



The Possession

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: He left me here with three rules.

Kneel.

Obey.

Don't Scream.

Then he brought home two friends.

I'm supposed to please them both.

If I fail, I'll be punished.

I don't want to know what that means.

So no matter what they do to me, I'll follow the rules.

Because I'm just a possession.

A toy.

A female to break.

His.

And I'll do whatever is required to satisfy my Master. Always.

Note: This hot novella features MF, MFM, and MFMM elements, dark themes, and a happily-ever-after ending.

Total Pages (Source): 10

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:39 am

Luka

Savannah is my plaything.

My toy.

My possession .

She affords me complete control, her trust in me an exquisite gift I intend to honor.
But our dynamic isn't for everyone.

I'm not a selfless man.

Nor am I a proper hero.

I resemble the darkness in the shadows because I'm the kind of man built to destroy.
And Savannah is my current obsession.

She's gorgeous and curved in all the right places. Her pale skin reddens beautifully.
Her dark hair is full and meant to be grabbed, twisted, and pulled. And her eyes. Fuck
me, those midnight irises undo me every time. Especially when she cries.

Mmm, yes, the things I enjoy doing to her are not always pleasant, and they're not
meant for the faint of heart. Power exchange is not for everyone. And domination
upsets some. But in my world, I'm in charge. And Savannah is my sweet little slave,
so eager to please me in any way I choose.

Tonight, she'll play with two of my friends.

No rules.

No limits.

Just the way I like it.

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Savannah

I couldn't stop shaking. It didn't matter how many deep breaths I forced myself to take; my world continued to vibrate.

These were the moments I hated most—the moments where I didn't know what to expect next. And yet, I did. I knew what was going to happen. I just didn't know when .

Master Luka had sent me a message thirty minutes ago telling me to put on a black dress and wait for him in the foyer. I knew which dress he meant. It was the one he preferred me in when he intended to bring company home.

Short.

Easy access.

Tight across my breasts.

I swallowed, knowing what would follow. His friends would use me to their hearts' content and leave me shattered in their wake.

I'd ache for days.

There would be bruises.

So many bruises.

But Master Luka would kiss them all away, praising me for pleasing him. He loved to share. And I loved him, so I did whatever he asked. Including this.

I knelt on the area rug, clasping my hands in my lap, waiting in the submissive pose he preferred.

Hours could pass before he finally returned. This was all part of his game. If he found me out of position, I would be punished.

And I didn't want to be punished.

A trail of goose bumps graced my arms as I thought about the last time I'd left my position. I hadn't been able to sit for three days.

The memory both frightened and aroused me, causing me to clench my thighs. There was something deliciously forbidden about our relationship, and it caused me to ache in all the right places.

Master Luka owned me.

He took care of me.

He worshiped me.

He fucked me.

He shared me.

Some part of me should hate him for this dark addiction, but instead I found myself craving him every moment of every day.

Which was why I put on the dress and waited for him. Why I plaited my long, dark hair into the braids I knew he enjoyed. And also why I slipped a lacy mask over my eyes.

The presentation was all part of the game. One misstep and he'd notice. I had to be perfect. Calm. Breathe .

I inhaled slowly.

Then exhaled.

And repeated.

He would arrive when he was ready. Counting the minutes would only worsen the ache, so I fell into a trancelike state, my entire world his for the taking.

Every sound became a beat of expectation, causing my heart to race inside my chest.

Is that him? Is he finally here? Who did he bring home with him? Would they be new friends or ones I already knew?

Desire throbbed inside me, coupled with fear.

There were certain friends of Master Luka's that I didn't enjoy playing with. They were too rough. They enjoyed blood, and they liked trying to make me scream.

Somehow, Master Luka seemed to know my intrinsic fear of those few men and had never brought them back again to play. But what if that changed tonight? What if I'd done something to upset him? Would he allow them to punish me?

I shuddered at the thought.

No . I hadn't done anything wrong. Master Luka also never shared his punishments; he handled those himself.

Tonight was about fun.

Pleasure.

Sex .

Decadent, addictive fucking designed to take me to new heights.

I nearly groaned at the expectation, then stilled as the sound of footsteps echoed outside the door. He's home.

My palms slicked with anticipation while my chest pounded with trepidation. I forced myself to swallow, to focus on the ground, and to not peek up at him as he entered. It was a feat in itself because I loved admiring Master Luka.

He was an Adonis, with chiseled features and a powerful body built to dominate mine. His thick, dark hair felt like silk between my fingers, and his closely trimmed beard often tickled my thighs when he kissed me intimately. Oh, but his midnight eyes were my favorite, the way they always watched me, sensing my needs before I even knew them.

The perfect Master.

My Master.

The alarm beeped as he unlocked the front door, his security system one of the best on the market. To an outsider, it would appear he was protecting something precious within his massive estate. But sometimes I wondered if the system was designed to

hold me hostage, to ensure I never escaped. Not that I'd ever try.

Where would I go?

Master Luka owned the city.

A business king.

Wealthy as sin.

Anything and everything he desired, he owned. Including me. And no one would ever question him or his tastes. Because to do so would be career suicide.

Warm air brushed my skin as the door opened, the sound of footsteps following as Master Luka led his friends into the manor.

I held my position, my hands still clasped in my lap, my attention on the marble floor just beyond the rug.

No one spoke to me, the three men lost in their own conversation. Something about a new acquisition Master Luka was considering in New York City. He enjoyed collecting failed businesses and turning them around.

My father's business had been one of those acquisitions once.

It was how Master Luka and I had met.

He'd purchased the family business, the arrangement untraditional. Mostly because the purchase had included me as well.

And I'd been his ever since.

“Mitchell suggested against the investment, but you know how I feel about risks,” a deep voice rumbled.

I shivered, not recognizing the masculine tone. Which meant Master Luka had brought home new friends for me to entertain.

What kind of lovers would they be? Harsh? Demanding? Thorough? Or were they the type to only take their own pleasure?

I’d experienced so many different types during my time with Master Luka. He enjoyed expanding my skill set through the use of his associates, just as I enjoyed learning new things.

But what if tonight he took it too far?

Would I break? Scream? Beg him to stop?

There was only one way to find out.

The men walked around me, not acknowledging my presence, and went to hang their jackets. Then Master Luka escorted them down the hall, asking if they wanted a drink.

I knew better than to follow.

I remained in the foyer, knowing it was what he expected of me, and would sit here all night if I had to.

Their masculine murmurs subsided as the door to Luka’s study closed, securing them deep within the manor.

How long would he drag this out? Minutes? Hours? I never knew because he changed the game each time. We'd been playing it for over a year, nearly two, and he continued to surprise me.

Deep breaths , I coached myself. No counting. Just exist .

I allowed my mind to close, my senses stretching out around me to pick up any hint of change in the air. Each passing moment increased my anticipation.

What would they do to me?

How would they take me?

Were they thinking about me right now? Eager to begin? Or were they calm and patient like Luka? He could tease me for hours before succumbing to his desires. He'd leave me weeping and begging, then take me to the most erotic heights of my existence, causing me to pant and cry out for more.

Mmm, I adored his wicked tendencies. Even when they hurt.

A moan caught in my throat, but I knew better than to release it. Signs of eagerness would not be rewarded.

Master Luka adored patience.

However, I could never hide my body's reaction to him. The evidence of my excitement would be found between my legs. He'd likely make me suck his fingers clean. Then perhaps give me another part of his anatomy to worship with my mouth.

I liked the way he tasted, the way he smelled, the way he moved .

I nearly squirmed at the thought, then remembered my place.

As if he sensed my impending disobedience, Master Luka chose that moment to return with his guests.

The scent of brandy wafted around them, mingled in expensive aftershave and a cologne that was all Luka. Peppermint spice . I inhaled through my nose, reveling in the aroma of man .

“Savannah,” my Master murmured as he moved to stand in front of me. All I could see were his fancy black shoes and his trademark dark slacks—Master Luka preferred designer suits. And he looked amazing in them.

“Are you thirsty, baby?” he asked me, his hand shifting across my view to show the drink he held. Definitely brandy, I thought, recognizing the notes in the air.

“Yes, Sir,” I told him softly. He really could mean all manner of things with his question, but I would accept whatever he desired and he knew it.

The forefinger and thumb of his opposite hand slipped into the brandy to retrieve an ice cube, then he brought it to my lips, painting them in cool liquid. “Open.”

I did and fought a moan as he dipped the coldness inside. My parched throat swallowed greedily, telling me I’d been kneeling in this foyer for longer than I’d realized, because I was dying of thirst.

Yet it wasn’t a drink I truly wanted, but him .

I licked his thumb, salivating for a taste of him. He smirked, then removed the ice cube and brought the glass to my lips to tip the contents back into my throat. I accepted his gift, allowing the alcohol to cool my racing nerves.

This was only the beginning.

We had the whole night ahead of us.

And I couldn't wait.

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Luka

Savannah was a work of art.

Gorgeous.

Obedient.

Mine .

