss her smile and her laughter. I

miss her taste and the way her lips felt on mine. I miss our coffee dates and the way my insides would twist as she watched me with a heated stare while I licked the sweetened frothed foam from my fingers. I miss the way she fucked me. She's possessive, like Luke, but it's somehow softer, gentler . I miss her lithe little fingers playing my body like a fucking instrument. I just miss being with her. Part of me wants to call her or text her, but I know I can't. In order for their revenge to work, I have to remain missing.

I've tried to keep busy with reading, shopping, and cleaning. I work out in the gym everyday and I've been learning how to cook and bake from Mrs. Prichett. The fondness between her and Luke is really sweet.

Can kidnappers be sweet?

But I've done all that already today; I've baked cookies and yet, I'm still bored. I flip through the channels on the giant television aimlessly. Nothing grabs my attention though, it's all just mindless crap. With a sigh I turn the television off and flop my head back against the couch. My black hair falls in my face and I blow it off my forehead.

Standing, I decide to reorganize the closet. Organizing and cleaning will make me feel good, like I've accomplished something, right? I'm still in my spandex yoga pants and sweatshirt so I'll need to change and look presentable before Master gets home to play with me tonight, but that won't take me too long. He prefers I have minimal clothes on when he gets home, anyway. I'll go organize the giant closet upstairs then get ready. Our walk-in is mostly filled with Luke's suits and sweats but I'm slowly starting to fill it with some things of my own thanks to my rich lawyer ... boyfriend? Kidnapper? Sex master?

My very own demon .

I drag my feet as I wander through the rooms, casually perusing. The walls are sparse and the decorations are impersonal. There's nothing here that tells me much about Luke and his past. He's told me bits and pieces—his mom was an addict, she lost custody, he went into the system and it was a shit show; he worked his way through college then law school and became the youngest partner at his firm. He's smart, driven, and has an incredible cock. But I feel like I'm still missing something about all this. I can't stop the nagging feeling like there's more pieces to the puzzle of why I'm here.

My footsteps are soft on the carpeted runner as I head up the grand spiral staircase. The gothic masterpiece is definitely in rough shape but I enjoy the character and history of the space. Eventually we will turn this into a home. I can imagine kids running up and down the spiraling steps. This could absolutely be a home— my home .

It's a weird thought. Having come from a large, very cold family that lived as part of a religious community, the idea of having a safe and happy home is an unfamiliar but very welcome idea. If I do have children, one day, I want them to grow up free and happy. My kids will have a childhood without oppressive anxiety and judgment.

Yikes, maybe I am turning into one of the Stockholm Syndrome stories you hear about if I'm contemplating kids with my kidnapper.

Just as I'm about to reach out and turn the brass knob to our primary bedroom, a small black door down the hallway catches my attention. It's Luke's office. At least, that's what he says it is. He told me to keep out so I've never been in there. Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever seen him in there. When he brings work home, he usually just spreads out on the expansive cherry wood table located in the formal dining room. But if it's his office then there must be something in there, right?

Curiosity gets the better of me and I release the brass knob as my feet wander further

down the hall. The sleek, nondescript black door is almost hidden in the shadow of the frame. Everything is so ornate, so detailed, in this home that this simple and sleek door is out of place. It's otherness calls to me, begging me to investigate.

With one swift look around the hallway to confirm that I'm absolutely alone, I turn the knob and enter. I'm thoroughly surprised it's not locked, but I have followed all his rules, until now that is. He must trust me. A pang of guilt hits me in the gut as I realize I'm breaking one of his rules. I really want to be his good girl, but I'm also a human, and humans are curious creatures by nature. I swiftly step through the door and close it softly behind me. I'm surprised at the room I've found myself in.

I expected books and files and a desk. I did not expect what looks like a security room. A whole wall of screens is on one side of the room. The opposite wall is taken up by a large closet. In the middle of the room is a table covered in computers and cords. The lights are off but the brightness from all the screens cast an eerie electronic glow on everything. This room immediately feels like someplace I'm supposed to stay away from.

Moving to the closet, I pursue the shelves. I immediately recognize the demon mask Luke wore when they used me and hunted me. But there's other masks too. A red Ghostface one with devil horns at the top sticks out to me. I run my fingers across the smooth plastic. It's nice, but not quite right. Then something colorful catches my eye. On a shelf in the back corner are a few purge style LED masks. There's a blue one, a white one, and a pink one. The white one calls to me. Something about the light and dark duality feels fitting. Before I get too sucked in though, I decide to move on. Further down there's weapons—knives, bats, brass knuckles, and a safe which I'd bet anything is full of guns.

Well this is interesting .

Turning back around, I take a look at the wall of screens. Most seem to show footage

of the house. It's a large house but the cameras seem to cover pretty much all of the rooms and the expansive land outside. There's also footage of what appears to be a modern and sleek townhouse with no one in it. Further down the wall there's video of a small little home.

Holy shit . That's my house—my old house. Cameras flip through every room of my former home, including the fucking bathroom! How long had he been watching me?

Then a flash of something pink on a different screen catches my eye. I move to a series of screens in the middle and there, moving through her house looking worried, is Liv. My insides curl like something has wrapped around my intestines and constricted them. I can't breathe as I watch her pace through her house looking nervous.

What the fuck is Liv doing on Luke's screens?

I can't hear anything and there's no time stamp. Is this now? What is she doing? I need more. Hurrying to the computer screens on the table behind me I press the buttons, bringing the screens to life; the screens mirror the wall of recordings but I'm not sure how to work them. I'm pretty competent at Word and PowerPoint but that's the extent of my technology knowledge. I begin pushing buttons, clicking, anything I can think to do. I'm desperate to see more and connect to the person I've felt the closest to in my life. Eventually I click something, I'm not even sure what, and the screens flicker through images rapidly. Fuck . It looks like they're rewinding or something. Shit, how do I get it to stop? I begin clicking, pushing, hitting things again, hoping something will work. Again, I eventually hit something and the flashing images come to a stop.

Projected on the screens in front of me is Liv's bedroom. It's a mess, per usual. I love her but she is the messiest person I have ever met. Not like I have a ton of room to talk. Clothes and shoes are strewn across the pale carpet of her floor and the plush

white duvet on her bed. It's dark in the room so it must be evening. In the corner, movement catches my eye. A figure all in black stalks across her room. They stop occasionally to look through her things. I can't see their face but I know that frame, that gait, that body language—it's Luke. I'm certain of it. He moves out of frame into her closet and a moment later light filters into the room from the hallway. Liv's hot pink curls come bombing into the room. Her shoulders are sagged like she's exhausted. She peels her clothes from her body—exposing her tanned skin to me. My pussy throbs lightly with desire as I watch her shed her bra and panties, leaving her completely exposed. The low light glints off her nipple piercings and I can't help but reminisce about the feeling of twirling those pretty gems around with my tongue while my girl writhes below me. I love teasing her. We both are exceptional at getting the other off.

She moves to the bathroom for a while. I sit in rapt silence, waiting to see if Luke or Liv will reemerge. When was this video taken? It can't be live because it's the middle of the afternoon but it appears to be night in the video. She reappears after a bit, wrapped snugly in a cute pink robe and nothing else. She messes with her phone for a bit. I can't see what she's doing but I'm dying to know who she's texting. Was it me? Does she miss me?

Flopping on the bed, she pulls open the robe and I can feel my panties dampen as I watch her naked nipples peak in response to the cool air. This is so fucked up. I absolutely should not be spying on my best friend while she walks around the comfort of her own bedroom naked, and I certainly shouldn't be getting turned on by it. And yet, I can't stop from squeezing my thighs together as I watch her crawl to her nightstand and pull a pink toy from the drawer. She turns it on and it immediately starts writhing in her hand.

Holy shit.

Bringing my own hand to the waistband of my yoga pants, I let my fingers slide

down to my heated core. I'm already soaked but as I watch Liv bring the pulsating toy to her pussy with her head thrown back and her mouth open in a moan, I cover my own hand with my desire. I rub tight circles around my hardened clit as I watch my girl fuck herself wildly. Fuck, what I wouldn't give to be there with her.

Shoving two fingers in my tight channel, I imagine it's her cunt I'm fucking. I picture being on my knees for her with her pussy in my face while I fuck her with my tongue and fingers. She'd praise me and tell me what a good girl I am. Something about being with her is so satisfyingly sweet. Despite the dirty things I do here with Luke, I sometimes feel like there's something missing. There's a history with Liv. She knows me so well that she can turn me on with a single touch. The way her fingers skim lightly across my skin, the way her curves caress mine—it's all so addicting.

"Please, babe," I whine in a whisper as I watch her ride the toy in her hand.

She looks so fucking gorgeous. Even through the screen I can see the way her body flushes with need as she approaches release. Fuck, she looks so good. My own pussy flutters around my fingers. I reach my other hand beneath my sweatshirt and play with my breast, twisting and rolling my nipple between my fingers. My heated breath fogs the screen as I fuck myself on my hands. Liv's release crashes into her as her back bows off the bed and her body tightens with electric pleasure. Watching her come for herself on the screen is so satisfyingly filthy that it sends me over the edge. I silently scream into the screen as my own pleasure surges through me. I come all over my hand, covering my fingers with my own release as I watch my best friend reach the crest of her own ecstasy.

And then she's done. She pulls the pink toy from her pussy and places it on her nightstand before turning over and falling asleep. I watch as her breathing becomes slow and steady. With a groan I pull my drenched fingers from inside my pants and wipe them on the black material. This is so wrong. I should not have done that. But just as I'm about to turn and leave to shower off, movement on the video catches my

eye. A man in black exits Liv's closet. I'm unable to pull my eyes from the illuminated screen as Luke approaches my best friend's sleeping, half-naked form. He lays a chaste kiss on her forehead before turning and looking directly into the camera. His dark eyes narrow, staring directly at me. I jump backwards, a startled cry leaving my lips at the seemingly seeing darkness swirling in his eyes. It's as if he knows I'm watching, knows I know where he is, and that I've seen what I just did.

I stumble backwards and my ass hits the table behind me. I scream and grab one of the computers before it can fall to the floor. When I look back up at the screen, Luke is gone and Liv is sleeping peacefully in bed.

Panic burns through my veins, causing my heart to beat erratically as I hurriedly leave the room. Running down the hall, I collapse into my bedroom. It's still daylight out. There's no way he knows, no way he could have seen me. Everything is fine. I'm fine.

But the question remains, why the fuck is my kidnapper stalking my best friend?

Luke

Somebody Told Me by Motionless in White

The rain beats rhythmically against the windshield of my Audi. I know the car is flashy and slightly ridiculous, but I've worked damn hard to get where I am so I intend to show off a little. The black leather interior looks crisp and pristine inside the rumbling sports car. I made sure to get my car detailed in preparation for tonight. I want—no, I need—to show Liv that we're meant to be.

It's fun being her stalker, playing with her, and having her run from me. She's seemed to enjoy the games we've been playing too. My girl likes the chase. But I also need her to realize that we're meant to be more than that. She's meant to be mine just as I'm meant to be hers. I've never felt more sure of anything in my life. I just have to convince her.

Tonight there's no games, no masks, no bullshit. I get to show off my girl like the damn jewel she is.

The phone in the cup holder buzzes again. After we planted Celeste's phone in Brody's possession, Garrett did some tech genius shit in order to route all new incoming texts to duplicate to this burner cell. This way I can keep an eye on things ... including getting insight into what my sweet siren is thinking. She's been texting Celeste all day about this date I have planned. It's cute how nervous she is considering we stabbed someone together just nights ago. I like that she's nervous for our date, it means she cares about this.

Pulling up to the sidewalk outside her tiny little cottage, I put the car into park. The moment that I do, I look up and catch her standing outside, waiting. I quickly snap a picture and send it off before shoving the burner into the center console and swinging my car door open. I step out into the rain, open my umbrella, and am immediately struck by the beauty of the goddess in front of me. She's wearing some tight little black dress that seems to be made of strips of stretchy fabric wrapped around her delicious curves. It shows off her ample breasts. Damn, she has perfect tits. I can't wait to rip that skimpy little dress off her and cover her beautiful breasts in bite marks.

The urge to cover her in possessive marks is so strong that the thought has my cock twitching in my slacks. I want her covered in colorful impressions of where I've touched her and claimed her as mine. Bite marks, hand prints, hickeys, welts—you name it. I want to see her covered in them.

As I walk up her sidewalk, I can feel my heart pumping over time in my chest. I'm never nervous for dates, but this whole situation is ... unusual. I'm simultaneously worried about my date with Liv tonight and showing her that we're meant to be so much more than the games we've been playing, while also keeping an eye through my phone on my little pet back home. I've left my sunglasses on, hiding my face and nervous insecurity from her. I take in her entire look—her pink curls are styled perfectly, her makeup is sexy and sophisticated, and her outfit is stunning. She's still covered in tattoos and piercings that give off a 'don't fuck with me' vibe but she clearly tried to dress up for this evening. And that fact has me feeling like I'm walking on fucking air.

“You look almost too good to take out. I'm half tempted to take you inside and skip dinner,” I quip as I ascend the steps up to her covered porch where she's standing and slightly peer up from under the umbrella to meet her gaze. I'd get rid of the cumbersome thing but I don't want her to have to worry about her hair.

“I believe you promised me a nice dinner first,” she quips right back at me and I can’t help the smirk from pulling at my lips. Always my fiery little love.

Holding out a hand to her, I offer her a place underneath the open umbrella. “We better get going then.”

My heart beats erratically. Will she take my hand? Is she ready to accept this—accept us? Is she ready to not just be my prey, but to be mine ? Does she want the man beneath the mask?

Her thin fingers gently glide into my hand. She’s so soft and smooth. Her warmth immediately floods my cold skin and I can’t help but curl my hand around hers.

She allows me to guide her down the steps, putting her trust in me, as we walk toward my car. Her high shoes clank against the sidewalk and the sound is so unlike her that it sends prickles down my skin. I’m used to seeing her in combat boots. I like her best in no shoes and no clothing but I couldn’t take her out like that. I hope she’s not uncomfortable now though. Her comfort is far more important than trying to impress me or some shit. I’ll just have to keep an eye on her and carry her if needed.

I open the door and tactfully look away while still holding her hand as she lowers herself into the low bucket seats of my Audi. Once she is settled and her seatbelt is secure, I flash her a smile and close the door.

“Nice car,” she states as I push the button and the loud engine purrs to life.

Navigating easily through her neighborhood, which I’ve driven through many times since my obsession began, I let her have pieces of the man beneath the monster. “I grew up dirt poor. Like barely enough money to survive—poor. I always promised myself that when I grew up I’d make enough money to buy myself a stupid expensive car. I know it sounds silly,” I maneuver the car effortlessly toward downtown, “but

when I bought this car it felt like a promise I had to keep. Like I could look back and let that poor, hungry little kid know that he didn't need to worry anymore."

She looks pale and flustered. Shit . I was trying to be open and let her see more of me. I want to show her that the broken, jagged pieces of our souls are made to fit together. I felt it the first time I saw her—there's a part of me that craves her, needs her. And I know that if she'd just fucking let me in and stop being so damn scared, she'd feel it too. I'll be her masked monster for as long as she needs until she's ready to admit that fate has brought us together. I'm just hoping that this date would be a good first step toward my ultimate goal.

They will both be mine, even if I have to drag them kicking and screaming the entire fucking way.

"Shit. Sorry. Maybe that was an overshare for a first date," I mumble as I rev the engine angrily.

"No! Shit," she stumbles over her words as a slight flush turns her tanned cheeks the most delicious shade of ruby red. "I'm sorry. I'm just not used to people being so open and vulnerable." Her hand reaches out, finding my own. She squeezes reassuringly and if I had any doubts before about any of this, they're immediately put to rest. "It's nice. I grew up with just my dad. And he's great, don't get me wrong, but things weren't always easy. I know what it's like to just want to grow up and be able to do better."

I know, Flower. I know almost everything about you but please keep talking.

I bring our clasped hands up to my lips and lay a sweet kiss to her fingers; the same fingers that were covered in blood for me not that long ago. "Two broken souls looking for a brighter tomorrow, huh?"

She flashes me a sweet little smile. “Yeah, something like that I guess.” There’s an awkward pause for a moment before she finally asks, “So I know you’re a lawyer, and I’m sure that keeps you busy, but what do you like to do for fun?”

Keeping your best friend as my captive to use whenever and however I please, in between stalking you. That answer would probably push her away; I better stick to half-truths.

“Hunting,” I tell her, which technically isn’t a lie.

Before she can ask more questions that I really can’t answer without ruining the date, we pull up to the curb outside the restaurant. She goes to undo her buckle but I shoot my hand out, covering hers.

“Do not move,” I instruct her before undoing my own buckle. She looks a bit stunned, but she obeys. Good .

Rounding the car, I open her door and try my best to not laugh at the heated look on her face. She doesn’t like being told what to do. My lovely girl likes to claim she’s a switch, but she’s very dominant. She only likes to give up control if it means she’s going to get something very good out of it. Luckily for her, I’m very much interested in pulling as much pleasure as I can from this sweet little Flower. Lowering myself into the car, I gently unlatch the belt for her. This close to her, I can smell the scent of her perfume. It’s some type of dark floral that masks the normal scent of her honey and lavender. I don’t like it. I want her to smell like her natural self. I’ll have to sneak into her home later and dispose of it.

I’ve brought her to one of my favorite little Italian restaurants downtown. The food is incredible, the atmosphere is soft and quiet, but it’s not pretentious and annoying. It’s a family owned place that’s been here for years. I used to grab takeout from here on a regular basis. The image of walking in here with both my girls wrapped on my arms

flashes across my mind and fills me with intense warmth. I can't wait to have them both completely. I know I won't be able to take Celeste out on the town here, not with everyone assuming she's dead, but once we're far from here, I intend to spoil them both constantly like they deserve.

The hostess leads us to a round table in a darkened back corner. There's a candle and a small vase with a rose on top of the crisp white table cloth. It's exactly what I requested when I made the reservation. I pull out her chair as I guide her to sit and push her in before taking my own seat. Others cast glances at us, probably jealous of the feisty and sexy little piece of arm candy across from me. She turns heads anywhere she goes with her colorful and confident attitude.

"So, what is it you do for a living then?" I ask her as if I don't already know. I know almost everything about her. I have done my research. I am not the kind of man who likes to rush into things without all the facts.

"I work at a tattoo shop. I'm the piercing girl." The way she says it with such softness as if she's embarrassed makes my blood boil.

I snap my eyes up to meet hers with a subtle smirk. "Really? You put holes in people for a living?"

I'm so enraptured in the seductive creature across from me that I don't even notice the waitress approaching the table until her hand lands lightly on my shoulder. I look up at the waitress who flashes me a seductive smile and throws her bleach blonde hair over her shoulder.

Why the fuck is this woman touching me?

The waitress welcomes me to the restaurant and asks if I've been here before, but I'm not really listening, my eyes are trained on the woman across from me. Her eyes are

focused on her lap. She looks uncomfortable. I definitely do not like that. Is she seriously insecure? Doesn't she understand that she's not just someone I'm interested in? She is my obsession .

When the waitress asks what type of wine I'm interested in for the table, I can't take Liv's silence a moment longer. "I'm usually a fan of red, but I'm just here to impress you, Flower, so what do you want?"

That finally gets her attention. Her beautiful emerald eyes snap up to meet mine. They're hypnotic and enchanting just like the rest of her. "What?"

"The girl asked if we want wine." I hold her uncertain gaze, showing her that I am here for her and only her. "So what do you want, red or white?"

She breaks our stare to look up at the waitress. A smile pulls at my girl's face, telling me that she appreciates whatever expression the bimbo is making.

"I like red," she states. Of course I already know that she prefers her wine pink, sparkling, and cheap, but I do appreciate the effort she's making to impress me. It makes me puff out my chest a little.

"Merlot it is then," I state without so much as a glance at our waitress.

I can't take my eyes off the girl in front of me. She's perfection. When our waitress returns, we order and I can't help but be entranced with the siren across from me. Her voice is soothing and lyrical. She's the intoxicating mix of colorful and dark, soft and deep, calm and chaotic. The more I learn about her, the more time I spend with her, the more I am enamored with the contradictory nature that is her perfection. She has me completely under her spell.

"Flower?" she asks and I'm startled out of the trance she put me under.

It takes me a second to figure out that she's referring to the nickname. "You don't like it?" I ask as I take a sip of the wine.

"I do," she states but there's a slight hesitancy in her tone. "But why?"

I can't tell her the truth. I can't tell her that the taste of her pussy reminds me of the flowers of spring. She's like a breath of fresh fucking air; the promise of new beginnings and a new life. That'd be really fucking weird to say to her on our first date.

"You're sweet, colorful, and pretty," I finally manage to say and regret it instantly.

What a fucking line, you idiot.

"But I get the feeling you also have thorns," I add.

Fuck, that's worse. Shit, I'm blowing this.

"I like it." She takes another sip of wine. "And I like you."

I can't help the bright smile that spreads across my face. She likes me. I mean, I know she does, but hearing her say it has my insides churning with anticipation. I'm glad she likes me, but I need her to admit that she doesn't just like me. I need to hear her say that she's ready to be mine. I don't just want her interest; I want all of her, forever.

"I like you too, Flower. In fact, this is the first date I've been on in, oh, I don't even know how long."

I'm not lying. Dating feels ... unnecessary at this point. It's all frills before fucking. It's fake and irrelevant. But I wanted to show her that she means more than that to

me. She is everything.

“More of a fuck ‘em and leave ‘em kind of guy?” she snarks.

I might need to tame some of the brat in her. The thought has my cock twitching behind my zipper. She’d look so good bound up and at my mercy. I’m going to thoroughly enjoy ruining her.

The waitress brings out our food, slightly flashing me a side of tit while she’s at it. I growl in annoyance at her rude gesture. We’re here clearly on a date and this little bitch is ruining it. Luckily, my Flower seems to observe my irritation and smirks. At least one of us is entertained by this nonsense.

The waitress finally fucking leaves, giving me the space I need to seduce my prize. She twirls her pasta before taking a bite and groaning in delight. The noise makes my cock thicken in my slacks. I bring my hand beneath the table and pull on the tip of my aching dick to release some of the building tension. I want to fuck her so damn badly. I want to lay her on the table and feast on her dripping cunt until she screams loud enough for both Heaven and Hell to hear who her pleasure belongs to.

“If you keep making noises like that Flower, we will have to take our food to go,” I growl.

Her cheeks flush the most delicious shade of red and I’m immediately struck by her beauty. She looks down at her lap, trying to play shy. I know she’s not shy; I’ve seen the way she fucks. She’s definitely not shy.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, drawing my attention from the seductive creature across from me. It’s an alert from my security system. Fuck . I quickly open the app and scan through the screens until I see her. My little pet is entering a room she’s most definitely not supposed to be in.

She will definitely be getting a punishment for this.

Liv clears her throat before asking me something, but I can barely hear her over the blood rushing to my ears when I think of what my pet might find in there. I'm certain I locked the gun safe, but I'm not sure I turned off the monitors.

When I look up, Liv is staring at me. Cool simmering rage is apparent in her features. Shit, how long was I looking at my phone?

"Sorry, what?" I mumble.

"Nevermind," she grumbles before shoving more food in between her beautiful lips.

I chance a glimpse back down to my phone. Celeste is still in the control room. Damn it. I pick at my food, uncertain about how to fix this. Liv is pissed, I'm pissed, and Celeste might be discovering all my secrets as we speak. I've told her a lot of truths, but I've left out everything about Liv. I felt that might be too hard for her to come to terms with on top of everything else. Now, I might not have a choice but to tell her my entire plan. This is not how I planned to have this night progress. I hate when things don't go according to plan. I drum my fingers against my thigh in annoyance.

When the waitress comes and offers to box up our food, I immediately agree. I need to go home and deal with that problem; which unfortunately means that my sweet Flower will have to wait for another night to have my cock shoved down her throat.

"And will you be needing anything else this evening, sir?" the waitress asks as she hands me the check and our to-go boxes. "My number maybe? I get off in an hour and could use a drink."

Add this fucking bitch to the list of things that have gone wrong tonight.

“Jessica, is it?” I ask as an idea pops into my head

“Yes, sir,” she croons as her lithe fingers dance up the seam of my button down. I want to twist the fingers from their sockets and shove them down her stuck-up throat. No one, and I mean no one, makes my girl feel like less than she is.

“What I need from you ... is an apology.” Liv’s beautiful emerald eyes shoot straight to mine. Her pupils are blown wide and her mouth hangs open in surprise. The urge to shove my entire length in between those perfectly pouty lips is so strong. She’d choke on my cock so sweetly. “You were exceptionally rude to my beautiful date. So you can either apologize to her and get the fuck out of my sight, or I can speak to your manager, who happens to be a good friend of mine, and inform him about your abysmal customer service abilities.”