I removed the glass from her lips and brought the rim to my mouth, desiring a taste of her. She was my ultimate craving, the one female I never grew tired of. Which was precisely why I claimed her.

My exquisite pet.

My prized possession.

My perfect slave.

I set my glass on the table near the wall, my foyer suddenly feeling a thousand degrees too warm. I'd hung up my jacket in my office, along with my tie, but that didn't stop the rush of heat from overwhelming me at the sight of my Savannah waiting for me on her knees.

I unfastened my cuff links, then dropped them into the bowl on the foyer table and began to roll my sleeves. It was a studious motion, meant to demonstrate control but

actually allowed my forearms to breathe.

Declan and Ian were too busy studying Savannah to notice, their hungry gazes roaming over her submissive position. The three of us had played before, years ago, but this was their first time meeting my new pet. Although, I supposed she wasn't very new anymore.

It'd been nearly two years since I first laid eyes on my darling, sweet Savannah. I'd wanted her immediately, just as I sensed Declan and Ian wanted her now. She had that impact on men with her striking looks and stunning proportions. That she radiated innocence only added to her allure.

Oh, but my pet wasn't innocent at all. A vixen lurked beneath her skin, one I adored coaxing out of her. Yet on the surface, she appeared untouched and angelic.

So beautiful.

So fuckable.

I approached her again and brushed my knuckles along her jaw. "Are you still thirsty, Savannah?"

She shivered visibly, her excitement palpable. But there was an underlying edge of fear as well. I'd brought home new playmates, ones she didn't know. That both intrigued and scared her. I could read it in the line of her shoulders and in the way her breath hitched subtly before she replied, "Yes, Sir."

Good girl, I thought, pleased with her communication.

"Hmm, maybe Master Ian will let you drink from his glass?" I suggested, glancing at my old friend.

He'd lost his tie and cuff links back in my study. He was the epitome of casual with his charcoal pants and the sleeves of his white button-down shirt rolled up to his elbows. Very unlike Declan, who still had a black silk tie around his neck.

They were night and day in both personality and looks, Ian being the relaxed blond who always enjoyed a good time. While Declan, with his dark hair and matching eyes, tended to be more selective in his tastes. They were both close friends from college who shared my sexual proclivities, which was how I knew they'd be a good match for Savannah.

Ian approached her slowly, the heat of his body caressing her back as he circled her close enough to allow her to sense him without actually touching. Then he paused beside me to stare down at her. He took a swallow of his brandy before lowering the glass to her lips.

"Open, beautiful," he told her. She did as he commanded, allowing him to tip some of the contents into her luscious mouth. "Don't swallow."

Savannah seemed to freeze. He hadn't given her much to hold on to, but enough that she would feel a sensual burn against her tongue.

Ian glanced at me, his expression telling me he was impressed by her compliance.

Rather than reply, I used my thumb to guide her chin back, forcing her to meet my gaze while she held the brandy in her mouth. "Stand up, Savannah."

Her eyes began to glisten through her lacy black mask. Whether it was from the burn or from her intrinsic fear of what came next, I wasn't sure. But she studiously lifted herself onto her stiletto heels, her subtle wince telling me she'd remained in that position just a bit too long for comfort.

Good.

I enjoyed these little displays of discipline.

She wanted to please me.

And in turn, I desired to please her.

I pulled her to me, my lips sealing over hers. She shuddered—her usual response to my touch. Then her tremble intensified as I dipped my tongue into her mouth to taste the brandy waiting for me inside. I took some of the liquid from her mouth and swallowed it for her, providing her with the relief I knew she craved.

“Swallow the rest,” I told her softly, my palm caressing her cheek as I kissed her once more. I felt her obey my command, her throat working beneath my opposite hand as I clasped her neck. “You taste so good, baby,” I praised her, my grip tightening just enough to assert my dominance.

“Thank you, Sir.”

I nearly smiled but withheld the inclination and looked at Ian. “Do you want a taste?”

“I do,” he replied, his gaze going to her lips.

I released her into his arms, allowing him to take control while I observed. His hand replaced mine around her throat, while his opposite hand held his drink. Then he guided her into him, his mouth descending upon hers without a word.

Savannah reacted appropriately, opening to him and allowing him to take whatever he desired. Just as a pet should.

So damn perfect , I thought, not for the first time. She'd always been like this—eager to please and desiring the same darkness I favored.

I gave up trying to fuck her out of my system.

Now I embraced her as mine. Only mine. Always mine.

Declan leaned a shoulder against the wall, his expression giving nothing away as he watched Ian devour Savannah. She didn't melt into him the way she did with me, but she didn't shy away either.

His palm tightened around her throat, my old friend a fan of asphyxiation. Savannah didn't react at first, her training resolute. But as the pressure continued, her eyes fluttered open and a flare of panic dilated her pupils.

She didn't know Ian.

That lack of trust showed now, tears piercing those beautiful dark irises.

Then I cleared my throat and her fear dissipated.

Deep down, she knew I'd never let him seriously injure her. Breath play, maybe. Death, absolutely not.

Ian slowly released his grip, his nostrils flaring in response to her growing anxiety. He dragged his teeth over her lower lip, his blue eyes radiating fire as he stared at her. "You were right, Luka. She's stunning."

Savannah's breath came in a pant, her cheeks taking on a pretty pink glow. "What do you say, Savannah?" I asked her.

“Thank you, Master Ian.”

Declan pushed off the wall, his hands in his pockets. He was the only one who hadn't partaken of a drink. Typical. He never indulged much in alcohol during our college years either, his focus always on the future. “My turn,” he said, not bothering to ask me for permission. He took Savannah by the hips, spinning her toward him and taking her mouth in the next breath.

Goose bumps pebbled down her arms, her confusion palpable.

I always dictated.

I always set the rules.

I always commanded the room.

And Declan had just taken her without permission.

It was a change of pace. A new methodology she didn't understand. A surprise of sorts. One I allowed because of my long friendship with the man kissing the hell out of my toy. I trusted him to lead, knew he required his own introduction to determine the next steps. And given the way he held Savannah, I knew exactly what those steps would be.

He wanted to fuck her.

Hard .

And I couldn't wait to watch.

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Savannah

This wasn't part of the usual program.

Master Luka didn't let other men drive.

But the male holding me now definitely owned the room, his dominance an aphrodisiac to my senses. It intoxicated me with every breath, his body hard and masculine against mine.

Then I felt Master Luka's familiar presence at my back, and my knees nearly buckled. It was too much. These men. Their aura of control. Their intimidating size. I felt so small between them, only five foot three to their at least six-foot frames.

They were muscular and powerful. The richness of their colognes boasted wealth and sophistication. And their growls of aggression made my thighs clench with need .

The unnamed male released me as suddenly as he'd grabbed me, his expression a mask of indifference as he looked over my shoulder. "She'll do."

Master Luka chuckled. "Glad you approve, Declan."

Declan , I repeated to myself, tasting the name. It seemed appropriate. Master Declan .

"Are you ready to play?" Master Luka asked, his question for his two friends, not for me. Because I had no choice. I was the object to be played with, not one of the

players in the game.

“Fuck yes,” Master Ian said, finishing the contents of his drink and setting the glass on the table beside Master Luka’s. “May I?” He approached me with his hand held out for mine.

“No,” Master Declan cut in, stepping into his path and directly into me again, his torso brushing mine and pinning me between him and Master Luka. “I want to watch her crawl.”

A quake went through my core at the notion. My skirt was so short that they’d see everything. Of course, that was the point.

Master Luka brushed a kiss against my raging pulse before he murmured, “It’s a beautiful sight. Would you like her to lead the way to her playroom?”

“Yes, and her performance will determine if I follow,” Master Declan replied.

I swallowed. This man exuded dominance in all ways, just like Master Luka. The two of them together... Oh God . They possessed the potential to destroy me in the best way possible.

Or shatter me completely.

“You heard Master Declan,” a dark voice whispered in my ear. “Give him a good show, baby. Entice him to play.”

Chills swept up and down my body, causing my breath to stutter as I replied, “Yes, Sir.”

Neither man moved, forcing me to rub against them both as I escaped the cage

created by their strong forms. I could feel their eyes on me every inch of the way, their gazes warming as I lowered myself to the rug.

Crawl , I coached myself, another of those delicious trembles rocking through my body.

I loved seducing Master Luka, and I knew exactly how to do it. But what about Master Declan? Would he prefer my hips to sway? Did he enjoy unhurried movements? Should I keep my head up to arch my spine, or focus on the ground?

My palms met the edge of the rug, my fingertips brushing the marble beyond. The hem of my dress inched upward, hitting the crease of my ass as I began to move. Each shift forward seemed to send it higher, the tight fabric a sinful caress against my skin.

One of the men hissed under his breath when I ascended the three stairs that led from the foyer up into the living area.

My knees immediately cried out in relief at touching the plush white carpet, but my temporary reprieve was lost to the groan behind me. All that did was make me want to move faster. Yet I forced myself to maintain the slow pace, moving my hips in silent invitation along the way.