Liv snorts slightly and attempts to cover it with her hand over her mouth. I mourn the loss of seeing her beautiful, full lips. They’re painted a pretty pink color tonight that would look so good smeared on my length. A small smirk pulls at the corner of my lips at her amusement. Bitchy Barbie slowly turns to face me, looking thoroughly disgusted. She refuses to make eye contact with either of us as I lean back in my chair, crossing my arms and looking thoroughly smug.

“Well?” Liv asks her. “I am waiting for my apology.”

“Sorry,” Barbie mumbles quickly before storming off.

Good thing she was smart enough to apologize, otherwise things would have turned very ugly for her.

Liv begins to giggle like a sweet school girl. Her laugh is soft and light—so unlike her. It’s intoxicating. I can’t stop the deep chuckle that rumbles from my own chest. She brings the napkin to her eye and dabs at the corner as she tries to maintain her

perfectly done makeup.

“Let’s get out of here. What do you say?” I suggest as I rise from my seat and offer her my hand.

“I’d like that,” she replies as she willingly takes my hand.

Maybe this night isn’t a bust after all .

With a hand placed possessively on her lower back, I lead her from the restaurant. If I have anything to say about it, soon there won’t be a time when she’s without me or my marks. I need the entire world to know that she’s mine. Her body, her fear, her lust, her goddamn soul are all mine. And there’s only one person I’d consider sharing her with.

I guide her into the car again, but now I’m feeling excessively protective over my girl. So I lean across her and this time her perfume is less overpowering. She smells like her.

“I can manage myself,” she giggles as I buckle her into the car.

Fuck, the way she giggles is so delicious. I want to bottle that fucking sound and keep it.

I lean one arm across the open door of the car and look down at my girl. “I know. But I want to take care of you, Flower. I get the sense that you don’t really have anyone taking care of you, maybe that needs to change.”

I give her a winning grin before rounding the car. Once I’m in the back and certain I’m out of sight, I pull out my phone.

Me: Hey man, can you do me a favor? In about ten minutes forward this text to this number from our burner number.

I quickly finish off my text to Garrett by giving him Liv's number. He has access to our burner phone through his computer and will send it for me. I hate to cut this night short, but I have a naughty little pet at home that needs me to teach her a lesson about following the rules. My Flower will have to wait for another night for me to fuck her. But I will be fucking her. Not as a masked monster, not as a demon, and not as a stalker. No, when I sink my cock into her tight cunt, I want her looking me in the eye. It's my name I want her screaming while she creams all over herself in intense pleasure.

We cruise back through town at an easy pace as I blast pop punk through my sound system. It's a little pop for my taste but I think she'll enjoy it. At least, I hope she'll enjoy it. I've never cared this much about what someone thinks of me, and the feeling is unsettling. My need to feel as though I'm pleasing her in more ways than just through sex is not something I'm used to with women. But I can't seem to stop myself from worrying about her and her well-being. It's fucking exhausting.

I come to an abrupt halt outside her house. She hasn't checked her phone the entire ride home. That motherfucker better have sent the message. As much as I'd very much love to go into her house and make her come until the point of delirium, I need to make sure that Celeste is secured. If she freaks out and runs, then the entire plan comes crumbling down. Not just for me, but for Garrett too. We've worked too hard and too long for this revenge; I can't let it slip through our fingers.

Just as she's about to turn to me while pushing a lock of her pretty pink hair behind her ear, her phone buzzes.

About fucking time.

Liv looks down and reads the message that has appeared on her screen before blanching. She turns white as a fucking ghost. She may have suspected me before this, but as far as she knows, there's no way I could be driving the car right in front of her while also sending her text messages as her masked stalker. Good. This should keep her guessing and keep her on her toes a bit longer while we play this fucking game. If she refuses to submit to me completely, then I will play her stupid game of cat and mouse. And when I play a game, I never fucking loose.

"I have to go. Emergency. Sorry," she mumbles before throwing herself from the car and running back up her walkway.

She doesn't bother to even turn and look back before she slams the door shut and disappears from my view.

Slipping my phone from my pocket, I pull back up my security app. I watch for a minute before Celeste's slender form slips through the doorway and she gently closes the door behind her. Her black hair whips across her face as she swiftly scans up and down the hall, making sure she wasn't caught. Satisfied that her nosey little behavior will remain a secret, she skitters down the hallway into our room.

Oh my sweet little captive, you have no idea how much trouble you're in.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Luke

Devil Eyes by Luke Muzzic

Dropping my keys on the entry table, I call out into the dark expanse of the house beyond, “Oh Sweetness, I’m home.”

I try to mask the displeasure in my voice, luring her into a false sense of safety. She’s probably already skittish after whatever she saw in the control room. Liv and I were gone from the homes that are covered by security cameras. But I’m sure she recognized her own house and her best friend’s house on my wall of monitors that my tech guru best friend insisted on setting up in my new house. He said my simple plan of hiding a nanny cam in her room was absolutely unacceptable. I guess having a best friend that’s a cyber security genius has its perks when it comes to stalking.

Savory smells of delicious food waft from the kitchen as I pad through the dark rooms of the house. This house is entirely too large for the two of us, but soon it’ll be three. Then once I fill my girls with children, the house will be full of love and laughter. The thought sends pleasurable warmth crawling down my spine. I never thought of myself as a family man, not after the shit I went through. But the thought of my girls round and ripe, carrying my fucking children in their wombs ... yeah just that daydream has my cock hardening to the point of tenting my slacks. This home is large, secluded, and the style is obscure enough to peak Liv’s interest.

I call her Flower to her face but really she’s a siren, a temptress who has thrown my entire life off course. She came into my world with her vibrance, and strong vulnerability, and turned my entire life upside down. It’s because of her that I

couldn't let Celeste go and it's because of my intense need for them both that all of my plans have changed. The need for revenge is no longer as important to me as they are. I would burn this fucking world to the ground if it meant I could dance on the ashes with the women who have stolen my entire blackened heart. I am not a good man, but for them, I will be the man they need me to be.

As I enter the kitchen, I loosen the top button of my black shirt and allow myself to soak in the sight in front of me. Celeste is wearing the skimpiest little dress. It's all frills, and lace, and barely covers her luscious ass. The curve where her backside meets her thighs is visible to me while she reaches forward to grab a pinch of salt and I can't stop the animalistic growl that leaves my chest as I observe her delicious figure. Fuck, I want to sink inside her and live in her warmth, but first she needs to be taught a lesson.

Maybe I should just be happy she's still fucking here and didn't run screaming .

Moving behind her, I wrap my arms around her torso. "It smells good."

"Thanks," she mumbles, refusing to lift her head and make eye contact with me. "I wasn't sure when you'd be back, but I figured I'd have tacos ready just in case."

I pull her from the stove and spin her to face me. With my fingers on her chin, I tilt her head back to look me in the eyes. Her hazel irises are filled with trepidation.

"I will always come back to you, pet. Always." I lean down to lay a soft kiss on her forehead. "But you've been a bad girl today, haven't you?"

Her face blanches at my words and I can't help the small tinge of excitement that tingles at the base of my spine.

"You're going to finish the meal, eat some food, then meet me upstairs in the

playroom, Sweetness.”

Without waiting for a response from her, I turn on my heel and head upstairs. The ornate black banister is cool underneath my fingers as I glide up the curved staircase. Each of my footfalls echoes around the cavernous space below. I want her to sense my displeasure. I want her to be afraid. I want her to submit to me and learn from this. Rules are in place for a reason. I would never make superfluous rules that did not have a clear rationale behind them. She needs to learn her lesson.

When I reach our playroom, I take my time undoing each button before nicely folding my shirt and laying it neatly on the chair in the corner. The sheets on the bed have been recently washed and cleaned, but we won't be needing them tonight. I peruse my wall of toys, looking for the right tools for this evening when I hear the door creak slightly. I grab the cuffs from the hook and hold them tightly in my palm, the cool metal calming against my heated skin.

I spin and see Celeste standing in the doorway. Her long, dark hair hangs like two curtains across her face, hiding her from me as she timidly stares at her feet. Her hourglass figure is bathed in soft light from the hallway behind her, giving the impression of an ethereal glow. My sweet angel has come to repent with the Devil for her sinful ways. What a fucking sight she is.

“Are you ready for your punishment?” I ask her with a slight surprise.

She could have run. The keys were downstairs and the doors are always unlocked. After what she undoubtedly saw today, I'm surprised she's not already gone. And yet, here she stands—ready to repent before her master.

“Yes,” she whispers as she steps into the room.

“Strip,” I command. “And get on your knees.”

Without another word, she willingly follows my command. Slipping the thin straps of her dress from her shoulders, she lets the silky fabric pool around her waist and exposes the pale flesh of her breasts to me. They're so pristine, begging to be marked. She slides the dress down her hips and thighs before letting it fall to the ground. Her skin pebbles in the cool air as she stands bare before me. I want to lick the entire expanse of her body and feel the rough bumps of her sensitive flesh against my tongue. I'm craving to savor the intoxicating mix of her fear and pleasure.

She raises her head, her golden irises alight with emotion. "Yes sir," she agrees before sinking to her knees before me.

"Good girl," I praise as I close the distance between us, stepping right into her space.

I bring her wrists to the front and place the cuffs against her pale skin. She instinctively attempts to pull away, but I hold firmly, squeezing slightly to remind her of her place. She relents, allowing me to cuff her wrists in front of her waist.

Rising back up to my full height and slipping my fingers into her silken locks, I yank her head backwards until she's peering up at me through teary eyes. "You went into a room that you were forbidden from entering, didn't you?"

For a moment, a flash of defiance flickers across her face, but only for a moment, and then it's gone. "Yes, Master," she concedes.

"And what do bad girls get, Sweetness?" I prod while letting my fingers pull tighter against her hair.

She winces slightly and the sight of her pain has my cock thickening in my pants. "Punished, sir."

"That's right," I say as I move my other hand to my waistband.

I pop the button of my trousers and slowly pull down my zipper. My hardened length springs free as I slide off my pants and briefs. The sweet little thing on her knees before me widens her eyes, her pupils blown wide as she realizes what I have planned for her.

“Open your mouth and stick out your tongue, pet.”

My blood instantly boils when she does not comply. Her mouth stays firmly shut while her eyes stay locked on mine. I have half a mind to tie her down and spank her until her ass is redder than the pits of fucking Hell.

Fucking brat.

“Tell me why you’re watching Liv,” she mumbles quickly before shutting her mouth tightly again.

“That’s not how this works, my love.” I swiftly move my hand to her face and plug her nose. “You’re on your knees to repent to your savior, sweet angel. It’s not the sinner’s place to make demands, but rather to make amends.”

Her eyes go wide with panicked realization. She flails and tries to stand but she’s awkward with her hands cuffed. I easily push her back down with my free hand, refusing to let go of her nose. Her face begins to redden and her eyes water with unshed tears as her lungs begin to burn. I can’t stop the smirk that pulls at my lips as I watch her body submit to me.

With a desperate wheeze, she opens her mouth and sucks in air. I give her just a moment before shoving my length into her open mouth. She gags and whines against my dick but I don’t give a shit. “You earned your punishment, now be a good little slut for me and show me just how badly you feel about breaking the rules,” I demand as I ram into her face mercilessly.

Tears and snot stream down her pale cheeks, painting her face with the evidence of the brutal agony of this punishment. I don't let up despite her whimpers and whines as I thrust into her mouth, hitting the softness of her throat over and over again.

"Fuck, pet," I moan as I hold onto both sides of her beautiful, filthy face for leverage, "your throat feels like motherfucking Heaven."

Pulling out of her mouth, I give her just a moment to catch her breath. "Please," she pants between desperate gasps. "I'm sorry. I just want to make sure you won't hurt he—"

I don't let her finish that thought. I shove my long length back down her throat, pounding into her brutally. Her cuffed hands grip onto the front of my pants, desperately holding on while I fuck her face. I need her to not just know , but to fucking feel, how angry that accusation makes me.

"Why do you care?" I can feel my balls tighten as her throat constricts around the heated head of my dick. "If she's just your friend, then what's it matter if I'm keeping an eye on her?"

I need her to say it. I need to fucking hear her admit it to not just me, but to herself.

I pull out again and let her suck in more choked breaths. She gags and splutters on the floor. Spit and snot run down her face, and yet she looks absolutely fucking beautiful—my beautiful, desperate disaster.

"Say it, Sweetness," I prod as she holds herself up on her hands and knees.

She slowly raises her eyes to meet mine. The amber flame is back in her irises, making them more gold than green in the low light of the play room. She sits back on her heels and wipes the spit from her chin with her cuffed hands. Even on her knees,

naked and being used for my pleasure, she's a fucking goddess. She sucks all the light from the room and glows effortlessly in the darkness surrounding her. I will never not be entranced by the beautiful creature on her knees at my feet.

"Why are you following my friend, sir?" she finally asks.

Wrong fucking answer.

I slip my fingers into her hair again and yank on the strands sharply, causing her to open her mouth in a surprised gasp. When she does, I take the opportunity to slide my length between her swollen red lips. The anger painted across her face is absolutely delicious. I want her to be mad. I want her to be angry. I want her to be desperate.

I pump my cock in and out of her tight throat with wild abandon. It feels so fucking good. I'm so close to blowing down her throat, but I need her to admit the truth before we're done here. "Say it, Sweetness. Tell me why she's so important to you. Tell me why I shouldn't let you watch while I ruin her."

Pulling out of her sweet, soft lips again I give her a moment before bringing the tip to her lips again.

"Wait! Wait!" she begs with her hands pushing against her thighs. "Fine, stop. I love her."

Fucking finally.

She sighs, her head falling downward as I release her from my punishing grip. I take a small step back, allowing her the space to breathe.

"Please don't ruin her." Her voice is sad and soft. I probably bruised her throat. "Please don't hurt her. I'll do whatever you want. Just leave Liv alone."

In one swift motion I lift her from the floor and cradle her in my arms. The surprised gasp that leaves her lips causes my mouth to tip up in an almost smile. I like when she makes cute little noises like that. I drop her delicately on the soft satin sheets of the bed before returning to the wall of toys. Selecting a standard pink plastic toy, I move back to where my girl is splayed across the bed. Confusion and concern are painted across her face.

“Good girl, pet,” I croon as I crawl onto the bed between her spread legs. “I’ve been waiting for you to admit that so that we can move forward.”

“Move forward with wha—”

I don’t let her finish her sentence. Now is not the time to explain. “Not now, my love. Right now, you’ve been a good girl. And what do good girls get?”

Her eyes hold some reservation but I can see the evidence of her arousal leaking from the apex of her thighs. “Rewards?” she asks with hesitation.

“That’s right, Sweetness,” I confirm as I turn on the pink vibrator. “Now spread those legs like a good girl and let me give you your reward.”

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Celeste

Trouble is a Friend of Mine by Kat Leon

My throat feels bruised and tender, my wrists are sore and scraped, and my mind feels as though it might burst from my skull with the overwhelming intensity of what just happened. I've never said that out loud before, and certainly never declared it to another person, but it's true—I love Liv. When I think of my future and where I want to go, I can't imagine a life without her in it. She might just be my best friend, who I casually fuck, but the connection between us is undeniable. And now I've admitted it to the man who's held me captive and made me his plaything.

What the fuck is going on?

His dark eyes bore down on me from above as he fists his throbbing cock in one hand, holding a rigid pink vibrator in the other. Lust and pride swirl together in the depths of his irises as he ravages me with his gaze and I can't help but feel as though I just sold my soul to the Devil.

“What?” I manage to ask in a whisper.

“I said,” he releases his length and uses his hand to push my legs wider apart. He sucks in a short breath as he looks down at my exposed pussy. I'm not just wet—I'm dripping down my thighs. It's embarrassing how much his aggressive treatment turned me on. “Spread your legs and let me reward you for being a good girl.”

I want to hate him, to be mad at him and fight him, but as he brings the vibrator to my

heated clit, I can't help the needy noises that escape my lips. He brings his hand slowly up the length of my bare inner thigh, teasing the delicate flesh. When his skilled fingers reach the apex of my thighs, he circles my drenched opening.

"So fucking wet for me, aren't you?" he asks as he slips a single finger inside me slowly.

"Yes," I egg him on, desperate for more of his aggression. He's being too soft, too gentle. If he's my devil then I want to let him completely consume me with the flames of Hell.

"Did being used by me turn you on, Sweetness?" My master refuses to move faster or harder. He pumps his single finger in and out of me so very slowly. It's the most brutal, pleasurable agony.

"Please," I beg him as I writhe below him, desperately trying to get him to give me more. His usually perfectly styled dark hair has come loose, leaving him looking unhinged. He's a dark and dangerous demon hidden beneath a mask of normalcy. But he's my demon.

"Do you know why I needed you to admit that?" He holds the vibrator so lightly against where I need it most. It's maddening. The rhythmic pulsing is enough to keep me right on the edge of release, but never enough to push me over the edge. It's torturous.

"Sir, please," I whine and mewl, aching for the pleasure being held just beyond my reach.

His fingers suddenly slip from within me. He pulls back then smacks me sharply on my dripping core. I cry out as the stinging pain blooms across the skin of my cunt. When I open my eyes, I'm met with Luke's heated gaze. He's watching me as if he

will swallow me whole. His cock twitches between us, leaking precum onto my thighs. The pain of his slap melts into something else, something unbearably overwhelming when he brings the vibrator back down to my clit.

“I needed you to admit it, because I need you both .” He punctuates the last word by shoving two fingers deeply inside me. I moan and my back bows as he begins to roughly fuck me with his hand. “I’m utterly and completely obsessed with you, Sweetness.” He curls his fingers inside of me, rubbing against a certain spot that has every pleasurable nerve in my body firing. “And I’m also utterly and completely obsessed with her .”

“Luke, please. I need—” I whine as I grind my pussy roughly against his hand, desperate to come.

“I know what you need, baby girl,” he croons before removing his hand and the vibrator, then lining his stiff cock up with my dripping cunt. “You need to be stuffed full of my cum, don’t you?”

“Yes, please,” I beg again before the breath is ripped from my lungs as he sheaths himself inside of me in one swift move. My chest constricts as all the air is stolen from me. The fullness of him is almost too much. His cock throbs inside the walls of my pussy and I can’t help but groan in rapturous tightness.

I’m far from being a virgin and yet his length is still surprising. Once upon a time, I imagined myself waiting for my knight in shining armor to marry me and sweetly take my virginity in a loving gesture. Then I grew up. Sex isn’t sweet. It’s hot, rough, and painfully pleasurable. I don’t want sweet lovemaking with a prince; I want to be fucked by a demon in disguise.

He begins to move, viciously thrusting his hips. Each hard ridge of his thick cock drags back and forth across the bundle of nerves inside me. I feel my release building,

threatening to send me crashing into ecstasy.

“Shhh, Sweetness. I know what you need. You want her to love you and take care of you, but you need me to own you and fill this pretty little pussy up in order to breed you, isn’t that right?”

His words are filthy and wrong, but I can’t help the pleasurable tingles that erupt across my entire body at his statement. He brings his lips down to the crook of my neck and bites my tender flesh—hard. I scream out in pain but he doesn’t relent. He sucks, and bites, and licks my skin until there’s no doubt that I’ll be bruised. Raising back up, he stares down at me with a lustful possessiveness distorting his normally calm and cool facade.

“Mine,” he growls before slipping his hand behind the crook of my knee and pulling me open wide. He begins to move again, fucking me ruthlessly. The pain of his bite, the sting of his slap, and the pleasure he’s pulling from my pussy is almost agonizing. I’m completely overwhelmed with all he’s doing to my fragile body. And yet, I’m throbbing for more. He’s right—I’m lost in the torturous desire I feel for this monstrous man.

“Luke, I’m so close,” I whimper as his thick cock rubs back and forth right where I need him most. The heat building inside me is almost too much, as if I might combust.

“Come for me, Sweetness. Milk your master’s fucking cock until it fills your goddamn womb with my babies,” he growls as he pounds into me mercilessly.

“I can—can’t get pregnant on the pill,” I moan loudly as he fucks me like a wild fucking animal.

I feel my need crest, the impending waves threatening to pull me under into a violent

release. I'm so damn close.

"I replaced," he grunts out each word between clenched teeth, "your pills with placebos weeks ago."

My eyes jerk open as I gasp in horror. My stomach drops like I'm free falling through the air. I want to pull away but it's too late. My orgasm crashes into me. My body throbs in pleasure as I come violently. Rope after rope of warm cum coats my inner walls as Luke follows me over the edge with a feral growl.

We breathe heavily as we come down from our combined high. He rests his forehead against mine and holds me tightly.

"You had no right," I finally manage to whisper as I begin to catch my breath.

"I have every right, love. You're mine. Even your fucking future is mine."

He releases his grip on the crook of my knee and lets my leg fall before moving to undo the cuffs on my wrists. He pulls out from me slowly, my pussy clenches at the loss. Moving to the head of the bed, he drags me up until we're laying together with my back to his front. His hand slips between my thighs, lifting my leg slightly as his still semi-hard cock slides back inside me. I wince at the intrusion to my sore center.

"Relax, pet," he soothes as he sinks inside me and curls his arms around me. "I need to shove my seed back inside you to make sure it doesn't leak out while I keep my cock nice and warm inside this tight cunt."

"You really would want me to have your kids?" I question as my eyes close and sleep threatens to pull me under. His fingers caress the skin of my arms as he rubs soft and soothing circles against my skin.

“Pet, I want to have a whole big family with you.” He lays a soft kiss on my temple.
“We’re going to get our girl and then start a family—our family.”

“I’d like that,” I manage to mumble before I fall into the darkness of sleep.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Luke

One for the Money by Escape the Fate

I hate leaving my girl. I absolutely detest having to leave her when her warmth is wrapped snugly around my cock. Her soft and steady breaths falling so gracefully from between her plush red lips. Just like when she's awake and writhing in excruciating pleasure beneath me, she's a fucking vision when she sleeps. My girl needs the typical eight hours. I, however, do not. Most nights I lay awake for hours, watching the steady rise and fall of her chest in rapt awe that this stunning creature is allowing me to share a bed with her. Other nights, I have to remain close by her side, holding her hand while she has one of her nightmares. The fitful whimpers of her bad dreams make me want to hunt down whoever hurt her in her past and eliminate them. Tonight she's resting peacefully, wrapped safely in my arms.

I flip between watching my one girl in my arms and the other on my phone. Olivia is also sleeping peacefully, but in her own bed. She should be here with me—with us . To have both my girls here with me, in my bed, sleeping soundly next to me ... the thought has my cock twitching inside Celeste's warm cunt. She feels so good, I'm remiss to leave this bubble of warmth and comfort. But I have to.

I glance down at my phone again.

Garett: SOS. My place ASAP.

Fuck.

If it were literally anyone else in the world I'd tell them off. But I can't ignore Garrett. Especially if it's an emergency.

Easing from Celeste's warmth, I shudder at the cool night air. It's late—or early, depending who you ask, so I should be able to sneak out and back before she wakes. She thinks I'm a demon with a morally gray soul but a heart devoted to her. But the truth is, if she knew the true monster inside, if she knew what Garrett and I were truly capable of, I'm not sure she'd continue to love me like she does, and I can not—will not—have her look at me differently. She's my fucking soulmate, my sweet and soft love; I can't have her hate me.

I slide my legs into my discarded black sweatpants and throw on a tee shirt and hoodie, dressing as quietly as possible so as not to disturb her. She looks so peaceful right now; every piece of me begs to return to the warmth and comfort of laying beside her, but instead, I close the door and head downstairs.

Slipping on my shoes and grabbing my keys, I take one final glance down at my phone. I open the app that brings me to my cameras and make sure Liv is also still asleep. The steady rise and fall of her chest on the small screen is a comfort for me. I'd do anything for these women. They've both snaked their way into the pits of my soul and wrapped themselves around my heart. I don't just want to fuck them; I want to keep them, both of them. They are mine. Even if it means risking everything else.

I close the door behind me and make sure it's locked, checking three times to be safe. The red Audi would be too flashy for a late night covert mission, so I grab the keys to my blacked out Range Rover. It's dark and rainy tonight, and Garrett's place is so far off the main roads that the SUV is the better choice anyway.

As I drive across town into the dark and dense woods to the north, my mind keeps wandering back to everything I need to do. I run through lists in my head constantly in order to stay focused and grounded. A well prepared man should always have a

Plan A, B, and C for every scenario. I am not the type to leave anything up to chance; I learned long ago that I make my own fucking fate.

The further I drive into the woods, the lights become fewer, the trees become denser, and the darkness becomes more oppressive. My house is secluded, sure, but Garrett lives practically in the middle of nowhere. His land is expansive, running right up against the Canadian border. I suspect he secretly owns the land across the border as well, but I'm sure he has ownership set up under one of his thousands of false identities. If my brain is organized in a never-ending series of lists, his is creative chaos. He's a genius, there's no doubt about it, but he has one of those neurodivergent minds that is incredibly gifted, just not exactly linear. He jumps from thought to thought in a way that makes my head spin, but the results speak for themselves. He owns and operates one of the most successful cybersecurity companies in the country.