This was my favorite part of the game. I ignored the burns against my knees, the way the changing floors impacted my palms, and instead focused on the footsteps behind me. Were there three sets or two? Was Declan intrigued enough to play?

It took considerable effort not to glance back at them, to see who trailed behind me. Instead, I chose to believe they were all there, salivating in my wake.

It made me feel powerful.

I intrigued them.

I seduced them into playing.

It didn't matter that I was the one on my knees, demeaning myself before them, because in the end, they would be the ones begging for a taste.

Anticipation curled in my lower abdomen, scattering butterflies through my stomach. I had no idea what they were going to do to me. They could chain me to the bed, gag me, and fuck me to within an inch of my life. That knowledge should terrify me—and in some ways, it did—but it also set my blood on fire.

Master Luka owned me.

Could do whatever he wanted to me.

And I trusted him to keep me safe, just as he had since the day we met.

The hallway ended in my room—the one I took guests to. I'd left it unlocked and partly open, knowing this was where we'd end up tonight. With one hand, I pushed the wood inward as far as possible, allowing the men behind me a glimpse into the darkness of my life.

Then I crawled over the threshold, all the way to the rug at the foot of the four-poster bed, and assumed the position Master Luka taught me.

My forehead touched the black rug, leaving my rump in the air and fully exposed. I knew better than to fix the fabric that had bunched around my hips. Just as I knew better than to glance at the men to see who had followed me. I would wait in this pose until someone told me to do otherwise.

No one spoke, but I felt their energy shifting as they entered. Just as I heard the rustle of clothing and footsteps as the two guests explored the room. Then I felt the heat of a male standing right behind me. “That’s one hell of a view.” Master Ian , my mind supplied.

Someone grunted in agreement. Master Declan , I hoped.

Warmth tingled along the back of my thighs as a foot nudged my knees farther apart. Then he was gone in the next breath, followed by silence as the men merely watched me.

I swallowed, my inhales and exhales uneven as I wondered what they would do next.

Every man was different. Some would take me just like this, pressing my face into the rug and fucking me from behind. Others demanded I stand, then bend over the bed to perform a similar act.

There were also those who enjoyed making me do all the work.

Straddle their thighs.

Take them deep inside me.

And ride them into oblivion.

Master Luka often requested this of me, at least for the first round. Then he’d end up taking me hard against the mattress, allowing me to feel all the power he possessed. Those were my favorite moments, the ones that had my inner walls weeping with want . I could almost feel the dampness on my legs, my body more than ready for them to touch me.

“Stand up.” The command came from Master Declan, startling me from my inner fantasies. It was again a separation from the norm with another man dictating my moves. Yet Master Luka remained quiet, so I did as I was told.

My legs shook as I balanced on my heels, my dress still bunched up around my hips. I didn’t try to tug the fabric down, aware that the movement wouldn’t be received favorably.

The reason Master Luka liked this dress was the easy access it allowed.

Which was exactly why I wore nothing beneath.

“Fuck me, she’s beautiful,” Master Ian breathed.

I didn’t look at him, instead fixating my gaze on the ground and maintaining my submissive posture even while standing before them.

“She is,” Master Declan agreed, stepping into my personal space and walking me backward to the bed. He didn’t tell me what to do but guided me with his hands. He grasped my hips to spin me toward the mattress, then placed a palm between my shoulder blades to lead me down onto the bed.

My muscles tensed as he kicked my legs apart to situate himself between my thighs.

I was fully exposed.

All he had to do was unzip his pants and free himself. Then I would be entirely his to use.

Only, his hand remained on my back, his fingers finding the zipper at the top of my dress and drawing slowly downward to expose my skin inch by inch to his view.

The bed dipped on the other side, followed by a hand on my head, going to my braid. Master Ian. I couldn't see him, but I knew it was him. He was less domineering than the other two, which he confirmed by brushing a thumb across my forehead in an almost sweet gesture. He continued that shocking caress by deftly unfastening my braid, releasing my dark strands while Master Declan finished removing my dress.

I shivered between them, one man between my thighs, the other focused on my head. Fingers kneaded my scalp as soon the last pieces of my braid sprang free. He didn't touch my mask, just as the other hadn't removed my shoes.

What a wanton picture I had to make between them, bent over the bed in nothing but stilettos and a scrap of black lace highlighting my eyes. I almost squirmed at the thought, wondering what Master Luka thought of my position.

I expected the activity to escalate, for the show to begin, but all Master Ian did was continue to massage my head while Master Declan licked and nipped a path down my spine.

What are they doing to me?

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Savannah

This was all so new.

So different.

Master Luka adored changing the parameters, but I didn't know how to handle these new rules.

I felt worshiped.

Adored.

Taken care of.

Which was usually reserved only for my Master, yet I didn't sense him here at all. Did he lurk in the dark? Was he sitting in his favorite chair watching as his two friends petted his prized possession?

I knew better than to be lulled into a false state of comfort.

This treatment would end.

They would grow rougher. More passionate. More demanding .

Master Declan's tongue met the crease of my ass, causing me to jolt out of my thoughts. He followed the lick with a bite to my cheek, one that stung and would

definitely leave a mark.

“I want to watch her suck you off,” he said in a low, sensual voice.

Where’s Luka? I wondered, confused by the change of pace, but Master Declan was already moving me up onto the bed. He had a hold on my hips, guiding me to where he wanted, forcing me to crawl forward as Master Ian shifted backward toward the headboard. His hands went to his belt, the leather snicking sensually through the loops as he removed the barrier. Then he popped open the button on his charcoal slacks, followed by the zipper.

I swallowed at the sight of his impressive length, his lack of undergarments freeing him to my gaze instantly.

The man was flawless, just like the body I suspected he hid behind the clothes.

Perfectly portioned, thick, and hard. My favorite combination.

Master Declan nudged me forward. “Go to him,” he told me. “Show us what you can do with that pretty mouth of yours.”

A challenge. One I refused to fail.

I placed my palms on Master Ian’s strong thighs, then met his gaze as I lowered my mouth to his jutting erection. His lips quirked up at the sides. “That’s hot, princess. Keep looking at me while you choke on my cock. I want to be able to see you cry.”

My throat threatened to tighten, but I forced myself to relax.

I could take him, even if he forced himself all the way inside.

I held his gaze and demonstrated what I could do, swallowing him as deep as my body allowed. A curse left his full lips, causing my heart to flutter in response. Then his fingers wove through my hair once more as he pumped himself even deeper, cutting off my ability to breathe.

His devious blue eyes held mine, a sinister note sparking in their depths that concerned me. How long would he keep me like this? Incapacitated? Unable to breathe?

I fought the urge to quiver, my heart racing in my chest as my lungs began to burn.

Master Luka wouldn't allow him to truly hurt me, would he? No, my heart supplied. He would never hurt me.

But what if he'd stepped out? I hadn't heard him since I crawled into my room. Had he allowed his friends to lead me in here alone? Was that why Master Declan commanded the show?

I didn't know him.

I didn't trust him.

Nor did I trust the male holding me down on his cock.

My vision began to blur, an odd, watery mix of black spots and the smiling devil before me. Then a dark voice whispered, "Impressive," against my ear, and suddenly I could breathe again. My nostrils flared with the need to inhale, but Master Ian didn't allow me a full breath before he shoved me back down, his blue eyes still on mine.

Heat bathed my back as Master Declan allowed me to feel his presence. He'd been the one to whisper into my ear, his arousal prominent through his pants as he pressed

himself against my ass.

I shuddered, not ready for him. Not ready for anything.

Master Ian had unnerved me with his breath play. My throat rioted against his intrusion, my lungs demanding more air. But he only allowed me small gasps as he kept his thrusts deep, his method sadistic.

Then a hand snuck between my thighs, the coldness of a watch pressing against my shaved mound as two fingers were thrust up into me. I bucked back against Master Declan, shocked by his penetration and confused by the spiral of heat percolating inside me.

“That was a fun noise,” Master Ian murmured. “Make her do it again.”

I hadn’t even realized I’d made a sound until the fingers inside me began to scissor, causing me to groan against the shaft lodged in my throat.

Oh God...

Master Declan was massaging a spot I adored, one Master Luka exploited regularly, and it was drawing me closer to the edge than anything else he could have done.

As if I’d spoken out loud, the fingers disappeared, making me groan for an entirely different reason. “So needy,” Master Declan said against my ear, nipping my neck before moving away from me entirely.

It left me focused on Master Ian and his increasing pace. He hadn’t stopped watching my face, his sadism clearer now more than ever as he smiled at the tears tracking down my cheeks. I couldn’t help it. His pumps into my mouth were so intense I felt as if I truly were choking on him, just like he’d said.

Stealing a quick inhale, I hollowed my cheeks, deciding to pay him back a little for his harsh treatment. He cursed in response, his grip tightening. “Fuck, do that again.”

I did, giving him my best, and felt a glimmer of pride when his eyes rolled back in his head.

He thought to best me.

But in this position, I was queen. I held all the power. He could choke me all he wanted, yet it was my mouth he would concede to at the end of this. I took him deep once more, swallowing the head of his cock and playing my tongue across his tender skin.

He erupted in the next breath, his growl of approval vibrating every nerve in my body.

Because I did that.

I made him lose control.

He seemed both angered and pleased, his grasp turning to cement in my hair as I swallowed every drop he released into my mouth. “ Fuck ,” he exhaled, his hips arching upward to force him all the way down before he slowly eased back.

My throat ached from the treatment, my chest protesting from the lack of oxygen. I couldn’t help the gasp of relief as he pulled out of my mouth, my heart spasming in a chaotic beat.

Please not yet, I thought as I felt Master Declan behind me again. Please give me a second to recover .

Master Ian cupped my cheek, his thumb brushing a fresh tear from my eye as he pulled me up to straddle his lap. His spent cock rested against my slick folds, stirring a spark of longing in my womb.

I'm not ready , I told myself. Not yet.

As if he heard me, he guided me into him for a lazy kiss that confused my senses. It felt as if he were thanking me with his tongue, and it stole all the air from my lungs once more.

Who is this mercurial man?

“You were marvelous,” he praised me softly.

“Yes,” Master Declan agreed, his lips brushing against my shoulder. “I think she deserves a reward.”

“Hmm, it's like you read my mind,” Master Ian said against my mouth. Then he kissed me again, his palm slipping from my cheek to my throat, where he gently ran his thumb up the column of my neck. “Are you doing the honors, or am I?” He held my gaze while he asked, but I knew his question wasn't meant for me.

“It's my turn to play,” Master Declan replied, moving on the bed to lie beside Master Ian. “Straddle my face, beautiful. I want to taste you.”

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Luka

I lifted my ankle onto my opposite knee and watched while Savannah slipped from Ian's lap to straddle Declan's face. Her slender fingers gripped the headboard as he clasped his hands around her hips to guide her exactly where he wanted.

She arched her back as his tongue met her clit, her tits jutting into the air like prized globes meant to be worshiped and adored.

I nearly went to her, my mouth aching for a taste of her sweet skin, but I held myself back.

This was about my friends acquainting themselves with my alluring possession.

I poured myself a fresh drink from a decanter of brandy on the table beside me, then relaxed to watch the show.

Savannah moaned, her swollen lips parted in bliss as her head fell back from the pleasure Declan provided with his tongue.

Such a gorgeous sight, one illuminated from the lighting over the bed. It wasn't fluorescent, exactly, more of a dull candlelight meant to facilitate the mood. It painted the room in erotic shadows, highlighting the exquisite woman writhing in passion while allowing me to hide in a corner and watch from my preferred chair.

Ian sat beside them with his legs stretched out and crossed at the ankles, his eyes fixated on Savannah's face. I could see the awe in his features, the unrestrained desire

to take her again coming through the vein throbbing on his neck. She'd just given him one hell of an orgasm, and already he was thickening against his trousers.

He glanced at me then, likely feeling the weight of my stare on him. His sapphire gaze held a series of questions underlined in undeniable respect.

I'd warned him over dinner that Savannah was unique. Hell, I'd told him about her months ago. But he'd chosen to believe this was just another of my passing fancies.

Tonight, however, I could see the understanding crossing his features.

Savannah was absolutely mine.

And now he knew why.

Declan shifted his grip on her abruptly, rolling her onto the bed, his mouth secured between her thighs. She yelped as her back hit the headboard, causing my hand to tighten around my glass, but Ian's palm lashed out, saving the back of her head from hitting the wood.

My jaw clenched.

Declan could be rough. But if he broke my toy, we'd exchange words.

Just as I was starting to question my decision about introducing them, Savannah erupted on a scream that had me instantly hardening behind my zipper. Normally, she tried to swallow her pleasure unless given permission to cry out, but whatever Declan had done with his mouth and fingers had sent her skyrocketing into ecstasy.

Rather than punish her, I remained in my chair.

She'd punish herself over concerns of breaking our rule, wondering when I'd exact payment for her scream. And that would qualify as her penance.

Besides, I liked her screams. The rules were really only there to give her a reason to misbehave.

Sometimes she enjoyed a good spanking, but I sensed her mood tonight wasn't as favorable. Nor was I craving such an activity.

Actually, I wanted to try something new.

But not yet.

Declan and Ian weren't done playing.

"Did you enjoy that, princess?" Ian asked her as she came off her high.

"Yes, Sir," she replied breathlessly, her tits heaving with her effort to inhale and exhale. I suspected she was still sore from Ian's rough treatment, but she'd handled him magnificently, just as I knew she would.

Declan shifted back to his knees, his lips glistening from her arousal. "What do you say?" he asked her.

"Thank you, Master Declan." Her sweet voice made me smile. Always so perfect in her submission. She was a fucking natural.

"Do you mean that?" Declan arched a brow. "Are you willing to prove to me how thankful you are?"

Her hooded gaze took on a sensual gleam. "Yes, Sir."

Good girl, I thought at her.

“I hoped you would say that, Savannah,” Declan murmured, his innate darkness shadowing him in a black cloud of intention. “Now be an obedient little pet and fetch me some lube. I’m going to need it.”

“Yes, Sir.” Her limbs shook as she moved off the bed and toward her toy chest, demonstrating an erotic mix of exertion and excitement.

I knew my possession. She could take hours of playtime. Although, Declan seemed to unnerve her, perhaps because she sensed the same dominance in him that she did in me. It was why the two of us had stopped sharing years ago; we were both too alpha for one room.

However, tonight was a special occasion.

Which was why I’d invited him here.

He glanced at me from the bed, his dark eyes meeting mine for a long moment, checking in. I gave him a subtle nod to continue.

It wasn’t easy for me to allow him this control, but I wanted to give Savannah this experience.

Savannah returned from her chest with a bottle for Declan. She held it out for him to take, then awaited further instruction.

I admired her curves in the dim lighting, loving the way her stilettos gave her an extra few inches of height and shaped her calves. The mask was a sexy touch, lending her a forbidden glow that just begged a man to do twisted things to her.

Declan moved to the edge of the bed, his feet hitting the ground as he studied her naturally submissive stance. Rather than accept the lube, he loosened his tie and let it fall to the floor. Then he canted his head to the side. “Hand that to Ian, then climb up here and present yourself on all fours.”

“Yes, Sir,” she murmured, doing exactly as he requested.

I set my glass down and stood, wanting a better view of Ian preparing my pet. It wasn’t out of concern—I trusted him to do it properly—I just enjoyed this part. Particularly, the way Savannah’s lips parted as she fought the urge to cry out and moan at the same time.

Anal wasn’t her favorite.

Well, she enjoyed it to an extent. It was the preparation she tended to dislike. But she was oh-so good at hiding it.

Yet I caught the glistening in her gaze, and the slight nibble of her lower lip, both indicators of her discomfort. Her eyes flashed to mine as I inched closer, and relief shone in her depths before she returned her focus to the bed, submissive once more.

Had she thought I left her here to play alone?

I frowned at the notion.

I would never leave her at the mercy of others, even my oldest friends.

Catching her chin between my forefinger and thumb, I tilted her head back to meet her gaze once more. Then I knelt on the bed and leaned down to kiss her thoroughly. She melted into me, her gratitude palpable.

Mmm, she did think I'd left her here. Interesting . I tugged her lip between my teeth, biting down slightly in reprimand. "You screamed without permission," I whispered against her mouth, both to remind her of the rules and to let her know that I'd seen everything. I would never leave you , I was telling her between the lines. You're mine .

"I'm sorry, Sir," she replied, not offering me an excuse. She never did. And I adored that about her.

"I forgive you," I told her softly, kissing her again. I couldn't get enough of this woman. Her taste. Her little winces as Ian continued to prepare her ass. The tentative stroke of her tongue against mine.

She was fucking perfect.

And I owned her.

Heat warmed my chest, my claim resolute.

"She's ready," Ian said.

I hummed in approval against her mouth. She's always ready, I said to myself. Then I locked eyes with her. "Master Ian and Master Declan are going to fuck you now, baby," I informed her. "You're allowed to scream, but I expect you to make it good for them."

"Yes, Sir," she replied, shivering in anticipation.

I stepped back and met Declan's gaze. He'd lost his shirt and belt, revealing his athletic physique—something I knew Savannah would appreciate. I gave him a nod to continue, then returned to my chair to enjoy the show.

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Savannah

My body tingled in awareness.

Between Master Luka's kiss and the fingers massaging my backside, I'd lost myself to the bliss of the moment. Everything inside me burned . I craved more. I needed to feel these men take me, dominate me, complete me.

Master Luka had returned to his chair, this time his presence a dark energy I felt caressing my senses.

"You screamed without permission."

I shivered, those words replaying through my mind.

He'd watched everything. I should have known he was here, protecting me. Master Luka never left me alone. Ever.

But he also never allowed another Dominant to lead, either.