I turn onto the nondescript dirt road nestled between two trees. If you didn't know they were there, you'd be oblivious to the many cameras swiveling to watch the road. No one approaches this house without being seen. In the middle of the forest is a huge gate attached to a massive black iron fence. I stop in front of the gate and push the button on the speaker box.

"Who is it?" Garrett's voice growls from the speaker box.

"You know who it is, asshole. You're the one that demanded I drive all the way over here in the middle of the night. Now let me in," I huff before a loud buzz sounds from the speaker box and the gate begins to swing open.

I can practically hear Garrett's smirk. Fuck.

When the gate is open wide enough, I floor the Range Rover and cruise into his driveway. The dirt road continues on a long, winding path. The rain is really coming

down now, leaving rivulets rushing down my windows. It's so dark and desolate out here, I wonder, not for the first time, how my best friend copes with the solitude.

Finally, the lights of his house appear. It's a modern style mansion. The entire three-story front room wall is one giant pane of glass looking out into the woods. I have to admit, it's a pretty cool fucking house. My girls' style is more in line with our antique and quirky gothic mansion, but I'm sure his will love this when he finally brings her here. She loves to paint, write poetry, and all that artsy shit, so he built a house with as many windows as he could. He told me he wanted her to always be inspired by the nature around them. He's such a fucking sap for her, but it's not like I have room to talk, I'm wrapped around the manicured little fingers of not one but two women.

As I park in front of his circular driveway, I can immediately tell something is wrong. All the lights in his house are on. Usually that means he's been up, pacing his house in anger. I sigh as I step into the cold night air. I'm going to have to talk him down from whatever is bothering him. Swiftly climbing the massive front steps, I don't even knock as I push open the front door and let myself in.

The inside is equally impressive. It's all open concept and sleek. Neither one of us is hurting for money, but he must have spent a fucking fortune on this place. A palace fit for his princess.

"Garett?" I yell into the foyer. "Brother?"

I kick off my muddy sneakers and pad further into the house, stuffing my cold fingers into the pocket of my hoodie as I go.

"In here." His deep voice echoes through the cavernous expanse of his home.

I walk across the amber-colored, wide plank floors and into his front room. There, in front of the massive gas fireplace, is my best friend. His shoulders are slumped

forward and his hands are cradling a glass of amber liquid as he sits on his brown leather sofa. Rounding the couch, I go to stand in front of him. He's shirtless, the light from the flames leaving dancing shadows across his muscled shoulders and dark hair that's fallen in front of his downturned face. The ink sprawled across his skin appears to swirl and twist in the light of the flames.

"What's going on man?" I prompt as he continues to stare at the floor.

He brings the tumbler to his mouth and downs the rest of the liquor in one long gulp.

"Want a drink?" he asks as his ice-blue eyes land on my face. His eyes are unsettling when he looks like this; his irises appear sharp in their coldness.

"Garett, it's the middle of the night and you dragged me all the way out here. What's up?" I say in the most even tone I can muster.

"So sorry, brother. Were you balls deep in some pussy? Celeste keeping your cock nice and warm?"

I feel my anger boiling up. I know he's trying to rile me, and it's fucking working. I do my best to remain cool, at least outwardly.

"Is that why you called me over here? To tell me you have blue balls?" I quip back at him. There was a point in time when I wouldn't have minded helping him out with that, but now I belong to two feisty women, both of whom deserve my complete and unyielding loyalty.

Something dark flashes across his cerulean irises before they return to their normal pale blue. A smirk pulls at the corner of his lips as he rises. He walks across the room to his bar, pours himself another few fingers of expensive liquor, and turns back around. Leaning against the wall behind him, he takes a long swig as he glares at me

over the rim of the glass. His dark hair is unkempt, falling across his forehead and eyes. I instinctually push mine back, making sure it's tidy and neat.

"It has been a while, maybe I should pay Celeste a visit. She was a good fuck." His tone is condescending. He knows he hit a sore spot.

I run my thumb along my jaw, scrapping at the stubble there to stop myself from forming an angry fist. I know what he's doing and despite my best efforts, it's working. He's already under my skin.

"You and your dirty dick are going nowhere near her ever again."

His smirk spreads. "Come on, brother. Didn't you enjoy sharing that little piece of ass?" He spins, giving me his back as he grabs a second glass and begins to pour more whiskey. "Don't tell me you've become attached to your play thing."

This asshole.

"Not sure how Ali will feel when she hears about how you fucked her co-worker," I spit at him.

I know it's a low blow, but he deserves it. He's been pushing my buttons on purpose. I watch as the muscles of his back tense. He rolls his neck side to side and the joints crack.

His voice is deadly low when he finally responds, "She will not find out about that. She, along with everyone else, thinks Celeste is dead. Once they finally get enough evidence on Brody, he will be put away and arrested for her murder. And that's all Ali will ever know about it."

This is his plan for revenge on Brody. Brody, Will, and the others tortured us and

countless others. Their victims deserve revenge. The law was never going to provide the justice we all deserve, so we took matters into our own hands. Garrett decided a quick death would be too good for Brody. Brody took so much from him—both his sister and the girl he’s loved since childhood. His sister didn’t survive, and Garrett vowed to protect Ali, at any cost, after that. Brody is going to rot away in prison, watching his life perish day by day.

He turns around and stalks toward me with fire in his eyes. “Understood?”

“No one has to know anything, as long as you stay the hell away from my girls.”

I accept the glass he offers me. The alcohol burns as it slides down my throat before settling and leaving a smoky aftertaste coating my mouth. It’s a good whiskey. He might be a crazy motherfucker, but he knows his liquor.

“Girls?” he asks with an emphasis on the final syllable.

Shit .

I shoot him a warning glare but he just chuckles. “Don’t worry, I’m not here to judge you and your harem.”

Fucker .

“So, what is it that couldn’t wait until the morning?” I prompt as I take another sip.

“Kyle is dead.”

I choke on my drink. Cough and sputtering as I attempt to wrap my head around what he just said. Kyle is one of Brody and Will’s gang of rapist assholes. He is— was—one of the only ones left on our list to eliminate. Only, we didn’t kill him. So who

did?

“How?” I manage to ask between coughs.

“No clear cause of death. The dead and mutilated body they found decomposing outside the funhouse after Halloween? They just confirmed the identification.”

I remember hearing about that. It freaked people out but the investigators were tight lipped about the details.

“Why’d the ID take so long?” I question.

“I guess his body was real fucked up. Reports describe him looking shriveled, like his insides were sucked out of him.” Garrett shrugs and takes another sip before flopping back down on the sofa.

Of course he hacked into the police files and read the reports. I can barely contain my eye roll.

“Wasn’t you, was it?” I ask as I sit next to him.

He snorts. “His cock had bite marks all over it. Does that sound like me?”

“Guess not,” I concede. “So who was it?”

“Don’t know and don’t care.” He sounds like he means it. He’s not disturbed at all that someone else is killing the same group of assholes we are out to eliminate. “One less fucker to worry about. Now you just have to worry about Will, and I need to make sure Brody gets put away.”

My foster brother’s name causes a wave of nausea to roll over me. I hate that

motherfucker with everything in my being. He ruined my adolescence and is the ring leader of this group of rapist fucks. He's the worst of them all, controlling and commanding the others. We saved Brody and Will for last on our list. They deserve to suffer the most.

"Any leads on my brother dearest?" I ask with sarcasm rolling around with a bitter taste in my mouth. I drink more whiskey to try to cleanse my mouth and stomach.

"Actually," Garrett stands and walks across the room to the large dining table covered in papers. He grabs some of the many pages and brings them back over, handing the photos to me. "Yes. Seems like he's working under a different last name at a casino down south."

My blood turns to ice as I look through the shots. Picture after picture shows my foster brother at a very familiar casino. One that's run down and dirty. The same one I've followed Liv to for weeks.

"Fuck!" I yell as I throw my glass. The tumbler shatters against the wall, amber liquor dripping to the floor. "If he so much as touched a single fucking hair—"

Garrett's firm grip on my shoulder grounds me back to the present. "He hasn't gotten anywhere near the pink-haired bimbo you're obsessed with."

I spin on him, shoving him backwards. "Don't fucking call her—"

He holds up his hands in surrender. "As far as I can tell, Will is running some type of illegal gambling business. As long as your girl isn't a gambler, she should be fine."

I calm slightly but my heart is still thundering. I don't like any of this, but he's right, Will should have no reason to interact with Liv. Still, I need to figure out how to get her away from there.

“First, we make sure Brody is put away. Then we will deal with Will, okay?” Garrett urges.

“Fine,” I agree before turning and storming from his house.

As I settle back into my car ready to speed home, I can’t stop myself from pulling out my phone to calm my anger. Both my girls are safe and sound, right where I left them.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Celeste

Love Like Mine by Stela Cole

A few days later

“Such a good girl, keeping my cock nice and warm in that sweet little mouth,” he praises as he strokes my soft cheek.

The ring gag prevents me from closing my mouth, but even if I could, I wouldn't. I love the feel of him inside me—in my mouth, in my pussy, hell, even in my ass. I've become addicted to this man's cock. Soon I'll have both his cock and Liv's cunt, and I'll be the happiest little captive there ever was.

In the past few weeks that I've been here, I've learned that Luke is a big fan of cock warming. Most nights we fall asleep with his spent length still inside me. And for the last week, he's been training me to keep him in my mouth while he works. It's torture for my jaw but we've been working on building up my strength so I'm able to sit between his knees, warming his cock while he works for longer periods of time. At first, I was hesitant about just sitting here on the harsh wooden floors with the grooves digging into the skin of my bent legs, my head on his lap, and his cock in my mouth. But the anticipation of what's coming for me at the end if I'm a good little pet for him, is unbearably exciting. I'm beginning to love our training sessions and the inevitable multiple orgasms I get at the end.

Luke occasionally does his work here in the monitor room now that it's not his secret bad guy lair. He told me all about his plans involving Liv, and while it might be a bit

unconventional, he's right; she has walls built up around her that are higher than fucking Sleeping Beauty's tower. So, if we want her to let down those walls and let us in, an unconventional approach might be needed. I'm not very helpful in terms of going out of the house, but apparently being the bait is more helpful anyway. A secret, dark part of me is thrilled that she's willing to go to such lengths and let herself be jerked around by a masked stalker in order to find me. There was always a part of me, a very insecure part, that was uncertain of how she felt about me. I had a secret crush on my best friend for years, but she's always been so cool, open, and free, and I'm so ... not. I assumed if I shared my feelings with her she'd laugh at me or 'let me down easy' and it would ruin our friendship. I would rather be her friend than lose her, so I never said anything. But hearing Luke talk about the absolute desperation with which she's been looking for me has me rethinking everything. It seems wild, but Luke's vision of a happy throupling future might just work.

Some of the time he's in here scheming about Liv or watching back footage, but he also does a lot of work that I don't quite understand. When he's working on cases for the law firm, he does that on his work computers that are spread out in the dining room. But in here, he uses different computers and is definitely not working on traditional cases. When I asked him about it, he told me that he does some work for Garrett's cybersecurity business but seemed hesitant to elaborate. I'm not sure if he doesn't want to tell me because it is confidential, boring, or dangerous. I grew up in a religious backwater commune—I know what a fucking gun safe looks like, and the fact that he has one in here has a gnawing worry perpetually nagging at me. I try not to think about it too much though, I'm sure it's just for protection and that the business is on the up and up. At least, I hope that's what's going on here.

Drool is building up in my mouth, threatening to spill over my lips and run down my chin. It's degrading, but a sudden rush of tingling pleasure runs up my spine at the thought of being so wet for him. The knowledge that I'm his good girl, being used as his pet and plaything like this, has me squeezing my thighs together in order to get some relief. I can't help myself from stroking the underside of his soft length with my

tongue. He twitches as I grind against a particularly sensitive vein.

“Such a naughty girl, always wanting your master’s cock. Aren’t you?” he growls from above the desk that I’m perched underneath.

I softly moan around him in agreement. I am completely and utterly consumed by my desire for this man. His chair pulls backwards, allowing me to see him. His heated gaze meets mine and I practically melt on the spot. I let my tongue travel up and down the length of him again. The seductive movement causes his cock to harden slightly in my mouth, cutting off a bit of my air, and forcing spit to fall over my lips and down my chin.

“Fuck,” he moans and throws his head back as I reposition to take his quickly stiffening length better into my mouth. I work my spread lips up and down his length, sucking him as best I can with the gag still in. “Does my pet need to be played with?”

I whine again in response to his question, flicking his bulging head with my tongue and being rewarded with dripping precum oozing from the tip into my throat. I love the taste of his desire in my mouth.

“Stand up,” he commands as his fingers slide into my hair and twist. My scalp burns as he pulls me off his erect cock.

I do as he commands and stand before him. His heated gaze trails down my naked form. My entire body is aching for his touch. My nipples are peaked and begging to be pinched. My pussy is throbbing uncontrollably between my thighs. If he doesn’t touch me soon, I might very well combust.

“Turn around and bend over. Hands flat on the desk and legs spread. Let me see that desperate cunt, Sweetness.”

His words are always filthy, but when he's needy for me his tenor drops even lower. The growling commands of my dangerous master are enough to make me light-headed and giddy with anticipation. I love how he uses my body; he owns and dominates me in a way that is possessive yet proud. I never have any doubts how he feels about me—I might be his pet, but he worships me.

I continue to do as he commands, bending at the waist with my hands palm down on the papers he was just looking at. My hips rise as a single one of his fingers caresses the outside lips of my pussy.

“So fucking wet already, pet.” He uses two fingers to spread me wide. I flinch at the sudden rush of cold air on my wet core, but the sharp intake of breath he sucks in has me immediately relaxing back into the desk below. “This is the prettiest fucking pussy I’ve ever seen.”

Pushing his two thick digits into my dripping folds, he begins to rub soft circles around my heated clit. It feels so fucking good like every nerve in my system is tingling with excitement. And then he moves back, circling my entrance.

“Does my pet need her master to take care of her?” His fingers dip inside me slowly. “Pump her full of cream until it drips down her thighs?”

I can't answer him with the gag still in, but I drive my hips backwards, begging with my body. The loss of his fingers leaves me sagging against the hard wood beneath me, but when I hear the sound of his pants being discarded, I shiver with anticipation.

He lines the warm head of his cock up with my entrance, rubbing it between my wet folds first to lube it up. “Beg for it,” he demands as he continues to rub his cock up and down but refusing to give me what I need.

I moan and gargle unintelligibly as I writhe against the desk. I'm dripping and

drooling—a real needy fucking mess. Weeks ago I would have been embarrassed and self conscious, but now I know how much he loves me like this. It pleases my master to see me desperate for him.

Without warning, he jerks his hips forward—seating himself entirely inside me. I scream and flail against the surface of the desk, shocked by the sudden intrusion. My hands come up off the wood as I search for something to steady myself, but he's there instantly, bent over my body and holding both my wrists firmly in one of his large hands.

“Nuh-uh, love. You're not going anywhere. You acted like a desperate slut and now you're going to take my cock like one too,” he grunts as he begins to rut into me furiously.

His hips snap against my backside with each pump, driving me against the hard edge of the desk. This will absolutely leave a bruise, a thought that makes me feel even more needy. I love when he marks me as his. His fingers of his free hand dip inside the ring of the wide gag. He rubs the pads against my tongue.

“Taste how needy you are for me, slut. Your pussy leaking all over my fucking fingers,” he grunts between punishing thrusts that are quickly propelling me toward ecstasy.

I so badly want to close my mouth around his fingers and suck the evidence of my desperation for him off his digits but the gag is preventing me. He gathers up some of the building saliva before removing his fingers. A moment later I feel the wet digits pushing against my back hole. I mewl and croon around the metal rings as he slowly works a thick finger into my tight opening.

“Come on, Sweetness, be a good girl and relax so I can stuff both your slutty little holes,” he demands as he slowly works his finger in a bit deeper.

The pressure is almost too much, and as he adds a second finger, I fear I won't be able to take it. I fight against his hold, trying desperately to relieve some of the pressure but he holds me down, fucking me in both holes ruthlessly. I feel his fingers push past the ring of muscles in my ass causing me to cry out in passionate agony. I'm somewhere between pleasure and pain, not sure if I want him to stop or if I want more. When he adds a third finger to my ass I freeze up. I'm not sure if three fingers and his cock will all fit inside me at once or if the pain will pull me under.

His other hand releases my wrists before moving to push hair off my forehead and tuck my raven locks behind my ear. His hips stop thrusting roughly, alternating to a low, languid pace. But he doesn't stop pumping all three thick fingers into my tight hole.

I'm a panting whimpering mess beneath him. He leans in and whispers in my ear, "Relax, pet. Let me in. I want to feel you come around both my cock and my fingers, baby."

I take a few deep breaths, willing myself to calm before my muscles relax enough to let him all the way in.

"Good girl," he praises as he puts his hand back down on the wooden surface beneath us. "Now, you may want to hold onto the desk, because I can't hold back any longer, Sweetness."

His words send a thrilling tingle up my spine. I listen immediately and slightly reposition so I can hold on to the edge of the desk. His hips snap against me at a punishing pace while his fingers plunge in and out of me just as fiercely. He ruts into me from behind like a beast, wild and unrestrained.

"Fuck, Sweetness," he groans between gritted teeth as he thrusts into me. "I can feel my cock with my fingers through your thin walls. You feel—" he thrusts so deeply

that I'm pretty sure he shatters my insides. "Too. Fucking. Good." Each word comes out strained through his clenched teeth.

All I can do is hold on to the desk while he uses me. His fingers massage my insides as his thick cock scrapes across my sensitive bundle of nerves at a maddening pace. I'm panting and drooling all over the papers beneath me but I can't even be bothered to care, all my brain can process is the intense pleasure he's aggressively ripping from my body.

"Come. For. Me," he demands, punctuating each word with a thrust of his hips.

And I can't deny my master.

"Fuck!" I scream into the gag as everything goes black. My entire body and mind are flooded with waves of electrifying pleasure. My pussy contracts over and over again as my pleasure crests.

"That's it, sweet girl. Squeeze my fucking cock," Luke moans from behind me as his own release hits. Rope after rope of warmth coats my insides, forcing even more pleasure from me. "Milk every last drop from me."

We're a mess. Our panting breaths fill the cavernous space of the two story room. The lights of the screens before us flicker across our sated forms. With a grunt, he slowly removes his fingers from me. I groan at the loss of being filled in both holes. When he pulls his softening length from me, I feel our combined release drip down my thighs. He releases my gag, letting my aching jaw finally close.

"I love you, pet," he whispers as he plants a soft kiss on my head before lifting me and carrying me to our room.

As he lays me gently on the bed, my eyes flutter closed. My body is completely

spent. I just want to curl up and sleep. On the periphery of my consciousness, I hear the bathtub running.

“No sleeping yet, my love.” Luke’s strong arms lift me again, carrying me as he walks across our room. “We need to get you cleaned up.”

I open my eyes as he shifts me in order to step into the tub. He lowered the blinds, turned the lights low, and lit candles. Rose scented bubbles fill the tub as warm water rushes from the tap. Lowering us both, he positions our bodies so that my back rests against his front. His long legs bracket my stated form. He rubs my shoulders, arms, and legs in soothing circles as the warm water finishes surrounding us.

He turns off the faucet and pulls me back tightly against him, whispering in my ear, “I do love you, you know. I might be aggressive and possessive, and how we met might be a bit unconventional,” I snort at his nonchalant tone while explaining how he kidnapped me. “But I love you and I want us all to be happy. Happy, safe, and together.”

I lean my head back against his shoulder, soaking in his strength and warmth. My eyes fall closed again and we sit in a comfortable silence for a moment.

“I love you too,” I whisper as I nuzzle my face into the crook of his neck, the dark stubble scratching my skin. “I think it’s time you go get our girl and bring her home.”

He doesn’t respond right away and I worry I’ve said the wrong thing. I know he said she needed time, and he has a plan and a schedule. But quite honestly, fuck planning. When you know, you know. And I know that I’m ready for them both.

But then he finally speaks, “You’re right. It’s time.”

My master will be home in an hour. I have fifty-five minutes to get myself ready and

get everything set up. Butterflies make my stomach flip in anticipation. I know I see him every night, but I want tonight to be extra special. I've made his favorite dinner, prepared his favorite dessert, and cleaned the entire house. I even purchased some new lingerie online for tonight. I want everything to be perfect.

We've been talking a lot about his plans for the future—a future with the three of us. Since I told him that I think we're ready for Liv to know the truth, we've been talking about the best way to get her on board with everything. We decided it might be best if we take it slowly instead of springing it all on her at once. The more he described his vision of the future to me, the more the idea grew on me. It's untraditional—yes. But who the fuck is to say that untraditional is wrong? He loves me, adores me, and treats me like a fucking queen. And on top of that, he's willing to share me with the woman who holds a special part of my heart. Not many men would be willing to share their partner with someone else. He's smart, capable, and I know he will take care of our family. He's the type of partner that will make our life so much more than mundane. So, fuck tradition. I'm in love with both of them, why should any of us have to choose?

Last week, I got my period, signaling that I am definitely not pregnant. Luke wanted to continue fucking, telling me that a little blood doesn't bother him, and as good as an orgasm sounded that's just one of those things that's a no-go for me. I do not feel sexy while I'm on my period. I want to eat chocolate ice cream in bed while wearing oversized sweats and crying. There's nothing attractive about that. Luke was so sweet and kind; he bought me a hot water bottle and brought me any random things I craved throughout the week. He was so patient while I told him no for sex repeatedly.

His kindness, his understanding attitude, his care for me, it all made me realize that he's going to make an amazing partner for me and father for our children. He's been talking about breeding me and knocking me up for weeks now. He even admitted to tampering with my birth control. I was angry when he told me about that at first. But now, I'm not so sure it'd really be a bad thing. Call it Stockholm Syndrome, love,

desperation—whatever you want, but he’s an amazing partner, and I’d be lucky to carry his children.

But my aunt has left so I’m ready to show him just how much I appreciate his patience and how very ready I am to be stuffed full of his cum.

I showered and shaved, making sure to exfoliate with a sugar scrub so that my skin is silky smooth. Then I blow dried my hair and worked on dinner and dessert. Mrs. Prichett came by to help me with the cooking and baking. Steak with potatoes and green beans for dinner and chocolate chip cookies for dessert. The cookies are simple but Luke says they remind him of his mom, before he got put into the system of course, and the sweet simplicity of a boy who just wanted a loving home tugged at something in my heart. Damn hormones . So, of course I made them tonight for him. I want to prove to him just how much our future together means to me.

Swiping the liquid liner across the tops of my lashline, I curve it up and out. I’m going for dark and sexy tonight so heavy on the eyeshadow and winged liner it is. When I was finally out from under my parent’s thumb, I was able to find some things that I, as a unique and independent woman, enjoyed. And makeup is definitely one of them. I love playing with different shades, colors, and textures. It’s like art but on a human canvas. It’s fun and creative. I’ve watched way too many YouTube tutorials on various techniques and tools.

Once satisfied with the sexy smokey eye I was able to put together, I move onto my hair. Luke likes my hair down so I opt to leave it down in loose waves. Once finished, I check the time—ten minutes to spare.

Wandering into our massive walk-in closet, I get onto my hands and knees to crawl into the very back corner. Reaching out, my fingers close around the stiffness of the cardboard box I shoved back there earlier in the week. Pulling it out and sitting back on my heels, I open the lid. Inside is a strappy contraption that looked amazing on the

model online but now looks horribly intimidating. Does this thing come with a fucking instruction manual?

Stepping into what I think are the leg holes, I try to pull it up but curse loudly when it appears I'm somehow in an arm hole. Fuck , I didn't think about the whole getting it on process when I bought this stupid thing online.

“You will look so good in this, he'll have no choice but to knock you up,” I remind myself as I take the clusterfuck of straps off and try again.

After several more attempts, I finally get myself in the faux leather strappy number. Two wide pieces of black material sling over my shoulders and come down to cover my nipples—barely. They are connected to another strap that sits horizontally right between my bust and belly button. From there, straps connect to pieces wrapped around both of my thighs. Looking in the mirror I'm blown away by the final result. I look damn fucking good.

I finally hear footsteps thundering up the stairs and despite my annoyance at his lateness, I hurriedly get into position. I get on my knees on the floor at the foot of the bed. The dark wooden floorboard digs into the tender flesh of my exposed lower legs, but I don't mind the small bit of pain. I drop my hands to my thighs, palms down and flat. Then I hang my head down in submission. I do one finally check to make sure the strappy piece of pleather I'm wearing is laying against my skin as it's supposed to. Everything looks good. Just as I settle into place, the door swings open. It cracks against the wall behind it, sending a deafening bang through the room.