Yet Master Declan had taken control again, his deep voice telling Master Ian where to go on the bed. Hands landed on my hips, positioning me exactly where the men wanted—on Master Ian's lap. His pants were still unfastened, his cock proud and ready for me. I settled on top of him, my folds gliding along his shaft as his thick head pressed into my clit.

"She's so fucking wet," he groaned.

Master Declan grunted at my back, his fingers brushing my calves on his way down to my ankles, where he deftly unbuckled my stilettos. Goose bumps pebbled down my arms as he slipped them off my feet, tossing them to the floor, leaving me in just the lace mask. His lips met my shoulder, then my neck, drawing up to my ear. “Put Ian’s cock in your sweet cunt, pet. And ride him for me.”

I nearly swallowed my tongue, his hot words undoing something inside me.

He was the epitome of alpha.

So much like my Master Luka, yet new . Different. Darker.

I lifted upward and reached between myself and Master Ian, my fingers barely wrapping around the base of him. I hadn’t really appreciated his size before when he’d fucked my mouth, the challenge of showing him what I could do derailing my focus. But I noticed now. Especially as I lined his head up with my entrance and began to push him inside.

Oh, he’s big, I thought, feeling him stretch me so deliciously that I nearly came again just from the size of him.

Master Declan’s groin brushed my ass as I seated myself completely on Master Ian, my inner walls clenching him greedily.

He’s not wearing protection , I thought, then pushed it out of my mind. Master Luka would have intervened by now if he wanted to require it. I was on birth control, and I knew he trusted these two men if he allowed them inside our inner sanctuary.

I lifted up, then back down, getting a feel for the fullness inside me. Each movement caused Master Declan to press into me, his hardness a brand against my backside even through the barrier of his pants. He’d lost his shirt, causing heat to radiate from

his chest to my back, but he mostly held himself at bay with just his fingertips brushing my ankles.

So much control, I marveled, longing for him to touch me more. But I knew what I had to do to entice him.

He wanted me to ride Master Ian.

I shifted forward, moaning as my stomach twisted in delicious agony. Then I shuddered on my way back, Master Declan's zipper biting into my ass in a stern reminder of what was coming.

My hips flexed again, and again, but still he didn't act or move, his presence a darkness behind me that he wielded like a sensual weapon. He was allowing me to feel him without experiencing him. A tease of sorts, one meant to spur me onward.

And it did.

Oh, how it did.

"Fuck, she's good," Master Ian said, slamming up into me on my next thrust, his unexpected action causing me to flinch in pain-induced pleasure. Then he grabbed my hips and held me there, forcing me to experience every inch, all the way inside, so deep I swore I could almost taste him.

And truly, I did.

His cum still coated my mouth, his earlier orgasm a flavor on my tongue.

"So damn good," Master Ian echoed on a sigh, his fingers clutching me in a savage grip. It would leave marks for me to admire later. I nearly groaned at that thought.

“You ready for me to join you?” Master Declan asked, the scruff dotting his chin scraping my neck as he moved his mouth to my shoulder once more. This time I felt his teeth against my skin, his kiss a bruising reminder of his strength.

“Fuck yes,” Master Ian replied.

My skin prickled as Master Declan shifted, his knuckles brushing my spine in a hypnotic caress all the way down to the forbidden crease below.

I swallowed, wondering if he would be able to fit. While I couldn’t see him, I could feel him behind his slacks. He was at least as big as the cock inside me now, which... I wasn’t sure Master Ian had prepared me enough to take that .

The sound of a zipper ratcheted up my nerves. Such a subtle noise, one that seemed to riot around me like the beginning of a storm.

Would he rip into me? Or would he go slow?

I suspected the former but preferred the latter.

Yet this wasn’t about me.

It was about him. Them . I was just a toy to be used, to be fucked however they liked while my Master watched.

“Put your arms behind your back and grab your elbows,” Master Declan demanded.

I did as he required, my forearms creating a solid line against the middle of my back. Silk touched my skin, the fabric wrapping around my arms to form a knot at the center of my spine.

His tie , I realized. He must have picked it up from the ground.

“It’s like you just crafted a gift before my eyes,” Master Ian murmured, his focus on my chest. He released my hips to grasp my breasts greedily with his palms, giving them a squeeze as he thrust upward into me again.

I moaned in reply, arching into his touch.

Master Declan pulled on the binding behind me, ensuring I was secure, then his hands fell to my ass to spread my cheeks for him. “You sure she’s prepared?”

“Yes,” Master Ian said, his forefinger and thumb twisting one of my nipples in a harsh pinch that made me gasp in response. Too much , I wanted to say but knew better than to intervene.

“Looks like it’ll be a tight fit,” Master Declan said, his arousal prodding my back hole and confirming his statement. I nearly flinched, his head far too large for me to take.

This is going to hurt.

“That’s the way you like it,” Master Ian drawled back to him. “Now quit stalling and get in here.”

Master Declan chuckled against my back, his grip shifting to my hips. “All right.” He thrust forward, causing me to cry out both from the shock of his intrusion and the force with which he moved.

My insides rebelled, my ass clenching down around him in a furious fist, forcing him to growl in my ear. “Relax.”

The air stalled in my lungs, my body unable to comply.

It was too much.

It hurt too much .

They were too big. I was too full. This wasn't going to work. They were going to rip me in half!

"Calm down," a deep voice said against my ear. "Breathe, Savannah."

I trembled, tears rolling down my cheeks. Only then did I realize I'd screamed, the agony shredding through me and causing me to react without thought.

But the hands on me now were gentler.

Master Declan's palm was against my abdomen, his opposite hand a brand on my hip.

Master Ian's fingers were stroking my breasts, coaxing my nipples into hard peaks that begged for his attention.

And Master Luka stood at the edge of the bed, his presence a blanket of security for my senses, telling me without touching me that he was here, that he would intervene if needed.

"Play with her clit," he said, taking control once more.

Master Declan's palm shifted downward, his thumb stroking the pleasurable part of me that I could never deny.

I'd already come once, but my body was primed and ready for another orgasm, even

with the fullness inside me below.

“That’s it,” Master Luka murmured. “Give in to their touch, Savannah. Let them fuck you.”

I shuddered, his voice oozing sensuality and promise. I nearly reached for him, wanting to pull him onto the bed to join us, but Master Declan gave a prodding movement against my backside that distracted me from following through with the notion.

He’d surged into me, his cock seated fully in my ass, stirring a burning sensation inside me—one that wasn’t entirely unpleasant.

Pain was an addiction.

An aphrodisiac.

A requirement.

Without it, I couldn’t fly. Not really.

I leaned back into him, my arms brushing his bare torso. I arched so far that my head met his shoulder. His thighs bracketed mine, causing us both to straddle Master Ian and firmly sandwiching my bottom half between them.

It was heaven.

Hot.

Arousing .

I gave a tentative wiggle of my hips, testing the fullness of their cocks inside me, and groaned at the sensations that small shift elicited. That, coupled with the thumb against my clit, and my world began to blossom in shades of brilliant colors.

This was the plane I craved. The one where thought and logic seemed irrelevant and all that mattered were the reactions of my body and spirit.

Mmm, yes.

My happy place.

My oblivion.

“There she is, my little vixen,” Master Luka murmured. “She’s ready now.”

Lips brushed my temple. They might have been his, or maybe it was Master Declan behind me. His thumb continued to circle my sweet button, his cock beginning to move in and out of my backside, while Master Ian thrust upward to hit that spot deep inside my damp center.

“Fuck, she’s tight,” Master Declan groaned, his lips ghosting across my neck. His pace began to pick up, the palm against my hip squeezing as he thrust deep into my back channel.

It shot agony up my spine yet stirred the mounting pressure inside my lower belly.

A strange combination, one I’d grown to accept and adore.

It twisted something deep within me, called to my darker half, pulling my emotions and pleasure to the surface. Adrenaline poured through my veins in response, my body preparing for the cataclysmic reaction to having both men pounding into my

body in sequence.

They'd given in to the moment now, their paces intense and consuming as they took me with abandon, no longer concerned with my initial reaction and completely focused on the end result.

My heart raced against my ribs, my breathing a chaotic mess of groans and sighs and cries of "More."

Master Declan growled into my ear, whispering all sorts of dirty things to me.

He called me the perfect slave.

Told me he couldn't wait to fuck my cunt next.

Informed me he was going to pump his seed so far up my ass that I'd be feeling him for a week.

Each statement sent me higher, my brain fracturing beneath the desire burning through me. I couldn't remember how to move, my body so possessed by the men in this room that it no longer felt like it was mine.

Master Ian shouted obscenities, telling Master Declan to fuck me harder, to make me scream. But I was already crying, my voice hoarse from the onslaught of their fucking.

They were brutal.

Savage.

The best kind of monsters.

And all the while, I felt my Master's gaze on me, his hunger a dark yearning in the air that forced me over the edge into a stunning climax that stole my vision.

I truly screamed then, my walls clenching down around both men and forcing them into the blissful world with me.

Warmth flooded my insides.

Their semen a brand I would never be free from.

They owned me now.

Just as Master Luka did.

At least until he reclaimed me as his own.

The growls and groans in the air mingled with my frantic inhales, my body broken between both men. They were so big, so powerful, so strong .

I felt weak.

Destroyed.

Utterly fulfilled.

I collapsed against Master Ian, my arms still tied behind my back, unable to move.

Master Declan removed his touch from my sex, bringing his thumb to my mouth. He didn't even need to say what he wanted. I parted my lips for him, tasting myself on his skin. Then he drew the damp digit down my neck to my spine, where he slowly untied my arms, freeing me once more.

Except I wasn't free at all.

They were both still lodged deep within me, pinning me between them.

Declan leaned over me, firmly trapping me between two walls of masculine heat. "You're amazing, Savannah," he breathed against my ear, making my stomach flip at the praise. "Fucking amazing."

I smiled a little, wanting to tell him the same, but my consciousness began to fracture, my mind having taken too much, and dots painted my vision.

I'm crashing , I realized, sighing dreamily. Yes, yes.

I welcomed the darkness.

Allowed it to take me under.

Knowing the men would be waiting for me when I woke because we were nowhere near done.

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Luka

“Where the hell did you find her?” Declan asked after cleaning himself up. Savannah was asleep in the bed, her dark hair splayed out across the pillows, her swollen lips parted in bliss. We’d wake her again soon, but I knew Declan and Ian needed time to recover as well.

Then the four of us would play. Something I’d never done with her before and likely wouldn’t do again unless it was with the two men standing in front of me now.

“You know where he found her,” Ian replied, smirking. “He bought her family business and won her over in the process.”

I grinned. “My most lucrative deal to date.” Typically, I bought companies, flipped them into higher profit margins, and sold them.

But I would never sell Savannah’s family business. It meant too much to me. She meant too much to me.

“You’re a lucky son of a bitch,” Ian added, raiding the bar at the side of the room for a drink. Declan stood near him with a bottle of water in his hand, his trousers buttoned up, but his torso was still bare.

He wasn’t done playing with my toy.

And neither was Ian.

“I am,” I agreed, referring to my friend’s comment about my luck. “You can’t have her.”

“Then I guess I’ll be visiting more often,” Ian replied.

Declan snorted. “He’s going to end up living in one of your guest rooms.”

“Fuck that. I’ll be living in their bed.”

I rolled my eyes, their banter typical and slightly refreshing. It’d been a while since we were all together, mostly because we were married to our careers first and foremost and lived in different countries. But this week had provided us with an opportunity to relax for once.

Declan finished his water and bent over to pull another out of the mini fridge. “Seriously, Luka. Well done. She’s fucking perfect.”

“I know.” I wasn’t one to downplay a proper investment, and Savannah absolutely qualified as an acquisition I was proud of. “Now you understand why I’m keeping her.”

“I do,” Declan admitted before swallowing another mouthful of water. “I’ll admit, I was skeptical.”

“Skeptical?” Ian repeated, grunting. “Yeah, I’d say you were adamantly against the whole thing, mate.”

“First, you’ve been living in London too long,” Declan shot back. “You’re American, not English. Second, yeah, I was pretty fucking against it. But her sweet ass changed my mind.”

Ian smirked at him. “Wait until you try her pussy.”

Declan grinned around the rim of his bottle, his dark eyes going to the bed. “I won’t be waiting much longer.”

I glanced at my stirring female on the mattress, my pulse kicking up a notch at the sight. “Yes,” I agreed. “Not much longer.”

I pushed away from the wall I’d been leaning against and went to her. She’d been wiped clean, her cunt still glistening from the washcloth I’d run between her thighs. I bent to nibble her clit, wanting to test her awareness, and smiled when she jolted back to life, her eyes flying open in response to my not-so-gentle bite.

She was swollen and sore, but she could take more. We’d just have to coax her into it. Her eyes met mine as I laved at her sweet little button, and her gasp of pleasure-pain went straight to my groin. Her hands reacted, her fingers lacing through my hair to tug me away, causing me to cluck my tongue in response.

“Declan?” I called.

He didn’t need me to tell him what I wanted; he was already there grabbing her wrists to pull them back over her head. “Bad, pet,” he chastised, securing her hands with one of his own.

She squirmed in response, her eyes taking on that sheen I adored. “Too much,” she breathed.

“You’ll endure it,” I told her, very aware of how much she could handle.

Ian sauntered over with a fresh bottle of cold water that he rolled across her nipple, causing her to hiss at the contact, her back bowing off the bed. He grinned and

unscrewed the cap, then took a small pull from the top before bending over to release the liquid into her mouth. She swallowed instantly, her throat likely sore from all the screaming. “Want more?” he asked her while I gave her another stern lick below.

She bucked up against my mouth, confusion racing through her features as she nodded. “Yes, Sir,” she managed to say, her throat working as she tried to catch up to what was happening.

I could practically hear her thoughts.

Master Luka never plays , she’d be telling herself. He only ever watches .

Yes, while that was true, tonight we would be trying something a little different. And I’d ease her into it with my mouth against her sweet pussy.

Declan watched as Ian fed her more water from his mouth before taking the bottle for himself and repeating the gesture with his own version of a kiss. Then the two of them traded off, quenching her thirst one hot embrace at a time, never once allowing her to drink straight from the rim, but always from their mouths.

It forced her to accept them into her.

To acknowledge their temporary ownership.

To embrace their sensual claim.

There were very few men I’d allow to do this with my pet, and two of them were in this room.

She started to vibrate beneath my tongue, her clit throbbing with the warning of a pending climax. I hummed in approval, wanting her to leap off that edge into

oblivion, just so I could drive her there again.

She'd already come twice.

This would be a third.

And I intended for her to have at least two more, to make her beg me to stop.

I slid two fingers into her slick heat, curling them upward in a way I knew would shoot her off into the stars.

Her reaction didn't disappoint as she shattered for me, her moan of approval causing my dick to throb in my pants.

I wanted to fuck her.

No. I wanted to share her.

I met Declan's gaze, telling him what I wanted without words. He considered me for a moment before conceding with a nod. It was a gift of sorts, and I knew why he'd agreed, understood that this would likely be our very last time ever doing this because we were too much as a team.

But Savannah could take us.

I'd make her.

He set the bottle on the nightstand, then rolled his neck while Ian drew his fingers across her jaw. "She blushes prettily."

"She does," I agreed, my voice vibrating her intimate flesh. She jerked beneath me,

her eyes flashing to mine.

I knew she wanted to tell me it was too much again, but she swallowed the words, aware that I would only make this worse if she tried to fight it. Instead, she gritted her teeth as I licked her again, her entire body jolting from being so thoroughly used and satisfied.

Maybe I'd only make her come one more time.

We'd see how the next few minutes progressed.

“Master Declan wants to experience your pussy, baby,” I told her, each word rumbling against her sensitive nub. “You’re going to straddle him like you did Master Ian. Then I’m going to take your ass.”

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Savannah

My heart leapt into my throat.

The two of them? Together?

My lips parted in a silent denial, my insides clenching in a mixture of fear and anticipation. I wasn't sure I could handle them. They were too dominant. Too in control. Too alpha .

Too big, my mind added.

I'd passed out from Master Ian and Master Declan taking me.

If Master Luka added his rhythm to the mix, I... I wasn't sure I'd survive.

He grinned up at me from between my legs, the devil lurking in his midnight gaze. He knew I was afraid. He liked that I was scared.

His teeth dragged along my sex, sending flutters of protest over my body, my inner walls aching at the very thought of coming again.

But I knew better than to complain.

Nor would I use the one word that underlined safety between us.

Because I wanted to see where this went. I longed to know if I could truly take it. I

also trusted him to stop if he recognized signs of my inability to continue. He always read my signals, responded to them appropriately, and protected me from true pain.

So I'd trust him now.

I'd see how far he'd take this.

He smiled against me as though sensing my acceptance, but it was Master Declan who whispered, "Good girl," into my ear. I hadn't even noticed him leaning over me, my focus on the male between my thighs.

I swallowed, glancing up at the other alpha male, noting the devious twinkle in his gaze as he knelt on the bed beside me and unbuttoned his pants. "I need you to get me hard again," he said. "Give me your mouth. Now." He slid the zipper down, exposing his semi-hard arousal, the angry head jutting toward me in a beckoning manner.

His palm went to my throat, then to the back of my neck as he pulled me toward him, forcing me to partially lift my shoulder blades off the bed to reach him beside me.

My lips parted as if he commanded them—which he did to an extent—and my tongue tasted the bottom of his shaft, noting the freshly cleaned scent coming from his skin. I swallowed him as deep as the position allowed, doing so easily since he wasn't fully erect yet.

Master Luka shifted away from my thighs and slipped off the bed. The rustle of fabric followed, suggesting he was removing his clothes.

"I want to watch you take all of me," Master Declan murmured, guiding me to lie fully on my back once more, and straddling my face. He gripped the headboard, then pumped into my mouth similarly to how he'd done with my ass.