The sound makes me quiver with anticipation. The times when he's rough and animalistic are some of my favorite. My pussy leaks at just the thought of him using me. I love being his little plaything.

Light footsteps pad toward me hesitantly. The feeling of something being ... off

gnaws at me. I'm tempted to look up, but I've been trained better than that. I keep my head bowed down in submission. That is, until a female voice reaches my ears.

"Celeste?" the voice prompts.

I know that voice.

Opening my eyes, the first thing I see is combat boots—black, platform combat boots. My eyes scan up her form, taking in her ripped fishnets and her short, tight black skirt. The soft olive skin of her exposed midriff. I stop just short of her face, unable to believe that she's really here.

"Celeste?" Liv asks again.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Luke

Animal I Have Become by Three Days Grace

15 Years Ago

Light peaks in through the small windows high above as dawn begins to break. It's barely enough light to be noticeable, but I've trained my body to react instantly to the light. I need to be up and out of here early before anyone comes in and catches me sleeping here on the cold floor.

I stretch out my body and groan as every sore piece of me rebels against the movement. Sleeping on the cold tile floor of the locker room isn't comfortable but it's better than the alternative. I swing open the metal locker slowly, making sure to be as quiet as I can just in case there is someone who has decided to come in extra early today. I grab the small bag stashed at the bottom of the locker and walk over to the row of sinks lining the far wall. Pulling out the few toiletries I have, I go to brush my teeth, but the toothpaste tube is beyond empty.

Fuck.

This, plus the lack of clean clothes left, means I'll have to return to my room soon and restock. Hopefully I can manage to sneak into my foster home in the next few days while no one is there. I'll have to ditch school and wait until my foster mom leaves to get groceries while everyone else is at work or school. I just need five minutes to sneak in and grab some fresh clothes and toiletries without getting caught. It's a miracle the Davis' even leave my room stocked; I figured they would have

thrown out my shit long ago. I guess this way they know I have to return to the hell house they call a home.

I wet my barren toothbrush and at least scrub my teeth before changing into the last pair of passably clean clothes I have. It's a bit too cold today for the lightweight shirt and dilapidated jeans I slip my skinny ass into, but it's the only thing I have that I haven't already worn this week and isn't disgustingly dirty. The flimsy fabric won't really keep me warm enough outside, but hopefully I'll only have to wait out there briefly before I can sneak back into the school building for breakfast. The thought of warm food elicits a deep rumble from my stomach. I'd be embarrassed if I wasn't the only person around. The last meal I had was the free school lunch of pizza and some fruit yesterday afternoon, but I'll have to hold out for a few more hours until they start serving up breakfast.

I'd kill for a warm shower right now but I can't risk someone hearing the water; I'll have to wait until the end of gym class to wash. Most kids clean off and run out of the gym, our last period of the day, as quickly as they can. But I stay and savor it. I'm one of the few kids not running out of the building as quickly as possible when that last bell of the day goes off.

I've been hiding out in the school the last few weeks. I hang out around town after school until it's late enough for most to have left the grounds, then I sneak back in through the side door that the gym teacher leaves open for his smoke breaks. I hide out inside the locker room until it gets dark enough to get some rest, then I use my gym clothes as a pillow and sleep on the floor. I wake up each morning before anyone arrives and sneak out the same side door, hiding out back until the school officially opens. It's not comfortable or fun, but at least it's safe. I'd rather be uncomfortable and hungry, than broken and bruised. Occasionally, I stay with my best friend Garrett at his house, but I can't have his mom catching on and asking too many questions. Plus, she's a single mom. I know she can't afford another mouth to feed.

Stuffing all my shit back in my locker, I close it and head out of the locker room toward the side door in the back of the gym hallway. I make sure to close it every evening after I sneak back in to avoid any issues. Pushing it open, the cold air hits me in the face immediately. Shit, it's much colder than I anticipated today. It's going to be a long couple of hours outside in this frigid air waiting for the school to officially open. My dark brown hair is overgrown and flops against my eyes as the wind whips it around my face.

Hiking my school backpack up on my shoulder, I put my head down to avoid the wind and push forward. I just need to make it out to my favorite tree around the other side of the building, then I can sit and try to do some of my homework before the school day begins and I can grab a warm meal inside. Another gust blows against me and my body shivers from the chill. It's going to be a long and cold few hours.

When I finally reach the large oak past the soccer fields, I let out the breath I've been holding in. Maneuvering around to the far side of the tree in an attempt to hide from the bitter chill, I throw myself to the ground and slide down the trunk. The rough bark slips against each vertebra of my bony back. I've never been a big kid. When you don't know one of your biological parents, your genes are a fun guessing game. I remember wondering if I'd hit puberty and suddenly explode into a tall wall of muscles. I imagined myself dwarfing my bullies and pummeling them into the ground the same way they'd been beating the crap out of me since elementary school. Unfortunately, I got the height but not the bulk. Poor nutrition and stress means I'm more skin and bones and less wall of badass muscle. I am a gangly, pathetic, weirdo who wears the same clothes more often than is socially acceptable. The other kids have ostracized me. With the exception of Garrett, I've become a complete fucking friendless loser. And don't even get me started on girls. As much as I fantasize about them, none of them have ever even bothered to look in my direction.

I pull out my math book from my backpack and the worksheet I was assigned yesterday. I'm not a great student. I try, don't get me wrong. I have plans, and they

involve me getting the fuck out of the shit hole town and making a life for myself. I know I need good grades to not only get into college but also to get the scholarships I'll need in order to pay for college. I come from nothing, like lower than fucking dirt. Unknown dad and a junkie piece of shit mom. Kids like me are charity cases that some colleges will take if they know we are willing to work hard, which I definitely am. I'm not afraid of hard work if it means safety and security. I learned long ago that no one's going to take care of me other than myself, and that's what I intend to do. Things have just been extra shitty lately, and my grades are suffering because of it.

"There's our pal Lucky Lucas!"

Shit .

With the wind blowing intensely I didn't even hear them approaching. I'm so sick of them. I just want them to leave me the fuck alone for once. Even for just one day. But they won't. They never leave me the fuck alone.

"Whatcha' doing there Lucky Lucas?" Brody asks as he sneers at me down his perfectly straight nose.

Brody and his pack of goons are my least favorite people to run into here. He's a blonde haired, blue-eyed, pretentious piece of shit. His family owns several businesses around town and they're loaded. I don't think Brody's ever wanted for anything in his entire life. He has everything anyone could ever want. Every. Fucking. Thing. You think someone like that would be content, happy. But Brody is a complete asshole. He spends most days trying to make my life more miserable than it already is. The universe has already dealt me a pile of utter shit for a life, why he needs to try to make it worse at the one place I feel safe is beyond me.

"Math." I don't look up. I mumble down into my chest, praying they'll just leave me alone and walk away. But they never walk away.

“You waiting out here until they open so you can be first in line for food, you poor as fuck piece of shit?” Wyatt, the stupidest of the gang asks as he lightly kicks at my knee. He’s an absolute moron but he’s also huge. His neck alone is thicker than my waist.

“Maybe he lives here,” Marcus adds as the rest snicker. I can feel my cheeks burst into flames as the truth of his words hits me. I panic for a minute thinking that they know where I’ve been sleeping. “His whore of a mother certainly can’t have him hanging out in her trailer while she sells herself for five bucks a pop.”

They all get a laugh out of that one. My mom may be a junkie and a shitty ass mom, but as far as I know, she was never a whore. Even if she was, listening to her get fucked, and then get fucked up, would be preferable to the hell that I was placed in after being removed from her care.

“Don’t talk about my mom,” I mumble into my chest, but they don’t hear me.

“No, don’t you remember, his mom is such a piece of shit that the state removed Lucky Lucas here from her care. Now he gets to live with Will and his parents.” I keep my eyes and head lowered in submission but I can feel Brody hovering over me, assessing me. “Isn’t that right?”

“Oh shit, that’s right!” Kyle, the fourth and final member of their gang adds. “Fuck, Will is such a badass. What a shame he got stuck with stupid ass Lucky Lucas mooching off his family. They deserve a huge payout from the state for having to deal with your sorry ass!”

Yeah, my foster brother, Will, has a reputation for being very cool among everyone here. He was a star athlete when he went here, and now goes to college across town but lives at home. He’s going to take over his father’s successful real estate firm one day. He still shows up at all the high school parties and games, bringing booze and

weed with him. They all worship him like a fucking god. But no one even questions why a man in his twenties, who's off at college, is still hanging out with underage kids. No one cares to look beneath the mask; all too afraid to expose the monster.

The first blow comes as a surprise and knocks me off guard. The blinding pain radiates from where Wyatt hit me on my temple and across my entire skull. His fist rams into my head so intensely that I'm thrown to the ground and black dots spark across my field of vision. A pained cry leaves my lips, causing them all to laugh at me.

"Will asked us to check on you." Brody's breath is sour as he leans over my crumpled form and speaks against the side of my face. "He's worried you haven't been home and haven't been eating."

Yeah, I'm sure Will's been very worried about where I am.

"So we thought we'd bring you a snack," Marcus states and the rest laugh as if it's the funniest thing they've ever heard.

Right on cue, my stomach growls again. Another wave of embarrassment and anger courses through me and I struggle to keep tears from forming in my eyes. I'm not sure how much more I'm going to be able to take before I snap.

"We all made a contribution to your special snack," Wyatt manages to get out between giggles.

I look up to see him holding a ziploc baggie with what appears to be a sandwich inside. I know this must be some type of sick fucking joke but right now I'm not catching on to what's so funny.

Brody's fingers snake into the dark hair at the crown of my head and pull. Sharp pain

spreads throughout my scalp as he yanks me up to a sitting position. He doesn't let go of my hair as the rest of his gang surrounds me, caging me against the tree and glowering down at me.

Marcus leans forward and pinches my cheeks. "Open wide Lucas, so we can feed you your snack."

Shaking him off of me nearly causes my roots to be ripped from my head as Brody tightens his hold on my hair. I spit at Marcus' face. The loogie lands right in the corner of where his nose meets his cheek. If I wasn't so terrified of what's going to come next I'd savor this moment—the look on Marcus' face is phenomenal.

The punch he lands on my diaphragm is not. I wheeze and cough, unable to breathe for a moment. Marcus isn't as strong as Wyatt, but the punch still hurts like a bitch.

"Luke," I finally manage to choke out between pained gasps.

"What?" Marcus growls in my face.

"Luke." I hate repeating myself for the sake of these morons. "My name is Luke, not Lucas you assholes. We've gone to school together since kindergarten, you think you'd know my name by now."

"I'm sick of this. Let's feed him this cum sandwich already!" Wyatt whines from behind the murderous asshole in my face.

"Aww, you ruined the surprise. Now he won't eat it," Kyle complains. Not like I was really interested in whatever they intended to feed me before, but there's no way in hell I'm eating a sandwich filled with their jizz. These sick fucks are out of their minds.

“He doesn’t have a fucking choice, dumbass.” Their leader snarks as he pulls my hair tighter, forcing my head back.

They all giggle as Marcus returns his hand to my face. His fingers pinch harshly into my cheeks. I try my best to keep my mouth closed but it’s no use, his fingers dig so deeply into my flesh that the inside of my cheeks tear against my teeth and I open my mouth in agony. As I do, Wyatt forces the bread into my mouth. I thrash and struggle against them.

I use my tongue to try to push the sandwich out of my mouth but when I do, I register the taste of something salty on my tongue. Realizing what it is, I immediately gag. Bile rises up from my stomach, the acid burning my esophagus. Tears and snot run down my face while their laughter and jeers fill the air around us.

I pray for someone, anyone, to come and save me. I need a teacher or a janitor, fuck even another student, to come find me. I’m so weak and pathetic, unable to save myself. The rage builds within me with each of their cackling laughs. My disgust turns to pain and anger.

Satisfied with their punishment, they release me. My head falls forward as hot tears streak down my cheeks. I spit the remains of their sick fucking snack on the ground in front of me. Raising my eyes, I’m met with Brody’s icy stare.

“You were supposed to swallow like a good little boy,” he sneers into my face.

Those words break me. Whatever restraint I had left is shattered. I lunge at Brody, throwing him to the ground and hitting his face as hard as I can with my fists. I feel my knuckles collide with his nose with a crunch. Blood splatters across me as it spews from his face. I feel good for the first time in a long time. Every punch I throw at him pulls a piece of the rage and pain out of my soul and sets it free.

That is, until large hands pull me off of Brody. I'm thrown to the ground, my head colliding with a cold rock. My vision flashes in and out as pain flares behind my eyes. I feel them on me instantly, all of them kicking and hitting me. Someone grabs me by the shirt and slams me back down. I briefly register the pain of the rock against my head again before everything goes black.

I have no idea where I am. Everything is foggy and unclear. I feel like I'm not really here. I can't remember the last thing that happened.

I try to open my eyes but the brightness is blaring and painful. I slam my eyes shut and try to take a few deep breaths. Where the hell am I?

Daring to squint my eyes slightly open again, I'm able to get a glimpse of myself. I'm definitely laying down somewhere. I'm covered in a white sheet. Am I dead? No. I'm in pain. I'm pretty sure I read somewhere that you'll know you're dead when you don't feel pain anymore. If that's what death feels like, then I'm the opposite of dead. Everything hurts. Every. Fucking. Thing. The pain behind my eyes is the worst though. It feels like my skull shattered in two. A pained groan escapes from my throat.

"Oh my god! Steve! Steve, he's awake! Go get the nurse! Hurry!"

Fuck . I know that voice. It's what's her face. Damn, I can't remember her name. She's my foster mom, I hate her, and her name is ... Shit . I can't remember. What's wrong with me?

When I open my eyes further, I see her worried face looking down at me as she stands awkwardly by the side of the bed.

"I want my mom," I manage to croak out. My vocal chords feel rough.

“I’m right here baby.” She goes to grab my hand but I pull it back.

“No. Not you. I want my real mom.” I know I’m begging but I don’t care at this point. I feel lost and scared, and I just want someone around who actually gives even a slice of a shit about me. “Please.”

“Oh, Luke.” She actually has it in her to look remorseful as she breaks my heart. “We couldn’t reach her. Her phone’s been disconnected. Someone went by her place to find her, it looks like she left.”

What the fuck?

“What do you mean left?” My voice is rising and I know I shouldn’t yell at her, but I don’t really care right now.

“Well, Luke, you see—”

Before she can finish, the door swings open and my foster father, Steve, rushes in with a woman in a uniform and another in a lab coat. I assume he’s brought a nurse and doctor with him.

“Oh, good, you’re awake. You gave us quite a scare young man,” the woman who I assume is the doctor says to me while the nurse starts to poke and prod me, occasionally giving me some directions as to how I can assist her assessment of me.

When I don’t respond, the doctor turns to address my foster parents. My foster father has his arm wrapped around his wife’s shoulders, holding her against him. They both are doing a really good job of appearing like the sweet and caring couple that they most definitely are not.

“We can’t really say for sure what the long term effects of such a severe concussion

will be. Luke may be back to normal in a week or two. However, recent evidence suggests that severe concussions, such as the one your son suffered, can have long term effects, most noticeably on personality.”

I almost interject to correct her—I’m not their son. Not really. But I don’t interrupt, I don’t even speak. This seems important, plus movement by the door to my hospital room has caught my eye. Someone moves from the hallway to stand in the frame of the door, peering in at me with intensity.

“There are some reports of severe concussions leading to personality changes characterized by a lack of emotional regulation and outbursts of sudden anger. Some report aggression and violent tendencies as a result of severe concussions...”

The doctor continues to drone on and on about what a volatile and violent dick I’m going to become, but I don’t hear him. I’m too consumed with the man in the doorway. My foster brother, Will, stands there staring at me with an amused sneer on his face.

Brody and his croons have no idea what they’ve done. There’s no way I’m leaving this hospital and not going back to my foster home. They’ll most likely have me on bed rest. I’ll be completely vulnerable, a sitting duck for whatever depravity Will decides to inflict upon me. My bullies went too far this time. They didn’t just beat me and degrade me. They didn’t just leave me bedridden in the hospital. No, Brody and his pals just gave me a one way ticket back to my own personal Hell.

They will pay for this. Maybe not today or tomorrow, but every single moment of pain Will inflicts upon me I intend to tally up. And one day, I’ll make sure that Brody and his friends are on the receiving end of that same pain. After all, the Devil wasn’t always bad, he was an angel, corrupted and reborn in the fiery pits of Hell to become a monster.

Luke

MONSTERS by SkyDxddy

Present Day

I wake up with a sudden jolt. Sweat covers my body and I can barely manage to suck in a full breath. My vision is fuzzy. I can make out some light and shadows but not much else. The nightmare always leaves me waking up in a panic. Reliving some of the worst moments of my past is the curse of sleep. I try to stay busy and keep myself as exhausted as possible so that when I fall into unconsciousness, it's filled with glorious, empty nothingness. The nights when I dream, remembering and reliving the past, have become fewer since my girls came into my life. Keeping a captive, while also stalking her best friend, has apparently kept the demons hidden safely away in the recesses of my mind. Until tonight, that is.

Suddenly everything comes rushing back to me. Liv, Will, the casino, the drugged drink, passing out. What the actual fuck was she thinking? Did my sweet little siren really lure me back to my own place just to drug me? Why? She called me her demon, maybe she knows...

And then it registers that I've been woken by something—no, someone—sucking and licking my cock. Their smooth tongue glides along my shaft, swirling the tip. I groan in pleasure as they bob back down, taking me deep into their throat. Fuck, I'm hard as a fucking rock. How long have they been sucking me off? They gag as they try to take my cock deeper, the sound causing my dick to twitch and my balls to tighten. They feel so fucking good. I try to bring my hand up to hold their head in place but I

can't lift my arms. Rough rope digs into the skin of my wrists, holding me firmly in place.

What the fuck?

The mouth pops off my cock before a sweet sing-song voice whispers in my ear, "Morning demon boy, I thought that'd wake you up."

Liv.

I try to get my eyes to focus but my head is still spinning. My mouth is dry and feels like it's full of cotton. I try my best to swallow but my breath gets caught in my diaphragm as soft, warm fingers grip my throbbing length. She strokes up and down my shaft, twisting at the crown to create the most intensely pleasurable sensation.

"Here's what's going to happen, Luke." Her voice is sweet but I sense something sinister going on. Call me crazy, but women generally don't drug you and tie you to a chair for a romantic date. "You're going to answer my questions. No more bullshit."

A sharp snap drags my focus forward. I will my eyes to focus. It's still blurry but I can make out her hot pink hair. She's definitely setting something up.

"This will be cold, but don't worry, it's just the antiseptic wipe," she says as her hand wraps around my hard shaft again.

Antiseptic wipe? What the hell?

The cold wet wipe runs along the underside of my cock. It's freezing. I immediately jerk and try to release my hands, but I'm tied tightly. Fuck!

"Liv," I groan, the cotton mouth making it painful to try to talk. "What's going on?"

“What’s going on, masked stalker...” her words are filled with venom and sass. I’m desperate to get out of this fucking chair and teach her a lesson, but my mind and body are still weak from whatever the fuck she drugged me with. “Is that I am going to ask some questions and if you answer truthfully, like a good boy, your cock stays free of holes.”

My eyesight is sharpening, allowing me to focus in on the extremely sharp and very long needle she’s currently holding in her hand. Next to her on a stainless steel tray, laid across a pale blue medical sheet, are her piercing tools and several barbell style pieces of jewelry. My chest constricts tightly as I piece together exactly what she’s talking about. There’s no fucking way I’m letting her near me with that shit.

“Liv, Flower, my love.” I try to sound calm despite the raging terror rushing through me. I wiggle my wrists as I desperately attempt to loosen the bonds holding me to the chair I’m sitting on. “Let’s talk about this, baby.”

She pauses her fastidious cleaning of her torture tools and turns to face me. Her head cocks to the side as she assesses me. Maybe I’m getting through to her.

“Like how you talked to me about the situation while you were stalking me and fisting me in a dirty alleyway while wearing a mask?” Her tone is sweet but her words aren’t.

Fuck. I’m really in trouble here.

“Let me explain, please,” I beg her. I’m starting to sweat profusely, the slick perspiration allowing my wrists to slip within the binds slightly, but not enough to get loose.

“The only explaining you’ll be doing is telling me exactly where you are holding Celeste.” She returns her focus back to cleaning and prepping her tools while she

speaks. “And be careful with your answer, you only get one shot at this. Lie to me, or dick me around, and your dick will be getting bedazzled.”

I growl at her bratty behavior. I know I’ve fucked up here, but this is unreasonable. If she would just let me explain the situation, I know she’d understand.

“Celeste is safe and happy at my home.”

She lets out a deep sigh before picking her needle back up. “Wrong answer, Luke.”

She brings her free hand to my cock, moving toward the base just a few inches above the sack. She uses her thumb and forefinger to pull my skin taught. Leaning in, she lines up the sharp and thick metal with the skin she has pulled tightly between her fingers.

“Stop! Liv, wait!” I shout at her, squirming wildly against my binds. It’s no use; I’m tied down far too tightly.

“Too late,” she purrs before sticking the needle straight through my skin.

A sharp sting pierces my skin, it’s so fucking painful. I groan in agony, the sound reverberating off the walls and windows of my townhouse. While I howl and kick, she moves back to her tray, retrieving one of the barbells and bringing it to my throbbing cock.

“I looked through this entire place while you were passed out. I scoured top to bottom,” she talks as she removes the needle swiftly and replaces it with the piercing. She grabs another antiseptic wipe, tearing it open and bringing the cool damp cloth to my aching skin. “She’s not here.”

“Not here,” I grit out between clenched teeth as I slump forward. “At my other house.

It's outside of town in the secluded woods."

"Ah see, now we're getting somewhere."

The feeling of her soft lips lovingly kissing the crown of my cock causes me to moan. I really can't handle the warring chaos of pain and pleasure that she's wringing from my body. Her tongue laps at the slit making my cock twitch with need.

"Why did you kidnap her?" she asks, her hands resting on her thighs and her emerald eyes boring a hole into me with her heated stare.

"I saved her fr—"

Liv interrupts me before I can finish and grabs the now-cleaned needle from the tray next to her. "Nope, no more bullshit," she states without room to argue as she once again brings the pointed steel to the underside of my cock. "About an inch between, don't you think?"

My pleas of mercy are drowned out as metal meets flesh. I scream a defining cry of red hot agony from my lungs as she pierces me for a second time.

Why the fuck does anyone willingly put themselves through this?

"Liv," I huff on a sigh as I attempt to regain my composure. My hands are now so slick with sweat that they're able to slip slightly from my binds, but I don't want her to notice so I try to keep my arms as still as possible. "You need to listen to me. Celeste is fine. She's waiting for us."

Her eyes narrow to slits as she tries to determine if she should trust me. Of course she shouldn't. I'd do anything to possess her. That's the thing about an obsession—you can't stop, won't stop, obsessing until you have whatever you're after. And I'm the

type of man who gets what I want, even if that means getting my hands a little dirty and my knees a little bloody ... or in this case, my cock a little bloody.

She carefully places the barbell in her newly created holes. The stainless steel is black as onyx and cool to the touch. The feeling and look of her choice in jewelry perfection. If this weren't a hostage situation, I'd praise her for knowing me well enough to know what I'd like.

"She's waiting for us ?" Her tone holds a hint of hesitant excitement, as if she can't wait to see her love but isn't quite sure if this is real.

"Yes, my sweet Flower." I try to make eye contact with her so she can see my sincerity, but she's busy cleaning my shaft and her tools with expert precision. My girl is nothing if not detail-oriented with her work, a trait I can definitely appreciate. "She's expecting us, both of us. I promised her that I would bring you back to her."

Her eyes rise to meet mine. Hope lines her bright green irises. For the first time in a long time, she looks at me with such a vulnerable sincerity that I think I've broken through. I slip a few fingers out of my bindings. Her lips part, letting loose the sweetest little sigh.

Then she swiftly grabs the needle and shoves it through my length yet again.

"Fuck!" I scream, attempting to bend at the waist as far as the binds will allow. Spit sprays from my mouth and splatters against the wood floor beneath us. "What the fuck is wrong with you, you crazy ass—"

"Careful," she warns as she places the third piece of jewelry through the newly made holes within my cock. "It seems like a poor choice to call the girl currently holding a needle to your dick a crazy bitch."

I take several deep breaths as I try to calm my rapid heartbeat. My lungs feel as though they might explode and each pump of blood through my veins makes me feel less and less in control. The pain is sharp and tense. It bites at my nerves beneath my skin making everything feel as though it's on fire.

“What the hell was that one for?”

“You made it sound like she's relaxing happily on the beach, waiting for her friend to show up and share a fruity fucking cocktail. You kidnapped her and are holding her hostage. Isn't that right?” She cocks an eyebrow at me, challenging me.

She's not entirely wrong, she's just not seeing the big picture. There's so much more complexity to the situation than that. If she'd just let me explain, I would make it all make sense. But as it is, my cock is throbbing so painfully that I can't even think straight. I thrust and fight against the binds, releasing another finger. I'm almost fully free now.

“Correct,” I concede.

She nods, seemingly satisfied with my answer. While she busies herself with cleaning my newest holes and her instruments of torture, I attempt to regain control of my body. My nerves are so frazzled that I'm shaking slightly. I take centering breaths, willing the stress that has constricted around my nervous system to unwind.

“Next question, and please do not even think about lying about this one. As much as I think a fourth rung to your ladder would look fantastic with your length—I want an honest answer to this one.”

I swallow against the tightness of my throat. I nod in agreement, encouraging her to proceed with her inquisition.

“Were you playing me this entire time? Was this all some type of sick, twisted game?”

I think for a second as I chew on my words. I really don't need a fourth fucking piercing in one sitting. I need to make sure my answer is honest but also gives her what she wants to hear. Fuck me .

“No. I'm in love with you.” She moves to grab the needle off the tray. “Both of you. I'm obsessed with you both, and I couldn't fathom losing either of you so I made a plan to try to keep you both. I shouldn't have deceived you, but would you have honestly agreed to come with me and be with me if I told you that I was holding your friend hostage in order to keep her from being murdered by someone even more unhinged than I am?”

She pauses, the steel in her hand glinting in the overhead lights. She seems to weigh my words, processing them slowly as she thinks through the things that have happened. She knows I'm right. She has high walls around her. She gives her pleasure freely, but not her heart. She'd much sooner have fucked me than allowed herself to be vulnerable with me. I may have been a deceptive monster, but it was always for her.

“And why exactly does someone want her dead?”

Shit.

I may be an evil son of a bitch, but I am loyal to my brother. I can't betray him.

“I'm sorry, Flower. Anything I am and have ever been, I will gladly tell you. I will give you anything and tell you anything you could ever want. But that is not my question to answer.”

Her face morphs into cold fury as she spins away from me again. I know what's coming now and I desperately fight against the fabric tied around my wrists, pinning them behind my back. It feels soft and stretchy, maybe some type of T-shirt or something. But it's no use, before I'm able to squirm my hands completely from their confines, she brings the needle back up to the underside of my member. Holding the needle in one black-gloved hand, she uses the other to pull my aching skin tightly. It's so fucking painful that bile begins to rise in my throat. My entire body jerks as she slides the sharp instrument through my skin. The pain is blindingly sharp and the growl that leaves my lips is animalistic. My muscles flex to an unbearable level as I pull against the knots holding me in place. She quickly and efficiently removes the needle then secures the bar between the two holes in my skin. As she twists the ball closed on the end, the binds keeping me trapped finally release enough to let my wrist slip loose. My left hand falls to my side, free from the restraints. Liv's eyes go wide as saucers and she scrambles backwards on her ass as I rise to my full height.

"Uh-oh," I singsong as I cock my head. I assess the cowering creature crouched beneath me. Her terror is absolutely intoxicating. "Looks like you're no longer in control, Flower."

She screams before jumping to her feet. She backs up, taking quick but careful steps away from me. I match each of her steps, closing the distance between us and letting her feel the waves of heated fury radiating off of me.

"Get the fuck away from me," Liv demands but the slight tremor in her voice tells me that she's not really as confident as she'd like me to believe. She's afraid, and that knowledge has my cock jerking, painfully, to attention. Even after everything this little nightmare just put me through, she still has my body desperate for her. I'm completely and utterly addicted to this girl, and no matter what happens, it seems I will never be free from the spell she has me under.

Her back hits the window behind her with a deafening thud. The sky outside is a deep

and dark shade of late night. Rivulets of rain streak down the clear glass. The only light streaming in is the pale glow of moonlight which bathes my beauty in an eerie glow. She's an otherworldly apparition. If I weren't so mad at her I'd be in awe of her vulnerable beauty in this moment. I'd gladly drop to my knees and feast upon her flesh until she had no choice but to give herself over to me if she hadn't just been such a bad girl. But bad girls don't get their cunts eaten; bad girls get reminded who they belong to.

"You've been a very bad girl, Flower." I take a tentative step toward her trembling form, savoring the anticipation of her terror. "And bad girls get punished."

Her hand snakes behind her back. "I'm warning you, Luke, stay away from me."

I see her slip her hand beneath her dress behind her back in the reflection of the window. It appears that there's something wrapped around her thigh. Before I have time to process what's happening, she pulls the gun from behind her back. Pointing the barrel straight at my face, she cocks the gun.

"Stay back, Luke."

OLIVIA

Toxic by 2WEI

Pointing the gun directly at his face, the sound of the safety releasing and the chamber filling echoes off the walls of the large space. The window is cold against my back, cooling my overheated skin. Despite the weapon leveled at his fucking skull, Luke remains completely composed. It was so satisfying watching him lose control while I pierced him. It was supposed to be painful and torturous forcing him to tell me the truth through physical coercion. Instead, I felt my panties dampening more and more with each slip of the slender needle through his flesh.

Watching him become completely undone, wild, and unhinged was the most attractive thing I've ever seen. A twisted part of me wanted him to escape, wanted him to unleash that aggression on me and make me beg for forgiveness on my knees. Fuck, even the look of those fucking piercings on his delicious length is enough to have my resolve melting away. His cock is thick and sturdy, covered in bulging veins. The way it hardened and throbbed in my mouth while I sucked him off had me damn near throwing the entire plan out the window and riding him until I saw fucking stars.

But I'm not doing this for me. I'm doing this for Celeste. As much as I want him, I need her more. The gun wasn't actually something I intended to pull out. When I was younger my dad taught me how to use one. I bought it years ago mostly to make myself feel more secure as a single lady living on her own. It's legal and registered, but I mostly bought it as a scare tactic in case someone broke in or something. I'm not even sure why I brought it with me today but it seems to be doing its job as a

scare tactic as Luke holds up his hands in surrender.

“Liv,” he begins softly, carefully. “Let’s put the gun down, baby.”

“No. You’re not calling the shots anymore. I’m sick of being manipulated by you. It’s time that you take me to Celeste,” I demand. My voice sounds much more confident than I actually feel.

He moves fast, faster than I can anticipate. He lunges forward. His large fingers wrap against my wrist. I fight against his hold, trying to reposition the gun back toward him. I close my eyes and pull the trigger. The sound is deafening. All I can hear is ringing. It’s a high pitched sound that seems to pull all other noise from the room into its spiraling fury. Pain radiates through my wrist and down into my arm. Sharp, tense pain. At first, I assume that the gun going off must have kicked back and the force caused my bones and muscles to be crushed. But then I register the cold. Luke holds me in a punishing grip. He has me pinned against the cool glass behind me. The gun is still safely in my hand, but now he’s entirely in control of my limb, eliminating my ability to point the weapon at him. I missed.

“Fuck, Flower,” he growls in my ear as he leans in to me, his forehead resting against mine. “What the hell were you thinking?”

The pain, the desire, the need, the betrayal—I’m completely overwhelmed by the warring emotions running through me. And as much as I hate to admit it, he’s not wrong. He may have used deception and control to get me here, but without it, I may not have let him in at all. It was the demon who snaked his way into my life and refused to let me be. That’s the man that forced me to let him into my life in a way that no one else, not even Celeste, ever has. He’s seen the scars of my past and wants me because of them, not in spite of them. I’m not sure any of that would have been possible if he didn’t deceive me.

“Do not corner a desperate and wild woman, Luke.”

He pulls his head back, staring down at me but refusing to let me go. One of his large hands is wrapped around my wrist, holding it firmly against the glass behind us. The other is placed lightly around my throat, keeping me in place without cutting off my air. But it's not his possessive hold that has me drowning. No, it's the sea of darkness swirling in his irises that has me lost.

“You want to make me your villain? Fine.” His hand leaves my throat and trails down my body until it reaches my breasts. His thumb runs across my nipple through the thin fabric of my slip dress. I'm not wearing any undergarments and the teasingly light touch is enough to have my nipple standing peaked and eager almost instantly. “But don't think for a second that means I will be letting you go.” His hand moves to my second breast, rolling and teasing the nipple again, forcing a needy little whine to escape involuntarily from between my lips. “You're mine . All fucking mine.”

The final word comes from his chest in a feral growl. His hand skims further down my heated body until he finds the hem of my skimpy dress. Slipping his fingers beneath the fabric, he pushes my thighs open slightly with his hand and skims the outside of my pussy lips with his fingers.

“Wet for me already, love?” he croons before spreading my pussy lips and rolling the hardening nub of my clit between his fingers.

My head rolls back and I mewl at his ministrations of my traitorous pussy. I'm supposed to be using him, controlling him, right now. Instead, I am completely at his mercy. His lips fall onto my neck and his teeth sink into the flesh where my neck meets my shoulder. He bites down hard, his teeth ripping into my skin right as two his fingers shove their way unexpectedly into my dripping cunt. I scream out in pain as he attacks my body. But shortly, the pain morphs into the most intense type of pleasure. His fingers pump in and out of me at a slow and steady pace that matches in

tempo to the slow path that his tongue is tracing circles over the bite he just left. Before long, I'm a desperate mess, riding his hand while he leaves nips and hickeys across my neck.

He pulls back and looks down at me with a smirk. "You'll have a necklace of my marks so that everyone who sees you knows exactly who you belong to."

His words are so possessive and domineering. I should be fuming, but all I can think about is his fingers currently curled to rub against a certain spot inside me that has me spiraling toward my orgasm.

"I don't belong to you." I grit out from between clenched teeth.

He rips his fingers from inside me. Bringing them to his face, he places them in his mouth, sucking my desire from his own hand. It shouldn't turn me on more but my pussy clenches uncontrollably as I watch him moan and his eyes droop in pleasure as he tastes me.

"Like fucking honey and lavender," he groans as he brings his hand out of his mouth and to my face.

His palm cups my chin as his fingers come up to dig into the flesh of my cheeks. The pain of his bruising grip has my mouth forced open into an O.

"Taste just how much your body knows that you're mine," he demands as he leans forward and spits into my mouth.

It's absolutely disgusting. It's degrading. And yet as he spits my own juices onto my tongue, I can't help how my body melts for him. He's right—he's a monster. But it seems as though his brand of monstrosity is exactly what I crave.

“Luke,” I moan as I shamelessly roll my hips, seeking friction.

“Fuck, Flower,” he growls possessively. Locks of dark hair have fallen over his forehead, framing his dark eyes. “Do you know how fucking long I’ve been waiting to hear you moan my fucking name?”

His cock jerks between us. My eyes fly down to the angry red head leaking precum onto my stomach.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard that you’ll forget any other man that has ever come before me. The only name you’ll ever scream ever again is mine, sweet siren.” He trails his thumb along my lower lip, pulling at it.

“Bad news for you,” I cock an eyebrow at him. “You just received four new piercings to your member. No sex for six to eight weeks until it’s fully healed.”

He doesn’t need to know the way my stomach drops at the thought of not having him. My pussy is aching, throbbing for him. The evidence of my need for him is currently dripping down my thighs. But this is my chance. I might still have a chance at control here if I can regain the upper hand.

His chest vibrates with aggressive frustration before his eyes scan my face, looking for any kind of sign that I’m bluffing. I’m not. It’s not good for the healing process. His eyes flip up in frustration when he realizes that I won’t bend. And then they land on the gun still grasped in my hand. His fingers tighten on my wrists, holding me against the cold glass. A smirk spreads across his face and his eyes glimmer with sinister delight.

“Don’t you fucking dare, Luke,” I warn with as much authority as I can muster.

His other hand reaches up, wrapping around the butt of the firearm and trying to

wrestle it from my grip. I flail and kick at him but it's no use, he's large, stronger, and faster than I am. He manages to pull the weapon from my grip. I reach out with my free hand to slap him but he's too fast. His large palm wraps around both my wrists and pins them painfully above my head.

“You are mine. You've been mine since the moment I laid eyes on you on Halloween. I've never wanted to possess anything as much as I've wanted you.”

He pushes his knee between my thighs, separating them despite my attempts to keep them pinned. The bite of the cold metal against my soaked center has me sucking in a tight breath. He runs the barrel along the lips of my pussy. The feeling is horrifying and delicious. I've already been so worked up by his previous touches that it doesn't take long for my pussy to be dripping again.

He licks and nips at my earlobe before whispering to me, “And now that I have you, I am never letting you go.”

The barrel of the gun slips between my lips, hard and cool against my entrance. I can't stop the mewls and moans that slip from my mouth as I grind against him. In my mind I know this is fucked up, and yet I can't stop the pleasure tingles spreading through my entire body. My breath hitches, getting caught in my diaphragm as he pushes the gun inside just enough to let me feel the cold metal inside me.

“I don't need to use my cock to claim this pussy. I can feel it desperately trying to suck in anything I'm willing to give it.” He slowly moves the stiff steel in and out, driving it slightly deeper with each thrust. “Such a good little slut for me, aren't you?”

I bite my lower lip, trying desperately not to show him just how much I'm enjoying this. Fear and the lust course through my veins, driving me higher than the strongest high. My entire body throbs with weightless pleasure.

“Tell me who this fucking pussy belongs to,” he growls as he pumps harder and deeper.

“You,” I moan, the words and noises tumbling from my lips against my will.

“Say my name.” He adjusts the gun and angles it to hit the bundle of nerves inside me that make me scream out in heady ecstasy.

His hand still holds my wrists tightly against the darkened glass while his other fucks me mercilessly with a gun. He brings his lips down to mine, kissing me and demanding entrance to my mouth with his tongue. I am powerless to deny him, letting him plunder and take every piece of pleasure I possess. He’s right, I’m his.

He pulls back, our heaving breaths mingling in the small space between us as he commands,

“Scream my name as you come on this gun. Let everyone know just exactly who owns this pussy.”

His tone leaves no room for argument. My body falls over the edge of chaos into waves of pleasure as my release hits me like a fucking train. My entire body rolls with electricity and my pussy clenches tightly around the gun.

“Fuck, Luke!” I shriek as my orgasm crescendos.

He doesn’t give me a break; he pumps in and out of me until I’m sobbing and begging him to stop, the pleasure’s too intense to handle. He rips the gun from inside me. My body immediately sags with exhaustion but he keeps me held up by my wrists.

“Lick it clean,” he demands as he brings the gun up to my face.

It's on the tip of my tongue to tell him no, to fight him, but when I look up I'm met with his eyes. His normally darkened irises are swirling with fiery lust. His need is so demanding that I have no choice but to stick out my tongue and lick. The metallic taste of the metal mixes with the sweet sensation of my release. It's sinfully sadistic and I can't help but be enraptured by the heat with which Luke is watching me. There really is a devil beneath his controlled and cool facade.

"Good fucking girl," he grits out between clenched teeth.

Then suddenly, his warmth drops away. He takes a step back, my body instantly cooling without his closeness. I sink to the floor, utterly exhausted, both mentally and physically. Opening the clip, he pulls it from the gun, revealing the complete lack of bullets. He turns the gun, showing me the safety firmly in the on position. He smirks and lets the gun fall to the floor with a deafening crash.

"I knew you'd never hurt me, my siren. Your soul knows you're meant to be mine."

I'm full of rage, shame, and pain, but I can't deny the truth of his words. As much as I hate his methods, I can't deny that he's snaked his way inside me and I fear there's no coming back from this.

I'm his .

Luke

River by brKN LOVE

She looks so peaceful when she sleeps. Her soft breathing and the steady rise and fall of her chest is so comforting. I like to be in control and be able to anticipate every possible outcome for every scenario. And her little stunt was the opposite of control. She's wild, impulsive, and maddeningly difficult to understand. She drives me fucking insane. And yet, it's the complete unpredictable chaos she brings to my life that has me addicted. My cock is still throbbing from the lack of my release mixed with the pain from the many, many fucking holes she just put in it. I'm curious how the piercings will make my girls feel while they ride and writhe on my lap. Shit, the thought has my tenderized dick twitching painfully again.

This fucking girl.

She crashed after I fucked her with her gun. And I can't blame her, she must be exhausted after everything I've put her through lately. I'm fully aware that I've been a possessive and deceptive asshole, but I will do anything, be anything, and go to any lengths for my girls. The intense need I feel to claim them both is absolutely maddening. The obsession of us all being together has snaked beneath my skin, slithered its way into my soul, and firmly implanted itself within the dark recesses of my mind. One is not enough—I need them both.

The thought of having them together makes my cock jump again, the pain hitting me immediately as my tender new piercings throb. Fucking Liv and her chaos. I have a feeling that I'll be spending the rest of my eternity chasing her through impulsive

decision after impulsive decision. Isn't that what they say about soulmates though—they're the other half of you, the part you need in order to be complete. Opposites attract or whatever the fuck they say. We're definitely opposites. Liv is loud, colorful, and impulsive, which I am most certainly not. Celeste is a walking contradiction—soft yet cold, sensitive yet tough. She feels so strongly but is extremely cautious. She comes off like a bitch at times but is also desperate to be loved. Her desire for love and commitment is something Liv and I both lack. We all need each other—pieces all meant to fit together.

I didn't really have a plan fully formed when I took Celeste from Garrett, all I knew was that I couldn't let her go. But over the last few months, it's become clearer and clearer that we're all meant to be. I'm not a monogamous man anyway, one partner would never be enough. I might not want to share them with an outsider, but between each other, hell yeah I'm happy to let them have their relationship too.

Now I will bring my girl home to where she belongs; I'm aware it'll be a transition for us all—learning how to be in a relationship with each other. As I continue to drive further out of town, to where the street lamps grow fewer and the trees grow more dense, the anticipation of bringing them together again has my stomach rolling. I slide my phone from my pocket, the intense need to check on my girl gnawing at me. She no doubt is worried. I'm home promptly most nights unless I've informed her that I would be out late. I've never gone this long without checking in on her. I pull up the cameras and find her in a little strappy number, anxiously pacing in our room. Something pulls at my heart as I watch her anxiety. I'm supposed to be the source of her strength and comfort, not her pain. I gun the gas, willing us to get back to her sooner.

When we finally pull into the long driveway, the headlights throw cascading beams of light across the ancient mansion. The tall dormers and the gothic-style home cast long shadows across the ground thanks to the large moon hanging above. I was hesitant about this house at first. I needed a place outside of town, somewhere

private, and this totally fit the bill. I bought it under an LLC, a subsidiary of a foreign corporation that Garrett set up. Technically, no one owns this house should anyone look into it. When I first saw it, it was a damn mess. It had been built by some eccentric business owner in the late 1800s and had stayed in the family until they all eventually died or moved away, leaving the house to sit and decay. The bones were there when I toured it, but I had to put a lot of fucking work into it to make it what it is now. It still needs some improvements, but slowly Celeste has been working to turn it back into a family home. I think she's even been doing research on the family who originally owned it. She's convinced there was a murder and ghosts live in the attic or some shit. I'm sure Liv will jump right into the ghost stories and decorating. Together, the three of us will make this our home.

I bring the car to a stop in front of the steps leading to the large and ornate double doors. My Flower doesn't wake. I reach out a tentative finger and brush it against her cheek, reveling in the fact that she's here, with me, mine. Her skin is soft and supple, tan and flawless. A vibrant curl has fallen across her forehead during the ride and I gently push it behind her ear. She stirs slightly, mumbling something incoherent. I slip from my seat, closing the door softly behind me, before rounding the car to her side; I open her door and lean in to unbuckle her. The jolt causes her to stir again, but not wake completely.

"Flower, we're home," I whisper into her ear, urging her back to consciousness.

Her long, dark eyelashes softly flutter open as she wakes. Her hand shoots out in her groggy state to grab mine, her fingers interlacing between my own. The intimacy of the gesture makes my insides warm with possessive pride. I've never seen her this soft before, almost innocent looking. It's a new side of her that I very much enjoy. Putting one hand on her back, I slide the other behind her knees and lift her from the car. I use my hip to close the door as I carry her toward our front steps. The sudden movement throws her into full consciousness and she jumps in my arms.

“Luke.” she breathes out on a surprised exhale. Her pink, plump lips look so fucking biteable right now. The string of bite marks and hickies I left along her neck and collarbone are now visible in the moonlight, and I can’t help the swell of approval I feel when I see my marks on my woman. It’s intoxicating.

“Welcome home, love.”

I place her on her feet, keeping my palm splayed across her back as I let her take in the home in front of us. I watch nervously as her eyes take in the gothic mansion surrounded by dark woods. She appraises every inch of the structure before turning back to me.

“This is for me?” she asks, a small tear glimmering in her eye.

“No, Flower, this is for us . All of us. I saw this home and it seemed like the perfect place for all three of us to make our home. Do you like it?”

She’s hesitant for a moment, clearly warring with herself before a small smile pulls across her face and she lets her fingers slide in mine. “I love it.” she states softly and gives my hand a gentle squeeze.

Turning toward me, she hesitantly wraps her arms around my core before laying her head against my chest. It’s off-putting to have this fragile little thing embracing me so tenderly. I’m not usually the type of guy women smother with soft affection. I’ve had Celeste wrapped around me many times in the last few weeks, but this is different. This isn’t carnal desire, nor is it comfort, this is something more loving. Her joy is apparently contagious as my mouth breaks into a silly grin.

She pulls away but grabs my hand in hers. “Can we go inside?” she asks, already dragging me up the front steps and toward the door.

The thought occurs to me that maybe I should carry her over the threshold of our home, but I want her to walk in on her own volition. So when we reach the front, I type the passcode into the pad by the door; the locks disengage with an audible noise, and Liv pulls on the matte black ornate handle. The twin doors are antique wooden pieces with animals and gargoyles carved in oak. Matte black steel is used for the hinges and pulls to complete the gothic design. They were a fucking fortune to restore, but I have to admit, they do look pretty fucking cool.

We step past the threshold and she sucks in a sharp breath. Her hot pink hair bounces as she whips her head from side to side, taking in the tall foyer with ornate details throughout.

“It’s gorgeous,” she nearly whispers.

I weave my fingers back through hers and tug her further into the house. “Come on in. I’ll give you the full tour in the morning, but right now there’s someone who needs your attention.”

Her head whips toward me, her bright eyes finding mine. “Celeste?”

I nod, leading her to the elaborate staircase in the center of the home. “She’s upstairs, waiting for us.”

Liv damn near shoots up the stairs as she hurries toward our girl. Her anticipation and excitement makes my insides burn with pleasure. For the first time in a very, very long time, someone else’s happiness matters to me as much as my own. I’d slice open my own damn wrists and waste away if it’d make these two happy. I’d do anything for them. When my need to possess them grew into this intense obsession, I’m not really sure, but I do know that I’d burn the world to the fucking ground if these two desired to dance in the ashes.

I lead her down the right hallway upstairs to the primary bedroom. It was originally two rooms but I had them combine it into one giant suite, big enough to accommodate the three of us. The heavy door is shut tightly. I remove my hand from Liv's tight grip, beckoning her forward. She takes a deep breath, wipes her hands on her short skirt, and opens the door.

I watch from the doorway and casually lean my shoulder against the frame as Liv tentatively walks into the room. My good girl Celeste is on her knees, head bowed in submission with a curtain of raven hair covering her face. Her pale skin glows in the low light of the room. Black straps barely cover any of her pristine flesh. Fuck, she looks good. My cock twitches in my pants at the sight of my submissive little pet waiting for her master. But tonight is for them. I'll gladly hang back and watch.

"Celeste?" Liv's voice comes out as a whisper. Her steps falter as she approaches our pet.

I can see Celeste tense. I know her body so well at this point that I can read even her slightest movements. She wants to react but I've trained her well. My sweet sub won't move unless she's allowed to. Such a good fucking girl.

Liv hesitantly steps closer. "Celeste?" She tries again.

"It's okay, pet," I coo from the doorway, letting her know that I'm here. Her shoulders instantly release some of their tension.

Slowly, Celeste raises her head. Her long locks still frame her beautiful face. Her makeup is perfect. She clearly put a lot of effort into looking nice for me tonight. That thought has my cock swelling even more in the confines of my pants. Her eyes aren't on me though, they're locked on Liv.

"Liv?" she whimpers.

“Oh my god, babe, it’s really you!” Liv rushes to her and drops to her knees.

They both entwine their arms around each other, holding on tightly. Their lips crash against one another. I can see from here their tongues caressing one another as they pour all their pain and unspoken words into the kiss. My cock throbs uncomfortably as I watch.

Finally, Celeste pulls back. Her hazel eyes scanning Liv’s face. “You came for me?”

Liv caresses her cheek as Celeste leans into the tender touch.

“I will always come for you. I’m sorry I didn’t say it earlier, but you’re the best part of my life. I should have been better to you; I should have told you how I felt. But I have shitty fucking baggage and I didn’t want to bring that into your life and fuck up everything—”

Celeste stops Liv’s frantic rambling with a bruising kiss. She kisses a trail from her mouth to her neck. Liv groans as Celeste licks a particularly tender spot behind my Flower’s ear. I shudder at the sound.