My throat restricted around him, causing me to choke at the sudden intrusion.

He merely smiled. "I know you can do better than that, Savannah."

Someone else settled between my thighs, but I couldn't see him, my vision entirely blocked by the dominant male fucking my mouth. I cried out as someone penetrated me below, my inner walls spasming in protest.

I was too sore to be fucked that hard.

Definitely not Master Luka , I thought, aware that the size wasn't right. But fuck, that hurts!

Master Ian slammed into me, hitting me deep as he pressed his thumb to my clit and gave it an unexpected pinch, causing stars to shoot off behind my eyes. It wasn't an orgasm but an aftershock, my body not yet ready to be pleased again.

Yet Master Ian didn't care.

He was playing with me like a doll, taking me with abandon.

And I wasn't sure I would survive it.

"Fuck ," Master Declan groaned, his forehead falling onto the headboard. "Make her scream like that again."

"My pleasure," Master Ian replied, his hands on my hips and tilting me upward to receive him at an even sharper angle.

I gagged around the dick in my mouth, my eyes rolling into the back of my head at the pleasure-pain erupting inside me from Master Ian's brutal thrusts.

Then a tender touch drifted down my sternum, causing my nipples to bead in expectation. Master Luka. He tweaked one of my tightening buds as if to confirm my thought.

He was so close, watching his friends use me as if they owned me, and I knew he was hard from it, could feel his need for me mounting by the second.

This was the part he enjoyed.

Watching .

Master Declan pulled out of my mouth, his eyes glowing with approval as he looked down at me. “You’re lucky he owns you, pet. Or I’d be making you mine right about now.” He looked over his shoulder. “I mean, fuck , Luka.”

“I think that’s exactly what he wants to do,” Master Ian replied, withdrawing from me.

My skin tingled, my heart galloping in my chest.

The three men prowled around me, their masculine energy a blanket of heat and lust that intoxicated my every breath. But it was Master Luka who held my attention. He’d reclaimed his throne, his dark eyes dictating the show without any words needed.

These males clearly knew each other well.

They moved as a unit, their intentions clear.

Master Declan removed his pants and whatever else he had on—was he even wearing shoes? I couldn’t remember—and climbed onto the bed. “Come here, little pet,” he

told me as he sat against the headboard. “Straddle me and put my cock inside that sweet pussy of yours.”

I shuddered, not sure if I was ready for this again already, but not having much choice.

Master Luka was watching me, his expression a mask of indifference.

He wanted me to please him, to earn his touch.

Could I do it? Could I handle them both? What new heights would they take me to? Would I enjoy it? Would they break me?

My pulse sped up with each question, my mind fracturing beneath an onslaught of curiosity.

I wanted to know how this would feel.

I wanted to experience this.

I’m seriously broken , I realized, moving toward Master Declan. Because a part of me needs this.

Strong hands wrapped around my hips, helping me onto his lap, my thighs parting over his. I mentally flinched as his arousal touched my folds, my mind revolting against the idea of another round. Yet my body... mmm, yes, my body felt warm and tingly and oh-so hot .

His deep brown irises flared with interest, his lips pulling back to reveal straight white teeth. “Do I need to repeat myself, Savannah?” he asked, a hint of warning in his tone.

“No, Sir,” I said, reaching between us for his thickness and guiding him to the place he desired. His entry sent a tremble through me as I forced myself to accommodate his impressive length all the way to the hilt.

Oh, this is going to make me ache , I realized with a shiver. But it’ll also feel unlike anything I’ve ever experienced .

Such a convoluted twist of logic, yet I clung to it with all my might.

“Good girl,” Master Luka murmured, his knuckles drifting down my spine as the bed dipped behind me.

Master Declan’s seated position allowed him to penetrate me at a different angle than the one Master Ian had used both times he entered me. It stirred prickles of heat below, the place deep inside me throbbing from the pulsating caress.

That heat would only intensify from this moment onward and would soon reach a boiling point that would force me to erupt. Again.

God... I wasn’t sure I could handle another orgasm. But I knew Master Luka. He’d coax one out of me even if it came with an onslaught of tears.

Those were always the most powerful moments of pleasure, and also the worst.

They hurt in the best way.

And left me sated for days afterward.

Only to crave so much more later.

I’d given up on analyzing my yearnings long ago, allowing Master Luka to guide me

with his expert touch and tongue.

Just as I did now as I felt him press against my back. He'd lost his shirt, but not his pants, the bite of his zipper digging into my ass as he positioned himself to enter me.

No preparation this time.

Of course, I was still somewhat loose from Master Declan.

Master Luka dropped a kiss against my shoulder blade, then thrust inside me much the same way his friend had before.

My breath hitched, my heart threatening to stop beating, the feeling of taking them both stealing the air from my lungs.

I couldn't think.

Everything cascaded into shades of black and white.

Someone spoke my name. A mouth brushed mine. Hands warmed my skin. Cologne poured over my senses. Masculine groans followed. And heat blossomed inside me once more.

I'm going to die , I thought, delirious from the pain. I'm going to fucking die.

And the scary part was that I probably wouldn't mind.

They were pumping into me, controlling every inch of my soul, claiming my body as their own, and taking what they desired from me in kind.

I was lost to their touch.

Their growls.

Their possession.

Master Declan kissed me as if I were his life source, only for Master Luka to yank my head back by my hair and take my mouth with a similar force.

I kissed him back.

I moaned.

I cried.

I writhed between them.

My nipples beaded beneath their hands.

My walls clenched.

My stomach burned.

My lungs protested.

My heart threatened to stop beating.

I was completely undone, lost to the sensations, their doll to command and take at will. “Put Ian in your mouth,” Master Luka commanded, guiding me to the waiting male kneeling on the bed.

My lips parted, my tongue already working as my body fell into a cadence I barely recognized. It was as if a foreign part of me had surfaced, taking over and turning me

into a queen meant to master them all. Yet it was me they were truly mastering, their cocks filling every one of my holes, fucking me with a ferocity that scorched my skin.

It was all too much, the power shoving me into a black spiral of ecstasy I couldn't escape. Master Ian's cock kept me from screaming, his head lodged too far down my throat for anyone to hear my eruption. But they felt it. Because I squeezed the life out of their cocks, demanding they follow.

Yet they refused, still pumping into me, driving forward, searching for their own pleasure.

"There's a vibrator in the nightstand," I heard Master Luka say. "Grab it."

My eyes widened, true fear spiking through my blood.

No. No. I couldn't handle more. I needed this to end. I needed them to come. I needed to be able to breathe again!

But I couldn't speak or move, impaled by their masculinity and caged in between walls of muscle.

My hand nearly fisted, my brain contemplating the decision a second before I would have raised it into the air to beg them to stop. But I couldn't do it. That sinister part of me needed to know .

A buzzing started.

Then liquid fire breathed through my veins as the vibration touched my clit.

My eyes rolled back into my head, my body quaking violently from the insanity

touching my too-sensitive flesh.

Oh, fuck! I screamed in my mind, my hands grabbing Master Declan's shoulders as my nails bit into his flesh.

He was the one holding the vibrator.

He deserved the pain.

And he responded by increasing the pulsation.

I nearly blacked out, but Master Ian's grasp in my hair tightened, forcing me to focus, to remember the cock I had inside my mouth.

He drove into me, taking his pleasure over my tongue.

Master Declan pumped up into me in time with the shock waves obliterating my sex.

And Master Luka fucked my ass as if his life depended on this very moment for survival.

Maybe it did.

I felt used.

Abused.

Full .

They were taking me as hard as they could, savagely destroying me for any other man, and dragging the rapture from my veins.

Master Ian erupted first, his cum a liquid balm to the back of my throat, grounding me just long enough for me to find purpose.

Then the hum against my slick flesh escalated, and my entire world shattered in a cataclysm of color and sound.

Growls echoed around me.

My name resembled a prayer.

The world trembled .

And euphoria unlike anything I'd ever experienced stole the life from my lungs.

I couldn't scream. I couldn't even cry. I was frozen on the precipice of intensity, dangling by a thread of reality, and falling headfirst into a pool of dark, hazardous oblivion.

Every part of me shook with our joint releases.

Cum dribbled from my lips, Master Ian's explosion too much for me to swallow before my own hit.

Semen bathed my insides.

The men were replete, leaving my body fragmented between them.

I blinked once. Twice. My head lolling back against Master Luka's shoulder. His arms came around me, his breath hot against my ear. "I have you," he vowed.

I believed him.

Which was why I allowed myself to succumb to the inky abyss awaiting me, my mind shutting down from the chaos of the last few hours.

They'd destroyed me.

In the best way.

Ever.

Luka

I cradled my sweet Savannah against my chest, her body limp in my arms.

“You think she’ll be able to walk on Saturday?” Ian asked, arching a brow. He was fully dressed and showered, his hands in the pockets of his slacks.