“I love you, Liv, baggage and all. I want the chaos; I want the shitty days and pleasure filled nights. I want to fuck and fight. I want it all. And I want it with you both.” Celeste’s eyes flick to me as she finishes talking. Liv mimics the action, her eyes finding mine.

I push off the door and stalk toward them. My girls. My fucking girls .

“Get on the bed, pet. Let’s show your girlfriend what a good little slut you can be.”

Celeste

I Kissed a Girl by Rain Paris

Without hesitation, I immediately obey, standing and moving toward the bed in the center of the room. I can see Liv assessing the space, taking it all in. I designed our bedroom to be like a dark, regal, mystical sanctuary. The brocade wallpaper with sconces embedded gives the room a dark and cozy feel. But the real showstopper is the bed. The four poster, carved bed is a marvel with intricate dark wood and plush red linens.

“Doesn’t her pale skin look downright sinful against the red silk sheets?” Luke asks Liv as she steps closer to the giant raised bed. “She splayed out like a feast for you, ready to be yours.”

She looks back at Luke. I’m not sure if she’s asking for permission or approval. But whatever it is, she gets it. He nods while non-discretely adjusting his growing erection. He winces slightly which alarms me, but it’s only a flash of a second before his normal mask of composure and cool indifference returns.

“Climb on top of her, Flower. Let our pet show you what a good girl she is now. She’s been training to be our perfect sub.” Luke’s seductive words slither around me like smoke.

I swallow down my nerves as Liv crawls over my awaiting frame. She’s wearing some tiny little black dress that leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination. She’s stunning—as always. Even with makeup running down her face and her hair a mess,

she's perfection. My pussy clenches as she straddles my hips and rakes her eyes over my exposed skin. Her green eyes are alight with fire as she looks over the straps that are barely covering any of me.

Slowly letting her hands run over my hips, I savor the feeling of my flesh under her fingers.

She slips her fingers beneath the strap and pulls it down, exposing my entire breast. I can't help but writhe beneath her as the cool air caresses my sensitive skin. Leaning down, her tongue darts out from between her plump pink lips. She swirls around the darkened tip until my nipple is stiff and peaked and my pussy is dripping with desire. Our cores connect as I roll my hips, desperately seeking friction for the growing ache that she's creating within me.

"Look how needy she is for you." Luke's voice caresses my skin from the shadows of the doorway. Liv purrs at his words, the vibrations causing my need to grow even more. She plants soft kisses down my chest before reaching my other breast and giving it the same treatment. "She's been stuffed full of my cum for weeks, now she needs your cunt."

His words are filthy and accurate. I've never had more in my life than I have in the last few weeks. Luke is a beast, filling me until his release drips down my thighs every fucking chance he gets. But I can't deny that having Liv above me with her legs bracketing mine while Luke watches, feels right. Like she's the missing piece to the puzzle. I'm not sure I could feel any more complete than I do with the two of them watching me; their eyes greedily take in every inch of me with a desperate heat that makes me feel as though I might combust. She snakes her fingers down my core, lightly stroking my labia.

"So wet for me, aren't you babe?" she coos as she leaves a trail of soft kisses across my collarbone then up my neck and jaw.

I moan in acknowledgment as her fingers slip between my folds. She rubs featherlight circles around my hardened clit. She's barely touched me and already I'm about to burst. She's always been good at riling me up but right now, the knowledge that she's here with us for good, has me careening toward the edge faster than normal.

"Please," I whine as her fingers circle my drenched opening. "I need you babe. I've missed you so fucking much."

"Don't worry, babe, I'll always give you what you need," she says as she pushes a single finger inside me. I'm so wet that she slides right into my cunt.

I can't help the moan that slips from my lips as she strokes my inner walls. She slides a second finger inside me as she sits back on her heels. Her fingers still as she resituates herself, pulling my legs over her thighs so that she's sitting right in front of me, with a perfect view of my pussy.

"Spread your legs wide, I want to watch your slutty cunt stretched open as I fuck you," she demands in a tone that leaves no room for argument. My domme is finally coming out to play.

I adjust slightly, letting my legs fall open as wide as they can. She groans as she watches me display myself fully in submission to her. Part of me is embarrassed at how utterly and completely exposed I am right now. But another part of me is alight with the flames of her desire. The way her eyes glimmer with excitement as she watches her fingers start to pump in and out of my tight pussy is so seductive. I've only ever had one other person look at me with such reverence.

As if summoned by my thoughts, Luke steps from the shadows. He approaches the bed slowly. Wrapped in darkness and desire, he's a true demon of the night. My demon. Our demon. My eyes flit between the woman currently finger-fucking me and the man stalking toward us like we're his next meal. Their eyes on me are almost

too much and yet I can't get enough.

"Please," I whimper again as waves of warmth begin spreading through my core.

Liv responds by sliding a third finger inside me. The stretch is slightly painful at first, but the more she pumps them in and out of me, the more the pain melts into pleasure. Curling them against my insides, she beckons me to let go and dive into pleasure. I moan and thrust back into her.

"Fuck, babe. I wish you could see how good your pretty little pussy looks stuffed full and stretched wide," she praises as her eyes burn me with their heat.

She pumps harder, fucking me wildly. My spine tingles as my orgasm begins to form. Luke moves to stand right above me. One of his large fingers strokes my cheek, pulling my eyes to his. His dark irises swirl with lust as he watches me shamelessly writhe against another person.

"Are you going to be a good girl and come for your girlfriend? Show her how good you'll be if she agrees to stay here with us?" Luke asks as he continues to stroke my face lovingly. His erection is very clear behind his zipper but he doesn't pull it out. I'm desperate to have both of them but he holds back. "Eyes on her, Sweetness. Look at your girlfriend as you come for her."

My eyes flit back to Liv. Her face is contorted into a facade of pure domination as she pumps in and out of me. Is Luke right? Is she my girlfriend? The thought has me spiraling right toward the edge of ecstasy. My entire being vibrates as I moan and my hips lift from the bed.

"You heard your master—come for me," she demands as she looks up, her gaze meeting mine.

I can't hold back anymore. My orgasm hits me with such fury that my entire body feels like it's being electrocuted. Wave after wave of pleasure flows through me as I come against Liv's hand while both of them whisper praise in my ears.

Slowly, the waves begin to ebb as I come back down. Liv removes her fingers before placing them against my panting lips.

"Lick them clean for me, babe," she demands as she licks her own lips.

I stick out my tongue and let it skim across the length of her fingers. She's covered in my sticky release. Clearly they're right, I was desperate for her touch. My flavor is bitter, sweet, and filthy. Removing her fingers from my mouth, Liv bends at the waist and lines her body up with mine. Her lips crash against me as she kisses me. Her kiss is so soft and sweet as she caresses me. Her tongue licks along the seam of my lips, demanding entrance. I gladly open for her, allowing her tongue to stroke against mine in a seductive dance.

She pulls back and stares down at me with such passion that it almost hurts. "You taste even better than I remember."

Luke clears his throat. Both our eyes fly to the figure shadowed in darkness across the room. "Maybe you'd like to show your new mistress the playroom, pet?" he asks and I feel my pussy flutter with excitement.

"What the hell is the playroom?" Liv asks as she sits back and scoots off the bed, adjusting her dress.

"Lead the way, pet," Luke demands of me, motioning to the door.

OLIVIA

you should see me in a crown by Billie Eilish

As I enter the ‘playroom’ I don’t know where to look. There’s so much to see that my eyes flick from one corner of the room to the next, trying desperately to take it all in. On the far wall are hooks full of various whips and crops. There’s an intricately carved armoire on the far left side of the wall full of who knows what. On the right wall is a breeding bench equipped with cuffs to hold someone down. On the left wall is a large bed with straps peeking out from all four corners. But in the middle of the expansive room is something that really catches my attention.

Smack dab in the center of the room is a large chair—no, a fucking throne . It’s made of dark wood intricately carved to match the bed. The cushions are covered in teal velvet that gives it an air of regality. It’s sitting on a raised dais with three steps leading onto the platform. A small pillow sits on the floor of the dais between the feet of the gothic throne. The part that has my core clenching though is the mirrors. A tri-fold of full length mirrors sits in front of the chair, providing a perfect view.

Hands snake around my torso, pulling me backwards. My back hits Luke’s muscular chest as he holds me tightly in his arms. His mouth kisses a slow path across my shoulders and neck. I can feel his erection grinding into my backside as he thrusts against me. My pussy is already dripping with need.

“I had it made just for you, Flower. My queen needs her throne. And a perfect pet at her feet.”

I spin to face him, letting him claim me in a bruising kiss. His lips caress mine with a hunger that leaves me feeling lightheaded. He tastes like smoked bourbon and I can't fucking get enough.

"Go ahead, try it out." He releases me, allowing me to move across the room.

Every step I get closer to the seat brings my rapidly beating heart further and further up into my throat. The thought of being up there, worshipped like a queen on my very own fucking throne, fills me with a heady rush. I feel like I'm fucking floating as I ascend the three short steps of the dais before spinning. I hardly recognize myself in the mirrors. I let the slip dress slide from my form, pooling around my feet. I assess myself in the reflections before me. My tanned skin seems to glow in the moody lights of this room, my hair is wild and messy, my makeup is smeared. A necklace of bruises and bites decorates my neck. I look powerful, like a goddess of sin and desire. It's exhilarating.

Luke climbs the dais from behind, coming to stand next to me. Our eyes meet in the reflected surface in front of us. The heat in his gaze as he stares at me makes me feel even stronger, even more powerful.

"All my girl needs now is a fucking crown," he purrs as he places a soft kiss on my temple before holding his hand out to help me sit.

I gladly accept, letting my warm hand slide into his large palm. I bend and sit. The teal velvet is soft and smooth, and when I look in the mirror, the color makes my hair and skin stand out in the most incredible way. It feels like this throne was made just for me.

"Pet, come kneel before your mistress," Luke demands as Celeste slowly slinks across the room to ascend the steps. When she reaches the dais she sinks to her knees, landing on the pillow.

Clever .

As I settle in and look down at her, I notice the clear bruise around her neck, the impression of fingerprints across her throat. They're similar to the collar of hickies and bite marks currently decorating my own neck. We have matching marks from the Devil that snaked his way into both our lives, constricting until we had no choice but to fall into his madness. The feminist in me wishes I could say that I was disgusted, but my pussy says otherwise.

Luke's hand lands on my thigh. He squeezes my flesh in a bruisingly possessive hold that causes a groan to slip through my lips.

"Legs up, let us all see that delicious cunt," he demands as he lifts my thigh up and over the arm of the chair. I do the same with the other leg, leaving me utterly exposed.

I glance into the mirrors and the sight before me is sinful. I'm spread wide and proud on my throne while my pussy leaks with lust onto the fabric below. The spotlight above causes the pink gems on my nipples to glimmer. My demon now has his arm resting on the back of the chair. A sinister king of depravity. And on her knees before me is my perfect girl—ready and waiting.

Luke smirks at me in the mirror, clearly seeing my delight. He pushes off the chair and rounds us, stopping behind Celeste. The way the mirrors are set up, with three angles surrounding us, allow me to still view everything going on even with Luke's large frame blocking some of the mirror.

He swoops Celeste's dark locks off her shoulders and holds it in his hand. His gaze is locked on mine as he leans down to whispers in her ear, "You're going to eat your girlfriend's cunt now. I expect you to make her come at least three times. Understand that, Sweetness?"

“Yes, Master,” she agrees as he uses his tight hold on her hair to push her toward me.

I suck in a tight breath, eager with anticipation, as her smooth fingers slide up my thighs. Every spot she touches seems to light with a fire of desire. I’ve missed her touch. I might have had a lot of partners, male and female, but none compare to the two in front of me. Celeste is so submissive and comfortable. She knows my body and I know hers. We’re so relaxed and at ease with one another that when we’re together it just feels easy. Being with Luke is the complete opposite. Everything with him is chaos and heat. I never know what to expect or what he will do to me. Together, they’re everything I need.

“Stick out your tongue, Sweetness. I want to watch you lick and suck her cunt until she’s dripping wet,” Luke demands and Celeste complies.

Her tongue is like smooth velvet against my slit. She strokes lightly against my pussy at first, licking a long and slow path. I moan at the first contact of her against me. She feels incredible.

“More,” I groan as my hand snakes into her hair. My fingers brush against Luke’s as we both shove our girl’s face into my cunt.

Celeste eagerly gives in, her tongue splitting me open and finding my hardened clit. She flicks my needy nub with her tongue before placing it between her plump lips and sucking in a dizzying pattern. I’m already writhing against her face and she’s barely begun. With her lips still tightly suctioned around me, her tongue flicks out and begins to roll rhythmically against my heated flesh. She’s never done that move before and it’s fucking amazing. I already feel myself spiraling toward release.

“Yes, babe, just like that. Please don’t stop,” I cry as I hold her tightly between my thighs by her silky hair.

“Eyes up, Flower. Watch yourself as you come all over your pretty little girlfriend’s face.” Luke’s words wrap around me like smooth silk.

I look up into the mirrors surrounding us and the sight is absolutely filthy. My breasts are tight and peaked, my skin is flush and red, and my face is contorted into the most fabulous form of ecstasy. But the most exquisite part of the image is the way my beautiful girl sits on her knees, worshiping at the altar of my pussy. Her head shakes back and forth as she continues to suck and lick at my clit, desperately seeking my pleasure.

It’s too much to bear. I’m unable to hold back any longer. With an ear splitting shriek of ecstasy, I come all over Celeste’s face. My entire pussy clenches as electricity sears my body, forcing me to bow forward. Celeste doesn’t relent. She licks up all of my release as if it’s the best thing she’s ever tasted.

Once my orgasm subsides, I lean back in the chair. My panting breaths skitter across my own exposed flesh. I release Celeste’s hair, allowing her a moment to come up for air. Luke releases her as well. With an intense stare, Celeste meets my gaze across the expanse of my flesh. Her tongue peaks from between her lips as she licks the remainder of my release from her lips. I can’t stop the needy moan that falls from my lips as I watch her.

“Fuck me, that was amazing,” I groan as I sink into the soft cushions of the chair.

Luke’s hand suddenly slips around my throat from behind, holding me tightly against the stiff seat. “You’re not done yet, love. One down. Two to go,” he whispers in my ear while his other hand wraps around my chest, grabbing my breast. “Pet, your girlfriend needs your fingers now. Show her what a good girl you can be and give her a second orgasm.”

Celeste doesn’t say a word, she simply smiles as she strokes both my thighs with her

fingers. I shiver under her touch. Goosebumps prick against my flesh as her hands travel higher and higher. When she reaches the apex of my thighs, she swiftly uses one hand to spread me open. I mewl as the cool air hits my soaking wet core. I'm absolutely drenched from already coming on her tongue. So when she brings two fingers to my pussy, they become instantly slickened. She slides her digits so very slowly into my tight opening. I buck my hips as she tortures and teases me, refusing to fuck me like I need. Luke's hand stays firmly planted on my throat, not allowing me to move.

"Do you need her to fuck you harder? Are you a dirty little slut that wants it rough?" Heated lust drips with each word he speaks into my ear as he rolls my pierced nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

"Yes, please," I groan in frustration as Celeste continues to barely move her tiny little fingers inside my opening.

"Use your words, sweet siren," Luke coos. "Tell us what you need. Demand it from your pet."

Fuck it.

"Celeste," I command causing her eyes to fly to me. She looks so fucking eager. "Stop being a bratty tease and fuck my pussy or I will throw you over my lap and teach you a fucking lesson."

I swear she might melt on the spot the way she looks at me. I knew she was submissive, but apparently she really wants to be put in her fucking place. Good.

"Yes, Mistress," she purrs before thrusting her fingers roughly inside me.

She fucks me mercilessly. Her long, lithe fingers pump in and out of me aggressively.

She curls them as she works them deeper inside my cunt. With each thrust she massages the bundle of nerves inside me that has heat instantly shooting up my spine.

“Good girl,” Luke praises as he continues to play with each of my nipples with one hand and holds my throat with the other. “She needs to be told what to do. You’re such a good *domme* for your girlfriend. Are you going to cover her fingers then make her lick your cream from them like a good little pet?”

His words are filthy and degrading and yet they light a fire in my body that sends me spiraling toward the edge of release. I look at the mirrors, watching as Celeste’s fingers move in and out of me at a punishing pace. The vision of my pussy stretching and pulsing around her while Luke whispers dirty things in my ears is too much. My second orgasm hits me like a fucking train. I scream as wave after wave of pleasure pulses through my body.

“Yeah, babe, that’s it. Soak my fingers in your cum,” Celeste moans as she continues to fuck me through each wave.

Once my pussy finally stops contracting with ecstasy, Celeste slows her thrusts. With tender care, she slowly slides her fingers from inside me. Luke releases me before rounding the chair and pulling Celeste’s hand upward. Bending at the waist, he brings his mouth down to slip her fingers in between his lips. A feral growl emanates from his chest as he licks my release from her fingers.

Popping her fingers from his mouth, he stands to loom over me. “You taste like lavender and honey, my Flower. So fucking sweet.”

Holding out his hand to her, he helps Celeste rise to her feet. He sweeps a hand behind her ass and he pulls her into him, grinding his erection against her as he captures her lips with his. He claims her mouth like a man driven wild with lust. She lets out a sweet little moan against him that has my pussy clenching with need despite

the two orgasms I just had. He pulls back, only to whisper something I can't hear in Celeste's ear. They both smirk before Celeste descends the stairs of the dais and crosses the room.

I close my eyes and let myself savor the throbbing of my body. Two orgasms is enough to leave me feeling sated. If this is what life is like here, then yeah, I think I'll be sticking around. The dynamic between these two is incredible.

A sharp slap on the tender skin of my inner thigh swiftly pulls me from my relaxed state. I shoot forward as my eyes spring open and annoyance runs through my veins.

"The fuc—"

"You're not done yet," Luke interrupts me.

He turns his head toward the raven haired beauty reapproaching us. I've always thought Celeste was beautiful. Yes, I enjoyed fooling around with her, but there was always something deeper than that. Her curves, her pale skin and dark hair, her red lips, her hypnotic eyes—she's just fucking gorgeous. And as she approaches me with a giant strap-on attached to her, the silicone cock swaying seductively between her thighs, I can't help but be utterly entranced by her.

Fuck me, I'm in trouble with these two.

"You owe us one more, Flower," Luke says off to my side but I'm not focused on him or his words in this moment.

My entire being is consumed with spiraling lust as the beautiful creature in front of me puts one of her knees on the chair between my spread legs. The giant black dildo hangs heavy, teasing me.

“May I fuck you please, Mistress?” she asks so sweetly as she pulls her lower lip between her teeth.

“Be a good girl and make me come with that giant cock, you little demon,” I demand as I use my hand to line up the head of the fake cock with my soaked opening.

I’m already so drenched that when the crown of the cock pushes against me, I can feel it easily slip inside. It’s thick and long and as she pushes her hips forward, lowering the dildo further into me, the stretch causes a slight burn. I breathe rapidly, trying my best to relax and take her all.

“That’s it, my love,” Luke praises in my ear. “You’re taking her so fucking well. Such a good little cock whore for us, aren’t you?”

I whimper in agreement as Celeste pushes in deeper and deeper. Her hands wrap around the back of my knees so she can angle in even deeper. Once she’s finally in to the hilt, we both groan in unison. Our cunts are lined up perfectly—her throbbing core fits right against mine.

“Fuck me, babe,” I demand as I open my eyes.

I watch in the mirror as she pulls her hips back and thrusts in again. The sting of the stretch turns to tingles of pleasure as I adjust to the girth. The ridges of the cock rub against my inner walls with every pass. I roll my hips in time with her movements. Every time she jerks her hips forward the muscles of her full ass contract. Our breasts both sway as we fuck each other, the tips of our hardened nipples flicking against another in the most delightful way.

A finger on my chin pulls my eyes from the mirror. I turn my head to the side and am met with the sight of Luke’s hard length. He’s watching me with so much heated desire that I may burst into flames under his gaze. His large fingers are wrapped

around his throbbing cock. Each thrust of Celeste into me shakes my entire body, shoving me closer to his awaiting head.

“Open,” he commands as he rubs the throbbing crown against my lips.

“You can’t,” I manage to blurt out between panting breaths as Celeste ruts into me ruthlessly. Her grip on my legs is bruisingly tight as she uses it to get leverage and fuck me even deeper. “The piercings. They’ll get infected.”

“Good thing I have a professional piercer at my disposal to clean them thoroughly after,” he grits out as his fingers slide into my hair, using his hold to tilt my head back slightly.

“You can’t, Lu—”

He takes the opportunity of having my mouth open in protest to shove his length inside of me. He thrusts himself aggressively down my throat as I gag around him. I try to pull back but he holds me in place with his grip on my hair. His head falls back and a satisfied moan leaves his lips as his cock throbs inside of me. The feel of being filled by both of them is unbearable. I’ve never felt this used, or this loved.

“You feel so fucking good,” he groans as he pulls back, allowing me to suck in air. He pushes back inside my mouth before using his hold on my hair to turn my eyes back to the mirror. “Watch as you fall apart around both our cocks,” he demands before pumping his hips and shoving his cock back down my throat.

I can’t pull my eyes away as I watch the two of them fuck me with a wild abandon that’s utterly hypnotic. Both their hips thrust back and forth at a merciless pace; their skin glistens with perspiration and their faces contort as they both use my body. Tears and snot run down my face and my skin is red where Celeste is holding me. Both cocks stretch my holes so wide that my skin is stretched thin—it’s incredible.

I feel another orgasm rising as they both drive deeper inside me, demanding my pleasure. I begin to move with them, all of us finding a rhythm as we groan, pant, and writhe together. Celeste drops one of my legs, her hand moving to my core. She uses her little fingers to rub soft circles over my throbbing clit. The extra touch is exactly what I need to fall into the chaos of release.

“Fuck, I’m going to blow already,” Luke grits through clenched teeth. “Come for us, Flower.”

His cock twitches in my mouth before his salty release coats my mouth. He roars as rope after rope of sticky release spurts down my throat and mouth. I choke around him, causing cum to drip down the sides of my face.

“Take all my cum, love. Don’t waste a fucking drop.” He pants as he holds me tightly against him.

Watching his release pushes me over the edge. I scream around his length as my pussy clamps down around the cock inside me. I jerk as my entire body contracts with endless waves of pleasure. Every cell in my body explodes as my orgasm reaches its peak.

“That’s it, baby, cream all over my cock,” Celeste praises me as she pinches my tender clit. I scream again which elicits a chuckle from Luke.

He slowly pulls himself from my mouth. As my orgasm fades, Celeste gently pulls herself from inside me. I slump at the loss of them, my tender body sore and throbbing. I’m a dripping mess of cum and sweat, and I’ve never felt better. With a satisfied smile plastered to my face, I close my eyes and lean my head back against the plush cushions of the chair.

“Thank you,” I whisper to them.

Strong arms wrap around me, lifting me to carry me away. A soft kiss is placed against my temple. “You did so good for us, Flower. Let’s get you cleaned up and tucked into bed.”

Luke

The Devil Within by Digital Daggers

Liv took us both so well. After the situation with the drugging me and torturing me, I have to admit, I was a bit nervous about how this would go. But she slid into our dynamic like she was made for us. There were no awkward pauses or discomfort, everything just flowed. I think the throne helped. When I realized my siren had a mirror kink, I immediately custom ordered the set-up. I'm so glad she enjoyed it. Watching her demand her pleasure like the fucking queen she is was the most intoxicating poison I've ever been tempted with. I know that it was a terrible fucking idea to fuck her face after just receiving four cock piercings, but I couldn't hold back any longer. I'd rather waste away with their lips on my skin than be without them for another moment. After getting both my girls cleaned up, we all crawled into bed.

I fell asleep to the soft snores of both my girls. The comfort of them surrounding me is the closest thing a demon like me will ever know of Heaven. With both of their warm bodies wrapped around mine, the soothing sound of their even breaths fills me with a calmness that's very rare in my life. I drifted off into a peaceful nothingness quicker than I ever have before.

But now I'm awake and the empty expanse of the bed to the left of me has my heart thundering in my chest. On my right, Celeste sleeps peacefully. She's such a good girl for me, always by my side, always loyal. But Liv is noticeably gone.

Slipping from between the silk sheets, being careful not to wake my sleeping girl, I disentangle myself from the bed and pull on a pair of thin sweatpants. Wandering

through the room, I see that Liv's dress is still flung over a chair where we left it and her purse is on the dresser. It's the middle of the night in a house she's unfamiliar with.

Where the fuck did she wander off to?

I silently stalk out the door and into the hallway, scanning the shadowed corridor for any sign of hot pink hair. All the doors are closed and the lights are off. She's not upstairs. My pulse skyrockets as what if's fly through my mind. The part of me that needs control is spiraling at the lack of knowledge as to where my girl could be and who she could be with. Will immediately pops into my mind. If that motherfucker got anywhere near her, I will rip him limb from limb.

A clink that sounds suspiciously like glass sounds from downstairs. I whip my head in that direction, barely daring to breathe.

"Shit," a sharp whisper sounds from the darkness below.

Creeping down the stairs, I try desperately not to hit a creaking floorboard or squeaky step. Light filters in from the kitchen, casting eerie shadows across the wood flooring as I descend the steps. More glass clinking pricks my ears. Someone is absolutely in my fucking kitchen in the middle of the night. As swiftly and quietly as possible, I round the corner and slink into the opening to the kitchen.

Standing opposite of me, her plump ass swaying to a silent song, is my Flower. The expanse of her tanned legs are fully exposed beneath the T-shirt of mine that seems to be the only thing she's wearing. I swallow down the groan of delight that vibrates my chest when I see her wearing my clothes. My woman, in my house, wearing my fucking shirt. Fuck yes . She is busying herself with something on the counter.

"What are you doing out of bed?" I growl as I lean my shoulder against the door

frame.

She shrieks, nearly dropping the glass in her hand as she spins. Her eyes flit across my face. Fear wraps itself around her in the most delightful way before she realizes it's me and lets out a long sigh.

“What the hell, Luke?” Her hand goes to her chest, no doubt attempting to calm her racing heart. “You scared the shit out of me.”

“And you scared the shit out of me when I woke up and you weren't there.” I counter, earning a sassy ‘humph’ from between her pink lips.

Her eyes roam over the muscles of my bare chest and core. I work out every day, sometimes multiple times per day. I am very aware that my muscles are clearly defined and appealing. The low cut, very lightweight gray sweatpants that I'm wearing also leave little to the imagination. Clearly my girl is impressed with what she sees based on the way her thighs clench as she devours me with her eyes.

“And if I had run from you?” she quips like a little brat. Her tongue runs along her lower lip as she continues to fuck me with her stare.

“Then I would have chased you down, caught you, and helped you remember who you belong to,” I growl with my fists clenching at my sides.

Her eyes flit back to mine and I can't help but smirk at the clear effect I have on my girl. She gives me her back again. Pouring a healthy splash of vodka into the tumbler she was holding then slices and squeezes a lime, the sour juice running into the clear liquor.

“How long did it take you to figure out it was me?” I ask the question that's been nagging at me since I woke up drugged and tied to a chair by the woman I thought I'd

been stalking.

“Not long,” she replies noncommittally.

“And you let it go on without saying anything?” I almost growl the words in displeasure.

She simply shrugs her shoulder and takes a sip of her drink. Her bratty attitude is grating against my nerves. Maybe she needs to be taught a lesson.

“The night you were barely conscious and I snuck into your house?”

She turns her head and gives me a sly smirk but doesn’t answer my question. This fucking woman . I hate to admit it but she played me. I absolutely underestimated her. I won’t let it happen again.

“Why are you drinking?” I ask as she throws back a healthy swig of the drink. Her body shivers as soon as the alcohol hits her system. “Are you trying to drown out the memories of tonight?”

She turns slowly, leaning her hips back against the counter behind her. Her eyes assess me as she chews on my words. I try to remain calm outwardly but inside I’m freaking the fuck out, terrified that she’s getting ready to tell me she wants to leave. I was hoping I wouldn’t have to force her hand, but there’s absolutely no way I’m letting her go. She’s dug herself into my fucking chest; the roots of my obsession for her constricting like a vice around my heart so tightly that we’ll never be free from one another. She’s mine and I’m hers.

“No,” she finally states before taking another sip of her drink. “It was a lot and I’m still trying to process everything that’s happened. But I definitely don’t want to forget tonight. I just wanted a little something to take the edge off.”

I grunt in agreement, urging her to continue. I've learned that if I give her silence, she'll fill it.

"I don't regret anything. I'm just not really a relationship type, and now I'm here with seemingly two partners." She heaves a heavy sigh. "It's just a lot. You thought you were playing me, I thought I was playing you, and somewhere along the way we ended up here." Her face pinches tightly as she takes another large gulp of her drink. "It's just a lot," she repeats as she shrugs her shoulder slightly before dropping her eyes to the swirling liquor in the glass she's holding.

It only takes me four large steps to close the distance between us. My hands land against the edge of the white marble countertop, bracketing her in. She sucks in a small gasp as I crowd her, getting right into her face. Our breaths mingle in the small space between us. I can taste the burning liquor on her breath. Her pupils expand as her nervous system kicks into high gear.

"You can be a bit overwhelmed by your feelings. You can be scared of how intense this is. You can take a moment to catch your breath. But..." I lean down so that our lips are almost touching. Her fearful, tiny pants tickle the skin of my lips as I whisper against her mouth, "Don't you ever doubt my devotion to you. You've been mine since the moment I met you."

"You barely know me," her voice is just a whisper. "And you called me your girl, and Celeste's girlfriend."

"So?" I growl as I lean my forehead against hers, unable to stop myself from touching her in this moment.

"I don't do relationships."

Her insistence on fighting me is starting to piss me off. After everything we've been

through, everything I've done for her, she must know how intensely obsessed I am with her. Our broken pieces fit together like we're fucking made for one another.

"Why?" I grit out as I grab the back of her neck in one of my palms, pulling her even closer against my body.

"You know my baggage. Who wants a girlfriend that has to leave to go fuck the woman that's blackmailing her while others watch or film it? I'm too damaged to be anyone's anything."

A tear slips from the corner of her eye. It traces a small path down the expanse of her cheek. I have the urge to lick the salty release from her skin and taste her sadness. I want all of her—her pleasure as well as her pain.

"Call this whatever the fuck you want. You can call yourself my girlfriend, my partner, my soulmate, whatever the fuck you want. The label doesn't mean shit to me. You are mine. That bitch isn't getting anywhere near you ever again or it will be the last thing she ever does. Whether you're willing to admit it to yourself or not, I am yours and you are mine. And when our flesh has long since rotted from our bones, you will still be mine. I will stalk your soul through every eternity if I have to, making sure you both are always mine."

I crash my lips against hers. Her taste is soft and smooth but covered in the salt of her tears. I pull her plump bottom lip between my teeth, biting down until the metallic taste of her blood fills my mouth. She shrieks into me, and I take the opportunity to slip my tongue between her lips. She's so warm and sweet. I can't get enough as my tongue grinds against hers.

Pulling back, I look down with a satisfied smirk on my lips. Her beautiful pout is swollen and bloodied. Her pupils are completely blown with a potent combination of fear and lust. But her body is pressed flush against mine. Her mind may still be

catching up to the situation, but her body knows exactly who she belongs to. I pull the glass from her hand and down the remainder of her drink, relishing the burn of the smooth liquor. Placing the glass on the counter, I slip both hands around her full ass and lift her. She squeals before her legs wrap around my waist and her hands wrap around my neck. I kiss, lick, and nip at her skin as I carry her across the kitchen and into the dining room. When we reach the giant table, I lay her down on the wooden surface. She whimpers in delight as I grind my growing erection against her heated core.

“What about Celeste?” she moans as my hands and lips roam over every inch of her body that I can reach.

Pulling back, I stare at her with complete seriousness. “I couldn’t choose between the two of you if I had a fucking gun to my head. I need you both. I’m equally obsessed with you both. I am completely consumed with desire for you both. And as much as I want you, I want you to want her. She needs you just as badly as I do and I think deep down, you know you need her too. She’s the light to our darkness, love. I want you to be with each other, as well as with me. Is that something you could want?”

She takes a minute to think, her emerald eyes flitting back and forth between mine. Her long nails run up and down the skin of my back in slow, hypnotic circles.

“What about Will and Erika?” she finally asks. The look in her eyes is almost desperate as she searches for a light in the darkness. I might be a demon to most, but for her, I will be whatever she needs.

“How much does your father owe?”

She looks away, too embarrassed to answer my question. That won’t do. I use my fingers to tilt her chin back toward me, demanding her answer.

“Flower, we just established that you are mine. Everything, including the demons you want to keep hidden in the back of your closet, are mine now. How much fucking money does your father owe?”

Her voice is broken, barely audible as she chokes out, “Fifteen grand.”

“I’ll get the money wired to Will tomorrow, but we will have to discuss a plan to stop your father from racking up more debt.”

“Luke!” she gripes as she tries to pull away from me. I lean deeper against her, rolling my hardened length against the apex of her thighs as she tries to squirm away. “I can’t let you do that.”

“You’re not letting me do anything.” I rip the shirt up and over her, exposing her beautiful breasts to me. The piercings glint in the low light. She’s replaced the gems with serpentine rings. How fitting. I bring my mouth down, letting my tongue flick and roll over the metal. She groans in response and her hips rise up off the table. “I’m offering to take care of you so you can be happy. Let me help you; let me take this burden off your plate. Please?” I suck her entire nipple into my mouth and suck while I continue to flick the piercing with my tongue.

“Oh god, yes,” she moans.

“I knew you’d agree.” I smirk before moving to her second breast and giving it the same attention.

“That’s not—” she begins before I bite down on her breast, silencing her denial as she shrieks.

She writhes beneath me. She’s a panting needy mess. I can’t hold back any longer. Pulling back, I reach between us and pull down my pants; my cock immediately

springs over the waistband. The tip is dripping with precum, so ready for her.

“Luke, you can’t,” she tries to argue as I line myself up at her opening. “The piercings aren’t healed.”

“I know, my love. But I can’t wait another second to be inside you,” I state before shoving myself inside.

We both groan loudly in unison as I sheath myself fully inside her warmth. She’s so fucking tight. Each inch I drive into her is tighter and warmer. Her hips roll against me, desperate to take all of me.

“Such a desperate fucking slut for my cock, aren’t you?” I pant into the crook of her neck and shoulder once I’m full seated inside her.

“Yes,” she mewls and whimpers as I settle inside her, letting her warmth wrap around me. “Please, fuck me already.”

I tsk as I pull my hips back. “Such a bratty little thing. I might have to teach you a lesson.”

I thrust my hips forward and am rewarded by a shriek of pleasure from the beautiful creature beneath me. Her pussy pulses around me, begging for more. The piercings are tender as her walls constrict around me but I can’t hold back. I need her. I pick up my pace, driving into her. The piercings rub against her walls, massaging her as I rut into her like a wild beast.

“But,” she pants between her sounds of ecstasy. “I am your brat.”

Her admittance drives my hips to jerk quicker. Each punishing thrust beating to the drum in my head. Mine. Mine. Mine. Mine .

“Please, Luke, don’t stop. I’m gonna come.”

I need her pleasure. I want to feel her fully submit with my cock buried in her tight cunt.

“Come for me, Flower. Let me feel just how desperate this cunt is for my cum.”

Reaching between us, I rub her clit. The stimulation sends her over the edge. Her mouth falls open in a silent scream and her body jerks wildly as her orgasm crashes into her like a tidal wave. I follow her over the edge, spraying her walls with ropes of release as I groan loudly.

I collapse on top of her. My body completely sated. I turn my head, laying a soft kiss against her forehead. She snuggles her face into my chest and lays soft kisses along my skin. We hold each other for what feels like an eternity as we both come back down from our high.

“I’m ready,” she states after what feels like an eternity. “I am ready to be yours. Ready to admit what I feel for Celeste. Ready to be done with Erika once and for all. It’s time for me to move forward. I’m done feeling trapped.”

“Good girl,” I praise as I lift her in my arms, carrying us back to our bed.

I fall back asleep surrounded by both my girls.

Luke

Unholy by Sam Smith

Four-thirty—thirty minutes to go. The minutes are creeping by at an excruciatingly slow pace. Each repetitive tick of the clock on the wall has my nerves grating and my teeth grinding. I love my work. I love putting the pieces together, organizing all the facts, laying everything out, and presenting the case. But today feels like one of those endless work days that won't come to a fucking end. I'm never the type to count the minutes until I can head home. I leave when the job is done, it's as simple as that. But today, I'm barely going to make it to five. I'm itching to get back to my girls.

I glance up at the time again. Four thirty-five. Fan-fucking-tastic.

I impatiently tap my foot against the coarse gray carpet beneath my desk. I glance at the computer screen in front of me, the paperwork I need to complete staring back at me. I really need to get this document finalized and sent off to the client by the end of day, but it seems like that's unlikely to happen. Who knew having two girlfriends would be detrimental to your work productivity?

A sharp rap against my door pulls me from my thoughts. My eyes flick up above the screen of my computer to the doorway. The firm's assistant stands in the doorway with her tits practically spilling out of her skin tight top. I'm fairly certain she's fucking one of the other partners. I'd care more but she does her job without issue and doesn't ask too many questions since she's usually on her knees. I like having an assistant who is out of my hair and stays out of my business. Plus, they both seem happy with the arrangement despite the twenty year age difference, so who am I to

judge?

“Mr. Hunter...” her voice is too high, too fake for my liking. It grates against my nerves, but we rarely talk so I’m able to cope. “Richa—I mean, Mr. Thompson is wondering if you sent the contract over to the client yet?”

I’m barely able to stop the eye roll and groan of annoyance. I’m so done with this fucking day. I might just call it.

“Tell him it’ll be to the client first thing in the morning.”

She nods in acknowledgment before turning on her heels and swaying away. Attempting to finish the contract, I bring my focus back to the screen in front of me, willing myself to stay on task. But soft buzzing inside my pocket beckons me to give up on this never ending assignment. Pulling my phone from my pocket, I look down to see a video message notification from Liv. A small smile pulls at my face.

I’ve been checking the cameras periodically throughout the day and keeping an eye on them, but it’s still nice to know that they’re also thinking of me. I watched as Celeste went through her normal routine of breakfast, working out, and getting ready while Liv slept in. When my Flower finally awoke, the two of them had coffee on the back porch and talked. I couldn’t hear what they said but they looked serious. As I watched, I was worried for a moment that one of them would run, that is until Celeste slid from her own seat and into Liv’s lap. My hardened cock tented my pants beneath my desk as I watched them kiss and caress one another with passion.

Unfortunately, my afternoon meeting pulled me away from watching further, but by the looks of the message currently waiting to be played on my phone, they’ve been busy. Covertly adjusting myself in my pants, I stand then swiftly close and lock the door before returning to my seat and opening my phone.

I push play and immediately the sound of pleased moans fills the room. I quickly lower the volume before turning my phone sideways to get a better view of the events unfolding on my screen. Celeste is splayed out on our couch in the living room. She's completely naked. Her perfect pale flesh is illuminated by the late afternoon sunlight streaming in through the windows. The camera is situated right between her thighs, giving me a perfect view of her pretty pussy.

"Tell us, babe." Liv's voice is authoritative and demanding even through the small speakers of my phone. "Do you miss your master?"

Celeste's big hazel eyes flick from the camera to something above it. Liv must be holding the camera and kneeling between her girlfriend's legs. Her hips roll slightly, indicating just how needy she is.

"Don't look at me. Look at the camera." Liv's tone forces Celeste's eyes to flick back to the camera. "I'm taking a video to send to him. So tell us, do you miss his cock?"

Celeste nods as her lithe fingers run up and down her pale flesh. She's clearly been edged and is desperate for some friction on her needy core. My cock thickens in my pants as the video continues.

"Show us, babe. Touch that pretty little pussy and let us see how desperate you are for his cock." Liv's words cause a low rumble to vibrate my chest.

Celeste's fingers move to her core. With her right hand, she splays the lips of her cunt wide, letting me see all of her. She holds herself open with her pointer and ring finger while her middle finger runs small circles over her clit. She mewls at the contact of her own hand and throws her head back against our fucking throw pillows.

"That's it baby. Show him what a good little slut you've been for me all day. Touching yourself, touching me, licking my cunt, and crawling around like a needy

little cum whore, huh?” Liv prods as Celeste nods in acknowledgment, too busy moaning to form words.

Watching them, listening to them, knowing that they’ve been fucking each other all damn day, is too much for me to handle. I can’t take it any longer. I slowly lower my zipper, letting my rock hard cock spring free. I begin to leisurely stroke myself through my boxers with one hand as I continue to hold my phone with the other.

“You need a cock though, don’t you?” Liv asks and Celeste nods in agreement, her finger moving faster and faster as her pleasure grows. “Don’t you even fucking think about coming, you dirty little slut!” Liv snaps as a sharp slap of skin on skin cuts through the speakers.

Celeste yells, clearly having been smacked on the thigh by Liv. Her hand falls away from her drenched pussy, but her hips still roll in need.

“Please,” Celeste whines as she looks beyond the camera.

“Nuh-uh, slut. That orgasm belongs to your master.”

Fuck me .

My hand pumps up and down my own shaft quicker as I listen to Liv command our girl around, making sure she’s behaving like our needy little pet.

“Fuck yourself with two fingers, get that pussy nice and stretched out. We need it ready to take your master’s cock when he gets home. I’m sure he’ll be wanting to play after he sees this video.”

Celeste brings her hand down to her core, slipping two fingers inside herself easily. Her pussy greedily molds around her digits as she pumps them in and out. Her other

hand moves to her breast, rolling and pinching her own nipple.

“Add a third finger, babe. That pussy needs to be stuffed full,” Liv states. Her voice is shakier now, clearly she’s working herself up as well.

As Celeste adds a third finger and begins fucking herself harder, I can feel my own release building. I really should not be fucking my own hand in my office. I should not come in my fucking boxer briefs like a teenager. And I really should head home and stuff all this cum in Celeste’s tight little cunt. But as I watch her hips rise off the couch, chasing her pleasure, I can’t help the tingling sensation that begins to form in my balls.

The video abruptly pauses as a notification pops up.

What the fuck?

Garett’s name flashes across my screen. I growl in annoyance, contemplating ignoring his call and finishing what I was doing. But I’m a good friend.

“I’m busy. What the fuck do you want?” I grumble into the phone as I shove my aching cock back into my pants.

“Nice to talk to you too, brother,” he quips. “I thought drowning in double the pussy would improve your mood.”

“I’m at work.” He doesn’t need to know that my foul mood is due to him interrupting my jack-off session at work. “I have a contract that’s supposed to be out by the end of day; what is it you need?”

Not technically a lie.

“Well, grumpy ass, I have good news, and I have bad. What would you like first?”

“Garett,” I growl a warning into the phone. I don’t have time for his games today. I have two very horny girlfriends to get home to before they tire themselves out playing without me.

“Fine, fine,” he concedes. “Good news is that a certain husband has been arrested.”

My insides swirl with excitement at his words. We never use Brody’s name when we’re on our personal phones, it’s too risky to ever use any specifics. If we need to speak specifics, we meet in person. But knowing that one of our main tormentors, the man who’s caused so much fucking pain and suffering, is finally behind bars, sends a satisfied shiver down my spine. The corners of my mouth lift into a smirk as I let the news sink in.

“Only one left,” I finally state.

“Only one,” Garrett confirms.

“So, what’s the bad news then?” I ask while still smiling, unable to stop the thrumming excitement swimming through my veins.

“Some detective called. She wants to talk to Gabriel.”

The relief I felt moments before is instantly replaced with annoyance. I pinch the bridge of my nose between my thumb and forefinger and release a long sigh.

“I told you I didn’t like this part of the plan,” I grit out.

“Oh, it’s fine. Calm down,” he says nonchalantly. “The cops here are idiots. It’s not going to be a problem.”

I groan into the phone at his hubris. He's so confident in his plan. Liv said one of the female detectives she talked to seemed competent and concerned with actually getting off her ass and doing her job. She could be a problem.

"Don't worry, Luke." His confidence is not comforting. "I'll need you to send a lawyer to go in for questioning with Gabriel, though. Just send some newbie from the firm."

"Fine. Text me the details," I concede. I've trusted Garrett so far and his plans have never led us astray.

"Thank you, sir," he mocks. "Oh, and Luke," Garrett hurriedly calls out before I can hang up.

"What?"

"I have cameras in your office, brother. You should probably not have your cock out at work. It's rather unprofessional, don't you think?" he quips with a laugh before hanging up the phone.

That motherfucker .

OLIVIA

Storm by Honors

The last week has been a dream. I've never felt so utterly and completely happy. I'm not just infatuated with someone for the moment or chasing some high that will inevitably lead to a crash. I'm just really fucking happy. Living with my girlfriend and my boyfriend is utterly blissful. Most days are still pretty much the same, I get up late in the morning—usually hours after Luke and Celeste—and have coffee with my girlfriend. The fact that I can call her that makes butterflies swarm through my core. She's mine . My girl. She's usually sweaty from working out in the mornings but I can't complain because the way her tight little workout shorts hug her every curve does things to me. More than once I've been so turned on by her ass in those fucking shorts that I've had her pussy for breakfast. I switched to early afternoons at the shop. I love my job and I'm not really the type of girl who's into the whole housewife vibes, but I will not give up my nights with my Luke and Celeste. I get why Celeste can't leave the house and sometimes my heart aches for her even though she seems content, but I need to get out of the fucking house at least four days a week and poke some holes in people.

At least twice a week, I make a point to pick something special up for my girl after work. I hate that she can't go grab a coffee or a treat for herself whenever she wants so I try to spoil her when I can. The first few times she got all sweet and sappy and teary-eyed. It made my stomach twist into knots. Being someone's anything is still new to me, and now I have two partners. It's new and terrifying and wonderful. I try to be home for dinner pretty much every night. It means my hours are shit but Luke's been helping with some of my bills. He told me we would keep my old place as long

as I needed it as my safety net, even though I've moved everything into our house. Luke even helped me pay off dad's debt and get him into a community with other recovering gambling addicts. They have group therapy, daily activities to keep them busy, and beautiful townhouses for each resident. Luke said not to worry about the cost but I insisted that I'd pay for half, even if I know he's lying to me and telling me that it costs less than it does. My pride won't let me not help at all.

The nights are the best part of my new life. Nights like this, where I'm spread out, naked on our bed with my sexy as fuck girlfriend between my legs, are absolute Heaven. My top half is propped up against the mountain of pillows behind me, giving me the perfect view. I watch in the mirrors that surround the bed as my tits rise and fall roughly with each labored breath I manage to suck in between moans of pleasure as she feasts on my flesh. The reflection of the new serpentine jewels I recently purchased for my nipples glints with each ragged pant. They seemed fitting as my two loves absolutely slithered their way past my walls and constricted around me until I had no choice but to give in and let them love me. Celeste is completely buried between my thighs, licking, nipping, and sucking at my cunt with such fervor that you'd think she had been starved of pussy.

The door swings open, hitting the wall behind it with a loud thud. My eyes fly to the doorway and are instantly met with the heated gaze of my very own demon. Luke's tall frame sits in the open door. Both of his hands grip the frame so tightly that his knuckles are turning white. His chest heaves as he slowly runs his eyes up and down our entangled forms.

"Did I not warn you two not to start without me last time?" His tone is harsh but beneath is a hunger that I've grown to crave.

He has in fact warned us not to start without him. Several times, actually. It must have slipped my mind when I seduced my girlfriend and convinced her we had time to fool around before her master returned home. Oops.

Ever the good girl, Celeste attempts to disentangle herself from between my thighs, but I close my legs around her head. She squirms as I drown her in my desire.

“No, baby girl,” I command as I snake my fingers into her soft black hair. “Don’t stop. I’m so close. Be a good girl and make your girlfriend come all over your face.”

A low growl of disapproval leaves Luke’s throat but I’m too focused on the pressure building in my core as Celeste’s slick tongue continues its job of flicking my clit.

“If you come right now Olivia, it’ll be the last time you’re allowed to come tonight. I’ll tie you both up and use you for my pleasure the rest of the evening,” Luke warns as I close my eyes and throw my head back against the pillows.

I’m too far gone to listen to his threats. My hips rise off the bed as electricity coils around my spine and I scream out in pleasure, “Yes babe, don’t stop, I’m about to come. Yes! Fuck! Yeah!”

I bring one of my hands to my own breast. My purple painted fingers flick against the hardened peak of my nipple. The touch combined with Celeste’s skilled tongue is enough to throw me over the edge. My orgasm shoots through me, pleasure washing over me as I fall over the edge.

“Such a good girl for me, pet,” I praise as I loosen my hold on my girl.

I’ve barely begin to come down from my orgasm when Celeste is ripped from between my thighs. She shrieks as Luke grabs her by her ankle, pulling her down the bottom of the bed. With a tight grip in her hair, he pulls her up to her knees with her back hitting his front. I reposition myself, sitting up slightly in order to get a better view of the show currently playing out in front of me.

“Do you like the way your girlfriend’s cum tastes on your slutty little tongue?” he

growls against her mouth, his lips so close to touching hers without giving her what she wants.

Her hips roll with desire as his free hand runs teasingly along the skin above her waistband. She's been on her period the last few days and while Luke and I both told her we didn't mind a little mess, she insisted period sex made her feel like we'd be grossed out by her. The result is that she has just been extra fucking horny.