“Yeah, she’ll recover a little by then,” Declan replied, eyeing the sleeping beauty in my arms as he walked out of the bathroom with a towel against his damp head. “But she’ll be feeling us every step of the way down that aisle.”

I smiled. “She’ll manage.” Although, there would definitely be some lasting bruises under her white gown. “I’ll bring her by in the morning for a proper introduction. You are my groomsmen, after all.” She knew Declan and Ian by their last names because that was how I mentioned them in casual conversation. First names were reserved for bedroom play.

Declan tossed his towel into a bin near the corner, then gave me a nod. “Thanks for the memorable bachelor party.”

I chuckled. “Beats a strip club.”

“It abso-fucking-lutely does,” Ian agreed. “We’ll see you in the morning.”

I left them to it, trusting them to find their own guest rooms within the manor. It wasn’t like they hadn’t stayed here before; it was just their first time meeting Savannah.

Man, I really needed to make a better effort to see them more often.

Now that Savannah had met them, I suspected she'd feel the same.

I carried her upstairs into our bedroom suite, then laid her on the couch while I went to fix her a warm bath. She'd stir soon, and I wanted to ensure she was comfortable when she did.

The bath filled quickly, the water the right level of warmth. I added some peppermint salts to the steaming liquid, then kicked off my pants and returned to the sitting area of our suite to retrieve my bride-to-be.

Her head rested against my shoulder, her dark hair falling in alluring ringlets across my skin. "You're stunning," I told her softly. "I'm so thankful you chose me, Savannah. Every damn day."

She made a noise, as if to remind me that I technically picked her. But it really was a mutual claim.

From the moment I walked into her father's office and found her sitting in his chair, I'd wanted her.

Finding out that she was actually the acting CEO had only made me that much more attracted to her.

We'd fought over the acquisition, but in the end, I'd won. Not just because my money allowed her family's company the fresh start they needed, but because I'd brought her to her literal knees.

She'd been mine ever since.

And Saturday, it would be official to everyone we knew.

A beautiful white wedding, all meant as a societal facade to finalize what she and I already knew—we were meant for each other.

Her inner deviant craved my dominance.

Just as my inner alpha required her submission.

A match made in bliss.

We loved to play, but it was these moments we both cherished most. Where I took care of her and she leaned on me for my strength.

I stepped into the bath first, testing the water with my toes. It stung a little, but I knew she liked it hot, so I lowered us both down into the deep tub while keeping her secured against my chest.

She moaned at the impact, her body sore from being so thoroughly used. I'd seen her on the edge of giving up, her fist rising just enough to warn me she'd been pushed to her limits.

We'd eased up on her then. Although, I doubted she'd really noticed. Her mind had fallen so far into the bliss of passion that she wouldn't have been able to focus much beyond the sensation rioting through her.

But I saw her reaction.

And I'd made sure my friends noticed it, too.

I would never break Savannah, my fragile beauty of perfection. Push her, yes. Harm her, no. She was mine to protect. Always.

My lips brushed her forehead. "Come back to me, baby," I murmured, wanting to lure

her out of her submissive haven. She'd fallen into her blissful cocoon where her mind and body relaxed as one. This was the gift I often gave her—the passionate push into a subspace where no one could touch her.

No one but me.

I picked up a sponge and began to lightly wash the last few hours of sex off her skin. She mumbled an approval but otherwise remained in her dark place.

It might take another hour for her to truly awaken, and I'd be here, ready to hold her, to comfort her, to ensure she was fully recovered from the physical trauma of being taken by three men.

I washed every inch of her, then took her into the shower to continue the protocols of taking care of her. She stood on her own, her only indication of being aware, but she still didn't speak while I shampooed her hair. She didn't move while I soaped her off once more. And didn't acknowledge me as I conditioned her dark strands.

It wasn't until I had her in a towel and seated beside me on the couch that she finally stirred, her eyes blinking back into awareness as she searched the room in sudden alarm. When she realized where we were, she began to relax again, her hand going to my thigh as if needing to touch some part of me.

I picked up a comb and ran it through her hair, giving her the time she needed to acclimate.

Then I studied her when she eventually turned toward me.

Neither of us said anything.

This was her recovery time. She ran the show now. I merely assisted in her return to reality.

Her eyes dropped to my mouth. “Kiss me.”

I wrapped my palm around the back of her neck and pressed my lips to hers, not needing to be told twice. Her lips parted for me, her tongue tasting mine as if for the first time, and then she climbed into my lap, her legs straddling my thighs.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and devoured me as if I were her lifeline, her only chance to breathe. And I allowed it, knowing she needed this reaffirmation of our bond to help cement her claim over me.

Her teeth dragged over my lip, her kiss intensifying.

Then the tears came, not of pain but of relief, as she shattered against me in a blissful wave of hope and adoration.

I held her through it, kissing her softly, murmuring words of encouragement into her ear, telling her how much I adored her and how thankful I was for her gift of ultimate submission.

“I love you, baby,” I whispered. “I love you so damn much.”

She hugged me tightly. “I love you, too.”

We weren’t in Master/slave mode now.

This was the real us.

The quiet pair that only existed inside these special walls.

Outside, we wore different masks. My proclivities were well known. Everyone who saw us together noted the collar she wore in public, aware that she was mine. But it went so much deeper than that.

Our hearts beat as one.

I worshiped her just as much as she worshiped me.

Which came out now as I helped her come down from the emotional high of what we just shared. I carried her to our bed, laying her down between our sheets, and slid inside her. She was already wet for me, her legs wrapping around my waist in a welcome embrace.

But we didn't fuck this time.

Instead, I made love to her.

Slow, passionate, thorough love.

This was about rejoining our spirits, celebrating our relationship, and demonstrating our devotion to one another.

Her body came alive beneath mine, her pleasure a ripple of satisfaction that quickly consumed me. It was always like this with her, always passionate, always perfect.

I throbbed inside her, my release hot and wicked and intense, as she milked me with her swollen walls, her body falling apart in a climax that left her in tears.

I kissed her through the pain.

I held her through the night.

And in the morning, I made love to her again.

This time she cried out of gratitude.

“You always know what I need,” she whispered.

“That’s my job,” I told her softly, cupping her cheek. “What kind of husband would I be if I didn’t know how to satisfy my wife?”

“Fiancé,” she corrected cheekily.

“Only for two more days.”

“Mmm,” she agreed, arching into me. “I don’t suppose we can spend the next two days in bed?”

“Only if you’re okay with Declan and Ian joining us again,” I replied softly. “They’re currently in the guest suites down the hall.”

She shivered. “They’re still here?” Then her eyes grew, realization hitting her. “Ian and Declan are your friends from college?”

I frowned at her tone. She almost sounded mad. “Yes. I told you they were like me.”

“You did, but you didn’t tell me... that...” She trailed off on a sputter.

My brow furrowed. “Are you displeased with me?”

“Yes!” She shook her head. “No. I mean...” She cleared her throat. “How could you not introduce me to them sooner?”

Ah, I saw the problem now. “You weren’t ready.”

She narrowed her eyes. “You mean you weren’t ready.”

I lifted a shoulder. “Perhaps.” I cocked my head. “Does your reaction mean you want

to play with them again?" I couldn't guarantee that I'd be able to share her with Declan again, but arrangements could be made to enjoy another gathering of sorts.

"I... I would like that."

My lips twitched. "I think they would, too." I pressed my lips to hers. "But not this week. I need you to be able to walk on Saturday."

A tremble went through her. "But again, some day in the future?"

"If it pleases you," I murmured, "then yes." I would always do whatever she desired. Just as I knew she'd do the same for me. "But I'm making you my wife first."

"You already own me." Her eyes went to the dresser near the bed that held the engagement ring she'd slipped off her finger for last night's events.

"I know." I trailed kisses across her jaw to her ear. "Just as you own me."

Her nails scratched down my back in response, hard enough to draw blood. "Damn right I do."

I chuckled and shook my head. "And now I'm going to need to punish you."

"The rules don't say anything about staking my own claim," she replied.

"Yes, but who makes the rules, Savannah?" I asked her, arching a brow.

"You do."

"Which means I can change them whenever I see fit, which I do now." I gave her a wicked grin. "You were the one who wanted to play in bed for the next two days."

Her pupils dilated, her hunger evident in her gaze. “I do.”

“Then we’ll play,” I told her, nipping her lower lip. “Who am I?”

“Master Luka.”

“Good girl.” I kissed her sweetly, then pressed my lips to her ear again. “Now get on your hands and knees. I want to see how swollen you are from last night, and we’ll go from there.”

She did as I requested, presenting herself to me in a sultry move that had me hard again in an instant.

Fuck, how I adored this woman.

My Savannah.

My future wife.

My pet.

My possession .

If you enjoyed *The Possession*, then you’ll likely enjoy *The Princess* . It’s an erotic short about a royal princess tired of living her mundane life and in need of a sexy escape from her pending engagement.

If you’re looking for something a little longer, with just as much sexiness, consider picking up episode one of *The Professor* . Maddox Kane is a professor who wants something he shouldn’t have... his student.

Thank you for reading!