I love the way he commands her. Watching him use her is the biggest turn on I've ever seen. Who knew that watching your boyfriend fill your girlfriend's cunt to the brim with his cum while he calls her a dirty whore would be such a turn on?

"Your master asked you a question, pet," I add as I lazily rub tight circles around my peaked nipple.

Celeste's gold-flecked eyes flash to mine with lust swirling in her irises. Such a needy slut for us.

"Yes. She's sweet and delicious. I love how she tastes when she comes on my tongue," Celeste manages to choke out between whimpering breaths as Luke's fingers move to swirl around her areolas, refusing to stimulate her needy nipples.

With a rumble of animalistic want emanating from his chest, Luke shoves Celeste back down to her hands and knees before moving behind her. He pulls his hardened cock from his pants, pumping it in his large hand. The piercings catch my eye. They healed so well over the past few weeks, and while they won't be fully healed for a few more, I'm pleased with the progress. I'm especially pleased with how fucking good they feel rubbing along my inner walls.

"It was a long fucking day," Luke groans as he lays a swift smack on Celeste's ass. She shrieks and jerks forward. "Jury selection took all damn day." He smacks her ass

again and I can feel my pussy dampen as I watch her take everything he gives her. “And all I could think about was coming home and sliding into this tight fucking cunt.”

With one swift movement, he pulls Celeste’s tight shorts and underwear down her thighs. She screams, her hands flying to her waistline and attempting to pull them back up.

“Luke, I can’t. You know that!” She fights desperately to keep herself covered but she’s losing the battle. He wrestles all her clothes, as well as her underwear and pad off of her.

“This is my fucking pussy, Sweetness.” Pulling on her hips, he lifts her back up before lining himself up behind her. “And I will fuck it whenever,” he thrusts his hips forward, sheathing himself entirely inside her and making her cry out. “And wherever I want.”

He jerks back and I can see the red staining his length. Fuck, that’s hot. His pace increases and he begins fucking her mercilessly into the mattress. His face melds into something feral and utterly out of control as he sinks deeper and deeper inside of our girl. I can’t help the need that grows between my thighs again as I watch them. I just came all over Celeste and yet watching her get her pussy pounded has my cunt dripping down my things. I bring my fingers down to my drenched opening, slipping two fingers easily into myself and pumping slowly. Celeste moans and mewls with each sharp thrust of his hips. It’s maddeningly pleasurable to watch them.

“If you keep whining and whimpering like that while he fucks you, I’ll give your slutty little mouth something better to do,” I grunt out at Celeste between my own moans of pleasure.

“Fuck, she likes when you talk like that, her pussy is gripping my cock so damn

tight,” Luke manages to get out between gritted teeth as he continues to rut into her from behind.

“Is that right, babe? You strangling his thick cock?” I ask as I add a third finger inside myself, curling them and letting them grind against the bundle of nerves. Celeste’s eyes find mine. Her pretty mouth hangs open in a pleased O. She’s always gorgeous but when she’s getting fucked—she’s a goddess. “You want his cum?”

My girl groans in acknowledgement. Luke’s hands fall to her hips, using his grip to fuck her deeper, harder. I follow his lead, pumping my own fingers inside myself harder and faster to match his pace.

Luke moans out as his movements become desperate. “I can’t hold back much longer. Come for me.”

Neither of us can deny his command. Celeste falls over the edge first. Her body writhes in ecstasy as she screams through her orgasm. I follow her over the edge as my pussy throbs with waves of pleasure around my fingers. Luke isn’t far behind, roaring as he fills Celeste with his release.

Our combined panting fills the silence of the room as we all attempt to catch our breath. Not giving Celeste a moment to think about it too much, I pull her from beneath Luke. His slanted eyes fly to me but I simply offer him a wink before sliding my girl up the bed to lay on her back.

“I’ve been reading up on pregnancy,” I inform her as I bring my hand between her thighs. Luke’s presence is there immediately. His warmth surrounds me from behind as his hands gently caress my bare hips. “You need to lay down and let his sperm do their thing.”

Using two of my fingers I scoop up their combined release from her thighs and shove

it back inside her still pulsing pussy. She whimpers at the harsh contact, still sore from being fucked.

“We can’t waste a fucking drop,” I say before bringing my dirtied fingers to my mouth. The sticky, slightly-reddened, slickness on my fingers is bitter, sweet, and metallic against my tongue as I lick my fingers clean. All three of our combined releases in my mouth is the sweetest taste I’ve ever had.

“Oh Flower, I am utterly obsessed with you,” Luke growls in my ear as he plants sweet kisses along my shoulder. “But I told you that you weren’t allowed to come again tonight and you just came all over those fingers, didn’t you?”

My pussy clenches at his hushed and harsh tone.

“Are you ready to take your punishment, Flower?” he growls and my stomach flips with anticipation.

I will never tire of this, of them, of us.

“Do your worst, Demon.”

“Grab me another slice of cheese!” Celeste hollers from the other room as I turn the corner and enter the kitchen.

I smile to myself, completely content with our life in this moment. Dirty sex before pizza, beer, and a movie with my girlfriend and our boyfriend, what more could a girl ask for? After forcing Celeste to lay in place for at least twenty minutes, during which time Luke made sure my ass would remember tomorrow what a bad girl I was tonight, she convinced us that it was time to refuel. Luke had brought home pizzas that he picked up on his way home and I had brought back beer after my shift. The ideal Friday night. I can’t help the smile curving at my lips as I reach into the fridge

to retrieve another three bottles.

As I straighten back up, I feel my phone buzz in my back pocket. It's probably Paul with an appointment request for this weekend. I try not to work too much on the weekends, preferring to spend the time with my loves, but weekends are the money makers for a piercer. I slide the phone from my back pocket as I walk to the kitchen counter where the pizza boxes are spread out and gently place the bottles down. I stare at the screen and I'm surprised at what I see.

My phone shows a new media message from Erika. I haven't talked to her in weeks. Luke wired Will all of the money my father owed without me having to be involved at all. He told me all about Will and the shit that he's done to Luke as well as countless others. He told me that he doesn't want me anywhere near Will, Erika, or any of their people ever again. I don't disagree with him. Having them out of my life and the weight of that past pain off my shoulders has made me feel considerably lighter. I will always have the scars of my past, but thanks to my demon, I can see a brighter future for the first time in my life.

I flit my eyes to the doorway, making sure no one has followed me in here. I know that Luke would tell me to delete the message and block her number. That would be the smart thing to do, and yet...

The message contains several pictures. Most of them show Celeste in bondage type situations—tied up, blindfolded, restrained. She's nude in all of them. Luke is also in all of them. Some of them show him fucking her. In others he's punishing her. Out of context they look ... bad . Like really fucking bad. I was there during several of these but I've been cropped out of the pictures. If someone were to see just these photos they'd think something evil and depraved was going on here. I know that our relationship is unconventional, but it's also healthy, consensual, and full of love. If someone were to judge us based solely on these pictures, they'd see something very different.

Along with the pictures is a link to an article about Celeste's disappearance. It shows her smiling school photo and gives a brief overview of the events leading up to her being 'reported missing by a close friend.' Guilt twists in my gut when I realize that I am that friend. Without my pushing for the police to get off their asses, they may not have published this article about her that led Erika to connect all the pieces. The end of the article discusses a reward being offered for anyone with any information on Celeste's whereabouts. A sizable reward. Fuck .

There's one final message that comes in after the photos and article.

Erika: Monday. The casino. 4 PM. Come alone.

My breath catches in my throat and my dinner threatens to rise back up. My first thought is to run to Luke, but I can't. If I tell Luke, he might do something rash and then Erika could give the cops these photos. How the fuck did she even get these photos? They look like they were taken from inside our house. I pull the pictures back up and study them. They're all from the playroom. I know Luke has a security system installed with cameras all over the house and grounds. Could they have hacked into those cameras somehow? Whatever the hell is going on, I know that I can't tell Luke. He'll want to handle this himself, but I can't let him. If these pictures get out, he'll go to prison. He will be disbarred. Their plan for revenge will be ruined. He will lose everything. I can't let that happen.

"Need help with the beers?" Luke asks from the doorway.

I jump in surprise, almost dropping my phone in the process. I catch the device before it falls and swiftly slid it into my back pocket. Luke cuddles up next to me, placing a soft kiss against my temple as he grabs the three beer bottles I abandoned.

"Who was that?" he asks, indicating my phone.

My palms sweat and my insides churn. I don't want to lie to him but I don't see any way around it.

“Just Paul.” I shrug and grab two pieces of cheese from the box before slipping away from him and crossing back into the living room.

Celeste plants a sweet kiss on my cheek as I settle back into the couch next to her and hand her the slice of pizza. Luke places our beers down on the coffee table and turns back on the movie we were watching. They both laugh and flirt as we watch the movie but my mind is miles away.

Sliding my phone back out from my pocket, I pull up the message from Erika and respond before I can change my mind again.

Me: I'll be there.

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Luke

Bad Blood by Alisxn Gray

“ Y ou were a real shark in there today,” Richard, one of the partners at our firm, directs toward me with a friendly knock on my shoulder.

His beer sloshes from his frosted mug, dripping onto the wool of my jacket. My annoyance grows exponentially. I don’t like people touching me or my things. His other arm is slung around our assistant as she sips some fruity martini and snuggles up to her very married boss.

I plaster on the fakest smile I can muster. “Thanks Richard.” I lift my own mug in mock cheers.

“The way you went after that cop on the stand.” David, one of the other lawyers at the firm, lets out a long, low whistle.

I don’t have to fake my smile anymore. A twisted sense of satisfaction fills my core as I think about that incompetent fucking cop on the stand bumbling through my questions.

“You’d think at some point, the police of this town would get less lazy and stupid, but that never seems to be the case,” I drawl before taking another swig of my cold beer. I’m not usually a beer guy, but they are. And when you’re a monster like me, finding small ways to fit in is the key to hiding in plain sight.

“I’ve heard they have someone new down at the squad. Some female cop recently turned detective. She’s supposed to be a real bloodhound, never lets things go once she’s on to something,” someone down the table says.

My phone buzzing in my pocket pulls my focus from the conversation. I can only take so much shoptalk anyway. I try to avoid these weekly bar sessions, but occasionally I have to make an appearance to save face. I told my girls I’d be late tonight. I hate being late. I’d much rather be balls deep in their tight cunts than listening to these assholes. I’m certain my girls are the ones texting me, needing to show me what I’m missing out on. I barely contain a growl as I think about the two of them curled around each other like twisting serpents, writhing and whirling around each other while I’m stuck at this fucking pub. Looking down, my guess is confirmed. One new media message from Liv. I absolutely will not be opening that message in here.

Holding up my phone to everyone as if it’s some sort of evidence, I loudly inform them, “Well that’s the old ball and chain. I have to head out.” I share a sheepish grin to really sell the charade.

I fucking hate that saying. If anyone’s going to end up in chains it will definitely be my sweet little sub and not me, but all the faces around the table nod at me in understanding. Pats on the back, raised glasses, and farewells follow me as I leave the pub and head out into the cool evening air. Spring is right around the corner, meaning the air isn’t as bitter but the rain is still persistent. I pull my collar up around my neck before jogging swiftly to the Audi.

Pulling the door open, I duck inside my car. The soft sound of rain against the roof fills the tight confines as I settle myself in against the smooth black leather seat. I slide my phone back out and pull up my message thread with my girl. Settling in, the leather squeaking against my wet wool coat, I press play and my veins immediately fill with icy rage.

Will's face fills the screen. His smug sneer looks back at me from my phone and my heart plummets into my fucking stomach.

“Hello, little brother. I'm sure you're busy at work being a good little boy, but your girlfriend is here and wanted me to make sure you knew where she was so you wouldn't worry.”

The camera pans away from Will's face. I can't see much in the blur of colors that fills the screen, as if Will is swiftly moving through a dark room. When the camera finally stops moving it's focused on a large, unmade bed. The cream sheets look worn and stained. But it's the figures on the bed that have my full attention. Liv is nude and laying face down. There's no mistaking her bright pink curls and pouty pink lips. Blood is caked around her mouth and hairline. The fact that someone hit her, drew her fucking blood, has me seeing red. She's bent at the hips, her top half against the mattress and her legs hanging off the edge. In between her widely spread thighs, is some red-headed bitch. She was in some of the photos Garrett had of Will, but I don't know exactly who she is. She's also naked. Her sallow skin is a stark contrast to my girl's tanned flesh. She's grinding against Liv's ass furiously. Her long red nails hold onto Liv's shoulders as she ruts against her viciously.

The camera pans back to Will's fucking face. My heart is beating so rapidly in my chest it feels like it might burst through my fucking ribs. My teeth grind as I desperately try to keep my composure and gather any clues I can about where they are holding her.

“Well, we have one of your girlfriends with us, anyway. The other one, the one who you apparently kidnapped and are holding hostage, is still yours to keep ... for now.”

Celeste. How the fuck does he know about Celeste? Bile rises in my throat as I realize just how fucking bad this is.

The camera spins to Liv again. Her eyes are so empty, so distant. They must have drugged her to have her be so compliant. My siren would be ripping their fucking faces off if she wasn't incapacitated. A slow tear rolls down her cheek as the woman between her legs uses her talons to leave long red scratches down my Flower's back. The bitch moans in pleasure, rutting her hips against my fucking woman. I can barely watch and yet I have to. I need to catch any clues I can to save my girl.

"I have to admit, your captive and Olivia here put on quite a show together." Will's face fills the screen yet again. His dark irises swirl with delight. "I thoroughly enjoyed watching them on the cameras you so kindly placed throughout your home. They were so very easy to hack into, baby brother. Might want to get a better security guy."

My grip tightens painfully around the phone, the metal threatening to break under the force.

"I intend to get my money's worth from your whore, Lucky Lucas. There's several buyers online that are very interested in paying a pretty penny for her. She'd make such a lovely slave for someone, don't you think? That is, unless you'd rather trade the raven-haired beauty for this one? Your choice, brother."

He flashes the camera back to Liv one final time. The red-haired woman is now using her fingers to thrust into Liv from behind. She's not being anywhere close to gentle and my blood boils with more rage than I thought possible to possess.

"You like Daddy filling up your slutty little cunt, baby girl?" the woman, who I assume must be Erika based on Liv's stories, taunts as she fingers my fucking girl.

Liv is stoic, clearly escaping this horror by retreating into her own mind. I've used that same trick before. My face has slackened into that same blank emptiness as I disassociated from the pain. The thought of my Flower, my fucking girl, being in that

place right now, makes me feel like ripping the steering wheel from my fucking car and using it to beat the life out of every single motherfucker that touched her. She's mine—mine to possess, mine to love, mine to protect ... and I failed her.

“Get her mouth open, my cock is aching to fuck her tight throat,” Will's voice booms loudly from behind the camera.

Then the video goes black, the media message ending.

The scream that leaves my throat is feral, animalistic, and painful. I fucking failed her.

I throw my phone down and kick the car into drive, peeling onto the road without even looking if any other cars are coming. The drive home is a blur. Anger, rage, and fear all swirl through my system as I speed out of town as swiftly as my car will take me. Blowing through lights and swerving between cars, I barely manage not to crash. It doesn't matter though. Nothing else fucking matters right now.

I make it home in record time, throwing open my door and sprinting toward the house before the car even fully comes to a stop. My heart is racing and my chest feels as though it might burst as I climb the stairs two at a time. With sure and steady steps I make my way down the hall and through the sleek black door of the control room. The screens are full of pictures of us. Videos, photos, secrets, and sins are all stored here for Will to use. I can't fucking take it.

Throwing open the closet, I grab one of the shiny aluminum bats. Spinning around to face the system that was meant to keep me safe, I let loose. Glass and plastic go flying as I bring the bat down against screens and wires again, and again, and again, and again. Every ounce of rage I feel is channeled through the bat.

“Luke!” I register the voice in the periphery of my consciousness, but my fury keeps

me swinging.

“Luke!” The voice calls again, more desperate this time.

Warm fingers wrap around my arm. Her touch soothes something, snapping me from my rage filled haze. I slowly shift my gaze to her.

Celeste stands behind me. My phone in her hand and tears streaking down her beautiful face. She must have fished the phone from my car and watched the video. Fuck . I drop the bat from my hand, the metal clanging loudly against the floor.

“She said she was going to work,” Celeste chokes out between sobs. “How’d she end up there? With them?”

I close the space between us and cup her cheek in my palm. I run my thumb through her tears.

“I think she went willingly to them,” I tell her.

“Why?” she whimpers and grips her hands into my shirt as if I’m the only thing keeping her standing. “Why would she do that?”

“To save us.”

The words hit us both with equal impact. They know about Celeste, and Liv let herself be taken and tortured in order to save us. She sacrificed herself for the two of us. I watch as the gears spin through her mind, piecing together the events of the past twenty-four hours. I see the moment she reaches the same conclusion I did on my way home. The sting of sadness shifts into the fire of fury on Celeste’s beautiful face right before my eyes.

“Well,” Celeste says as she disentangles herself from me.

Spinning on her heel, she turns to the closet and grabs the white purge style LED mask. She slides it over her face and wraps her fingers around a bat of her own. Swinging the bat over her shoulder, she turns to face me. She’s gorgeous—lightness and dark mixed together and driven by the need for vengeance. My angel of destruction.

“What the fuck are we waiting for? Let’s go get our girl.”

Source Creation Date: August 7, 2025, 12:53 am

Garett

Devil by SHINEDOWN

The buzzing sound of my doorbell rings through my home again. The noise is annoying and grinds against my nerves. My bare feet feel cool against the sleek bamboo flooring as I move toward the front of the house. The buzzer sounds again.

“Fucking coming!” I growl at the door despite the fact I know they can’t hear me through the thick frame.

Throwing up the door with a huff, I’m immediately met by a figure in my doorway. I’d buzzed Luke in through the gate a moment ago but the petite and curvy figure in front of me is definitely not Luke. Black clothes cling to her like a second skin, making her almost blend into the darkness of the night behind her. Her raven hair falls loosely around her glowing face. A mask covers her features. Glowing X’s cover the mouth and eye holes of the mask. Slung over her shoulder is an aluminum bat. We stand in stark silence for a moment before she cocks her head to the side in a way that comes across as completely sinister.

“Hello, Angel,” I coo right before she swings the bat.

The metal meets my diaphragm with such force that it completely takes the air out of my lungs. I double over in pain, my insides struggling to regain the ability to breathe. A second sure swing has the aluminum crushing my jaw. I stumble backwards, leaving a trail of blood droplets on the floor.

“I’m not your Angel, asshole,” Celeste seethes.

My eyes flit up to appraise her just as she raises the bat to swing again. My hand comes up to meet her blow this time. It was cute at first, but now I’m fucking annoyed. I wrap my fingers around the bat, holding it firmly in my grip. She tries to pull it back to regain control, but she should know by now—she’s never the one in control when I’m around.

She was a pawn to be used and abused, and the fact that Luke stole her for his own pleasure still grates at my nerves. I let him keep her and play with her because, truth be told, I did feel a slight bit of guilt about the idea of killing her, and he did seem happy for the first time in a very long time. It seemed like a win-win. But bringing her to my house to hit me upside the head with a baseball bat was not part of the deal.

Using my grip on the bat to control her, I move her backwards until her body hits the wall behind her. I am desperate to see the fear in her eyes and hear the small little gasps of surprises leaving her lips, but the damn mask is hiding her from me. At one point of time, I would have licked that fear from her skin, savoring in her pain. But things are different now. I’m different now. With a firm grip, I pin her tightly. From my periphery, I catch Luke’s tall frame lazily waltzing into the room making no attempt to get involved in the chaos that’s ensuing.

“Did you miss me, Angel?” I ask her as I lean in, invading her space.

Luke flinches slightly, but doesn’t move from the spot on the wall where he’s currently leaning. Interesting .

And then agonizing pain rips through my core as Celeste’s knee connects with my testicles. I double over in pain as blackness fills my vision. I stumble backwards, coughing and sputtering.

“I am not your fucking Angel, you sick fuck.” Pain sears my head as she hits me

again with the bat. “You stalked me, kidnapped me, and tried to kill me!”

With my ass on the floor, I chance a glance up. Luke has a snide smirk on his face as he watches the show in front of him. Fuck .

“You gonna’ help?” I ask him as I finally manage to catch my breath. I can feel warm blood dripping down my face.

“Seems like she’s doing just fine all on her own,” he quips while flashing Celeste a wide white smile.

Okay, I’m officially done with this shit now.

Rising to my feet, I grab the bat swiftly. Celeste whines in surprise and pain as I twist the metal in her hand, forcing her arm to spin at an uncomfortable angle.

“Garett,” Luke warns in a low tone, pushing from the wall.

“Why the fuck are you two here?” I ask as I pull the weapon from her and toss it across the room.

The metal hitting the floor sends a loud crack echoing off the walls of my home. I don’t give a shit what I hit. I’m over this. I have more important things to deal with tonight. With a few swift steps I’m in her face again, ripping the mask from her so I can watch her cower beneath me. Her fear is the sweetest sin. Only when I meet her eyes now, they’re full of fiery determination. She’s not the same scared girl I hunted months ago it would seem.

“They took Liv.” Her voice threatens to break as she whispers the words.

“Liv?” I ask as I rack my brain. “The pink-haired bimbo?”

“Call her that again and see what the fuck happens,” my little Angel snarls in front of me.

I can’t help but smirk at her fire, her fight. “I like this new Celeste,” I snicker at Luke who’s moved to stand close in case he needs to separate us.

“I’ve always loved her.” He flashes her a warm smile that makes me roll my eyes. Luke’s sappy shit makes me want to hurl.

“Then you shouldn’t have let me fuck her in the ass and pussy,” I quip, popping the happy little fantasy bubble they seem to be stuck in. They’re forgetting how this all began. But I’m happy to remind them.

I step back before Luke’s fist is able to collide with my jaw. I sneer at his heaving form.

“Did I hit a nerve there, brother? Did she not let you knock at the back door yet?”

Before he can fall for my goating and swing again, a soft sweet voice calls hesitantly from the hallway behind us.

“Garett?” my Beauty asks and my veins turn to ice. She was supposed to stay hidden. I want her far away from this shit-show.

I turn to grab her and hurry her away, but it’s too late. Her gaze lands on the woman in my front room and recognition flits across her face.

“Celeste?” Ali asks as she slowly slips from the shadows of the hallway. “But I thought...”

She trails off, her teary eyes fall to me. I know she deserves the truth but I wasn’t prepared to tell her all of it yet. She shakes her head at me as disappointment fills her

face. I intended to tell her everything, just when she was ready to hear it. Things are still so delicate between us. But she won't run again, she learned her lesson. She knows she won't ever be free from me. She's mine for this eternity and every eternity that follows.

"You can fill me in later," Ali informs me in a cool, cold tone before turning to Celeste. "You need our help? Who's Liv?"

Her sweet and helpful nature is one of the reasons I love her but right now I want—no, I need—her focus on me. Moving across the room, I close the distance separating us. My princess doesn't even flinch, she lets me curl myself around her like a snake constricting its prey tightly.

"I promise I will explain everything," I whisper in her ear before laying a trail of short kisses down her neck. She nods silently in acknowledgment.

Celeste launches into a long story detailing what our buddy Will has been up to recently. He's a real fucking piece of shit. I mean, I already knew that fact, but the shit that he and this Erika girl have been up to lately, it's pretty fucking gross. Celeste has to stop every so often to explain details and answer questions for Ali so she can get caught up. I know there's no love lost between these two women but they seem to be getting along okay. When things seem the darkest is when we need each other the most, I guess.

When Celeste details the most recent part about Liv going to work and never coming home, she starts to break. Luke takes out his phone and shows us the video that was sent to him. Rage like I haven't felt in a very long time courses through my veins as I watch. I may not care much for pink hair but no one, and I mean no one, deserves that. I watched my sister's face empty of emotion, turning into the same broken nothingness in the video of her that led to her death. I was too late for my sister. I won't be too late to help another female broken by the same selfish destruction.

When the video ends we all sit in stunned silence for a moment. “We have to help her,” Ali pleads as she turns to face me. Tears trail down her perfect cheeks. “Please.”

“Of course,” I confirm as I lay a soft kiss on her brow. Her scent floods my system, calming me instantly. I hold her tightly, letting her presence in my arms ground me.

“We have no fucking clue where they’re holding her and how much Will knows from hacking our system,” Luke growls as he puts his arm around Celeste’s shoulder and pulls her into him. She immediately melts into his touch.

“I think I have an idea,” Ali states. From the expression on her face I think her idea has even surprised herself. “I think we can solve both our recent problems.”

Luke’s dark eyes fly to me. I haven’t had a chance to tell him about the most recent developments with everything going on.

“It’ll be messy though.” Ali looks at each of us, gauging our reactions.

“If it means we get our girl back...” Celeste steps forward, pushing her shoulders back and interlacing her fingers with Luke’s. The fire in her eyes is enthralling. “Then let’s fuck some shit up.”